PRACTICE VERSUS PREACHING. BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

'It is easy to sit in the sunshine And talk to the man in the shade." It is easy to float in a well-trimmed boat, And point out the places to wade,

But once we pass into the shadows We murmur and fret and frown, And our length from the bank, we shout Or throw up our hands and go down.

It is easy to sit in our carriage And counsel the man on foot; But get down and walk, and you'll change

As you feel the peg in your boot.

It is easy to tell the toiler How best he can carry his pack: But no one can rate a burden's weight Until it has been on his back.

he up-curled mouth of pleasure Can preach of sorrow's worth: Int give it a sip, and a wryer lip Was never made on earth. -New York Journal.

MISTAKEN.

OME, papa, tea is ready." called the cheery voice of Kitty Irving, as she heard her father enter the hall. "All right, my dear," answered Farm-

er Irving, making his appearance at the threshold of the cosy little diningroom, his eyes lighting with pleasure as they fell upon his daughter making herself busy about the temptingly spread table.

Now Farmer Irving was sometimes at a loss to know whether it was his daughter, with her cheery voice and smiling face, or the bountifully spread table, which he was called upon to preside over three times a day, afforded him most pleasure.

Perhaps it was both, for Farmer Irving was often heard to say that his youngest daughter could cook victuals and serve them up in a manner that would please the greatest epicure. In fact, to use his own expression,

"there wasn't a girl in all New England that could hold a candle in the line of housekeeping to my Kitty." Rather a strong assertion to make

In the land of good housekeepers. "Where is Beatrix?" asked the farmer, taking his place at the table.

"I think I hear her coming," and as Kitty finished her sentence her handsome, stately sister entered. "Beatrix, my dear, I have something

for you," and feeling in his coat pocket Farmer Irving drew forth a letter and handed it to his eldest daughter. "Is he coming, Beatrix?" asked

Kitty, her bright eyes growing brighter as she watched her sister reading

"Yes; he will be here some time this week; so you may begin your grand

preparations as soon as you like." "So. Mr. Sumner is going to pay us another visit, eh? Well, daughter

mine, I wonder what attraction is there for that young gentleman down here, this bleak weather." "Oh, how simple you are, papa!"

laughed Kitty.

"Why, he is coming according to promise, papa. You know, when he was here in the summer, he said he would come again in the fall," an-

"Beatrix, I see the wagon coming up the road and there is a strange gentleman with Mr. Sumner and papa." said Kitty, a few days after, running into the bright little parlor, where her sister sat reading a novel.

"A strange gentleman," said Beatrix, rising and crossing over to the window. "Oh, he is an old gentleman." "Oh, isn't Tracy Sumner looking

handsome!" exclaimed Kitty, standing on tiptoe and looking over her sister's shoulder. "I think you ought to be so happy, Beatrix, for I'm sure he loves

A faint color swept over Beatrix's beautiful face. In her secret heart she thought that Tracy Sumner loved her, and to tell her so was the sole object of his visit this bleak November day she hadn't the least doubt, but with a shrug of her shoulders she said: "Don't talk such nonsense, Kitty.

Run away and see that everything is very nice for tea.'

"As if I ever had anything that wasn't very nice," said Kitty, with a smile and a toss of her head, as she hands and looking down into her tripped away to the kitchen, leaving blushing face. the lady of the house, as she called Beatrix, in the parlor to receive the

"Why, Mis; Kitty. I was about giving you up in despair," exclaimed handsome, free-and-easy Tracy Sumner, rising to meet Kitty as she entered the parlor, some time after, to say that

"I am happy to see you here once more, Mr. Sumner," said Kitty, cordially extending her hand, the crimson in her cheeks spreading over her face.

"Now, it looks as if you were happy. Here I have been waiting to see you for two hours."

"Oh, Mr. Sumner! you know-" "Yes, I know you are a busy little fairy, and haven't time to call your soul your own; so I suppose I must forgive you," laughed Tracy, and taking Kitty by the hand he led her over to the window, where her father and the strange gentleman were in deer conversation.

"Miss Irving, my uncle, Mr. Sands." So the strange gentleman was Tracy Sumner's uncle!

"What a fine, affable old gentleman he is!" thought Kitty, as Mr. Sands complimented her more than once at the supper-table.

when the two retired to their own room, "why didn't you fall in love with Kitty instead of Beatrix? I tell you. in ge. i."

