

**A CURIOUS THING.**  
Sunbeam came to my house one day—  
"Is there any place here for shadows to  
hide?"  
They tell me that shadows are cold and  
gray;  
But before I can catch them they run  
away.  
If I hear him, I'll cheer him up," he cried.  
He searched about through the great big  
house.  
A dear little fellow, warm and bright,  
In closets, in corners, in mamma's hair,  
In grandma's face, and oh, everywhere!  
But wherever he went it was only light.  
Now Love looked into my house that  
day—  
"Could Hate in here be hiding his head?"  
They tell me that Hate is ugly and bad.  
Perhaps, if we found him, we'd make  
him glad.  
Oh, please may I look and try?" he said.  
Love met Sunbeam hunting about—  
"Have you found your shadows, friend  
Sunbeam?"—"Nay,  
Not I," said Sunbeam; "they don't live  
here."  
"Nor Hate," said Love; "for this house  
is dear.  
Let's look for a place to abide away!"  
Sweetheart Lucy came running in,  
Bright as a robin just out of bed.  
Sunbeam sprang to her eyes so brown;  
Love in her warm heart nestled down—  
"We've the nicest place in the world!"  
they said.  
Now the curious thing, which I haven't  
told,  
Is something I never could quite make  
out—  
For never a shadow can show his head,  
And Hate, I think, must be ugly and dead,  
When my little Lucy is playing about."  
Wm. J. LONG.

**FIRST A SOUTHERNER.**  
Osman Pasha Fought in Stonewall Jackson's  
Division.  
Savannah News.  
Is the famous Turkish general,  
Osman Pasha, of Southern birth,  
a dashing dark devil who led the  
army in disgrace in 1864.  
Police Sergeant John Holliday,  
of Pittsburgh, in an interview,  
which was published in the Morning  
News a few days ago, says that  
he was born in East Tennessee 63  
years ago. Holliday claims to  
have followed his career, and to  
be positive that Osman Pasha is  
none other than Col. Crawford,  
of the First Tennessee artillery.  
A Morning News representative  
yesterday found an ex-Confederate  
soldier, a veteran of the famous  
Stonewall brigade, who says that  
Sergeant Holliday, of Pitts-  
burgh, is correct in regard to Os-  
man Pasha's being a Southern man,  
but incorrect with regard to the  
place of his birth. The  
Morning News' informant is a  
practicing physician, who lives  
within fifty miles of Savannah.  
He said:  
"I know Crawford well.  
Charles L. was his name. He was  
born and raised in Wytheville,  
Wythe county, Virginia, some  
sixty miles from Bristol. In 1857  
when I was about 12 years old,  
my father removed to Wythe-  
ville, and I entered school there.  
Charley Crawford, as he was then  
known, was 8 or 10 years my  
senior, and was just about to grad-  
uate from the academy. He was  
known as a bully, with dare devil  
proclivities but the boys generally  
regarded him as lacking in moral  
courage. Indeed, those of his own  
age looked upon him as a coward.  
I knew him personally for  
more than two years.  
"After leaving Wytheville, I  
followed his career through some  
of our schoolmates. At the be-  
ginning of the war Crawford  
joined the Wytheville Grays,  
Company A, Fourth Virginia reg-  
iment, which became the First  
brigade of Stonewall Jackson's di-  
vision. This was about February,  
1861. I went into the war in the  
Thirty-seventh Virginia regiment,  
Company A, attached to Gen. W. B.  
Taliaferro's brigade, which was  
a part of the same division. About  
March 17, 1862, memorable be-  
cause the Confederates went into  
effect at that time, I learned  
through comrades that Crawford  
had deserted on the battlefield at  
Bull Run. It was asserted on  
good authority that he had on  
various occasions acted dishonora-  
bly. He afterwards returned to  
his former home at Wytheville,  
but things became so hot there for  
him that he left Virginia and went  
North.  
"For a time I lost sight of him.  
The next I heard of him he was in  
Egypt. I think Sergeant Holliday  
is in error in saying he was in  
the Turkish army. My in-  
formation was that he was with  
the Khedive's army, which he  
joined about the time that a num-  
ber of other ex-Confederates went  
to Egypt for the same purpose.  
In Egypt he first distinguished  
himself as a fighter and attracted  
the attention of the Sultan of  
Turkey. Some time during the  
seventies Crawford left the service  
of the Khedive and joined the  
army of the Sultan.  
"This much with regard to his  
career was sent back to Virginia  
by ex-Confederates who were with  
him in Egypt. There I lost sight  
of him though I am pretty well  
assured with Sergeant Holliday,  
of Pittsburgh, that Crawford and  
Osman Pasha are identical. Craw-  
ford came of a good family and  
married an excellent Virginia  
lady, so I understand. After going  
to the Orient, however, so the  
story goes, he became intensely  
Oriental—harem and all. Ser-  
geant Holliday's statement with  
regard to Crawford's career at  
West Point and in the Federal  
army are substantially as I had  
heard them previously."  
Of his career in the Federal  
army Sergeant Holliday said:  
"In 1868 he was authorized to  
raise a regiment of artillery and  
succeeded in organizing five bat-  
teries. In 1864 Col. Crawford, as  
he was then called, was dismissed  
from the service on a charge of  
appropriating government prop-  
erty to his own use. He then went  
to Mexico, where he obtained a  
commission in the Mexican army.  
Crawford continued in the Mexi-  
can army and then became wealthy  
through his interest in some mines.  
When peace was restored Crawford  
resigned his commission and went  
to New Jersey, where he purchased  
an estate, but soon grew tired of  
leading such a quiet life. His next  
step was to join the Turkish army,  
where he rapidly rose to the front  
and won great distinction at the  
battle of Plevna in the Russo-  
Turkish war."

