

OLD-FASHIONED SONG.

I want my dear in snow day,
I want my dear in rain;
When spring is here, when, warm and gay,
The summer comes again.

I want my dear when I am glad
And buoyant life is strong;
I want my dear when I am sad
And sorrows come along.

I want my dear at day's break,
In the pale stealing light;
When fading stars see sun's awake,
When dews are cold and bright.

I want my dear to guide my hand,
To love me and to cheer;
To-day the hour is lagging, and
I want my dear.

WHY SHE WAS DISCHARGED.

DOROTHY BENSON laid down her with a sigh of satisfaction. "There, that is too good for space-filling and ought to go into my new book, but—ho, hum! such bits make me valuable to the Town and Home, and it may mean a few dollars on my salary when the new man buys into the firm; I wonder who he is with all his dollars and a literary bee in his bonnet. If he will please not discharge me until I give mamma a summer in the country, I will be thankful. Ah, mamma and I do not fear poverty, for papa's losses were all honorable ones and his name was kept clean; I think the poor dear could not have died in peace if he had owed a penny. With that to keep us happy mummy will not miss her high teas and I"—here a little lump came in her throat—"I shall not miss being out of the 'set.'"

"They want the copy for the second form," said a voice at her elbow, and the musings of the pretty young assistant editor were cut short while she made numerous scrawls on the top of various manuscripts—such as "ten-point lead," or "close up" and "cuts to follow," and the begrimed boy disappeared behind the great doors that shut the whirring machines from the commodious offices.

Miss Benson leaned back and closed her eyes for a moment, and as she did so the face of Jack Macomber rose in her vision, and she let herself dwell on the past.

She often dreamed of this face—sometimes it seemed happy and careless of her sufferings, but to-day she saw it grave and sad, as it was that last day when cruel words had separated them.

"I would own how sorry I am if I were not so poor and he so rich, but to speak now is to allow him to think poverty—but this was as far as she could think, for the tears were coming fast. "I'll go home now and see little mother and she will cheer me up; my article on 'Criminal Children' is so good I can sleep happy."

She went out into the spring afternoon and walked down the avenue. "The 15th of April—and only two years ago Jack and I went to M— on a little horseback party and he bought me a great bunch of violets and fastened them on the bride!" She bought a tiny bunch now and placed them in her coat—just for "aud lang syne."

As she climbed the stairs to her tiny apartments she felt that it was not well, and she was not surprised to find her mother quite ill, and all thoughts of self and her own headache were banished.

It was a week before she was able to return to the office, the proof pages were sent each morning and she worked on them hurriedly, and that was why she woke one morning with a sudden start and the instant wideawake conviction that there was an error in a statement in her last article. She felt a cold sweat break out upon her forehead as she thought of it, but she determined to go to the office at once and correct it.

When she came to her desk she found it covered with mail, which she put aside and went at once to the manager's room. She could hear the presses running at full speed and she knew at every pound that dreadful error was being run off.

She found a fresh sheet on her way and opened it, but to her astonishment the error had been corrected. She wondered who had discovered it, for the forms were electrotyped, and to change a word meant to chisel off the old and solder on the new—quite a delicate task.

She did not change her mind, however, but determined to "own up" and apologize for the error. "I hope the new owner has not heard of it, whoever he may be," she thought.

"Ah, yes, a slight error," said the manager, "but don't take it to heart—Mr. Macomber saw it before the pages were electrotyped. You may think him—ah, Mr. Macomber, Jack, one moment, I want you to meet our assistant editor, Miss Benson." Jack's tall, athletic figure rose from behind a roll-top desk and a pair of loving eyes met a pair of frightened ones. Jack—a popular club man, downtown in business—and this very magazine—and her new employer! "Ah, I see you have met before," and the manager went back to his corner.

The pair looked at each other, stammering, confused, but very happy. In a moment all barriers were down. "I am sorry your first duties were to correct my mistakes," she said, and her voice was low and as courteous as it should have been to an employer. There was a twinkle in her eyes now.

"It was a happy employment, and I hope to correct others—one, in fact, that

SCENE OF HIDEOUS ATROCITIES IN WEST AFRICA BROKEN UP.