"What a question for a sensible man to ask!" said Tracy, with a laugh.

"Now, see here, Tracy, you are my heir, and I came down here to see the girl you wish to marry. Well, so far, I do not like her. You say you never spoke of love to her when you were here last summer?" "No, sir; not a word."

"Very well, then; don't do it! at least for the present. This is a life's job, my boy, so it's best not to be in a hurry."

"What do you suppose Mr. Sands's income is, Kitty?"

Beatrix put this question to Kitty as they were preparing to retire. "I have no idea," answered Kitty.

"Seventy-five thousand a year; father told me so." "Seventy-five thousand a year! Oh, what an amount of money! I suppose

all the till be Taylor some day?" "Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Beatrix. impatiently. "Live horse and you'll get grass. Mr. Sands is likely to live as long as his nephew. Kitty," Beatrix paused and averted her face; "Kitty, what do you say to me setting my cap for Mr. Sands?"

"Beatrix!" Beatrix turned and faced her sister, defiant light in her dusky eyes.

"I mean it, Kitty. Seventy-five thousand a year is worth winning, and women have won greater stakes than that with far less attractions than I

"And Tracy? Oh, Beatrix! how can you be so heartless?"

"Now, my dear sis, turn that Puritanical face of yours away from me," said Beatrix, with a forced laugh, two crimson spots burning in her cheeks, called there by the mention of Tracy's

"I don't know whether Tracy Sumner cares for me or not. However, if he does, he will most likely survive it. Now, I think you would like to comfort him, Kitty, and why not? With his law office and a few thousands a year, and such a jewel of a housekeeper as you, you would make a model

"Beatrix, you are cruel," and with great tears in her eyes Kitty turned

In the few weeks that followed a great change came over the inmates of

Farmer Irving thought there was no one like Mr. Sands, and indeed that gallant old gentleman, with his jovial manners, carried all sides with him, both old and young.

But there was no one treated him with such marked attention as Beatrix. She would read to him, walk with him, and was always on hand to make herself generally useful.

"Well, did I ever see Beatrix take so to anyone?" said Farmer Irving one day to Tracy Sumner, as his handsome daughter was playing and singing for

Tracy Sumner elevated his brows, smoked his cigar, but said nothing. He had been taking observations for some time past.

Kitty sat in the parlor, busily stitching away. Mr. Sands and Beatrix were gone for their daily walk, so Kitty had the parlor to herself. To-day her cheeks were a brighter scarlet than usual, and, as she bent her head over sewing, she sang in a merry voice:

"I am in love, but I won't tell with whom." "Won't you tell me, Miss Kitty?" said a voice behind her.

Kitty started. How provoking Tracy Sumner was getting. "Won't you tell me, Kitty?" repeated Tracy Sumner, putting his hand un-

der her chin, and making her look up into his face. "No. I won't, sir. You are very im-

pertinent. Do go away!" "I won't go away; misery likes company," said Tracy, with a smile. "What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that I am in love, too." "Oh, I've known that ever since last summer," said Kitty, quietly. Mr. Sumner drew back; he did not

expect this from Kitty. "No, Kitty, I was not in love last summer. I confess I was infatuated;

but I never knew what real love was until I walked with you from the village the other night..'

"Mr. Sumner!" and Kitty hid her blushing face in her hands.

"Believe me, Kitty, I never knew what real love was until I loved you, my darling," said Tracy, removing her

That night Tracy Sumner had Kitty's consent to ask her father. "Well, it will come hard on me to

part with her, but I can't stand in my girl's light. Take her, with my blessing," said Farmer Irving, in a quiver-

Beatrix, with a heart full of agony, listened to the happy news. Of course, she congratulated Kitty, who had only followed her advice.

Mr. Sands did not propose, but he surely would, and that would partly make up for the loss of the man she

Another week passed away. The wedding day was fixed, and Tracy Sumner and his uncle were ready to return to New York, but Mr. Sands had not yet proposed.

"Really, Miss Beatrix, I will miss you very much. I hope, though, I will often have the pleasure of seeing you down at Tracy's; you know I will always live with Mr. and Mrs. Sumner." That was all. Mr. Sands was not "on the marry," and Beatrix Irving writes herself Beatrix Irving to this

day.-New York News. The extensive arid regions of northern Mexico are to be irrigated by "Now. Tracy," said Uncle Sands, canals from aid extended by the Fed- to more pertinent and more important paigners from using the portrait of eral and State, governments.

