MY DEARIE.

She's kissin' all my tears away—
My dearie, O my dearie!
A sunbeam on the darkest day—
My dearie, O my dearie!

An' when in storms no stars I see
An' all my life grows weary,
She comes an' cuddles close to me—
My dearie, O my dearie!

She sees the bright tears fallin' fast,
When all the world is dreary,
An' says she'll love me to the last—
My dearie, O my dearie!

—Frank L. Stanton.

By Force of Precedent.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

The child had been reading for more than an hour, conscientiously avoiding the big words, and drinking in the story like a thirsty bee, in the heart of a honey suckle.

She read the last lines aloud, her high pitched voice sounding strangely through the deserted studio:

Love immortal and young, in the endless procession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" slid from her hand, and her brown head sank back in its nest of yellow cushions. The window was open and the May breeze rioted gently with the curtains.

"I like to visit Cousin Molly, even when she isn't here," she thought, "I wish I didn't have to go home ever. I hope when I go back I shall have the measles again and Cousin Molly will bring me here for another change. I wonder how I can get it!"

She ran her slim fingers through her tousled hair and sighed. A maid stepped over the threshold with a bowl of Japanese lilies in her hand—their delicate odor preceding her like a whisper. She nodded kindly to the child as she placed them on the table.

"Don't get lonesome, Miss Augusta," she said. "Miss Molly'll be in presently. Ain't these pretty? Mr. Harding sent 'em up. His window sill is full of 'em, he says."

"Yes," said the child gravely. "They smell nice. I never saw any before I came here."

She raised herself from her cushions and uncoiled her thin legs.

"Bessie," she said, "did you ever have people tell you what you must do or mustn't do?"

"Lor', yes, miss," said Bessie lightly. "They all does. Nowadays a girl has to wait until she gets a husband to do as she pleases."

The child regarded her intently. "That doesn't do me much good," she said. "I've got to go home Thursday, and I don't want to—and I don't know any one to marry—except——" she added after a moment's reflection—"except Mr. Harding."

Bessie giggled delightedly. "To be sure, miss," she laughed. "Mr. Harding, of course."

After the maid had gone Augusta pondered gravely over her new project, and in ten minutes' time realized that it was good. She would marry Mr. Harding and prolong her stay indefinitely in this delicious place. "There must be a way for a person to ask another to get married. I wonder if I can find it in any of the books. There is the one where Cousin Molly found how to make a rarebit!" She ruffled the pages tenderly. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" has given her the first peep into the world of poesy, and she was grateful. Suddenly her face flushed. She turned to a certain page. "Why, of course," she said. "I might have remembered. How easy!"

She tucked the book under her arm and walked to the studio door.

"Bessie," she called into an inner room, "I'm going to Mr. Harding's."

She went swiftly down the wide outer hall, past the doors of many studios and offices, until she reached the last of all. She turned the knob without knocking and stepped into the large room, with the blue and gold volume pressed against her thin arm.

"How do you do, Mr. Harding?" she inquired sedately.

John Harding sat at his desk near the window, where his lily blooms made the one bright spot in the somber place.

"Have you come to see me, chickabiddy?" he asked. "Now, that's good of you. Sit down."

He rose and pushed a huge leather chair toward his caller. He limped slightly as he walked, and Augusta commented upon the fact sociably.

"Cousin Molly says that that"—she designated his lameness with a glance—"is like a medal—a badge of honor. You got it in the war, didn't you? At Santiago, she says."

Harding's face reddened. "Did Miss Molly say that?" he asked softly. He frowned at some inward reflection and sighed. "Yes—I got it in the war. A nice little souvenir d'Espagne, eh?" he added quizzically.

He drew his chair close to Augusta's and took her fleshless little hand in his. "Well," he inquired, "and how goes our private and particular world? Must we bow to circumstances and go home to lessons next week?"

Augusta, brought full tilt against her purpose, paused for a moment's preparation. "No," she assured him, soberly. "I don't think so—I don't think I'll have to; but I haven't come to talk about that. I have come on an errand—a very particular errand."

"Yes?" said Harding, with a smile. "And what is it, chickabiddy?"

Augusta folded her hands over her book. Her voice dropped into an easy conversational tone. "Cousin Molly has sent me, Mr. Harding," she said, "to ask you if you will please marry her?"

"What?" cried Harding.

