THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans Upon his hoe and gazes at the ground, The emptiness of ages in his face, And on his back the burden of the world. Who made him dead to rapture and despair. A thing that grieves not and that never hopes. Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox? Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw? Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow Whose breath blew out the light within this

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave To have dominion over the sea and land, To trace the stars and search the heavens for

power; To feel the passion of Eternity?

Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns And pillared the blue firmament with light? Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf There is no shape more terrible than this-

More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed-More filled with signs and portents for the soul-More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim! Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades? What the long reaches of the peaks of song, The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose? Through this dread shape the suffering age look;

Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop; Through this dread shape humanity betrayed, Plundered, profaned and disinherited, Cries protest to the Judges of the World,

O, masters, lords and rulers in all lands, Is this the handiwork you give to God, This monstrous thing distorted and sou quenched?

How will you ever straighten up this shape Give back the upward looking and the light; Rebuild in it the music and the dream Touch it again with immortality; Make right the immemorial infamies Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O, masters, lords and rulers in all lands, How will the Future reckon with this Man? How answer his brute question in that hour When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world? How will it be with kindoms and with kings-With those who shaped him to the thing he is When this dumb terror shall reply to God After the silence of the centuries:

BACKWOODS WOOING.

-Edwin Markham

Up the long and slanting hill slope man's figure went slowly, plodding onward after a sturdy black mare and turning up the ground between two tall rows of corn, can't stand foolin." which at times hid him completely from view. The shoulders under the straw hat proclaimed him young and manly, and the of my marrin? I've got money an land an steadiness with which he went forward and years of good times ahead of me. What'd his short stay at the top of the slope be-

spoke him a man of purpose.

Then came galloping through the white

letters and was not excited. However, the boy knew his news was worth attention, and burst out impetuously: "Yer won't be so cool when ver hev heerd it, either. In the afternoon wore away and no lithe, slim figure on a black mare appeared be so cool when ver hev heerd it, either. In the approached the old log little date of the latter and sisters ran out to meet him. He was so overcome by joy and proposed the old log little date of the latter. Picquart's accusations against Esterhazy, the court matial and acquittal of the latter. Picquart's arrest, Zola's "I Accuse" letter, Beck Bailey's man is dead!"

He had the gratification of seeing Marion grow pale to his lips. "What killed 'im?"

"The doctors air callin it blood pizen," returned the boy. "Say, Marion, they're gittin thar hot fut. I seen Tom Pence hitchin up and Cunnel Will hez been thar, high an dry, sence the turn kum."

Still Marion did not speak, but the boy saw his lips tremble. 'Run along, Pete, with the mail. Folks'll all be waiting," he said finally, and Peter, disappointed at nothing more definite, dug his heels into the colt and galloped away.

Then the man unhitched Dolly and, mounted on her bare back, rode down the lane into the sunlit woods, on, or without path or guidepost, deep into the woods until he was sure he was far enough from human beings to be safe. And then, with a shout jubilant enough to frighten the black mare, he threw back his head and laughed a sonorous peal that astonished himself. He knew he was happy and he had come away here to fight the impetuous demons of newly aroused passion and eagerness until he could subdue them enough to be decorous before the world. For he had loved Beck Bailey when she was a slip of a girl and as a young woman, and when she married another he had come away here to the woods to fight out his hatred and misery and rebellion. Nature, dear mother, had calmed him and he even became resigned. But Beck Bailey's man was dead and she was free, and the heart of the man went after her as a bird after the home nest. Beck -slim, sweet Beck, with her laughing, mocking mouth and wonderful changeful eyes! She should be his-for what cared he for Tom Pence and even Colonel Will, the bold, owing, smirking beau? He would go down with the country side and see Beck at the "berryin," but not before. Oh, no-he could wait awhile now.

