

The first of a series of memorial tablets was put in position the other day at the public library, Kansas City, Mo. It was in memory of Horace Greeley, but the name was spelled "Greely."

The silver coinage of France contains only forty per cent. of its face value in silver. The Government refuses to accept francs bearing the effigy of Charles the Tenth, Louis Philippe, and Napoleon the Third without the laurel leaf.

The question of the "stopping" capacity of a bullet, fired from the rifle which is now the standard arm of British infantry, has reached a somewhat acute stage. Wherever the rifle has been used against a savage foe, it has proved comparatively ineffective. Unless the bullet strikes a vital organ, it no more stops a wounded man's charge than would a popgun.

Every political campaign has its peculiar superstitions. These superstitions are often powerful agents in bringing men to the polls and serve to win votes where logic proves ineffectual. When Franklin Pierce entered the Presidential race some forty years ago, relates the Atlanta Constitution, it was discovered that his initials, "F. P.," were identical with those of fourteenth President. In like manner it was also found that the letters composing his full name numbered exactly fourteen. As the President to be elected was the fourteenth in regular succession, this startling discovery had a most potential effect upon the campaign.

If the Japanese are cleaning out the Chinese in the south of Formosa, it is because these people are in league with the savage natives. The policy of Japan in Korea as well as in Formosa, has been fair and merciful. In Korea no slaughter of natives or Chinese was permitted unless bushwacking occurred; then the Japanese were merciless, as they had a right to be. In Formosa they have carried out the same policy, but they have met more savagery. Their losses have been mainly due to ambuscades of small forces and stragglers, and to the deadly fevers of the island. The Chinese naturally resent the encroachment of the Japanese, and it is probable that they have adopted the guerrilla methods of the head-hunting savages. In this case they will be exterminated, for the conquerors have an Oriental way of wiping out opposition that is barbarous, but very effective.

A vexatious question just now among cyclists and prospective cyclists is the price that a first-class wheel will bring in 1897, remarks the New York Sun. Whether one may be had then for the same price or less than it fetches now, or whether the price will be advanced, no one seems able to tell absolutely. The oldest makers of \$100 wheels say that it would be disastrous to their business to sell machines at the low figure which several younger manufacturers have named, and at the same time furnish each customer with a guarantee. On the other hand, it is said in some quarters that enough money is made by many of the concerns which have cut their prices to warrant their continuing the experiment next year. It is understood also that certain of them have promised to offer even better wheels at a cheaper price next year than now. Experienced wheelmen seem slow to believe that the difference in quality of the component parts of high grade bicycles is so marked as some of the makers of those machines would have the public believe it is. These riders say that skillful workmanship is required in the construction of all durable wheels, and if it is true that some of the high-grade wheel makers employ more skillful workmen than others, the fact is often indiscernible both in their wheels' appearance and use. Whether the wooden bicycles which are promised for next year will materially affect the wheel trade, remains to be seen. Their advocates say that the wheels will have many advantages over those with metal frames. Nobody was surprised when wheels of disputed quality were sold at a low price, but now that those of a standard make can be bought for half price, everybody is set to thinking. When the stock of wheels now selling so cheaply is exhausted, cyclists wonder what move the dealers will make then. Persons who will wait wheels next year are probably safe if they wait till then before buying.

A SONG FOR HOMELAND.

A song—a song for Homeland, The land where we were born; Of broad and fertile prairies Where grows the golden corn— Of wheatfields like an ocean. Of hills where grow the pine— The land that we are proud of, Your own dear land and mine. A song—a song for Homeland, The land of wheat and corn, With milk and honey flowing— The land where we were born!

A song—a song for Homeland, No other land so dear; No other hills are fairer, No other skies so clear. We love her vales and valleys, Each snow-tipped mountain dome— Oh, native land, from true hearts We sing this song of home.

A song—a song for Homeland, The land of wheat and corn, With milk and honey flowing— The land where we were born!

A song—a song for Homeland— Land of the Golden Fleece, Whose hillsides laugh with plenty, Whose valleys smile with peace. Sometimes our feet may wander To far lands, east or west, But still our feet may wander We love the Homeland best! A song—a song for Homeland, The land of wheat and corn, Will milk and honey flowing— The land where we were born! —Eben E. Rexford, in Youth's Companion.

