

A LITTLE WHILE.

It is so natural that we fall asleep Like tired children when the day is done.

KENNEDY.

BY ANNABEL DWIGHT.

A pretty cove making in from the ocean, a strip of white sand, and some tall, gray cliffs for a background; and such a bright, breezy morning!

you are happy. Pray heaven that you may always rule as royally in your kingdom as you do now.

The next day Beatrice, with a great assumption of carelessness, inquired of her father where he had found Kennedy, and who the skipper was.

and took a crumpled glove from his pocket. "I couldn't help it," he declared, as Beatrice caught it from him with a little stamp of her dainty foot.

KNAPSACKS OF MANY NATIONS.

English Soldiers' Lightest Because They Rely More Upon Transports.

When the Germans heard of the recent enormous casualty list on the fatal Aldershot field day, about which official inquiry has been held, there was much self-complacent head-wagging and many unkind things were said regarding the stamina and marching capacity of Thomas Atkins.

During all this the distances are being gradually lengthened, and finally the pace is increased. When trained he is going his 20 miles regularly twice a week, and he may be called upon to do a 30 mile march occasionally, and, fit as he is, he accomplishes it "on his head."

They get all these things on the continental maneuvers, as a matter of course. In ours it is not always so—in fact, an officer writing from the front has said that so far as hardships and lack of food are concerned, the Transvaal is a paradise compared to Salisbury Plain as it formerly was.

The continental soldier carries a heavier kit on his back than the British soldier because he relies less upon his transport, and no matter where the baggage train is he can always pitch his tent at night and roll himself up in his blanket.

The German is provided with a great coat, one blanket and good sheet, a quarter of a tent and pole, a mess tin (which for the present is also his water bottle) and an axe.

The Frenchman carries much the same, including tent section and blanket, but no water-proof sheet or haversack. The company cooking pots are divided up among the men.

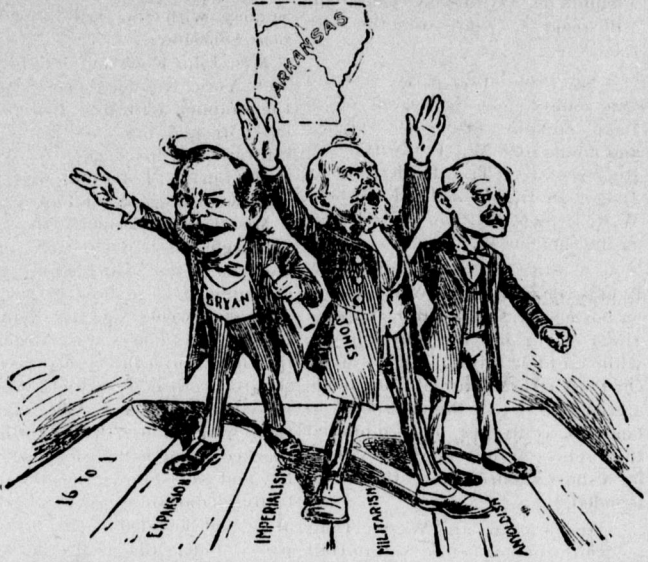
The Russian carries only 68 pounds of kit, but then he has no blanket or water-proof sheet. He is only burdened with 75 rounds of ammunition, which is fastened about him in somewhat clumsy fashion.

So far as food is concerned the red-coat, for all the millions that are spent on him, really fares worse than his conscript comrades. With them biscuit and coffee or chocolate at 5 a. m. is the rule. Dinner is at 12, and consists—and this is on maneuvers, too—of soup, meat, salad and beer for the Germans, and one pint of wine per man for the French. At 6.30 is a supper of cold meat, salad, bread and cheese and more wine and beer. The Russian menu is varied with salt fish, but he fares well on the whole.—London Express.

American Lace Curtains.

There is a general impression that all lace curtains are imported, but it has been stated recently by a dealer that 4,500,000 pairs of curtains are made annually by the dozen large mills now operating in the United States. It is only within 15 years, however, that this has become the case, the first mill having been opened in 1885 in this state. It was thought at first that the lace produced here could not equal the English in quality, but in a few years the American manufacturers were making lace curtains of as fine quality as the imported.—New York Tribune.

DEMOCRATIC POVERTY



Many people have wondered why it is that, while the Republican party selects men of affairs from the great manufacturing and agricultural States of the Union to manage its Presidential campaign, the Democratic party selects a man like Senator Jones, from a State like Arkansas, to be the head of its National Campaign Committee.