The aging of timber, which formerly my boy, that girl is worth her weight required long storage, is now completed by electricity in a few hours.

MR. GAGE'S SILVER BUGY amined in a Practical Way. A CONFESSION OF REPUBLICAN HY-

No Sane Person Believes Mr. Bryan Would Alleged Danger That Does Not Exist. A lady whose intelligence should

POCRISY AND DISHONESTY.

make her the voter of the household instead of the husband whose obtuseness she is trying to overcome writes to the Journal that the chief difficulty to fill a tin bucket with edible matter she finds in landing the family vote | that the American people are asked to for Bryan is her husband's fear that Democratic victory would put the country on a silver basis. She asks us to answer Secretary Gage's recent statement about the power of Mr. ity, and not a cryth. Let us assume Bryan, as President, to upset the na- that the workingman who puts in tional finances

Mr. Gage said: There is no doubt Mr. Bryan could to make payment in silver of all the coffee into a tin sucket. public debt payable in coin, and for all current disbursements of the Govgood thing, or that it must be main- into one man's modest little pail. tained, I want him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him

Republican hypocrisy and dishonesty. The Republican party, being in control of all branches of the Government, had the power to put the monetary system of the country beyond

As a matter of fact, the alleged danger does not exist. The silver coins now in circulation in the United States have no more relation with a Times, "implies in Emperor." This "silver basis" than if they were made leads us to ask; "What sort of figure of gold, copper or platinum. They are not connected with the world's stock of silver. In the absence of free coinage they are purely token money.

of prosperity as anybody else.

tinue to be. Balances due to the Clearing Houses, banks or individuals are paid now in any kind of money ably find yourself in the possession of some greenbacks, some national bank notes and some silver certificates. No

under a Bryan administration. If you have a check for interest on a Government bond and you insist on your legal right to have it cashed there is fifteen times as much free of the Presiden 1th chair. gold as silver in the Treasury, the payment will naturally be made in gold. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Bryan would make any

change in this respect. Nobody who really understands the bimetallic theory can honestly believe that a convinced bimetallist like Mr. Bryan would go out of his way to force our little stock of token silver dollars upon the public creditors. Such a proceeding would in no way advance the cause of bimetallishm, nor could it disturb the gold standard any more than it does in France. In the absence of a free coinage law Mr. Bryan will let the currency alone and devote himself to the more practical problems of restoring the republic and curbing the trusts.-New York Jour-

Opposition to Militarism.

The opposition to militarism in this country is not because the country has a standing army of 70,000 soldiers, but because of the tendency of the Republican party to increase this number by leaps and bounds until the spirit of militarism is too firmly sadoff except by sweeping out of existbe tainted with the spirit of militarism.-Mobile Register.

Appealing to Anarchy.

Now, when the Democrats have Atlanta Constitution,

THE FULL DINNER PAIL The Fallacy of T. is Argument When Ex-

One of our R publican contemporaries prints a pisture of a workman's dinner pail on every page of every is-Go Out of His Way to Force Silver sue. There is an inscription which Dollars Upon the Public Creditors- says that the pail is full, and as we are not allowed to look inside we have to take the editer's word for it.

"The Full Dif per Pail" is the chief Republican argument this year. It is on the ground that a workman is able consent to the transformation of this republic into an empire.

Well, let us assume for the moment that the "Full Pinner Pail" is a realeight or ten hours of exhausting labor a day is really able under Republican "prosperity" to put two or three sandorder his Secretary of the Treasury wiches, a wedge of pie and a pint of

Under those conditions, the contents of the "Fefl Dinner Pail" may ernment as well, which amount to a be worth fifteen cents. Mr. John D. million and a half to a million and Rockefeller has an income of about three-quarters dollars a day That he \$40,000,000 a yea; That is over \$130,would give such an order, too, is very | 000 per working day Mr. Rockefelcertain, if he is in the same mind that ler's daily income would fill the dinhe was in 1896, for he was then quoted ner pails of 96),006 workmen. In as saying: "If there is any one who other words, Republican prosperity believes that the gold standard is a puts the dinner of 1000,000 workers

That is the Re ublican idea of good times. Nine ha idress thousand men it will not be maintained in the coun- happy and grate ul because they can try longer than I am able to get rid put fifteen centr worth of dinner apiece into their tin buckets, and one This is on its face a confession of man who absorb as much from their earnings as the cost of the whole nine hundred thousand dinners put together.