**Voorhees Tribute to His Father.**  
Stories of the late Hon. Daniel  
W. Voorhees, the "Tall Sycamore  
of the Wabash"—of his mar-  
velous eloquence before juries, his  
big-heartedness, and his strong  
love for the affections of the  
Indiana Democracy—are still  
heard about the hotels in Wash-  
ington. Hon. F. M. Dice, of  
Crawfordsville, ex-Reporter for  
the Supreme Court of Indiana,  
was telling a party of friends a  
few days ago of the first time he  
ever heard Voorhees speak, and  
how his eloquence had impressed  
itself upon his mind for all time.  
It was more than forty years ago,  
and the speech—before the jury—  
was all the more remarkable in  
that it contained a son's tribute to  
his father.  
In 1856 Senator Voorhees was a  
young lawyer—but little past thirty—  
at Covington, Fountain county,  
Ind., in which county the  
Senator's father lived, and he  
had been reared from childhood.  
At the election that year the Rep-  
ublicans triumphed and elected  
one David S. French Treasurer.  
The Democrats alleged that the  
election had been gained by the im-  
portation of German voters from  
Chicago, and contested French's  
election. Voorhees was employed  
by the contestor.  
The evidence disclosed that on  
the day before the election a Rep-  
ublican, McKnight by name, liv-  
ing in one of the out townships  
went to Attica, the only railroad  
town of the county, and brought  
home with him two strange Ger-  
man voters. In going to his home  
he had to pass by, late at night  
the home and farm of the father  
of Voorhees. Before reaching the  
house, so the evidence went, the  
Republican said to the imported  
voters, "We are now about to pass  
an old Democrat's house, and you  
must lie down on the floor of the  
wagon bed, so that he may not  
see you."  
In his speech to the jury, com-  
menting on this testimony, Mr.  
Voorhees said: "Down went  
those virtuous constituents of Da-  
vid French until the old Demo-  
crat's house was lost in the dis-  
tance." Then he pronounced this  
eulogy on his father, without  
naming him otherwise than in the  
following:  
"Sleep on, old Democrat; sixty  
winters have left their snows on  
your head and sixty summers have  
fanned your furrowed cheeks. The  
sweat of an honest brow has  
earned you your bread, and paid  
your taxes. For the blessings of  
good government, you have been a  
law-abiding citizen and have served  
your country well. Good blood,  
too, is in your veins. Your father  
heard the roar of Washington's  
cannon in the winter morning at  
Trenton, and charged under the  
eye of the 'Father of His Country,'  
and saw the noble Mercer fall.  
Sleep on, though now for once the  
enemy has passed the lines and  
the battle is lost, for tomorrow's  
sun finds the lurid Hessians as-  
saulting at the polls the bulwark  
of every American's liberty."  
Mr. Dice recalled this tribute,  
though forty years had elapsed  
since it was uttered. He asked  
Senator Voorhees, not many  
months ago, why this speech had  
not been included in the printed  
collection of his addresses before  
juries. The Senator said it was  
because the case was a political  
one, and he didn't care to do any-  
thing that might, even in a remote  
way, revive party animosities.

