

The Messenger.

JACKSON & BELL COMPANY.

"MAKING BLACK WHITE."

McKinley is supposed to have begun his plan to change things in the south. Sambo is to be ignored, and the republican party is to be built up. To this end he appoints the son of an Episcopal bishop, and the grand son of a Methodist bishop in South Carolina as a missionary to the benighted and supposed dissatisfied whites in that good state. The way to break up the democratic party, it is supposed, is to give office to the fellows in that party who are ready and hungry and disgruntled and of loose political morals, ready for a change and never at heart genuine democrats. The new appointee, Capers, bolted, would not support Bryan, and is no doubt at bottom much more of a republican than he ever was a democrat. He perhaps goes the whole republican hog, tail, bristles and all. It is true he did not have far to go at his departure, and McKinley knew his man. The selection of such democratic specimens for reward will not break up the grand old party beyond attracting fellows of easy political virtue and of the Capers "kidney" to the most vicious besotted, remorseless, oppressive party that ever disgraced civilization and cursed a republic. The Washington correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution on the 15th instant wrote at length of this new movement to disintegrate and divide the democracy, which creates no little of sensation in South Carolina and even stirs the old republicans themselves. For if much recruiting comes from the democrats the chances for leaves and fishes for themselves inevitably diminish. Hence the protestation and disturbed sleep. But let the correspondent be heard:

"As at present constituted, the republican organization in the south is composed largely of negroes and carpet baggers, and, except when a national convention is at hand, but little interest or pride is taken in the southern contingent by the republican bosses at the north. During the campaigns of 1896 and 1900, a number of prominent gold democrats in the south refused to support Mr. Bryan and gradually drifted away from their old line democratic moorings. Added to this element it is claimed there is a younger generation with new ideas and new ambitions in politics, who have to a certain extent acted or become indirectly associated with the republican administration. Mr. Capers claims to be a representative of the latter class of southern democrats."

As to who he is and what he is and what he stands for, the following is informing:

"For some time past he has been in frequent conference with Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina; Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina and other well known southern men who profess to be interested in the formation of a white man's republican party. One of the most active and influential supporters of Mr. Capers is Senator McLaurin, who recently declined to co-operate with his former democratic associates in the senate."

Capers may do important missionary work, but what will the negroes in South Carolina do about it? Senator Tillman, a real democrat, will fight Capers in the senate and so will the South Carolina delegation in the house, it is believed. We do not believe that enough democratic defection in South Carolina can possibly occur to endanger white supremacy. The people of that state have sense and memories. The recent confessions of Ex-Governor Chamberlain are enough to teach them that a return to bad white rule aided by pliant negro voters will be sure to bring upon them.

CONCEALED WEAPON OFFENCE

Referring to a suggested idea that it should be made a felony for one to carry a pistol or other concealed weapon, the North Carolina "Law Journal" thinks that to be "entirely too harsh." The Messenger years ago took its position on this matter. It agrees with the Charlotte Observer in the opinion that "all this class legislation is wrong." It is only that and nothing short of it. The Observer says:

"It is nobody's business what a man has in his pocket so long as he makes no improper use of it—when he has done that is the time to punish him; not before. Besides this statute about the carrying of concealed weapons places the law-abiding citizen at the mercy of the lawless; a certain class of citizens obey the law and another class does not, but goes around the same as if there were no statute forbidding its doing so. At the same time as long as this law is on the book, it ought to be enforced and the punishment made to apply equally in every case, not by one judge alone, but by all."

