

VOL. VI.

### A DAY IN THE WOODS.

A feller feels like drowin'—for the air is full o' dreams; Far off the cow-bells tinkle by the cool an' shaded streams; An' the woin' winds invite you where the bees are on the wing, An' the birds are makin' merry where the honey-suckles swing.

Sing a song o' summer— "Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" Cattle boys a-sleepin' Where the honeysuckles swing.

A feller feels like loasin'; for the weather's fair an' fine; An' the fishin' rod's a-bobb'in' to the throbbin' o' the line; An' the river-banks invite you where a breezy chorus swells, An' scenes o' joy delight you where the cattle shake their bells.

Sing a song o' summer— "Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" Fishermen a-sleepin' Where the honeysuckles swing.

It's good to be a livin' in this weather—night an' morn'; When you hear a song o' plenty in the rustle o' the corn; When a picture o' the harvest shines in every drop o' dew, An' the old world's rollin' happy 'neath a livin' head o' blue!

Sing a song o' summer— "Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" All the country a-singin' Where the honeysuckles swing.

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

### Her Love Crowned.

HE was tall and strongly built. His features were cast in the regular mold, yet no one thought of saying he was handsome. "Not bad looking," accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders, was generally the acme of praise awarded Justin Seymour.

He had fine, dark eyes—eyes which looked at you half searchingly, half suspiciously—eyes which told you in a glance that he had little faith in his fellow men. But no cynical light gleamed in those eyes now, for they rested on the earnest face of Myra Blaine.

Myra's earnestness was too much for him—his cynicism vanished before it. She talked to him as no one had talked to him before; she cast some influence over him—an influence he tried to resist at first, but seemingly he yielded to it now, for every morning found him sitting there in this pleasant room, where Myra came with her handiwork.

"Justin Seymour has considerable of his Satanic Majesty in his composition, but I believe, my dear Myra, that is always an attraction for your sex. He has been deceived and disappointed until he hasn't any faith left, but he's a very good sort of fellow, for all that."

This was what Phillip Aymer, Myra's intended husband, said to her the day he brought Justin Seymour with him on a visit to her father's house. And instantly her pure heart went out in pity to this strong man, who was, she thought, so much in need of a helping hand.

Ah, dangerous pity! Myra's embroidery lay in her lap. She had not set a stitch in it for the last fifteen minutes. Her great, earnest violet eyes were raised to Justin Seymour's dark ones, as she sat talking to him.

A footstep sounded in the hallway without, and Justin Seymour rose and abruptly quitted the room as Phillip Aymer sauntered in.

What meant Justin Seymour's sudden departure when Phillip entered? This same thing had happened before, but Phillip noticed it how for the first time. He looked over at Myra. With cheeks aglow her head was bent over her embroidery; nor did she raise her eyes to see who entered.

He crossed over to the window and looked out for several moments, and still Myra did not raise her eyes to look at him.

"Myra," he said, suddenly turning from the window, "you are getting interested in Mr. Seymour, or he is getting interested in you—which is it?"

"Perhaps we are getting interested in each other," said Myra, smiling.

"Myra, you should not get interested in Justin Seymour. He is not a good man—he had led a hard life."

"Phillip Aymer, for shame! to speak of your friend in such a manner! Do you forget, sir, that you have left this man, who is so very bad—who has led such an awful life—and me to entertain each other every day since you came here?" cried Myra, indignantly.

Phillip Aymer's face turned scarlet. He crossed over to Myra's side.

"Myra," he said, putting his arm about her.

"Don't touch me, don't! I cannot bear it," said Myra, drawing from him, and, frightened at her own words, she covered her face with her hands.

"So it has come to this!" thought Phillip, every vestige of color leaving his face.

They were engaged to be married. Their parents had managed the engagement for them while they were too young to do it themselves. But Phillip was very well satisfied with the parental arrangement, not that he was desperately in love with Myra, but he liked her, and she possessed a fortune—and money was Phillip Aymer's god.

And Myra was willing to please her parents. Phillip was handsome, she liked him, but love she knew nothing of it until—until just now, when Phillip put his arm about her, and she knew just as surely as she did in the days that followed that she loved Justin Seymour.