Recently a British expedition in West Africa, known as the Aro men force, broke up a fetish sacrificial resort that in its horrors has been unsurpassed by any of the hideous superstitions, accompanied by cruel butcheries, that afflict the benighted continent. The place (shown in the cut) is called the Long Ju-Ju, and is located at Aro-Chuku. It was used by the Aro chiefs to play on the superstitions of the Ibo and other races, who were lured to the grove and Ju-Ju springs to consult the mysterious being (or god) who was alleged to live there. The result, of course, was that the supplicants were either sold into slavery, or even too powerful chiefs, they were sacrificed. All sorts of stories are told of this mystery. Hundreds of people visited the place yearly and never returned. Some who never absolutely saw the grotto, being blindfolded, stood in the water by the cave, and heard mysterious voices talking all round them, while the catfish nibbled at their feet and splashed about in the pool. If they were to die the water was supposed to pour out of the source the color of blood. This was probably done by some rascally old priest inside the cavern. There is an entrance into the cavern at the back of the Ju-Ju, and there are to be seen the scaffold and sacrificial knife. The most loathsome thing about the place was the altar of skulls, the stack of captured arms surmounted by a skull, and the alligators and catfish, which were fed on the bodies of those sacrificed. Oloko, the stronghold of Warau Tarril, one of the most powerful of the chiefs, was destroyed by the British after a difficult march through hilly country.

has made me miserable for two long years."

Dorothy Benson made her retreat in a maze of complex thoughts. It was so sweet to see him—to hear his voice; but what should she do? She could not meet him thus every day and under such conditions!

She wondered what new purpose had filled his soul to bring him into business and why—but the office boy laid a letter on her desk as if in answer to her question. It was rapidly written:

Dearest—I found no other way to come into your life—forgive me—I thought I could see you every day and perhaps in time you would find enough good in me to make at least a friend, and I have no other purpose in life than to be worthy of that. But since I have looked into your eyes, I have dared to hope that it has all been a bitter mistake, and that you will let me say all that is in my heart. "Meet me at the noon hour" (doesn't that sound like a working man?) and we will go to a quiet little corner, my princess, and then I will tell you that you are discharged and that we must find a new assistant editor. With all my heart, I am

YOUR JACK.

"Oh, I meant to be so brave and to take care of mummy, and now I shall end with being taken care of, just like any silly, dependent woman! But ah, for Jack's sake I could do anything—even give up a career."

Jack was waiting for her at the door and they went down the avenue together. "I almost wonder we don't walk hand in hand," he said, for he was like a school boy in his happiness, and in mischief she looked up and said: "I had so hoped the new owner would raise my salary and—instead he has discharged me!"—Indianapolis Sun.

TESTS OF DISCIPLINE.

Obedience and Disobedience on the Part of Military Men.

No clear-cut absolute reply, no vade mecum for pocket use, can be furnished defining just when and how, in all cases, a man is justified in disobedience, nor even when he is justified by blind obedience; although the balance of professional judgment must always incline in favor of the latter alternative, writes Captain Alfred T. Mahan in the International Monthly.

When a doubt arises, as it frequently does, between strict compliance with an order and the disregard of it, in whole or in part, the officer is called upon to decide a question of professional conduct. Personal judgment necessarily enters as a factor, but only one of many; and, to be trusted, it needs to be judgment illuminated by professional knowledge and fortified by reflection. Short of that, it is not a safe counselor and has no claim to consideration if cited before a court of final appeal.

The officer at the moment should consider himself, as he in fact is, a judge deciding upon a case liable to be called up to a superior court, before which his conclusion has no claim to respect but because it is his personal opinion, but only in so far as it is supported by the evidence before him. There is, of course, the necessary reservation that the final judgment upon himself for his professional conduct as involved in his decision, will be rendered upon the facts accessible to him, and not upon those not then to be known, though afterward apparent.

Unless qualified by these grave considerations, the phrase, "error of judgment," so facetiously used, is misleading to the popular understanding. Not only so, it is pregnant with serious consequences to the issues of war and to individuals influenced by it.

It is necessary to realize that some errors of judgment are inexcusable because inconsistent with recognized standards; and that disobedience of orders is on its face a fault, a disregard of a settled standard, of an established rule, of such general application

that upon the person who commits it rests the burden of proving that the circumstances commanded his action.

The presumption, in the case of disobedience, is not innocence, but guilt. Mere rule though it be, in its narrow construction and rigid framework the rule of implicit and entire obedience rests upon reasons so sound that its infringement in action can rarely be condoned, when not thoroughly approved.

Nothing can be more disastrous than to trifle with the corner-stone upon which rests the structure of coherent, unified action. The admission into the military mind of anything approaching irreverence for the spirit of military obedience, or levity as regards the letter of the rule in which it is embodied, is the begetter of confusion; and that in turn is the forerunner of defeat. To sit loose to this obligation weakens the sense of responsibility, upon the due realization of which rests not merely literal obedience, but intelligent and deserving disobedience, in the occasional circumstances which call for that.