The Messenger has again and again protested against the injustice of the law. It does not cure the practice, but it simply puts the unarmed at the mercy of law breakers. We venture to believe that every day 10,000 people in North Carolina "tote around" their weapons, and many are ready at any minute for a row or a race. Hardly a day passes that we do not see it mentioned in some exchange that some man is set upon when unarmed and is either killed or wounded by a fellow with his deadly pistol or knife or razor. No legislation can ever settle the "concealed weapon" nuisance. Any amount of stringent laws will only blind the rigid observers of law while the dangerous element walks around a triplicate arsenal. Heavy penalties will not cure nor will imprisonment. Murders occur and sometimes almost at a door of a jail. It is all nonsense to essay to stop the business. It is simply a great injustice, amounting perhaps to an iniquity, to deprive the good citizen of the right of self-protection. The law amounts practically to that. The Governor of Florida in a message to the legislature states that "seven deaths have been

reported to the executive department during the past forty days, including two brave and gallant officials, a sheriff and a deputy in the discharge of their duty, attributed solely to the fact that irresponsible and desperate persons were permitted to carry deadly weapons. The citizenship of Florida is entitled to protection at your hands. The carrying of such weapons by irresponsible persons should be prohibited, and I recommend with much confidence that you enact a law requiring and all persons to execute a good and sufficient bond, to be approved by the board of county commissioners, before they shall be permitted to carry deadly weapons of any kind, providing heavy penalties to make such law effective."

Reading that it must occur to a reflecting man how such a law would operate. The good, quiet citizen would still be at the mercy of the great army of violent and armed men, for the latter will not be reached by law. They will keep on carrying their weapons of offence. Penalties will not squelch the gang any more than penalties now against rapists, murderers, arsonists and thieves. The Observer is right in saying the law is wrong in itself.

HEALTH REPORT OF HAVANA.

If reports from Havana are to be trusted great results have followed the sanitary work in that city. It is a superior object lesson for Wilmington and all other cities. Surgeon Gorgas is the head of the sanitary board in Havana. His report for March quite naturally attracts attention in the south. The death rate was high, but not for that former sink-hole of death. It was 26 in the one thousand inhabitants. But one case of yellow fever originated in March. In all for the month there were four cases. Since the 23rd, there has not been a case. His statement as to the mosquito theory is calculated to arrest attention. Dr. Gorgas thinks "that its present freedom is in part due to the systematic and extensive way in which we have been killing mosquitoes for the past month," and adds: "I have the greatest hopes of destroying the foci as they appear by systematically killing the mosquitoes over a large area around each focus as it occurs." This is no new thing with him. Experiments of a satisfying and conclusive character have been made all around the world and in several countries. The mosquito breeds fever. There is no smallpox in Havana. There has been no case there since August 1900. It is stated that consumption is the most destructive disease. There were 131 cases in March, and there were seventy-eight deaths. The board are giving much attention to this awful destroyer and are making scientific examinations and doing systematic work to reduce the disease and help poor afflicted humanity. The snouts of the consumptives are examined on the same day.

BREVITIES.

There are ominous signs of labor war around the country. Steel men talk of a lockout while president Shaffer of the Amalgamated Association is defiant and will urge a general strike of workers in all the plants.

It is reported that President Kruger is too feeble to make the intended visit to the United States.

Out at Manila, the trial reveals that there has been a grand bacchanalian revel among certain American officials. It is stated that "wine women and poker kept ennu for away." Hurrah for the Empire.

Up in "Culshawed" Boston society women now ride straddle like the men. This is "progress up there" and one of the results of the talked of "higher education for women."

The Kansas Virago tried her hand in Missouri. She was arranged before a judge, fined \$500, and then she departed for Kansas the scene of her disgrace and lawlessness.

Professor Henry A. Rowland is dead. He was one of the ablest and most accomplished of the faculty in Johns Hopkins University. The Sun says:

"It was not a commonplace intellectual deliverer or toiler who simply absorbed old knowledge, but he was an investigator who brought forth something new and valuable of his own."

To be divorced really the divorce must be obtained in a state where both parties (husband and wife) to the marriage have had a genuine "matrimonial residence." Such is the supreme court's decision.