Augusta nodded gravely. It was quite right for Mr. Harding to be surprised. She had no doubt Priscilla's face went red and white and red again under just such circumstances. She followed her chosen precedent conscientiously. "Cousin Molly is such a dear girl," she asserted earnestly. "She's so pretty and she's so nice. Why, you don't know, when her picture came back last week, she only cried the least little bit, and when I cried, too, she laughed and gave me some chocolates—five of them!—and I'm not allowed to have any, you know, and I do love them so, and—and," she concluded, rather lamely, "she wants to marry you very much."

John Harding had walked to the window and back again as she spoke. Now he came to Augusta and regarded her anxiously. "You're not quite well today, are you, dear?" he asked gently. "How long is it since you were sick? You're a little feverish, I think."

He took Augusta's hand and felt for the pulse in her thin wrist. After a moment's earnest scrutiny she swept his hand and his questions abruptly away.

"Well," she cried, "why don't you say it? Now is the time. Say it!"

"Say what?" said Harding, in troubled bewilderment.

"What?" She waved her book at him furiously. "Why, what you should say!" she cried, excitedly. "'Why don't you speak for yourself, Augusta?' What else should you say?"

The door was tapped upon and opened simultaneously. "Well, good people," said a fresh young voice. "I have come for my runaway. It's time for her medicine. Have——" The young girl paused, startled at the sight of Harding's face. "Why, what is the matter?" she asked.

Augusta broke in upon Harding's hesitation. "Oh, Cousin Molly, he is so stupid!" she cried, sharply. "I have done it quite right. Bessie said if I wanted to stay here I should marry Mr. Harding, and I have asked him just the way John Alden did, exactly. I told him you wanted to marry him—I thought I'd rather say you than Bessie—and that you had sent me to ask him, and——"

"Augusta!" cried Cousin Molly. Her voice pleaded, commanded. Her pretty face flushed from chin to brow.

Augusta rushed on tumultuously. "And he didn't say it at all!" she cried indignantly. "Why don't you speak for yourself, Augusta?' Not once. Wait, "I'll show it to you."

She threw herself on the floor with the book and turned the pages rapidly. Harding made an embarrassed step toward the girl. "I don't think she is quite well," he said, lamely. "I—I beg of you—"

He stopped abruptly, at the sight of the misery in the girl's face, the unshed tears in her eyes. A sudden blinding shock of revelation seemed to show him, in a moment's space, a new heaven and a new earth.

"Molly," he cried. "I never hoped—I hardly dared pray—— I am so old, so unworthy, Molly!" He lifted her hands reverently in his.

"Let me go," she sobbed. "Oh, let me go!"

She made a trembling step toward the door, but Augusta, triumphant, barred the way.

"Look!" she exulted. "Here it is—just as I said: 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' That was what Priscilla said. 'Why don't you speak for yourself, Augusta?' That was what he should have said." She stared reproachfully at Harding.

"Wait a moment," he said.

He took Molly's hand in his and led her to the big chair beside the window. "Will you wait a moment—just one?" he whispered. "It means so much to me. I—Molly, I beg of you."

The girl nodded, bending her flushed, agitated face against the cool pane of the window above the lily blooms.

Harding went swiftly back to Augusta. She noticed, without comprehending, the new light in his transfigured face. He took the book from her hand and read the title with more than a twitching of his lips. "Miss Augusta," he said gravely, "I apologize for my stupidity. It is so long since I received a proposal that I had almost forgotten the approved method. Needless to say, you have made me very happy. I can honestly assure you of that. But before I give my final decision let me make a proposition. Would you rather go home on Thursday and in, say, ten years' time—you're eleven now, aren't you?—come back and marry me—I think we could arrange it by then—or would you rather stay on now with Cousin Molly for another month?"

Augusta regarded him earnestly. "A whole month?" she echoed.

"I stake my honor that you shall," said Harding, "and have now—this instant—a box of chocolates—brown, creamy ones."

Augusta interrupted him. "A big box?" she inquired.

"Pounds!" he said.

"Tied with ribbons?" she asked, cautiously.

"Yards of it!" said Harding.

"With a flat pair of tongs on top?" she demanded, breathlessly.

"Three pair, if you like," said Harding, promptly.

Augusta hesitated no longer. "I'll take the chocolates," she said.

Harding drew something from his pocket and handed it to her. "You know the store," he said. "Get them yourself."

Augusta was off on the instant, like the colt she resembled. Her slim legs twinkle over the threshold. The door slammed behind her.

Harding went rapidly across the room to the silent figure at the window. He dropped beside her chair and lifted both the trembling hands to his lips.

"Molly dear, dearest," he whispered, "I'm going to speak for myself now."—New York News.

The Active Whistle of Ithaca.