The recognition of responsibility by the individual, the consciousness that serious regard to it is governing his determinations, is the best moral equipment that a man can have to enable him to sustain the burden of violating instructions, deliberately undertaken upon his own judgment. It is the mens conscia recti in a serious problem of action.

Useful Punishment.

The teacher of a district school in southern New Hampshire has a way of punishing the mischievous ones of her class which is at once severe and useful.

One young man who, as a little boy, was her pupil, says he daily has cause to bless her methods. When he made trouble in the class he was relegated to an uncomfortably high chair in one corner of the room, and set to learning what the teacher called the "advanced multiplication table." On his slate he painfully worked out the problems of "sixteen times nineteen," "fourteen times seventeen" and the multiplication of all numbers up to "twenty times twenty," committing the results to memory.

It was hard work, for arithmetic was, and still is, a weak point with him. But his memory was good, and as he spent much time in the uncomfortable chair, all the advance multiplication table was learned long before he left the district school.

To-day he occupies a situation in which rapid computation is often desirable, and as he carried out his old teacher's idea still further, it is no more of a task for him to find the answer to "twenty-nine times thirty-four" than to "three times six." The hardly learned multiplications once firmly fixed in his mind can never be dislodged, and "nine hundred and eighty-six" flashes into his head with the same certainty that accompanies "eighteen."—Youth's Companion.

The Origin of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Dr. Newman Hall, the evangelist, who died recently, tells in his autobiography of his visit to Harriet Beecher Stowe. At that time Mrs. Stowe was living at Hartford in a comfortable house built with the proceeds of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

We spent a long forenoon together, writes Dr. Hall, she finishing a drawing, I coloring a sketch. Mrs. Stowe told me how her tale of Uncle Tom originated. She was at a communion service when suddenly the death scene of the story was presented vividly to her mind. This was the germ of the whole. It was written first, and suggested the rest of that marvelous book.

Cabmen for Parliament.

Several cabmen are to be run as candidates at the forthcoming parliamentary elections in Belgium by the men's trade union at Brussels.

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

An officer, in order to execute civil process, cannot climb through an open window of the defendant's dwelling, if that is an unusual place of entry, holds the Court of Civil Appeals of Texas in the case of Hillman vs. Edwards (93 S. W. Rep. 788.)

The salaries of public officers receiving no more than \$5,000 a year are held in Dickinson vs. Johnson (Ky.), 54 L. R. A. 596, to be exempt, on grounds of public policy, from the payment of their debts. With this case is a note on the exemption of officer's salary from claims of his creditors.

A restriction of the number of persons which lodging house keepers may permit to occupy one room during the same night is held, in Bailey vs. People (Ill., 54 L. R. A. 818), to be a deprivation of property without due process of law, because of the discrimination in limiting the provision to lodging house keepers.

An island was formed in a navigable stream, and by reason of its accretions gradually joined the mainland. In an action of ejectment to determine the ownership of the island, the Supreme Court of California in the case of Glassell vs. Hansen (67 Pac. Rep., 954) holds that the island, with the accretions, belonged to the State and its grantees, and not to the owner of the mainland.

On the issue of insane delusions, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in re Bennett's Estate (51 Atl. Rep., 336), holds that it is never a question of soundness of view, but the proper inquiry always is whether the party imagined or conceived something to exist which did not in fact exist, and which no rational persons, in the absence of evidence, would have believed to exist.

In a suit between son and father, brought by the son to recover compensation for services which he rendered his father, also a physician, in his practice, a verdict of \$11,000 in favor of the son was reversed by the Supreme Court of Michigan on the ground that the verdict was not sustained by the evidence, and testimony was admitted calculated to prejudice the jury against the defendant.

Under an act authorizing a town to issue bonds and use the proceeds to pay other bonds legally issued and remaining unpaid, the Court of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey (51 Atl. Rep., 274) holds that the holder of such unpaid bonds is entitled to payment of them, even though judgments have been recovered upon the coupons taken from said bonds after the bonds became due, when the proper municipal authorities had determined they shall be paid under the provisions of the act.

Right to an injunction to compel the restoration of a stairway in favor of the owner of an easement in the use of it was sustained in Ives vs. Edison (Mich.), 50 L. R. A. 134, where after refusal of permission to change its location and during the pendency of an appeal from a decision denying an injunction against invasion of the easement the stairway had been removed from its original place. The fact that the cost of restoration might be greater than the injury to the complainant was not deemed sufficient to defeat the remedy in such a case.

"Trek-Bokken."

