

Now that the war is over the battlefields have taken to running around once more. There will be no alarm as long as the hoodoo confines its exertions to peace periods.

There appears to be no possibility of acquiring territory which the mosquito has not already claimed. In the far Philippines as well as in Alaska, he or she is prominently mentioned as a pioneer.

No one should be discouraged by reason of small capital. The town of Rock Island, in the Straits of Mackinac, was recently sold by the register of lands, for five cents, a nickel at that. When a whole town can be bought for that sum there is hope for the poorest of us.

It is safe to say that no nation in all the history of the world ever added so much to its wealth in the same time as this nation has done in these two last years. Money is so abundant now that private capitalists scarcely know what to do with it, and our banks are lending their spare funds in Europe. Even the government of Russia has come here seeking a big loan, because there is more spare cash here than anywhere else. And our surplus is increasing daily. Western banks, instead of borrowing from New York are lending money in New York. What does it all mean?

It may be recalled that at a certain stage of the battle of Manila, Admiral Dewey withdrew his fleet for breakfast. Breakfast at least has usually been held accountable for that pause in the fight. It is stated now that the real cause for drawing off was that the Olympia had only fifteen projectiles left for her big guns, and that as soon as the fleet got around the point, a new apportionment of ammunition was made, and then the fight went on. It is also stated that when the fight was over there were only thirty big-gun projectiles left. With these, and no more to fall back on, Admiral Dewey sat down and waited, the German admiral, kind man, keeping him company, from the 1st of May until June 28, when the Baltimore arrived with fresh ammunition. A long strain on the nerves that.

A high French official lately remarked apropos of American possession of the Philippines: "The appearance of the Americans in eastern waters is a disturbing factor to the whole of Europe. Americans, it is well known, lack diplomatic manners, and will surely bring constant trouble to all of us." It is possible that American diplomacy has not always in its processes exhibited the "suaviter in modo," and indeed has sometimes in the coarse phrase of a foreigner, been of the "shirt sleeves" variety. But there is one thing worse than a lack of diplomatic manners, and that is diplomatic insincerity and flimsiness. Our people may at times be rough of speech, but they have a way of going straight to the point that compares favorably with the circumflex methods of European phrase-makers. Honest diplomacy is more of a desideratum than smooth diplomacy.

There is no real assurance of success in the reported agreement of delegates at the international anarchist conference in regard to the suppression of this crime. Assertions of a uniform system agreed upon in dealing with it are somewhat discredited by the one definite statement given forth, namely, that the conference declines to recognize anarchist outrages as political crimes. There has been no estimation as to what is necessary to constitute a political crime, and, so far as Great Britain is concerned, there can be little ground for agreement with the continental powers in defining it. Some of the noblest patriots as well as some of the worst assassins have found refuge in London during the past seventy or eighty years by reason of the rule that political opinions, however dangerous, cannot be considered criminal without encroaching on the rights of free speech and the privilege of asylum. Nor would the British government agree to draw any line separating opinions claimed to be political from those which, under continental law, would undoubtedly be amenable to punishment. And it would be useless for the conference to call itself international if New York and London were left comparatively free from the closer police surveillances which will be necessary in continental cities. If anarchy is to be completely crushed out, it will have to be done by an equal severity shown by all the powers concerned. But this would demand a similarity in spirit and method which does not exist, observes the New York Commercial Advertiser.

ADMIRAL DEATH.

Boys, are ye calling a toast tonight?
(Hear what the sea-wind saith)
Fill for a bumper strong and bright,
And here's to Admiral Death!
Ho's sailed in a hundred bulks o' boat,
He's fought in a hundred kinds o' coat,
He's the senior flag of all that float,
And his name's Admiral Death.

Which of you looks for a service free?
(Hear what the sea-wind saith)
The rules o' the service are but three
When ye fall with Admiral Death,
Steady your hand in time o' squalls,
Stand to the last by him that falls,
And answer clear to the voice that calls,
"Ay, Ay! Admiral Death!"

How will ye know him among the rest?
(Hear what the sea-wind saith)
By the glint o' the stars that cover his
brow

Ye may find Admiral Death,
By the forehead grim with an ancient scar,
By the voice that rolls like thunder far,
By the tenderest eyes of all that are,
Ye may know Admiral Death.

