PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

STANCHNESS OF AMERICAN RECTITUDE.

By Grover Cleveland.

GROVER CLEVELAND

No people can lose hope while their courts and juries remain unblemished and administer justice fearlessly and unrelentingly. United States Senators and Representatives who, relying on the loose ideas of honesty pervading their environment, have betrayed the trust of the people find that no perverted sentiment and no disguise or dazzle of high position avails to save them from the fate of common malefactors. The easy going disuse of political privileges by honest citizens falls far short of a willingness on their part to overlook or tolerate a vile traffic in votes or an abominable bartering away of the people's interests in places of trust. An army of teachers in our schools and colleges are by their lives of self sacrificing and conscientious devotion to the cause of education making unremitting protest against prevailing selfishness and avarice. From many thousands of pulpits throughout the land is ceaselessly enforced the inspired assurance "better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right."

It may be that directors of organizations who have invited the confidence of the people and who have negligently or viciously betrayed their trust will not thereby lose caste among their fellows in the guild of riches; but there are millions of their countrymen who will persist in measuring their conduct by the plain, simple standard of moral rectitude. The American character has received no disabling wounds or hurts. It can be relied upon to save our institutions, if its moral fiber is not further weakened by the creeping corrosion of greed or wicked neglect. And these cannot occur if the masses of the American people are watchful, faithful to their great trust and in al things patriotic.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

By Professor Felix Adler.

The stronghold of the home lies in the thought of its permanency, and every divorce granted weakens the expectation of this stability. The idea of marriage as a great social end is gradually giving way to thoughts for one's self. The mediaeval conception of marriage was to conserve the family name and the family interests. In Japan one ground for divorce lies in too great an attachment between man and wife. It is there recognized that a wife owes a certain allegiance to the family as a whole. In one phase the change in modern times is to be commended, for the woman asserts her independence and shows that her heart must be consulted, yet there is an implety in this attitude, inasmuch as a couple will withdraw from its society and proclaim its right to enter into bonds of matrimony regardless of any social demand.

The divorce movement is the effect of this individualism. When a couple marries solely for their own happiness one will dissolve the bond as soon as this end fails of realization. The best and truest marriages result when the parties enter into them not for personal happiness, but with a desire to reach the social end.

Parents should remain together if only for the sake of their children. In strained parental relations, why would it not be feasible to divorce a son from a father, a daughter from a mother? A father cannot cast off a profligate son; there is no such thing as disowning him, for we hear of that only in novels. Likewise, there is no such thing as disowning a wife, however grave her offense might be. She may be exiled for life, but the mental relation should never cease, even when the intimate does.

FOOD AND FADS AND THEIR EVILS.

By Prof. E. T. Minnich.

It would be hard to forget ill health nowadays, however well one might be oneself. The newspapers are full of discussions respecting every variety of it. As one walks down a street one sees on the walls the advertisements of pills, nerve fortifiers, tonics, and cures for ailments of every kind. The affliction of men and women are kept vigorously before our eyes. We could not forget them even if we never had a day's illness.

Higher wages, better food, better houses, and athletics have increased the chances of longer existence. You would not get if you tried as bad bread to-day as was the ordinary bread of twenty years ago, and you would have considerable difficulty in finding a house which was so unhealthy as a house of that period—at the same rent. The laws against adulteration passed in 1875 have abolished the first, and the laws with regard to housing have extinguished the latter. The authorities have discovered that it is cheaper not to have smallpox, cholera, and typhoid than to have them, and they have taken steps that have made these afflictions a hundred times rarer than they were.

Many people are firmly convinced that no exercise can really do you good unless it is expensive. Most of the enthusiastic golf players I meet would, I am convinced, lose an immense part of their faith in the healthy influence of the game if they could not manage to spend $5 a day over it. Walking is too cheap for many people. I believe in games, but for a healthy exercise walking is equal to any. But one must have something. No exercise is fearful waste. You cannot afford it.

DIAMOND MATCH KING'S GIFT.

