Nine-tenths of the recruits for the British army are drawn from the ranks of the unemployed.

Of the \$900,000,000 trade of the Spanish-American countries, the Atlanta Constitution estimates that we get about one-fifth. England gets more than double our share of this

It is attonishing to the St. Louis Republic how many people believe the old story that Napoleon Bonaparte put a check for 100,000 francs (\$20,000) in s silver five-franc piece and that the coin is yet in circulation in France. They say that the people did not want a fivefranc piece, and that in order to create a demand for silver money of that denomination the Emperor resorted to the device mentioned. The check, or treasury order, was written on asbestos paper and made in the coin. It would be interesting to know, if all this be true, how many five-franc pieces have been broken open since the story of the check was first circulated.

When Emperor William tasted the food of his sailors on board his yacht at Cowes he did only what is prescribed in the United States Navy, and probably every navy in the world, states the Chicago Herald. When the Italian man-of-war, the Giovanni Bausan, lay at Brooklyn Navy Yard, the young gentleman acting as officer of the deck on a certain day excused himself to a visitor and turned aside to taste with due solemnity a portion of the sailors' noonday meal, held up to him on deck. The same thing occurs at early morning, when coffee is served, and at night when the sailors have supper. The officer of the deck is the representative of the Commander, and when the former tastes the sailors' food he does it vicariously for the latter. Emperor William merely did for himself what the United States Naval Commander does through the officer of the deck.

There are in Frankfort-on-the-Main. in Germany, so reports United States Consul Mason, anti-beggary societies, organized to resist the importuities of tramps and other mendicants. They are also to be found in other towns and villages, and their members are supplied with small, brass discs, which are fastened to their front doors. Each disc has an inscription informing the applicant for charity that the owner of the house is pledged not to give it, and that he must apply at the office of the society of at the "relief station," which is a boarding-house outside of town where all applicants for food are required to work before it is given to them. Such a practice, comments the New Orleans Picayunne, might operate satisfactorily in cities where there is a large police force, or in the country where householders keep a big dog, but in New Orleans it would be useless. It is against the law for tramps, beggars and street venders to ring the bells of houses in order to ply their trade, but it is entirely disregarded through the inability of the small police force to look after such intruders.

Says the Louisville Courier-Journal: "There are many reasons why English should be the universal language. It is spoken by two of the most powerful and enlightened Nations on the face of the globe, whose possessions extend around the world. The use of his language has grown faster sinc the beginning of this century than any other. It is in possession of a literature whose richness is absolutely unrivaled. On this continent the English-speaking race is absorbing and assimilating rich contributions from all the civilized races of the world. All the world is becoming of kin to us, in a literal as well as in a sentimental sense. That English is to be the dominant speech of the world for the next thousand years is plainly foreshadowed as any future event can be. Sagacious men in all Nations are coming to recognize this as inevitable. If the advocates of a universal language can unite at all, they can unite in the selection of English. Certainly English-speaking people will never exchange the language of Shakespeare, Milton and Byron for any such barbarous jargon as is offered by Volapuk, or any similar system, envolved in a closet and shorn of all those living beauties which the life of a great people breathes into the instrument adopted for the communication of their thoughts and feelings."

E ROCK-A-BY LADY, r-a-By Lady from Hushaby strict s stealing : comes creeping ;

ies they hung from her head to he has a dream that is tiny and feetingeth her poppies to you, my sweet, her she findeth you sleeping!

is one little dream of a beautiful Rub-a-dub!" it goeth is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,

lo! thick and fast the other dreams guns that bang, and tintops that hum ad a trumpet that bloweth!

its laughter and singing : Amounts go a-floating on silvery greams, anche stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams.

Anop, up and up, where the Mother Moon he fairles go winging! Wed you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?