Mrs. Richard Chamberlain, wife of a brother of Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary who brought on the Boer war gave him a severe scolding at a public meeting. She said:

"It is very well for men like my brother-in-law Joe to say that farm burning is all right, but how can he know about farms or farming? Who was his father? Who was a little screw-maker, a very respectable profession, but it does not teach much about farms. It is no good sending out screw-makers or anything of that sort. The way was not made for England, and for Johannes-burg capitalists who could not speak English."

The governor has appointed Mr. Jas. M. Guder, Jr., of Asheville, as a solicitor in the new Fifteenth Judicial district. He has been prominent in the late state senate, and is regarded as a lawyer of ability. He had not seen in office until he entered the late legislature. We learn from the Raleigh News and Observer that he is a native of Madison county, and was born the 22nd of November, 1855, and was educated at Emory and Henry college, Va., a Methodist institution.

When an irate father-in-law takes into his head to slash with a knife his protesting son-in-law, it comes cheap before a magistrate in North Carolina. It cost one \$10 only, for the fun recently in Halifax county.



WASHINGTON, April 14.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sets forth religion as an exhilaration and urges all people to try its uplifting power; text, Proverbs iii, 17, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

You have all heard of God's only begotten Son. Have you heard of God's daughter? She was born in heaven. She came down over the hills of our world. She had queenly step. On her brow was celestial radiance. Her voice was music. Her name is Religion. My text introduces her. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." But what is religion? The fact is that theological study has had a different effect upon me from the effect sometimes produced. Every year I tear out another leaf from my theology until I have only three or four leaves left—in other words, a very brief and plain statement of Christian belief.

An aged Christian minister said: "When I was a young man, I knew everything. When I got to be 35 years of age, in my creed I had only a hundred doctrines of religion. When I got to be 40 years of age, I had only 50 doctrines of religion. When I got to be 60 years of age, I had only ten doctrines of religion, and now I am dying at 75 years of age, and there is only one thing I know, and that is that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And so I have noticed in the study of God's word and in my contemplation of the character of God and of the eternal world that it is necessary for me to drop this part of my belief and that part of my belief as being nonessential, while I cling to the one great doctrine that made a sinner and Christ is his Almighty and Divine Saviour.

Now, I take these three or four leaves of my theology, and I find that in the first place and dominant above all others is the sunshine of religion. When I go into a room, I have a passion for throwing open all the shutters. That is what I want to do this morning. We are apt to throw so much of the sepulchral into our religion and to close the shutters and to pull down the blinds that it is only through here and there a crevice that the light streams. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a religion of joy indescribable and unutterable. Wherever I can find a bell I mean to ring it.

If there are any in this house this morning who are disposed to hold on to their melancholy and gloom, let them now depart this service before the fairer and the brighter and the most radiant being of all the universe comes in. God's Son has left our world, but God's daughter is here. Give her room. Hail, princess of heaven! Hail, daughter of the Lord God Almighty! Come in and make this house thy throne-room.

In setting forth this idea the dominant theory of religion is one of sunshine. I hardly know where to begin, for there are so many thoughts that rush upon my soul. A mother saw her little child seated on the door in the sunshine and with a spoon in her hand. She said, "My darling, what are you doing there?" "Oh," replied the child, "I am getting a spoonful of this sunshine." Would God that today I might present you with a gleaming chalice of this glorious, everlasting gospel sunshine!

Sunshine of Christianity.

First of all, I find a great deal of sunshine in Christian society. I do not know of anything more doleful than the companionship of the mere funmakers of the world—the Thomas Hoods, the Charles Lambs, the Charles Dickenses, and the men whose entire business it is to make sport. They make others laugh, but if you will examine their autobiography or biography you will find that down in their soul there was a terrific disquietude. Laughter is no sign of happiness. The maniac laughs. The hyena laughs. The lion among the Adirondacks laughs. The drunkard, dashing his decanter against the wall, laughs.

There is a terrible reaction from all sinful amusement and sinful merriment. Such men are cross the next day. They snap at the men whose entire business it is to make sport. Long ago I quit mere worldly society for the reason it was so dull, so insane and so stupid. My nature is voracious of joy. I must have it.

