

WELCOME VISITORS.

They come to me in dreams, betimes,
The dear ones gone before,
They sit beside me at the hearth,
Go out and in my door;
They rarely speak, but sit about
In such accustomed place,
The while it gives me joy to view
Each well-remembered face.

I waken with a sob of pain
That it is but a dream,
And yet they're near me all the day,
So real does it seem.
They comfort me through all the hours
Of labor, and of rest,
I feel that I have touched the hem
Of garments of the blest.

Dear dwellers on the distant shore;
Come near me when you may,
Let memories of my happy dreams
Make sweet the waking day.
With joys and griefs, and loving toil,
The years draw on apace,
When dreams shall be realities,
And meetings face to face.

—Mary A. Simpson, in Michigan Farmer.

THE HARPOONER.

In silence the ship
Moved on through
The tranquil
Waves of the North
Pacific, the old Arctic,
The lucky ship
Of the whaling fleet.
She was built more
For storage than
speed, with her bluff
bows, and could lay
away more oil in
her hold than most ships of her class.

She was noted on all sides as a vessel
which could find and strike whales
when others were unlucky.

The sailors used to say that they
would sooner be before the mast in the
old Arctic than mate of another whaler,
because they could make more money.

A man was standing near the fore-
castle, shading his eyes with his hand
and peering out ahead. He was tall
and strongly built, his face marked
by the tattooing instruments in use in
the north seas. Yet he was an American
and had the air of a model sailor,
as indeed he was—Nat Myers, har-
pooner in the captain's boat and king
of the fore-castle. No man of all the
crew had more influence, but it was
not the influence of fear, for the men
loved him. With the strength of an
ox, he had the calm, even temper so of-
ten seen in men of giant build, as if,
knowing his strength, he would not
use it against his weaker brethren.

Standing upon the fore-castle by his
side was a boy about twelve years of
age—a beautiful lad, with brown, curl-
ing hair, sunny blue eyes, and delicate
face. "How do you feel since you
have been in the Pacific?" said Nat.

"I get stronger every day," said Nat.

"You've been coddled too much, and
swallowed so much candy, and sech
truck. Once let me get you so you can
eat salt horse like a man, and you are
all right."

George Betts was the captain's
nephew, and the doctors had said that
the only thing which would save his
life was a sea voyage, and they gave
him in charge of Captain Jacobs.
That worthy passed him over to Nat
Myers.

"Take care of him, Nat," he said.

At first George fairly hated the old
salt, who forced him to eat salt pork
and bolt tough corned beef, dignified
by the names of "salt horse" and "ma-
hogany," when it was almost impossi-
ble for him to eat. He complained to
his uncle, who grimly said that he had
nothing to do with the matter.

"But he'll kill me, uncle."

"No, he won't, my boy. He'll make
a man of you."

As the days went on and George
grew more accustomed to life on board
ship, he really began to like his tor-
mentor. He had gained so much
strength that he could run up the rig-
ging like a cat, and the smartest men
on the ship could not catch him when
he was once upon the ratlines. And by
the time they had passed the Sand-
wich Islands, although a delicate look-
ing boy, he was stronger than he had
ever been in his life.

"Looker here—we are going to have
the biggest storm you ever see."

"Pshaw! There never was a fairer
day."

"Looker, my son," said Nat, in a
threatening manner. "Member what
I told you about contending me?"

Three hours later, when the first
mate had the deck, Nat was standing
on the topgallant fore-castle, with
George by his side, the squall burst
upon them with sudden fury. The first
wave which came aboard crushed in the
rail and swept the decks, and
George Betts was carried out into the
boiling ocean.

It was broad daylight, and Nat, with
a cry like that of a wild beast robbed
of his young, hurled himself over the
rail, holding in his hand a light plank,
the only thing which he could seize.

They saw him rising upon the top of a
great wave, and then George Betts
came into view beyond him, struggling
for his life.

"Bear up, my lad," they heard him
cry through the roar of the tempest.
"Old Nat is coming."

The boy, who, slight as he was, was
a strong swimmer, tossed his hand in
the air as a signal that he heard.

The crew of the Arctic could do
nothing, for it required all their
strength and skill to save the ship. A
dozen voices together volunteered to
man a boat.