The "berryin" was a great affair. The Baileys house had been thronged for days, and Beck kept up by a continual state of excitement. It was all grist to her mill, for she loved "somethin goin on," and in this case was almost wild, besides, with a sense of freedom and relief. Her new black clothes made her look "mighty peart," as the women said, and she was the adored and center idol of every one, petted and condoled with, cried over and appealed to for advice and assistance in planning the great funeral.

Never had quiet Edward Bailey made such a stir in the world as now, when, quieter than ever, he lay in state in his black coffin, one "with solid handles." The traditional ceremonies were all gone through with-the weeping, the wailing, the dolorous hymning of quavering voices, the sermon, long and full of eulogy, the farewell to the dead, at which Becky fainted dramatically into her father's arms, and the slow walk to the gravevard near, a long procession of the country people following. It was all over, and, as nightfall came on, the crowd dispersed, wondering what "Beck wud do jist at fust and who'd get 'er.'' For not one had missed Tom Pence at the "berryin," with his pleasant, jovial face and smiling eyes, nor Marion Moore, silent and watchful, nor the "ole cunnel, mussin aroun." They had all been to "berryin's" before, and they all knew Becky Bailey. It was only four years since she set the country mad with her beaux and her fun and her daring escapades.

somer than ever. "An ef the old Nick comin back married?"

to see Beck. She found her in a white dress, lying in a hammock reading a novel. "Whatever air ye doin, Beck?" she said.

"What I please, an plum enjoyin it," "Yeh able to be lazy," sighed Aunt bilsey, "but I wouldn't go ridin jest Dilsey, yit."

Beck's handsome eyes smiled. I wud," she said, "do jist exactly what I pleased. I'm rich an I'm free and I'm goin to enjoy life, an ve can save verselves a power by

er word int'n her."

The next Sunday night there were ten thing so much in her life. She treated

under her black cap. He saw her coming, and crying: away off, and he knew the errand on which "I don't she came, and he had to steel his heart Marion, an we'll live in which ever house his ax calmly, though the blood in his no other one. Take me home, Marion, an

walk Black Nell.

"I must work, Beck," he said. "Life isn't play all around, ye know." "Which means ye won't" she smiled. "But I know ye want to go, plum bad! at least been conquered by her best feel-Ye're play'n a losin game, Marion, fur I ings—Elizabeth Haire in St. Louis Republic. known by yer eye that ye're just the same as ye were," and she laughed tantalizing-'Don't think ye can fool me, Marion. He threw his ax down with angry vehe-

ence and stood looking at her. "I don't know whether ye're witch or what," he said hoarsely, "I am jest the same, Beck, an ye want to look out. I

"I won't marry ag'in. I'm goin to enjoy life," she mocked. "What's the use

I git in exchange!" Marion never answered except by his

So she knew, and since she knew, she mocked him. Well, he had always loved the brier rose. How could he tame this untamable tigress, this guesser of men's secrets and mocker of men's loves? The intutitions of Marion Moore were better than his knowledge of his reason. He guessed that only a real, lasting affection would ever make her more faithful, more tender, more true than any other womanbut how, indeed, was this to come to her?

The mad reports went flying hither and thither. Becky was here, there, every-where. It was Colonel Will and Tom Pence and Arthur Smedley and Henry Carroll. The widow's bonnet was now never worn, and bows of lavender and elaborate black and white toilets were sent for to Cincinnati, and cooking and feasting and fun went on in the Bailey house. Thanksgiving came and Becky was the queen of

the Pence family gathering on that day. One morning Marion Moore was near his favorite wood hunt and stopped to look over the fair river valley and the infinite hills spread out before him like a beautiful winter picture. As he stood quiet there fell from the great tree beside him something rustling and dark and green, a lovely piece of the native mistletoe, with its waxen berries thick and plentiful. A smile would hesitate no longer. He took his bunch of mistletoe and walked away. He would become the wooer, for nature, whom he trusted, had sent him a token. He dressed himself with care and rode his fine chestnut horse up to the side gate in the lane leading to the cluster of cabins that now were turned to various uses. Becky, was just sunset. Perhaps nothing in the world had ever seemed so fair to Marion Moore as this saucy and careless creature who greeted him with a cool triumph which he had expected and ignored. He accepted her invitation to supper and walked by her side to see the promising colts and into the house, and Marion proceeded to make himself comfortable in a very matter of fact way. He looked critically about, much to Becky's astonishment.