There are score of monopolists like Mr. Rockefeller, differing only in dethe reach of executive disturbance. gree, and the untarned income of 100 If it deliberately chose to leave the of them could kobably pay for the law it passed imperfect from its own dinners of all the workingment in the point of view, so that it might work United States. I the policy of favorup a scare among the voters before ing such concentrations of wealth the next election, it was guilty of a were altered, the workers might have cynical betrayal of trust that ought not only full dim or pails, but bossibly to deprive it of any further opportu- some of the little uxuries that Repubnities of playing tricks of the same lican policy consulers entirely out of their sphere.-Journal

> The Emper or May Appear. "Imperialism." says the Ne

would Major McKinley make as an Emperor?" We are bound to admit that the amiable President with the flexible Their quantity is strictly limited, and spinal column do s not approach any hence the Government never has had body's ideal of in exalted and arbiand never can have any difficulty in 'trary potentate.' Compared with Mr. keeping them at par with all other McKinley even the Third Mapoleon forms of money. France, with half would take on insuspected imperial our population, keeps affoat nearly attributes. Our leas of the personaltwice the quantity of silver coin that ity of an Emper's have been drawn we do, at a more difficult ratio, and from Nero, July's Caesar, Napoleon the Bank of France has no hesitation Bonaparte, William II. of Germany about redeeming its notes in silver in and kindred chalacters. It does not stead of gold whenever it feels so in- follow, however, hat because we have

imperialism we bust have an Emper-Mr. Bryan is in favor of the free or. When a repartic goes into the emcoinage of silver, which it would be pire business it posets a great many impossible for him to secure from any established doctiones, including that Congress that could be elected. In on which the Leclaration of Indethe absence of free coinage it would pendence rests. We have a state of be no object to him to create a needless imperialism wherever a people, apart disturbance by juggling with the token from those who are under the immedollars in the Treasury. He is as diate rule of it sovereign, are govdeeply interested in the maintenance erned by arbitrite power. It does not matter whether hat power be exer- fluence of our best traditions. Far-The interest on the public debt is cised by a King of Prussia or by a paid now by checks. Mr. Bryan President or Courses or both. The would doubtless continue to pay it in essence of the Emperalistic condition the same way. The checks, as a rule, is in the rule of an entlying territory are passed through the Clearing without the consent of its people and Houses. They would doubtless con- without the authority of a Constitu-

The republic vould be in less danger from the us trpatiens of those in that comes handy. If you present a authority in the lation if Mr. McKinfifty-dollar money order to be cashed ley should display the characteristics now at the postoffice you will prob- of an over-ambit ous grant. It is the stealthy growth of imperialism and the serene confidence of the people in those who overstop the boundaries of doubt the same thing would happen the Constitution that pave the way for serious const quences. Some day, when we shall Tave become familiar with the exercis? of arbitrary power by mild-manne & McKinleys, a Nain coin you can get the coin, and as poleon or a Caeigr may make a throne

Disposed of I is "Flag" Appeal. Mr. Bryan displaced of the "flag" appeal very neatly in a recent speech. The American ag," he truly said, "represents the parpole of the Ameri-

can people." An he added. "I want the Azerican flag to come down from the bilippine Islands in order that the flag of a republic might rise in its Zace. I would rather that we have two flags representing two republics that one flag representing an empire. A any Republicans say that we cannot take it down in the Philippines I frant to remind that Republican that yur flag floats in Cuba, and the Espublican President promised to hang down the flag in ready to "ise in its place."

Germa ? Revolt.

There is a wilespread German-American revolt against McKinley and his trust admikistration. The carpethag scandals in Porto Rico, the imperialistic system naugurated in our new possessions and the kaiserphobic Sun. utterances of Republican leaders have dled upon the country to be shaken all combined to akenate the Teutonic element from the party owned by the for their benefit. Washington Times.

The Injungion Craze.

A member of the Republican National Committee has seriously suggiven the silver question a subordi- gested that application be made to nate plac among the issues of the the courts for an infunction to restrain day, and have turned their attention the Democratic stereopticon camquestions, we find the Republican agi- Abraham Lincoln The injunction tators "appealing to the forces of and idea has taken a strong hold on the archy" and doing their best to alarm Republicans, and eventually they may and disturb our business interests .- endeavor to have Democratic electors enjoined from votike.