MY BROWN MERINO.

BY ROSE TERRY.

O you think it will look fit to be seen, after it is turned?" I asked, holding up to the light my old brown merino. "Georgie Terry looked at it rather dubiously, while I anxiously waited her decision.

"H'm—I don't know, Rose. I wish you would take my black alpaca. The merino will be good enough for me at home."

"Indeed I'll do no such thing!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Have all the pleasure of going away, and take your dresses in the bargain, leaving you to stay home and wear my old clothes! I can't be quite that selfish, Georgie."

Georgie laughed melodiously. She always had such a pleasant, rippling laugh—it sounded warm and sunny, just like her own sweet temper.

"Now that's what I call 'straining at a gnat,'" said Georgie, with her ripe, red lips trying to pout, but quivering with smiles instead. "But here comes mamma. She shall settle the point."

Poor, dear mamma turned her head, first to one impetuous daughter then to the other, sighing gently all the while. But to my great glee, the decision was in my favor.

"I wish you could have another new dress, dear Rose," said mamma, in her kindest tones; "but I don't see how we can manage it."

All this dispute may seem very trivial to the unconcerned, but to us, the interested parties, it was of greater importance. I was going on a journey—going to leave my home, and travel alone for the first time in my life. We—that is, mamma, Georgie and I—lived on grandfather's farm, in New Hampshire.

Mamma had a friend named Mrs. Wharton, who had been living in Boston for many years, and she had written to mamma, begging that one of us might pay her a long visit. Great was the debating as to which should accept the invitation.

Georgie insisted that it was my prerogative, as I was Mrs. Wharton's namesake. I rather think our new minister had something to do in making Georgie so persistently refuse to go; for good and kind as Georgie was, she had never been quite so active, until young Mr. Partridge beamed upon us, with his bright, black eyes. However, it won't do to tell her secrets without special permission.

Mamma had given me a new gray gown for Sundays and visitings; I had also a white one for evenings, in case I should go to any parties. These, with my two morning-wrappers, were considered a very good outfit.

Georgie had generously insisted on my taking her new black alpaca, her one best dress, and leave my brown merino—my last winter's garment—for her to wear on Sundays. But Georgie was the soul of generosity, and would beggar herself to do any, one a kindness.

my country experience had thought possible, the gentleman proceeded in his efforts for my entertainment. "Do you wonder how I knew you, Miss Rose?" he asked. "Very much," I replied—not, however, without qualms of conscience, as I had really not given it a thought. "I recognized you by your dress," he triumphantly responded. I looked down at my bright merino, the subject at home of so much disputing, and felt on inward terror. Was the man a medium, a clairvoyant? Had he in spirit heard my conversation with Georgie? "My dress?" I gasped. "Yes, your dress. My aunt informed me that your traveling suit was brown."

"Oh!" I faintly ejaculated, inwardly thinking how very strange in mamma to write to Mrs. Wharton concerning the dress, and feeling considerably vexed about it—so much so that the gentleman, judging from my flushed cheeks that the subject was unpleasant, pursued it no further, to my great relief.

Presently the carriage stopped before a large and handsome dwelling, and although I knew that Mrs. Wharton was in possession of very comfortable income, I was not prepared for the elegance I encountered.

My poor brown merino looked sadly out of place beside the rich crimson furniture and splendid mirrors, and had not Mrs. Wharton's nephew made strenuous efforts for my entertainment, I should have subsided into that most forlorn and dreary feeling—homesickness.

"My aunt begged that we should dine at the usual hour," said the gentleman, after I had divested myself of my wraps, "as she was afraid she would not be able to return before eight or nine o'clock; the friend she has gone to see is very ill—in fact, dying—and Aunt Lizzie will probably stay until all is over."

"Aunt Lizzie?" I thought; "has she discarded the name of Rose?" I remembered, however, that her initials were R. E. W.

The dinner was charming; my appetite was good. I never had dyspepsia in my life, and I ate the luxuriant food, so daintily prepared, with an enjoyment that must have been quite amusing to my companion.