I always walk on the sunny side of the street, and for that reason I have crossed over into Christian society. I like their mode of repartee better. I like their style of amusement better. They live longer. Christian people I sometimes notice, live on when by all natural law they ought to have died. I have known persons who have continued in their existence when the doctor said they ought to have been dead ten years. Every day of their existence was a defiance of the laws of anatomy and physiology, but they had this supernatural vivacity of the gospel in their soul, and that kept them alive.

Put 10 or 12 Christian people in a room for Christian conversation, and you will from 8 to 10 o'clock hear more resounding glad, see more bright strokes of wit and fine more thought and profound satisfaction than in any merely worldly party. Now, when I say a "worldly party" I mean that to which you are invited because under all the circumstances of the case it is the best for you to be invited, and to which you go because under all circumstances of the case it is better that you go, and, leaving the shawls on the second floor, you go to the parlor to give formal salutation to the host and the hostess and then move around, spending the whole evening in the discussion of the weather and in apology for treading on long trains and in effort to keep the corners of the mouth up to the sign of pleasure, and going around with an idiotic he-be-about nothing until the collation is served, and then, after the collation is served, going back again into the parlor to resume the weather, and then at the close going at a very late hour to the host and the hostess and assuring them that you have had a most delightful evening, and then passing down off the front steps, the slam of the door the only satisfaction of the evening.

The Talmage Sermon

Oh, young man come from the country to spend your days in city life, where are you going to spend your evenings? Let me tell you, while there are many places of innocent worldly amusement, it is most wise for you to throw your body, mind and soul into Christian society. Come to me at the close of five years and tell me what has been the result of this advice. Bring with you the young man who refused to take the advice and who went into sinful amusement. He will come dissipated, shabby in apparel, indisposed to look any one in the eye, moral character 85 per cent off. You will come with principle settled, countenance frank, habits good, soul saved and all the inhabitants of heaven, from the lowest angel up to the archangel and clear past him to the Lord God Almighty, your conditors. This is not the advice of a misanthrope. There is no man in the house to whom the world is brighter than it is to me. It is not the advice of a dyspeptic—my digestion is perfect; it is not the advice of a man who cannot understand a joke or who prefers a funeral; it is not the advice of a woman, but the advice of a man who can see this world in all its brightness, and consider it as a place of temptation in judging what is good cheer. I tell the multitude of young men that there is nothing in worldly association so grand and so beautiful and so exhilarant as in Christian society.

The Question of Self Denial.

I know there is a great deal of talk about the self denials of the Christian. I have to tell you that where the Christian has one self denial the man of the world has a thousand self denials. The Christian is not commanded to surrender anything that is worth keeping. But what does a man deny himself who denies himself the religion of Christ? He denies himself pardon for sin, he denies himself peace of conscience, he denies himself the joy of the Holy Ghost, he denies himself a comfortable death pillow, he denies himself the glories of heaven. Do not talk to me about the self denials of the Christian life. Where there is one in the Christian life there are a thousand in the life of the world. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Again, I find a great deal of religious sunshine in Christian and divine agencies. To a great many people life is an inexplicable tangle. Things turn out differently from what was supposed. There is a useless woman in perfect health. There is an industrious and consecrated woman a complete invalid. I plain that. There is a bad man with \$30,000 of income. There is a good man with \$800 of income. Why is that? There is a foe of society who lives on, doing all the damage he can, to 75 years of age, and here is a Christian father, faithful in every department of life, at 75 years of age taken away by death, his family left helpless. Explain that. Oh, there is no sentence that oftener drops from your lips than this: "I cannot understand it. I cannot understand it."