**A LIFE PICTURE.**  
Diary of the Office Seeker of the Present at  
Washington Post.  
March 2—Just arrived. Washington a  
nice town. Wonder if it wouldn't be as  
well to stay here as to go abroad?  
March 4—Saw Maj. McKinley inaugu-  
rated. We folks who nominated him  
will be all right now. Think I had bet-  
ter take an assistant secretaryship. The  
administration wants good men who  
know something about politics. Besides  
I am getting to like Washington.  
March 8—Big crowd at the White  
House. They ought to give the President  
time to settle himself. Have sold my ex-  
cursion ticket and will stay awhile. Too  
many people make a hotel uncomfortable.  
Have found a good boarding house.  
March 11—Sleek hands with the Presi-  
dent in the East Room and told him  
I would call on a matter of business in  
a few days. He seemed pleased.  
March 15—Went to the capitol and  
found Senator X. He was sour. Said  
the whole State was here chasing him.  
Asked me what I wanted and said, "Bet-  
ter go for something in reach." Maybe  
an auditorship would be the thing.  
March 23—Took my papers to the  
White House to-day. Thought I'd wait  
and have a private talk with the Presi-  
dent but Secretary Porter said I'd have to  
go along with the rest. What an ill man-  
nered fellow. I followed me right  
along just to tell me they saw the Presi-  
dent in the State Department. Said he  
had many good friends in Indiana and  
hoped they would be patient. Can he  
have forgotten that I am not from Indi-  
ana? Probably the tariff is worrying him.  
Shameful the way the Senate is acting.  
April 7—Borrowed a little more money.  
Washington is an expensive town to live  
in.  
April 11—Senator X. says all the audi-  
torships were mortgaged before the elec-  
tion, but he will endorse me for a spe-  
cial agency or a chief clerkship if I can  
find one that isn't under the civil service  
law.  
April 13—D—N the civil service law.  
April 17—Didn't know there were so  
many good positions abroad. Ought to  
have gone for one of them in the first  
place. That State Department list is a  
great thing. Think I'll start with Ant-  
werp and check off a few that will suit  
me. Wonder where I can negotiate a  
small loan?  
April 19—Got in to see the President  
and told him I could best serve the ad-  
ministration and the party abroad. He  
said, "Oh, yes," and to file my papers in  
the Postoffice Department, and he hoped  
his friends in Massachusetts would be  
patient. What made him think I was  
from Massachusetts? I suppose he gets  
mixed sometimes.  
April 20—Senator X says there is one  
chance in a million of getting a consul-  
ate, but if I will concentrate on Zown,  
he and the delegation will do what they  
can. Salary, \$1,000. Fees, \$57.  
April 21—Have concentrated on Zown.  
Got in the time today just for a moment  
to tell the President it would suit me.  
He said, "Oh, yes," and to file my pa-  
pers in the Treasury Department, and he  
hoped his friends in Minnesota would be  
patient till he could get around to them.  
Queer he should think I was from Min-  
nesota.  
April 27—The ingratitude of that man  
McKinley! He has nominated Jones for  
consul to Zown, when he knew I had  
concentrated on it. After my services to  
the party, too. Who is Jones, anyhow.  
April 27—I am going home, Senator  
X has got me a pass. Will send for my  
trunk later. I tremble for the future of  
this administration.  
**A Store in Which Nothing is Ever Sold.**  
Chicago Times-Herald.  
In Bainbridge, Geauga county,  
Ohio, not far from Cleveland, is the  
quickest country general store  
I ever ran across. Bainbridge is  
a small hamlet, but the store is as  
large and as well stocked as the  
average suburban store. It is kept  
—that is precisely the word for it—  
by an old widower, who has no  
relatives in that section of the  
country and is practically a her-  
mit. When the civil war began  
he was running a flourishing gen-  
eral store in Bainbridge, and made  
money rapidly in the succeeding  
four years. When peace was de-  
clared prices, which had been  
greatly inflated, took a sudden  
drop. The old fellow believed  
that this would be followed by a  
boom which would send prices sky-  
ward again, and refused to sell his  
goods for less than he paid for  
them. Down went the prices—  
down, down, down—and finally he  
was forced to close his store for  
want of purchasers.  
Today his store stands almost  
exactly as it did thirty years ago.  
It is stocked with such goods as  
are usually found in country  
stores, but, of course, the stock is  
now practically worthless.  
Every day the old man opens up  
the place to give it an airing. He  
is there, too, for business, if any  
one chooses to buy what he has to  
sell, and is willing to pay what he  
asks.  
"Why, sir," he said to me,  
"some of the calico I've got here  
cost me sixty-five cents a yard in  
1867. Wouldn't it be a fool to sell  
it for five cents?"