A DISHONEST ARGUMENT

ARRANT TRICKERY IN REPUBLICAN PRESENTATION OF IMPERIALISM.

According to McKinley's Policy the Fillpinos Are to Be Forever Held as a Conquered People-Why Imperialism is a Menace to Our Institutions.

There is arrant trickery in the Republican presentation of the issue of imperialism. Those who speak for that party pretend that there are but two paths open to our Governmentthat of the Administration, and that of Mr. Bryan. They pretend that it is simply the retention of the Philippines under any conditions that is meant by imperialism. The New York Times states the case in the orthodox Republican way when it says that the Republican policy "which is called imperialism" is "to establish order under the sovereignty of the United States and develop self-government among the natives as fast and as far as practicable," and that opposed to this is the demand for the absolute independence of the Philippines, this Gov ernment to protect them from outside interference. The Times shows that the Bryan idea is impossible, and, therefore, "nothing remains but what is called imperialism." Not a word is said of the vital difference between the Republican policy and the demand of the expansionists who are opposed to Mr. Bryan's plan. No notice is taken of the fact that a great majority of those who denounce imperialism are strongly in favor of the retention of the Philippines by this nation. No hint is given of the only policy that accords with the fundamental doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, with the Constitution of the United States, with all the traditions and the spirit of our institutions and with the sentiment of a large part of the

The measure of self-government

promised to the Filipinos by the Re-

American people.

publican doctrine is sternly limited. They are to be forever held as a conquered people, subject to the arbitrary rule of a President and of a partisan majority in Congress, whose chief concern is to find places of profit for and army of office-seeners backen by the influence of party leaders. They can have no remedy against the oppressions of the carpet-bag politicians who will rule them, for the latter will have the protection of men of power in the dominant party. Efforts were made to shield even such petty Hoosier politicians as these who stole the Cuban postal funds, and greater efforts might succeed in the case of the more influential plunderers of the Philippines. No matter how fit for American citi might become, the politicians would never relinquish their hold on so profitable a source of wealth. To keep these people under purely arbitrary and unconstitutional authority; to deny to them free commerce with the nation to which they belong; to hold them as foreigners in their relations to this country and as Americans in their relations to foreign countriesall this is not only oppressive to the Filipinos, but it is a policy of imperialism that is bound to react on the American people, familiarize them with usurpations and destroy the inseeing patriots do not object to the retention of the Philippines, but to the Republican conditions of ownership; and not chiefly out of pity for the Filipinos, but in fear for our own future. There is no law for the Republican policy. The consent of Congress could not warrant any violation of the fundamental faw by the President. The consent of Congress would not make the President's policy any less imperialistic. As between imperialism and the independence of the Philippines, the patriot who has read his tory must prefer the latter. It is not necessary, however, that this Government should choose either; it is of tremendous importance that it should choose neither.-Philadelphia

The Empty Dinner Pail.

The "dinner pail" is not overflowing in the anthracite coal regions of Pennfrom that section. In order to reduce production the trust, it is stated, has cut down the number of workdays, regardless of the "full dinner pail" promises of the trust party. Miners who are given only three days' work in a week are not likely to become too fat or to be spoiled by prosperity. Up in Massachusetts, where here is an immense Republican majority, the 'dinner pails' in many homes are not running over. Some of the cotton factories are closed altogether, and some mills of New Jersey are also operating on short time. A party which is Cuba as soon as the Cuban flag is running its campaign with appeals to the appetites of voters instead of to their reason ought to be supported more loyally by the beneficiaries of its tariff system. Before any further promises of "full dinner pails" are given the trusts and the Republican managers ought to "get together" and agree upon a programme.-Baltimore

In John Bull's Wake.

ence any and every party which may | monopolies and Cerated by Hanna | history of Great Britain's subjugation of inferior races in India, South Africa and around the world. McKinprevails in this policy the statue of Liberty will be a sham and its beacon light a mockery.

A Rocking-Bronco.

Some are of opinion that Roosevelt's violent strenuousness may be akin to the boy's on a recking-horseplenty of motion, but no progress,-Philadelphia Times.-Ind.

Death of Friends Makes the Philosopher Sad.

THREE DIED ON THE SAME DAY

Colonels Moore and Mynatt and Dr. Goetchius-They Were All Good Friends of His.

