An Epitaph.

Beneath these stones recline the the bones
Of 'Pologetic Brown,
Most pathetic, 'pologetic
Feller in this town.
Asked to be forgiven, sir,
Minute he was born;
'Pologized fer livin', sir,
Reg'lar, night and morn.

'Pologized fer eatin',
An' when he went to meetin'
Prayed the Lord, "Excuse me, please,
fer askin' so an' so!"
When he courted Susan
He went right on excusin'—
'Pologized fer askin' her as soon's
she'd answered, "No!"
Everyone picked on 'im,
Cur dogs was "sicked" on 'im,
Brown he took 'is martyrdom with
pious, humble pride;
Fin'ally, jest to spite us,
He got 'pendicitus,
'Pologized fer troublin' us, then went
away and died.

Here lies Brown, and let us speak
With due respect fer such;
Heaven loves the mild and meek,
But we don't need 'em much.
—Wallace Irwin in "Success Magazine."

MUCH CHUCK.

All day long and every day while I was at the agency he sat upon the trader's stoop or lounged upon his counters. I often wondered at Bonhomme's tolerance, and set it down to the easy-going ways of the French-American. Of all the Gros Ventres at Yellow Water, Much Chuck seemed to me the nearest to a useless vagabond.

Then one evening, for a silver quarter, the trader sent him to the camp of the agency's "boss farmer," six miles away. Much Chuck carried fifty pounds of side pork on a shoulder, and the rate at which he loped across the prairie was surprising. Bonhomme laughed as he saw me looking after the awakened Gros Ventre.

"Didn't think there was so much action there, heh?" he said. "Much Chuck is like the rest of our Indians—pay one for doing what he knows how to do, and away he goes. That fellow was on the police force here twenty-five years ago, and did a service to this agency that no white soldier could have done.

"After Sitting Bull had been run off to Canada the troops were withdrawn from this neighborhood, and soon we began to have trouble. First a Gros Ventre stole a pony from the Crows; then a young Crow shot a Gros Ventre in the hand. After that there was stealing and skirmishing back and forth, till at last the Gros Ventres made a grand coup, and came in with two hundred Crow ponies.

"Worse than all, the rascals ran their booty into the government corral. McCall, the agent, sent ten of his Indian police out to turn the herd loose. His men came back presently without their guns, revolvers and ammunition belts.

"Much Chuck, then a young fellow, was the only policeman to retain his arms. He had been kept on duty at the office. As there were only a half-dozen old needleguns left in the armory, McCall found himself in a poor way to enforce authority. He hadn't even telegraph communication with the posts five hundred miles away.

"The Gros Ventres herded those stolen ponies, and kept a lookout in daytime, and at night shut them in the big corral under guard. The agent then occupied the vacated barracks opposite what is now the Gray Sisters' School, and the government coral was in a loop of the river below, where a deep channel, cut into the rocks, protected it on all sides except that facing the agency. The fort, or barracks, was a log quadrangle built upon a little height overlooking the corral and the flats below. My store stood outside, next to the left wing of this quadrangle. The Gros Ventre lodges, for the most part, were strung along a fringe of timber below the loop.

"For a number of days things went on smoothly to all outward appearance. Then the Crows came. About four hundred—all of Broken Kettle's band and some of the mountain Crows beyond—rode down to the agency at sunrise. They were mostly armed with breech-loaders, and when they summoned McCall out to them, I reckon his hair stood on end.

"Through their interpreter they accused him of sending his Indians to steal their horses, and they demanded the return of the animals and a lot of goods and rations for indemnity. And McCall could only tell them, with a great show of indignation that he was not responsible for any sort of Indian thievery. He told them how he had tried to turn their ponies loose and what the Gros Ventres had done.

"This was openly admitting that he had no authority over his Indians. But he was a new man out here, and he was scared and excited. When he had finished, the Crows set up a howl of wrath, and shook their guns at him. They told him that they were going to wipe out his Gros Ventres and then burn the agency.

"The Crows outnumbered our Indians two to one, and we had at the barracks less than a dozen half-armed employes. Broken Kettle had secured men and ponies from Gray Bull's mountain Crows—the worst lot of untamed savages north of Mexico.

"As I stood in the doorway of my store, taking in that angry crowd, I admit that I was scared.

"I looked toward the Gros Ventre village, and saw the inhabitants scurrying, men, women, and children, to the cover of the breaks just above their teepees. From the broken coulees they could command the horse corral with their rifles.

"The Crows had relied upon their numbers and the justice of their claim to gain the return of their ponies. They had not expected they would have to fight.

"But now they wheeled, scattered, and rode, with guns at a ready, straight toward the corral. On they went till a volley from the Gros Ventres halted them.

