THE MAN WHO HOLDS HIS TONGUE.

The man who is ready to give his all For what he thinks is right, Who shoulders his gun and answers the call

call scountry has battles to fight, ero and merits a hero's reward, praise should be earnestly sung; nother who shines in the sight of the Lord His praise should be earnestly sung; But another who shines in the sight of Lord Is the man who can hold his tongue.

Weave chaplets for those who have won in the fray—
Who have struck that the slave may be free:

ee; men who brush old superstitions



"So the City Editor said, "What can you do?"

I've done reporting in San Francisco, and Denver, and Omaha and Chicago," answered Rogers, "and I guess I could do the same here. I like the East better than the West; that's why I'm working through it. I hope some day to settle down in Boston, where I was born and where I lived until I was fifteen."
"Well," said the City Editor, "I guess I can find a place for you."
Those frank, truthful, brown eyes had done it.

Those frank, truthful, brown eyes had done it.

And he led Rogers into the local room, and, pointing out a table, said,
"You can sit there for the present; until I can find some other place for you."

Rogers followed the City Editor back into the latter's office and, with tears in his eyes almost, thanked him for the position, even though the accompanying salary was small.

for the position, even though the accompanying salary was small.

The young man cleared off all the refuse paper that littered the desk he had been assigned to, and with his handkerchief dusted the legs of the chair that stood before it. This done, he asked the City Editor if there would be anything that day.

He was sent out to look up a street car accident. He was back from the house of the injured woman within forty-five minutes. He had gotten a good story and besides, had had sense enough to secure her picture from her jam. Of course all that pleased the City Editor. Those frank, truthful eyes were reliable, as he had judged them to be at first.

That night Rogers was taken up to Clark's dance hall to cover the plumbers' assistants' ball. He wrote the story of the affair in such a way that the City Editor saw fit to run a column of it with illustrations. If any other man on the staff had turned in the matter he would have had about two sticks printed, for he would have "covered" the assignment, robably, in the old-time, stereotyped, routine way.

After his story of the ball, the City Editor began giving Rogers bigger assignments. And they were all taken care of in a manner that so pleased the City Editor that when Rogers got his envelope at the end of the second week there were four more dollars in it than he had expected to find.

Rogers boarded up on Forest avenue, it seems well to mention at this

into the workings of the conference. If looked at the programme and saw that the leading address of the entire meeting was to be given that night by Rev. Samuel F. Davis, on "Some Thoughts Upon Life."

Now such an address would be worth the column the City Editor had spoken of. There could be no doubt about it. Life is interesting and some thoughts upon it by such a thinker as the Rev. Mr. Davis would surely be interesting. But then there was the girl. The conference cut Rogers out of his usual night off and he didn't like it. Like a flash an idea came to him. His father had been a congregational minister before his death and Rogers had been brought up according to the doctrines of that church. Why couldn't he write his own thoughts and give the Rev. Mr. Davis credit for them.

He could. He would.

He could. He would.

And all that afternoon, or what remained of it, he put in working up an abstract of a flottious letter. It was a beautiful piece of work, lofty in its thought, clear in its expression, and written in a style that Addison could not have surpassed. Rogers smiled as he read it over. When the last "he said," and the "in conclusion the reverend gentleman remarked" had been written, Rogers folded the sheets together and placed them in his inside coat pocket.

And for those who are beroes at seat:
Dut there is another who merits a place
Among people whose praises are sung—
The heartfroken man with a smile on his
face.
Who can suffer and hold his tongue!
—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader,
Who can suffer and hold his tongue!
—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader,
Who can suffer and hold his tongue!
—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader,
Who can suffer and hold his tongue!
—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader,
Who can suffer and hold his tongue!
—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader,
Who can suffer and hold his tongue!
—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader,
Who can suffer and hold the season till, in fact he saw that the session of the Conference was over. Then he went down to the office. From the prosperation of the suffer and placed them in his inside cat pocket.