"No, lads," said the captain, sadly.
"No man can love his nephew better
than I do mine. I will not risk half a
dozen lives for two. Besides, the ship
would run a boat out of sight in half
an hour, even if we could lower one.
Bear a hand at the braces—meet her,

meet her, you at the wheel; don't let
her fall off!"

And the Arctic sped on before the
awful gale, leaving Nat Myers and
George Betts at the mercy of the an-
gry sea. The old sailor struggled on,
and at last, with a cry of joy, he saw
the boy clutch the end of the board.

"That's right, my son," he said.
"Cheerily, cheerily, lad!"

"The ship is away," said George,
sadly, as he saw the Arctic rush on be-
fore the wind.

"Never you mind, sonny," and he
passed his arm about the lad, and,
stripping off his belt, raised the boy,
so that he lay upon the board, and
then bound him to it, face down, but
in such a position that he could raise
his head a foot or more from the
board. He was swimming beside the
board, pushing it before him.

"Why don't you get on the board,
Nat?" said George, uneasily.

"Never mind me," replied Nat, "I'm
all right, you see."

But, although he spoke so bravely,
he felt in his heart that he had made
his last voyage. The weight of his
heavy sea clothing was dragging him
down, and he knew that the board
would not bear them both.

"I'll die for him," he thought. "It
may not save him, but I can do that."

He shifted his hold on the board and
moved up until his face was close to
that of George Betts.

"Kiss me, lad," he said, "and if you
escape, don't forget old Nat Myers."

The boy raised his head and pressed
his lips to those of the old sailor.

"I love you, Nat," he said.

Then Nat Myers, with a smile upon
his face, fell back to his old position.
Once George spoke to him, and he an-
swered. The storm had ceased, but
the waves were running high, and an
hour passed on. Then a league distant
George Betts saw the white sails of
the Arctic returning in search of those
she had lost. With a glad cry the boy
turned his head to look back at Nat,
but the sea was a blank. That brave
man had died in silence sooner than
bear down the frail support of the boy
he loved. And the children of George
Betts love the memory of that brave
old sailor who died for their father's
sake.

"History" and Daniel Boone.

The scholar told some strong stories
—now that we were in a region of his-
torical interest—where Boone planted
his first fort, and where Boonesbor-
ough once stood, but he always pre-
faced his tale with the overwhelming
authority that—

"History" says—

He declared that history said that a
bull, seeing some cows across the river,
jumped from the point of a high cliff
straight down into the river; had
swum across and fallen dead as he
was climbing the bank.

"He busted his heart," said the
scholar.

Oddly enough, solemn Tim, who had
never cracked a smile, was the first to
rebel.

"You see that cliff yander?" said the
scholar. "Well, history says that Dan'l
Boone drove three Injuns once straight
over that cliff down into the river."

I could see that Tim was loath to
cast discredit on the facts of history.
If the scholar had said one or even two
Indians, I don't think Tim would have
called a halt, but when Daniel, with only
one load in his gun—and it was not a
Winchester—to drive three—it was too
much. And yet Tim never smiled, and
it was the first time I heard him volun-
tarily open his lips.

"Well, history mought a' said that,"
he said, "but I reckon Dan'l was in the
lead!" The yell that went up routed
the scholar and stilled him.—Scribner's
Magazine.

When the Nestlings Come.

Nestlings grow rapidly under the
incessant and assiduous care of one
and sometimes both parents, who
bring them soft food, and the number
of insects and worms they consume is
prodigious. Each day's ration is far
more than their own weight—a thing
made possible by the exceedingly
rapid digestion which characterizes
birds. This function, as well as res-
piration, is more expeditious in young
than in old birds, and how a tiny tin-
mouse can keep full the ever ravenous
mouths of such a brood as appears
in that family of nine bluebirds passes
comprehension. An even more diffi-
cult thing to understand is how all
seem to thrive equally. Our American
timoness's nest is an old woodpecker's
hole or some such cranny, often where
the room is so small that the young
are packed in layers, almost literally
like sardines in a box; and the Euro-
pean tits have quarters nearly as con-
fined at the bottom of deep, purselike
nests woven of cotton materials.—
Ernest Ingersoll, in Harper's Bazar.