"They wheeled about, retreated out of range, and opened fire on the agency. Luckily, everybody who was looking out of an opening had time to dodge. They fired only a single shot or so to the man, but every door and window on that face of the barracks was riddled. Only my store was untouched.

"When their firing was checked, the Crow chiefs rode back and forth in front of their men, flourishing their guns and whooping threats.

"It was plain that they held the agency responsible for the taking of their horses, and in a measure they were right.

"What was to be done? McCall came hastily into my store to seek advice. But the matter had already gone beyond my wisdom in Indian affairs.

"Then a single figure appeared on our right—a policeman who had ridden round from the stables in the rear. It was young Much Chuck, dressed in his blue uniform, riding a white cavalry horse, with his rifle swung across the saddle in front.

"'He was trim and soldierly, not so fat as now, and he made a fine show, at which we looked for a second in astonishment.

"' 'What can he be thinking of!' said McCall. 'The only fighting soldier I've got!'

"The Crows wondered, too, at first, for Much Chuck rode straight toward them. When close to a group of chiefs he halted, raised his right hand, and spoke some words in their own tongue. Many of our Gros Ventres had a smattering of Crow.

"We could hear nothing of what was said until, at the close of the conference, a number of the Crow chiefs shouted, 'Ho-ho-ho!' That was encouraging.

"Then we saw Much Chuck ride on down the line of the hostiles, pass them, and go straight on toward the Gros Ventres.

"To his fellows in the breaks he made signs as if to approach them for a talk. This he kept on doing until he was opposite the horse corral, when he turned suddenly and made a dash to the gate, which was on the side facing the fort. Then he jumped quickly from his horse, threw the gate wide open, and rushed in among the ponies. In a second or two he had the whole herd going at the opening like a flock of sheep.

"Then the Gros Ventres cut loose with their rifles. In a half-minute's firing they had killed a dozen ponies; but Much Chuck was unhurt, and at the tail of the herd he jumped a pony and came on, lying flat upon its back.

"Under a hail of shots he pushed the big bunch out of range, and then, with a whoop, the Crows swung in behind and took charge. They had recovered all their own animals, except the few killed, and some thirty or forty Gros Ventre horses besides. The capture satisfied them, and they rode off, yelling.

"Then that brave policeman came walking slowly toward the agency.

" 'The last of Much Chuck,' said I, and I could hardly keep from crying. McCall looked at me, winking hard.

" 'He's saved us,' he said, 'and the Gros Ventres will skin him alive. I can do nothing.'

"Much Chuck walked by without so much as looking at us. He went round the barracks and disappeared. McCall left me to go to him, but I never heard what the agent said to his policeman.

Some two hours afterward Gros Ventres began stringing up from their village, and in a little while the group of police cabins back of the fort was surrounded by Indians on foot.

"While I stood looking out of my rear door, I saw Much Chuck come out of his shack and walk toward a bunch of Indians gathered at a corner of the stockade. He had painted his face and body in yellow and green and wore only the breech-cloth and bonnet of eagle feathers. The chiefs and others that he came toward were within a few rods of my rear yard and I could hear the click of breech bolts as they uncovered the carbines concealed beneath their blankets.

" 'It's all up with Much Chuck,' thought I.

"He had come to surrender in time to save an attack on his cabin, where he had a wife and baby. I walked out to the stockade fence, and stood leaning against the timbers as Much Chuck came up to the chief. The young fellow looked the chief in the eye for a moment; then he spoke.

" 'You have seen,' he said, 'what I have done. I did it to save my people and because I was a soldier of the Great Father. Your father here the agent, knew nothing of my intention—he is in no way to blame for my acts. I am an Indian,—a Gros Ventre—and I am not afraid to die.'

"When he had finished, his own brother, Blue Face, leaped at him, struck him on the mouth, snatched his war-bonnet off, threw it on the ground and stamped on it.

" 'You say you are a Gros Ventres,' he shouted, 'and I say you are a liar!' and he stepped back and cocked his gun. He would have shot Much Chuck then and there, but I jumped at Blue Face, flung him in a heap, and wrenched his gun from his hands. Then I stepped in front of Much Chuck, and the words came hot and fast. I suppose I never was so furious.

" 'You miserable cowards!' I said. 'I will shoot the first one who lays a hand on this brave soldier. How many of you, this morning, expected to see another sun? This man has turned aside the vengeance of the Crows and the anger also of your Great Father. You are fools. You could not have saved a horse of the stolen herd. Some of your own are driven away. Very well, I will pay you for them myself—ten dollars in goods for each Gros Ventre pony killed or taken.'

"Well it happened I jumped in at the right moment, and the promise of pay for their ponies saved Much Chuck. Very likely that's the reason, since the police force was reduced, that he sits round in my store so much."—Youth's Companion.