O. C. Barber to Erect in Akron, O., a $400,000 Church.

Ohio C. Barber, head of the Diamond Match Company and several times a millionaire, is to build for St. Paul's Episcopal parish, of Akron, Ohio, one of the finest churches in the United States. He has pledged himself to expend no less than $400,000 on the structure. This money will not be used in constructing a cumbersome pile of stone; but a replica of what Mr. Barber has often admired as the most beautiful church in Europe, the Madeleine, or Church of Mary Magdalene, in Paris, will be erected and presented to the parish, provided a contract guaranteeing its maintenance on terms suitable to Mr. Barber can be agreed to. The parish is to provide its site, which has been selected, and the parishioners have already raised $50,000 of the $60,000 required.

The style of architecture embodied in the Paris church which it is planned to duplicate is one of magnificent beauty, built as it is in the form of a Roman Corinthian temple, surrounded with massive columns, of which there are sixteen on each side. Mr. Barber plans to follow a noble purpose in exemplifying outside and inside of this

O. C. BARBER.

edifice the great achievements of church and state. This he will do by having placed in recesses on one side of the exterior life-size statues of Christ and the twelve apostles and likewise on the opposite side similar statues of thirteen eminent Americans to be selected according to Mr. Barber's ideas of American personal greatness. The ablest sculptors of Europe will be brought over to chisel the comprehensive and beautiful designs that will ornament the exterior. Beneath the cornice of the church there will be sculptured representations of the races of the earth and various steps in their development. On the tympanum of the facade, as in the original Madeleine, it is planned to have a relief reproducing Christ as the judge of the world.

The most remarkable feature of the church will be the crypt in the basement, where vaults built of solid concrete will be made to accommodate 1,500 bodies. This crypt is to be for members of Mr. Barber's family and for members of the parish and will be one of his special prides. After each funeral service the casket will be lowered to the crypt below from in front of the altar by hydraulic power and in this parish the funeral procession from the church will become extinct.

Mr. Barber does not hope to make the Akron church as large in dimensions as the Paris church. The local structure will be 199 feet long and 90 feet wide, with wide porches entirely surrounding it. The Madeleine, which is the second largest church in Paris, is 354 feet long and 141 feet wide. St. Paul's Church will be built of Bedford stone, which is reckoned superior to the stone in the Paris church.

Mr. Barber has already given Akron a $100,000 hospital and has also been a generous benefactor of Barberton, which he founded and which is the central manufacturing plant of the Diamond Match Company.

Pelican Island.

In that long, narrow lagoon on the east coast of Florida, known as Indian River, there is a muddy islet three or four acres in extent. Originally it doubtless did not differ from hundreds of similar neighboring islets; but, for some reason past finding out, this islet, and this alone, forms the nesting resort, the home, of all the pelicans of the Indian River, if not, indeed, of the east coast of Florida. The brown pelican, unlike its white cousin, nests normally in low trees and bushes; and there is evidence that when the original pelican colonists landed on the islet which now bears their name, it was well grown with black and red mangroves in which the birds placed their scaffolding of sticks. Exceptionally low temperature and high water—perhaps also excessive use by the birds, which sometimes build as many as seven nests in a single mangrove—have killed tree after tree, until at present only three serviceable trees remain. Still the birds come back, the impelling motive which prompts them to return to this particular spot being evidently stronger than that which induced them to nest in trees.—Century.

Street Crowds in Caracas.

One of the features of the city of Caracas, Venezuela, that most strongly impresses a foreigner is the rapidity with which a crowd gathers in the streets. This is best exemplified when some of the many wandering musicians, in whom Caracas abounds, prepare to give an impromptu open air concert. Their first notes no sooner echo through the neighborhood than there gathers to listen a vast throng that almost blocks up the thoroughfare. The cobblers and all the other tenants of the entries, having no doors to open or stairs to descend, are on the spot almost instanter. They eagerly drink in the music, but at the same time bear a wary eye upon the hats of the musicians, and no sooner do they observe the slightest indication that one is about to be taken off for the purpose of taking up a collection by passing it around among the crowd than they disappear even more quickly than they came.