People's Ways.

A woman is losing confidence in
herself when she has a supply of pic-
tures finished from an old negative in-
stead of asking for a new sitting.

The rose gives its perfume without
demanding a price; therefore the true
artist should produce for the pleasure
of it. But some artists have wives
and children.

When a man is in love the homeliest
old witch can make him believe in her
charms.

The world has never been set back
very far by the cracking of anyone's
brain in a steeplechase.

Many a man who is fined for con-
tempt of court would not dare to talk
back at home.—Chicago Times-Herald.

In 1898 the British Museum stored
away 222,674 numbers of 3,437 Eng-
lish, Scotch, and Irish periodicals, and
66,702 numbers of 292 foreign and
colonial periodicals.

IMPERIAL DECREES.

BEING ISSUED FROM WASH-
INGTON DEPARTMENTS.

All the Strength of the Government
Must Be Used in Order to Perpetuate
the Reign of the Money Power and
Other Trusts.

(Washington Democratic Letter.)
Washington, D. C., June 16, 1900.

There is no doubt but what Mark
Hanna runs the government. There
isn't a department in Washington
which is not being operated for the
main purpose of re-electing McKinley
next November.

A particularly flagrant instance is
just now engaging public attention.
There is a bureau of the treasury de-
partment known as the bureau of sta-
tistics. Its function is to compile sta-
tistics relative to commerce, imports
and exports, the movement of coin and
similar matters. For many years it
was under the control of Worthington
C. Ford, recognized as one of the prin-
cipal statisticians in the United States,
a man of fine character and excellent
ability.

The position came under the civil
service law, and by law could be filled
only by an expert statistician.

After Secretary Gage took office,
with great pretenses as a civil service
reformer, he gave Mr. Ford assurance
of his high esteem and of his strong
desire that he should remain at the
head of the bureau of statistics. With-
in a few months, however, Mr. Ford
was forced to resign and a newspaper
man named O. P. Austin, without any
standing whatever as a statistician,
was appointed to the place in clear vi-
olation of the law. Mr. Austin was ex-
tremely unpopular with his fellow
newspaper men in Washington for
having run for a number of years a
"scab" newspaper syndicate and for
having tried to get newspapers away
from his fellow journalists by what
they considered unfair methods. But
he had been of service to Hanna
around Republican headquarters in the
campaign of 1896 and that gave him
his appointment.

From the time he entered office the
bureau of statistics was run for the
sole purpose of getting up Republican
statistics. In every way that human
ingenuity can devise, figures have been
twisted, warped, distorted and garbled
in order to back up the Republican
position in favor of protection of trusts
and of the gold standard.

Now Mr. Austin is crowning his ser-
vice by employing the whole bureau,
with its staff of highly paid experts,
in getting up a campaign text book for
the Republicans, filled with pages of
statistics and diagrams to prove that
the McKinley administration is the
greatest three-ring circus that ever
crossed the continent.

His use of figures is such as to make
the nine digits blush to look the mul-
tiplication table in the face. The book
will be printed in the government
printing office at government expense
and circulated through the mails at
government expense.

This little job will cost the taxpay-
ers first and last not over \$20,000, a
mere drop in the bucket of Republican
extravagance and misappropriation of
public funds, but when any Democrat
hears a Republican orator quote from
O. P. Austin's book a set of figures to
sustain any argument he may advance,
the aforesaid Democrat may call to
mind the illuminating fact of its or-
igin and rest content.

Hanna is occasionally brutal even to
his own slaves. He recently informed
Chairman Babcock of the Republican
congressional committee that that or-
ganization would have to raise its own
campaign funds, as the national com-
mittee would need all it could get for
its own purposes.

Hanna hasn't much use for congress
anyway, particularly the house of rep-
resentatives. It wouldn't pass the
Hanna-Payne ship subsidy bill and the
army reorganization bill, both of which
he wanted, and it did pass the Nica-
ragua canal bill, the anti-trust bill and
the eight-hour labor bill, which he bi-
terly opposed.