Only a Hint.

The old colored "mammy" who had ruled the Greenough household for more than twenty years was known to the tradesmen and the world in general as "Mrs. Washington," although she allowed the Greenoughs and their friends to address her as "Aunt Euphrasia."

She had a flow of language which has seldom been equaled, and delighted in it more, even, than in her skill in cooking. On one occasion Mrs Greenough overheard Aunt Euphrasia berating a tardy grocer's boy.

"Whar yo' been, yo' triflin', lazy, destructful, owdacious, aggrevatin', presumptious boy, while I's been a-waitin' and a-y'arnin' for dese yer condimental spices?" demanded Aunt Euphrasia, her turbaned head threatening the delinquent who cowered before her. "Ef I hadn't got to put dese yer right into my cake dat's ben kept on-finished fer yo' to go dawdlin', philanderin', sojerin' round, I'd stop a minute and gib yo' some idee oh my opinions regardin' yo'!"

Cows giving milk consume much more water than those not giving milk.

With reasonably good management sheep should give greater returns than any other live stock.

One great source of infertile eggs is due to the fact that too many females are yarded with one cock.

The expense in labor in caring for a garden adequate to supply the needs of an ordinary family need not exceed $30 a year.

If you want to get the best work out of the boy, let him have half a day off now and then to play ball and give him half a dollar to blow in on the next circus.

Early hatched chicks should be taken from the brooders and placed in rat-proof colony houses. They will huddle in a corner at first, and should be taught to roost as soon as possible.

The labor of hand weeding may be reduced to a minimum by planting in freshly worked soil only, tilling close to the rows early in the season, and permitting no weeds to ripen their seed.

In selecting eggs for hatching, take those of uniform size and thickness of shell. Reject the dirty, mottled eggs and those with thin shells. Do not set small eggs nor eggs more than thirty days old.

Where sixteen hours a day is still the rule on the farm it is pertinent to ask the question, "Is there any necessity for such slaving?" Many a boy has been driven to the city by just such methods of carrying on farm operations.

Grape cuttings should be planted as soon as the soil can be worked in the spring. In planting put them in the ground up to the top bud and at a slant so that the soil will be packed firmly about them to prevent drying out.

It ought not to require the aid of experts to show the danger of formaldehyde and formalin as a milk preserver. The milk sellers do not have the same interest in this that the consumers have, and all who persist in the use of such drugs should be given a taste of the strong arm of the law.

It is best to buy seed corn in the ear when practicable. The whole ears are honest representatives and show for themselves. It is best to discard all the defective, irregular-shaped grains from the ends of the ear in order to insure a perfect stand. A perfect stand materially lessens the cost of production.

The "cock-sure cure" for hog cholera promulgated a few years ago by the government has gone off "half cocked" and the whole scheme has failed. The reason it failed was due to the fact that a whole herd had to be destroyed in order to effect a cure. Strange. This is like the man who cleared his barn of rats by setting it on fire.

Artistic garden beds have earned a good, long rest. If there ever was any reason for them it has all vanished. The best way to grow garden vegetables nowadays is to grow them in long rows so they can be easily cultivated by hand or wheel hoe. Plant rows extending across the garden, arranging the varieties so that other and later crops can take the place of the early vegetables.

Sheep are the best animals to graze in a sod orchard. They crop the grass close to the ground, thus obviating loss of moisture by evaporation through the blades. They do not tramp the ground solidly like cattle, and their droppings are an aid to fertilization because of their extended distribution. Sheep also keep the orchard clear of weeds and briars, if turned into it early enough in the summer.

Overripe cream means rancid butter. The scientific buttermaker ripens his cream to a uniform acidity. The amount of acid his cream contains he measures by means of a test. The man who makes butter on the farm should use this test, or else he should use something that will enable him to know exactly when to stop the ripening process and begin to churn his cream. Butter to sell well should be uniform in quality.

Experiments show that a cow when in full flow of milk drinks from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds of water a month, the average quantity, determined by testing a herd, being 1,660 pounds per cow. This fact shows the importance of unlimited supply of water at all seasons of the year. In every 100 quarts of milk the farmer sells about eighty-eight quarts of water, and when the cow cannot procure water at all times she will fall off in yield.

Pruning should be done as early as possible to give the wounds time to heal. Especially is this true where pruning is heavy. It is not yet too late to finish this sort of work, but no large limbs should be cut, because they will not heal in time to prevent bleeding when the sap begins to flow. Painting all scars of an inch or more in diameter made at this time of the year will prevent bleeding and destroy a breeding place for fungus diseases.

