THE FAITHFUL ONE.

By Frank L. Stanton.

In the storm and the strife, when lightnings of life
Had blasted my deepest endeavor,
She crept to my side when the last hope had died,
And whispered: "I love you forever!"

And the bitter unrest of a grief-stricken breast
Saw a star through the black shadows living,
Knew a joy from above in the strength of that love
That is wounded, and yet is forgiving!

And Sorrow now seems but a phantom of dreams,
And Peace shall depart from me never;
O'er Life's Valley of Sighs, see! The light in the skies!—
For she whispers: "I love you forever!"
—From Uncle Remus's Magazine.

A Load On The Safety Valve.

From his dinner-pail bubbling inside the fire-door, Ziba Weston, engineer of the felt-mill, poured a cup of Rio, black and steaming. He sipped it reflectively, rubbing his bald forehead with a smutty forefinger, as he gazed into the shimmer over the coals.

"Not one man in a hundred," said he, "knows the tremendous power bottled up in an ordinary boiler. In one way it's more dangerous than powder; for that needs something to set it off, while steam stands always ready to take advantage of any weakness.

"In the early fall of 1883 I was engineer at a corn-cannery in a small central Maine town. My fireman was Joe Soccabasin, a half-Indian, who had come to the place to pitch on the local nine, and had been stranded there when the team went to pieces. Joe was green at firing, but strong and quick; he soon learned to handle a coal shovel as well as he did a baseball bat.

"The fire-room was in one end of the factory, and the boiler-shed ran out behind it at right angles. The stairs to the second story were outside. To reach the top the workers had to pass right over the fire-room.

"I can see those rusty boilers now, two twenty-foot locomotive shells, old 'nineteen hundreds,' with safety-valves topping the steam-domes. Eighteen years on the railroad and five in the factory had left them in bad shape.

"The most popular man about the shop was a red-faced scaler weighing over two hundred pounds. His name was Duchesney, but everybody called him 'Uncle Duke.' I've never seen a smarter man with a soldering-iron; and all the time he was working, his tongue went as fast as his hands. It was a dull ten minutes that he didn't raise a l[illegible] at somebody else's expense. Uncle Duke soon discovered that Joe knew more about firing than he did about boilers; also that he had a great dread of explosions. Here was a good chance for a practical joke. One morning he sealed up an empty tin, and threw it into the fire box when the Indian wasn't looking. Soon the hot air in the can blew out one end. Joe was badly frightened. He dropped his shovel and ran out, shouting:

"'The boiler's burst! The boiler's burst!'

"It took me some time to get him near the fire again. Uncle Duke did not let him forget it. Now and then, as he passed the door, he'd stick his head in and chuckle:

"'Boiler hasn't bust this morning, has it?'

"Joe's black eyes would snap, but he'd keep on shoveling coal.

"The second Monday in September I sprained my ankle, and had to turn the plant over to my fireman for two or three days. I worried some as I lay in my boarding-house, but matters seemed to go on all right.

"Thursday morning my ankle was better, so I hobbled down to the shop to see how Joe was getting along. Under the husking-sheds a lively crowd, men, women and children, were stripping the big piles of ears stacked up by the farmers' wagons. Inside the building both floors were running at full blast. It was the busiest day of the season; there were more than a hundred people about the plant.

"Joe was hustling back and forth between the boilers and the engine, as if he was running bases. I peeped at the gages; the needles were teetering between ninety and ninety-five. The old boilers were pretty near their limit, for I had the safety-valves set to blow off at a hundred. We had to run well up to that to get power enough for the factory.

"I stepped into the engine-room. In the bend of the pipe from the boiler was a 'bleeder' to carry off the condensation. Out of this wavered the blue, dry steam, hissing shrilly.

"On I passed into the factory, where six big square steam 'cookers' were sizzling. Every minute I expected to hear the boiler blow off with a roar; for with that fire the pressure must soon reach a hundred. But I listened in vain. At last I went up to the second story, where fifteen or twenty men and boys were soldering cans Uncle Duke's bench was near a window at the farther end.

"The room was full of fun. Uncle Duke had appeared that morning in a new pair of trousers striped black and white. Everybody was joking him, and he was giving back a little better than he got.

"I looked down from a rear window on the flat gravel-roof of the boiler-shed. In the middle was a sag more than a foot deep. A rafter had evidently given way. Suddenly I felt weak and shaky; that hollow must be pretty nearly over the safety-valves! What if the roof was holding them down so that the boilers could now blow off!