Dressy Mother.

"Now you've grown to be a young lady, I suppose you borrow all of your mother's new clothes, don't you?" asked the friend of the family.

"No, indeed!" said daughter. "It's the other way; mother borrows all of mine."—Detroit Free Press.

Old Dredger Still Serviceable.

A dredger built of oak, 68 feet long, 21 feet wide and drawing 7 feet 6 inches of water, is now in use in Dundee harbor. It has been in use in the same place for over 100 years and its engine is said to have been built by James Watt.

An only child often becomes a bone for his parents to wrangle over.

A SLEEPY SONG.

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away;
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run thick and fast,
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep,
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.
—Frank H. Sweet.

JUST IN TIME.

DRESSING herself all in white, as was her custom almost every afternoon, Molly White went to sit in the hammock to read and wait the return of her husband who had gone to the next town on business. She had been reading some time, when suddenly she heard hoofbeats. Peering through the vines she saw a young scout, one of her husband's friends, come galloping up the road toward the house very much excited. She thought of her husband immediately and suspected that he was in danger.

"What's the matter?" she exclaimed, seizing him by the arm.

"It's—it's Will," he answered, quite breathlessly.

"Is he hurt?" she cried, excitedly.

"No, but he's going to be," he answered softly, at the same time

RIDING FAR IN ADVANCE.

glancing around about to see whether or not he was telling this to more than one person.

"When? Where?" she cried, almost shouted.

"Yer know where Black Rock is, about ten miles from here, don't yer? Well, that's where they're going' to wait for him. Yer see, they found out that he'd gone to C—— and was going to bring back some cash and thought they'd give him a lift. Heard it from an old friend and thought——"

But Molly cared nothing for what he thought just then, and hailing the stable man who was passing, she said in a low voice: "Jim, saddle King, mount four men and be ready to follow me in five minutes. Be sure the men are well armed." Jim hastened to execute his orders, and in five minutes he and his men were ready for further orders.

"Yer ain't goin' to try to head him off, are yer?" the scout asked Molly, and not receiving an answer, continued, "It's too late, he'll be there before you ken ketch him."

"We'll see," said Molly, shortly.

Seizing her revolver from the table she hurried out to where her men were waiting, and bidding them follow her as rapidly as possible, she sprang into the saddle and was out in the road before anyone could remonstrate with her. The others mounted quickly and were soon following their mistress, but she was more than a match for them.

Her horse was a thoroughbred, the fastest on the ranch, and Molly thought that by urging him on to a quick run, she might yet be able to reach her husband in time to warn him of his danger. On, on she rode, now and then bending over King's neck, to whisper in his ear, and the good steed, seeming to understand, went faster and faster, until those who followed were just able to discern a white speck disappearing in front of them.

But not until the sound of horse's hoofbeats had become indistinct, did Molly realize the danger to which she had subjected herself in riding so far in advance of the others. She knew that if the highwaymen were at Black Rock first, and they probably would be, they would not let her, his wife, pass; but this thought did not cause her to lose courage nor to slacken speed. She turned around once more, and could just see four figures following at some distance, and hoped earnestly that they might not be far off when she should reach Black Rock.

By this time the moon had risen, lighting up the whole plain, and not a half mile off, she could see the huge rock loom up before her. She strained her eyes, and looked beyond, to see if there was a lone rider coming from that direction; but no one was in sight, and she knew then that her husband had not yet reached the spot.

As she came to within 100 yards of the place, a masked man stepped out from behind the rock, and shouted "Halt," at the same time leveling a revolver at her. But she had no thought of halting, and raising her own revolver, she fired. The man fell, and she galloped past him, but not before one of the wounded man's companions had fired and hit her with a bullet. She felt faint, and slipping the revolver into its holster, she placed her hand to her side. The palm at once grew warm with blood. She was now so weak that she could no longer manage the reins, so King of his own accord slowed down to a trot. There was no need of hastening now, for her own men had come upon the desperadoes, and after a sharp scuffle the latter were made prisoners.