Senator Jones was once a slave owner, and dealt in human flesh and blood. When abroad among his slaves with his old blacksnake whip he acquired some experience relative to "imperialism" and the "consent of the governed." His conscientious regard for the "preservation of the liberties" of the people was so great that his deep concern over the liberties of the Philippines is only excelled by admiration of the way that his dear friend Aguinaldo and his Tagal associates treat the other tribes of the Philippines and hold them in subjection.

But Senator Jones's principal qualification to head the Democratic national campaign of calamity, and which undoubtedly led to his selection as Chairman, is that he comes from a Southern State, and also that while all the other Southern States are progressing in agricultural wealth, his State is steadily retrograding.

Arkansas not only has a greater number of illiterate people, according to population, and fewer savings banks than any other State, but it is steadily losing in wealth. The following figures given out by the United States Department of Agriculture, Division of Statistics, relative to the number and value of farm animals of the United States is interesting, in view of Senator Jones's deep interest in calamity. Bear in mind that Arkansas is an agricultural State.

Comparison is made between the last year of the Cleveland Administration and the last year of President McKinley's present Administration, and it gives the values of the farmers' possessions in stock. Swine are omitted because there are no figures given:

Table with columns for Jan. 1, 1896 and Jan. 1, 1900. Rows include Horses, Mules, and Sheep.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S ADDRESS.

Men who love our Empire State! Men who'd make it grand and great!

"Now's the day and now's the hour; See the front of battle lower!"

Who for honor, truth and law, Will help to clip the Tiger's claw?

How did Croker gain his gold— Millions, that have ne'er been told?

His blackmail from the good and bad! His "ICE TRUST" that is worse than "bad!"

How did Croker gain his gold— Millions, that have ne'er been told?

Truth gives answer, stern and cold— Not by honest industry.

Who for honor, truth and law, Will help to clip the Tiger's claw?

Help to smash his cruel jaw! Comrades, all press on with me.

Men prompt to act at duty's call— Who'll do the right though the heavens fall—

Men hated by old Tammy Hall, And all its crooked devilry!

ZENAS C. ROBBINS.

LENDING MONEY TO EUROPE.

Result of the Gold Standard and Protection to American Industries.

The "net" of half the new issue of British exchequer bonds (\$25,000,000) being taken in this country ought to be one of the last nails in the coffin of sixteen to one.

Four years ago Bryan constantly asserted that the certain effect of the gold standard would be to render this country a permanent debtor nation to Europe.

While Republicans denied this none of their presumed to say that when another Presidential election rolled around money would be as plentiful in this country as it now is, and so cheap that half of a war loan of the British Government would be floated in New York.

Things have happened. It is only five years since a Democratic Administration at Washington had to raise a gold loan of \$62,000,000 to protect the gold reserve in the Treasury, drawing one-half from abroad. President Cleveland then sold at 104 1/2 bonds which to-day, after five years have passed, are quoted at 132.

To complete this remarkable contrast, our two per cent command 100, while the British bonds sold in New York at 98, although they will yield 3 1/2 per cent.

Of course there are other points to be considered, such as the longer time of our bonds, and their availability as a basis for the circulation of national banks which gives them a special value to these institutions. But when full allowance is made for all these features the wonderful growth of American credit and resources stand out equally clear whether compared with those of England or with our own condition five years ago.

Nor is there any reason for lamentation over the recent shipment of gold to Europe. We have plenty of idle money and to spare, and after this \$25,000,000 goes to England we will still have a larger volume of circulating medium than we had a year ago.

Saying nothing of the increased coinage under the refunding act some \$80,000,000 of bank notes have been put out, and they are equal to gold so long as the standard is maintained. If Russia wants to come here for half her proposed loan our banks can supply her, and still have much idle money on hand.

This fortunate condition is not the result of our adherence to the gold standard alone, but is owing also to the protective tariff and the big surplus of exports. Yet our position as a creditor could not have been brought about if the people had not declared strongly against free silver four years ago.

Some Valuable Fans.

A court lady of Munich has a collection of fans painted with scenes from all of Wagner's operas, and one on which are the signatures of all the diplomats who attended some famous congress held at Berlin.

Countess Orlova has the most valuable autograph fan in the world; it has the autographs of all the royal family and the Berlin court, including those of Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke.

A fan was painted to commemorate the signing of the treaty of Utrecht, and is of great historical interest. It belongs to Miss Furniss, of New York.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTemperance.

Learned a Lesson—How a Young Business Man Was Brought to Realize It Was Time to Stop Drinking—What a Little Wholesome Advice Will Do.

