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The precocious four-year-old Illinois boy who reads the newspapers and standard authors may develop into an able man, but the chances are against him. The law of nature is that extreme precocity is followed by early death or weakening of the mental and physical powers.

We of this generation hardly realize how recently private warfare, in the shape of the duel, has been suppressed. There are people living who remember when men of sensitive honor could with difficulty keep themselves, or be kept, from fighting, whenever they were insulted. Yet the duel has been practically abandoned by the English race, and is little more than a form among other peoples. In England and the United States not even soldiers and sailors fight duels; elsewhere serious duelling is confined to the military class.

A rather amusing case in the invention line comes from London. A truck driver for a chemical house was arrested for driving through the streets at night without a light. In court his employer pleaded that whereas the city ordinance required a light, the general act of Parliament prohibited a light under the circumstances as the truck was loaded with an inflammable substance—petroleum. So the one regulation counteracted the other. Out of the necessity of the case, however, a safety lamp for such purposes has just been invented, and it has been approved by the London County Council.

Not only have our exports of agricultural implements increased to Germany, France and other parts of Europe from a little more than \$2,000,000 in 1897 to nearly six and a half millions in 1899, but those to the United Kingdom have advanced from \$642,317 in 1887 to \$1,372,393 in 1899. In builders' hardware, saws, tools, etc., the increase has been from \$1,585,069 in 1898 to \$1,833,369 in 1899; typewriting machines from \$781,152 in 1897 to \$1,054,060 in 1899; leather manufacturers from \$7,511,770 in 1897 to \$9,595,306 in 1899; paraffin and paraffin wax from \$9,126,041 in 1897 to \$4,040,114 in 1899. So it runs down the list, and it is no wonder that farseeing Englishmen are sending warnings to their countrymen to "get up and hustle."

## Quick Recruiting in New York.

The principal recruiting station in New York City is in Third avenue, opposite Astor Place. Here an average of fifty men are enlisted and shipped daily to San Francisco, en route for Manila. One day at 2 o'clock one of the men enlisted at this station was a wanderer in the city's highways. At 2.15 he stopped into the station and said he wanted to become a soldier. At 2.30 he was examined by the surgeon. By 3 o'clock he had passed all his examinations, physical and mental and moral, and his application was approved. At 3.15 he took the oath as a soldier of the United States army. At 3.30 he drew his uniform, sold his old clothes, hat, shoes and all, for seventy-five cents to the ancient Jew who for fifteen years has hung about the station for this purpose. At 3.45 the ex-wanderer stood forth in a spick-and-span uniform, an American "dough-boy," which is to say, an infantryman. At 4 o'clock he marched away with his fellow recruits toward the Grand Central Station, bound for Manila, there to join one of the regiments of regulars.—Leslie's Weekly.

Anecdote of Robert Burns.  
Robert Burns was once standing upon the quay at Greenock when a wealthy merchant belonging to that town had the misfortune to fall in the harbor. A sailor plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued the merchant, who could not swim. When the rescued man was restored to consciousness it was found that the fright and the wetting were the only bad consequences of his mishap. Calling for the sailor, his preserver, the merchant, presented him with his thanks and a shilling. The crowd loudly protested against such shabby conduct, but Burns, with a scornful smile, begged them to be silent. "For, said he, 'the gentleman must know best what his life is worth.'"

Battered and bare on the sand it lay,  
That with the rush of the turning tide,  
When the whirling eddies in sportive play  
Whirled in rib through its saiping side,  
They laughed in their play and seemed to  
SAY:  
"Hail! Hail! we remember quite well the day  
When you clung to the grasp of a wait-  
ing sea."  
And you spurred us aside with impunity,  
You were bravely decked out on that natal  
day;  
You joyed in your strength, so brave, so  
free;  
Little you cared if some did say  
That danger lurked on the shifting sea,  
You laughed at the wall in another's tale,  
Who had seen the glories of life grow pale;  
You were eager to rush in the fiercest  
moat;  
You chafed at delay in your fresh, new life,  
Then came the day with your sails so  
white  
Spread to the gentle summer breeze;  
You felt so brave in the glad sunlight  
As you sailed away for the unknown  
sea,  
You dashed the spray with your prow  
away,  
"The sea is my slave!" you seemed to say,  
Then the storm king noted your vaunting  
pride,  
And calmly his coming time did bide.

