

THE SILVER MEN.

Senator Marion Butler Thinks They Should Reorganize the Senate.

Facing the political upheavals in North Carolina of the past two years Senator Butler has been one of the most prominent and energetic political fighters of his time. As the leader of the Populists he has established a reputation for shrewdness and courage, and his friends expect that he will cut quite an important figure when he takes his seat in the United States senate next month. Mr. Butler has the appearance of a college professor who has led a retired life as a student rather than of a political worker. He has prominent features, dark brown hair that is allowed to grow longer than is customary and is parted very far over on the side of his head. He has a full beard and mustache, the front view of his face showing considerable resemblance to Senator Brice, whom he does not resemble in any of his political ideas. In an interview he said:

"There never was a time in the history of our government when so many people were thinking on political questions and doing so little talking about it as today. In North Carolina, for instance, ten years ago very little thought was given to political matters. The average voter knew little of what was going on in Washington, and he felt that the leaders would take care of that. Now the situation is changed. I have applications for 100 copies of the Congressional Record for the next congress where I will be able to get ten copies. The people in my state want to know what is going on here, and they want it first hand."



SENATOR MARION BUTLER.

"Do you think there will be a reorganization of the senate?" this reporter asked.

"I think there ought to be a reorganization. Why shouldn't the silver men in the senate reorganize that body? There are enough of them to do so, and they could then control. Men have been sent here year after year upon their deceits in favor of silver, and it seems to me that if they refuse to come to order and reorganize the senate, they will have to answer to their constituents later on."

"Do you mean an organization on a nonpartisan basis?" Mr. Butler was asked.

"Certainly. Why not? Why shouldn't the silver men simply get together in the interest of the one great issue before the country, and for which they all claim to be working? They could organize the senate, and I see no reason why they should not do so."—Washington Star.

A Novel Railroad.

A railroad through the red is to be built between Brighton and Rutland, and, in fact, the rails being so near low water mark that they will be submerged the greater part of the time. There are four rails, the outside ones 15 feet apart, fastened to concrete blocks mortared in bed rock. On these four wheeled trucks will run supporting 12 inch steel tubes, inside which are the shafts that propel the wheels. The tubes rise 23 feet above the rails supporting the car, which has a deck 40 feet by 23. The motive power will be electricity conveyed by the trolley system.—New York Sun.

A Forest of Microbes.

Cheese, the supposed to be edible milk curd of commerce, is the best soil in the world for microbes and bacteria, and on its surface flourish millions upon millions of infinitesimal parasitic plant growth. A microscopic examination of a single gram of fresh cheese, such as is usually sold at the grocery, proved that it contained not less than 90,000 separate and distinct specimens of bacteria. After seven days this same section of cheese was examined and found to contain 80,000 separate and individual bacteria. Professor de Kuhn says that a cheese, properly sliced and exposed, will within a week be implanted with a bacterial growth containing more separate specimens than there are trees upon the whole of the earth's surface.—St. Louis Republic.

Observance of the Sabbath.

There was the minister of Treadwell, who on a certain Sabbath found a salmon stranded in shallow water and who, being unable constitutionally to take it out on such a day, built a hedge of stones around it, and returning on the morrow, claimed his prize. There was the old farmer, who could not go to the kirk because he had neglected to shave on the Saturday night, and he would not profane the day by the use of any edged tool.—Macmillan's Magazine.

He Was Out.

"Did you say I was out?" asked the plumber.

"No, but I did," replied the plumber.

"Well, I ain't out."

"Yes, you are," was the serene rejoinder. "You are out just \$25."

And then the game went on.—Washington Star.

OUR BEER RECORD.

The Production Last Year Greater Than That of the Preceding.

On Nov. 1 of every year the organized brewers of the country get from the internal revenue bureau a statement in detail of the brewing business of the country, which yields \$200,000,000 a year in government tax. This year's figures are just at hand. The total consumption of beer in the United States for the present fiscal year—figured up to July 1—was 33,469,651 barrels, an increase over the consumption of a year ago of 191,000 barrels. The year's figures, while in excess of those of last year, are less than the total consumption of 1893, which was 33,822,872 barrels. A barrel of beer, in brewer's measure, is about 31 1/4 gallons. The consumption of lager beer in the United States is estimated at about 1,000,000,000 gallons. These figures put the United States about with Germany, supposed by many to be the favored land of beer drinkers, but still behind Great Britain, which is at the head of all countries, with an annual consumption of 1,200,000,000 gallons.