"Whatever air ye lookin about fur, Marion?" "Seein ef this house is as comfortable as mine," he made reply.
"Well, it plum is, Marion, she replied,

forced into earnestness. "The outlook is better with yer all, but this house has more comforts." "We could soon put some of 'em inter

mine," he replied musingly. "Yes, ye an I."

"Yer takin a deal fur granted, 'pears ter me. I don't intend to leave here. "Oh, well, we could live here. It is all one ter me, so it is where ye're livin." "I'm bespoke yer askin by two, Mor-on. 'Pears like the men are all crazy." "Ye're good temptation, Beck, but no

one else shall have ye," he said. Her eyes grew luminous. "Well, now, what wud ye do ef ye heard I was off on the marry with one of the others?"

"Don't ye try it?" She was up in arms in a minute. "I'm not tellin ye anything, but ye all air too heady with me, Marion. I got an engagebeaux and her fun and her daring escapades. ment ter go ter Cincinnati tomorrow, an And now she was a widow, rich, hand- ef I say the word what's ter prevent me

hain't let loose in these pairts, I'm a coon," said her own uncle in the bosom of his family.

Marion was quite white, but was equally determined. "If ye go, of course, I'll know it is all up. I'll be at the turn of In four weeks some one met Beck out the road at any time set. That'll end it never sit down ter supper here 'less it's as master. What time'll ye go!''
She set her lips. "Noon!" was all she

replied. He put on his coat and hat. "I wish when I think of some things, I'd never vict prison. During that time the eternal seen ye, little or big, girl or widder, but when I go out in the woods an see the and blacker have become the fumes of corwild, sweet things runnin around, I can't ruption. From time to time there have ochelp lovin ye. It is born in me." Then he went out, having tossed to her

shettin up."

"Then," said Aunt Dilsey, "she curled up like a young cat an I cudn't git anoth-

The next day at noon Marion sat grim church at the crossroads, by appearing among them with a stripling cousin of 17.

During these days Marion Moore never appeared at the Bailey house, nor formed

"I don't want ter go ter Cincinnati, against her to hold his vantage ground ye like, fur I've been fightin my feelin's

The colonel drove Flighty Dan on into prit. tented as this wayward creature who had which concerned him.

Joy Caused His Death

Pardoned Negro Convict Dies Suddenly When he Reached His Old Home.

Ala. He had been convicted of murder several years ago, and was sentenced to be hanged, but secured a new trial and was sent to jail. At the trial Jones protested All this, be it noted, was done before the several years ago, and was sentenced to be hanged, but secured a new trial and was sent to jail. At the trial Jones protested All this, be it noted, was done before the prisoner and in fact all contributions to The marriage of cousins in any story that was published in his paper. that he did not know the gun was loaded. preliminary inquiry, which by law must It was shown that he had not known his precede a formal order to prosecute in a modore Vanderbilt, General Grant and

tributable to an excess of joy.

FRIGHT KILLS A GIRL. Six-year-old Alice Guipal of No 210 hazy. Clinton street, New York, fell under a moving van Tuesday evening. It was stopped just at the edge of her dress. A man rescued her, and she stood on the sidewalk,

it hurts so." "Boo, hoo, Alice thinks she's hurt !" jeered a boy. As her mother took her she looked up and gasped again: "It hurts so," as if the wagon wheel was passing over her. Then she died. Doctors said fright had killed her.

pale and trembling. She cried. "Mamma,

Running Down Rabbits.