Where are the lads that sailed before?
(Hear what the sea-wind saith)
Their bones are white by many a shore,
They sleep with Admiral Death.

Oh! but they loved him, young and old,
For he left the laggard, and took the bold,
And the fight was fought, and the story's
told,
And they sleep with Admiral Death.
—Henry Newbolt.

HOW HE DIED.

An Episode From the Soudan.

He had lived in an infant village of Scotland, lying in the bosom of the hills, wrapped in green trees, and soothed by the prattle of a fussy brook and the weird singings and sighings of nature. He had lived in the peace of solitude, with the mountains for his great shaggy playfellows, and he scrambled among their great beards, the forests, like a little flea. The burn was his bath, and he and his companions would run around it like young white deer—diving like white arrows into the water, or framing its clear mirror like a group of beautiful nude angels whose wings were at the washing. Here his memory was born, and the birthplace of memory is its shrine for evermore.

Such was his nursery—the humming of bees, the singing of birds, the murmuring brooks, the fanning of green branches—the nursery of life; far away from the humming of bullets, the blare of trumpets, the rolling of drums—the nursery of death.

Now he was dying. The dying have good memories. Death's door is a mirror. He had worked on the little farm with his elder brother. His name was John—no, it was "Jock." He had worked there till he was 20. He rose at 5 in the morning and yoked "Bess," the old mare, into the plow. They plowed together for two hours. One of "Bess'" eyes was blind—the left one. They had breakfast at 8, and Jock asked the blessing: "We thank Thee, O Father, for giving us our daily bread." That was all. He remembered it, every word. He wondered if Jock asked the blessing yet. He had a letter in his pocket from his mother and Jock. Neither of them could write, so the minister had written it for them. But his mother had spoken it all—he knew her in every word—except that bit at the end telling how old Tom, the dog, had got his leg broken in the act of hanging on to Bess' tail. That was Jock's contribution. These terrible flies. He couldn't turn round either. Something wrong with his back. He couldn't feel anything. He seemed to be resting on air, and the air hurt him.

He was lying beside a rock. It was black—smooth—hard. It gleamed with the many colors of an opal when the sun struck it. The sun was going down. It seemed to be hot with its day's work. It buried its red face in the sand. How silent everything was! It was like the kirk on the Sabbath. How large the rock was when he lay at its feet! Like life. He had never thought it so large when he walked about it four hours ago. Like life again. He had walked about it on his feet. How strange to walk on one's feet!

Where were the soldiers—his mates? Were they all killed? He was alive, but dying. His heart throbbled too fast. How still everything was; no humming in the air, or yelling of the black white-clad devils, or oaths, or squirts of blood—nothing but silence. Could he turn his head? He could, but something like hot water trickled over his brow. There was a dead black Arab about two yards away—a ghastly bunch of mortality. How black he was! "Jock" had never seen a black man. His eyes were staring at him like balls of glass. What were they staring at him for? His teeth were clenched, and his right hand held a spear. The spear point was red. One dark leg was drawn up. He looked like a wax-work figure blown over by the wind.

When did he leave home? Two years ago—two years ago—two years ago. Something in his ears seemed to draw out the words like elastic and ring them like bells. What was he thinking of? His memory seemed to faint and then recover. Two years since then? Was that all?

He remembered that morning very well. A bonnie morning. The birds were singing and the burn murmuring to itself. It would be murmuring now. Jock would be in bed by this time. The great mountains were clothed in purple—crimson thrones. The sheep dotted them with white spots, and they were very lonesome. He had his red coat on, and his sword and all; but he cried as he went over the brae.

He remembered it very well. "S'long, Jock," he had said, but they never shook hands. "S'long, Dick," said Jock, and combed down the hair.

"S'long, mother." His mother was making Jock's porridge—stirring it on the fire. Tom, the cat, squirmed in and out around his legs, his tail in air, as though he was drunk. Oh, God!

Rover followed him up the brae. Rover was his collie, his dog. They had worked together many a morning up on the hills. He had shared his breakfast many a time. That nigger's eyes—how they stared. Rover stared at him like that. "Home!" he cried. "Home wi' ye, Rover!" The dog looked at him with surprised eyes, but did not budge. "Home, Rover!" The dog whined, but did not move. He took up a stone and flung it at the dog. It struck it. He covered under the blow. "Home, Rover!" he cried sternly, and the tears ran down his cheeks. The dog ran back a little way, faced about, plumped down on the heather and watched him. When he turned at the top of the brae and looked back it was watching him still.