### EVILS OF MCKINLEYISM.

Myra, I think your conduct needs an explanation.

"Yes, it does," said Myra, quickly, her hands dropping from her face. "I never understood my own heart till today. Phillip, I do not love you; I can never be your wife."

"You do not love me, but you love Justin Seymour—a man who never cares for anybody but himself—a rover on the face of the earth; he is here today, and away to-morrow, having faith in no one, caring for no one but himself."

"Phillip!" came reproachfully from Myra's lips, but he turned away with a frown, left the room and went in search of Justin Seymour.

It was evening of the same day.

"Miss Blaine, I am going away to-morrow morning, too early to see you, so I will say good-bye now."

The book Myra had been reading fell from her hands, her heart seemed to rise to her throat and suffocate her; as Justin Seymour hurriedly entered the room and, making his way over to her side, uttered the above words.

It was true, then, what Phillip had said. This man would never care anything for her; he was here to-day and away to-morrow.

Myra struggled for composure.

"This is quite unexpected, Mr. Seymour. I hope we haven't failed to make your visit here a pleasant one?" said Myra, looking straight before her.

"Miss Blaine, if it will give you any pleasure to know it, I am leaving your happy home a far better man than I was when I entered it."

Myra looked up quickly and met the dark eyes of Justin Seymour fixed tenderly upon her.

"Oh, I am so glad, Mr. Seymour!" she cried in her old, impulsive, earnest manner, and, laying her hand upon his arm, she continued: "I may never again see you in this world, Mr. Seymour, but I hope you will live so that I shall meet you there—," she was going to add, "where we will know no more parting."

"Good-bye, Myra," was all the answer he made her.

His voice was husky. For a moment he held her hand in his, and the next Myra was alone.

Myra sat in a dazed state where he left her. Again she heard him call her Myra, again she felt his hand trembling like a leaf. And this man cared nothing for her.

A year passed away. Myra Blaine was visiting an aunt in a distant village.

It was Sunday, and she sat in the village church by her aunt's side, staid, clerical, listening to that rich, powerful voice that led the village choir. Surely, there was but one owner for that voice.

"Who is it that leads the singing, aunt?" said Myra, carelessly, after service, as she walked across the churchyard with her aunt.

"It is Mr. Seymour. Do you like his singing?"

"I think I know Mr. Seymour," said Myra, instead of answering her aunt's question. "Has he lived here long?"

"This is his native place. He was away from here quite a while, though. He must have sowed his wild oats while he was away, for since he came back he is a changed man. There is his mother's grave."

Myra paused before the handsome monument which her aunt pointed out, on which was inscribed that simple, but most beautiful of all names, "My Mother."

"I will remain here a little while, aunt," said Myra, and her aunt left her.

How long she stood there leaning against the railing she didn't know. She was roused by the sound of a footstep on the gravel walk near her. She was not in the least surprised, but she drew back as if doubting his eyesight. Myra held out her hand.

"Mr. Seymour, this is, indeed, a strange meeting."

"Mrs. Aymer," was all he said, as he took her proffered hand.

"My name is not Mrs. Aymer; I am still Myra Blaine," said Myra, smiling.

"You are not Mrs. Aymer?" cried Justin, his eyes beaming with delight. "Before I bade you good-bye that evening a year ago Phillip told me that you were to be his wife in a few weeks."

"Phillip Aymer told me that?"

"Yes, nothing to him that night. The engagement between him and me was broken that morning," said Myra, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks.

He took courage from the expression of her face. Her hand was still in his, and he put his arm about her now.

"Myra, here at my mother's grave, let me tell you that it was because I loved you that I left you so abruptly that evening. I could not stay to see you his wife."

"And it was because I loved you a year ago that I refused to marry him," said Myra, softly.

And at last here pure love was crowned with happiness.—New York News.

### WELLINGTON AND SIR NAPOLEON.

The Imperial objection will say that one of the chief events of the Presidential campaign thus far was the mass meeting at Cedarland, Md., at which Mr. Bryan received a pledge of support from George S. Wellington, a lifelong Republican and now Senator from Maryland.