Farmers in California are troubled with a pest of rabbits, and at this season of the year have a rounding up of the pests that frees them for a time from their disastrous incursions. When the rabbits are to be rounded up the farmers combine rid the surrounding country of their enemies.

Due notice is served on all the residents for many miles around, and on the date fixed for the drive a cordon, constituted of came to Marion's face. He had been sent several thousand people, is established and a token and one he would accept. He set in motion. These cordons are frequent ly four miles or so in length, and are not only composed of men and women, but include several hundred carriages as well-As the rabbits do not burrow they are easi. ly driven forward in any direction, and advantage is taken of this circumstance to force them to enter large enclosures, with long ago had been the "quarters," but wide open mouths, which have been erected for their reception. As the cavalcade wrapped in a gray shawl he well remembered, was giving directions to some men at work inside the nearest building. It

When the four-footed pests have been driven into the enclosure the entrance is immediately closed and the work of extermination begins. Men armed with clubs come upon the scene, and the rabbits are ruthlessly slaughtered. Their bodies lie everywhere, and in many instances are piled one upon the other to two feet or more in depth.

The Kissing Bug a Fake.

Lives on Plant Juices and Doesn't Attack Persons While Asleep.

When State Zoologist Fernald was asked about the "kissing bug" that is alleged to have infested the cities of the State. He smiled and replied: "I have known that tune. bug for fifteen years. It was only recently, however, that I heard of its alighting on the lips of persons, especially at night. That story is a 'fake,' as the bug lives off plant juices. I do not say that the bug would not bite a person, but the stories that have been sent out about it I do not belive true. It was a clever newspaper invention.

He Knew Not the Word.

"Did your father bring you?" asked a teacher in a West Virginia mountain Sun-

day school of a small new pupil."
"Me what?" "Your father." "Nome."

"Did you come alone?" "Who came with you?"

"Me pap."-Harper's Bazar.

The Martyr of Devil's Island.

Brief Review Showing the Present Status of the The Noted Publisher and Owner of Famous Dreyfus Case.

The return of Drevfus to France and the riding with the "cunnel." The news with ever way. Lord, ye're a went like wildfire. Aunt Dilsey went over hard one! I won't stay ter supper. I'll new court martial marks another chapter in this celebrated cause which has disgraced

France. It has been almost five years since the martyr of Devil's island was arrested, secretly tried and railroaded off to a concurred in the midst of this cloud explosions-sensational incidents which might the fresh branch of mistletoe, and thus left be likened to lightning flashes. All the her the memory of a day, long ago when they were little more than children and he grumblings as of thunder. Now it looks

weird, waxen berried growth, and had Nothing less than a thick volume could kissed her, the first kiss of love and desire contain the whole history of the case, with saddle horses and buggies tied to the posts and the fence. Beck never enjoyed any- which had never left her.

she had ever known, and the memory of all its developments and ramifications, but possibly a brief review of the main incidents is appropriate.

every one alike, gave them cake and home-made wine, laughed, joyed and turned them all out at 10 o'clock, inviting them all out at 10 o'clock, inviting them More than once the general public has trot for money. He devoted the later to call again. But the next Sunday night there was no Becky at home, and she electrified the small audience at the Methodist man live who would carry Becky Bailey national defense to a foreign power. An He practically founded the New York

one of the young men-aye, even the mid- came nearer. He drew an awful breath as Walzin Esterhazy and Colonel du Paty de Hartford, he learned the printing trade, dle aged and old men—who never failed to crowd about the young widow whenever Will's Flighty Dan famed throughout the throwing suspicion on another, and, cast-where he worked as proofrea she rode into the country town on Sunday country. It was that old profligate, was ing about, selected Alfred Dreyfus, captain