## THE WRECK.

BY JAY BENSON HAMILTON, D. D.

HE first Methodist Parson's wife in this town became the chief of police. Would you like to hear how it came about?

My host in a Western city had been discussing the woman question. We had attended the session of the Methodist Annual Conference then in session in the place, and had listened with great interest to the debate upon the admission of women to the General Conference. The Conference was about equally divided, and the discussion was stirring and vigorous. My host was strongly in favor of the admission of women, while his wife was earnestly opposed to it. After dinner my host, jokingly, said as he looked at his wife, who had not only had the best of the argument, but the last word:

"My good wife is afraid it will degrade a woman to elect her to a Methodist General Conference, but you cannot convince her that it degraded the parson's little girl-wife to make her chief of police. I was a young man, and lived here when the first Methodist sermon was preached in one of our saloons. The saloon was turned into a chapel, and quite a vigorous society was organized in a few months. The town was filled with excitement one day by the word flying from mouth to mouth:

"A woman came to town to-day!"  
"It was a great event. There were but six women in the place, and they were a hard lot. To have the female population increased to seven, and the latest comer to be a modest, pretty, young girl, as she was said to be, excited an interested remark from every man who heard it. The former proprietor of the saloon which had been turned into the Methodist Church entered a saloon when the matter was under discussion. He was greeted, as every one had been who came in, with the remark:

"Say, did you know another woman came to town to-day?"  
"One-eyed Jack, as he was familiarly known, instead of being surprised, said, rather carelessly:

"I was introduced to her an hour ago."

"A roar of laughter from the incredulous crowd made the stolid face a trifle redder than usual, and the single eye gleamed with a fiercer light. Striking the bar with his huge clenched fist until the bottles and glasses leaped and clattered he repeated his remark with a terrible oath:

"I was introduced to her an hour ago, as I have already said once. She is the parson's wife. She is one of the nicest and prettiest little women you ever saw. She treated me as politely as if I had been the Prince of Wales. The fellow that ever speaks disrespectfully of the only decent woman in town had better select his weapon before he speaks, for he will have to fight me at sight."

"There was little need of Jack's threat. The parson had so completely won the rough element of the town by his genial tact and fearless bearing that every man would count it an honor to fight to the death for him at the drop of a hat. To know that the bold, powerful man whom they so greatly admired had a young and beautiful wife stirred to the heart's core every man who had a spark of manhood remaining.

And so, when your ire seemed oh! so fair,  
You had tasted success—poor foolish thought!  
When your lightsome heart knew never a cure,  
Each moment of life with joy was fraught,  
Down came the blow that laid you low,  
And changed your joy to a wailing woe,  
And you drifted a wreck on the shifting sand.  
"You spurred us on," the ripples say;  
"You dashed us aside in your day of pride,  
And now we toss you in our play;  
"We sport with your woe with each turning tide,  
You're not alone in your pride o'erthrown,  
For the moan of the lost is a ceaseless moan;  
And there's never a day but the murmuring tide  
Toys with the wreck of some lost one's pride!"  
All strewn with wrecks is the shore of life;  
Poor human wrecks that life's fierce tide  
Has crushed and choked, while its strife  
Has laugh at the puny power of pride.  
You turn away in disdain to-day,  
All puffed with pride you will go your way,  
But time in its turn will strike you low,  
And the higher the pride the deeper the woe.  
—Charles W. Hird, in Boston Transcript.

## THE PARSONS WIFE, THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

BY JAY BENSON HAMILTON, D. D.

"Run for a doctor, the man is dying."  
"When the doctor arrived, he found the parson's wife had checked the flow of the blood as skillfully as any surgeon could have done. She was white as marble, but as cool as ice. Her little hands were bathed in blood, but she had saved the cur's life. The doctor examined her surgery, and said:

"Madame, I could not have done so well myself. I presume you are the parson's wife. Permit me to say, as he lifted his hat and made a formal bow, 'the parson is to be congratulated, and so is this villainous ruffian. A few seconds more would have ended his worthless life. I doubt, madame, whether it was worth staining your white hands to save it.'"