It must have stirred the ten thousand at the mass meeting to their very American marrow when Senator Wellington said:

"I cannot see my way clear to inveigh against imperialism, against the unconstitutional tariff bill, the unrighteousness of attempting to enslave the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, and the dishonor of breaking our promise to Cuba, and then, because of the mandate of a sinister influence which dominates the President, forswear my convictions, set at naught my declarations, and do as did Senator Hoar and others—appeal to the past and the future."

"The past is dead. I cannot change it. No appeal will reach its dead ear. The future is not in my keeping, and it is not in my power to fashion it."

Behind this moral hero comes the usual and expected cry of "Traitor!" But that is not argument. The disgraced Republican has no answer to the fearless Marylander except this:

"He hates McKinley. This is Wellington's revenge."

Senator Wellington answers:

"McKinley deceived me. He got my vote for the Paris Treaty on a false pledge. He is weak and vacillating. He is not fit to be President."

Fair-minded men must justify resentment that is caused by deceit. Wellington's resentment is greater than personal aversion. He believes that McKinley's duplicity has wronged the people of his State and jeopardized freedom in this Republic.

Mr. Bryan's eloquence on this occasion was at its height. When, speaking of Senator Wellington, he said:

"What is his inspiration? Does he come to us for money? No man would come to the Democratic party for money. Does he seek for honor? His own party has satisfied his ambition for honor. What, then, leads him to the Democratic party at this time? What makes him act with those who support the Democratic ticket?"

Senator Wellington believes that an Administration that sets for an army four times as large as the army which it went into power to disband, imperialism, let any of you deny it. Why, it was the boast of Republicans in years past that we did not need a large standing army in this country. If you can in one Administration multiply your standing army by four and make it 100,000 instead of 25,000 will it not be easier for the next Administration to multiply it by four and make it 400,000 instead of 100,000?"—New York Journal.

Olney's Reasons For Supporting Bryan.

In my judgment nothing is now so important as that the American people should take this, their first opportunity to emphatically protest against that execrable usurpation of original Republicanism, which may be called McKinleyism.

If the American people now solemnly record themselves as approving the McKinley Administration and all its works—

It will mean that the American people sanction a syndicated Presidency—a President got for the Republican party by the money of a combination of capitalists intent upon securing national legislation in aid of their particular interests.

It will mean that the American people approve the tactics and brutal policy pursued since the Philippine acquisition was made, whereby what was pressed upon the country as a treaty of peace was in fact but the signal for another more costly, bloody and prolonged war.

It will mean that the American people either do not see, or seeing, approve the great and growing influence of money in our politics. Our Government was not conceived or framed as a money-making machine, even for the profit of the governed—much less for the profit of particular classes or portions of the governed.

Should McKinleyism again prevail, for example, it will not be because it is not cordially disapproved by the great body of American electors. It will be because of the influence of the purse and of the solicited application of an enormous campaign fund—because of an "investment" which, in some measure, will be in much larger measure profitably worked up for election ends.

In the defeat of the Republican party in the coming election lies the only hope of the reversal of those policies and the beginning of a return to more wholesome policies.—Selections from Richard Olney's letter.

Hanna Raises a New Issue.

It has remained for Senator Hanna to suggest an issue which touches the stomach. This issue is the full dinner pail, and it is characteristic of the gross and sordid policy of the party in its dealings with the workman. The American workman has surely the right to expect more than a bare living. The privilege of tolling work in and week out for the bare necessities of life is not a very enticing prospect, and yet the Republican party has seen fit to elevate this privilege into a campaign issue.—Parris Herald-Transcript.

Commerce a Flower of Peace.

Commerce is a sweet flower of peace, not a product of war. It cannot be made to grow in the Philippines by the device of exterminating the inhabitants.

### FEDERAL IMPERIALISM.

WHY IT IS NECESSARY TO ADMINISTER A REBUKE TO MCKINLEY.

Punish Him For His Surrender to a Caste Influence Which Demands a Strong Centralized Government and a Policy of Empire in Place of a Democracy.