"It wouldn't do to start a panic among the workers. My first duty was to see that the steam didn't get above a hundred.

"No man with so bad a sprain ever made quicker time down a flight of stairs. I danced into the boiler-room; the gage-needles stood at one hundred and five!

"Leaning a short ladder against one boiler, I climbed the rounds, until I could see over its top. A rafter lay directly across the safety-valves; they wouldn't have blown off at a thousand pounds!

"Perhaps my knees didn't wabble as I backed down that ladder, yelling for Joe! In he ran from the engine-room.

"'Haul your fires, quick!' I shouted, pointing to the gages. He gave one look, and his copper face turned a mottled gray. He jumped for the lever which turns the grate over and pulled it toward him. The two-foot bed of hot coals clattered into the ash-pan.

"I hurried out through the engine-room. Everybody must get away from the factory at once. I shouted at the top of my lungs:

"'The boiler may burst any minute! Out of this for your lives!

"You can believe there was a stampede. The workers dropped everything, and scuttled from the shop and sheds, some so badly frightened that they screamed, others so much worse frightened that they couldn't.

"I limped back into the boiler-room. Boys and men in the second story were rushing helter-skelter for the stairs. Crack! went a floor board. For a minute I thought the whole crowd was coming through on our heads. Then I heard them shuffling down the steps outside.

"Just as I thought that all were out I heard heavy feet running above. Uncle Duke had at first thought of jumping from a window, but had changed his mind on seeing the way to the stairs clear at last. He came on the jump, landed on the cracked board, and smashed through. The floor caught him under the armpits, and there he hung, kicking and yelling:

"'O boys, get me out! Take me down before the boiler busts!'

"If it hadn't been for him, Joe and I would have run that minute, for we held our lives in our hands. But we couldn't leave him hanging there helpless, so we began to rake out the fires on the bricks. I had forgotten all about my sprained ankle.

"The ceiling was ten feet high, and Uncle Duke dangled right over the hearth, his heels on a level with our heads. We worked like beavers, dodging his kicking legs, and paying no attention to his yells for help. It would have taken several minutes to extricate him, and by that time probably either the boilers would have burst or the danger would be over.

"The needles climbed—one hundred and six—seven—eight—would they never stop! A boiler, like a chain, is no stronger than its weakest spot, and at any second some rusted plate might give way. All this time Uncle Duke was yelling the bluest kind of murder, and kicking his striped legs back and forth.

"We hoed out the ash-pans until the hearth was piled with glowing coals. The heat and gas came up round Uncle Duke, frightening him half out of his wits. He began to kick and yell worse than ever:

"'Help! Murder! Help! I'm roasting to death!'

"'Keep quiet, Uncle Duke, keep quiet!' I shouted. 'We'll get you down in a little while.'

"But that didn't comfort him. The embers were too hot. 'No, no!' he screamed. 'Don't wait! I'm afire already. I'll be burned to a crisp in five minutes!'

"It was no use trying to console him; so I gave it up. By this time we had the ash-pans clear. We grabbed shovels, and began to carry the coals out into the yard. I looked at one of the gages; it had dropped to a hundred and seven! The boilers were beginning to cool off. But the danger was by no means over.

"As Joe backed away from the hearth with a heaping shovel, one of Uncle Duke's shoes caught him under the ear just hard enough to stir his temper and spill the coals over the wood floor. We had a lively time getting them off the dry boards.

"Joe's head was twinging from the kick, and the Indian in him flared up. He slapped Uncle Duke two or three times with the flat of his shovel.

"'P'raps you like to put 'nother tin in the fire-box now,' said he. Then he dropped his shovel and started for the door.

"'Joe! Joe!' I cried; but he would not stop.

"I began to work harder than ever. Only a small heap of embers was left, when suddenly the flames burst out through a crack in the floor. One of the red-hot coals had started a fire under the building.

"The old shop was dry as tinder. I could never put that fire out alone. Uncle Duke would surely be burned to death, for he was wedged so tightly that the factory would be blazing before I could cut him clear with my pocket knife. What should I do? I felt angry and bitter against Joe for deserting me just when I needed him most.

"A figure darkened the door. Joe had come back. In his hand was a chisel. He had not intended to abandon Uncle Duke, but had simply gone after something to cut away the floor to get him down. He was a 'white' Indian.