In planting peach trees a Western Missouri orchardist recommends putting out strong one-year-olds and cutting them back to start switches 18 inches high. He plants his trees 18 to 20 feet apart, and cultivates well. He claims the best tool for this purpose is a double cutaway harrow. After three years he cuts the trees back one-third on each season's growth. Tomatoes he recommends as a good crop to grow in the peach orchard, provided there is a market for them.

Experiments made at the Cornell University Experiment Station in orcharding several years ago proved that it took more fertility from the soil to produce twenty average crops of apples than to produce twenty average crops of wheat. It will be readily seen that in view of this fact not only should no secondary crops be grown in the orchard which will rob the soil, but that the trees should be heavily fertilized where possible. It is this pull of the trees on the fertility of the soil that makes clover and alfalfa ideal orchard crops.

Oldest Horse in America.

The supposed oldest horse in America, aged 52, is at Stanhope, Ia. The horse that has just completed more than half a century of life is in fairly good flesh and is fed on bread baked with an additional ration of sugar each day. It is said that all the signs of great age are present. The coat is hide-bound and has not shed for several years, and the muscles have lost their powers to a degree.

Soy Beans in Feeding Ration.

Prof. J. H. Skiner, of the Purdue University Experiment Station, says that with good clover pasture swine growing was much more economical than by feeding alone. Experiments in feeding at the Indiana station show the cost per 100 pounds of grain with corn meal only was $5.01; with one-half corn meal and one-half middlings, $3.44; with two-thirds corn meal and one-third soy beans, $3.59; and five-sixths corn meal and one-third tankage, $3.71. The use of soy beans was commended to improve the ration, better returns in grain thus being secured, while the beans as a crop in growing add to the fertility of the soil.

Tomatoes Early and Good.

An Indiana farmer says that generally very early tomatoes are very poor quality—about one-half seeds and one-half water. Here is the way, he says, he gets early tomatoes of good quality: He takes medium early of good variety, plants in a pot or old can that is first lined with a piece of old muslin or other thin cloth, then filled with good soil. He plants three or four seeds, sets upon shelf with house plants, lets grow until latter part of May, then lifts out the plant, soil and all, by the cloth, and plants in the garden, thinning to one stalk to a can. He has set out when in bloom and had tomatoes in a short time.

How to Get Rid of Moles.

An Indiana writer says that it is easy to get rid of moles. He states:

The moles do their work in daytime, from 9 in the morning till 12 noon. I want no trap or poison. I go out in the morning and tramp the dirt down in the runs, and when the time comes for them to go to work I go and look for them and keep very still. When I see one raise the dirt, I jump on him with my heel and stamp the ground so hard that he can't move. Then I call my dog and have him dig him out. In a short time I have the dog hunting moles in the same way. Also teach the children to hunt them; offer a penny for each scalp, and in a short time there will not be a mole on your place. I live where plenty of moles are, but they don't bother me.

Bee Nonsense.

After slumbering more or less quietly for a few years, the romantic tale that the bees drop into each cell of honey a small drop of poison from the sting before sealing up the cell, using the sting as a trowel to work the wax, seems to have started anew its rounds of the public press. To any who have sent in clippings of the kind, possibly wondering what foundation there may be for the yarn, it may be said on the authority of a bee expert that it is all a work of imagination, its originator apparently seeming to think it true, but never offering a particle of proof. Of course, none of the papers that gave it currency will bother themselves with a contradiction, and the only thing that can be done is patiently to allow it to run its course and die out, only to be resurrected seven years later by some penny-a-liner who has nothing else sensational on hand.

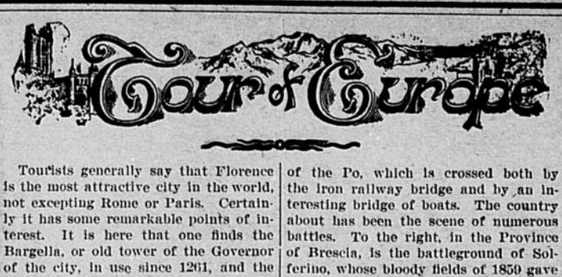
To Hasten Replanted Corn.

F. S. Patterson in Farm and Ranch thus tells how to hasten replanted corn:

Drip the strongest kind of liquid manure, and soak the seed in it two days and night before planting. Check the land 3x2 feet, drop the corn two to three grains to the hill, put one good big handful of manure or rotted cotton seed on the corn, and cover lightly. If land is strong, leave two stalks to the hill, otherwise one. As soon as corn is well up, which will be but a few days, have the replant corn soaked two days and nights, or until germ is just about out. Go over and carefully replant every hill, one grain to hill, very shallow. I will guarantee every hill of replant will make just as good corn as your first planting, and your yield will be increased 25 to 30 per cent. Liquid manure will stimulate germination and your corn will come up with a move on it. Cultivate quickly and repeatedly. If you cannot plow it, harrow it until large enough to plow.