They'll come to you sleeping So hut the two eyes that are weary, my the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby

h poppies that hang from her head to her

Comes stealing ; comes creeping. -Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

HE SUBSTITUTE SINGE



HAT was a good story they told me as I was sitting near the station at Galignan, waiting for the train. Do you know

Galignan? It is a little village you could almost hold in your hand, drawn close together under the few trees that surround it, as if the better to shelter it-

self from that grand rascal of a sun which blazes almost to blinding. The road stretches before you, bordered on both side by rows of poor, dusty sunburned plane trees, passing the church, an old, low building of blace stone, whose three spires rise in a tr angle above the top of the front wal all three cased in stone, and surmount ed by a great iron weathercock, which turns with a grating noise. Beyond vines and olive-trees cover the plai and extend up the hill sides.

The station is at the very entrance of the village-a little station, not all noisy, before which the trains per quietly, not hurrying; stopping if need be, to pick up a forgotten buille or a belated passenger.

Beside the station stands a littlearbor, upon which hang bunche grapes swollen to bursting; a few wooden tables, and some chairs wiose yellow cane seats are worn through in places, form all its furnitire. is called Le Grand lafe de l'Univers, for I must you that at Galignan everything is "grand;" there is a Grand street, Grand square, and a Grand fountanthe last a little stone construction, in which you have to open a faucet tolet the water play. It was in this arbor, in point of fact, that we were waiting, while above our heads the bees, hummed around the white grapes, and the crickets chirped under the plane ranged the whole affair without con-

Galignan is famous not alone for its Muscat grapes It also possesses Barthelemy-Trophime Cassoulet, an employe of the station, and celebrated for more than ten leagues round about for the superb way with which he cries at the departure of every train, "Passengers for Gaillargues, Ferigoulet, Baracan and Tarascon, take your friend on the shoulder, sometimes seats!" He who has not heard this seizing him by the hands, and ending ery has heard nothing. The wordsring by telling him that under these cirout like musket-shots; and the last of cumstances he alone could save him; them cause the air to vibrate as do that without his aid the baptism would eye Cassoulet glanced at the poor inclaps of thunder. The windows of be a falure, the banquet lost, the strument and the organist who was the station rattle; the crickets, stricken | mother in tears. with fear, stop their chirping; the dogs run to their holes; the cry is the other did not reply. "Thanks hardly made more noise than a woodheard even to the most distant part And now our friendship is one of life en clapper! of the village, and the old men and death!" And, seizing him by h warming themselves in the sun two long arms, he kissed him noisily draw out their heavy silver watches on both cheeks. from their fob pockets, look at them, and murmur approvingly, Cassoulet first got his breath; the "Half-past four; the Tarascon train; quietly, without hurrying himself, r

we have the right time!"/ Above all, Cassoulet has a way of "But you have not told me wh uttering the last word, Tarascon, which you wish me to do!" Mallamps is indeed unique-Tar-r-r-ras-con!- looked at him in astonishment, th rolling it out with a really formidable urst into loud laughter. noise. And there are people thereabouts who will assure you quite a word, this is what you must do. soberly that he could join the Grand | morrow is Sunday; therefore, of cour Opera Company in Paris whenever he there is high mass. If I am not the wished; that he has often had the po- who is to sing it? One person ald sition offered him. For you may well can replace me-you! For as to a suppose that, endowed with such an ing the cure to change from high me "organ," Barthelemy-Trophime Cas- to low mass, one might as well ask t soulet sings. There again, also, he ex- river Durance to swallow up the Rho cels; there is none like him to sigh or the mistral to play on the flute. forth the languishing poem of senti- you must take my place at the singiment which has to do with blue flow- desk, or I am a lost man. No tr ers and little brooks, or to thunder passes during either mass or vespe out some song of heroism in which the | And even if there did, it could wait notes ring like a trumpet-call. Once little well enough. It's agreed, it a month he goes to Nimes to pass not? To-morrow you will sing in

a shadow and who applauded him the loudest-even before he began to was Jean-Baptiste Malla church. Never did Mallamprat dare so famous. to compare himself with Cassoulet; he recognized him as his master, never Mallamprat for the last time.
even had the idea entered his mind of "Shake hands on it," replied his seeking to equal him whom he considered inimitable. Still, he had his own fane and his special admirers; but he himself silenced them, and led them in the applause when Cassoulet intoned one of his superb and noisy refrains which they chorused with their voices and with the beating of their glasses on the table. Therefore, Cassoulet would go to the ends of the earth for Mallamprat, and Mallamprat would cast himself into the fire for his comrade Cassoulet.