Molly had not ridden far when on looking up she saw a man riding on a white horse, whom she knew to be her husband. She gave a high of relief, and tried to call out to him, but the sound was only a moan.

King, being no longer guided, stopped suddenly. The jolt caused Molly to reel in her seat, but instead of falling to the ground, she fell into a strong pair of arms. A voice was saying things she liked but could not hear, but she knew that voice only too well. She smiled, as she whispered, so low that he could scarcely hear, "Just—just in time, Will."

"In time? In time for what, dear?" he asked gently, wondering what she could mean.

But there was no answer. He turned her face to the moonlight. The quiet lips smiled still, and the beautiful face was almost as white as the dress she wore.

"Molly," he cried, "Molly."

But only a coyote barked from a knoll near by.—Boston Post.

Laugh Instead of Frown.

A good story is told of a Waldo County, Me., man and the autos. He was jogging along a country road when one of the "devil wagons" came up behind him. His horse took fright, and went into the ditch and across a field before he could be got under control. He had just got back into the road and was pursuing his journey when he heard another automobile coming. This time he got out and held his horse by the head and as the automobile went by he remarked: "These darned horses are a heap of trouble, ain't they." The tourists, who had no doubt expected a torrent of abuse, laughed hard and long as they whizzed by.

Animated Bed Warmers.

Strange bed warmers are used by Chilean women. In cold weather, when in bed, they keep their feet warm by placing them on a dog.

When a woman walks along the streets after dark with a dollar in her pocket, she thinks every man she does not meet is following her.

DID THIS EVER OCCUR TO YOU?

Cincinnati Post.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Farmers Are Organizing.

Those new organizations of farmers and planters, known as the Equity Society and the Farmers' Union, have the avowed purpose of increasing the price for which agricultural products shall be sold. That is a very natural undertaking of the farmers to try and benefit themselves by co-operating together. They see others combining and plundering them, why should not they emulate the trusts and corporations and put their own price on their own products like the trusts do? Instead of selling their wheat, corn and cotton at the price the buyers offer, why not hold it until the buyers come around and are willing to pay a profitable price?

Why, it looks just as easy as falling off a log, or sliding down the cellar door that a little grease has made slick and slippery. All you have to do, say the leaders, is to refuse to sell until you get your price. One dollar a bushel for wheat and 15 cents a pound for cotton and the price of other products in proportion. Eureka! the world is ours, if we only hang together. Everything we buy is on the boom, from agricultural machinery to zinc paint. Why can't the farmers do the same?

The trouble is the farmer, unlike the tariff protected trusts and combines, has no monopoly. His wheat is sold at the price of the world's market, according to supply and demand. All the surplus wheat of all the countries goes to the markets of other countries that do not produce enough to supply their own wants. If there is a scarcity the price rules high; if there are bumper crops the world over, the price is low. If all the surplus we raise in the United States was kept at home, when other countries had good crops, there would probably still be enough to supply the Liverpool market, which rules the world's price. In that case, with nearly 400,000,000 bushels of wheat on our hands more than we could consume, what would we do with it? What would the price at Chicago be then? Instead of $1 a bushel it would be cheaper than corn. To store all that surplus wheat and await an advance in price, through poor crops elsewhere, is an expensive process. It costs money to store wheat, besides it will only keep a couple of years without damaging.

It does not look encouraging for the Equity Society members, as far as the price of wheat is concerned, and similar obstacles will be met with in trying to fix the price of corn, oats and cattle.

With the cotton planter the outlook is more promising. This country raises nearly all the surplus cotton and the price is greatly influenced, if not entirely fixed in this country. Cotton will keep, merely requiring a good roof over it. The greatest danger is from fire, and insurance of such an inflammable substance is expensive.

Both the Southern planter and the Northern farmer can, however, protect themselves from the trust high prices by uniting for the abolishing of the protective tariff, which has fostered those combines. With reasonable prices for what they buy they can afford to take reasonable prices for what they sell and still come out ahead. In place of very high tariff rates, as at present, there should be a tariff for revenue—that is, enough tariff on imports to provide the necessary revenue for the government and not high enough to protect the trusts in charging their plundering prices.