In Ithaca they whistle for it. The whistle on the sewer pumping station blows at 8, 12 1 and 5 o'clock to announce the municipal working day of eight hours. At 11 o'clock the weather report is blown to the four winds by a code of blasts and shrieks and toots, and when there are special reports announcing cold waves or snowstorms these are whistled without delay, so that he who listens may learn.

At 12:30 o'clock there is a warning blast, at which every one pulls out his watch and gets the standard Eastern time fresh from the pipe. And then at 8 o'clock in the evening there is just one long blast, which announces that curfew will not ring tonight, but that every boy and girl under 16 must scurry for home and mother or be caught by one of the five regular policemen, or perhaps a special, who is watching out for the well being of the rising generation.

Furthermore, there is a siren whistle which screeches for fire and flood. It gives the number of the box, and if it's a flood that is going to waste without a crowd to watch it, eight short blasts follow the announcement of the box number.—Elmire Advertiser.

180 Miles an Hour.

Stimulated by the laying down of a monorail electric line between Berlin and Hamburg, which is now in process of construction, the French have commenced the necessary surveys for a similar line between Paris and Marseilles. But they intend to open a new record in the matter of speed. The German trains are to make 120 miles an hour; the French ones 180 miles an hour.—London Paper.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WAR WILL NOT INVOLVE UNCLE SAM.

By W. H. Moody, Secretary of the Navy.

W. H. MOODY.

We are on friendly terms with both nations engaged in the war in the East and are attached to each by a bond of peculiar sympathy. The one nation endeared herself to the hearts of the American people by an expression of good will in the days of our sore trial. Toward the other we occupy almost the position of a foster mother, because it was our navy that broke through the door of her Eastern exclusiveness and let in the flood of sunlight of modern civilization. We have declared our neutrality in this struggle, and we shall maintain it. We have no interest except that the war may end speedily; we have no concern except that it may not bring into the struggle any of the other nations which are now content. Under no circumstances that I can conceive is there danger to the peace of our own country.

Our new navy, which constitutes all of the effective navy of to-day, was begun during the administration of President Arthur and under the direction of his two secretaries of the navy, Hunt and Chandler. It was continued during the two administrations of President Cleveland under the direction of Secretaries Whitney and Herbert. The lamented Whitney once said:

"This country can afford to have, and it cannot afford to lack, a naval force at least so formidable that its dealings with foreign powers will not be influenced at any time nor even be suspected of being influenced by a consciousness of weakness on the sea." And again: "It is of little service to a nation to have any navy at all unless it is a fair expression of the highest scientific resources of its day."

I have not lost hope that the policy of increasing our power upon the sea will be maintained, no matter which party may be in control of the national administration.

MARRYING WITHOUT MONEY.

By Helen Oldfield.

Theoretically, at least, most people will agree that to marry solely for worldly gain is a mean and despicable deed. Those who apparently marry for money would no doubt unanimously repel the accusation with indignation, and claim that they have but followed the advice which Tennyson's northern farmer gave to his son to "goa wheer the munny is." Poets and romancers usually portray the mercenary suitor as a villain of the deepest dye, and a popular woman's magazine which recently held a symposium upon the subject of what men most desire in a wife announced triumphantly that of all the men who replied to the query not one mentioned money as a requisite qualification.

None the less there are a few people, middle-aged and prudent persons for the most part, who do not hesitate to aver that it is almost as bad a thing to marry without money. These sage elders have been taught by experience that daily bread is an absolute necessity to life; they have learned that milk and honey, or what stands for them nowadays, are not to be had without money and without price, and they argue that it is quite as selfish to think only of the present, and take no thought of the morrow, careless of others in either case, as it is to prefer the comfort of to-morroy to the passion of to-day. No man has the right to ask a woman to marry him unless he can fitly cherish her; no woman should marry her lover, however eager he may be, when she knows that he must struggle to keep his own head above water, without the additional burden of her support. What is enough for one is not enough for two, romancers to the contrary notwithstanding. Mathematics is the one and only exact science, and by no possible process of calculation, can the half equal the whole. Love in a cottage may be charming, but it cannot be maintained without the wherewithal to pay the rent.

It is a good biblical doctrine, as well as sound common sense, to undertake nothing without counting the cost. They who trust to the morrow to care for the things of itself are apt, as the saying is, to "get left." It is only in story books that when the hero and heroine fail to make both ends met they inherit a fortune or some long lost relative turns up in the nick of time. In real life such luck is so rare as to be regarded as phenomenal.