"His soul is worth a thousand words like this," she replied, quietly.  
"I presume you are right, but I fear his soul, if he has one, will never be saved. He might as well die at one time as another so far as saving his soul is concerned. But, madame, if you desire to continue your mercy and save this man's life, you will have to play the part of a nurse as well as that of a surgeon. He cannot be moved for a day or two. I am sorry that such an experience should mark your first day in our place."

"Thus two more of our citizens had been introduced to the parson's wife the first day she arrived. A few days' nursing brought the injured man around all right so he could be moved. He was flush with money and offered a princely sum for the care he had received. The little woman refused the money with the air of a queen. She advised him to send his money to his friends at home. She said as he was about to go:

"If you wish to repay me for my trifling service, try to lead a better life."  
"She saved him, I think. He never tasted a drop of liquor after his parting from her. As soon as he had fully recovered he left town. We heard that he had gone home and settled down to a decent life."

"Before the parson's wife had been in town a week another fight occurred in front of the parsonage. A hundred men were looking on with delight as two enraged men were beating, biting and gouging each other like wild savage beasts. A woman's voice clear and strong, with a ring of scorn and disgust, thrilling every word into fire, startled the mob. The parson's wife stood in her open door:

"And you call yourselves men, shame on you! What a manly thing, indeed, it is to stand by and encourage these beasts to abuse each other like that. Shame on you!"  
"Before a word could be spoken he walked deliberately into the crowd, and seizing the man who had the advantage of his antagonist and was savagely pounding him, she dashed him aside with vigor that amazed the mob. Standing between the panting, bleeding combatants she spoke with cutting sternness that made them both flinch and drop their eyes abashed. Her presence and words had surprised them into sobriety. One of the men who had been very seriously injured began to sway unsteadily, and then suddenly fell insensible at her feet. Looking the other sternly in the face, she said:

"Are you a man or a beast? Did you have a woman for a mother? Oh! How could you so far forget your manhood as to shame even a brute with your cruelty?"  
"The man, startled and cowed, slunk away into the crowd without a word. The parson's wife turned to minister to the man at her feet. She found him as helpless as a log and very dangerously hurt. She spoke in such tones of command that none thought of refusing to obey:

"Pick him up and carry him into the parsonage!"  
"Upon the same bed from which the other injured man had just risen this one was laid. He was carefully and tenderly nursed back to life and strength. The day he left he kissed the little woman's hand and cried like a child. She made him kneel down with her while she prayed for him. He went out of the house with a new light in his eye. He went straight to the saloon where he knew he would find the man who had beaten him. The crowd made a ring for another fight as soon as they saw him enter. He quickly said:

"Boys, I have been nursed back to life by an angel who prayed to God five minutes ago to help me live a better life. She brought me back to my innocent boyhood days when I knelt at my mother's knee. My mother died with her hand on my head, praying to God to keep me from sin and help me meet her in heaven. When the parson's wife put her hand on my head and prayed for me, she used almost the very words my mother uttered with her dying breath. My heart went all to pieces. Boys, I have done with all this wickedness."  
"Turning to the man who had so cruelly abused him, he said:  
"Tom, old chum, I want to ask your pardon before all the boys. I was in the wrong. I began the fight without any cause. I deserved more than I received. You know, old fellow, my long life-friend, if I had not been crazy-drunk I would not have struck you. I have always loved you as a brother. Give me your hand, Tom, and say you forgive me. I'm going home to begin a new life."  
"The two men clasped hands for an instant as the tears poured down their bearded cheeks like rain. They were boyhood playmates from the same neighborhood in the East. They left the saloon together and went home the same day.  
"The parsonage was named the hospital the first week the parson's wife came to town. These two incidents did more to preserve the peace than a dozen policemen could have done. The moment two men began bawdy words which threatened to end in blows some bystander would shout:  
"Boys, here's another fellow who has engaged a cot at the hospital!"  
"The good-natured jester was taken up by the crowd and others would reply:  
"Run and tell the parson's wife to send her stretcher for her next patient!"  
"The fight was off at once. Street brawls almost wholly ceased. Even the rude, profane and obscene language, which before the parson's wife came polluted the very air in every part of the town, was almost completely banished. The plucky little woman had the habit of appearing unexpectedly wherever a crowd of men had gathered. She accepted with a sweet smile and a gracious bow the deference of the rough, coarse men, who always said as she approached:  
"Hats off, boys, the parson's wife!"  
"She came to us like an angel to a mob of demons. We had forgotten God; we had lost our manhood; we had almost lost our respect for the womanhood of our mothers and sisters. This little woman, scarcely more than a girl in size or years, was as fearless as if she felt that she was surrounded by a legion of angels. She rebuked sin with words that stung and burned like living fire. The sinner could not get angry. He knew that if he were to get sick or be injured, the first person to minister to him would be the little woman. Many a poor wretch was taken to her best room and as tenderly nursed as if he had been of royal blood. She was as skillful in dressing a wound as the best trained surgeon. She knew more about medicine than any doctor in town. She was never excelled as a nurse. No disease had any terrors for her. You can imagine that it did not take long for her to become the idol of such God-forsaken ruffians as we were. In one month she had but one title. It was bestowed upon her by a unanimous vote. Everybody called her 'the chief of police.'"  
—New York Independent.

## DEBIOUS PROSPERITY.

ARE WE GETTING RICH OR GETTING POOR.

A Careful Examination of the "Evidences of Prosperity" Shows That They Have a Weak Foundation—Testimony on the Other Side.

Are we, the producers, getting richer or poorer as a result of the gold standard, the trusts, the war taxes, the Dingley tariff, the Anglo-American alliance, etc.? A writer in the Single Taxer of New York discusses the pro and con of this question in an apparently impartial manner, and fails to find the prosperity.

If the question were not one which touches us all so intimately, the discussion now occupying the columns of the press as to whether we are or are not enjoying an era of prosperity would savor of the broadly humorous. That conditions are more tolerable than they were during the crisis of the last panic is universally admitted, but whether this constitutes for them a just claim to the title prosperous is gravely argued. Many of the "straws" consulted to help the solution of the question are extremely dubious.

Reduction in the number of failures proves nothing, for all the weak concerns were wiped out during the period of shortened credit. Neither does accumulation of bank deposits and cash on hand. The organization of numerous and colossal trusts cannot be regarded as much more than insurance on the part of the main stockholders against future depressed conditions. But in the worst of times the people whose condition is reflected by these statements enjoy a very large share of comfort, if not of luxury. They belong to the great class who feel that they are "ruined" if compelled to work for a living or to contribute in any active way for their own support.

It is to labor conditions, then, we must turn for a true index of the general situation. Here we are met by reports of increases in wages all over the country. Many of these statements are contested, however, as only being half-truths. From Johnston comes the statement on the word of a man on whom we can absolutely rely, that the so-called raise is only a return to the wage scale in force at the beginning of 1897. From some of the weaving districts news comes that the increase of wages means a reduction of the force employed, the number of looms which each operative is supposed to look after being nearly doubled. This fact is offset by the statement of the employers that owing to improvements in machinery there is no more work involved in caring for five looms now than for three under the old conditions. Of course it necessitates the employment of fewer hands, and these go to join the threatening army of the unemployed, whose existence, in the words of the general master workman of the Knights of Labor, is the greatest menace confronting labor today.

From Nebraska comes the news that labor is so scarce that the railroads actually have to avail themselves of tramp labor, a report which needs explanation in view of the commonly accepted belief that these men tramp, beg and starve simply because they prefer to do so, and a job as bank president would have no attraction for them if they could not drink stale beer out of tomato cans with serrated edges.

About a year ago, when a section of the press of the country had been talking up prosperity with a nearly equal assiduity to that displayed in talking it down a couple of years previous, a western commercial man went East with the idea that he could do a big business in his line there because of newspaper reports which informed him of the rushing business which the East was enjoying. When he got there he found the eastern papers full of the same reports about the section that he came from. He concluded that from that time on he would be guided by conditions as he individually found them.