The consumption of beer throughout the United States was a steady one. It is largest in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Wisconsin, and least in the southern and prohibition states. In Kansas, a prohibition state, the sale of beer last year footed up less than 6,000 barrels, whereas the total sales in the city of Milwaukee were 2,600,000 barrels. There are in all 70,000 breweries in the world, of which nearly 30,000 are in Germany. Great Britain follows with 38,000, and then the United States with 6,000. It is one of the peculiarities of the beer business, not found in the mercantile business generally, that the production and the consumption of beer in each country are substantially the same. In other words, there is very little commerce in beer. Only one country brews more beer than it consumes. That is Germany. Only one country consumes more beer than it produces. That is France. In the United States the figures of consumption and production are very nearly the same, and the small surplus is due to the importation of foreign beer, which has never exceeded during the last decade six years. The production of American beer, of course, and admitted domestic manufacture, has increased 50 per cent since 1885.

These figures are for the total and not the individual breweries. The average of the United States is 100 barrels per brewery, and this is the average of the United States. The average of the individual breweries is 100 barrels per brewery, and this is the average of the individual breweries. The average of the individual breweries is 100 barrels per brewery, and this is the average of the individual breweries.

Grain Harvest of Germany.

A Berlin journal recalls the fact that the brilliance of German harvest remained undimmed during the trying times of 25 years ago. In the autumn of 1870 the German harvest naturally drew much of his inspiration from the political events of the day. Among the pleasures related by our contemporary is the reply of a Berlin photographer to a firm in a frontier town which had asked for a supply of photographs of German generals as soon as the war was declared. "We have no more copies left," the answer ran, "but we are sending you the original." On Aug. 8, 1870, the following telegram appeared in a Berlin paper under the heading of "Latest News": "St. Helena, Aug. 7.—Have finished sweeping the apartments are ready." In sending from France 2 Louis d'or to the King William Aid society a German wrote: "I gladly send these 2 Louis to the King William Aid society. It will be William himself who will supply us with the third." A riddle written in French by a German humorist asked the difference between Napoleon I and Napoleon III. To this the answer was: "Napoleon I is a genius, Napoleon III a Eugenie."—London News.

How to Smoke a Cigar.

Dr. Dewey is an artist in cigar smoking. Note his directions: "First clip the end of your cigar. Don't bite it off. Then, taking throat end, blow sharply through the cigar, thus expelling all the dust. It is understood there is tobacco dust enough in the average cigar to put the lungs of an ordinary man in a few years. Light evenly, and there you are."—New York Journal.

A New Remedy.

For strained family relations try Duke's ointment, price only \$15,000,000 a bottle. For reference apply to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.—Chicago News.

SAYS SIN IS PINK.

Dr. Gates' Experiments Ties a Bizarre Theoretical Tradition.

Among the most interesting of the scientific men who have made Philadelphia their home is Dr. Elmer Gates. Not the least striking of Dr. Gates' conclusions is that he reached through experiment to demonstrate that scarlet is not the distinctive color of sin and that the Bible expression, "though your sins be as scarlet," is simply a rhetorical exaggeration.

Dr. Gates has found in his study of the brain that each definite emotion produces chemical products in the secretions and excretions which are characteristic of those emotions. The evil emotions produce, for example, a poisonous and depressing compound. In other words, every emotional experience creates brain structure, the refinement of which reproduces its characteristic good and bad chemical products. The perspiration, for example, is found to contain different volatile organic compounds under the influence of different emotions. These products may be detected by chemical analysis in the perspiration of an individual. Dr. Gates has discovered more than 40 of the bad and as many of the good.

On the other hand, happy feelings create energy and make the feel like exerting himself.

Of the chemical products which Dr. Gates has found that of guilt is the worst. If a small quantity of the perspiration of a person suffering from nervous guilt be placed in a test tube and exposed to sunlight with some acid it will turn pink. No other person, similarly prepared, exhibits the same phenomenon. Accordingly pink is apparently the characteristic color of sin, not scarlet.—Philadelphia Press.

CANAL MUST BE OURS.