HOW TO ENCOURAGE TEMPERANCE.

By Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

The question of intemperance is one which is largely in the hands of employers of labor. When the employer understands and announces that he can hire a man with a clear head for the same compensation for which he can get one with a muddled brain the temperance movement is subjected to a force not known by any other method. It may well be called the dynamics of the temperance movement and began on the railroads a generation ago, first in orders that men who drank while on duty should not be employed. It was soon seen that this meant nothing whatever, and so the next movement was to prohibit the employment of men who were habitual drinkers even in slight degree.

This movement has spread over the country. The public is interested as much as the railroads themselves. The safety of travel and the avoidance of disaster concerns the whole people, and thus the economic value of the prohibition has been felt in every direction. It now extends to private and corporate concerns which desire to run their establishments with as little friction and as little loss as possible. The common and statutory laws which make employers liable in some degree and under certain circumstances for the carelessness of their employes are a most powerful incentive to the employment of men with clear heads. Thus economically again the movement acquires strength.

PRIZE FIGHTS VS. ART.

By Adelina Patti.

America is indeed a strange place, and Americans are strange people. Once I thought the country was the place for art, but I see now that artists should never go there. The continent is so different. There art is understood by all and art is at home. Here art knocks at the door like a stranger and the public rebuffs it like a beggar.

Americans like prize fights and such things. They will spend their money to see brutality, but when art is the thing the purse strings are pulled. In Philadelphia a prize fight brought out the entire populace, while my engagement was canceled. Once I thought the day would never come when the Americans would rather see a prize fight than hear me sing. I thought I understood them and that they loved me, but it is so different now. In fact, as I see America with my eyes opened I find it a most undesirable place. There is little here to commend and a great many things to deplore. I did not enjoy my tour at all. I am really mortified to think of how I have been subjected to the prevalent vulgarity of Americans.

I do not like America as well as I did in former years. The country has changed so much, and, really, it has not changed for the better.

A BOYS' COOKING CLASS.

Thirty-two stalwart young men, some over six feet high, have formed themselves into a cooking class, which is probably the only institution of its kind in the world.

All of the boys belong to the Orange, N. J., high school, and the cooking class meets after school hours. Inquiries have come from England concerning it, and similar classes are to be started there. The class has been in existence over a year, and the pupils are athletic young fellows who have no idea of taking the places of cooks, but who want to shine at summer camps, where the gentler sex is not present.

Good, plain, old-fashioned fare is prepared and the dishes are made up in the most appetizing manner. Every

EMBRYO CAMP CHEFS.

kind of vegetable and fruit that grows in the garden, bread, biscuit, old-fashioned buckwheats, stews, roasts and soups are prepared by the boys.

The fact that the good things cooked are eaten by the chefs, sitting comfortably at a table where the lady teacher does the honors, is one of the reasons why the boys enjoy their novel lessons, and a larger number of boys than can possibly be instructed are clamoring for admission.

ATTACKS THE BIBLE.

English Canon Calls the Old Testament a Pack of Lies.

Canon Henson, one of the chief dignitaries of Westminster Abbey and a select preacher of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, England, has raised a storm of criticism by the publication of an article wherein he attacks the inspiration of the Old Testament, referring to its "incredible, puerile or demoralizing narratives," which are regarded as being "a pack of lies too gross for toleration." He declares that inspiration is not allowed to certify to the truth of any statement in the Bible "which cannot be substantiated at the bar of reason and evidence." In the New Testament he finds little to offend reason or conscience, "but, whether much or little, it will have to go the way of the Old Testament prodigies."

REV. H. H. HENSON.

In an analysis of the present social condition, Canon Henson attributes the spread of anarchy, the "ulcer that is eating the vitals of society," to the disappearance over large areas of civilized life of "the religious basis of morality." Yet he finds an excuse for these "nonmoral multitudes" who "from the cradle to the grave have faced the severe pressure of competition, the squalor and poverty and the miserable exigencies of unmerited want," and who "inevitably compare their condition with the ostentation of unearned wealth, the profusion and unchecked luxury and the insolence of unchastened power."

The canon says that when it is remembered that these "cruel, shocking contrasts are no longer regarded with the dull stare of fatalistic ignorance, but in the full light of those doctrines of equality which are the commonplaces of democratic politics," it is no wonder that "the minds of thousands are predisposed toward the sophistries of anarchy."

"It would be idle to deny," he concludes, "that the credit of the Scriptures is seriously shaken in the public mind, nor can it reasonably be doubted that the tendencies of popular life as at present prevailing are in the main hostile to Christian tradition."