It will pay the organized farmers to talk that important matter of tariff reduction over in their meetings and in their homes. The Republican party has tried to prevent this, by declaring that all organizations of farmers must be non-partisan, and as far as the National Grange is concerned, the Republicans control it, which has doubtless driven the independent farmers to join the Equity Society and the Farmers' Unions, where more latitude is allowed for political discussion. There is no political issue that is so important to the farmers as the tariff, as it fosters trusts and combines which plunder them. The pretended protection of 25 cents a bushel on wheat, 15 cents on corn, and 15 cents on oats provided in the tariff law has been found by the farmer to be entirely worthless, because the surplus of those crops sold abroad fixes the price at home, and the price would be just as good if there was no such tariff law. Cotton is on the free list, and if there was a tariff duty of 15 cents a pound it would not add to or reduce the price.

Campaign's Opening Gun.

In issuing an invitation for a tariff reform dinner, the Tariff Reform Committee of the New York Reform Club says:

"The Dingley, more than any previous tariff act, is the mother of privilege and of trusts. It grows worse every year, for it yields a diminishing amount of revenue in proportion to the taxes it imposes upon the people, and it protects an increasing number of trusts which use protection to enable them to sell goods more cheaply to foreigners than Americans.

"Reliable estimates indicate that the present tariff compels the people to pay, in enhanced prices, $1,500,000,000 more a year than go into our national treasury. The most of this $1,500,000,000 is graft for the benefit of the trusts and other protected interests. If one-half of all the receipts of all our steam railroads were pure graft, the amount would not begin to equal the yearly graft of our protected trusts. If all the receipts of all our life insurance companies were each year stolen from the people, the robbery would be small in comparison with that of the Dingley tariff. If many times the money which will be spent in digging the Panama Canal were dumped into the Pacific Ocean, the loss would not equal the needless tariff taxes paid by our consumers."

Hon. John Sharp Williams and ex-Governor Douglas of Massachusetts will deliver the principal addresses, and the occasion will be a notable one, as the opening gun of the campaign to elect a Democratic Congress.

Tillman and Chandler.

The Baltimore Sun has a good story on the old friendship between Chandler and Tillman, a friendship which arose long ago from the fact that they always stood shoulder to shoulder in every fight to control the railroads. Chandler fought and beat the pooling bill time and time again. And Tillman and Chandler together fought the armor trust before the Naval Committee, as they did the railroads before the Interstate Commerce Committee and the ship subsidy steal.

Choosing a Political Party.

The universities and colleges and high schools are again sending out thousands of young men equipped, as far as education can arm them, to fight life's battle. They will enter into every profession and business and must struggle for a living with the older and more seasoned army that has preceded them. Many of these young men, especially from the law schools, will enter upon political careers; and all will have to decide upon the political party they will support. Those that are honest and true, and nearly all young men are so until contaminated, will naturally turn from corruption and grafting; and some, at least, will strive to correct those terrible evils that have so vastly dimmed the luster of the party in power. Family ties and associations naturally have great influence in deciding the political course of young men about to cast their first vote. The bias of the teachers of economics has led many to look on but one side of political issues, and hence many young men ar every apt to decide their political future without due investigation of both sides of the great political questions that divide the parties.

As the Democratic party has every thing to gain by the investigation and publicity of its contentions and being the great historic party of the nation, its principles should be thoroughly scrutinized and given due weight before a decision is arrived at.

The fundamental doctrine of Democracy is: "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none." Democrats believe in home rule and that every community has the right to decide its local issues and the amount of the local taxation. To decide upon municipal ownership and the regulation of the liquor traffic and such other local matters as affect the community. All these under Democratic rule are settled as a majority of legal voters may decide.