"I think," said a successful business man, "that most young men get into the drinking habit before they know it, or, rather, realize how far they have gone. In some instances they are born at it, but, thank heaven, that kind are in the minority. I know how it was in my case. Up to the time I was twenty-five I had trained with a fast lot of young fellows, and we all drank more than was good for us. I had a fine place in a firm, the same one, by the way, of which I am now at the head, and the head of the house was a man of just the kind of horse sense all men ought to be who have the business of training young men in their keeping. I did not neglect my business, and had been receiving promotions right along, and when my friends suggested that I was drinking too much, and that it would finally get me down, I laughed at them, and took my drinks just the same. I sincerely thought they didn't know what they were talking about, and I did not think the liquor was hurting me or that I couldn't let it alone when I wanted to. My older brother talked to me on several occasions, and I laughed at him, and called his attitude to the fact that he, too, had promoted three times in the last two years, and if the liquor was doing for me what he said it would that could not have happened. I believed it thoroughly, too, and felt that I would drop it quick enough if it were injurious to my health. "One day the head of the house called me into his office and told me he was afraid I was getting too fond of liquor. I laughed at him, too, in a very respectful manner, however, and told him they were all mistaken, and that I really felt no bad effects, and could give my time to the house the benefit of the doubt, and get a man to take your place who does not drink."

"Then for the first time I realized that I was being injured, and the realization was direct and definite. I was not to be laughed off, and though Mr. B. might be mistaken, as I thought the others were, it was not going to do me any good, so I resolved to do what I always said I could do if I wanted to—quit. I didn't have any serious trouble in quitting, either, for I was young and the habit wasn't formed. All I needed was a realizing sense, and I got it in a way that has lasted to this day. I talk to my young men in the same way, and I haven't a man in my employ who drinks enough for me to know it, though some of them may make a drink occasionally."—Washington Star.

Not For Sale.

A young minister, on going to a new church last spring, was informed by the official brethren that his salary would be \$1000, and that as every summer a wholesale liquor dealer visited the town with his family and paid regularly \$50 for a pew in the church, it would be policy for the minister to touch the liquor question gently, to avoid giving offence. The reply of the young man was:

"Take \$50 off my salary, for I want to get a shot at that pew."

Soon after he fired his first "shot," but the recoil of the gun was not so bad as had been anticipated, for the liquor dealer, pleased with the young man's courage, doubled his subscription, making it \$100 instead of \$50. Whether he did this to relieve his conscience or to quiet the minister we cannot say, but we are strongly of the opinion that the best thing a preacher of the gospel can do is to tell the truth; and if there is any man who needs plain preaching at the present day it is the man who deals in intoxicating drink and then hires a seat and comes to church to hear what the minister has to say about it. A man who fails to tell the truth in the ears of such a hearer will find in the day of judgment that he has something more serious to face than the wrath of a rumrunner or the loss of his subscription.

An Old Temperance Pledge.

Perhaps it may not be generally known that twelve former presidents of the United States, in the earnest solicitation of Edward Cornelius Delavan, of New York, appended their names to the following "temperance declaration":

"Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits and drink are not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire abstinence of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that, should the people of the United States, and especially our young men, discountenance entirely the use of it, they would only promote their personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world."

The Presidents so signing were: Andrew Jackson, James Madison, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, and Andrew Johnson.

Drunk on Crews.

"Terrible" is not too strong a word to apply to the indictment which the Cape Times levels against some of the crews that leave Cape Town, for is it not a "terrible" reflection that the scores of steamships that leave Table Bay every week, some with many hundreds of passengers, are manned by crews of whom a large percentage are at the beginning of the voyage wholly incapacitated by drink from performing in a seamanlike way the duties which the perilous nature of their calling impose upon them? "Yes," such is the experience of most of the commanders who trade to Table Bay. Indeed, in this respect," says the Times, "Cape Town bears the worst reputation of any port in South Africa."

What France Fears.

The statement of a French journalist that unless the evil of dram drinking is stamped out in another twenty years France will be given over to delirium tremens, and will be nothing but one great lunatic asylum is exaggeration, no doubt, but it shows the fears of public opinion in France.

The Crusade in Brazil.

There is a special section of the Paris Exposition for dealing with the abuse of alcohol.

It is very easy to fasten upon one's body and soul the claims of a habit impossible to break.

The man who killed King Humbert belonged to an anarchistic group in this country, "whose headquarters," to quote a daily paper, "are in a saloon."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, not very long ago, made an excellent "tea" meeting when he declared that the English were worshipping two gods—the god of battles and the god of bottles.