This is the name given by the Dutch settlers of South Africa to the periodical migrations of the antelope from the upper veld to the lower lands. These removals are described by the author of "Kloof and Karroo."

In old days these trek-bokken were a source of the greatest alarm and danger to the colonist; quite as great, in fact, as the locust flights. Countless thousands of antelopes, impelled by drought and the loss of their more secluded pastures, migrated from their true nursery and headquarters into more fertile districts in the interior of the colony.

A trek-bokken might be witnessed for a whole day, and the veld would be left denuded of every scrap of pasture. The immense numbers of the antelopes literally swept everything before them, and farmers frequently lost whole flocks in consequence. From sheer press of numbers, the antelopes cannot retreat, and one has to be careful to keep out of their way.

As the leading antelopes feed and become satiated, they fall back and allow those in the rear to come to the front. But for this provision of instinctive nature, the rear guard would be starved to death, for those in front, of course, leave not a particle of nourishment as they pass. On these occasions the antelopes are wedged so tightly that escape is impossible; and indeed it is actually on record that lions have been carried along, whether they would or no, in the midst of a trek-bokken.

Child Industry in Denmark.

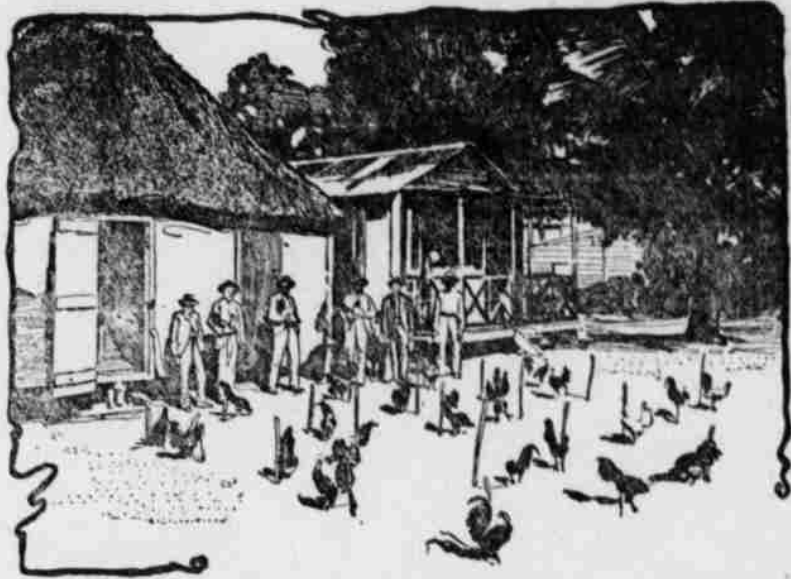
The children of Denmark are taught to knit when but 5 years old. Even in the public schools this is quite an institution, although the private schools make it an absolute rule, one hour each day being given to that industry. The same rule applies in the home life, one hour being devoted daily either to sewing, knitting, crocheting, embroidery or lacemaking. Nor is this considered sufficient; the young woman of the family is supposed never to be idle, she must always have something on hand to be taken up. If a chance visitor comes in, or a friend arrives for the day, both have their needlework with them.

An Escape.

Willie—Say, that boy sliding down hill with me this morning got run over and killed. I'm glad it wasn't me. Gee, what a lickin' I'd have got!—Smart Set.

Blessed is the wife who is not too strenuous in managing her silent partner.

PORTO RICAN COCK FIGHT CORRAL.



Within a few months, thanks to the humane sentiment of Americans, a most necessary reform will probably be well under way in Porto Rico. Cruelty to animals will henceforth be a crime. The Porto Rican is essentially cruel. Consideration for animals seems to be beyond his comprehension. Horses and cattle there get little food and many blows. The only interference with the brutality everywhere apparent is by Americans as individuals. Chickens are tied together, sometimes in bunches of from eight to a dozen,

and are hurled in a promiscuous heap on the sidewalk, or carried suffering for hours. To see a dog hurt is a pleasure to the average Porto Rican, and when a tired horse falls and is clubbed, the native spectator always guffaws. The most shocking sport of all, however, and one which the Hartzell bill is intended to abolish, is cockfighting. Every Sunday, within a short distance of San Juan, this form of recreation attracts a crowd of natives and a sprinkling of Americans to Catano, Bayamon, Santurce or Rico Piedras.

FORTUNE FOR A HUSBAND.

Wealthy Filipino Father Offers \$500,000 for a Son-in-Law.

