A CONFIDENTIAL CASE.

It Brought Out an Honest Confession About a Stolen Hog.

"It has long been a matter of argument," said the old lawyer, who was in a reminiscent mood, "whether a lawyer should defend a man that he knows to be guilty. There is an argument on both sides, and I do not suppose it will ever be settled to the satisfaction of all.

"A good many years ago I had a case that set me to thinking, and I haven't yet determined what my duty was in the matter. At that time I had a small practice in a little town in the western part of the state. Upon my return to the town one day, after having been away a few days on a matter of business, I was called upon to defend a worthless character who had been arrested for hog stealing.

"At that time every one kept at least one hog to be killed in the fall and salted down for use in the winter. One of my neighbors had butchered a hog a few days before, and the party that I was called upon to defend had been charged with theft of it.

"The case was about to be called when I arrived, and I asked for a little time in which to consult with my client. This was granted, and taking him to one side I said:

"'Now, see here, the best thing that you can do is to make a clean breast of the affair to me, and then I will know just where I stand. Whatever you may confess to me I will treat as sacredly confidential, and I will do my best to clear you.'

"'I didn't steal his hog,' protested the prisoner.

"'Then where did you get the carcass that was found in your possession?' I demanded.

"'From your back porch, boss,' he answered with a grin.

"Then I remembered that just before going away I had left orders to have my hog killed, and I could only gasp. However, I went to work and cleared my client of the charge he was under and took the carcass of my own hog as payment for services rendered, but I had hard work treating what he told me as sacred and confidential."—Detroit Free Press.

HOW WE CAME BY THE PHILIPPINES.

Critics of the Republican administration policy would lead people to believe that the acquisition of the Philippine islands was premeditated, conceived as a result of an overshadowing imperialistic spirit and born in very malice of capitalistic greed.

The truth is that the administration, "did not go to do it" as they say down in Missouri, but was pushed to it by the irresistible logic of events over which the nation had no control. As the nation could not do less, so it did not do more than its whole duty in that regard.

Let us look at it, not in a partisan spirit, but as any patriot might inquire into the conduct of a country he loved to see if such conduct were worthy of commendation or reproach.

The war with Spain is a historical fact and one whose justice and necessity no loyal American will bring into question. We are all agreed as to that.

The United States had a vast and growing commerce with countries on the farther side of the Pacific ocean. Spain had a formidable fleet in Asiatic waters ready at any moment to wipe American commerce off the Pacific. Our government had not on the farther shore of the Pacific a single harbor of refuge in which its fleet, under Admiral Dewey, could coal, victual or replenish its supplies further than to enable it to reach the nearest American port. We had to capture a port or bring our navy home and surrender the Pacific to Spain. Dewey, under orders from Washington, proceeded to Manila, destroyed the Spanish fleet and broke Spain's power in the Pacific, and there is not a man on earth who will withold justification for that policy up to, and including the battle of Manila.

The battle of Manila broke Spain's power in the Pacific and left her incapable of governing her possessions there. She had to part with the Philippine islands, if not to the United States, then to Germany or to some other power possessing an ambition to reach out and expand its commerce and its form of civilization. This much ought to be clear because it is clear that the Philippine islands can not be governed without a navy.

It is a fundamental principal of international law that whatever nation destroys an existing form of government must establish another form of government in its place. To fail to do this is to flunk, to sneak, to be a national marplot and to earn the contempt of all nations and of the men of all nations. We had destroyed the existing government of the Philippine islands because we had destroyed the instrumentality whereby that form of government could be maintained—the Spanish navy.

Nor could we delegate this high duty of establishing a government in and for the Philippine islands to any other person or powers. Populous islands with cities and towns are not to be bought and sold as uninhabited lands. We could not give those people over to the relentless sway of despotic and imperialistic power, and with no better conscience could the whole teeming group of islands, embracing many peoples, speaking many different languages, be turned over to the ungentle mercies of a single native tribe which chanced to excel the others in ferocity of diplomacy.