It is unhappily true that President McKinley's surrender to a caste influence which demands a strong centralized Government and a policy of empire in place of a Democratic Government animated by Republican policies has made it necessary for the people of this country to administer to him and to his party a rebuke so severe that the world cannot fail to understand and appreciate its significance.

Once before in American history, at the very beginning of this Government, the alignment now necessitated, that of the friends of the people and believers in popular government against men who doubted the people's capacity to wisely govern themselves, was drawn. Thomas Jefferson then stood where Mr. Bryan now stands, the firm and fearless advocate of popular government, urging that the fullest measure of control and responsibility be placed in the people's hands. Alexander Hamilton, the friend of England, stood where now stands Mr. McKinley, denying the people's capacity for self-rule, fearful of liberty, hostile to a government of the people by the people for the people, claiming that the British Government was the world's model Government. The American issue of 1787 is now the American issue of 1900.

The issue of 1787 between Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton was decided in 1789 by the Patriot fathers in favor of Jefferson and popular government. The anglo-manic Hamilton's plea for the establishment of a Government on the British model did not prevail. An American free Government was established instead. In little more than a century this Government has risen to first place in power and honor in the world. The American people have governed themselves wisely and well. In doing this they have by example held out to all the peoples of the earth the promise of an ultimate freedom akin to their own. They have supplied the one argument for popular government that is unanswerable. They have proved that it is the safest and most beneficent of all Governments. Liberty lovers and liberty seekers the world over have been enabled to point to the United States in proof that they were not mere Utopian theorists in contending for popular government against caste rule.

It is pitiful that in the flower of the nation's development as a free and self-governing nation, at the moment when we had crushed the pride of Imperial Spain in order that little Cuba might have freedom, an American President has seen fit to repudiate the very principles upon which our greatness and our glory are based, and himself to urge the system urged by Alexander Hamilton in the earlier days. The American people cannot forgive Mr. McKinley's apostasy from American faith. They will in November rebuke and punish him for his grievous sin. They must do this in order to proclaim to the world that they are still true to the principle of popular government—that government of the people by the people for the people is not perishing from the earth.—St. Louis Republic.

Mr. Bryan Has Grown.

Every day it becomes more and more evident that Mr. Bryan has grown with the last four years.

The Pittsburg Post declares that he has not lost his hold upon the people. In the four years since the struggle of 1896 he has traversed the country from end to end, addressing thousands upon thousands of listeners of every shade of political belief and the result is an overwhelming confidence in his downright and upright sincerity of purpose. And his many frank utterances as appearing in print have only tended to strengthen that confidence. Honesty and sincerity, then, are generally recognized as making up a large part of Mr. Bryan's character.

Bryan is the great American of today.

What History Shows.

According to an organ of imperialism Mr. McKinley is too easy going and too amiable a man to undertake to overthrow the republican institutions of this country. Experience has shown that the change from democracy to imperialism is often a gradual and slow process. Napoleon would never have made himself First Consul and finally Emperor of France had not conditions been ready for him. Rome still preserved the empty forms of republican government when the Emperor consulted the Senate about a more important matter than a new source for turbot. At the rate at which imperialism is progressing in this country Congress will hardly be consulted even on such a matter as that.

A Degrading Spectacle.

It is a degrading, a degrading, spectacle, not merely for the members of a once great party of ideas, which would be led by thinking men, but for all Americans. Hanna enthroned means the dethronement of all that is best in American institutions.—Albany Argus.

Protection.

Of what benefit is it to seventy millions of people to pay more than an article is worth merely for the purpose of allowing a few thousands of American manufacturers to sell their wares to foreigners cheaper than the foreign manufacturer can sell them?—Omaha World-Herald.

### HELP THE ORPHANS.

Arp Says a Day Should Be Set Apart for Them.

EVERYBODY OUGHT TO GIVE Mrs. Arp Says She is Willing To Give a Dollar if Bill Will Work It Out.

