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ALABAMA REPUBLICANS WORRY ROOSEVELT.

President Roosevelt is having trouble with the Alabama Republicans.

Alabama was originally a Roosevelt state, and the Republicans declared for him in a state convention.

The movement spread and in 1902 J. A. W. Smith an able and distinguished man, was induced to take the nomination for governor. The organization has always denied that it excluded any negroes but the low and demoralizing class. It was, however, described as a "Lily White" organization, and President Roosevelt undertook to crush it.

He removed from office several federal office holders. The Alabama men were angry, and pointed to the fact that in North Carolina, where Senator Pritchard was the "Lily White" leader, the president was appointing "Lily Whites" to office and even unseating negroes to do it.

They determined not to submit. The president thereupon ignored the regular organization.

Men of both parties from Alabama say that the men who undertook to build up a new Republican party in Alabama are going back into the Democratic party, believing it to be hopeless to fight the president. This drift is gradual, but it is believed that within a few years the Democratic party will have absorbed them, and there will be, as of old, only a white party and a negro party in Alabama.

The most of the other states where the new Republican movement began under McKinley, it has dissolved under President Roosevelt's hostility. Alabama and North Carolina were the only states which undertook to withstand the president. In North Carolina the president yielded to Senator Pritchard, and in Alabama the fight is still on.

ANOTHER DEMOCRATIC SWEEP.

Never in the history of Boston has a mayoralty candidate polled a plurality as large as did Mayor-elect Patrick Collins, recently elected in Boston.

The board of aldermen next year will be solidly Democratic. Every ward in the city went Democratic.

The country is in good feeling for a Democratic victory next year. The only question is, will the Democrats nominate a man for president who will command the confidence of the conservative business men of the country? If they do, it will be a difficult thing to wrest a victory from them.

Such an acceptable candidate we believe Judge Parker would be. In 1897 he was elected chief justice of the court of appeals of the empire state, and today he must be credited with the only state Democratic victory scored in New York in several years. His ability is undoubted. He would make a candidate upon whom all factions could more nearly unite than any other man yet mentioned.

Indeed, where will be found a more available candidate than the judge?

So long as the farmers find a ready market for their cotton at 12½ cents per pound, we hardly see why the country should worry over any threatened stagnation in her cotton mills.

Nothing has been said of the stagnation which has for years been stifling existence on farms and driving thousands from the fields to the overcrowded cities.

The people will still continue to use cotton goods, and since the mills will always have a sale for their products, the cost of the raw cotton should be an insignificant matter. Make the price of the one correspond with the cost of the other—that's all.—Asheville Citizen.

Kinston is now ready to begin her public improvements. The only thing lacking is the necessary cash with which to start the movement. As yet the town has been unable to sell bonds at a desirable price. However, there is nothing to do but to wait until the cash can be raised.

Millionaire's Poor Stomach.

The worn-out stomach of the overfed millionaire is often paraded in the public prints as a horrible example of the evils attendant on the possession of great wealth. But millionaires are not the only ones who are afflicted with bad stomachs. The proportion is far greater among the toilers. Dyspepsia and indigestion are rampant among these people, and they suffer far worse tortures than the millionaire, unless they avail themselves of a standard medicine like Green's August Flower, which has been a favorite household remedy for all stomach troubles for over thirty-five years. August Flower cures the torpid liver, that creating a gentle and healthy peristalsis, and insuring perfect digestion. In these days of nervousness, dyspepsia and indigestion, August Flower is the only remedy needed. Sold by druggists in all civilized countries. Price 75 cents.

LONDON IN 1700.

When Traitors' Heads Adorned London Bridge and Temple Bar.

London in 1700 was a comparatively small city of about 600,000 inhabitants, the rough and ill kept main roads to which had been but slightly improved since Tudor times. The ghastly spectacle of many of the trees on the Southwark road bending under their burden of hanged men had indeed been slightly modified, but none the less the decomposing heads of "traitors" still filled the atmosphere about London bridge and Temple Bar with myriads of baneful microbes.

