

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

The way of the world is a wonderful way—  
Wonderful in its madness!  
'Tis a mad endeavor from day to day  
That ends each night in sadness.  
For men are greedy to compass wealth  
With schemes unjust and vicious,  
Or seek for pleasures, by sun or stealth,  
And call their sins delicious!

The way of the world is a sorrowful way—  
Sorrowful in its grieving!  
'Tis a grievous fear that friends betray,  
And none is worth believing.  
For men will sell their honor for gain,  
And women their virtue give  
For ripples of joy on seas of pain  
That flood the years they live.

The way of the world is a sickening way—  
Sickening in its meanness!  
'Tis a mean existence with husks alway  
To pall the soul with leanness.  
Far better the ways of Christ, with  
peace,  
With rags, and a crust and cold!  
A little from God, with a heart content,  
Is better than hoards of gold!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

DORIS' CONQUEST.

PECULIAR? No, aunty, that is not the word. Ridiculous, I call it; perfectly ridiculous! Why should every mamma with a marriageable son choose to snub me?"

Doris Hollister was a widow, and with her aunt and trim maid servant had lived in the vine-covered cottage about a year.

The male portion of the populace unanimously pronounced her charming, but the ladies could see nothing to admire. In their opinion the rose-colored cheeks were rouged, and as for the hair, it surely had been bleached, which was utterly false, for Doris was nothing if not natural.

A carriage rumbled past and Doris remarked: "There, aunty, is a man whom I may say I thoroughly respect, Dr. Thornton. He came here an orphan boy from Canada, I believe. He is what I call a self-made man, therefore I respect him."

"If Isabel Lee, that 'fashion plate' he so admires, should discover it, I fear he would be jilted. I have heard her say she would never marry a man who had low relatives. By low, I presume she meant poor. I cannot imagine how we happen to have invitations for his lawn party to-night. I am convinced he utterly detests me. There is one man, at least, who is not a slave to my charms," and Doris laughed a merry, blithesome laugh that did one good to hear.

As Doris had said, Dr. Thornton was a man who claimed respect from all. True, also, admiration for her was not one of his failings.

He had assured himself, many times, that coolness and composure were excellent qualities in a nurse, but in a wife—well, that was different, and Isabel Lee, the aristocratic beauty who was besieging his heart and fortune, was all impulse, animation and goodness—at least so thought the doctor, as he stood inspecting the grounds before the guests arrived.

The velvety lawn, the spreading trees just touched with gold and crimson, the many-colored lights, fountains and flowers, made the place a modern fairyland.

The evening was a success. Sweet music came floating over the tiny lake, in the center of which the orchestra was stationed.

Suddenly a servant hurried across the lawn and addressed the doctor in a low tone. Hastily excusing himself, Dr. Thornton started toward the house, but had not proceeded three steps when a grotesque old couple appeared before him.

The doctor was encircled by two pairs of feeble arms, while a quavering, shrill voice attracted the attention of every near-by guest.

"Hermie! Hermie! Don't you know your Uncle Hi and Aunt Tildie? I'm that upst! We had the wust time gettin' here."

"Tildie's right," interrupted Uncle Hi. "We got in one o' them goll darn trolley cars up on stilts, and the fust thing we knew we landed in a tunnel underground; then they called out: 'Change cars for everywhere!' so me and Tildie buttoned on to one of them fellers with brass buttons, and—"

But by this time Dr. Thornton had regained his breath, and managed to gasp: "Yes, yes, uncle, you must be completely exhausted."

Dr. Thornton's face was crimson, for he beheld the scornful eyes of Isabel Lee and pictured the general astonishment.

"What be ye heving, Hermie, a party?" and the old lady in the faded black bonnet and shawl glanced around. Then the lovely gowns and cold, critical faces of the crowd arrested her attention, and she shrunk nearer to Herman and glanced at her shabby clothes.

Suddenly the cruel thought that Herman was ashamed of them flashed upon her, and the faded eyes filled with tears.

THE "NEW METHODISM," PROPOSED AT A CONVENTION OF CHICAGO CLERGYMEN.

IN compliance with a request for a more complete definition of the "new Methodism," which, in preference to the "old Methodism," was hailed enthusiastically at a recent meeting of Chicago Methodist ministers, the Rev. Camden M. Cobern, of St. James' Church, prepared the following statement for a Chicago paper:

"It is easy enough to eulogize the old-fashioned Methodism; no rented pews, no paid choirs, no tableaux and rainbow socials or progressive euchre parties in those great days when Methodism was born. In those times there was no such thing known as making a church a social club or bureau of amusements; there were no smart, sensational sermon topics, no lolling in comfortable parsonages, reading the last novel. Nay, verily, in those days the knees were the first part of the preacher's wardrobe to wear out. To have a stove, or cushion, or family pew was considered a sinful luxury."