ground for the spring tobacco, she came Marion would have done he never knew, Count Esterhazy containing a memorandum riding down the lane towards him, her black skirts flying, her cheeks blazing and left dors and fluttering feathers, came to Colonel Schwartzkoppen of the German weekly, but he had ambitions, and he deher tendrillike curls all falling down from running toward him, holding out her hands embassy, so that it would be interjected the foreign war office. It imitated the and popular writer, to contribute to The handwriting of Dreyfus. When received Ledger. He paid her the unprecedented against her to hold his vantage ground ye like, fur I've been lightlin my feelin's by Coloner Santherr, the department's que plan of advertising by publishing a the mansions are absoluted by though the blood in his no other one. Take me home, Marion, an officers were called for and secured and part of the first installment of the story in out any justification."

In the meantime, on this same day of should be put "au secret," George Jones, a negro convict, died of should see him except the chief warden, The Ledger's palmiest days never to issue an excess of joy on Tuesday as a result of who was to take him his food. The chief any of its serials in book form. Mr. Bonhis liberation from prison at Montgomery, warden was also told to give the prisoner ner was always very careful about his stor-

the embrace of his relatives. He had com-plained of no ill health and his death is at-tion of Cavaignac, Brisson and Beaurepaire tion of Cavaignac, Brisson and Beaurepaire and finally the order for revision and for the arrest of Du Paty de Clam and Ester-

> On June 7th the commandant of Devil's island saluted his prisoner, informed him of the verdict of the court of cessation and the restoration of his rank. Later Dreyfus

> sailed for France on the cruiser Sfax. Now he is to be brought before the court martial and given a chance to prove his innocence. As it has already been well established that others were guilty, this ought to be a simple matter. But the restoration of Dreyfus to freedom and his military rank by no means wipes the slate clean. France must pay the penalty for injustice.

Wonderful Siberia.

Siberia is a topic which is a good deal in the air just now by reason mainly of the announcement that the Czar is carrying into ractical effect the project announced some weeks ago of abandoning the convict-settlement system. It has always been the custom, not only in our generation, but for the last 200 years, to regard "Siberia" as an expressive synonym for all that is cruel, pitiless and horrible.

As a matter of fact, however, the real Siberia, so far from being a country of desolation, is as green and fertile . and as Australia. It is doubtful if the ressians have any very definite ideas about the marvelous fertility of this territory, which occupies so large a space on the map of Asia. A man who traveled through the country a few years ago from the Caspian to Vladivo-stock, by way of Omsk, Tomsk and Irkutsk. was deeply impressed at every point of the journey with the wonderful agricultural possibilities which are latent every-

where. The soil is of great richness and the crops, wherever the country is cultivated, are of most phenomenal abundance. For the most part it has lain idle so long that its productive power is almost illimitable. The forest tracts are luxuriant and the natural irrigation system magnificent. There is room in Siberian for 20,000,000 of colonists and an abundant living for them all, without drawing upon the equally extensive mineral resources of this wonderful country.

Texas Lily An Heiress. A Little Girl Who is Now in Pittsburg to Get a For-

"Texas Lily," a little girl who until reently was in the Children's Home at Washington Pa., has been made heir toa large

estate in the State of Texas. The girl is but 10 years of age and was a short time ago given a home in a family in Pittsburg, where she is now living. Harry McCormick, a representative of a wealthy Texas ranchman, came to Washington to secure information concerning the child. The mother of the child was form-

erly of Washington, but went to Texas some years ago and married a son of this wealthy ranchman. Her husband died and she, with her only child came North. The mother died and the child was placed in the County Home. The grandfather of the child on its father's side learned that the little one was still living, and, being old and wishing to make his will, sent McCormick to make inquiries concerning her.

Robert Bonner Dead.

Robert Bonner, publisher of the New York Ledger and owner of famous horses, died last Thursday night in New York Mr. Bonner had been ill for some months but was able to be about until about ten days ago. Death was due to a general breaking down of the system.