"Together we fought out the fire. Soon the coals were all in the yard, and the gages began to drop rapidly. We went up-stairs, cut through the boards, and freed Uncle Duke. Then the three of us made tracks for the road.

"It was half an hour before I came back. By that time the gages stood below fifty, and all danger was over."
—From Youth's Companion.

Relics Unearthed.

Workmen in demolishing the old smelter house of the first United States Mint, in 7th street, above Filbert, have uncovered a number of relics of the early days of the Republic. These relics are in the possession of Frank H. Stewart, the owner of the building, and consist of a number of domestic and foreign coins, dating as far back as 1793. Some of the interesting finds are a number of test coins that were experimented with by the officials in the olden times. These coins are similar to Chinese money, each containing a hole in the centre that was filled with various kinds of metal to bring up the value of the coin. A careful search is also being made for the cornerstone, which it is expected will contain a number of interesting relics. Mr. Stewart is an enthusiastic antiquarian and a member of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, to which he intends to present the contents of the cornerstone.—Philadelphia Record.

A Paris insurance company refuses risks on men who dye their hair.

Inoculating Rabbits for the Cure of Hydrophobia

Experiments on Animals for the Benefit of Humanity. Rabies, One of the Most Dreadful Diseases Ever Known, Yields to Serum Treatment if Applied in Reasonable Time.

It is characteristic of the human race to scoff at danger when the danger has passed. Just as scientists have succeeded in successfully combatting hydrophobia horrors, men are declaring hydrophobia to be a myth. The scotching of the rabies evil has been in progress so quietly that few have realized the wonderful work accomplished. It will astonish most readers of this to learn that before the Pasteur treatment was invented 50 per cent of all persons bitten by mad dogs developed rabies, and of these all died. To-day the death rate is but one-third of one per cent.

Death from hydrophobia, as most people know, is one of the most horrible deaths which men die. The afflicted one becomes restless, nervous, melancholy. Then he is stricken with convulsions. The most prominent symptom is aversion to water. The very thought of it causes a contraction of the throat that may induce another convulsion. A touch will set him shivering like a leaf, and if a breeze blows or a door slams he cries out that he is smothering. His efforts to rid himself of a secretion that fills his mouth and throat induce a sort of whooping cough, the typical bark of hydrophobia. After a few days of this misery paralysis intervenes. The muscles of the face and mouth are relaxed and a terrible grin renders the countenance ghastly. The patient gasps and chokes until death ensues from paralysis of the respiratory and circulatory centers.

From such a fate as this the Pasteur treatment has rescued humanity. Much of the method is mantled in mystery. Experience has shown that results are attained, but how they come about is in many instances as inexplicable as the source of electricity.

The Pasteur treatment may be briefly described as a method of fighting fire with fire. It simply consists in generating in the patient's system an anti-toxin before the powers of the rabic virus are fully developed. It produces speedily in the patient enough anti-toxin to resist the onslaught of the comparatively slowly gathering toxic forces. To give a concrete presentation of it: If a[illegible] be inoculated with the germs of rabies in such very small quantity that his body can develop enough anti-toxin to resist them he will not die. If the dose be gradually increased now, so that the manufacture of anti-toxin keeps pace with the number of germs, soon an injection of rabic virus of full strength can be given without injury to the patient.

The reason a man dies of hydrophobia is because when he is bitten by a dog, the immense number of germs introduced into his blood make such a terrific, concerted onslaught upon his system that it cannot make anti-toxin fast enough to save him. This is the secret of the Pasteur treatment. In the great majority of cases, 60 per cent at least, rabies does not appear until after the thirty-fifth day. Accordingly in this respite—between the bite and the appearance of the resultant hydrophobia, if the person attacked be given small injections of rabies virus in such a progression that his body can develop anti-toxin enough to meet each dose, he will at the end of the time be safe from the attacks of virus of full strength. In other words he becomes "immune." The anti-toxin that is now in him in large quantity will kill all hydrophobia germs as they are hatched.

It will be seen that the crux of the whole problem is the regulation of the dose. To make this exact two things are necessary. The strength of the virus must be known and it must be controllable. For a long time the problem of making all virus of the same strength baffled Pasteur. He discovered at last a peculiar biological fact for which no explanation has been found. If the spinal cord of a rabbit that has died of rabies be taken out and worked up in distilled water and an injection of this be made into the brain of a second rabbit, that second rabbit will develop rabies and die of it, and the period of incubation will be the same as the rabbit that first had it. If the third rabbit be inoculated in the same way it will develop rabies at the expiration of the same time as the other two—a period of fourteen or fifteen days.