"The Methodist church to-day is no weaker, no less pious or less successful than the old. Ruffles are not Babylonish; a ribbon is not carnal; church bells are not anti-Christian, and pianos are not devilish inventions as many of the fathers thought. This age is better than that. Old time Methodism had great faith, but had credulity also. It had zeal and enthusiasm, but there were visions, and illuminations, and hysterics. It had benevolence, but nothing equal to the benevolence of modern times. The originators of Methodism were scholars, but after Mr. Wesley passed away the standard was lowered, so that as late as 1835 a storm of protest was raised against the establishment of a literary and theological institute. It was thought in those days that refinement was antagonistic to the genius of Methodism. But Wesley planned Methodism for all classes of men, and in refined communities he encouraged an elegance and dignity of worship which even surpassed that of the English state church, while in uneducated communities he encouraged the methods now known as Salvation Army methods. But he believed in the organ, and wanted it played softly during the celebration of the holy communion. The new Methodism is a return to Wesley's idea. Methodism is for the world, and the bald, hard, rough, noisy, and unintellectual service is no more Methodistic than a beautiful, harmonious service such as Wesley himself loved. The new Methodists do not shout as much as their fathers nor pray as loudly, but they honor the same Bible and love the same Savior. They still believe in revivals, but not the revivals of trances and hysteria. As to the matter of card parties, theaters, and dances, I would say that the new Methodism does not frown on these things as much as did the old, but it certainly does not encourage them."



Camden M. Cobern.

men of their own day. Howard Pyle, of Wilmington, Del., published one of the latest histories of their exploits under the title of "The Buccaneers and Marooners of America." From this we learn that Captain William Kidd, who was hanged at Execution Dock in 1701, never killed anybody but his own gunner, whose skull he crushed with a bucket. According to "The General History of the Pyrates," published by Captain Charles Johnson in 1724, his greatest booty amounted to about £8,000. Captain Edward Teach, otherwise Blackbeard, the Bristol privateersman, who sailed from New Providence as a pirate in 1717, "stands par excellent (sic) in an unique personality of his own." Here is his description: "His beard was black, which he suffered to grow of an extravagant length; as to breadth, it came up to his eyes. He was accustomed to twist it with ribbons in small tails, after the manner of our Ramillies wigs, and turn them about his ears. In time of action he wore a sling over his shoulders with three brace of pistols hanging in holsters like bandoleers, and stuck lighted matches under his hat, which, appearing on each side of his face, made him altogether such a figure that imagination cannot form an idea of a fury from hell to look more frightful." Yet only a few years ago just such a figure might have been encountered in the public streets on any 5th of November.—W. J. Fletcher, in the Cornhill Magazine.

Dr. Thornton's first impulse had been to hurry them into the house, but as the quivering lips of the poor old lady caught his eyes his stately figure stiffened.

Clasping a hand of each, he pressed his lips to his aunt's wrinkled cheek, then in a haughty, clear voice announced: "My friends, it affords me deepest pleasure to introduce to you my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Bisby. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to have this couple, the dearest friends of my boyhood, under my own roof."

Dr. Thornton glanced around to encounter the clear, steadfast eyes of Doris Hollister.

"Dr. Thornton, I beg permission to shake hands with your aunt and uncle. I am aware," with a bewitching smile, "that handshaking is outdated, but," extending her hand, which was eagerly grasped by Mrs. Bisby, "in this I am old-fashioned."

"Bless your heart, child!" came from Aunt Tilda. Dr. Thornton's face was a study as he realized that the irresistible charm in Doris Hollister's possession was the pure, unaffected soul, which, just now, shone through the beautiful hazel eyes.

Hating the young widow more intensely than ever, but thoroughly ashamed of their rudeness, others came flocking around. Even Isabel, deciding that with Dr. Thornton's thousands an ignorant relative made no difference, insisted on accompanying the old couple to the house.

Some days later, Aunt Tilda persisted in calling on "that dear child with yaller hair." Dr. Thornton attended her, and, seeking Doris in her favorite nook under the vines, he whispered something I did not catch, but Doris' eyes danced merrily as she questioned, archly: "Marry a woman who, according to gossip, uses rouge and bleaches her hair? Why, Dr. Thornton—"

PIRATES IN HISTORY.

Their Works Live After Them in Exaggerated Fiction.