Real prosperity cannot be said to flourish in a community like that of New York today when labor organizations report 31,000 members unemployed. Who will attempt to estimate the number of unorganized unemployed? Conditions among the employees of the surface roads of New York are such that a strike has taken place, and yet nobody questions that the risk of their lives, to take the positions of the men who strike, so intolerable and unnatural is the condition of a large element of our population. Of course after the men who replace the strikers have held the job for a while the conditions will seem intolerable to them, too, and the men whom they replaced, hungry and revengeful, will be only too eager to get back on any terms. And so with endless variations the struggle goes on.

Here is a partial list of the strikes that punctured the tires of our national prosperity in one week of July: Street car strike at Cleveland, another at Brooklyn and still another in New York. Messenger and telegraph boys in Cincinnati and New York; ten thousand tailors in New York city; pudlers at Pittsburg. These last have been replaced with imported negroes. The ore handlers on Lake Erie also struck. Strikes were never so numerous and widespread as in this month of July, 1899.

The Iron Age, the leading organ of the American iron and steel manufacturers, says regarding America's prosperity, "Prosperity has come, but it is sent to the Virginia Historical Society."

## FARM FOR A DRINK OF WATER.

A Selection of Rich Brazos Bottom Land For a Thirst Quencher.

A section of land which constitutes one of the finest farms in the fertile Brazos bottom of Texas once sold for a drink of water.  
It was about fifty years ago, according to ex-Lieutenant-Governor George T. Jester, that a crowd of frontiersmen from off the Brazos came to Corsicana on a trading expedition. Corsicana at that time was not as great a town as it is now, since it threatens to rival the most productive oil region of Pennsylvania, but was a typical frontier village or trading post. The grandfather of Governor Jester was a Methodist circuit rider, and lived at that time in Corsicana. He occupied a two-story double log house. His house was a rendezvous for people from far and near, who came trading. In those days land certificates were used as circulating medium, as money was rarely seen.  
On one occasion a character from off the Brazos arrived in town, got on a tear, and at night was put to bed in the second-story of the Jester mansion. About 1 o'clock in the morning he awoke with a terrible thirst. No water was in the room, and he couldn't find the way downstairs. Sticking his head out the window he saw some men asleep in the yard. He called to them to bring him a drink of water, but no one answered him. A second and a third time he called with no response. Finally he yelled out:  
"One of you fellows bring me a drink of water, and I'll give you 320 acres of land." This aroused one of the sleepers, who called back that he wouldn't climb those steps for 320 acres of land, and the offer was raised to 640 acres. The man under the tree drew a bucket of water and juggled it upstairs and offered a dipperful to the toper, but he pushed it aside. "Give it to me out of the bucket like a horse," he said, and he put about half the contents of the bucket under his belt.  
In those days a Texan's word was his bond, and this fellow kept his word about the land. Next morning he made his benefactor a deed to 640 acres of Brazos bottom land. This land still belongs to the descendants of the water carrier, and is one of the finest farms to be found in all Texas. It is now worth from \$35 to \$40 per acre.

## FROM OTHER PAPERS.

Victims of gold contraction and trusts are often heard to say, in extenuation of their oppressors, that they themselves would be monopolists, if they were able to do so. This may be true, but we desire to inform them that the men who are now their oppressors would soon overthrow all monopolies if they were not themselves the beneficiaries. Some men know enough to resist oppression and robbery, and some do not.—National Watchman.

It is not anti-trust talk, but anti-trust action, not anti-trust planks in platforms but anti-trust legislation, which can be effectively enforced, that the people want. The national conventions of the Democratic and Populist parties will not satisfy the people by merely denouncing the trusts—the Republican convention, under lead of Mark Hanna, will do as much—they must indicate the methods they propose to adopt to crush the trusts.—Jerry Simpson's Bayonet.

The war department has announced on several occasions that the volunteers were anxious to re-enlist. The Nebraska regiment has just returned to San Francisco from Manila, and Col. Mulford says "just one man in the entire regiment re-enlisted." Once again stern reality contradicts the administration lies.—Wilmington Justice.