Come now, let's divide out. There are 100 good working days in the year. Suppose we call one of them orphans' day. We have a Labor Day and Washington's birthday and independence day and other days set apart for observance, why not have a day for the orphans of Georgia? The orphanage at Decatur is in great need and the good men in charge have asked the people to give, the 29th day of this month to their service, the labor and earnings of one day. What better can we do with it? Madam DeStael said that our bank account in heaven would be made up of the money we gave away in charity while we lived upon the earth. Huntington died worth \$50,000,000, but he could not take it with him, and it is feared that he will have a very small bank account on yonder. He could have saved a hundred or so oranges and had plenty left for his kindred. Surely we can all give something on that day. I am going to give \$2. Mr. Crumley shan't shake his Methodist locks at me. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "And now, if you like the security down with the dust," as the old Scotch preacher said when he sent around the hat for charity. The word fatherless means an orphan—a child bereft of a protecting parent, either father or mother, or both. The word motherless is not in the Bible, but the word fatherless includes it, and it is found in the scriptures thirty-eight times, and is always coupled with a reward to those who befriend the orphan, or some calamity upon those who oppress them. Job says, "If I have lifted my hand against the fatherless, may mine arm from my shoulder blade," and St. James says, "Pure religion is to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction." Good friends, it will not do to say you have never wronged the orphans. Neglect of them is a wrong. If nobody gave what ought to be given according to your purse—give as the Lord hath blessed you. It is a peril now to give. St. Peter keeps the books, and I want him to find my name on them with a good bank account attached.

I had a funny conference with my wife about this. She says she will give a dollar if I will work it out. "What do you want me to do?" said I. "The window cord is broken," she said, and the sideboard lock is out of order, and the longhanded broom that I brush down the spider webs with is worn out and needs another broom on it." "Is that all?" said I. "Oh no. The hall papering is peeling off and needs repasting, and there is a leak in the roof over the dining room." "Is that all?" said I. "Well, you can finish the day sifting the ashes and putting some around the rose bushes. Mr. Berchmans' book says that ashes are a good fertilizer for the roses." I pondered awhile and then ventured to ask where she was going to get the dollar to pay me. "Why, from you of course," she said. "Where did you expect me to get it? Didn't I give you everything I had, and didn't you promise to give me everything you had? Didn't you say, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow?' What's mine is mine and what's yours is mine, too, according to that." "But my dear," said I, "haven't I supported you and maintained you for all these years and responded to every want and wish I could?" "Why, yes, of course you have; but if a wife was to keep accounts with her husband she would bring him in debt every time. Board and clothing don't pay for nursing and night watching and sewing and darning and housekeeping and raising up ten children through infancy and childhood, and doctoring measles and whooping cough and boils and colic, etc. I made a thousand little garments for them with my needle before there was ever a sewing machine invented." "Yes," said I. "I remember; and you made your own clothes and my shirts—my plaited bosom shirts, with pearl buttons—yes, I remember; I can't find any as good now." Then she remarked: "You couldn't get a good housekeeper for less than \$100 per year, could you? And that would make over \$5,000, and the interest compounded would make five times as much more that you owe me, and you ask me where I am going to get the dollar." "But, hold on, dear," said I. "You forgot that I had to support and educate your ten children—you always call them yours—and that old Abe Lincoln set all your trigers free, and that the war broke me all up and I've had to scuffle for a living ever since, and I give you money whenever you ask for it and keep you in cologne and camphor and liver medicine and missionary money and little presents for the children and grandchildren on their birthdays. Didn't I give you two dollars last week to buy amber beads for Mary Lou. When the cork corks get or sink, don't I get up and make a fire and cook the breakfast and move around on tiptoe to keep from waking you—and—and—and—haven't I made you a marble chip walk to the street for your number? 2 shoes to walk on?" "Is that all," said my wife, and she laughed at me and said: "Oh, you know I was just joking. I could, you know, have done the best; you could. I wouldn't swap you off for anybody. Now go and see if you can't climb that new ladder you made yesterday and get some squabs for supper to-night. There must be a dozen or more up there, and the girls have invited company to tea." Ladders and squabs! Well, I tried the new ladder. It is fourteen feet long and reaches up to the gable end of the smokehouse,

### RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

TRUE greatness is always retiring and never self-revealing.