There was a world-wide gulf between Drake and Morgan; but it was Spanish ferocity that taught the buccaneers their bloody trade; and bestial as they were, they were not utterly despicable, for they fought marvellously. L'Olonnois at Maracaibo, Morgan sacking Panama with his 1,200 ruffians, put the fear of death into the Spaniards. But neither Spaniard nor buccaneer could stop the growth of commerce and civilization, and early in the eighteenth century the great fleets that followed L'Olonnois and Morgan had dwindled to a crazy ship or two commanded by such overrated scoundrels as the "pirates of New Providence," petty rascals, whose loot was generally as paltry as their crimes. There has been a curious conspiracy among those who have written upon the subject to exaggerate the wickedness of these men; as if their truculent swagger, their blood-curdling violence of language, had served to impose upon their modern biographers as well as to intimidate the degenerated sailor-

men of their own day. Howard Pyle, of Wilmington, Del., published one of the latest histories of their exploits under the title of "The Buccaneers and Marooners of America." From this we learn that Captain William Kidd, who was hanged at Execution Dock in 1701, never killed anybody but his own gunner, whose skull he crushed with a bucket. According to "The General History of the Pyrates," published by Captain Charles Johnson in 1724, his greatest booty amounted to about £8,000. Captain Edward Teach, otherwise Blackbeard, the Bristol privateersman, who sailed from New Providence as a pirate in 1717, "stands par excellent (sic) in an unique personality of his own." Here is his description: "His beard was black, which he suffered to grow of an extravagant length; as to breadth, it came up to his eyes. He was accustomed to twist it with ribbons in small tails, after the manner of our Ramillies wigs, and turn them about his ears. In time of action he wore a sling over his shoulders with three brace of pistols hanging in holsters like bandoleers, and stuck lighted matches under his hat, which, appearing on each side of his face, made him altogether such a figure that imagination cannot form an idea of a fury from hell to look more frightful." Yet only a few years ago just such a figure might have been encountered in the public streets on any 5th of November.—W. J. Fletcher, in the Cornhill Magazine.

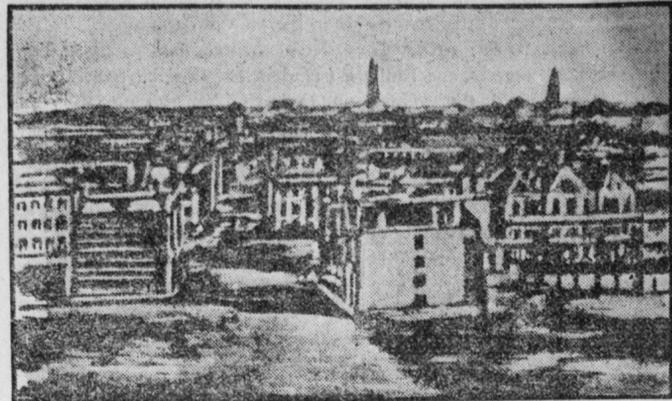
Rosy Alaskan Picture.

Judge James Wickersham, of the third judicial district of Alaska, paints a gorgeous picture of the future of Alaska. He says that 1,000,000 inhabitants will find support in the Valley of the Yukon, on the American side of the line. Time will tell of the unimaginable possibilities of this grand region beneath the Arctic circle. Good gardening and farming is being done. Good roads is one of the crying necessities of the country, as they are of any new country. During the winter, however, he says you can have good roads in any direction without any expense. What is needed is a general system by which a road that is greatly needed can be built. The country has no such system now and no law

From this time on Alaska will have to be reckoned with as a residence country. The whole Yukon Valley is capable of comfortable settlement and will support an immense population. There is a peculiarity of the plant life of that country in that Arctic vegetation is found at Lake Bennett, and a country void of trees, the further one goes north the vegetation increases, until at Fort Yukon forests of a mercantile timber grow. These forests fade away again before you reach the coast, and they do not reach the Bering sea by 150 miles.

The interior is much warmer than the coast, owing to the dry atmosphere of the Yukon region. The high coast range of mountains precipitates the moisture on their western slopes, leaving a dry winter in the Yukon Valley.—Baltimore American.

ORIGIN OF THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL.



VIEW OF THE HAGUE, WHERE THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE TRIBUNAL MEETS.

ALTHOUGH The Hague tribunal was constituted only a little more than three years ago the rapid succession of events seems to have erased from the public mind a definite recollection of the manner of its creation. Revived interest in The Hague court, by reason of the decision to refer to it the Venezuelan dispute, makes it desirable to repeat the story of its birth. The United States and Mexico have the honor of being the first nations to refer a dispute to the international court, the same being the Pious fund case, decided in favor of the United States last July. It is worth remarking in this connection that Baron d'Estournelles, one of the French delegates to the convention that created the court, declares that but for the course of the United States it would have expired of neglect.