**Home, Sweet Home.**  
Durham Sun.  
We live in a day of irreverence and cyni-  
cism. The tendency is to repudiate tra-  
ditions and traditions. Those ideals of  
which home life is prominent, are jeopar-  
dized continually by the worshippers of  
Realism, who scoff at faith of no visu-  
al form. Man and woman both pro-  
stitute their God-given talent to upstart  
creeds and in which they should ever  
abide and solemnly cherish, for we have  
need of them always to help us watch  
and note danger signals which beset our  
daily paths. There can be no substan-  
tial, instructive and permanent home-  
life unless father and mother are united  
to watch the germ life of their offspring  
grow through childhood into man and  
womanhood.  
The continual annals of sacred  
marriage bonds is the most painful and  
difficult problem which confronts the  
boasted progressiveness of our land today,  
warning us that there is a leak some-  
where, a principle out of joint, an exist-  
ing evil that needs locating, and the  
pruning knife applied until this dead-  
wood is cut out and more healthful life  
engrafted upon our moral standards.  
There is continual talk about the new  
woman. We don't quite take in this  
modern fad, so called. If it means that  
she should abandon the province wherein  
she was born and reared for wantonly  
work and duties, she is no good. But if  
she is only desirous to have that knowl-  
edge and opportunity by which to en-  
large her capacity for the better, which  
is her true center and rendezvous, we  
believe that every facility and oppor-  
tunity should be accorded her. The wo-  
man who knows most is apt to be the  
faithful mother, wife and friend.  
Vice versa with man. But when their  
united ambitions are for vainglorious  
prominence in a world of pretensions dis-  
play, their unity is imperiled, and moth-  
erhood, fatherhood and homelife become  
a dismal failure.  
The curriculum of all our schools en-  
dorses instruction that fits our boys and  
girls to enter life with at least rudimen-  
tary ideas of loyalty to home ties. From  
a contented home circle will come forth  
men and women prepared to bear and  
forebear, and it is high time that the grow-  
ing selfishness which results from neglect of  
home should be considered and some rem-  
edy devised to decrease and eradicate this  
increasing evil.  
Let us cherish our ideals. Let us stimu-  
late sentiment, believe in penance, sac-  
rifice and humility. For of such cometh  
faith, hope and charity. The last, Christ  
says, is the greatest of all, and of such  
comes the faithful home life.  
**Dum Vivimus Vivamus.**  
Do not keep the alabaster box  
of your love tenderness sealed up  
until your friends are dead. Fill  
their lives with sweetness. Speak  
approving, cheering words while  
their ears can hear them, and  
while their hearts can be thrilled  
and made happier by them. The  
kind things you mean to say when  
they are gone, say before they go.  
The flowers you mean to send for  
their coffin, send to brighten and  
sweeten their homes before they  
leave them. If my friends have  
alabaster boxes laid away full of  
fragrant perfumes of sympathy  
and affection, which they intend to  
break over my dead body, I would  
rather they would bring them out  
in my weary and troubled hours,  
and open them, that I may be re-  
freshed and cheered by them while  
I need them. I would rather have  
a plain coffin without a flower, a  
funeral without a eulogy, than a  
life without the sweetness of love  
and sympathy. Let us learn to  
anoint our friends beforehand for  
their burial. Post-mortem kind-  
ness does not cheer the burdened  
spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast  
no fragrance backward over the  
weary way.  
**Value of a Good Newspaper.**  
The Two Republics, published  
in the city of Mexico, pays the  
following tribute to the value of a  
good newspaper to the community  
in which it is published:  
It is impossible to estimate the  
value of a really good newspaper  
to the community. Year after  
year the size and scope of the pa-  
per is enlarged with the growing  
demand of its constituents. As  
there is no royal road to learning  
so there is no royal road to suc-  
cess in newspaper making. News-  
papers grow by inches not by leaps  
and by bounds. There are crea-  
tures of hard and incessant toil  
and honest, painstaking endeavor.  
A man goes to them not only for  
the news but for history, law and  
theology. His paper tells him  
where to make his purchase.  
Crooks find that the man who  
reads the newspaper is "onto their  
little game" and they seek the  
fellow who is not a subscriber  
when they want to sell an excep-  
tionally fine gold brick or batch  
of green goods. But a newspaper  
must have a reputation just the  
same as an individual and this  
cannot be obtained by self-rec-  
ommendations and vouchers. It  
must go through the crucible of  
public inspection before it can  
hope for complete public confi-  
dence. The paper which starts  
out with an ax in one hand and  
a grindstone in the other never  
reaches the goal. The newspaper  
which begins its life in this world  
by stating that it intends to "plant  
flowers over the graves of its con-  
temporaries" invariably goes to  
the journalistic God's acre un-  
wept, unhonored and unused.  
The newspaper that tries to rise  
on the ashes of its rivals is gener-  
ally picked up by the dirt cart it-  
self, and everybody is glad when  
the rubbish is carried away.

**Potash**  
is a necessary and important  
ingredient of complete fertilizers.  
Crops of all kinds  
require a properly balanced  
manure. The best  
**Fertilizers**  
contain a high percentage  
of Potash.

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