Now, one Saturday about four ing." o'clock in the afternoon Cassoulet was "By no means. I have sung plenty touched, and, forgetting everything, smoking his pipe before the door of of other things, and more difficult thinking himself still at the post at train from Ferigoulet, when he saw up. before him on the highway, walking very quickly and mopping his brow with his large handkerchief with its rang. red squares, Jean-Baptiste Mallam- "The Tarascon train," exclaimed and as soon as he saw his friend, he a good time. hastened still more, motioning to him and crying out.

Cassoulet, as he was heavy, fat! and what is the matter?"

lated wildly, all out of breath, letting his heavy body fall on the bench of which his friend was seated.

full extent, and they shone with curi, con, take your seats!" ity. "Well?" he asked again. "Ah! ah! Oh! oh!" replied the all Galignan was present at the m tune to make one lose one's head! The following day, Sunday, he was obligd to go to Baracan. A baptism frem sister's child, and he was to be gdfather. A superb child, already ilmost as large as its father and mother, and which resembled himself---di. wonderfully! The ceremony would be magnificent. Eating would be aing on all day long! All the relative were invited. And of course it was impossible for him to refuse to go, and so put everybody out-the parson, the father and mother, the godmother, and

everybody else. What was more, the preparations for the feast were already made, the fowls picked out, plucked, and made ready for the spit, the cake already in the oven. If he had been warned even two days before, it might have been possible to put off the ceremony. But it was just like them; they did everything in that fashion. They had trsulting him, and it was only now, hardly an hour ago, that he received by post a bit of a letter which let him know what was going on.

Cassoulet looked at him confusedly, listening without understanding. The other went on, sprinkling his talk with vigorous exclamations, gesticulating more and more, sometimes striking his

marked:

"It is so, to be sure," he said. an evening with his cousin, a place, and when I get back, we

concert in the Esplanade, and white wine that you know about, those that day, I can assure you. Le he it is who brings all the fashion- I keep for my friends on special occa- congratulated every one; gently,

whole repertory is gone over, old liked it even more. He winked, clicked have heard what he said about Casas well as new; he never wearies, but with his tongue, and said, "I accept!" soulet; he compared his voice to the sings on and on. And all who listen at the same time he was really glad to trumpet of Jericho which could overclap their hands and cry, "Oh, this do a service to his old comrade. More-Cassoulet of ours!-there is certainly over, he was not sorry to have a chance to be listened to a little, for there had nothing else to do, had quietly fallen But the most ardent admirer of Cas- been no social meetings at the Grand asleep. It must be admitted that the soulet, the one who followed him like Cafe de l'Univers for some time. In day was one of the hottest of the sumd hot. He began to cough and hum at Galignan. carpenter of Grand street, who, in- satisfaction that he still possessed that in his big armchair—a very comfortsonorous organ which had made him able armchair it was. I can assure you,

"I can count on you, then?" asked

friend, extending his own as he spoke. "You may go and baptize your nephew -and all the rest of them, if you like -with tranquil mind. Don't disturb yourself. Everything will be right." "You quite understand what you have to do?"

"Perfectly. I have heard you often enough to know how you go at it! When your turn comes to sing, they give you a sign, and you go right

"Exactly so. But, if you wish, we might have a little rehearsal this even-

the station, tranquilly waiting for the things too," said Cassoulet, bridling And the other bowed before him.