The Hague court was the chief result of the remarkable conference of the powers at The Hague in the spring and summer of 1899, a conference brought about by the momentous proposal issued to the nations of the world by the Czar of Russia, Aug. 24, 1898. The conference agreed upon a convention for the pacific settlement of international disputes, a convention regarding the laws and customs of war by land, a convention for the adaptation to maritime warfare of the Geneva convention and three declarations regarding the use of balloons, expanding bullets and explosive projectiles carrying poisonous gases.

The conference resolved that military budgets ought to be reduced, and formulated six wishes regarding international relations. The convention's declarations were in no case signed by representatives of all the powers at The Hague, but ultimately the arbitration agreement was signed by every one of the powers represented, including the United States and Mexico.

The permanent court of arbitration consist of four representatives of each signatory power, though different nations may appoint the same persons and its permanent office is at The Hague. Its administrative council consists of the ministers of the powers at The Hague and of the Netherland minister for foreign affairs, who is president. It is charged with general direction of the affairs of the court. The expenses of the court are met by all the signatory nations.

When nations desire to settle a dispute by appeal to this court they appoint five arbitrators from the list of arbitrators made up as described above. Falling direct agreement each nation appoints two arbitrators; these to choose an umpire. If they cannot agree on an umpire, the choice is left to a third power, and in event of failure then to get an acceptable umpire, each party names a power which, acting with the power named by the other party, shall choose the umpire. When the tribunal has thus been composed the parties notify the bureau of the court, and the tribunal assembles at The Hague on the date fixed by the parties.

While appeal to the court is voluntary, the understanding is that each party agrees to accept the decision as binding and final, except that if it is so stated in the arbitration agreement a revision of the award may be demanded on the discovery of new evidence "calculated to exercise a decisive influence on the award." The arbitral procedure is laid down in the convention with great detail. Decisions of the court will be promulgated in much the same way as the decisions of ordinary courts, all of the administrative machinery, except the physical power of enforcement of decrees, being provided.

GENERAL FREMONT'S WIDOW, NOTED WOMAN OF HER TIME.



Mrs. Fremont, who died at Los Angeles, Cal., recently, at the age of 79, shared her husband's fame during his lifetime. She was a belle at Washington at 14, and was only 16 when she eloped with Lieutenant Fremont. "The Pathfinder" probably would never have made his most famous exploration trip—that to the Pacific coast—had not his wife, instead of sending him the recall issued from Washington through the efforts of men jealous of him, warned him to start at once and get out of reach of orders. On that expedition he reached the Pacific coast and opened the great territory intervening between it and the Mississippi Valley. Mrs. Fremont set out to join him by way of Panama in 1848. The trip was a great hardship, but she did not complain. Following her arrival, she aided her husband materially in bringing California into the Union as a free State.

Returning to Washington when her husband was made the first Senator from the new State, she renewed old friendships and made many acquaintances, who became strong friends in after life. When General Fremont had been defeated for the Presidency Mrs. Fremont accompanied him to Europe, where they were received at many of the European courts and great honor paid them.

After the death of her husband Mrs. Fremont made her home in Los Angeles, where she was presented a home by the women of California. While she

always was busy she found time to write of some of her experiences. Mrs. Fremont was engaged on her biography when she died. She had enjoyed excellent health until last summer, when she fell and broke a hip. Her health then steadily began to decline.

Mrs. Fremont was a remarkable woman, to whom the territory west of the Mississippi River owes more than to any other person perhaps in the country. By withholding the dispatch ordering her husband to abandon his expedition to the Pacific coast she made the opening of that great section possible.

The World Must Not Know.

The great Duke of Wellington, whose watchword was duty to his sovereign and the English nation, was a soldier first, last, and all the time. Such, too, he wished to appear. His jealous care of his reputation as a fighting man is amusingly disclosed in Frederick Goodall's recent book of "Reminiscences," in an anecdote of the duke's later years when, as warden of the Cinque Ports, he lived at Walmer Castle.

His grace commissioned Wilkie to paint "The Chelsea Pensioners," and agreed to pay him twelve hundred guineas. The picture finished, in due course the artist waited upon the soldier, who, to his surprise, began with great deliberation to count out the twelve hundred guineas in notes and gold.

"Your grace, it would save you much trouble if you would write me a check," said Wilkie.

The duke looked up. "What!" said he. "Let Count's clerk—and thus the rest of the world—know what a fool I've been to spend twelve hundred guineas on a picture?"

He shook his head and resumed his counting.

The Very Man

Jaggies—Military experts are rather disappointed in regard to the destructiveness of modern engines of war.

Waggles—Why don't they hire the inventor of the toy pistol to get up something on a large scale?—New York Times.

In a campaign of education it is often difficult to distinguish between pedagogues and demagogues.

Some young men are prejudiced against work because they imagine that being hired lowers them.