CRUISER AGAINST A FLEET.

The battle of Chemulpo, Korea, in which the Russian cruiser Variag and the gunboat Korietz faced an over-powering Japanese fleet, furnishes one of the most gallant conflicts against odds in the history of naval warfare.

On the morning of Feb. 9 Rear Admiral Uriu, commanding the Japanese fleet at the entrance to Chemulpo, notified the Russians that they must surrender or leave the harbor at noon. If this demand were not complied with, the Japanese admiral stated that he would enter the harbor and sink the Russian vessels where they lay. The Russian commander faced the situation manfully. The Variag was only a protected cruiser of 6,000 tons, while the Korietz was of only 1,213 tons displacement, yet he steamed boldly out of the harbor, the Russian bands playing the national anthem, to meet the Japanese fleet, which consisted of two battleships, six cruisers, seven torpedo boats and five torpedo boat destroyers.

The fight which followed was furious, the fire of the Japanese fleet being concentrated on the Variag. The ship was riddled until she looked like a sieve and there was not a gun aboard which could be successfully worked. When the ship was on fire, two of her boilers destroyed, her engines barely workable and 100 officers and men lying dead or dying on the decks the vessel, accompanied by the Korietz, returned to the harbor, where the Russians, after the dead and injured and living were removed, sunk the vessels rather than let them fall into the hands of the Japanese. The illustration shows the sunken cruiser in the distance, while in the foreground the neutral ships are picking up the survivors.

FAMOUS BLAZES IN LONDON.

British Houses of Parliament Were Burned on Oct. 16, 1834.

Oct. 16 is a day to be associated with fire in the minds of Londoners, for on that date, in 1834, the houses of parliament were burned down, and on the same day, in 1733, Berkeley house was destroyed by fire, says the London Chronicle. Berkeley house stood on the site of the present Devonshire house and Evelyn does not seem to have thought much of it. "The staircase is of cedar," he writes. "The furniture is princely; the kitchen and stables are ill-placed and the corridors worse. * * * The porticos are in imitation of a house described by Palladio, but it happens to be the worst in his books." The fire was caused, according to the Daily Journal of the day after, "by the workmen leaving a glue pot among shavings, which boiled over while they were at breakfast and set fire to the house." This was before the days of policemen, for "the Earl of Albemarle attended in person, with a party of guards, to secure what goods were saved from being plundered by the mob; and all persons unknown were searched as they went out."

The burning of the houses of parliament over sixty-nine years ago was caused by official stupidity. For centuries the accounts of the exchequer had been kept by means of the antiquated tally stick, and though in the reign of George III. a proposition was made to use pen, ink and paper, red tapeism scouted the idea, and the use of tally sticks was continued down to the year 1826. In 1834 the large stock was ordered to be destroyed, and instead of distributing them to the poor of the neighborhood, some wiseacre decided that they should be burned in the stove of the House of Lords. The stove became overheated, set fire to the paneling, the paneling set fire to the House of Lords and the House of Lords set fire to the House of Commons. The cost to the nation was about £2,000,000.

No Fourth Part.

A farmer tells of an old Irishman in his employ whom he once permitted to make use of certain land for farming purposes on condition that Pat should give him one-fourth of the crop he raised.

At the harvesting of the crop the farmer was amazed to find the Irishman had not kept his part of the agreement, for while he hauled away three wagon loads of produce, he had not sent a single load to his master's barn.

The farmer called Pat's attention to the fact that he had taken the entire crop, asking:

"Now, how's that, Pat? Wasn't I to receive a fourth of the crop?"

"You was, sir—you was," excitedly exclaimed the Irishman, "but there's only three loads, sir; only three loads."—Exchange.

The Dog Was Unorthodox.

Weary Waggles—Hey! You won't git nothing decent in dere. Dem people is vegitarians.

Hungry Hank—Is dat right?

Weary Waggles—Yeh, an' dey got a dog what ain't, and well I know it!—Exchange.

But for the frames some pictures wouldn't be in it.

A NOTED COPPER KING.

Millionaire William C. Greene Fought the Apaches of Arizona.

One of the successful men whom the West has developed is William C. Greene, President of the Greene Consolidated Copper Company, an attempt upon whose life was recently made in New York by James W. Goodman, at one time a miner in Mexico. Mr. Greene's fortune is estimated at $30,000,000, all of which has been acquired during the last few years.

WM. C. GREENE.