In fine, the Philippines came to be ours, not through any policy of national expansion that had been preconceived by the party in power, nor, through commercial greed or industrial averice, but simply and solely that our nation might discharge a national obligation with national honor, that obligation arising out of the fortunes of a just war, valiently conducted and honorably concluded.

One Way to Pay.

Patient—Your bill of 100 marks for visits and 60 marks for medicines is high, doctor, but I've arranged to settle. I'll pay the 60 marks for the medicines, and I'll return all your visits.—Fliegende Blatter.

We All Might Be Happier.

"This would be a happier world," said the corn fed philosopher, "if more of us got what we wanted and fewer of us got what we deserved."—Indianapolis Press.

Friendship's Trials.

"Am I going to the wedding? Certainly not," snapped the pretty girl in blue. "I'd like to see myself there! You thought we were friends? Oh, yes, we're friends. I'd like to scratch her eyes out, the deceitful thing! How did it start? How did what start? If her young man wished to call on me, there was no law against it, was there? If he got in the habit of calling here every day in the week and twice on Sundays, it wasn't my business to turn him over to the police, was it? I wish I had, though, as he was an awful bore and so persistent that I never got a chance to go anywhere or see any one.

"And all the while that deceitful thing pretended to be crying her eyes out at the desertion of her young man into my camp. If I had not thought that that young man's presence here was making her awfully mad, he would have got his walking papers long ago. But I endured him because I thought that she cared everything for him and could not live without him.

"And to think that she simply turned him over to me to get rid of him as well as me while she landed the eligible young man with the bank account who recently arrived in the city! And I never knew that he was here until it was too late! And we were such dear friends too!"—Detroit Free Press.

Sparing of Her Remedy.

There is at least one woman in Kenwood who believes thoroughly in the efficiency of prayer. About a year ago her husband engaged in a business venture that looked rather uncertain. But his wife had strong faith that it would turn out well.

"Go ahead, John," she said, "and let us put our trust in the Lord. I pray every night that we may have no reason to regret the risk we are taking."

The affair seemed to turn out pretty well right from the start. Handsome dividends were paid all through the summer and during the winter, and great joy was in the home of this man and the sharer of his fortunes.

But there came a turn about a month ago. The business ceased to pay, and since then the losses have been increasing every day. Nothing was said about it at the fireside around which so much happiness had centered during the last year until the other day, when it was suggested by the worried husband that it would be well to cut down expenses. Questions followed, as a matter of course, and then it had to be confessed that the business was not going well.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the distressed woman when all the truth had been revealed to her. "I must begin praying again tonight!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Famous London Tavern.

The Mermaid was the name of a famous London tavern frequented by noted literary men and actors during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. All the wit and talent of the time assembled there for convivial enjoyment. Authors have made it the scene of great mind combats between such men as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Donne and others of reverential memory. It was the gathering place of the celebrated Mermaid club, the origin of which is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. The Mermaid tavern was located in Bread street and was handily reached from three thoroughfares, so that it has been often referred to in various ways. The Mermaid in Bread street, the Mermaid in Friday street and the Mermaid in Cheap street were, however, all one and the same. It was the nearest to Bread street. The Mermaid was destroyed in the great London fire. There were other Mermaid taverns, one in Cheapside and another in Cornhill, but they had no such associations as clung to that of Bread street.

Tolstoi's Sense of Honor.

At one music party at Count Tolstoi's a lady's singing displeased the count's boys, and they adjourned to another room and made a noise. Their father lost patience and went after them, and a characteristic admonition ensued.

"Are you making a noise on purpose?" he asked.

After some hesitation came an answer in the affirmative, "Y-y-yes."

"Does not her singing please you?"

"Well, no. Why does she howl?" declared one of the boys, with vexation.

"So you wish to protest against her singing?" asked Lyeff Nikolaevitch in a serious tone.

"Yes."

"Then go out and say so or stand in the middle of the room and tell every one present. That would be rude, but upright and honest. But you have got together and are squealing like grasshoppers in a corner. I will not endure such protests."—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Would Draw a Crowd.