As the process keeps up, however, it will be found that the period of incubation grows shorter and shorter until at last at the twenty-fifth rabbit it makes a sudden drop to eight days. There it stays again until the twenty-fifth rabbit after that when it drops to seven days. Then there is a period of ninety more inoculations, after which six days becomes the incubatory stage. There it stays "fixed," and so far as it is known will not deviate from that for any number of inoculations thereafter.

This is the fact that Pasteur stumbled upon. His first inoculation he made from a rabid cow. The period of inoculation in a rabbit was fourteen days. There it continued until the twenty-eighth remove, when it dropped to eight days. At last, at the succeeding twenty-fifth remove, it attained the seven-day virulence and then in due course the six. A fixed virus then is one that produces rabies six days after inoculation. The virus of constant strength was thus attained. The next point was to regulate its strength. This was accomplished through the discovery of the fact that exposure to light, heat and moisture had a weakening or "attenuating" effect upon the virus. Any one of the three is a controllable factor. Therefore Pasteur devised a method by which the virus should be exposed for a certain length of time in a lightless and practically moistureless atmosphere to a certain constant degree of heat. Exactness in the dose is now possible.

This is the method now employed: From a rabbit that has died of rabies induced by fixed virus, the spinal cord is removed and placed in a sterilized jar in which is caustic potash. It is then placed in a dark room with black walls. This is kept at a constant temperature of 65 degrees. On the next day the same thing is done and so on. Upon the fifteenth day there will be fifteen jars so stored, in each of which will be a cord one day older, or younger as the case may be, than its neighbor. With this battery of graduated cords the doctor is ready to begin. The doses are given by injection. Ten small slices are taken of the cord wanted and worked up in distilled water. The object of the doses is to lead up to the strongest cord as soon as possible without giving the patient more than he can accommodate at one time. The injections are made upon either side of the stomach with a hypodermic syringe. It is not a painful operation.

This is the whole case for the Pasteur treatment. It provides a simple preventive for one of the most horrible afflictions known.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

A Haunted Library.

One of the most curious "hauntings" occurs in a northern castle of great antiquity where Mary, Queen of Scots, rested when she was being conveyed a prisoner through England. It is manifested in the library and takes the form that the books cannot be kept in order. They move about or are moved about from shelf to shelf. If you arrange the works of Shakespeare in correct order on one shelf, by next morning the volumes are scattered anyhow on different shelves. This has gone on for years. At different times the library has been searched and locked, watches have been set all night, servants have come and gone, but the mysterious occurrence goes on and is vouched for not only by the family, but by the guests who have stayed in the house. There is no legend to account for it.—London Modern Society.

A Long Scold.

Brewster, who was returning late from his club, was received by his wife on entering the bedroom with a well rehearsed curtain lecture. Fortunately he had not turned up the gas, and as the door was not closed he quietly slipped out and rejoined his friends at the club. Two hours later he again wended his way home and pricked up his ears on reaching the bedroom door.

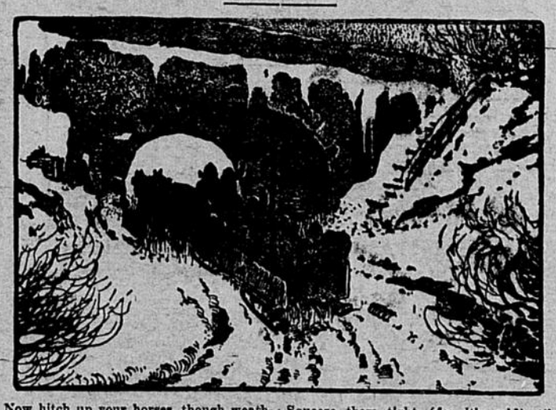
"H'm! She didn't notice it!" said he, chuckling to himself. "She's still scolding!"—Glasgow Herald.

Very Deep.

Flatter—Your boy, I hear, is a deep student.

Popley—He's always at the bottom of his class, if that's what you mean.

THE STRAW RIDE.



Now hitch up your horses, though weather be raw;
Now get the old sleigh out and fill it with straw;
Now pack in the girls and the boys side by side,
Crack! Crack! We are off for a jolly straw ride.

Now we trot down the street, now we pass the hills by,
Now comes the dark wood where the girls will be shy,
Squeeze them tight (for it's cold) till they're laughing and red,
Kiss them quick or some one will get there ahead.