Our immediate forbears were evidently not overparticular about sights and smells. They were accustomed to see men sitting in the pillory pelted with rotten eggs and possibly included among their immediate circle not a few who had been deprived of their noses and ears for expressing too freely their opinions, political and religious.

The drains were in an appalling condition. The innumerable churchyards were so full of coffins that they often projected through the turf. Bear and bull baiting, dog fights and boxing matches were attended even by royalty as late as 1820, and five years later all the "dandies" in London were paying high prices to stand in the carts round Tyburn to behold twenty-two of their fellow creatures hanged for misdemeanors which in our time would be punished with a few days' imprisonment.—Saturday Review.

Convenient Fetters.

Leo Deutsch, a Russian political exile who was permitted to return to his home, tells in his book, "Sixteen Years In Siberia," tales not only of suffering, but of lenient treatment by his jailers. In Siberian prisons often the harshness of the discipline was considerably relaxed. On one occasion, to the vast amusement of the prison authorities, Deutsch appeared before the governor with his fetters tied up with a piece of string, and it appeared he had only assumed them for the moment. But the complaisant governor was afraid of a visit from high quarters. "Then if an inspection is made you will be wearing your fetters," he asked, laughing. "Of course," replied Deutsch. "You see, I've come to you in full dress," pointing to his tied up chains. On another occasion Deutsch's bag was stolen. It contained, among other articles of a convict's attire, the indispensable fetters, and he had to apply for a new pair. "Take care you don't lose these!" said the officer as Deutsch packed them among his luggage.

Some Very Ancient Laws.

King Amraphel of Babylon, who lived 2,250 years B. C., formulated a code of laws. His statutes, which were operative five centuries before the laws of Moses, numbered 282 and contain the following:

"If a woman who sells beverages gives bad value for the money paid her, she shall be thrown into water.

"If a wife be a spendthrift or if she otherwise neglect her duties, her husband may put her away without compensation, but if a man put away his wife for no other reason than that she has no children he shall return her whole dowry.

"If a betrothal be rescinded, the man shall pay the woman compensation.

"A widow with grown up children may not marry again without permission from a judge."—London Express.

Some Errors of Speech.

Many make the mistake of saying "I intended to have told you" or "If I had have known" instead of "I intended to tell you" or "If I had known." I have heard the following confused sentence from one who should know better: "I should have thought that you would have gone to have seen her." The correct sentence would be, "I should think that you would have gone to see her."

It is incorrect to say "Those sort of things" instead of "Things of that sort." Do not say "Ain't" for "Is not." "He don't" for "He does not" or "Not as I know" for "Not that I know" or "I have lit the lamps" for "I have lighted the lamps."—Delineator.

Misunderstood.

Fergus Hume, who wrote a number of sensational books, was one day in a railway carriage with a friend, says the London M. A. P. In one corner was an old lady. Mr. Hume said to his friend that he really did not know how to murder any one in a new way. He had murdered at least twenty people, and now he wanted a new mode. The old lady shivered and looked most apprehensive. At the next station she got out hurriedly. Evidently she took Mr. Hume for a dangerous lunatic traveling with his keeper.

Naval Gun Crews.

Each gun crew of a naval vessel consists of seven men besides the captain of the turret, who has general charge. There are two guns in each turret, so that when in action there are in a turret fifteen men. At each gun there are a pointer, a trainer, a sight setter, a rammer man, a hoist man, a breech block man and a loader. Each has his station, and the seven men practically become part of the gun, working together like a machine.

The Kitten.

Lady Visitor (to little girl)—What became of the little kitten you had here once?

Little Girl—Why, haven't you heard? Lady Visitor—No. Was he drowned? Little Girl—Why, no. It growed up to be a cat.—Illustrated Bits.

Opportunity.

"In about seven years out of eleven," said Uncle Eben, "I reckon a man ought to be willin' to take a chance."

THE BOY DISPOSES

By SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN

Polly dug the heel of her smart little slipper into the earth and sent the hammock forward vigorously. There were only forty minutes of freedom left.