Just then the bell in the station

prat. He was marching along, gestic- Cassoulet, rising. "I return to my ulating with both his long, thin arms, post. Good-by, Jean-Baptiste. Have ingus. So, if you are some time pass-

And Mallamprat set out again on slow of gait, waited for his friend to run in the direction of his house, in come up. Then he asked, 'Well, haste to tell everybody that the affair was satisfactorily settled, while Cassou-"Oh!" And Mallamprat gesticut let rushed to the platform to meet the train, which rolled in at its customary moderate pace, and to utter his resounding "Travellers for Gaillar-Cassoulet opened his eyes to their gues, Ferigoulet, Baracan, and Taras-

The fext day-ah! the next dayother, making signs that he was ge- men as well as women, big and little, ting his breath. And he began o old and young. Just think of it! pant again, while Cassoulet calmy Nothing had been talked of the night waited. At last his friend poured at before through all the village but the all in a breath the story of what hd departure of Mallamprat and Cassouhappened --- a frightful thing, a misfe- let's taking his place; every one was anxious to see how the latter would acquit himself. Accordingly at an early hour the little church was crowded in which he could not absent himself; his every corner. Even the church-warden's pew was invaded, and the good cure, who had never been present at such another joyful occasion, was visi-

bly agitated. As for Cassoulet, he stood there in his Sunday coat, with his good, full face quite placid, as calm behind the singer's desk as on the platform of the station, looking at everybody, making signs of salutation with his head or hands, a little contented smile on his lips. That morning on rising, he tried a few notes. Never had he been

in better or fuller voice. As he accompanied his friend to the station, he had quietly shrugged his shoulders when the latter gave him a last word of advice.

"Go! go!" he had replied, pushing him into the car which was to take him to Baracan. "Baptize everybody at your ease. We have no need of you here." And the train departed.

Well, the mass was superb. Oh friends, what a success was his! And such a voice! The windows trembled at it; and the little stone saints, motionless in their niches, seemed al most about to wake from their eternal slumber. Cassoulet's voice rang like a trumpet, sometimes rolling like distant thunder, overpowering the organ that accompanied him, drowning it out entirely.

Sometimes out of the corner of scrambling away at it, trying to make "I count on you," he repeated, as himself heard. Pshaw! Why, it

What is more, the longer he sang. the stronger his voice grew. The organ stopped, overwhelmed; out of breath, as it were, and still he sang on. It was really a magnificent occasion, and all Gallignan talks of it to this day.

When church was out, Cassoulet received a positive ovation. But he modestly refused to linger to accept it; there was only time for himsto run to the station and resume his post; a train was whistling; and five minutes later the wondering village heard him uttering his wonted cry, more sonorous and beautiful than ever.

The hour of vesper service arrived. This was what the people were particularly expectant about. Here Cassoulet could really let his voice out to its best. Every one was anticipating it with joy.

Vespers began; everything went on perfectly; Cassoulet's triumph on-

The time for the sermon came. The cure made a sign; the singing stopped, and he mounted into the pulpit.

trombome player at the cafe- drink together one of these bottles of He had something to talk about able songs of the day to Galignan. For a week after the returns there is a constant concert going on every night at the Grand Cafe de l'Univers; his

Cassoulet, all this time, having muser the evenings were very heavy mer, such as you can experience only

> with broad back comfortably sloped, and arms just the right height to hold one up. A mild light prevailed. So -warmth, fatigue, and the shade all aiding-little by little he had fallen asleep, lost in golden dreams, while from the pulpit above his eulogy was being uttered in glowing terms.

The organist listened, watching the pulpit, his hands on the keyboard, ready to play. He had not seen Cassoulet fall asleep.

Suddenly the cure made a sign. Quick! No time to lose. The organist presses the pedals with his feet, and nudges his neighbor with his elbow, saying: "Attention! that is for us."

Cassoulet, awakened with a start. jumps up as if a spring had been the station, begins to shout, in a voice like thunder. "Passengers for Gaillargues, Ferigoulet, Baracan and Tarascon, take your seats!"