So when Babcock was told to hunt
up his own funds he found himself in
the midst of an arid desert with Mark
Hanna standing guard over every
water hole in sight.

There was but a single prickly cactus
from which to squeeze a few re-
luctant drops—the employees of the
house of representatives, Republican to
a man. Babcock had these voted an
extra month's salary all around just
before congress adjourned, and then
set a smooth and skillful agent at
work to make each employee give up 50
per cent of that bonus. This would have
yielded about \$40,000 despite the
fact that it was a flagrant violation of
the law against political assessments.
But there is nothing so ungrateful as
a government employee with an elec-
tion pending, especially when he fig-
ures that the election is going against
his party. The employees are refusing
to give up. They are saving their
money against a rainy day. Almost to
a man they figure that the next house
will be Democratic and that they will
lose their jobs. So Mr. Babcock's com-
mittee has had to call on each Rep-
ublican member of congress as well
as each Republican candidate for con-
gress for a special assessment. There
may be an occasional crumb of con-
tribution fall from Mark Hanna's
trust-fund table, but it will not do Bab-
cock much good. This business of be-
ing jackal to the Mark Hanna lion is
a thankless task.

The government has spent \$100,000
in transporting troops and bands to
Rochester, N. Y., to give Gen. Otis
a big military reception, celebrating his
return from the Philippines. Gen.

Otis' Philippine campaign is the most
humiliating military failure in the his-
tory of the government, but the ad-
ministration has to stand for Otis be-
cause Otis stands for the administra-
tion.

But there are ample signs that the
country has had about all it wants of
militarism. Military heroes are at a
discount. The Republicans do not find
it wise to put a military man on the
ticket with McKinley any more than
the Democrats will at Kansas City.
Dewey has announced that he is out of
the presidential race and Admiral
Schley declines to be considered as a
candidate. There are too many mili-
tary scandals to be investigated right
now. The Cuban scandal is not all
postal.

It is recalled now that some six
months ago when a certain Cuban
newspaper began charging American
officials with corruption, Gen. Ludlow,
then in command at Havana, prompt-
ly threw the whole staff of the news-
paper into jail and practically sup-
pressed the offending paper. That
effective way of proving the purity of
the military service couldn't be im-
proved on even in Turkey.

It is well to note that five of the
inspectors in the Cuban postal service
who conveniently looked the other
way when Neely and his confederates
were stealing postal funds, have been
"permitted to resign." One of them is
the man who wrote such a laudatory
report of Neely's management as to
make the latter shed tears of grati-
tude as he grabbed for five thousand
dollars more a month than he had
been accustomed to taking.

JACKSON DAY.

BRYAN-BLAINE.

In the corridor of the Hoffman
House, in New York, a prosperous
looking citizen was heard to remark
to a friend the other evening: "I am
a Republican and always have been
but I want to tell you that this man
Bryan is the greatest political leader
this country has had in 25 years, with
the possible exception of Blaine." This
was the recognition of a representative
of New York's commercial interests of
the foremost Democrat of the age—
and its foremost Democrat is always
the greatest man in any country or of
any age.

This declaration suggested the
points of similarity and difference in
the personality and character and
statesmanship of Bryan and Blaine.
That James G. Blaine had a person-
ality so engaging and commanding as to
inspire immediate admiration and to
win lasting respect is the admission of
his bitterest foe. He was magnetic. In
wit, ready, in speech, eloquent, in am-
bition, great, in manners, affable, in
learning, not profound nor accurate,
nor yet superficial, but well informed
and always able to make the best pos-
sible use of what he knew and of what
he had, James G. Blaine was gifted
by nature for parliamentary lead-
ership. Not since William Pitt has he
had a superior, if, indeed, a peer, in
that respect.

In all these elements of greatness
Bryan resembles Blaine, except in the
greater accuracy of the former's learn-
ing and the profounder quality of his
mind. But where Blaine was weak,
Bryan is strong. Blaine represents
the statesmanship of expediency, Bryan
that of principles. In the quality
of moral courage and devotion to
ideals Bryan is ideal. Bryan has all
the substantial elements of character
which Blaine possessed and happily
for his party and his fame he has
none of those temperamental weak-
nesses which injured the party and
which compromise the fame of Blaine.
—Buffalo Times.