Mr. Greene, who was born at Westchester, went to the West when a boy of 17 and became soon afterward a government contractor in Colorado and Kansas. Then he tried his hand at mining. Going to Arizona he prospected with variable success in the neighborhood of Prescott. Then he farmed a while in the San Pedro valley in Arizona, at the same time acquiring and operating mines in various parts of the Territory. He was successful as a rancher and cattle raiser and his rancho embraced 4,000 acres. His activity led him to embark in various enterprises, but his greatest success was acquired when some ten years ago he secured control of the La Cananea copper mines in Mexico Years of litigation followed in the courts and five years ago he organized the Greene Consolidated Copper Company. At that time the stock was worth only 25 cents a share, but it soon commenced to soar, reaching within two years $50. By this happy strike Mr. Greene found himself a millionaire many times over.

Mr. Greene has a wide reputation as an Indian fighter and, in the 80s, he organized and led several volunteer forces against the Apaches of Arizona. He is noted for his democratic ways and his charities.

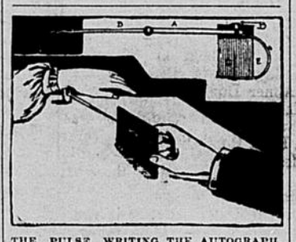
THE SPHYGMOGRAPH.

Physicians have always devoted a great deal of attention to the study of the pulse because its force, rapidity and regularity or irregularity tell a great deal about the patient's condition.

An experienced doctor can read the pulse pretty well by merely pressing his finger on the patient's wrist, but something more than this is needed for a thorough study of the pulse. For this purpose an instrument has been invented by the aid of which the pulse is made to leave a record of its vibrations on a strip of paper, so that they can be studied at leisure and compared with other pulse tracings made in the same way.

You can make pulse tracings at the cost of a very little labor, and materials not worth two cents, which you can find in the house. These materials are nothing but a good-sized cork, a little stick like a match stick, a shoe button, a card, a quill toothpick or quill pen and two pins.

In the top of the cork cut out a



THE PULSE WRITING THE AUTOGRAPH.

square groove or furrow a little wider and deeper than the shoe button. Whittle down one end of the stick and fit the eye of the shoe button on it. Place this end of the stick in the groove and thrust a pin through the stick and the cork on both sides so that the stick can turn on the pins, like a pump handle.

Cut a long, thin sliver of quill, sharpen one end to a fine point and fasten the other end to the free end of the stick with glue or sealing wax.

Cut a broader strip of quill, something longer than the cork. Pin one end of it to the bottom of the cork, and bend it so that you can insert the other end into the groove under the button.

Blacken a card in a candle flame. Now you are ready to take your friend's pulse autograph. The "patient" rests his or her wrist on the cork so that the button presses the spot where the pulse is felt. Hold the card upright on its edge and draw it along slowly and steadily, keeping it in contact with the point of the quill. The point will trace on the blackened card a white wavy line, which is the record of the pulse beats, greatly magnified, because the pulse acts on the short arm of the match and quill lever, and the record is written by the long arm.

The bent quill under the button acts as a spring and raises the button each time it is pushed down by a throb of the pulse.

These pulse tracings vary with the age and health of the person making them, and are, therefore, as I have said, a sort of autograph.

Her Prayer.

Gladys had lost two front teeth, says Lippincott's. She had been told that God would give her some new ones. She was to take part in the Easter exercises at Sunday school. In spite of all wishing, however, the teeth refused to put in on appearance, and Easter was at hand.

One night Glady's mother heard her talking after she had put her to bed. She went back and saw her kneeling beside her bed in the moonlight.

"Oh, God," she was saying, "if you haven't got my new teeth done, won't you please drop my old ones down again till after Easter?"

Postage Stamp Puzzle.

Take a row of postage stamps, say twelve, gum the end one down to the table and find in how many ways the whole twelve can be bent at their perforations so as to make a compact pile of twelve. Of course, if you have only two stamps there is but one way of forming the pile—namely, the folding the one over the other. If you have three it is easy to see that there are two ways of manipulating the third stamp. A little ingenuity and a little patience will enable you to decide how four stamps may be folded, but when the number gets larger the problem becomes very difficult.

His Only Request.

The Japanese General—What's this? An envoy from the Emperor of Korea? What does he want?

The Envoy—Most noble and illustrious commander, my imperial master directs me to ask you if you won't do your fighting a little farther up the alley.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Republican Platforms.