Well, now religion comes in just at that point with its illumination and its explanation. There is a business man who has lost his entire fortune. The week before he lost his fortune there were 20 carriages that stopped at the door of his mansion. The week after he lost his fortune all the carriages you could count on one finger. The week before financial trouble began people all took off their hats to him as he passed down the street. The week his financial prospects were under discussion people just touched their hats without anywise bending the rim. The week that he was pronounced insolvent people just jolted their heads as they passed, not tipping their hats at all, and the week the sheriff sold him out all his friends were looking in the store windows as they went down past him.

Now, while the world goes away from a man while he is in financial distress, the religion of Christ comes to him and says: "You are sick, and your sickness is to be moral purification; you are bereaved. God wanted in some way to take your family to heaven, and he must begin somewhere, and so he took the route that was most beautiful and was most ready to go." I do not say that religion explains everything in this life, but I do say it lays down certain principles which are grandly consolatory. You know business men often telegraph in cipher. The merchant in San Francisco telegraphs to the merchant in New York certain information in cipher which no other man in that line of business can understand, but the merchant in San Francisco has the key to the cipher, and the merchant in New York has the key to the cipher, and on that information transmitted there are enterprises involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now, the providences of life sometimes seem to be a senseless riddle, a mysterious cipher; but God has a key to that cipher and the Christian a key to that cipher, and though he may hardly be able to spell out the meaning, he gets enough of the meaning to understand that it is for the best. Now, is there not sunshine in that? Is there not pleasure in that? Far beyond laughter, it is nearer the fountain of tears than boisterous demonstration. Have you never cried for joy? There are tears which are eternal rapture in distillation.

All Is For the Best.

There are hundreds of people who are walking day by day in the sublime satisfaction that all is for the best, all things working together for good for their soul. How a man can get along through this life without the explanation is to me a mystery. What! Is that child gone forever? Are you never to get it back? Is your property gone forever? Is your soul to be bruised and to be tried forever? Have you no explanation, no Christian explanation, and yet not a maniac? But when you have the religion of Jesus Christ in your soul it explains everything so far as it is best for you to understand. You look off in life, and your soul is full of thanksgiving to God that you are so much better off than you might be. A man passed down the street without any shoes and said: "I have no shoes. Isn't it a hardship that I have no shoes? Other people have shoes. No

shoes, no shoes!" until he saw a man who had no feet. Then he learned a lesson. You ought to thank God for what he does instead of grumbling for what he does not. God arranges all the weather in this world—the spiritual weather, the moral weather, as well as the natural weather. "What kind of weather will it be today?" said some one to a farmer. The farmer replied, "It will be such weather as I like." "What do you mean by that?" asked the other. "Well," said the farmer, "it will be such weather as pleases the Lord, and what pleases the Lord pleases me."

Oh, the sunshine, the sunshine of Christian explanation! Here is some one bending over the grave of the dead. What is going to be the consolation? The flowers you strew upon the tomb? Oh, no. The services read at the grave? Oh, no. The chief consolation on that grave is what falls from the throne of God. Sunshine, glorious sunshine! Resurrection sunshine!

Again, I find a great deal of the sunshine of this Bible and of our religion in the climatic joys that are to come. A man who gets up and goes out from a concert right after the opening voluntary has been played and before the prima donna sings or before the orchestra begins a better idea of the concert than that man has who supposes that the chief joys of religion are in this world. We have here only the first note of the eternal orchestra. We shall in that world have the joy of discovery. We will in five minutes catch up with the astronomers, the geologists, the scientists, the philosophers of all ages who so far surpassed us in this world. We can afford to adjourn astronomy and geology and many of the sciences to the next world because we shall there have better apparatus and better opportunity. I must study these sciences so far as to help me in my work, but beyond that I must busy myself to saving my own soul and saving the souls of others, knowing that in one flash of eternity we will catch it all. Oh, what an observatory in which to study astronomy heaven will be—not by power of telescope, but by supernatural vision! And if there be something doubtful 10,000 miles away, by one stroke of the wing you are there, by another stroke of the wing you are back again, and all in less time than I tell you, catching it all in one flash of eternity.