There were with him when he died Robert Edwin Bonner and Francis Bonner, his sons, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bonner, son and daughter-in-law, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ford, daughter and son-in-law. Mr. Bonner enjoyed remarkable health

until a year ago, when his life-long friend, Rev. John Hall, died. A second shock to him was the death of his son, Andrew Allen Bonner, on December 27th last. After this 'Mr. Bonner's temperament changed completely. He made fewer trips to his magnificent farm near Tarrytown, and contented himself with a short drive daily.

Robert Bonner owned the fastest horse in the world, and he would not let them years of his life to the study of the horse' hoof—a subject about which he undoubted

York. where he worked as proofreader and assistant foreman in the office of afternoon. Being the only man she missed. It, who was to win the brier rose? An awded, Beck grew restive and one October day, when Marion was clearing up a new bit of ling, "Kill him, kill him, kill him, kill him," What line of the artillery, as the most logical culprit upon whom to fasten their guilt.

According a bordereau was written by the artillery, as the most logical culprit upon whom to fasten their guilt.

According a bordereau was written by the artillery, as the most logical culprit upon whom to fasten their guilt.

According a bordereau was written by the artillery, as the most logical culprit upon whom to fasten their guilt. owner failed Bonner bought the paper. For cided to make it a paper for general reading. by French secret employees and brought to He employed Fanny Fern. then a rising by Colonel Sandherr, the department's price of \$100 a column and began his univeins ran as riotous a course as is a brook's lim plum tired of being wild. I want ter after a storm. How Beck laughed as she live quieter'n any one."

Dreyfus was suggested by Col. du Paty de live quieter'n any one."

Dreyfus was suggested by Col. du Paty de live quieter'n any one." had only in The Ledger. The effect was "I haven't been up here fur years," she Cincinnati alone, and Becky went with Commandant du Paty de Clam was magical. The Ledger grew and thrived as charged with the preliminary inquiry, and no publication had ever grown before. He Commandant du Paty de Clam was magical. The Ledger grew and thrived as ing the chestnut and Marion walking, and there was no wild bird that had ever built a asking him to call at the war office the next the highest sums for novels. Perhaps "Nornest in the woodlands near that was as con- morning and receive a communication wood," a story by Henry Ward Beecher, for which the famous divine was paid a fabulous price, was more thoroughly adver-Oct. 14th, General Mercier, the minister of tised than any other story that ever ran in war—a violent and anti-Semite—ordered a cell to be prepared for Dreyfus in the den Hand," by Mrs. Southworth, and Cherche-Midi prison. He also ordered "The Gunmaker of Moscow," by Sylvanus that the prisoner's name should not be in-scribed in the prison register, that he the stories published, and they were repeat-'so that no one ed several times. It was the custom in

Then came galloping through the white dust of the road below a lanky boy on a roan horse in whose veins was the racing blood of generations. Clear and flutelike came the call, "Marion, oh, Marion!"

Marion never answered except by instance of the case, and after investigation granted Jones a pardon.

It was an unexpected piece of good for tune to the negro, and when he was releasing out of the case. The most strik
Marion never answered except by instance of the case and after investigation granted Jones a pardon.

It was an unexpected piece of good for tune to the negro, and when he was releasing to the prison walls he hur
Marion?"

Marion never answered except by instance of the case, and after investigation granted Jones a pardon.

It was an unexpected piece of good for tune to the negro, and when he was releasing out of the case. The most strik
Marion never answered except by instance of the case and after investigation granted Jones a pardon.