The representatives of the Republican party of the State of New York met in convention, and among other planks adopted the following on the tariff: "We reaffirm our belief that the greatest national issue is the maintenance of prosperity, and we stand squarely for the integrity of the principle of a protective tariff." That principle is required to maintain the highest scale of American wages and the supremacy of the American workshop." On the day following the convention the press dispatches from New York city announced that an enormous crwod of men and women, estimated at 8,000, stood around a new department store seeking work at very low wages, so great was the crowd that a large force of extra police were necessary to keep order.

The strenuous efforts of these poor people to get a chance for employment did not verify the Republican claim of prosperity, nor did the small amount of wages offered prove that protection had maintained "the highest scale of American wages," rather the reverse.

The prosperity that the Republicans used to boast of was that the job was seeking the man and not the man seeking the job. That boast can no longer be made, for evidently there are thousands seeking work at low wages with the protective tariff in full working order, supposed to be automatically fixing high wages for the wage earner.

More evidence was published in the news dispatches on the same day that the Republicans of New York so glibly resolved in favor of protection, that some of the cog wheels of that deceptive principle were out of gear. From Lawrence, Mass., came the news that the Arlington mills had reopened, which had been closed on account of a strike among the employes, whose wages had recently been reduced, and the employes were returning to work at the reduced wages. At Palmer, Mass., the mills of the Thorndike Manufacturing Company at Palmer and West Warren began a curtailment in the output by reducing the running time to forty hours a week. That means but four days' work a week, and of course but two-thirds wages. At Fall River a similar condition was announced. At Minneapolis, Minn., the flour mills were to be closed down the end of the week.

These announcements all appeared in the New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin of April 13, and nearly every day that newspaper, which is devoted to business matters, contains similar curtailments.

Meanwhile the protective tariff, by its shelter to the monopolists, keeps up its deadly work of high prices, so that the cost of living is higher than nearly ever before. But the Republican platform of platitudes of President Roosevelt's own State did not explain this anomaly of diminishing wages and redundant prices. This platform was doubtless presented to President Roosevelt for his scrutiny before the convention met and must have been approved by him or changed to suit his views, so that, at last, the country knows that he "stands squarely for the integrity of the principle of a protective tariff." No reciprocity there, no word for reforming the monstrous inequalities.

If any of the wage earners of New York ever read that platform, especially the thousands who are hunting the job, instead of the job hunting them, what a hollow mockery it must seem to be assured of protection and "the highest scale of wages," when their pockets are empty and the cupboards are bare.

Other Republican State platforms may be relied upon to speak in the same strain and the national platform will only be a little more elaborate in details, but will also ignore falling wages and increased cost of living.

The Republican Leaders and Trusts.

The Tawney tobacco bill has ripped open the Republican party lines in the Ways and Means Committee, to the great disgust of Chairman Payne. He told the Republican members that he thought it was foolish for the committee to attempt to do any business at this session and useless to have any committee hearings. So because the Republican members of the greatest committee of the House of Representatives cannot all agree on one bill, the whole machinery is to stop. What a travesty on popular government! The representatives of the people in Congress assembled are supposed to be engaged in legislating for the wants of their constituents, but because some of his associates do not agree with Mr. Payne he threatens to shut up shop, stand pat and go home. The pluck of the Republican members has certainly greatly deteriorated, or they would resist this do-nothing policy when there is so much legislation that is demanded. Mr. Tawney's bill, the matter that raised this rumpus, was to prevent tobacco manufacturers from putting prize coupons into packages of cigarettes. It is said to be in the interest of the tobacco trust, and because some of the Republican members of the committee voted with the Democrats and defeated it led to this outburst of Chairman Payne. When a trust cannot be accommodated the Republican leaders appear to think it is time to quit doing business. Possibly the voters may take a different view of it when they cast their ballots next fall.

Newspaper Publishers Call for Action.

The International Paper Company, commonly called the "paper trust," is very indignant at the newspaper publishers who lately appeared before the judiciary committee of the National House of Representatives and gave evidence that the paper company was a trust and a combination in restraint of trade. The company, through its officers, presented an affidavit signed by them denying practically all the allegations made by the newspaper representatives.

"Representative Lilley of Connecticut, who introduced the resolution on which this investigation is being held, declared that unless the committee favorably reports his resolution, as he is confident they will do, he will himself lay the testimony in the case before the Attorney General with a view to action under the Sherman law."