Point of View of the Senate and the House.

The Massachusetts Board has received 118 replies to a statement to every member of congress containing this query: "If the special Nicaragua canal committee, appointed by congress, makes a favorable report on the feasibility of the canal, will you probably favor government aid looking to its early construction?"

Of these 118 replies 95 are strongly in favor of the building of the canal, either by government aid or government ownership; two are opposed and 20 are noncommittal.

Senator Merrill of Vermont says: "So important to the national interests of the United States is the Nicaragua canal that our government, as I think, could afford to build it were it certain to yield no revenue."

Novel Race.

A race between motorcycles, or horseless carriages, has been arranged from Chicago to Waukegan and return, a distance of about 100 miles. It will be contested Nov. 2. From 25 to 30 starters in the great race. Several of the vehicles are expected to make the distance in less than six hours. The judges have been selected. All contestants must pass preliminary tests, at which time all impractical vehicles will be eliminated from the contest of Nov. 2. Several motorcycles from France and Germany are entered in the race.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Just the Man Wanted.

Applicant—I understand that you want a reporter.

Editor—Yes, I am in want of a man to do the venetian work. Are you a shorthand writer?

Applicant—No, sir. But I am a good writer. I used to be in a newspaper and had experience in writing stage plays.

Editor—All right, you just the man we want.—Boston Transcript.

Beer to Atlanta.

Smith—It is understood that the brewers have engaged a cartload of frogs.

Brown—For what purpose?

Smith—Because they're so full of hops.—Atlanta Constitution.

Did His Work Well.

Boothblack—Dis yer business is mighty hard on me eyes.

Customer—On your eyes?

Boothblack—Yes. Yer so I puts some a dazzlin' line on de shoes it hurts 'em.—Chicago Record.

Pitt had a fiery red face and terrible scowl.

GLACIERS.

A warmth of gold, all summer stored, The glacier gives, And filled from spring's gentle hand, Shines the snow's hoar.

And low, sweet wind of rain, The little brook leaps madly, To give back again.

TWO LEAPS.

One Was For Liberty and the Other Was For Life.

"In passing by the criminal court building the other day," said Luther Larkin Miller, "I recalled, among my memories somehow connected with it, that of a remarkable leap for liberty."

About 15 years ago I presented a young fellow for the crime of burglary. He was convicted and sentenced to prison for a term of six years. After six months he was being conveyed by a deputy sheriff from the courtroom to the jail, across the passage connecting the two buildings, when I happened to be on duty. I saw the fellow and recognized him as a burglar of mine, and I called out to him. He stopped and turned back. When I reached him he had his hands behind his back, and he was being led to the jail. I saw him and recognized him as a burglar of mine, and I called out to him. He stopped and turned back. When I reached him he had his hands behind his back, and he was being led to the jail.

Mr. Field's forte, both in verse and prose, was, without controversy, his touching delineation of child life and character. His "Little Boy Blue" and "The Boy Who Cried Wolf" are the work of a master hand. Many of his child pieces will last as the best examples of exquisite feeling, more difficult than all else to put in words. In addition to his child life, he has written a number of excellent plays, and he has written a number of excellent plays, and he has written a number of excellent plays.

STEAMER CHAIRS.

A Piece of Furniture That Has Developed Through Ocean Travel.

Steamer chairs were, when first made in this country, called Devonshire chairs. They were fashioned after a chair used in Devonshire, England, on verandas and lawns and in smoking rooms and water gardens here for the same uses. The Devonshire chairs were rather large and more elaborate than the steamer chair.

The use of this chair on steamers was begun about 25 years ago. It soon became so popular that it is now used on all the larger steamers. The chairs are still sold for land use, both indoor and outdoor, and their use ashore is increasing. The principal manufacturer of these chairs in New York sells them in almost all the principal cities in the United States and in Central America, South America, and as far away as Australia.

Can You Read Between the Lines?