That night he sat with her on the four proposition of the saw that the session of the conference was over. Then he went down to the office. From the prosperation had a skeed for a job, "doing anything," the latter of which all the minor celebrities in attendance upon the conference were mentioned, and then he pasted to the stitlendance upon the conference were mentioned, and then he pasted to the strendance upon the conference were mentioned, and then he pasted to the Styre. Davis's lecture on "Some Thoughts Upon Life," and turned the bundle over to the City Editor.

"That night he sat with her on the four proposition of the conference was over. Then he went down to the office. From the prosperation of the conference was over. Then he went down to the office. From the prosperation of the conference was over. Then he went down to the office. From the prosperation that the saw that the session of the course of which all the minor celebrities in attendance upon the conference was over. Then he went down to the office. From the prosperation that the saw that the sest with the rout he four proposition.

The time face, when he went down to the office. From the prosperation that the saw that the sest of the widner of the same than th

a paragraph marked in blue, "Read that," said the City Editor.

This is what Rogers read: "At the last session of the Congregational convention, held in the church on Forest avenue last night, the chairman read a telegram that was received with a shock by the members present. It was to the effect that the Rev. Samuel F. Davis, who was to have read a paper on "Some Thoughts Upon Life," had died that afternoon at his home at Rivers Crossing. Though Dr. Davis had not been present at any meeting of the convention, it was thought that he would be able to attend the last. Fitting resolutions were drawn up and adopted directly after the reading of the telegram by the chairman."

Rogers raised his eyes from the paper and then lowered them slowly until they met those of the City Editor. One look was exchanged. Then Rogers laid down the paper, and going into the local room put on his hat and pushed the elevator bell. One second later the City Editor heard the iron door close behind him.—Detroit Free Press.

iron door close behind him.—Detroit Free Press.

Destiny of the Island of Monte Cristo. The Island of Monte Cristo, made famous by the masterpiece of the elder Dumas, has just passed into the hands of the Prince of Naples, who will employ it as a reserve for big game hunting. Last spring it was abundantly stocked with chamois, and a month ago King Humbert of Italy passed a few days on the island with a hunting party. His Majesty distinguished himself with the rifle by getting fifty one head, out of a total bag of seventy chamois. This is a record, the previous achievement almost approaching it being a total of forty-four by King Humbert's father, King Victor Emmanuel. On reaching Rome the King had documents prepared transferring all "ititular" rights to the island to his son, the Crown Prince. It is not likely that the rent roll of the Prince concerning this estate will be very large, for, as in the days of Edmond Dantes, the inhabitants are entirely transient, the island being used as a shelter for fishing boats in case of a storm or as a harbor for smugglers. The island is thickly wooded, and there is provided not only magnificent sport, but it will give the Princess of Naples an opportunity of joining her husband without interfering with her yachting excursions.

Costiv Leathers.

The newest leather for pocketbooks.

it than he had expected to find.

Rogers boarded up on Forest avenue, it seems well to mention at this time, for the girl he had gotten acquainted with, some way, lived up on that street also. Rogers used to go around and see her mornings, once in a while, and every time he had a day off, down the avenue would he trot to her home. In the evenings of such days Rogers would use the City Editor's passes for some theatro or other. In brief Rogers was getting along finely both in the office and a her house, when one afternoon the City Editor said to him, "Mr. Rogers finely both in the office and a her house, when one afternoon the City Editor said to him, "Mr. Rogers there's a convention of Congregationalists up in the Forest avenue church. Take care of it, will you? Make abstracts of the speeches and if there be one or two of special interest give 'am a column apiece."

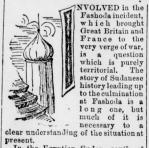
Rogers said "All right, sir," and pushed the elevator button. He spent the first hour and a half of the afternoon at the church, getting an insight yachting excursions.