About an hour after we had sat down, while we were leisurely partaking of our dessert, and discussing the rights of women, the butler handed a note to my vis-a-vis. After asking me to excuse him, he opened and read it.

The look of surprise and consternation in his face was simply appalling. "Has anything happened to your aunt?" I timidly inquired, feeling uncomfortable under the scrutinizing gaze of his dark gray eyes.

"No, no—that is, nothing of importance—but I do not think she will be back to-night. But, Miss Rose—your name is Miss Rose, is it not?"

I put down the orange I was peeling, and looked the amazement I felt. "My name is Miss Rose Terry," I replied, with as much dignity as I could assume.

"Yes—certainly—I beg your pardon—but Miss Rose—Miss Terry, I mean—you will make yourself comfortable for the night—until my aunt returns, I should say."

His confusion seemed very strange, after his late graceful self-possession; but, attributing it all to the contents of the note—alas, I did not then dream of the information it conveyed!—I endeavored to make the best of it, and told him not to be uneasy, as I had no doubt but that Mrs. Wharton would return early in the morning.

Books and music formed the principal subjects of conversation during the few hours I passed with Mrs. Wharton's nephew, and so pleasant and agreeable did he prove that I began to like him very much, and quite forgot my embarrassment at remaining so long alone with a stranger.

At breakfast, next morning, we chatted away quite like old friends; but when the meal was over my companion asked me to walk into the library for a few moments.

I complied with his request, made rather gravely, feeling a sensation pass through me that something was going to happen.

"Please be seated, Miss Terry," he began. "I regret that I am obliged to explain a very strange mistake—and I beg your pardon for keeping you in ignorance through last evening, but, believe me, I did so only because I wished you to have a pleasant and comfortable rest after your long journey."

I could say nothing to this preparatory speech, for my heart was throbbing at such a furious rate I dared not trust my voice.

"My aunt," he continued, "expected a lady friend, named Miss Annie Rose, to arrive yesterday, and being called from home unexpectedly, she commissioned me to be her escort from the railroad station to the house. She spoke of Miss Rose's traveling dress being brown, and hence my mistake in accosting you. The note I received last evening apprised me of my error, for in it Aunt Lizzie informed me that Miss Rose, learning the illness of Mrs. Talmage, had arrived by an earlier train, and gone directly to the house of Mrs. Talmage, so that she might see her friend once more while alive. If you will accept my apologies for causing you this inconvenience and delay in your plans, I will be truly grateful for your forbearance, and will do all in my power to rectify my mistake as speedily as possible."

What could I say? He was so sincerely sorry, I could not find fault with him. With hot cheeks, I explained my part in the misunderstanding.

"My friend is Mrs. Rose Wharton. She lives on Charles street. If you will—"

"I shall deliver you safely into her hands, Miss Terry," he interrupted, "and will immediately order the car-

riage. But first I must thank you for your goodness in so readily granting pardon for my inadvertence."

When we arrived at Mrs. Rose Wharton's door he turned to me and, taking my hand, said: "Miss Terry, you have shown me great mercy. Will you add to your favors one more kindness and grant me permission to call this evening and renew the acquaintance which, although commenced under such untoward circumstances, has yet afforded me much happiness?"

The look which accompanied these words was so beseeching that my heart yielded, and I murmured an almost inaudible "Yes," which favor he acknowledged by a slight pressure of my hand.

Mrs. Wharton and I had a hearty laugh over my adventure, and when he called that evening she was completely charmed with both his manner and appearance.

STORY OF A SONG.

ORIGIN AND PUBLICATION OF "SWEET BYE AND BYE."

A Doctor Wrote the Verses and a Despondent Musician Worked Out the Tune, All Within Forty Minutes.

HERE recently appeared in a Western newspaper an article regarding "The Sweet Bye and Bye," containing many absurd statements, writes Silas G. Pratt in the New York Sun. Now the interest in this song is awakened, I wish to make public the circumstances of its inception and subsequent publication and the way in which it became popular.