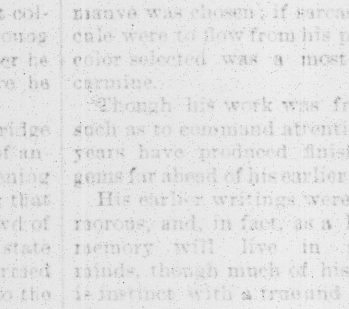
Mr. and Mrs. Fyres, 30 years of age, residing near Clifton, O., after a happy married life of over half a century found the need of a larger steamship chair than the one they had. The chairs were sold for land use, both indoor and outdoor, and their use ashore is increasing. The principal manufacturer of these chairs in New York sells them in almost all the principal cities in the United States and in Central America, South America, and as far away as Australia.

LOVED BY EVERYONE.

EUGENE FIELD WILL BE MOURNED UNIVERSALLY.

The Equivocal Honor of His Poems on Child Life—His Wife an Ideal Helper to Him—Some of the Poems That Will Live in Our Hearts.

The news of the death of Eugene Field has filled the hearts of millions of his admirers with sorrow. It need be said of him that he changed his ink with his varying moods and intentions. If he were here, the story would, and did not intend to labor long, he used kind of a deep azure line, when in fine fettle and purposing doing a quantity of his best work, he dipped his magic pen into ink of a midnight shade, when he had in his mind a love song, a delicate



EUGENE FIELD.

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LITTLE ALL-ALONE.

Little All-Alone's feet Peter pitter in the hall, And her mother said to meet, And to see her looking sweet, Little All-Alone's feet Peter pitter in the hall, And her mother said to meet, And to see her looking sweet.

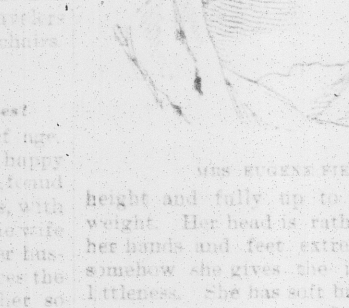
LITTLE ALL-ALONE'S GEE.

It is all glow with thee, As around the room I see, Little All-Alone's gee, It is all glow with thee, As around the room I see, Little All-Alone's gee.

ALL-ALONE'S GEE.

Though his legs bend with their load, Though his feet feel worn so small, That you cannot help forbide, Some-when's-when's-when's, In that case he'll, Nicker thrashing lamp nor fall, Little All-Alone's gee, But with sweet brande steers, Whither comes that every call, "All-Alone's!"

Mr. Field is always spoken of as a little woman, but, as a matter of fact, she is somewhat above the medium height and fully up to the medium weight. Her head is rather small, and her hands and feet extremely so, and somehow she gives the impression of irresistibly sweet, but innocent, called them—and a complexion as clear and fair as a child's.



Mrs. Eugene Field.

STEADFAST AND BYAL DEVOTION.

It occurs in the last verse.

And when that other comes to you, And great her love may shine, Through all your life as far and true, As earnest will, devoted mine.

With her household cares, with the financial question always present to worry her, with her children to bring up and educate, Mrs. Field has had no time to devote to literature, and was content to look in the light of her husband's fame. But if by any chance her private correspondence is ever given to the world it will reveal a depth of feeling and a power of expression of which some of the foremost women writers of America might envy her the possession.

My Playmates" was written only shortly before his death.

MY PLAYMATES.

The wind comes whistling to me of the playmates of my childhood, Or red wing blackbirds chattering to me of a happy pool, It brings me sweetest fancies of the homestead on the hill, And I hear the thrush's sweetest song and the robin's chirping choir, So I fall to thinking wistfully of those I used to know, In the sweetest and sunniest and dearest of the olden days.

What has become of Sam, who loved me best of all, And who has become of Noble Paul, who loved me best of all, And who has become of Noble Paul, who loved me best of all, And who has become of Noble Paul, who loved me best of all, And who has become of Noble Paul, who loved me best of all.

Two dreams came down to earth one night From the realm of mist and dew, One was a dream of the old, old days, And one was a dream of the new.

One was a dream of a shady lane That led to the picketed farm, Where the willows and rushes loved their selves To the brown old hills beyond.

And the people that peopled the old time, We remember and love to see, And the dreamer who wandered with them, In the springtime of his life.

Oh, what was the dream of the shady lane, That led to the picketed farm, Where the willows and rushes loved their selves To the brown old hills beyond.

And when a dream of the new world, Where the willows and rushes loved their selves To the brown old hills beyond.

More gold was mined last year by the United States than in all Africa. California is still the dominant.—Chicago Tribune.