Costly Leathers.
The newest leather for pocketbooks, card cases, letter cases and that sort of thing is rhinocerous skin. This tans a russet brown and it is finished with a soft surface that has a rich velvey appearance. It is a beautiful leather, and besides being the newest it is also the costliest leather used for these purposes; a gold-mounted pocketbook of rhinoceros skin would cost \$35.

Another leather.

THE FASHODA AFFAIR.

Events Leading Up to the Crisis Between Great
Britain and France.



clear understanding of the situation at present.

In the Egyptian Sudan, south of Khartum and north of Equatoria, lies the Bahr-el-Ghazal, which is the territory in dispute. This land was formerly a province of Egypt. In area it is about five times the size of England. It is covered with forests and mountains, and possesses fine valleys which are subject to inundations. The great river, or Bahr-el-Ghazal, flows through it, with numerous tributaries, which form a labyrinth of streams.

Fashoda is situated to the north of

streams.

Fashoda is situated to the north of this labyrinth, on the Nileproper, and commands access to all the streams that feed the Ghazal. It is the capital of the Shillik country, and was annexed to Egypt half a century ago. Sir Samuel Baker, in 1869, conquered the country as far south as Uganda, and General ("Chinese") Gordon ap-



MAJOR J. D. MARCHAND.

pointed a governor of the Bahr-el Ghazal.

When the Egyptians were expelled from the country the French were given a route across the African continent connecting their Congo colony in the west with the French possessions in the east. The idea of taking this part of the Subject by denying to Mr. Marchand the right to represent the Government of France, suggesting to France that the easiest way out of the difficulty is to repudiate Marchand altogether. In all events, there was but one opinion in England, and France must back down or make for war, and Great Britain was ready for either result. The London Saturday Review says: The facts on which the Fashoda dispute is based are very much deeper than the west with the French were given a route across the African continent connecting their Congo colony in the west with the French Government steadily, and took form and substance when in 1894 it negotiated a treaty with Germany concerning the Cameroons and Lake Tchad. Britain's treaty with the Created and the French Were given a free hand in the Bahr-el-Ghazal. In this side of the case. Fashoda is a point of incalculate importance to France, and it is negotiated a treaty with Germany concerning the Cameroons and Lake Tchad. Britain's treaty with the Congo Free State, negotiated by Lord Kimberley a few years ago, was abroad and the French Chamber voted \$400, on of the total properties of the many concerning the Cameroons and Lake Tchad. Britain's treaty with the Congo Free State, negotiated by Lord Kimberley a few years ago, was always and the right to represent the Government and the substance in pertinacious-time the Cameroon and Lake Tchad. Britain's treaty with the Congo Free State, negotiated by Lord Kimberley a few years ago, was always and the right to represent the Government of France, and it is negotiated a treaty with Germany concerning the Cameroon and Lake Tchad. Britain's treaty cannot comment to the comment of the

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[Map showing how if France had held Fashoda she would have had a belt of empire across Africa from the Senegal River to the Blue Nile, and would have defeated Great Britain's "Cape to Calto" project.]

ESERT

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the proceedings, and whose claim of prior occupation involved the dispute between the two Governments.

Great Britain stands united in this matter and the people are warmly backing up Lord Salisbury's determination to hold Fashoda at all hazards. The words of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, uttered in a recent speech defines the English attitude.

"I hope, trust and bolieve the question is capable of a friendly solution, but this country has put her foot down. If, unhappily, another view should be taken by France the Queen's ministers know what their duty demands."

Not less positive are the words of Lord Roseberry, who, unlike the conservative Sir Michael, is a former Liberal Premier. He disposes of the subject by denying to Mr. Marchand the right to represent the Government of France, suggesting to France that the casiset way out of the difficulty is to repudiate Marchand altogether. In all events, there was but one opinion in England, and France must back down or make for war, and Great English and has done credit to both. Lord FASHODA, AS SEEN FROM THE BLUE NILE.



MAJOR MARCHAND AT FASHODA.

MEETING OF GENERAL KITCHENER AND MAJOE MARCHAND AT FASHODA.