A singer named Gordon once complained to Handel of the style of his accompaniments, which attracted the attention from the singer, saying that if he did not accompany him better he would jump upon the harpsichord and destroy it.

"Very well," said Handel. "Tell me ven you will do dat, and I vill advertise it. More people vill come to see you jump dan to hear you sing."

It is not pretended by men of any candor in Mr. Bryan's party that there is any great risk of an imperial spirit growing up in our own country, but only that in the governing by the chief executive of far away dependencies an imperialism will be necessary and that in time this may react upon American institutions at home as well as abroad. The argument is punctured by the suggestion that the governing of our insular possessions by commissioners appointed by the president is only temporary, that the power rests in congress and not in the president, who only acts while waiting for congress to act, and that the president is an executive abroad as he is at home, charged with carrying out the will of congress. A few words of dispassionate explanation and a few moments of calm reflection will reassure the most timid.

Mr. Bryan's convention declared with emphasis that the Filipino people should be given a stable government at the earliest possible moment, and then turned and berated soundly the Republican administration for trying its best to do that very thing although, in its efforts, it has secured for commissioners to the Philippines the best men in the nation, not one of whom is a politician or in an way affiliated with partisan politics.

Stone street was the first street in New York city paved with cobblestones; hence its name. The paving was done in the year 1657.

THE POWER OF WORLD'S OPINION.

Clear headed economists have long since agreed that our government is by public opinion, that there is a power in the convictions of the people that neither combinations of politicians nor aggregations of capital dare to override for any considerable period of time. There is a power in public sentiment that has its way in due process of time. It may be a trifle slow in realizing its aim, but its final authority is not seriously questioned.

But not all see as clearly that there is a world opinion as certainly as there is a public opinion and that it has its way in affairs affecting the whole world as certainly as public opinion finally has its way in domestic affairs, but such is the fact. There is a power in world-opinion that exerts a restraining influence upon all that nations do.

For this reason it has ever been the policy of nations to issue manifestos justifying their wars or international policies of any sort and it is very seldom that a policy affecting the world at large is entered upon that does not command the sanction of at least a respectable following among the nations.

And it is this world opinion crystalized into international law that has modified in many ways the policy of the Republican administration at Washington. The unknowing do not see this because the public is not and can not be taken into the confidence of the administration while negotiations are pending, but only after they have been consummated and an historical perspective has been afforded to the incident.

Behind the diplomatic screne a world of work was going on that those outside knew little of but could only surmise, and if sometimes the public felt that there was needless delay at Washington it was because the public could not see what was going on at Washington and why the moment for action had not come. The president's action was influenced by world opinion when politicians and newspapers were concerning themselves with what appeared to be the opinion of the public about them.

It is because the United States wants the friendship of all the world that there must be a prudent, politic man in the presidential office and not an enthusiast who entertains the idea that because the United States is, to a certain degree, off by itself it can do what it wishes without regard to the sentiment of other nations.

This world is fast becoming a co-operative, and yet competitive, family of nations, each member of which must consult the others in regard to whatever it does that affects in any way the rights or privileges of other nations or their subjects. No nation can any longer live to itself alone.

With entangling alliances we may well dispense, but we can not disregard the comity of nations without incurring the enmity of nations and to incur the enmity of nations is to suffer in commerce, in influence, in industrial life and in a thousand ways that would tend to make conflicts frequent and security uncertain.

Only Washington and Lincoln have been called upon to handle diplomacy with so much circumspection as William McKinley and the masterly manner in which he, and his advisers, have dealt with the other nations of the world has challenged the admiration of the world.

The wise course is, therefore, to keep him right where he is until the Asiatic entanglements have all been straightened out and the commercial status of the United States with relation to transpacific commerce has become definitely assured.