How like a butterfly our thoughts flit from flower to flower feeding upon the ever-changing mental foods. Sometimes they soar to heaven or nestla among the stars, but their home is here among our people, our friends and kindred and the concerns of our daily life. Who has not wondered how he came to be thinking of this thing or that and traced it back to something wholly irrelevant, but leading on by shadowy lines. But a little while ago I was sadly thinking about the sudden death of three more of my good friends -friends whom I loved and everybody loved who knew them .Mr. Moore, of Auburn; Colonel Mynatt, of Atlan a, and Dr. Goetchius, of Rome, left us on the same day. They were good men and the world was made better by their

I was thinking especially about Dr. Goetchius, the preacher, whose journey and destination was so suddenly changed, for he had bought his ticket for Tallulah Falls, there to spend his vacation, and was to take the train at 3 o'clock. He rose from his bed at 2 and at 3 he was dead and his spirit soaring heavenward. Then I thought about Mrs Barbauld's lines that fit so well:

In pleasant and in cloudy weather, 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear Perhaps 'twill coat a sigh or tear. Then steal away-give little warning; Choose thine own time, Say not goodnight, but in some bright. er clime Bid me good morning."

"Life! we have been long together

Then I ruminated about that wonderful woman. How she was the first to write story books for the children and hymns for the chruch and how her life was spent in the schoolroom among the children that she loved. And then I recalled that beautiful hymn that she wrote:

"How bleast the righteous when he When sinks the weary soul to rest. How mildly beam the closing eyes, How gently heaves the epiring

And then I thought of the word; of Balaam, upon which that hymn was founded. "Oh! may I die the death of the righteous and may my last end be like His." And this reminded me cf those other words of Balaam: "What hath God wrought?" That was the first message sent over a telegraph wire. It was sent from Washington to 'altimore by Miss Anna Ellsworth, the aughter of the commissioner of patents. She had been very kind to Prolessor Morse and he had promised that the should send the first message. This was sent on the 24th day of May. 844, and two days later the second nessage was sent from Baltimore to Mashington, announcing that James K. Polk had been nominated for president. I remember all this, for I was in college then. But still the people were incredulous and waited for the mail train to bring the news. Then ruminated on the hard lot of great inventors, and how Morse spent all of his small estate and received but little encouragement, being so utterly poor that he had to go without food at tim s for twenty-four hours, and how le pleaded with congress for three years in vain for an appropriation to he'r him perfect and build a line to Baltimore-and how at the very last, when he was in despair and had given up a hope, congress did at midnight, on the last day of the session, pass the bill for \$30,000, and Anna Ellsworth came running to him in delighted haste and told him the good news. What an agonizing life he had led during all these years, for he had been refused help at home and had been to England and to France in search of it and found it not. Now just think of it. After he had built his first lines and his success was established he offered his patient to the United States for \$100,000 and it was refused and he was constrained to sell to private parties, an invention that soon came to be worth one hundre millions. But he died full of years and full of honors, and even France made him a donation of 400.000 francs What a wonderful man-perhaps the greatest all around man that ever lired -for he was a painter of distinction

and renown, the pupil and the peer of Allston and West and the city of Charleston was his best friend and ratron and has now his portraits of Monroe and Lafayette. He was a sculptor an architect, a philosopher and a po and would have reached the top in a' had he not become so absorbed i harnessing the lightning. As a matter of course he was kept in litigation sav eral years and other parties tried to steal his invention, but the supreme court of the United States did finall; affirm everything that he claimed. H died in 1872 in his eighty-first year. Here my thought reted for a while

and then returned to Dr. Goetchius and the many other friends who have gone before and have left me almost alone. How fondly our minds cling to the friends of our youth-our schoolmates and college mates-and every no and then we hear of another who has droppel out of line, and like the barber in ley would have us ally with John Bull | a barber shop, old Fa her Time whisand follow in his wake. If McKinley | p rs "next." My dear old frierd Jim Warren still lives to greet me when I come and so does Che's Howard and Dr. Alexander and his brother and Evan Howell. Then I recalled the grand and beautiful words of Ingails spoken in his eulogy, on Senator Back. The right to live is, in human estimation, the most sacred, the most inviolable, the most inalienable. The joy of living in such a splendid and