Alfalfa Valuable Feeding Plant.

Probably the best summing up of the value of alfalfa to American farmers is in the bulletin on the subject issued by the Experiment Station of Wisconsin, which follows: "Alfalfa has practically the same feeding constituents, pound for pound, as good bran, and should be regarded as an equal to bran when used as a feed for stock. Alfalfa yields three times as much protein per acre as clover, and nine times as much protein as timothy." Taking the two statements together, they are of special significance to dairymen, whose greatest need is the supplying of protein in the food to the cows at the smallest cost possible. Leaving aside the fact that the crop when once established can be gathered several times during a single season, and that it will retain its cutting value for years, the protein value of it is enough to make any dairyman take notice and to warrant him in making greater efforts than he ever before made in growing a feeding crop, to grow alfalfa. It is not denied that in some localities and on some soils it seems almost impossible to get a stand of alfalfa, but unless conditions are wholly unsuited to the crop it will pay to try and try again until success comes, for, all things considered, it is by far the most valuable of all feeding crops of a forage nature grown or growable on American farms.



Tourists generally say that Florence is the most attractive city in the world, not excepting Rome or Paris. Certainly it has some remarkable points of interest. It is here that one finds the Bargella, or old tower of the Governor of the city, in use since 1261, and the scene of many stirring deeds. On the same street, around the corner, Dante was born in 1265 in a house which still stands. Turning from here past the cathedral, the traveller sees the house where Casino de Medici was born, which occupies the site of the house where Beatrice lived, whom Dante loved. Everywhere in this vicinity the brethren of the Misericordia are to be met, arrayed in black robes with holes for the eyes, and carrying torches. This brotherhood dates from 1244. Its members care for the sick among the poor, and bear the dead for them. They come from all ranks of society themselves. In the old days sometimes a grand duke was a member. A certain number of them always are ready to assemble in their hall at the stroke of the cathedral bell, and, putting on robe and hood, to go where they are needed. They never disclose their identity, never take either food or any drink except a glass of water, in the houses where they go.

A noted spot is the stone called Dante's, where that poet used to bring his chair and sit in contemplation of the cathedral. From here there is a good view of the Campanile. It is hard for an American to understand how a building which was started over 600 years ago should still be uncompleted. Near by is the Old Palace. The fountain in the square marks the spot where Savonarola was burned to death. On each 23d of May the people come and strew the pavement with violets for memory of the martyrdom he suffered out of love for their dear city and its people. In proximity is the Ponte Vecchio, the old bridge lined to-day with jeweler's shops, which extend along both sides except in the middle, where a break enables a view of the beautiful, gleaming Arno.

Traversing a fertile district, where thistles are purple in the yellow grain, the tourist reaches the watershed of the Adriatic, 2,025 feet above sea level, and follows a road full of tunnels, cuttings and viaducts until Bologna is reached. This is an unhappy-looking city, with its close, dark streets and dull arcades. The old Renaissance palaces are built of brick. The place is famous for its sausage, its macaroni, its soup and its soap. Then comes Parma with its noted violets and cheese, and Piacauze is reached, on the south branch of the Po, which is crossed both by the iron railway bridge and by an interesting bridge of boats. The country about has been the scene of numerous battles. To the right, in the Province of Brescia, is the battleground of Solferino, whose bloody fields of 1859 gave their name to a reddish shade of purple, which became fashionable the following year, as did also Magenta. A long day of hard traveling brings the tourist to Milan, the city of the great cathedral—city of sculpture; Milan, "the great;" Milan, the beautiful, and after that to Verona, which must have been magnificent when it was alive with all of its old time vitality. People go to Verona to view Juliet's tomb, as in duty bound as Shakespearean pilgrims. The touch of rare romance is the magnet of this city.

Nobody believes seriously in the authenticity of the mediaval sarcophagus known as Juliet's tomb, which, by the way, looks like an ugly old water trough, and which is kept in an unattractive chapel of a suppressed Franciscan monastery. The tourist, when he pays a fee at the red gate of the garden, and another at the chapel door, feels that this side show is, in United States vernacular, "a fake."

As for the reputed house of Juliet on the Via Capello, which some declare to be the real thing because of the presence of a cap carved in stone just above the inside of the big door—and which others assert to be a fraud—the tourist would, in his heart of hearts, hate to believe that this shabby building, by whose entrance the tramcars clang incessantly, was really the place where Romeo made love so dramatically, and Juliet listened with poetic rapture, dressed in such exquisite and expensive fabrics as one is accustomed to seeing her wear upon the modern stage.