The oratorical Bourke Cochran who, like Mr. Bryan, has the gift of eloquence but is left without a very abundant store of common sense or information, declares specifically that two antagonistic tendencies in government can not safely be permitted to exist in one government at the same time for the reason that one will eventually overpower the other. The gentleman has evidently not heard of the checks and balances of the American constitution and of the fact that we have in our form of government some survival of every form of government that ever existed on earth. In mass conventions we have pure Democracy, representative government in legislatures and congresses, the royal prerogative in the appointive power of the president and governors, an aristocracy in the special functions which are reserved to the senate. These antagonistic elements work in an almost perfected harmony and government would be impossible without them. If the born orator only knew what he is talking about he would be a power in the land, but he generally does not. He usually depends for his information on inspiration which is just as likely to come from below as from above.

A Match Trick.

A feat which any one can perform with little or no practice is that of placing 14 matches upon a table and lifting them all up upon one of the matches. This is how it is done: Pick out one match—the one that has the flattest surface—and then place six of the other matches about one-fourth each across the first one, each of the six being parallel to each other and the thickness of a match distant from each other. Next place six other matches one-fourth each across the first match, but from the other side, all parallel and in the spaces left by the arrangement of the first six matches. Now take the fourteenth match, lay it over the 12 matches where they intersect, and by carefully lifting match No. 1 and holding match No. 14 in place you will accomplish without difficulty the feat.—Adelaide Herrmann in Woman's Home Companion.

The Jefferson Bible.

"The Jefferson Bible in the Smithsonian institution," says the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record, "has never been printed. The manuscript remains as it left Jefferson's hands, and, although several persons have proposed from time to time to print it, no one has ever done so. The Bible consists only of the teachings of Christ, extracts from the gospel arranged in chronological order from his birth to his ascension, and nothing else. All controversial passages are left out."

Knew She Was Ugly.

The Duchess of Orleans, mother of the regent who governed France during the monarchy of Louis XV, was notorious for her ugliness. She wrote:

"From early youth I knew how ugly I was and hated to have people look sharply at me. I never cared for dress, as I knew that diamonds and ornaments would only attract attention to me. Once Countess Soissons asked me why I never turned to look at a mirror in passing, as every other woman did. I told her I could not endure the sight of my own face.

"As a girl I must have been very ugly. I had little, blinking eyes, a pug nose and a big mouth with thick lips. My face was broad and fat and my figure short and stumpy. Nobody would have tolerated me except for my good disposition.

"I don't suppose that there was in the whole world another pair of hands as ugly as mine. The king often told me so, and I laughed, for I was resolved always to laugh at my hideousness. I must confess that I had to laugh very often.

"What surprised me most was that any one could fall in love with me. I was notoriously the ugliest woman at court, yet I was married at 19.

"I often asked my husband if the sight of me were not repulsive and what he had seen in me that induced him to fall in love with me. I never got a satisfactory answer, but I think that I must have had some other attractions which outweighed my ugliness."

On Reading Aloud.

It is a distinct loss that reading is so badly taught and that so few people know anything about the magic of the poets in their use of sound. We read almost exclsively with the eye, although poetry is primarily intended for the ear. Shakespeare wrote almost exclusively for the ear, and we remain unmoved by the wonderful vibration of his great passages until we hear them.

Poetry ought always to be heard first and read afterward. If the best of Browning is sympathetically and intelligently interpreted by the voice, the much discussed obscurity is not in evidence. Many people find, for instance, a little difficulty in getting the clear and full significance of "The Portrait of the Last Duchess" when they read it for the first time, but it fastens itself instantly on the imagination if it is well read.

A good deal of time now devoted to commentaries and text study might profitably be given to reading the text aloud without note or comment. A work of art slowly discloses its full meaning, and familiarity with it is the first condition of comprehension.—Hamilton Mabie in Harper's Bazar.

London Bakers, 1310.