HOW THE PEOPLE PAY.

While the trusts have here and there
increased the wages of their employees,
which had previously been reduced
from the 1892 scales, they have in every
instance not only added several times
as much to their own profits and made
the people foot the bill, but they have
failed also to restore wages to the old
standard before what has been called
hard times reductions. The Emporia
Times has taken the trouble to obtain
from the merchants of that city the
increase in price of articles of neces-
sity as compared with the selling price
one year ago. Here are the figures it
gives:

Stoves have increased 50 per cent.

Wagons have increased from four to
five dollars.

Copper has doubled in price.

Fourteen-inch plows that sold for
\$10 now sell for \$14.

Ropes that sold for 5 cents a pound
now sell for 12 cents.

A common stove pipe sold for 10
cents; now it goes at 20 cents.

Boils and rods have gone up 75 per
cent.

Tin has increased from \$1.50 to \$2 a
box.

Cultivators have increased from \$3
to \$4.

Hoes, forks, rakes, shovels, spades,
and all such articles have gone up to
the consumer 45 per cent.

Nails, per keg, from \$2.20 to \$4.10.

Barbed wire, galvanized, from \$2.40
a hundred pounds to \$4.60.

Binder twine, which cost 7 cents a
pound, now costs from 11 cents to 13½
cents.

Glass has increased 40 per cent.

Other articles of general use show a
like increase in cost to the consumer.
In every instance the trust has added
enormous profits, every cent of which
must come out of the people who have
heard so much and seen so little of the
boasted "McKinley prosperity."—Ft.
Madison Democrat.

THE COMING AGE OF ALUMINUM.

Death of Copper Industry Fore-shadowed
and Ultimate Downfall of Iron.

The coming age will be the age of
aluminum. It is only 70 years since
this wonderful metal was discovered
by Wohler, and the aluminum indus-
try, scarcely 40 years old, commands
already the attention of the entire
world. Such rapid growth has not
been recorded in the history of civil-
ization before. Not long ago aluminum
was sold at the fanciful price of \$30
or \$40 per pound; today it can be had
in any desired amount for as many
cents. What is more, the time is not
far off when this price, too, will be
considered fanciful, for great improve-
ments are possible in the methods of
its manufacture.

The absolutely unavoidable conse-
quence of the advance of the alumi-
num industry will be the annihilation
of the copper industry. They cannot
exist and prosper together, and the lat-
ter is doomed beyond any hope of re-
covery. Even now it is cheaper to con-
vey an electric current through alumi-
num wires than through copper
wires; aluminum castings cost less,
and in many domestic and other uses
copper has no chance of successfully
competing. A further material reduc-
tion of the price of aluminum cannot
but be fatal to copper. But the progress
of the former will not go on un-
checked, for, as it ever happens in such
cases, the larger industry will absorb
the smaller one; the giant copper in-
terests will control the pigmy alumi-
num interests, and the slow-pace
copper will reduce the lively gait of
aluminum. This will only delay, not
avoid, the impending catastrophe.

Aluminum, however, will not stop at
downing copper. Before many years
have passed it will be engaged in a
fierce struggle with iron, and in the
latter it will find an adversary not
easy to conquer. The issue of the con-
test will largely depend on whether
iron shall be indispensable in electric
machinery. This the future alone can
decide.

While it is impossible to tell when
this industrial revolution will be con-
summated, there can be no doubt that
the future belongs to aluminum, and
that in times to come it will be the
chief means of increasing human per-
formance. It has in this respect ca-
pacities greater by far than those of
any other metal. I should estimate
its civilizing potency at fully one
hundred times that of iron. This esti-
mate, though it may astonish, is not
at all exaggerated. First of all, we
must remember that there is 30 times
as much aluminum as iron in bulk
available for the uses of man. This in
itself offers great possibilities. Then,
again, the new metal is much more
easily workable, which adds to its
value. In many of its properties it
partakes of the character of a precious
metal, which gives it additional worth.
Its electric conductivity, which, for a
given weight, is greater than that of
any other metal, would be alone
sufficient to make it one of the most
important factors in future human
progress. Its extreme lightness makes
it far more easy to transport the objects
manufactured. By virtue of this prop-
erty it will revolutionize naval con-
struction, and in facilitating transport
and travel it will add enormously to
the useful performance of mankind.