The rest of the story I missed, because the train was coming into the station, and Cassoulet's voice was calling through Galignan, get them to tell "Good-by, Trophime, and thank it you. I have written the tale as it was told to me; but you miss in it the sun which was shining upon us, and the crickets which were chirping and almost, it seemed, laughing among the white leaves of the plane trees. - From the French, in the Christian Union.

"Ffim-Flam" of a New Kind.

A very neat method of operating the flim-flam game was exposed the other day when Samuel Ash, James H. Mc-Glimmy, Jr., Newton A. Moore and Henry T. Wallace were put on trial fore Junge Wilson in the Quarter sions Court, charged with conspiracy and the larceny of sums of money ranging from \$5 to \$20 from the proprietors of a number of small stores in the upper section of the city. Ash, who is the youngest of the quartette, pleaded guilty on one of the bills and described the mode of operation.. The four traveled together about town, and when they came to a store one of them would take off his coat and hat and give it to the others to hold for him while he went into the store and asked the proprietor to give him a \$10 bill for ten \$1 notes, as he wished to send it away in a letter, at the same time holding an envelope in his hand. Upon obtaining the \$10 bill he would hand the notes of smaller denomination to the storekeeper and busy himself in sealing the letter. Upon counting the money the storekeeper would find that there was only \$9 and would immediately call his attention to it. The conspirator would then feign surprise and count the money over himself. Upon being assured that there was only \$9 he would gracefully apologize, saying his mother must have made a mistake and if the storekeeper would hold the letter in which he had sealed the \$10 bill he would run across the street and get the extra one dollar. Invariably the scheme worked to perfection, and after waiting patiently for the return of the young man the storekeeper would tear open the envelope to find that it contained a blank sheet of paper. Ash testified that the other defendants were parties to the fraud and shared the money. The others denied all knowledge of the conspiracy, disclaiming any connection with it whatever .hiladelphia limes

Room for Homesteaders.

An examination of the records of the Land Office at Guthrie, Oklahoma. shows that there are 1,500,000 acres of land in the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations in the western part of Oklahoma Territory subject to homestead entry and which has never been filed upon. This is nearly all first-class agricultural land, well watered and partly timbered and can be had for \$1.50 par acre. In Beaver County. generally known as No Man's Land, there are also over 2,000,000 acres subject to homestead entry. This county adjoins the Cherokee Strip on the west, and much of the land is better watered and more fertile than a large portion of the Strip. These 2,000,000 acres are absolutely free to the homesteader, the last and only free land in the Southwest. All a man has to do is to settle upon them and live there, and why so many should overlook these free lands and wait for the Cherokee Strip, where they must pay from \$1 to \$2.50 per sere for the same quality of land and fight for it besides, is a mystery. - American Farmer.

Boston has a Portuguese colony numbering about 3000. They are for the most part sailors.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Thoughts Which Were Suggested by a Recent Elopement

Love the Children and Old Age Will Find You Blessed.

Every now and then some rich man's daugh-ter up north runs away with the coachman or a