No man can rob you of the true riches except yourself.

If a man has the Water of Life his world can be a desert.

Loves labor lightens one's life's load.

Let your bark be propelled by the winds of heaven and not by the tides from beneath.

It makes much difference whether a man has great desires or whether he desires greatness.

The strangeness of the weakness of force is only equaled by the wonder of the force of weakness.

It would be better for America that God's will should be done here than that her will should be done in all the world.

The lights of the world ought to be the leaders of men.

Smart sayings usually sting.

He who res's in God rises to heaven.

The best ministry is born of meditation.

Principle is the principal thing in life.

The gain of scheming is only seeming.

Small Talk is the child of Little Thought.

Silent, secret service is often sweetest.

The stronger the building the greater the danger when it sags.

He who has no appetite for righteousness has the fever of sin.

The salt water of the world is sorry satisfaction for the thirsty soul.

The man who can be trusted out of sight will do just work out of sight.

A great many people go to church praying that they may hear preaching that will hit somebody else.

where the pigeons live, and by the time I got nearly within reach I didn't know whether my head was swimming or the ladder careening, and I just shut my eyes and slid down with alacrity, like a fireman, and liked to have had a fit of nervous prostration, and my wife just laughed at me when I told her I am the boy, and she hasn't yet realized that I am growing old. I go to the butcher's and the baker's and the postoffice and dig the potatoes and hunt up chickens and eggs and bring fresh roses every morning and look after the little grandchildren while she takes her evening nap. I have a lot of letters to answer every day, and before I can finish one somebody wants something done, and when night comes I am as tired as an old dray horse. We used to be rich, but now we are as poor as Lazarus. But still we put on airs and keep open house just like we did before the war, and our daily visitors have to be entertained and I must help do it. A stranger came the other day while I was working the rosebushes and had charge of two little grandchildren and my wife was napping. He took a seat on a bench and said he came to see me about lying—the sin of lying. This alarmed me for a moment. Then he said that I was the writer for the press and had influence, and he wanted me to help him reform the world about lying. And he told me how the politicians lied and the newspaper men lied and the merchants lied and made their clerks to lie and deceive their customers and how the lawyers lied in the court house to deceive the jury, and some of the preachers had got to lying and making up sensational stories in the pulpit. He was well posted and quoted scripture and talked in a stream until I got tired of his abstractions. Then he asked me if a lie or a deception was justifiable under any circumstances. I replied that there were some white lies or deceptions that I thought were admissible under certain circumstances. He looked surprised and asked me to give him an instance or example. Well, said I, a woman called on my wife yesterday while she was in the kitchen putting up peach pickles. This old woman was a long setting hen and my wife got very tired of her, and at last when she rose to leave, my wife said: "Can't you sit longer? Why are you in such a hurry? Well, do call again soon—I'm sorry you can't sit longer." The stranger spoke abruptly and said: "Your wife deceived her and did wrong—she ought to have told her that she was busy and must be excused. Don't you think so?" Well, now, said I, let me put another case. You came here and found me hard at work with my coat off and I had two little children to watch, for my wife told me not to let them get out of my sight, and now they have gone. I must hunt them up, and I've listened to your abstractions for half an hour and all to no practical purpose, suppose I should say to you, my friend, you will have to excuse me; I must look after the children and work my garden, and I reckon you had better go. What would you think of me and my rudeness? He looked surprised and groaned and said: "Do you mean it?" Well, said I, and if I did it would be very impolite for me to tell you so. I had rather tell a little white lie—hadn't you? He was silent for a minute, and then said: "Well, I reckon I had better go," and he bade me an affectionate goodbye.

But let us not forget the orphans nor the day. There is no lie about that. Sometimes I feel like an orphan myself and wish my father and mother were here to comfort me. I reckon that is a sign of second childhood.

Now I have a labor of love before me. I shall compile that book of poems and I want help. Kind friends have sent me 222 copies of the poem I asked for and it will please me and help me to have the lovers of good, pure poetic literature send me the titles of, say, five or more of their favorites, and also the names of the authors. Address Major Charles H. Smith, Cartersville, Ga.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.