The great national questions of the tariff; subsidies to corporations and individuals; regulation of railroad rates and control of trusts and combines; the management of the finances of the country; the rights of capital and labor; the question of individualism, or socialism; militarism; imperialism; taxation without representation, all must be investigated before the young man can fairly decide with whom he will politically ally himself.

As government is the chief agency and adjunct of civilization, it is entirely worthless unless it protects life and property and provides liberty without license. A government which takes from the people by taxation more money than is needed to defray the expenses of the public business economically administered, or takes money from the many in order to favor and enrich the few, by indirection, under the false pretense of protecting labor, commits robbery and fraud, and is un-Democratic.

A United Democracy.

The chairman of the Democratic convention in Kansas, in his address to the delegates, sounded a keynote that will have interest in Massachusetts and shows that a united Democracy from the East to the West and North and South is again to be an accomplished fact. "The people of Kansas," said he, "send this slogan across the Mississippi valley and over the Appalachian mountains to New England. We are for free raw material, and we are willing to give to the laborer of the East free hides in competition with our hides, because the beef trust robs us even of the hair, and then sells the balance to the Eastern manufacturer at a higher fixed price, so that the poor are shoeless. Our Republican Congressmen have misrepresented us long enough. We are in favor of the old-fashioned doctrine as enunciated by Samuel J. Tilden and re-enunciated by Grover Cleveland, of a tariff for revenue only. The time is past when we should protect trusts and capitalistic combinations. Protection, as declared by the Republican party, is now used as an aid to the rich to become richer and for the poor to become poorer." Hurrah for the unterrified Democracy of Kansas.

Shanghaiing and "Protection."

The House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries has unanimously reported in favor of the passage of the Morrell bill to prohibit the practice of "shanghaiing" in the United States, and it is to be hoped that the bill will pass both houses at this session. Shanghaiing poor drunken and drugged sailors is almost as mean as sheltering robbers by means of a protective tariff, for while shanghaiing robs a few the tariff plunders the whole people.

Brief Comment.

The tariff protected trusts all declare that to revise the tariff would endanger prosperity and the cuckoo Republican Congressmen echo the same tale.

President Baer of the Reading Railroad sings a holier than thou psalm of thanksgiving over the Pennsylvania and other railroads whose officials have been caught grafting. But he may feel less pharisaical when the Interstate Commerce Commission begins investigating his illegal coal combine.

After all the money expended and all the lives of American boys sacrificed in the Philippines, we supply less than 20 per cent of the imports and a Republican Congress refuses to pass the bill to reduce the tariff on exports to this country because the Sugar Trust and the Tobacco Trust control the majority.

The demand for free alcohol, free cement and structural steel, free hides, free coal, free wool, free wood pulp, etc., is worrying the stand-pat Republicans no little. Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon are getting nervous. The clamor for legislation on tariff schedules is distressing them. They will either get off their perch or be knocked off, and they are puzzling their brains to find out which they had rather do.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHILD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

"O, Butterfly, how do you, pray,
Your wings so prettily array?
Where do you find the paints from which
To mix your colors warm and rich?"

The butterfly in answer, said:
"The roses lend me pink and red,
The violets their deepest blue,
And every flower its chosen hue.

"My palette is a rose-leaf fair,
My brush is formed of maiden-hair,
And dew-drops shining in the grass,
Serve nicely for my looking-glass."
—Nixon Waterman.

A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the snip, snip of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly-kept lawn, in the centre of which stood his residence, a handsome massive, modern structure which had cost him not less than $90,000.

Just beyond the hedge was a public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge and they on the other.

"Hello, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charley," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh! you only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose. I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not" admitted Fred, "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much more, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy; "that will not settle it, neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot" the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommend yourself," and as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

This is a true story.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHERE PAPER CAME FROM.