A brown fly was standing on the black rock about a foot from his face. It stood very still. It might have been painted. He watched it intently. Its wings were like glistening armor. Its feet and legs were bright red. It had been wading in blood. Would it never go? He could not raise his hand to brush it away. He blew it with his breath—gasping—but it did not budge. Suddenly it started away.

Was the dead dead that everything was so lushed? Something howled very far away—a dog, perhaps. How beautiful the desert was—like a great bench with the ocean rolled away out of sight. A golden floor, like the floor of heaven. But one did not die in heaven. A star glimmered very far away, like a shimmering jewel in a deep blue evening robe. The moon rose up to the roof of the world like a yellow Chinese lantern.

Why was he lying here? How had it happened? Then he remembered—the regiment standing in the sandy desert waiting for the rush. How strange it all was. The silence was terrible. A man behind him began to laugh. Another swore oaths in a low voice. Another said: "Get a bite o' bacey, mate?" Then, from behind the rocks, a long row of white smoke puffs curled up, like smoke from gigantic pipes. Red tongues spit at them. The air hummed and whistled. A man's hat went off. A bayonet fell with a jingle, and a man sat down upon the sand with a seared white face, fiddling with the buttons of his coat. Somebody began to moan. The captain said: "Steady, men. Take the beggars low down."

Then the great dark wave, white-crested, came racing across the yellow beach. It broke upon the red rock—fierce, angry faces, blazing eyes, white teeth, big flapping feet. He set his teeth and drove his bayonet in a big black body. How soft it was. It squirmed on the end of it like a fly on the end of a pin.

Then the blow came—a terrible shock. It seemed to lift him into the air and fling him backward. Something stopped his ears. The reeling black and red figures flashed downward.

Now he was lying beside the rock. How strange he felt! That dead soldier—how white his face was! A little hole in his forehead—a little red pea. Life had leaped through that. What a small thing it was! Who was mourning for water? Was it he, or some one behind him? He could not tell. It was getting cold. The stars were all watching him. The beautiful desert. That was Rover howling. He was very near. How loud the howling was! Death's watchdogs. He was near death's house.

"S'long, Jock." How dizzy he felt. He could not see very well.

"S'long, mother." A black mist rushed over the sand.

His head tumbled backward as though a prop had been suddenly removed. The diamond eyes turned into glass of a pale blue and green color.

Extract from the newspapers—the soldier's epitaph. "Killed in the Soudan; Richard McDonald, aged 22."

Chances of the College Graduate.

"Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography" contains, in round figures, 15,000 names. Of that number a few over 5000 are the names of college graduates, and 10,000 approximately are the names of those who are not college graduates. It is extremely difficult to estimate with any degree of accuracy the number of college graduates who have lived in our country since the beginning of our history. Suppose we adopt the usual estimate of 150,000. Five thousand of these have done such work as to deserve recognition; that is, one man in every 30 sent out by the colleges and universities has reached some distinction. This proportion seems pitifully small, and our case seems already lost. But let us put over against these college graduates those who are not graduates.

As the male population of the United States grows up and passes through the age of college education, a little more than 1 per cent. actually graduates from colleges and universities—for ease in calculation, let us call it 1 per cent. Then, if we count the graduates in our country since the beginning of our history at 150,000, the non-graduate males of graduate age number 15,000,000. Of this vast multitude only 10,000 have done such work as merits recognition in an encyclopedia of biography. Only one in every 1500 of the non-graduates has attained distinction, while one in every 30 of the college graduates has been equally fortunate. That is to say, the boy who takes time to prepare himself for his work by submitting himself to the discipline furnished by the college or university increases his chances of success fiftyfold.—Professor John Carleton Jones, in "The Forum."

KIPLING AT WORK.

THE AUTHOR POET SEEN IN HIS DEN.