On the river banks are mills and old castles. There is the interesting palace of the Scaligers, and the Piazza delle Erbe, once a forum, and now used as a fruit and vegetable market. With its old statues and its houses frescoed on their face in Paduan style, it deserves the reputation of being the most picturesque public square in Italy. Adjacent is the "house of Juliet," and the Gothic church of St. Anastasia, that has a statue of Paul Veronese in front of it, and ancient palaces all around. Then there are handsome tombs, red and white striped church facades, and many reminders of the long and quarrelsome experiences of the city. Yet the traveller feels that he came to Verona to get a thrill in the historic battleground of Romeo and Juliet.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF PATRIOTISM.

No. 1—Thou shalt not go away from home to do any traiding, nor thy son, nor thy daughter.

No. 2—Thou shalt patronize thy home merchants, for thy home printer doth spread far and wide the story of goodness and the greatness of thine place of habitation and in mutual traiding shalt thee find the profit to thy desire.

No. 3—Thou shalt employ thy home people, and they shall not be driven from their homes to find bread for their little ones.

No. 4—Thou shalt not ask for credit, as goods cost much and the merchant's brain is burdened with bills.

No. 5—Thou shalt not ask for reduced prices on thine "influence," for guilt is in thine heart and the merchant readeth it like an open book. He laugheth thee to scorn, and shouteth to his clerks, "Ha! Ha!"

No. 6—Thou shalt do whatever lieth in thy power to encourage and promote the welfare of thine own town and thine own people.

No. 7—Thou shalt beware of enticement and if other cities coax thee, consent thou not, for thou mayest be deceived.

No. 8—Thou shalt spend thy earnings at home that they mayest return from whence they came and again give nourishment to thee and those who come after thee.

No. 9—Thou shalt not bear false witness against the city wherein thou dwelleth, but shall speak well of it to all men.

No. 10—Thou shalt keep these commandments and teach them to thy children even to the third and fourth generations that they may be made to flourish and grow in plenty when thou art laid to rest with thy fathers.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

What Robert Morris represented to the cause of the revolutionary war, Stephen Girard meant to the success of the war of 1812. When the government could obtain only $20,000 instead of the $5,000,000 which it required for the further conduct of the war, Girard came forward with the entire amount. Again in 1814, when the interest on the public debt could not be met, Girard offered to wait for the money until such a time as the government would be able to pay its obligation or else to receive it in treasury notes, which were practically worthless under the circumstances.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

Like many of those who were the most ardently desirous of the success of the new government and willing to sacrifice all their own personal interests for the country, Stephen Girard was foreign born. He had come to America from France a penniless boy, and by industry had succeeded in making himself one of the wealthiest of the Americans of his time.

In 1793, when a yellow fever epidemic had broken out, Girard nursed the sufferers and established and organized a hosptal for them. Although personally of a peculiar temperament, Girard was always open-handed and great-hearted in all public affairs. By his will he provided for many charities, the most lasting of which has been the Girard College of Philadelphia for male white orphans.

The United States owes much to Stephen Girard for the opportune financial assistance which he rendered to her. But even more she owes him for his splendid example of the greater patriotism which sacrifices all self-interest to the greater cause of country.

Insurance of Varied Kinds.

"How many kinds of insurance are there?" asks a correspondent. By a coincidence we received in the same mail the business card of an enterprising local insurance agency in a western city which claims to have on sale "all kinds of insurance and bonds." Here is the western agency's list: Fire, life, safe, rents, theft, credit, patent, marine, tornado, accident, burglary, sprinkler, lightning, plate glass, transportation, tourists' baggage, bink and messenger robbery, tailors' and furniture floaters', physicians' and druggists' liability, travelers' samples, fidelity, official, guaranteed attorney's department, contract, judicial and court bonds, teams, health, postal, elevator, casualty, flywheel, leasehold, automobile, contingent, steam boiler, landlords' liability, use and occupancy, employers' liability, workmen's collective, liquor dealers' license, general liability, holdup insurance, bank accounts.—Insurance Press.

ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY.

Vice Admiral Rojestvensky, who was cleared by court-martial of the charge of surrendering after the battle of the Sea of Japan, had a reputation for daring before his clash with the Japanese. He was placed in command of the combined second and third squadrons when it was decided by Russia to send another fleet to the far East in the recent war. He is about 53 years of age, and has been in the Russian navy most of his life. His first service of note was in the Turkish war, when, commanding a gunboat, he dashed into the enemy's fleet, engaged a battleship, inflicting severe damage, and cleverly escaped. He was awarded the Cross of St. George, and has been decorated many times since. He was wounded and captured in the battle of the Sea of Japan.

The Fly in the Ointment.

"Senator, how does it seem now that you have attained wealth and influence?"

"Well," replied Senator Badger with a far-away look in his eyes, "it's relieved me of a lot of worry, but it's getting mighty tiresome trying to make a fork take the place of a knife."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Centralization of Power.