As there are on file in the office of the Attorney General of the United States a number of cases with evidence against trusts, such as the coal trust, the tobacco trust and others, upon which no action has been taken, it would seem to be a waste of time and energy for more cases to be presented. The Attorney General only a week or two ago gave out the information that he was not going to "run amuck against the trusts," and, it is said, President Roosevelt authorized this statement. The evidence accumulates that the administration has completed its trust busting campaign and is now intent on propitiating the trusts and corporations, so that their contributions and co-operation may be as liberal in the coming as in other national campaigns. Perhaps later, when the call for campaign funds is urgent, those trusts who have not "come down" may be threatened with "action under the Sherman law" unless good-sized checks are forthcoming. The man that can best make the trusts and corporations "come down," or "cough up," as Senator Quay calls it, is being earnestly searched for by President Roosevelt for chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Sheep and Hens and Wool and Eggs.

The insignificance of our sheep and wool industry is seen when compared with our poultry and egg industry. While the total value of our wool product last year was only $58,775,373, that of our egg product was $145,000,000 in 1899 and probably $200,000,000 last year.

The value of the 91,000,000 dozens of eggs laid in Ohio in 1899 was over $10,000,000, while the value of the 12,320,000 pounds of wool produced there was only $3,184,208, and yet Ohio is by far the largest wool-growing State east of the Rocky Mountains. If Ohio sheep could be made to produce as much value as do Ohio hens, the protectionists there, from Grosvenor down, might be excused for doing more cackling than do all of the hens in that State.

Even the value of the poultry killed for food is $130,000,000 a year, or two and a half times the value of our wool products.

In view of these facts, why is there so much fuss and feathers about protection to our sheep and wool industry and so little said about the industrious hen and her valuable egg product on the part of our tariff worshippers? Could not our farmers be made to believe that their far more valuable egg and poultry industry is entirely dependent upon the duties upon the eggs and chickens?

Is it not certain that this industry would be ruined, and that our domestic hens would immediately retire from business if the tariff duties were taken off and the pauper hens of Europe and their cheap-labor products were put on the free list? Are not our protectionist friends overlooking a good thing when they neglect to fill the Congressional Record with speeches and statistics showing the great benefit of protection to this great and growing industry? Would it not, in fact, be better for their cause if they would drop the declining sheep and wool industry and let it go to the dogs, where it appears to be going in spite of extremely high duties?

The Smoot Case.

The Republican leaders in the Senate have turned the Smoot case into a roaring farce. Of course for political reasons they never intended to act on the matter until after election, and so postponed the hearings from time to time that there might be an excuse for non-action before the adjournment of Congress. The Smoot case is a two-edged sword and difficult to handle without injury to the Republican party. To declare that Senator Smoot has not committed any crime, or that his allegiance to the Mormon Church is not paramount to his oath of allegiance to the United States would be to antagonize a vast number of people who have been petitioning the Senate to declare his seat vacant. On the other hand, the Mormon Church is all powerful in some States, and holds the balance of power in others, all of which States are necessary for the Republicans at the coming election. That a deal with the Mormon leaders was entered into by the managers of the last Republican campaign, and that the Mormons "delivered the goods" is pretty conclusively proved by the presence of Smoot in the Senate. The good people who believe that Senaor Smoot, if not a polygamist, secretly favors it, and being one of the twelve apostles, is obliged to hold the interests of Mormonism before all else, should turn their attention to the election of Republican Senators who pay no attention to their petitions. The terms of several Senators expire next March, and the State Legislatures elected this fall will select their successors. Nearly all of these favor the retention of Smoot and therefore have favored postponing action until after election.

Makes Artificial Thunder.

Prof. John Trowbridge of Harvard University says that some recent experiments he has made in the Jefferson physical laboratory show that "the astounding noise of a lightning discharge is largely due to the dissociation of vapor," through the explosion of the hydrogen and oxygen gases produced by such dissociation. In his mimic lightning experiments Prof. Trowbridge produced a torrent of huge electric sparks. The noise of the discharge was so great that the operator had to stop his ears with cotton and then wrap a heavy cloth around them.

His Dilemma.

John—How do you get along in your suit for Bertha's hand?

James—Tell you the truth, I'm in an awful dilemma just now. I asked her to have me the other evening and she referred me to her father. I haven't been on speaking terms with him for a long time; and there I am!—Boston Transcript.

Misinterpreted.

"Suite 16?" inquired the messenger boy with a smile as he handed in the package.

"It's none of your affair, how old I am!" snapped the newly acquired domestic, as she slammed the door in his face.—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Sanger, the famous zoologist, was once asked by a bore: "What steps would you incline to take, sir, in the event of yonder tiger effecting his liberty?" "Very long ones," replied the laconic zoologist.

It is estimated that the population of British Somaliland is about 250,000. Its area is about 68,000 square miles.