A. P. Webster, the composer of the music, was by no means unknown to the public at the time the song was published. He had won great popularity with his "Lorena," "Paul Vane," "Little Maud." These had been published at Chicago by H. M. Higgins, who, with the writer, then a boy of twelve years, created a sale for them by singing them for acquaintances and customers who came to purchase music. At that time, in the early sixties, Webster lived at the little town of Elkhorn, Wis., and about twice each year he would come to Chicago with a roll of manuscript songs. These were usually written with a pencil, and in a hasty, scrawling manner, though the notes were always legible. The songs he offered for sale at \$25 each, and the publisher would select what he thought would sell, and either pay him or agree to pay royalty. My recollection is that "Paul Vane," "Lorena," and "Little Maud" were published on the royalty plan. Webster's appearance as he came into the store was most unbecoming. He wore his hair hanging to the shoulders. It was light brown, and his complexion was florid. He had clear blue eyes and heavy eyelashes. He was of medium height, rather slender, and walked with a gait that suggested humility. It has been said that Webster was intemperate, and that he used to drink heavily, but I never saw him under the influence of liquor.

In 1866 or 1867 a young physician, Samuel Fillmore Bennett, then lately graduated from Ann Arbor University, had become an intimate friend of Webster. They were in fact almost inseparable. One day Webster came to his office in a most despondent frame of mind.

"What is the trouble now?" his friend asked. "It is no matter," Webster answered with a sigh. "It will be all right bye and bye." Like an inspiration the idea flashed upon Bennett, who had written several war poems, to write some verses, and he said: "Why not make a song of the sweet bye and bye?" Webster answered: "You write the verses and I'll make the music."

Turning to his desk Bennett hastily scribbled line after line, and in less than half an hour the verses were completed. He then handed them to Webster, who raised his violin just as two friends entered. Not waiting to greet them he drew his bow and without any hesitation played the tune which since has been sung by millions. He hastily jotted it down on waste paper, and in less than ten minutes from the time he began the composition the four men were singing "The Sweet Bye and Bye." Thus originated the words and music of a hymn which has given consolation and hope to the whole Christian world.

The characters in the drama are few and humble, the surroundings most simple—the poor despondent musician, the young physician, two friends and a common office in a Western town.

The composer, with his manuscript songs under his arm, appeared in Chicago soon afterward. He hoped and expected to sell the manuscripts for \$25 each; this meant \$150 or \$200 to take home. He went to the music store of Root & Cady, who had made a fortune with "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and other war songs. They examined his manuscripts and took all except "The Sweet Bye and Bye," that they did not think worth publishing.

Poor Webster! The song he had counted upon most was rejected! He could not go to Higgins again, for Higgins had hurt his feelings and had refused to publish any more of his songs. He finally thought of a new firm of young men lately from Boston, Lyon & Healy. They had treated him courteously, though they had published nothing of his. Thus he came to Lyon & Healy's store, where I was then in charge of the retail department. Having known him for several years I greeted him warmly, and at once took him to Mr. Healy, who gave him his immediate attention. I remember so well the whole attitude of the man as he came in and approached Mr. Healy. He awakened a keen sense of pity, for he was as if he had lost all hope; and I think it was this feeling which moved Mr. Healy, after listening to the song on the piano, to offer him \$20 for it. This Webster accepted and seemed thankful. Little interest was shown toward the song. Webster's popularity had waned greatly and had been overshadowed by the enormous success of George R. Root's war songs. Thus the composer of "Little Maud" and "Lorena" was no longer sought and little attention given him. After Webster had gone Mr. Healy turned the manuscript of the song over to me, and I played it and hummed it with perfect indifference, not to say contempt, for its simplicity offended the little knowledge I had acquired by studying Johnson's "Harmony and Thorough Bass." Mr. Healy said with a sigh:

"Each person must be his own judge as to the proper length of time for the exercise. One should stop the moment he feels in the least fatigued." —San Francisco Examiner.

Queer Present.