It was an unexpected piece of good for tune to the negro, and when he was releasing out of the case. The most strik
Marion never answered except by instance of the court men who loved horses and the condemned man before he had even been informed of the charge against him and for the pleasure they gave them weeks before the verdict of the court men tial. Since the arrest there have been more than a score of sensational episodes and the condemned man before he had even been informed of the charge against him and for years he weeks before the verdict of the court men the plant of the charge against him and his trief to the charge against him and his trief to the charge against him and his trief. Since the arrest there have been man before he had even been informed of the charge against him and his trief. Since the arrest there have been man before he had even been informed of the charge against him and his trief. Since the arrest there have been man before he had even been informed of the charge against him and his trief. Since the arrest there have been man befo ing blood of generations. Clear and flutelike came the call, "Marion, oh, Marion, handsome Marion, came leisure-ly up to the rails. He did not expect any letters and was not excited. However, the letters and was not excited and letters and conduct to his sons. His theory was that most picturesque spot overlooking Arlingmany of the alleged diseases of the horse, ton, the Potomac and the city of Washespecially those that bring on lameness, are emotion that he swooned away and died in his trial and conviction for contempt, fol- the result of ignorance of the structure of under his direction and their feet properly 'balanced.' As a result his horses were

> never lame. Endeavorers' Big Army.

Membership Increased to 3,500,000 in 55,813 Sccieties. Enthuslasm at Detroit.

Earnestness characterized the work and

enthusiasm the demeanor of the army of nearly twenty thousand members of the vines and its view of Arlington and the Christian Endeavor Society who gathered in annual convention at Detroit, Mich., last week. Their first business meeting was held last Thursday, when ten thousand persons were present, and the plaudits of the vast throng on hearing the report of the General Secretary of the United States was ample testimony of their gratification over the great success attained by the organization since its inception in 1881. With a total membership of 3,500,000 people, representative of more than half the nations of the globe, the possibilities before the society in the way of the exten- educated in her stepfather's school, gradsion of its influence throughout the United uating in 1835, and marrying in 1840 States and the Old World are almost un- Frederick H. Southworth, of Utica, N. Y.,

limited. Secretary John Willis Baer submitted later on, and is supposed to have died his annual report, in which the following, abroad. among other remarkable statements, appeared: "The official enrollment is 55.813 societies, with a total membership of 3,- umbia, making desertion a cause for di-500,000. Christian Endeavor has borne fruit, and is to-day one of the many other agencies for increasing the membership of the churches of Christ. During the last

Methodists, in Canada the Methodists and in the United States the Presbyterians.

"The Christian Endeavor 'Tenth Legion' now numbers 14,700 members, who are giving not less than one-tenth of their incomes to God.
"Pennsylvania, including the Junior

societies, now has over five thousand societies within its borders; New York, over four thousand; Ohio and Illinois, over three thousand; Indiana and Outario, two thousand; Iowa, Michigan, Kansas, Massachusetts, over fifteen hundred; California, Missouri and New Jersey, not far behind with over one thousand each.

Rev. Dr. Frances Clark was re-elected president of the United Societies. Every meeting of the immense convention was characterized by intense enthu-

Among the distinguished delegates present and taking an active part in the convention were Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps." Mrs. F. E. Clark, Mrs. Joseph Walker, of Queensland, Australia, Mrs. Scott Williams, of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, Miss Jessie Ackerman, Chicago, Ill., Hon. John Charlton, M. P. of Ontario and Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, of New York.

-First boy-Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker, and makin' you wear them old boots. Second boy-He's nothin' to what you father is. Him a dentist, and your baby only got one tooth.

Vision of Splendor Gone.

Stone Will do Without the New Luxuries in His Mansion. An Outcry at Extravagance. Board of Public Buildings and Grounds Gives Up the Fine Plans for Oil Paintings and Marble Busts.

Dismayed at the protests that have been so vigorously made by press and people against the addition to the Executive Mansion of new rooms, an elevator, decorations, statues, marble busts, pictures, etc., at a time when the public treasury is so low that a cut of a million dollars had to be made in the school fund, the Board of Public Buildings and Grounds has determined not to give out the contracts for these new things, and the bidders will have trouble for their reward.

It was the original intention to make alterations, repairs and adornments to the Executive Mansion at a cost of almost \$30,-000, but that money will not now be spent The Board held a meeting recently, and what they did is best told in the words of superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds T. Larry Eyre, in a statement made public.