Long years ago a little, thin Japanese gentleman walked through his pretty garden to his home; his hands were clasped behind his back and he was thinking as he crossed the bridge to pluck a fresh wistaria blossom that hung just over his head. This little gentleman had a great many parcels to send out from his shop every week and he had always wrapped them in silk; but this was an expensive material and he wanted something cheaper for his purpose. All at once a wasp came liting toward him, but he thrust it away that it might not nip his nose, and lo! there at his hand was a wasps' nest! My, but he came very near angering the whole family! Think, then, what he might have suffered from these stingers for days to come! What a shapely nest they had made, now he came to think of it. It was so strong, too. It was made of thin wood pulp, softened into a thin paste by the jaws of the insect, then formed and left to to dry.

"Why can't I do that same thing?" thought the Japanese merchant to himself. "Get certain wood, form it into a pulp by means of water from the river nearby, and make something like this wasps' nest in consistency, to wrap about my packages." So this was the way paper was first discovered: An innocent wasp flew across the path of a gentleman who walked one day in the vine-clad garden in old Japan.—Ram's Horn.

CONUNDRUMS.

What will turn without moving? Milk.

What reptile is always welcome in a schoolroom? A good adder.

How can you divide fourteen apples equally between nine boys if four of the apples are very small? By making them into sauce.

Why are tears like potatoes? Because they spring from the eyes.

What is the strongest day in the week? Sunday, because all the rest are week (weak) days.

What is that which comes with a coach, goes with a coach, is of no use whatever to the coach, and yet the coach cannot go without it? Noise.

Why is a miss not as good as a mile? Because a miss has only two feet and a mile has 5,280.

In what month do men talk the least? In February, because it is the shortest month.

Why is a room full of married people like an empty room? Because there is not a single person in it.

What is that word of three syllables, which contains the whole twenty-six letters? Alphabet.

What is the difference between a bankrupt and a feather-bed? One is bard up and the other is soft down.

THE CODFISH CHARADE.

The following ingenious riddle on the word "cod," and its ingenious answer, made a famous current item in all the papers forty years ago, Harper's Bazar revives it, and says:

"Who is the author of the riddle on cod? It wants polish, but it is clever enough to make one surprised that it is not more generally known.

" 'Cut off my head, and singular I am;
Cut off my tail and plural I appear;
Cut off my head and tail, and, wondrous fact,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.'

"To which the following reply was sent—leaving the solution a riddle still to all but the solver and maker.

" 'What is my first? It is a sounding sea.
What is my last? It is a flowing river.
And in their mingling depths I wander free.
The parent of sweet sounds, though mute forever.'

"The wit of the last line is in the word 'sounds,' the allusion being to the 'sounds' (air-bladders) of codfish, esteemed a great delicacy by epicures."

CURIOUS HABIT OF FOXES.

The animals on which the fox usually preys are often left untouched round his own home; and it is even asserted that nothing is killed on the side of the hill in which that home is made.

In a small patch of nettles within a few feet of the mouth of the foxes' earth a partridge placed her nest and brought off her brood. Round this nettle bed the cubs were constantly to be seen, and in it they played hide and seek. In another case the entrance to an earth was surrounded by five or six rabbit holes the tenants of which were unmolested by their next door neighbors.

In a third a litter of cubs was placed in a large pit surrounded by fencing, from which there was no escape and in which there were a number of rabbits. None of these was attacked by the cubs, though they would seize a dead rabbit in full sight of the person who had shot and thrown it to them.

Protecting Our Birds.

The movement for the protection of birds in America has long since assumed formidable proportions, says American Homes and Gardens. Much of the credit for the work accomplished is due to the Audubon Societies, which exist in thirty-five States, and which for a number of years have carried on an active work for the conserving of bird life. The results accomplished are considerable. A "model law," drawn up by the American Ornithologists Union, is now in force in thirty States and the District of Columbia. The Lacey law excludes from interstate commerce all birds killed illegally in any State, and makes those legitimately killed subject to the law of the State in which they are bought. Laws prohibiting the sale of game, even when killed in season, look towards the same end of conserving bird life. Public attention has been aroused on the subject, and even the manufacturer of air rifles no longer calls attention to the fact that they kill small game within short distances. Absolute protection has not yet been given the birds everywhere, but a great and important work has been begun and is being well carried forward.