a negro or some designing scamp who is on the make and slips up on the old man while he is asleep—not asleep to his busines or piling up money, but asleep to a father's duty, and you to the see him to be a father's duty, and you close up to him as children love to do unless they are repelled by ind fference or unkindness. "Knowing that thou wert an anstere man" fits many a father now; and the children so in get weamed and so does the wife. That girl at St. Paul would never have married that negro if she had had a kind father's love and care. Of course she has wrecked her hop s of happiness, and her parents are to blame for it. Her home was not happy. "Be ye not unequally yoked," sayeth the scripture, and every violation of this injunction brings grief to the girl, the victim, and her family. The scamp who works the scheme is generally bought of and retired. Solomon says: "He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind." No hushand or wife, no son or daughter has any right to bring trouble within that sacred domain called home. I was ruminating about this beexuse the daily papers are of late so full of do-mestic grief. It looks like there is hardly a family in the land but what some member of it as brought trouble to all the rest. I look ver the community where I live and number is small where there no shadow-no A father's bid habits, a mother's disconent, a son's dissipation or a daughter's a lty have troubled and still are tr ubling any a household that might otherwise be cappy. A happy home is the only paradise apo the earth and whoever makes it unhappy as guilty as was the serpent who destroyed the cace of Eder. The domestic fireside is the nost sacred place upon the earth. Blackstone avs that by the law of England & man's house s his castle into which the king f England are not enter uninvited. I am sure that our ople generally do not value the privileges and endearments of their homes. I do not en the house with its adornings nor the wers in the front yard, but I do mean the weet communion of the family by the fires de r under the lamplight or in the dining room r sitting in the veranda and all the time lovg each other and sympathizing with those ho have suffered or are suffering the afflictions hat are common to us all. If every member of family who is old enough to think would only deso ve to bring nothing but sunshine into the dousehold how happy would they be. This can e done. It is easy to do. A man has no right o enter his own door with a cloud upon his brow and bad temper in his heart. is comng should always rejoice his wife and his children. A woman has no right to be always complaining about little things and showing her discontent in a thousand ways and silence that sometimes broods over the fea and takes away the appetite. Food taken in sullen silence will not digest. The bed and the board should always be cheerful. The sleep will not be sweet when there are tears upon the pillow. I would be afraid to scold a child just before the eyes were closed in sleep. The responsibility is greater upon the parents than upon the children. If the father is loving and companionable to his boys, they would be more apt to stay at home and not wander off into bad company. They would not speak of him as 'the old man." They would not be waitng for him to die so that they might in writ his estate.

and reasonable with her girls they would love tome too well to make a run-away match or to receive the attentions of unprincipled young men. "Make home happy," should be the watchword in every family. It is well enough to have the little prayer, 'God Bless Our Home," painted or worked in canvas and overhanging the mantel, but our Creator will not do for us what we can do for ourselves. There are two kinds of home-sickness-sick of home and sick for home. I know a lassie who, not ong ago, was sent away to college and she grieved so at the separation from the loved ones at home, and her home-sick letters were so full of tears, that she was at last permitted to return. Her companions laugh and make sport of her childish weakness, but I have more regard for her than I ever did. She loves her home too dearly to leave it for any common lover. She can get education enough here even if the polish is not as fine as it might have been made elsewhere. It is far better to be sick for home than sick of home. When I was sent off to college I was miserable for awhile and could not conceal it from my roommate, who made fun of me and talked about my mother's apron string, but he had no mother and could not understand my distress. When the term was out and I was to go home I did not wait for the sun to rise, but left Athens by moonlight, about 3 o'clock, riding horseback with a little negro boy behind me and made the forty-four miles in time to surprise the family at the dinner table. What a glorious welcome I received from parents and brothers and sisters. It was one of the great events of my life and still lives among the sweetest memo-ries. Parental love, conjugal love, filial love are the keystone to the arch, that supports the pillars of government and keeps our social sys-tem secure. As a rule anarchists have no children. No nothing to love but themselves. As a rule the poor love their children better than the rich, for riches will in time absorb a man and burden his best emotions. With the poor the children are first, with the rich they are second. The law of compensation comes into everything in this life. The good and the bad, the joy and the sorrow are kindly mixed by a wise Providence. Then let us all be content with our lot. Let us not look over the fence to envy our neighbor, for we know not his secret sorrows. Let us not trouble our own house for fear we shall inherit the wind .- BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

If the mother was always gentle and mud

Among the candidates who presented themselves at the annual examination at Kong Kong, China, a few weeks ago, was a child four years old. The Planyu Chehsien conducted the examination of the little savant in person and was greatly impressed with his knowledge. The precocious boy was able to write a thesis on the subject presented to him, although the letters betraved the fact that they were written by a child. The "wonderchild" excites great interest in the Flowery Kingdom, and his knowledge of Confucius, the Chinese journals say, is very oreat.

For drinking chocolate, the Frenchiest way is to serve it in four-cornered green cups, but the prettiest way is in the pale brown cups that match the contents, and are extremely narrow, tall and flaring at the top.