Now over the river, now under the arch,
Now turn to the right at the skeleton larch;
Now down through the dale where the flowers grow in June,
And home by the light of the young crescent moon.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Patriotism and Spoils.

The controversy amongst Republicans for the presidential nomination is not so much for individuals, or policies, but for spoils. There is, of course, the natural ambition of individuals to be considered; but underneath that is the more important question of the issues that the Republican party will be bound for, and which faction shall distribute the offices. The question, therefore, of what individual will be nominated is not of so much consequence as which faction he will represent. If Secretary Taft, or Senator La Follette is nominated he will be supposed to carry out the Roosevelt policies. If Speaker Cannon, or Fairbanks, or Foraker, or Knox is nominated, the Roosevelt policies will be placed in cold storage and the old Republican machine and methods as represented by the McKinley administration will be on top again.

It will not make much difference to the people, but it will make a vast difference to the Republican politicians which faction wins out, for all the vast patronage of the United States government is at stake. The Congressional elections will have much more effect upon measures than who is to execute them. Any Republican Congress will be bound to the policy of continued tariff protection, and even if Roosevelt should be re-elected, by any unlooked for turn of the political wheel, his administration would be again bound, as it has since he was first inaugurated, to protect the trusts about as they now are protected by the tariff, although a show of tariff revision might be attempted.

The panic has so scared President Roosevelt and his faction that no further addition to the rate regulation law can be expected, and, of course, if the other faction should succeed, the railroads would soon be running things in the old rut. The financial issue will under either faction be settled in the interest of the national banks, and ship-subsidy and extravagant appropriations would proceed as heretofore.

It is not a very inviting prospect to the people, harried as they are by business depression, and a Republican panic, which the administration was unable to prevent by all the power of the United States treasury. The general lack of confidence in the Republican party and its politicians will be made more acute if the business conditions do not mend before election, and there is every evidence that the country will require time before another business boom can be attempted. Thus outside of the Republican politicians who expect to profit by the public plunder, the ordinary Republican citizen will hardly enthuse over a compaign that promises nothing of advantage to him whichever faction is successful. With the independent Republican voter it will rather be, a plague upon both your houses. That the Democrats will profit by the lack of interest that many Republicans are certain to display is a matter that cannot be settled until the conventions are held and the respective champions selected have declared their purposes. The question of moment is, can the Democrats unite on a candidate who will consolidate the party, and thus take advantage of the divisions that harass their opponents?

The Republican Panic.

About all the Republican papers are telling their readers there has been no panic except in Wall street, and that the "little flurry" is over and prosperity is certain in the near future. It is not pleasant to have to disabuse the minds of those who have been so deceived, and who may be living in a fool's paradise, that there is considerable remains of this Republican panic lying around that will require the attention of the political garbage man before the air will be free of the bad financial odor. Why are the Republican leaders in Congress so intent on passing a bill for "emergency" currency if the panic is over and business matters are resuming their normal condition? If the panic is over, why don't the banks all over the country resume cash payments and restore the enormous amount of clearing house certificates and cashiers' script that has been used for currency? Why have two large railroad systems become bankrupt and placed in the hands of receivers, if the panic is over? Why is the Pittsburg Stock Exchange still closed and the New York, Boston and Philadelphia stock exchanges really doing but little legitimate business and hardly any stocks being bought or sold on a margin—even 25 per cent—if there was anything approaching normal conditions? Why, the New York banks have only just made up their legal reserve, and yet they have many millions of government money on deposit.

The last panic commenced in 1892 under a Republican administration and was left as a legacy to the Cleveland administration. Yet now we are supposed to be protected by the Republican party, with its tariff protecting the trusts and the redoubtable Teddy presumed to be holding down the lid on the Pandora box of panic and business evils. What is the good, gentlemen, of trying to deceive the people and telling of prosperity and peace, when there is no peace for the most of us, who cannot get enough cash to pay what we owe. If to be optimistic we must deceive and it is pessimistic to tell the truth, it is perhaps unfortunate, but no honest man but knows what is his duty. Such times are especially trying to the souls of editors, who cannot, like other business men, hold their tongues or pens, but are expected to give the facts as nearly as they can arrive at them. As editors we must hold our peace or tell the truth, and for one we prefer the latter alternative. But perhaps we should not be too severe on our Republican contemporaries, for it makes a heap of difference whose ox is being gored.

The New Democracy.