Cheer up, comrade; your brother has gone to the Philippines to be killed and you may get his job. This salvation army prosperity is the great hit of the administration. See the philosophy? Just look at the statesmanship! Here's a condition. It is two men and only one job. How shall we find labor for them? Oh, that's easy—just kill one of the poor devils. Any fool might have thought of that; wonder how Grover missed it.—Coming Nation.

A St. Paul savings bank has passed into the sweet subsequently, leaving the depositors to hold the sack for a paltry million dollars. This system is the most practicable one that can be devised and postal savings banks would be anarchy.—Appeal to Reason.

It is only the main stream, not the bordering eddy nor the backwater, that knows the way to the open sea. Are you in the main stream of the universe, or in some transient backwater or swirling eddy? The main stream's other name is this: The righteousness which works by love.—Minneapolis People's Paper.

The imperialism of today is but the logical outcome of the "imperialism" of the trusts, combines, and monopolies; the "imperialism" of the corporations, the "imperialism" of the firms, and the "imperialism" of employers. This "imperialism" all results from and is based upon the industrial bondage of the people; and the people are in industrial bondage because they cannot freely and independently produce the necessities of life.—People's Press.

There is a perfect epidemic of strikes—strikes everywhere and in every line of private employment. It is but the great unrest that permeates the masses all over the land giving expression to itself in the form of protest. The strike is no remedy; it settles nothing. These new taking place are but the outposts opening the fire for the great battle that is to come. It is nearer than most of us think.—Appeal to Reason.

## A Railroad Trust.

The pretense of "competition" in railroad management is about to be ended. The New York World publishes an outline of a proposed railroad trust, to include all the great lines. Many economies are expected to result from the plan of a central management. Rates are to be "maintained," advertising is to be largely discontinued, salaries of freight and passenger solicitors are to be saved, and the labor question is to be settled as far as possible.

This is a forward step, and will finally result in good. There is, and can be, no real solution of the railroad problem by competition or regulation. Now that the ownership and management of these great highways is to be openly and avowedly in the hands of a great central monopoly, every argument against governmental ownership and operation has disappeared. If there must be a central management of this great industry, then every instinct of self-preservation demands that that management shall be the people's.

Will Exhibit a Glass House.  
One of the most novel suggestions for attractions at the Ohio Centennial is one that has been made to the directors by a Toledo man. It is nothing more or less, according to the Toledo Blade, than the erection of a glass house wholly by Toledo industries.  
It is proposed to erect a house at least eight stories high, and composed wholly of glass, side walls, ceilings and floors, with glass water pipes, heating pipes, glass stairs and glass furniture. The idea is to give the people some practical demonstration of the use of glass in the present age. It is well known that many firms are now making glass pipes for underground systems, both water and sewerage, and that glass is fast becoming one of the principal commodities in trade of this kind.

## THE TRADE IN CAMPHOR.

The annual export of camphor from Japan in the crude state is an average of 5,000,000 pounds. About one-quarter of this comes to the United States. The production of this crude camphor means the destruction of the tree, as it is obtained by boiling the wood. The Japanese Government and people, like those of our own country, are beginning to see the danger of destroying the supply. New trees are being planted and carefully tended. There seems to be no cause for immediate fear, however, as the trees belonging to the Government are capable of supplying the present average demand for twenty-five years. In one district, there is a group of thirteen about one hundred years old, which are estimated to be worth \$4000.

The apparatus for obtaining the camphor in Japan is very rough and unscientific, but has been in use for ages. The tree is cut into chips and boiled in a still, the vapor resulting is conducted into a receptacle containing several partitions surrounded by cold water. The camphor vapor condenses and is deposited in crystals or grains upon bamboo screens. This is the crude camphor.—Farm, Field and Fiviside.

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It is proposed to erect a house at least eight stories high, and composed wholly of glass, side walls, ceilings and floors, with glass water pipes, heating pipes, glass stairs and glass furniture. The idea is to give the people some practical demonstration of the use of glass in the present age. It is well known that many firms are now making glass pipes for underground systems, both water and sewerage, and that glass is fast becoming one of the principal commodities in trade of this kind.

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