A queer present has just been made to the President of the French Republic by M. Paul Bobiquet. It is a miniature of the ebony coffin of Napoleon I, about a fifth of the size of the real one and made of the same wood. M. Bobiquet is the grandson of Edward Le Marchand, an old Waterloo officer, who was charged by Louis Philippe to construct this coffin for the prisoner of St. Helena. This singular gift has been placed in a glass case in the Musee d'Artilerie, by the side of the moldings of the Emperor's face and hand.

"Oh, yes! we'll have to go and then added, 'Poor old didn't have the heart to go away without taking it.' So we got the song out of least expense possible, the little page we could get made lettering so bad that we all hamed to show it. I placed the counter, and there it was ted to lie friendless, for I mended it, feeling its poverty significance in comparison with gorgous lithograph title with elegantly colored lettering on other sheet music by which it rounded. Finally, without a of a dozen copies, it was the wholesale shelves, was Healy and myself mentally tombstone inscribed 'Sweet Bye and Bye' in memory of a poor musician's year passed, when a Mr. Wharton of Chicago, came in and I thought Mr. Healy would buy 'The Sweet Bye and Bye' in day-school book he was buying. I said: 'Certainly, without doubt, song is of no use to us. It is whatever.' He went out to the office and Mr. Healy called to me. Mr. Whittemore a copy of the Nothing more was thought of ter until nearly a year after we began to have calls for 'Bye and Bye.' I remember to prize the first time it was little schoolgirl, not more than or fifteen years old, came in idly, evidently unused to trade herself," and, standing off counter as if afraid to come said: 'Have you a piece of music 'The Sweet Bye and Bye?' Mr. Whittemore's book." It is thus fair to state that Healy's tender nature and Whittemore's recognition of the song the world owes the edge of Webster's inspiration.

An Oregon Snake Bait. The largest rattlesnake, captured in Yamhill County, is now the its experience. The original of this snake is, no doubt, in the Thurber snake den, near which captured. The Thurber den is farm owned by A. W. Rees, in knoll covering about two acres. knoll is covered by a low growth oak shrubbery and wild grape. On the surface are rocks in numbers, and the regularly shape is remarkable. Nearly perfect cubes, varying in size inches to two feet and more crevices between these rocks natural home for the reptile and it is said to be no more sight to see scores of snakes themselves on the rocks in the spring.

It is not rattlesnakes that haunt this den. There are blue and blue racers. Many of these have been killed in the vicinity have attained a length of six feet. Then there is the striped snake which is one of the most plentiful of the family. This snake has a each end, and runs either way head is about one-fourth as the other. It is of a yellowish. It generally lies in a loop, and frequently observed running in parently stupefied condition on log. There are other varieties as the garter, found around the but the bite of none except the snake is known to be fatal. sheep and some cattle have died vicinity of the den from snake —Portland Oregonian.

Scotch Fire Worshippers.

Burghead, in Morayshire, is in one respect. It has "the bow of the clavia." This ceremony of the Glasgow Herald, is gone every New Year's eve, old style, supposed to be a relic of fire worship. There is now only one other community, it is said in Britain, the practice is carried on. The consists of half an Archangel's reel fixed on the top of a barrel about four feet long. The of the tar barrel is broken up side and mixed with tar. A must be used to knock in the which connects the pole and the reel. The broken bits in the are then lighted by means of a ing pest, no such thing as a match being allowed. For over years the clavia has been made same man, and one particular man has provided the "fire" for thirty years. In the dark night the blazing thing is hoisted one street and down another at speed, then carried to the "Hill" in the middle of the Here the pole is fixed on a strong column, and the clavia out. The women rush in, and bits of the now dying clavia to the witches away," disappear in darkness.

A Big Technical School.

The new municipal technical school opened the other day at Birmingham, England, contains 134 rooms, which 116 are devoted to teaching, occupies a space of 2,000,000 and cost \$445,000. It is estimated to cost \$50,000 a year. The used by 1,600 students, of whom two-thirds are instructed in and one-third in metallurgy.

Fixed for High Altitudes.

Dr. Berson, of Stassfurt, lately made several exceedingly balloon ascensions, carried a cylinder of compressed oxygen, with a tube for breathing. He experiences discomfort on the of the rarity of the atmosphere, which from the cylinder of oxygen store him.