Mr. Bryan's remark in his address at Omaha, that party lines were never so loosely drawn as now, is entirely true with the exception that during the second administration of President James Monroe there were practically no party lines at all. The old Republican party of Jefferson had so effectually made good his promise to bury Federalism out of sight that there was only one party left.

With this exception Mr. Bryan's remark is so obviously true that it has a great significance for both the great parties which will contest the presidential election of this year. Most of the issues upon which these parties have divided during the last forty years have been removed. Some of them, like those turning upon Civil War sectionalism, have died of old age. Others have been shoved into the background by events and by the Republican adoption of Democratic ideas.

The country seems now, as it was at the end of Monroe's second term, to be on the eve of a new alignment of parties and of issues. The glorious past of the Democratic party will be reproduced in the future if in the drawing of new lines it tests every question by the immortal principles of the old Jeffersonian Democracy. The platform to be adopted at Denver in July should be a reaffirmation of the Democratic faith and a new declaration of devotion to the principles which have made the party great in the past.

No new or untried policies of government which will not stand the test of those principles should be admitted to a place in the platform. No people settles more than one or two great issues at a time. The platform need deal with few specific measures and make no vote-catching promises of performing miracles through legislation.

The platform will be progressive in insisting that the country's natural resources of water transportation be developed to supply fully the needs of the country's commerce. It will, of course, take high ground in defending the rights of the States in all functions which clearly belong to them and the rights and powers of the Federal Government in all matters which are clearly national. It will insist that the rights, duties and powers of the three co-ordinate branches of the Government be preserved intact. The words in which it condemns executive usurpation and the new theories of constitutional interpretation advanced by the present Republican administration cannot be made too strong.

In its declarations on the tariff the convention should be guided by the Jeffersonial maxim, "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none." While making no attack upon industries that have grown up under protection, it should insist upon a "square deal" for all the people in the buying and selling of commodities.

Whatever party may win or lose this year, the national Democracy can again become a vital force and open the way to half a century of success by taking its stand on the broad national principles on which all Democrats are united.—St. Louis Republic.

Proposed Tariff Commission.

The plan to create a tariff commission has been proposed to Congress by Senator Beveridge, but as the standpatters are in the saddle in both houses, there is not much chance of the commission being created. If the tariff issue could be taken out of the hands of partisans and a commission of experts recommend the most available revision that business conditions and revenue for the government would seem more advisable, and Congress, whether the majority was Republican or Democratic, could be pledged to adopt such recommendations, the work of such a commission would be very desirable. But the tariff issue is the plaything of political parties for partisan purposes. The Republican party—that is, the leaders—has adopted the new doctrine that to touch one schedule of the sacred tariff would undermine the whole structure, which would result in a catastrophe to business and the Republican party. "If we amend those schedules we know are shelters for trusts," say these blind leaders, "the wicked Democrats will have the opportunity to show the inequalities hid in other schedules, which we know are good for the business interests of the whole country." This logic deceives a good many unsophisticated voters and enables the Republican party to stand pat and let well enough alone, which, being interpreted in the light of practical politics, means that the tariff-protected trusts will supply campaign funds to perpetuate this, to them, happy condition of affairs. A tariff commission, however, if honestly appointed, could do much good in pointing out the inequalities and plundering intention of each schedule as they proceeded with their investigations. This would help to focus public attention on the most important function of government—the raising of revenue. Of course, Congress would continue to think along partisan lines, but as the discussion on each schedule would follow reports of the commission, it would be impossible in the end to prevent the revision and reformation of the most glaring inequalities. When the people found that the sun still shone and water ran, in spite of the sacred tariff schedules being revised, they would soon demand more light from the commission and more relief from Congress. Probably Senator Beveridge is wasting his time urging the appointment of a tariff commission; he may have a partisan reason for offering it—the hope that its creation will postpone tariff reform and thus help his party to handle this delicate issue. But still a commission would help to bring the one-sided way of taxing the people under discussion, and that would let in more light. The Democrats will welcome tariff publicity; they feel they have so much the best of the arguments that can be presented that all that is needed to induce a majority of the voters to indorse tariff reform is to understand how much they are being plundered under the present Republican system.

Democratic Chances Good.

Judge Judson Harmon, of Ohio, believes that Democratic chances are good, decidedly better than in the last three campaigns, and that tariff reform will be one of the principal issues, with other good old Democratic principles, economy in the spending of government funds and minimum taxation of the people. As Judge Harmon is being boomed by his friends for the Democratic nomination for President, and being a friend of Mr. Bryan, perhaps none could better unite all factions of the party.