It will be some time before we know the good or bad effects of the railroad rate regulation, the meat inspection and the Panama Canal bills. There is not much doubt that the two first named bills will have to be passed upon by the Supreme Court before we know where we are at, so as far as endorsing that legislation the voters at the next election will have to vote blindly. The railroads evidently believe that they have not much to fear from rate regulation as far as any reduction of rates is concerned, or the price of their stocks would not be so strongly maintained. The beef packers profess to be more than satisfied with the meat inspection bill, as they may well be, considering that a Republican Congress so kindly put the cost on the American taxpayer. Regarding the building of the Panama Canal, and no one but the engineers will know the progress that is being made and all the people of the United States will be sure of is that the annual bills will be paid for by them and that the cost will be increased $40,000,000 or more by the decision of the Republican Congress that all the supplies must be bought of the tariff fostered trusts, unless the President decides the price charged is extortionate. That, of course, the President will not be called upon to decide, for the trusts and combines will keep just within what might be looked upon as extortionate. Thus all the proposed reform and remedial legislation that has been heralded with such a strenuous flourish of trumpets and beating of tom-toms dwindles down to a mess of pottage for the people. They may not have sold their birthright, but it looks vastly possible that the Republican leaders have mortgaged it for them and that the trusts and corporations expect to foreclose in due time.

The Congress has taken a most radical position on placing in the hands of the President the prerogatives of power and has declared for centralization in the Federal government of sovereignty more than the old Federalists under Hamilton urged or desired. In the hands of a patriot the increased power of the President may do no harm and may be of service in controlling Congress and the bad elements of his party. But if a tyrant, or an ambitious creature of corporations should be elected chief magistrate and should desire to perpetuate his public service, it would be quite difficult to depose him by constitutional methods. The President now has the army, the navy, the militia, the office-holders—a vast swarm of them—at his beck and call. He has power to secretly inquire into the doings of corporations that operate outside of one State. He has all the machinery of the Federal courts, the attorneys and United States marshals, whose deputies might be increased without end, to indict and punish such as might not bow submissively to his sovereign will or disgorge assessments that might be levied against such corporations and individuals as might intentionally or carelessly have broken or evaded the law. Even many of the Federal judges would not be independent of him or, at least, enough would be found to enforce the law with an eye to their own advantage.

Such in brief are the conditions that now confront us, through the constant subserviency of a Republican Congress to an Executive clothed with vast power. It commenced with McKinley under the absurd scare of the war with Spain and has been gradually growing until it has become a menace under Roosevelt. The latter may be a patriot, though most people doubt it, and think him consumed with ambitious projects. He has declared he will not be a candidate for a third term, and for their own ultimate salvation the people must take him at his word.

Open Confession.

After much tribulation most of the Republican politicians of note admit that the trusts and combines sell cheaper abroad than here. The Iowa standpatters, such as Secretary Shaw and Congressman Hepburn, still persist in claiming that the trusts sell as cheaply here as abroad, except occasionally a job lot that it is impossible to sell at home on account of being out of fashion or out of condition.

Congressman Dalzell, however, has acknowledged that the trusts are selling their surplus products cheaper abroad than here and is rather boastful of it. It need hardly be said he used to deny it as a Democratic fabrication of the most ethereal kind.

Senator Aldrich, the boss standpatter and stuffed prophet of the trusts, which "are the spirit of his political life," has also acknowledged the fact that the trusts sell cheaper abroad than here, for on June 2, speaking in the Senate, he made this statement:

"'It is a well-known fact, about which there is no dispute, that producers in the United States and in every one of the great industrial nations, sell portions of their products from time to time at a less price to people of other countries than to their regular customers at home."

It is hardly possible to expect Secretary Shaw and Congressman Hepburn to change front on this issue. They have too lately made the most determined denials that their friends, the trusts, are so wicked. It can also hardly be expected that the Republican spellbinders and many of the newspaper organs of the G. O. P. will take back what they have learned and stated with the precision of a phonograph, and now their mendacity being disclosed, they should be covered with shame, and acknowledge the Democratic contention has all along been the correct one.

They will either have to admit they were wrong, or still stick to deluding the plundered taxpayers, who are paying 47 per cent higher on the average for all they buy then they did before the present Republican tariff law was enacted, and so much higher than the foreigner pays for the same articles. Is this a square deal for the American taxpayer and will he vote to continue it?

Taft's Only Recommendation.