A Place For Study.

And geology? What a place that will be to study geology when the world is being picked to pieces as easily as a schoolgirl in botanical lessons pulls the leaf from the corolla! What a place to study architecture, amid the thrones and the palaces and the cathedrals—St. Mark's and St. Paul's rookeries in comparison.

Sometimes you wish you could make the tour of the whole earth, going around as though he saw something supernatural. "Light!" and then as he came nearer the dying moment, his countenance more luminous, he cried, "Light!" and at the very moment of his departure lifted both hands, something supernatural in his countenance as he cried, "Light!" Only another name for sunshine.

Besides that, we shall have all the pleasures of association. We will go right up in the front of God without any fright. All our sins gone, there will be nothing to be frightened about. There our old Christian friends will troop around us. Just as now one of your sick friends goes away to Florida, the land of flowers, or to the south of France, and you do not see him for a long while, and after awhile you meet him, and the hollows under the eyes are all filled and the appetite has come back and the crutch has been thrown away, and he is so changed you hardly know him. You say, "Why, I never saw you look so well." He says: "I couldn't help but be well. I have been sailing these rivers and climbing these mountains, and that's how I got this elasticity. I never was so well." Oh, my friends, your departed loved ones are only away for their health in a better climate, and when you meet them they will be so changed you will hardly know them, they will be so very much changed, and after awhile, when you are assured that they are your friends, your departed friends, you will say: "Why, where is that cough? Where is that paralysis? Where is that pneumonia? Where is that consumption?" And he will say: "Oh, I am entirely well. There are no sick ones in this country. I have been ranging these hills, and hence this elasticity. I have been here now 20 years, and not one sick one have I seen. We are all well in this climate."

The Celestial Profession.

And then I stand at the gate of the celestial city to see the processions come out, and I see a long procession of little children, with their arms full of flowers, and then I see a procession of kings and priests moving in celestial pagoda, a long procession, but no black tasseled vehicle, no mourning group, and I say: "How strange it is! Where is your Greenwood? Where is your Laurel Hill? Where is your Westminster abbey? And they shall cry, 'There are no graves here.' And then listen for the tolling of the old bellfries of heaven, the old bellfries of eternity. I listen to hear them toll for the dead, but they toll not for the dead. They only strike up a silver chime, tower to tower, east gate to west gate, as they ring out, 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

Oh, unglue your hand and give it to me in congratulation on that scene! I feel as if I could shout. I will shout. Dear Lord, forgive me that I ever complained about anything. If all this is before us, who cares for anything but God and heaven and eternal brotherhood? Take the crape off the doorbell. Your loved ones are only away for their health in a land ambrosial. Come, Lowell Mass.

son; come, Isaac Watts. Give us your best hymn about joy celestial.

What is the use of postponing our heaven any longer? Let it begin now, and whoever hath a harp let her thrum it, and whoever hath a trumpet let him blow it, and whoever hath an organ let him give us a full diapason. They crowd down the air, spirits blessed, moving in cavalcade of triumph. Their chariot wheels whirl in the Sabbath sunlight. They come! Hail, armies of God! Hail until we are ready to join the battalion of pleasures that never die!

Oh, my friends, it would take a sermon as long as eternity to tell the joys that are coming to us. I just set open the sunshiny door. Come in, all ye disciples of the world who have found the world a mockery. Come in, all ye disciples of the dance, and see the bounding feet of this heavenly gladness. Come in, ye disciples of worldly amusement, and see the stage where kings are the actors and burning words the footlights and thrones the spectacular. Arise, ye dead in sin, for this is the morning of resurrection. The joys of heaven submerge our soul. I pull out the trumpet stop. In thy presence there is a fullness of joy at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

Blest are the saints beloved of God: Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood. Brighter than angels, lo, they shine, Their glories splendid and sublime!