Russia's military expenses amount to $195,000,000 annually.

WHO TOLD ON HIM?

Oh, nobody saw him steal it—
That beautiful glass of jam!
For didn't he snatch it quickly
And hide it from even Sam?

And didn't he tell his mother,
With earnest, convincing air,
That "Down at the Hotel Randall
They have, oh, dozens to spare;

"And so they made me a present.
Now don't you think they were fine?
And see, when I eat the jam up,
What a nice large glass is mine."

Alas, for his guilty secret!
She found—it came to pass—
The words "You stole me from Randall,"
Were blown in the telltale glass.
—May Macy in the Washington Star.

ON THE SHELF.

They were three little boys, very little ones at that. Ted was two, Jack was four, and the oldest and biggest was Harry, and he was almost six.

Their mother and father lived in a small house, but it was sweet and cozy, and the little boys played happily each day in the tiny backyard, just as other little boys would have done in a much larger space. They had been born in small quarters, and too much room might have made them unhappy.

One day their mother received a letter from an old school friend, and it brought a look of perplexity into her face.

"I'm sure I don't know how to manage," she said to her husband. "I should be delighted to have Annie pay us a visit, but where to put her is a mystery. The daytime doesn't worry me in the least, but—" with a laugh at her three wide-eyed little boys, "unless I throw Ted and Jack and Harry out of the window. I have no place for her to sleep."

Mamma often joked like this; Harry understood at once that it was a joke and laughed, too; but Ted and Jack were very much alarmed. To be thrown out of the window just to make room for other people was not pleasant to think of.

"That would not be a good plan," said papa gravely. "We must think of some other way. What space can you spare in this tremendous house?" and he glanced around the toy dining room with a critical eye and a shake of his head.

"Of course, she must have the children's room," said mamma, "and we might take Ted in with us, but Jack and Harry—" here she waved her hands, "there's simply no place to put them."

"We might spread them out on the parlor floor like rugs," suggested papa."

"No," said mamma quite soberly, "we might step on them by mistake. The roof would be better, but I'm afraid if it rained it might ruin their clothes; besides, I don't want Annie to think that we are putting ourselves to any inconvenience."

"She wouldn't know if they were on the roof," persisted papa, in such a tone that Harry and Jack were really alarmed.

"Oh, no," said Harry, "there's bats at night."

"And balls?" asked papa.

"Not that kind of bats, but things with wings," explained Harry, "and me and Jack don't like bats. We needn't sleep up there, need we, mamma?" he asked anxiously.

"Not if you think of a better place," said mamma seriously.

So Harry subsided and put on his thinking cap. This is a small close-fitting cap, and when you put it on you must put your fingers in your ears and shut your eyes tight, so they can look into your "thinks;" Jack wasn't big enough to wear a thinking cap, but Harry's fitted nicely. Ted didn't care, he was safe enough.

Presently Harry's eyes opened with a spring, and his fingers came out of his ears.

"There's the closet!" he said, but at this Jack's lower lip began to droop. The big closet in their room had been the scene of a recent punishment. Jack had stood there behind the locked door for a good half hour before he would say "I'm sorry," when he tore Ted's new picture book.

"It's not for punishing, it's for sleeping," said Harry reassuringly. "It's a fine place."

"But how—" began papa, while mamma clapped her hands.

"Good, good!" she cried. "The closet's the place, and Harry shall have a nice large slice of bread and jam for doing such beautiful thinking."

"Me too, me too!" cried Jack and Ted, so mamma's rash reward ended in three slices and as many "jammy" little boys.

Then mamma went to work; the closet had two wide shelves, which were emptied, and she made them up like berths in a sleeping car, one above the other. Each could hold a small boy comfortably, provided he did not want to sit straight up in the middle of the night. Then papa drove heavy nails in the wall, on which he hung stout rope guards, to keep the little sleepers from falling off their perches, and mamma took extra precautions by piling cushions on the floor beneath them, so in case of a tumble there would be no serious damage. Mamma completed her work by hanging dainty white curtains as draperies to this new-style "bed," and by the time the company arrived Harry and Jack were eager to try the experiment.

It was a complete success, the boys slept soundly and with no mishaps for many nights to the great amusement of their guest.

"You see," explained mamma to her friend, in her gravest tone, for she knew sharp ears were listening, "it was quite impossible to get another bed into this bandbox of a house, and we wanted you at all costs, so we thought this a better plan than throwing Jack and Harry out of the window, don't you?"