luminous day as this is inconceivable. To exist is exultation. To live forever is our sublimest hope. To know, to love, to achieve, to triumph is rapture; and yet we are all under sentence of death. Without a trial or opportunity of defense, with no knolwedge of the accusor or the nature and cause of the accusation; without being confronted with the witne ses against us we have been summoned to the bar of life and condemned to death. There is neither exculpation nor appeal. The tender mother cries passionately for mercy for her first born, but there is no clemency. The craven fellon sullenly prays for a moment in which to be aneled, but there is no reprieve. The soul helplessly beats its wings upon the

bars, shudders and disappears. "But the death of a good man is not an inconsolable lamentation. It is a strain of triumph and he may exclaim with the Roman poet, 'Non omni; Moriar,' and turning to the silent and unknown future can rely with just and reasonable confidence upon that most impressive assurance ever delivered to the human race. 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Mr. Ingalls might have ad led one more shadow to his dark picture of death by saying that he not on'y condemned us without trial or witnesses or an accuser, but the pitiless old rascal would not even give the date of our execution nor the manner of it. We are to die, that is certain, but when or how or where we know not. That cf Dr. Goetchius, dressed at 2 o'clock with pleasant anticipations of a rest at Tallulah, amid the sound of fallin; waters that soothe the soul, but within

corpse. Senator Ingalls was a gifted manan hour he was a he'pless, I felest not a word painter, but a thought engraver. For years he was our enamy and harbored prejudices against our people, but after he had visited Texus and studied the negro and his race traits, he returned home and declared that he was unfit and unowrthy of freedom or any political franchise.

But enough of this. Now let me add that up to this date I have received one hundred and seventeen copies of the poem that I asked 'or and the number increases with yery mail. They have come from every s u'hern State. I began to write pleasant words and thanks to these who have troubled themselves to please me, but I have had to stop, for my old eyes are weak and my hand gets tired. thank them all at once and say how grateful I am that so many know what I did not know. It humbles my pride and takes away some of my vanity-Some of my scattered friends give the authority to Mics Flora Hastings, Queen Victoria's maid of honor, and some to George D. Prentice, and one to S. S. Prentis, but the large majority are correct in naming Charles Mack y. He was born in Perth, Scotland, in 1312, and during our civil war was the American correspondent of The London Times. He easily stood first among the modern English poets, and w. s the author of many prose works.-Bill

The Mother of Henry Clay.

Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

One is not accustomed to thinking of Henry Clay as the son of a tavernkeeper, yet this is the fact, and Versailles, Ky., is the unpretentious place the mother and stepfather of the great commoner selected in which to conduct that tavern, and add that tremendous fact to the history of Kentucky. Had Mr. Clay's parents not decided on this course what might have been the subsequent history of the State cannot be divined, and hence the long journey that Henry Watkins and his wife, Elizabeth Clay Watkins, took across the wilderness from Virginia 100 years ago was one that

shaped, no doubt, the political destiny,

to a large extent, of the entire South. Elizabeth Hudson, the mother of the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," married Rev. Dr. John Clay, after whose death she was married to Henry Watkins, and her family, which was a wealthy old Virginia one, lived in royal old Virginia pomp. John Clay, however, is said to have been reduced to poverty on account of the devastation incident to the Revolutionary War. Henry Clay did not accompany his mother and stepfather to Kentucky, but remained in Richmond, Va., as a deputy clerk and prosecuted his law studies. The Watkinses were accompanied by a number of slaves, and after reaching Versailles they took charge of the only hostelry in Versailles, and it was

called the "Watkins Tavern." At this tavern the Watkinses, Crittendens, Clays and Marshalls planned many a political campaign, and it was to this tavern that Lafayette came in 1826, and was royally entertained by the most distinguished Kentuckians of that day. Henry Clay in later years visited his mother here, and was a familiar figure on the streets of Versailles. She was said to have been one of the most beautiful and dashing women of her day, and was one of the shrewdest as well. Later on in life Mr. and Mrs. Watkins retired from the tavern business and lived on a farm till the close of their lives. Mrs. Watkins died in 1829 at the age of eighty.

-Lexington (Ky.) Herald

Wheelwomen in Europe. Wheelwomen in Europe meet with many difficulties. In Russia everything is managed "by order of the Czar," and cycling is no exception to the rule. Before a woman can possess a wheel she must obtain royal consent, and as this is granted quite sparingly there are but few wheelwomen in Russia.

France recognizes the right of the husband to be boss, and before madame can join the Touring Club she must first obtain a signed declaration from her spouse granting her the . privilege.

In Florence women cyclists must carry two bells to warn pedestrians of the machine's approach. Men are only required to have one bell.