Kitchener acted wisely and with tact, while Major Marchand behaved like a gentleman of France. Nothing would have been easier than for Kitchener, by the tyrannous use of overwhelming force, to have hurried England into her twenty-fifth war with France by wounding the susceptibilities of the brave soldier explorer. Kitchener's language to Marchand was prescribed for him by Lord Salisbury. Annoyance to England was the sole motive of the Marchand expedition. To send an armed party of Frenchmen absolutely without a base to occupy Egyptian territory and defy the joint power of England, Egypt and India—for Indian forces could land at Suakim with it ten days from the date of an order from London—is so wild a scheme that it can end in nothing but futfility. When the Fashoda incident is settled, the French power of annoyance in Egypt will probably be considerably curtailed before the coming winter is over. The French, aided by the Russians, who have no interests in Egypt, block the way by opposing grants being allowed for the Egyptian War Department by the Caisse de la Dette. In January next the existing international arrangements will be modified. In English Government circles it is maintained that everything has passed off at Fashoda meant no more than the display of a British union-jack from the window of an English shop in Paris.

Close observers will note that England at the present juncture is specially polite to France, and the later would be well advised to remember Mr. Kipling's hin—
"But on! beware of my country when my country grows polite."

A Girl's Curious Sulcide.

A young Texas girl ate the heads of T DONGOLATED OF THE COA TO THE CO

protect French interests in the Upper Ubanghi." An expedition was organized, and Colonel Monteil placed at its head. M. Liotard was appointed Government Commissioner in the Upper Ubanghi province.

In January, 1896, Captain Marchand proceeded up the Ubanghi to aid Liotard. He passed through much danger and hardship and met Liotard with his forces at Meshraer-Rek, within easy distance of Fashcda.

The rest is soon told. From arriving at Fashoda to claiming French d. ministing as Fashoda to claiming French d. ministing was a small step, and it was taken. Once lodged there, the country was apparently in the possession of the French.

The Fashoda incident, under these languaged would be wall advised to remember Mnr. Kipling's hint—

"But oh! beware of my country when my country grows polite."

A Girl's Curious Suteide.

A going Texas girl ate the heads of 212 parlor matches in an attempt to commit suicide. When she repented as exercised by the committed having the content of the plan—which would be a severe blow to British interests—and for that Cape to Cairo communication which will give us supremacy in Africa. The issues at stake are so vital to both countries that a conflict between them is more seriously threatened than most people are disposed to think.

The Fashoda incident, under these

Leading Up to the Crisis Between Great

Britain and France.

When the British forces of General Kitchener arrived they found Markin is a question which is purely territorial. The response when the provided in London and Paris The reports received in London and Paris The reports rece HOW THE TRICK OF MAKING ONE BID AGAINST SELF IS WORKED.

The Auctioneer Must Have Been a Hypnotist, Considering the Price His Elderly Victim Paul For the Watteau Shepherdess—Praised Her Eve's Cult.

The vase was about eighteen inches high, and of varying diameter. It was of some sort of crockery or china ware, and it was as ornate as a Lonesomehurst cottage. On one side was a Watteau young woman, clad in a truly rural pink satin puffy skirt, mostly all pleats, and a "shepherd-ess" hat that must have cost at least \$24.80, and white silk stockings that ended in pink satin slippers (high heeled), apparently No. 12, children's size. The young woman was engaged in holding on to the kind of shepherd-ess' crook that shepherdesses used always to carry in the old days—gilded, and with vari-hued liberty silk ribbons tied all over it. She was also industriously engaged in gazing into the branches of a sapphire blue cherry tree, wherein a very red and very spankable Cupid was doing the usual act with a bow and arrow. On the other side a young man, with more or less of the same make-up, without the skirt, was climbing a gilt ladder into a gilt balcony shaded by Tyrian purple vines.

The auctioneer held it up.

"What am I offered for this real

less of the same make-up, without the skirt, was climbing a gilt ladder into a gilt balcony shaded by Tyrian purple vines.