LARRY EYRE'S HUMOR.

It is as follows: "At a meeting of the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings the question of furnishing the man-sion was considered. The items disallowed. None of these expenses will be incurred. The Board has had no intention at any time to make these expend-

itures. The Governor opposed the outlay. "These items were in the schedule of possible things required during the coming year, like many other items that get into the schedule under the law requiring awarded to the bidders cannot be purchased except on requisition subsequently approved by the Board. The articles appearing in the papers charging Governor Stone with needless and extravagant repairs to the mansions are absolutely false and with-

THE GOVERNOR "STOOD IN."

This statement is not even fooling a blind man. That Governor Stone opposed the expenditure is all balderdash, calculated to throw dust in some people's eyes. The Governor, as a member of the Commission. helped to make out the schedule for the adornment of the palace he occupies, and he assisted at the opening of the bids, and he could not help being aware of all that

was going on. That the useless extravagance was checked by the information concerning it made public is known to everybody now, and what was whispered in the past, that the work has been abandoned, is only confirmed by superintendent Eyre's statement. But, perhaps, superintendent Eyre's disavowal has a string to it. It may well to keep an eye open.

Mrs. Southworth Dead.

Writer of Sixtu Novels and a Most Popular Author. Washington's only native novelist of prominence, Mrs. Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte Southworth, died Friday June 30th in the 80th year of her age, at her little

But now the city has grown beyond it. the foot and consequent bad shoeing. He its immediate neighborhood is crowded proved his theories to be sound by always having the great horses he owned shod under his direction and their feet properly excursionists and railway employes and others who frequent the numerous eating houses and saloons. Her view to the eastward was cut off by a street railway sta-

tion several years ago, and her property was damaged by the construction of its ap proaches. Altogether, the rather shabby-looking nouse behind the primitive fence, surrounded by untidy locust trees, has little beauty left, except in its abundant honeysuckle

Here Mrs. Southworth has written fully half of the sixty books which have made her reputation, many of them having been republished abroad in French, German and Spanish, and here, attended by her daughter, Mrs. James Valentine Lawrence, of Yonkers, N. Y.: her son, Dr. Richmond J. Southworth, and his wife, Mrs. Blanche Porter Southworth, of Yonkers, she has

been dying of old age through the week. Mrs. Southworth was born in Washing ton the day after Christmas, 1819, and an eccentric inventor, who disappeared

For Mrs. Southworth's benefit Congress passed the first law for the district of Colvorce, but, against the advice of her friends Mrs. Southworth refused to avail herself

While teaching the public schools from ten years one million and one-half of our members have joined the church.

"In England the Baptists lead in Christ-"
"Retribution," the one first issued in book ian Endeavor, in Australia the Wesleyan form, appearing in that shape in 1849. Her stories were very popular, and she produced them rapidly and constantly from that time on.

Besides 60 novels in book she is said to have written twice as many uncollected stories, supporting herself and her children from the proceeds.

Good Fresh Whiskey.

Two negro workmen who had been at work all the morning carrying bricks and mortar to the workmen on a new building in South Washington were overheard recently discussing the important matter of locating the best whiskey. They sat in their dusty overalls puffing their pipes at the end of the midday meal. "Brother Simon," said one in a medita-tive tone, "whar does yo' usually git your

I buy my liquor at Mistah Dan Jones's. Why does you ax me that question?' 'Cos I gits mine at Mister Bill Carbey's I wouldn't drink none o' that ole stale whiskey of Mister Jones's. Mr. Carbey he

"Well, brother Rastus, most in generally

dram?

makes his fresh every day, and it buhns as it goes. Yo' can tas'e it all de way." —Jones—Strange thing, Mirandy; every time you draw a breath somebody

Mrs. Jones-Well, I ain't going to stop breathing on that account.

-You ought to take the WATCHMAN