"By all means," said her friend, laughing, and Harry laughed too, but Jack never could see any joke about the window.—Washington Star.

PLAYING INDIANS.

It was a nice cool Saturday in May when Robert said: "Let's play we're Indians." Of course we all consented to do so immediately.

"I'll go down cellar and cut out tomahawks," said Jack.

"All right," said I. "We'll go into camp and make a wigwam out of mother's new camel's-hair shawl. It will make a dandy tent because it has such a wild-sounding name. Mother's away and we can't ask her, but I don't think she would mind anyhow."

"Are you all ready?" said Jack.

"Yes," we replied.

Well, the tent was perfectly gorgeous. Robert's name was "Big Think," because he thought of doing it. Jack's name was "Papakewis." Of course we thought that was a silly name, but Jack said he had read of an Indian, who had that name in a book called "Hiawatha."

My name was not decided upon until I had taken a feather out of Mrs. Brown's best rooster then I was called "White Feather."

First we went and looked in the window at Annie, who was baking pies. We felt very hungry. Real Indians never ask for anything, but take it. We thought we'd try the experiment. Annie had put the pies in the pantry to cool. We got in the window and sneaked up to our pies on tiptoes. We each had a pie in our hands, when Annie suddenly appeared.

With a wild yell, she made a rush for us. We dropped the pies and fled.

After we got over our fright some one suggested, "Let's have a water fight," so away we went around the house to get the hose. We took sides, one to have the hose and the other to try and get it. I had the hose first and Jack was trying to get it from me.

I was sousing him in the face splendidly when suddenly Robert took the hose nozzle and bent it backward.

Of course a fellow wasn't supposed to stand that, so I dropped the hose and beat a hasty retreat toward the parlor window.

Now if "Big Think" had thought a little more it never would have happened, but what did he do but point the hose my way. Of course the water went right in the window and all over the parlor cushions.

Just then Father and Mother came home. I haven't got the heart to say what happened, only it was the last time we ever played Indians.—Nickolas.

HOW DID KITTY DO IT?

A true cat story is told by a correspondent of the Hartford Courant. A family moved to a new home twelve miles from the old one. They gave their cats to a friend about six miles from the new home. One of them, the mother cat, remained at her new quarters only a short time, and nothing was heard from her until this summer, when nearly two years had passed. One morning she was discovered in the yard of her old mistress' home in the city, which she had never seen, being born and raised at the old home in the country. To the greeting of her mistress she responded with every show of affection and delight. Of course the wanderer was made welcome. She shows a decided aversion to being put out of doors at all, and clings with a devotedness, which is really touching to her old friends. "Now," asks the writer, "could this be merely chance that pussy in her tramp life should find her way to that particular place or do these dumb creatures know more than we give them credit for?"
—Home Herald.

SOAP BUBBLE PARTIES.

These are most interesting for all sizes and ages. Good clay pipes and castile soap and bowls enough to go around are the needful things; also a room, which will not be hurt by a sprinkling of soapsuds, and one thing more, the smaller the child the bigger the apron to cover him.

A little glycerine in the lukewarm soapsuds will make the bubbles brighter and more durable, and if a thick shawl is spread on the floor they will bounce upon it like transparent balls.

A bubble tournament is great fun. Arrange sides, with leaders, of course. Let one side step forward in a line, with pipes and bowls; then the leader starts and sees how many bubbles he can make with one dip of his pipe. Each of his followers does likewise, while some one not in the game keeps the score. Then the other side takes its turn, and the side which blows the greatest number is the prize winner.

There are many different ways of enjoying this pretty pastime, and science has discovered several methods of heightening the colors in the bubbles before bursting.—Washington Star.

A Silent Yell

A young man daintily placed two cents on a drug store counter and asked the clerk for a stamp The clerk tore one off and slid it over to him. The young man drew an envelope from his pocket.

"Would you mind licking it for me and placing it on here?" he lisped.

"Sure," said the clerk, as he started to stamp the letter.

"Oh, stay!" cautioned the young man in great alarm. "Not that way, I beg of you. Kindly place the stamp with the top toward the outer edge of the envelope."

"Sure," said the obliging clerk. "But what in thunder's that for?"

"Why, you see," confided the youth blushingly, "I'm a student in the Cosmopolitan Correspondence School and that's our college yell."—New Orleans Picayune