The auctioneer held it up.

"What am I offered for this real thing?" he inquired, insinuatingly.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the age of this vawse is beyond my humble computation. Moreover, I do not like to go beyond facts that I know. I do know that this vawse adorned the home of the Russian Minister—Cacky—Cackyowsky—something like that—to this country seventy-two years ago. It passed from his unwilling keeping, when he was recalled, to the household establishment of the Czar. The many vicissitudes through which this vawse has passed in finally reaching my humble but reverent hands, ladies and gentlemen, were too pathetic to relate. It suffices to say that it is a gem fit to have adorned Versailles—as, indeed, who shall say that it is a gem fit to have adorned Versailles—as, indeed, who shall say that it is a gem fit to have adorned Versailles—as, indeed, who shall say that it is a gem fit to have adorned Versailles—as, indeed, who shall say that it hever did adorn Versailles.

Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to make me an offering for this vawse, keeping in mind—"

"I'wo dollars," said a coarse, brutal man at the far end of the room.

The auctioneer looked grieved.

"Surely, you must be unaware of the merits of the cherished school of ceramic art to which this—"

"Two 'n' a half," put in another low churl, with a business-like eye, up near the auctioneer's stand.

"I'perceive," said the anctioneer, sadly, "that a spirit of merriment pervades the room this morning. It is a sorry enough reflection that a gen, a prize, of this character, ladies and gentlemen, that a generation ago would have been grabbed at by—"

"Well, call it three," said the anctioneer, shaking his head mournfully, "rae you aware that it is among the possibilities—that this vawse for which you now offer me such patry sums may at one time have embellished the boudoirs of queens?—that the ill-fated Marie Antoinette herself—"

Marie Antoinetto herself—"

"Three-fifty," said another may with a low forehead but a bright, alert eye.

It was at this point that the determined-looking elderly woman, with the poppy-covered bonnet and the fat, old-fashioned purse, walked in. The love of tradition shone in her eyes, and she flashed a look of contempt at the budders.

"Sive dollars," said she, pushing through the crowd close to the auctioneer's stand.

"Al, madame," said the auctioneer, "yon have arrive i in season. It is readily to be seen that you know a good thing when you that you have a cultivated eye, this is to say, for such perfect products of a saddy deteriorated art as this. Yet I fear you, too, strike too low a note. Five I am offered—who, then, is to make it ten? who makes it ten?—ah, ten I am offered—"

Nobody in the room had spoken. The determined-looking elderly woman looked around defiantly and a justed her spectacles defantly.

"—ten I am offered—who makes it fifteen?—"

"Fifteen dollars," said the determined-looking woman, and all of the rest of the room's assemblage looked on with a very great silence.

"Fifteen I am offered—ti is dreary enough to reflect upon it—but fifteen I am offered—fitteen—now, who is to display his acumen and make me—ah, twenty—"

Nobody in the room had spoken.

"Twenty-five dollars," said the determined-looking woman, and she didn't notice the grins of the canaille about her.

"And sold to this lady with the cultivated eye for twenty-five dollars," said the auctioneer in an easy whisper to a friend, "when you can get 'em to bid against themselves you're all right." Then she sold another vase of the same sort for \$2.50.

Practical Classics.

Mrs. Tinkins was taking her son to

Practical Classics.

Mrs. Timkins was taking her son to school for the first time, and after impressing the schoolmaster with the necessity of his having a thorough good education, finished up by saying: "And be sure he learns Latin."

"But, my dear madam," said the schoolmaster, "Latin is a deal language."

"All right." said Mrs. Timkins; "he'll want it. He's going to be an undertaker."—Tit-Bits.

A RED TAPE COMEDY.

Terrible Commotion in Germany Because a Kite Caught on a Wre.