While the commercial advantages of the Philippine islands are being considered from practically every standpoint by persons interested in one way or another in the development of the Eastern possessions, one phase of the situation seems to have been overlooked. This has to do with matrimony. There are great opportunities in the Philippines for men looking for wives. The opportunities do not apply so directly to the wives themselves as to the special inducements accompanying them, but the combination is sufficiently alluring to tempt most any man who is not particularly averse to taking unto himself a Filipino bride with \$500,000 or so thrown in as an evidence of good will and full consent on the part of the young woman's family. Just now rich natives of the islands

A FLOATING POSTOFFICE.

Handling of Mails for Vessels on the Detroit River.

A small yacht-like white steamer dances over the swells of the Detroit River to meet and exchange messages and salutes with every one of the passing ships—a little midget servant to this enormous commerce. Without this tiny steamer the lake commerce would be as helpless as we of the cities and towns ashore would be without the postman and the postoffice.

The tremendous advance in shipping facilities on the Great Lakes in recent years has been due to tireless American enterprise, fostered by generous appropriations by the government in aids to navigation; so when the need of this little messenger presented itself, the Washington authorities were not slow in making the experiment leading to its adoption.

This method of handling United States mail is the only one of its kind in existence, and the idea of a floating postoffice that successfully delivers and receives mail to and from ships at full speed is only another illustration of the wonders and far-reaching benefits of our wideawake postal system.

The books of the United States Treasury Department in Washington now contain the names of nearly 4,000 ships that constitute the Great Lakes marine. The fresh-water sailors to whom this fleet is intrusted would, in numbers, make the population of a large city. They are, therefore, fairly entitled to some means of communication with their homes and families in the States bordering the lakes, and with friends far away, and the little white steamer performs this service as perfectly as can be desired.

Before the establishment of this delivery it was difficult to send letters to any one aboard ship, although Niagara's wall confined the movement of vessels to the Great Lakes, and their voyages back and forth were past the shores of eight States, with a population of 26,000,000, and their ports of call included six cities of over 100,000 population each. This may seem strange, but it is easily explained by the fact that the greater number of lake steamers "run wild."

MOORE AN INVENTOR.

Weather Bureau Man Has a Machine for Keeping Houses Cool.

Willis L. Moore, who has invented a gravity air-cooling machine, by which houses are to be kept at a 70 degree temperature in hot weather, has had a career of such great success in the field of weather prediction that it is only natural to presume that his small ex-



THE \$500,000 PRIZE BELLE.

are looking for eligible husbands for their daughters, and to be an eligible, a bridegroom must, in the first place, be an American, and, secondly, he must have a soldier's uniform, with a few stripes added to show that he has risen above the rank and file of the army. Such a man is rated high in the Philippines. He can, as a matter of fact, come close to naming his own price when the question of matrimony is brought up. Half a million dollars is no uncommon figure for a husband in the Philippines, and, strange as it may seem, such offers have been posted without causing an army officer to so much as polish the buttons on his uniform. The Filipino maidens do not seem to be awakened that sentimental something called love in the hearts of United States army officers, and it is also apparent that native gold with a wife attached doesn't look good to them.

Army men returned from the Philippines are authority for the statement that there are plenty of chances in the islands for an officer who wants a Filipino girl for a wife. Only recently Gen. Ozario of Cavite, one of the richest natives in the islands, made a surprisingly generous offer to any pair of army officers who would take his two daughters off his hands. He announced that he would bestow a dowry of \$500,000 on each of the young women if they would find officers for husbands. But the girls are still single, and the surprising part of the incident is that Gen. Ozario was in position to deliver the goods. He has both daughters and money, and it would do his old heart a million dollars' worth of good to secure two stalwart American soldiers for sons-in-law, but they refuse to even nibble at the golden bait.

Other wealthy Filipino parents make similar offers with exactly the same results. While it is true that several white men have married Filipino girls, the custom has not spread to officers of the regular army, and only one volunteer officer has done so. Gen. Ozario's offer was restricted to commissioned officers, but others are not so particular. Still, the number of takers is comparatively small, and Filipino belles really go a-begging among Uncle Sam's soldiers of rank.

Few men are capable of answering the arguments of a pretty woman.



WILLIS L. MOORE.

ursion into the field of weather control will be equally successful. It was in Chicago that his great talents first attracted notice. It was solely because of his merit that when in 1886 a vacancy occurred in the position of chief of the United States weather bureau he was chosen to fill it. He was born in 1856 and has been in the weather service of the government ever since he was 21.

Protected Neighborhood.

First Tramp—Have any luck around here? Second Tramp—Awful luck! Half de folks keep dogs an' de udder half keeps woodpiles.—Judge.

Every elderly man can recall when he was first seriously referred to as "old man."