In 1310 we find the following Bow bakeresses accused of selling halfpenny loaves deficient in weight: Sarra Foting, Christina Terrice, Godiyeva Foting, Matilda de Bolingtone, Christina Prichet, Isabella Sperling, Alice Pegges, Johanna de Countebrigge and Isabella Pouveste. One wonders why the husbands were not summoned. In a similar case in 1316, when Agnes Foting's bread was seized, it was "adjudged that her bread should be forfeited and given to the prisoners in Neugate because her husband did not come to avow (own) the bread." Are we to assume that in the absence of the husbands the bread was merely forfeited without the infliction of a fine?

An indication of the importance of the breadmaking business is also found in an enactment of the reign of Henry III to the effect that "every cart of Bremble (Bromley-by-Bow) or Stevenhethe (Stepney) that comes into the city with bread shall pay each day 1 halfpenny."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Birds and "Old" Coins.

A French physician lately had an opportunity to observe a pointe de Paris which had been lying for several days in the stomach of a child and found that the gastric juice had acted upon the smallest particles of the article, blunting the blade and point and giving the medal a brown color. In this manner might be explained the process used in Italy to produce old coins and medals. Large birds are made to swallow roughly stamped coins with the image of Tiberius or Caligula. After awhile the animals give off again the coins, upon which meanwhile an appreciable layer of patina has formed. This result is apparently due to the action of the gastric juices.—Jeweler's Circular-Weekly.

FUNNY HUMAN NATURE.

A Little Story That Illustrates Some of Its Peculiar Phases.

Young men can never tell where to look for an ally in their love affairs. A few afternoons ago one of them was leaving a handsome residence in the upper part of the city. He walked unsteadily, he will never be paler, and it was evident that he was in great trouble. He scarcely noticed the brisk approach of the old gentleman who owns the house and the daughter, though the suitor had been diligently dodging the father for months.

"Hello! What's this? Sick?" and the old gentleman firmly planted himself in the way of the retreating lover. "You're not fit to go out in this storm, young man. Come inside. Take a drop of cordial. What do you mean, risking your life like this?"

"Not there, sir," in a faint voice. "I'll never enter that house again. Your daughter just refused me."

Now the father had told her a score of times to "get rid of that chap," but he is sympathetic and choleric.

"What," pounding the walk with his cane, "refused you? Jilted you? Put you in this awful state? The minx! She'll hear from me! Look as though you were dying, poor fellow! How many times have you asked her?"

"Once."

"Only once? Thunderation, man, I'll bet I asked her mother 50,000 times before she'd have me! It's in the blood. Come in here. No, take a walk around the block and then come. The idea of that girl thinking that she knows her own mind! It's absurd! Brace up, now. We'll bring her to time."

And it looks as though they would. The old gentleman looks sheepish, the girl laughs often without apparent cause, and the youth calls regularly.—Detroit Free Press.

Tommy's Triumph.

"Please, sir," asked Tommy of his teacher, "what is meant by the 'soothing weed?'"

"Does your father smoke, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Tommy.

"And what does he smoke?" asked the teacher.

"Bacca!" cried Tommy.

"Tobacco, you mean, Tommy," corrected teacher. "Well, tobacco is often called 'the soothing weed.' But it is tobacco, Tommy, not 'bacca.' There is no such word in the dictionary."

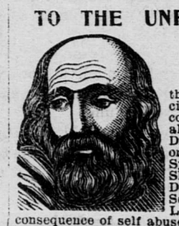
"Yes, there is, sir," cried Tommy.

"You're mistaken, Tommy, there is not," said teacher severely. "But," he added, with a superior smile, "if you can show me the word 'bacca' in an English dictionary I will let you home an hour earlier than usual."

Tommy seized his dictionary, hastily turned over the leaves and pointed triumphantly to the word "bacca," "a fruit having seeds."

Teacher floored and Tommy triumphant.—London Answers.

TO THE UNFORTUNATE



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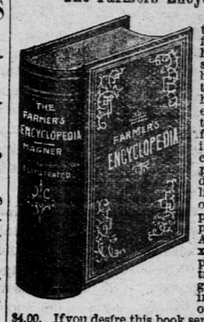

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