My soul anticipates the day. Would stretch his wings and soar away: To sit the song, the palm to bear. And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

Oh, the sunshine, the glorious sunshine, the everlasting sunshine!

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Much Ado About Nothing.

Certain of the theaters in Russia are under the control of the state, and the actors are therefore subject to government control. The Family Herald relates a story of a famous dancer at one of these theaters who desired to secure a month's leave of absence in order to recover her health by a tour of the provinces. She accordingly went to the government official to obtain the usual permission. He received her politely and asked for her written application. "I have no written application," was the answer. "I had no idea such a thing was necessary."

"Not necessary, madam," replied the official. "Why, nothing can be done without it." "What am I to do then?" "Here are pens and papers. Be so good as to sit down and write what I dictate." She sat down, and the petition was written, signed and folded. "And now," said the representative of the state, "you have only to deliver it." "To whom?" she asked. "To whom?" repeated the official, with a smile at her simplicity. "To me of course."

Then, taking the petition which he himself had dictated, he produced his spectacles, wiped them and carefully adjusting them upon his nose, read over the whole document as if he had never seen it before, filed it in due form, and then, turning to the impatient danseuse, said, with the utmost gravity: "Madam, I have read your petition and regret exceedingly that I cannot grant it."

Bridged the Dilemma.

Did you ever hear that delightful story of Sienkiewicz, the great Polish author? They are giving a great series of festivities in his honor in Warsaw—taking advantage of the fact that it is 25 years since he began writing and making, as it were, a silver wedding of his quarter of a century union with letters. His fame has spread to Russia, and it is even said that the czar has his books translated for him for a certain time every evening, so entrancing does he find the Pole's reconstruction of the stirring dramas of early Russian and Polish history.

The Academy of Letters at St. Petersburg may have been encouraged by these facts to send Sienkiewicz a letter of warm congratulation. Now, Sienkiewicz is an ardent Polish patriot as well as an artist, and he was placed in something of a difficulty by the receipt of this letter, for it was written in Russian, and the imposition of Russian on the Poles to the exclusion of their own language is one of the things which the Polish patriot, of all classes, most profoundly resents. Sienkiewicz had to reply. To have replied in Russian would have been treason to Poland; to have replied in Polish would have been treason to Russia. He solved the difficulty by sending back his answer in Latin.—London Mainly About People.

The Evidence of the Book.

It is said that Ibsen, the Scandinavian playwright, is not always friendly toward the English. Something which happened to him lately may increase that lack of liking or, if he is a man of a humorous mind, do something to lessen it.

One day, says the London Outlook, a certain Lincolnshire squire who goes to Norway every year for the fishing called upon the distinguished man. Ibsen was in good humor and received him cordially. Not only that, but he complimented his guest, saying:

"How well you speak Swedish." "It was to learn this," said the Englishman, producing from his pocket a copy of Ibsen's poem "Brand." The author was naturally gratified and owned it the next day in telling the story at the cafe.

"But," he added ruefully, "it was a new copy."

Object to Whitewash.

A correspondent writes to the London Daily News to protest against the proposal to whitewash Westminster abbey, which, he asserts, "would be as gross a piece of vandalism as that outrageous blot on the Tower hill, the red brick building recently erected, which entirely mars the scene and is one of all keeping with the gray stone battlements of our grand historic castle. But the abbey," he exclaims, "Surely every voice in the land would be raised against the sacrilege and vandalism of whitewash there! Oh, it, if need be, and preserve the dear old pile, but chalk it—never!"

Divorce No Longer a Disgrace.

It used to be that the divorce court was the place of last resort when wedded life was no longer tolerable, and even when sought under such conditions divorced persons felt some delicacy about their domestic infelicities and forbore for a period to parade themselves in society. Now, however, there is no longer any suggestion of moral ill in the breaking of sacred vows of wedlock, and divorce has come to be so common an occurrence that the institution of marriage more and more takes on the appearance of a probationary contract.—Indianapolis Press.