At Gleiwitz, in Upper Silesia, a youngster's kite got caught on the electric wire of a fire alarm. A policeman noticed the accident, and in order to get the kite removed made a written report, which, after having been perused by the "Polizeikommissar," was forwarded in succession to the "Polizei-Inspektor," the Magistrate and the "Feuerloschgeratkommission." The last-named authority engaged an engineer to remove the offending kite, and recommended the Magistrate to reward the zealous policeman with a premium of twenty-five pfennigs. The engineer landed in a written report to the effect that the kite had been removed. The municipal treasury paid the policeman the sum of twenty-five pfennigs and received in return a duly signed acknowledgment. The master of the school which the unlucky kite flyer attended (fourteen days had been spent in tracing him) received instructions to severely warn his pupils against flying their kites against electric wires, and after complying with the instructions reported accordingly.

But the "Feuerloschgeratkommission" determined that the matter should not rest there. They sent a deputation to the local School Board to ask that all school inspectors in the district should be instructed to see that all the children in the local schools received a similar warning. The headmasters of all the schools were accordingly supplied with written instructions as to the way in which the necessary warning should be conveyed. Circulars were distributed among the juvenile population. The head school Board the Burgermeister. Finally the written focuments relating to the affair were collected, and, after being furnished with a formidable register number, were laid to rest in the official pigeonhole. Four months passed from the loss of the kite to the final subsidence of documents and reports concerning it

Wise Words.

Be not merely good; be good for something.—Thoreau.

Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart.—Hood.

Our ancestors have traveled the iron age; the golden is before us.—St. Pierre.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things and is not hurt by them.—Feulton.

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life as not to receive new information from age and experience.—Terence.

Our lives, by acts exemplary, not only win ourselves good names, but do to others give matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.—Chapman.

There cannot be a surer proof of low origin or of an innate meanness of disposition than to be always talking and thinking about being genteel.—Hazlitt.

Narrow-minded and ignorant persons talk about persons and not things; hence gossip is the bane and disgrace of so large a portion of society.—Sheridan.

A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes

of so large a portion of society.—
Sheridan.

A man should learn to detect and
watch that gleam of light which flashes
across his mind from within more than
the lustre of the firmament of bards
and sages.—Emerson.

We can have no positive idea of any
space or duration, which is not made
up of, and commensurate to, repeated
numbers of teet or yards, or days or
years, and whereby we judge of the
greatness of these sort of quantities.—
Locke.

Love as we may other women, there

Locke.

Love as we may other women, there stands first and ineffaceable the love of "mother," gaze as we may on other faces, our mother's face is still the fairest; bend as we shall to other influences, still, over all, silent, but mighty, reaching to us from long-gone years, is a mother's influence.—J. F. W. Ware.

Wanted.

Wanted—A skillful dentist to fill the teeth of a gale.
Wanted—A cook to prepare dinner on a mountain range.
Wanted—A set of artificial teeth for the mouth of the Mississippi.
Wanted—A crown for the brow of a hill.

Wanted—A crown for the brow of a hill.

Wanted—A well-fitting shoe for the foot of a mountain.

Wanted—Several hundred women to scour the country.

Wanted—An energetic barber to shave the face of the earth.

Wanted—A lady to wear the Cape of Good Hope.

Wanted—Locks for the Florida Keys.

Wanted—Lucas
Kys.
Wanted—A wise man to teach the
Scilly Islands.—Anglo-American.

Wanted—A wise man to teach the Scilly Islands.—Anglo-American.

Passing of "The Lady of the House," once esteemed a highly polite and conciliatory form of address, is now, said a city dweller, "ancient and obsolete with those who pursue business by modern methods. In advance practices the custom is now to address the lady of the house by name, a method vastly more impressive and one susceptible of varied application. Thus an establishment with which we already have relations sends out a new circular and this is left at the door by a man who says not for the lady of the house, but the So-and-So sends this to Mrs. Blank. This beats the lady of the house out of sight, and marks the refinement of modern methods of doing things."—New York Sun.

Not Counted.

It is estimated that there are 1200 islands in the Philippines, but there has been no official counting.