Cholera of the most virulent type has again appeared at Manila, for the third time since the conquest of the Philippines. The bubonic plague, the cholera, the worst form of immorality, Taft junket scandals, rice scandals, hemp scandals, tobacco scandals, judicial scandals, press censorships, the torture of innocent witnesses to force confessions—these are some of the fruits of our world-power policy. The crop is increasing in variety, and will, no doubt, yield in the end as many curses as Pandora's box. Yet the flag must stay put, curse, or no curse, and Taft must be President of the United States because he is the only man who understands Philippine curses.

Tariff War Threatened.

The inducement offered by the State Department to Germany to suspend until March, 1907, the tariff against importations from this country and in the meantime for Germany to extend to us her minimum tariff rates has not been ratified by Congress. Two vital changes were promised to be made, one providing that goods sent to this country on consignment shall be treated exactly as goods actually sold and delivered in the United States to the purchaser. The other is that there will be no penalty imposed when the undervaluation of the goods does not exceed 5 per centum. Both of these concessions would be quite reasonable in return for the favorable treatment by Germany of exports from this country by admitting them at the minimum tariff rates, but the Republican leaders, ruled by the tariff fed trusts, refused to concede anything from their stand pat policy.

As far as the welfare of our farmers and stock growers are concerned this stiff-necked decision to stand pat and destroy the trade in foodstuffs between us and Germany is a great misfortune, for it will certainly disastrously affect the price of hog products and many other articles, if persisted in. We can hardly expect Germans to buy of us what she needs of our surplus products, if we refuse to allow her and other countries to sell to us their surplus products, which many of our people evidently require if the tariff did not so unmercifully add to the cost.

The selfishness of the protection system will be seen when we know that the tariff protected trusts and combines have advanced prices in this country, at least on an average, 47 per cent and on many articles much over 100 per cent. At the same time the trusts are selling such of their products as cannot be sold here at these high prices, by exporting them to foreign countries and underselling the cheaper made products on their own ground, and in many cases paying the foreign import duties to be allowed to do so.

The Republican Congress just adjourned refused even to allow any tariff bill to be considered, which shows that the Protective Tariff League and its trust supporters are all powerful in the councils of the Republican party and are determined to remain so, if money and work will again fool the voters to continue to vote for Congressmen and Senators who support this polity of protectionism. One of the questions to be decided at the coming election for Congress is, will the voters endorse this stand pat policy?

Putting Off the Evil Day.

The President failed to get his new Chinese treaty ratified. He also failed to get his modified Chinese exclusion law. A Washington dispatch, speaking of the President's Chinese bill, says: "Rather than risk defeat, the managers of the bill, Cannon, Dalzell, and Grosvenor thought it was better to let the bill go over until the next session." The immigration bill, which was intended to admit all Chinese and others who suffer religious persecution or political oppression, or anything equally as good as a pretext, also went over for future action. The ship subsidy bill went over, too. But they'll all be acted on after the election "at a more convenient season."

It Can't Stand Prosperity.

In New Jersey they have "new idea Republicans;" in Pennsylvania and New Hampshire they have "Lincoln Republicans;" in Wisconsin they have "La Follette Republicans;" in West Virginia they have "Dawson Republicans;" in Iowa they have "Cummins Republicans;" in North Carolina they have "Roosevelt Republicans;" and in New York "Brackett Republicans." All of these different varieties are for reforms of one kind or another except the North Carolina variety. The Republican party can't stand prosperity. Its appetite is far better than its digestion; and it is gradually slipping into its grave as a result of over-feeding.

Political Potpourri.

Secretary Taft soon found out who was the popular candidate in the South when he mentioned the name of Mr. Bryan, although he was talking to Republicans. Other Republican orators should take warning.

Has anyone heard a "peep" from Chandler, the chairman of the Spanish war claims commission, since that warm hour at the White House, when the President charged nearly everyone with lying except himself?

It made Republican Congressmen green with envy when they were compelled to vote $25,000 a year for the traveling expenses of the President and his friends and did not dare to add a dollar to their own salaries.

In view of the fact that Republican Congressmen by their action defeated Mr. Taft's proposition to reduce the Philippine tariff at the recent session, it would appear that Mr. Taft was insincere either in his praise of the work of Congress, or in his professions regarding the Philippine tariff. His remarks at Greensboro contradict his representations to Congress.

Dreyfus, the French scapegoat, has at last been vindicated and restored to his old position. Now, let Bowen take heart and try again. Recent disclosures in the lawsuits brought by Venezuela against the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company show that Bowen took the proper view of the Venezuelan situation, and lead to the conclusion that he was the victim of an odious conspiracy.

The people of the United States have had a big job of political house cleaning and the Republican housekeeper that allowed things to get into such a rotten mess will have to be dismissed before a thorough reformation can be expected. The scandals, corruption and grafting are a stench in the nostrils of the nation, and there is nothing else to do but to "turn the rascals out."

The ant which attacks the cotton boll weevil is also said to be deadly to the centipede.