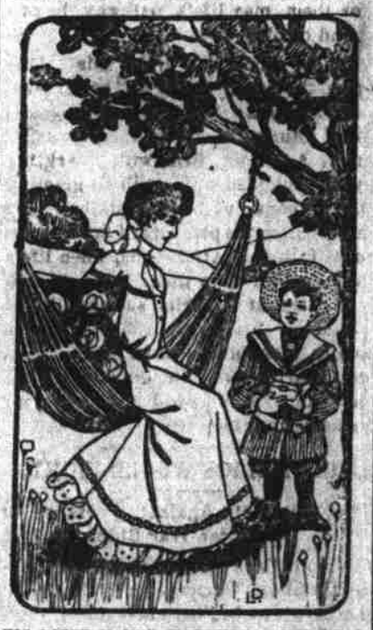
At 6, when the train came in, she meant to rise from the hammock, deliciously cool in her swirl of white organdie, and give Mr. Howard the softest and prettiest of "yeses."

Visions of Paquin and Doucet creations swam before her mistily. It would be a pleasant life. She would ride, drive, golf, yacht, be an arbiter of fashions, an organizer of charities, a patroness of balls. In the spring there would be little jaunts to London and Paris. Polly pillowed her head on her arms and watched herself, all billowy satin and diamond sunbursts, float up the aisle to the beating of drums, the flutter of flags, the envy of bridesmaids.

"Dear," said a voice, breaking into her reverie, "I think you mean to say yes when Mr. Howard comes up this afternoon, and I want to tell you that I am pleased. He will be very kind; you will have everything and go everywhere. I loved your father, but the world didn't call it a good match. You know what my struggles have been to keep up appearances, and you have made a sensible decision." Polly's mother slipped away.

The dear 500 friends believed Polly to be a little unnerved by the winter gayeties. Polly knew that she was summering at the mountain hotel because it was convenient for Mr. Howard to run up and stay over Sundays.

"The time has come," said Polly, quoting the Walrus, "and some of us are out of breath"— She almost decided to meet Mr. Howard at the foot of the hill. His breathlessness would be purely physical, but for her sake he had climbed the hill on a good many Saturday afternoons. Polly looked at the shining steel rails below her. There were thirty minutes left now. She told herself that she was well content and then shivered unaccountably. It was the ridiculous Walrus and Carpenter story: it was the memory of the fate of



HIS DIRTY HANDS CLUTCHED A BOX THAT POLLY KNEW.

the poor little oysters, the poor little oysters who thought they were in for such a frolic.

"I say, Sis," yelled Tommy from the hotel steps (Tommy was the despair of his family), "when you marry old Howard you'll set me up to peach cream every day, won't you?"

Polly sat up, very angry. "Come to me this moment, Tommy Baker," she called.

It pleased Tommy to obey. He stood before her with the wickedest of grins upon his freckled face. His dirty hands clutched a box that Polly knew—how well she knew it!

"I thought you wouldn't need campaign trophies now," he said. "I'm goin' to give 'em to the fellars that's got girls. I ain't got no girl."

Polly bent forward with a smile that even Tommy could not resist. He opened the little old treasure box, emptied its contents into her lap and beat a retreat.

Polly looked at the little heap. They were far from campaign trophies. Her lips twitched at sight of a rude little heart carved from a peach stone. Such a tiny thing to sweep the past wide open! Below the heart was a cheap, worn copy of "Lucile." There had been other and costlier "Luciles," but never another like that.

At the faint whistle of an approaching engine Polly shivered again. Her mother said Mr. Howard would be very kind, but she wasn't aching for kindness.

"Polly," said a voice at her elbow, "aren't you going to run down the hill to meet him?"

Polly flung a part of her voluminous frock over her lap. She laughed, with a little catch in her voice, and said, "No; I'm kissing myself goodby."

The man looked down at the girl admiringly. "You're a thoroughbred," he said.

"Where's your heiress?" asked Polly. "Why are you not with her?"

"She isn't mine, Polly. The evil hour has been put off. The heiress has hurt her foot and is too nervous to be bumped on. Polly, are you [illegible] cake—all white and glittery. I'll do a clog dance up the aisle."

Polly got her lips into a smile.

The train came on. It puffed and snorted as it climbed, and the little hills rumbled and grumbled in answer.