But its greatest civilizing potency will
be, I believe, in aerial travel, which is
sure to be brought about by means of
Telegraph instruments will slowly
enlighten the barbarian. Electric
motors and lamps will do it more
quickly, but quicker than anything else
the flying machine will do it. By
rendering travel ideally easy it will be
the best means for unifying the hetero-
geneous elements of humanity.—
Nicola Tesla, in the Century Magazine.

Boers After a Battle.

An American, who has recently re-
turned from South Africa, where he
saw some of the fighting, from the
Boer side, tells of the impression the
manner of these fighters made upon
him. American soldiers he said would
follow fighting with singing and cheer-
ing and much talk about the details
of what they had just gone through.
He recalled the reports of the cam-
paigning in front of Santiago. When
the Boers get through with a skirmish
or a battle they seem to dismiss all
recollection of the matter. They go
about their cooking, sit down to mend
their clothing, read their Bibles or en-
gage in some other occupation. Their
manner indicates that fighting has
been dismissed from their minds im-
mediately after it is over. Within half
an hour after a battle the Boer soldiers
could be seen sitting about the in-
trenchments, and when their conver-
sation was noted it was found to have
nothing to do with the war. This fact
conveyed to the mind of the observer
that with fighting made such a matter
of duty or business and continued de-
void of enthusiasm the staying
quality of the Boers was likely to prove
a surprise to the world.—St. Louis
Globe-Democrat.

Good Reason.

"What a happy day you are! Don't
you ever borrow trouble?"

"Nope! Can't afford to; the interest
too high."—Brooklyn Life.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Ventilation of Sleeping Rooms.

Rooms which are to be slept in,
after having been occupied during a
whole evening, must be thoroughly
ventilated before the occupant pre-
pares for bed. Doors and windows
must be thrown open for several
minutes, the gas or lamp put out, and
the air completely changed, no matter
how cold it may be outside. This is
the only way to obtain refreshing
sleep. On going to bed, the usual
ventilating arrangements should then
be followed, but the great point is:
To change the air thoroughly first.

Care of Rubber Plants.

A woman who has great success
with her rubber plants sponges off
each leaf on the under as well as the
upper side at least three times a week;
more often still if the plant has been
exposed to street dust or that of room
cleaning. Only enough water is put
on the earth in which the roots are
planted to keep the soil from feeling
hard.

Once a week the earth about the roots
is loosened and two teaspoon-
fuls of castor oil are allowed to drip
all about the roots, after which opera-
tion the earth is scratched back.

A Forget-Me-Not Window Garden.

Forget-me-not is easily cultivated
and is one of the prettiest plants for
a window garden. It is half aquatic
and will grow in vases of water as
well as in pots of earth. Secure a few
cuttings, root them in damp moss or
in water, then fill the vase or pot with
the young plants, which will grow
very rapidly, the flowering shoots and
branchlets bursting forth, fairly fash-
ion, before one realizes that it is time
for them to appear. A shady window
is the best place for these flowers and
they are more ornamental than the
daintiest Dresden ever tinted by ar-
tistic fingers. When the plants begin
to show signs of fading, fresh cuttings
may be started, or the old plants may
be pulled to pieces, and the branches
already covered with roots formed
into new plants by putting them into
a fresh vase or basket. Hyacinth
glasses make good forget-me-not re-
ceptacles, the blue flowers clamber-
ing over the sides of the glass in
charming fashion. The glass can be
hung in the window—an east window
preferably—and makes an enchanting
bit of swinging greenery.

Laundering Fine Napery.

Hang your linen to dry, using two
lines comparatively close and paral-
lel for your tablecloths. (Also for
sheets.) Throw one selvage side of
your tablecloth over one line (toward
the other), allowing it to hang down
about a quarter of a yard, and being
careful to pin a short distance from
the ends. Take the opposite side of
your cloth and throw it over the other
line, facing the first line, and pin it
in the same manner. This will form a
sort of bag, and will prevent to a con-
siderable extent the wild blowing