Dr. Leon Kellner, the Historian. Recorded the Privilege of an interview with the Celebrated Character—Disfranchisement of Himself.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's objection to being interviewed is known to all the world. But the rule which Mr. Kipling has laid down for himself with regard to the Anglo-Saxon world seems to be relaxed when due approaches are made by foreigners. Perhaps Mr. Kipling is of the well-known view that foreign opinion is a sort of contemporary posterity. At any rate, he has been interviewed by Dr. Leon Kellner, who is on a prolonged visit to England to collect materials for his proposed "History," on which he has been engaged for the last ten years. Dr. Kellner naturally desired to learn something about the most prominent figure in English literature at the end of the era—his aims, his method of work, and the factors which have gone to create so remarkable a phenomenon—and with Teutonic directness he applied to the distinguished author himself. The result was an interview which appeared recently as a feuilleton in a Viennese journal—the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt"—doubtless with Mr. Kipling's permission.

What appears to have struck Dr. Kellner most in the personality of his

owe to them." Kipling's father was an artist, holding an official position in India, and lives now in retirement in the neighborhood of his son, with such a globe-trotter, Wiltshire is regarded as quite near Sussex. Happy father and happy son! Of his mother he naturally does not speak to strangers, but it is sufficient to hear a man say "my mother," to understand the relations that exist between them.

The impression of all this happiness was so strong upon Dr. Kellner that after his interview he said to himself: "Today I have seen happiness face to face."

The first impression produced by Mr. Kipling on the interviewer was striking in its diversity. "Whenever Mr. Kipling speaks and turns his face full upon you you would think you had before you a very wide awake, lively and harmless child, but the profile shows a strong man who has not grown up in the atmosphere of the study. "I have seldom," adds the interviewer, "received two such different impressions from one and the same fact. The work room is of surprising simplicity, the north wall is covered with books, half its height over the door hangs a portrait of Burne-Jones (Mr. Kipling's uncle), to the right, near the window, stands a plain table—not a writing table—on which lie a couple of pages containing verses. No works of art, no conveniences, no knock-knocks, the unadorned room, simple and earnest, like a Puritan chapel."

"I much fear," began the interviewer, "that I have come too early, and

STATUE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.



Paul W. Bartlett's statue of Michael Angelo, which, when complete, will occupy a place in the second story of the great rotunda in the congressional library at Washington, will be one of the most remarkable works of art in that collection, because the artist has refrained from idealizing his subject and has portrayed him in keeping with the descriptions of the great sculptor

which have come to the present generation. He is represented as contemplating one of his works. The position of the head makes some people who have seen the model think that the completed work will have to be viewed from its own level to be seen at its best, and that it will be less effective from the main floor of the rotunda, from which point it will receive the most attention.

subject was the air of happiness which surrounded him.

"All that fate—Kipling would call it 'the good God'—has bestowed of real worth has been granted to this wonderful child of fortune; love, domesticity, independence, fame, and power, in the vigor of youth (he is only 32) and sound health, and, above all, the capacity of enjoying his good fortune.



RUDYARD KIPLING.

He has known how by wise economy to obtain full independence; he has for many years been placed in such a position that he can withstand all the temptations of publishers and editors, and in his creative work need only respond to the inner call and his literary conscience. Literary creation is, for him, the highest joy, and the calling of a writer the noblest pursuit. Nor is that all; Kipling has the happiest fortune which can happen to a man when he has attained the highest aims, his father and mother are still alive, and he can do any and his proudest modesty. "All that I am I

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WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

The appropriation for domestic and irrigation purposes of more water than is necessary is held, in Hague vs. Nephi Irrigation Co. (Utah), 41 L. R. A. 311, to leave the owner of a mill the right to take the excess for manufacturing purposes so far as necessary.

A statute prohibiting the deposit of sawdust in the waters of a lake, or in tributaries thereto, is held, in State vs. Griffin (N. H.), 41 L. R. A. 177, to be a proper exercise of the police power. With this case is a note on the statutory protection of water used for supplying a municipality.

An action against a city for a defective and dangerous street, made so by a street railway track, is held, in Schaefer vs. Fond du Lac (Wis.), 41 L. R. A. 287, to be not maintainable until all legal remedies have been exhausted against the railway company in possession of the track, as well as the owner of the track.

The right to build dams to aid the floating of logs is held, in Carlson vs. St. Louis River Dam and Improvement Company (Minn.), 41 L. R. A. 371, to be subordinate to that of the riparian owner to have his land free from overflow beyond that caused by the natural condition of the stream. With this case is a note on the right to use a stream for floating logs.

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