The man looked down at the quiet figure and stooped and touched the girl's fingers with his lips.

"We were once a precious pair of fools, little Polly. We've learned to laugh and be wise now, but somehow I'd like to be a fool once more."

Not a line of the girl's figure stirred. With a long drawn out shriek the train swept around a near curve. The man turned away.

Polly dug her heel into the ground and sent the hammock out. With a bound the little peach stone heart leaped to the man's feet. It was going to find out if fate was such a scurvy goddess. It was going to see if she wouldn't turn kind.

Polly and the man were facing each other when the train pounded in. She had picked up the "Lucile." He held the heart of a peach stone.

"I told you I was telling myself a goodby," said Polly defiantly.

"Am I part of yourself, dear?"

Polly was silent. Her eyes were on a stout man who had stepped from the Pullman and was making his eager, panting way toward her hammock.

"Polly," some one very much nearer was panting now, "I couldn't let you beat your life out in Poverty street; I couldn't let its bare walls crush your spirit; I couldn't ask you to give up all the gay, smart, empty things you love for"—

"Tiresome things"—

"Polly"—the cry went straight to the girl's heart—"you couldn't!"

"I could," said Polly.

"Then you wouldn't?"

The sun slanted into the depths of Polly's shining, misty eyes. She tried to speak, but could not.

Howard, not twenty feet away, stopped short and wiped his wet brow.

"I'm frightened!" Polly's voice quivered childishly. "We used to"—

"We did," with conviction. "It got us out of every scrape."

Howard wiped his perplexed, middle aged brow; then he wiped his perplexed, spectacled eyes. He was very conventional, and the gossamer web of convention was torn in shreds.

They were headed for a little summer house a hundred yards away, running lightly and easily, hand in hand, laughing, two truant children overtaken in an act of unusual and delicious naughtiness.

Lead Pencil Wood.

The cedar used in the manufacture of pencils in this country is that which grows in Florida, the common red cedar with shreddy bark and aromatic heartwood. The wood is shipped from Florida in small slabs, a little longer than a pencil, a little wider than four or six pencils placed side by side and of proper thickness.

The cedar case of a pencil is made in halves, each half being equally channeled, so that the place where they join comes against the center of the lead.

First we have the slab of wood as it is shipped from Florida. This slab is passed under a rotary cutter, which planes the surface perfectly flat and smooth and at the same time grooves it to receive six leads. These leads are now laid in the grooves of one of these slabs, and another slab, similarly planed and grooved, is spread with glue and laid upon it. The two thus put together are placed in a press and when perfectly dry are taken out and passed twice under a grooved rotary cutter, first on one side, rounding one half of the pencil, and then on the other, finishing the rounding of the whole pencil and separating one from the other at the same time.

These single pencils are then passed through other machines which polish, varnish, stamp and put them in cases, ready for delivery to the trade.

The School of Experience.

"Daughter, you ought not to wear those high heeled shoes. They will make corns on your feet."

"How do you know, mamma?"

"By experience. I used to wear them when I was a girl."

"Did grandma tell you they would make corns on your feet if you wore them?"

"Yes."

"How did she know?"

"She found out by experience, just as I did."

"Hadn't she any mamma to warn her against wearing them?"

"Oh, yes."

"But she wore them just the same?"

"To be sure."

"And you did too?"

"Yes. That is what I was telling you."

"Well, if I ever have any daughters I ought to be able to give them a warning against high heeled shoes from my own experience, oughtn't I?"—Chicago Tribune.

Such Fun.

"So you are really engaged, dear?" said Elsie gushingly to her particular friend Madge.

"Yes, dear," was the blushing reply. "I am really engaged at last."

"And to that stern, stolid looking fellow, Alec Wilson?"

"Oh, yes, dear," replied her friend quickly. "He often says that after we are married he means to manage the house, look after my personal expenditure as well as his own and, in fact, have his own way in everything."

"Good gracious! And you seriously tell me you mean to marry a man like that?" cried Elsie in astonishment.

"Oh, yes, dear. I wouldn't give up the fun in any account. You see, I will be such fun to show him how [illegible]