WASHINGTON NEWS.

SENATOR MILLS RED HOT CUBAN RESOLUTION.

Dingley Bill. A. Slim Claim. South Dakota's Election. Eckels Financial Cure. Play For Bigger Things. Other News.

JOURNAL BUREAU, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11th.

Senator Allen exploded a bomb that shook the Senate from center to circumference when he moved that the Dingley bill be taken up, and the motion was carried by a vote of 35 to 21. The vote in favor of the motion was made up of 2 Republicans, 6 Democrats, 5 Populists and Senator Pettigrew who is now classed as an independent; and the vote against it of 2 Republicans, 16 Democrats and an independent, Cannon, Dubois and Mantle. Senator Allen said he made the motion without consultation with anybody and solely to show that the Populist Senators were not standing in the way of revenue legislation. In reply to questions from Senator Aldrich Mr. Allen said that while he would not vote for the Dingley bill as it passed the House, it could easily be put in a shape that would get his vote and that of other Senators who are not Republicans, but he didn't mention what that shape was. The Dingley bill was before the Senate less than 30 minutes, when the expiration of the "morning hour" sent it back to the calendar, Mr. Allen having failed to get unanimous consent for it to be the "unfinished business" the next day. It can be taken up at any time by a majority vote, but as the matter now stands, owing to the action of the Senate at the last session, a bill for the coinage of silver instead of a silver bill, its passage in that shape would be merely duplicating the work of the last session.

Several Cuban resolutions providing for recognition of independence, have been offered in both House and Senate. Senator Mills, of Texas, is entitled to the belt, and it ought to be a shoulder-piece for having put the hottest stuff into a resolution that the oldest Capitol hands remember. His resolution directs the President to take immediate and forcible possession of Cuba, and to protect the Cubans until such time as they shall organize a government of their own. Facetious Senator has already suggested that Senator Mills be the commander of the army of occupation.

Mr. George E. Nelson, who took the trouble to travel all the way from Indian Territory to Washington, with no better claim for a seat in the House as Territorial Delegate than a certificate of election signed by an Indian Agent and his own statement that he received 200 out of about 300 votes in an election held November 3d as several villages of the Territory, finds that members of the House not only fail to recognize the legality of his claim, but are also inclined to poke fun at him.

Senator Kyle, of South Dakota, professes astonishment at the stories that the canvassing board of that State was about to throw out, on account of alleged fraud at the election, enough votes to give the state, and possibly the Legislature, to the Republicans. He said "Every one out there thought the election was conducted in the fairest kind of a way. I did not hear it challenged or say side. I scarcely think the board would attempt to throw out enough members of the Legislature to turn it over to the Republicans. It would be a high-handed outrage if it did, and it would cause an uprising in South Dakota. I can do nothing but watch the course of events, but our men are on the ground all the time, and will bitterly contest any scheme to defraud us of our rights." Republicans are not talking for publication about this matter, but enough was said at their caucus of Senators to indicate that some of them expected a Republican to succeed Senator Kyle, whose term expires on the 3d of next March.

Comptroller Eckels has a plan which he says in his annual report he is certain would go far towards curing our financial ills. The foundation of his plans is to decrease the tax on National bank circulation and encourage the formation of banks of $25,000 capital in small towns and villages and to allow them to issue currency to the face of the bonds they have deposited with the U. S. Treasurer. Neither Senators nor representatives have been failing over each other in their efforts to get the plan of Mr. Eckels before Congress, and there isn't the slightest likelihood of their doing so.

The House, as usual, is ahead of the Senate in the matter of doing business. It has passed the regular Pension appropriation bill and a number of minor measures.

The bolting silver Republican Senators were playing for bigger stakes than the forgiveness of their old party associates when they ignored the invitations sent them to attend the Republican caucus. They figure it that by maintaining an independent attitude they can dictate legislation in the next Senate, unless the Republicans happen to get a majority, and demand control of the Federal patronage of their States as well.

The only man who has mentioned the President's message in Congress is Representative Grow, of Pennsylvania, who in a few remarks ridiculed Mr. Cleveland's assertion that the present tariff law, if let alone, will produce all the revenue that the country needs. It seems that Mr. Cleveland has changed his opinions since he called that tariff bill horrid names and refused to sign it.

A Shower of Ants.

A remarkable phenomenon was was witnessed in Jerusalem recently. A swarm of flying ants settled upon the city and filled the air from sunrise until 9 o'clock.

Visitors to the Holy Sepulchre were obliged to use their handkerchiefs constantly in order to keep the insects out of their eyes and nostrils.

The natives asserted that this extraordinary flight of ants was the precursor of an earthquake.

[illegible] same day.—Detroit Free Press.

An Antiquarian Lunch.

Amaziah Dukes, a New York broker, recently said: "I have eaten apples that ripened more than eighteen hundred years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, spread it with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England, and washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing barefoot with the boys of Genoa. This remarkable spread was given by an antiquary named Goebel, in the city of Brussels, in 1871. The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii, the buried city to whose people we owe the knowledge of canning fruit. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the Pyramids; the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for centuries it had lain in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth. There were six guests at the table and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself liberally to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon and the fruit was sweet and the flavor as fine as though put up yesterday."—Our Home.

Profitable Tobacco Raising.

The Sumter News says: Mr. [illegible] R. Oliver of Hillsboro township, Marion county, South Carolina, planted this year six acres of tobacco. From the crop he had sold up to the week Tobacco to the value of $1,087, and 'still had a large quantity of his best tobacco on hand.' How much he still has on hand is not stated by the Charleston News and Courier's correspondent, upon whom the facts are obtained 'but if he has a large quantity,' and it is 'his best tobacco,' it is fair to presume he will get several hundred dollars more from his crop of six acres. It may safely be assumed that he will get enough for the whole crop to make it bring him $1,200 or $2,000 per acre. That is more than any cotton planter in Marion county has been able to get out of his farm in many years, if ever. The people of Marion and Horry counties, South Carolina, have within the last few years gone extensively into tobacco culture, and the reports are that they have found it very profitable. Mr. Oliver's crop is probably above the average, but we have heard of a number of planters who have made from $150 to $175 per acre on tobacco, even when prices were lower than they are now. It is remarkable that Georgia farmers do not give more attention to tobacco. Floridians are very much interested in the weed this winter."

Americans as Fruit Eaters.

The American people will not eat bananas this year. The fruit importers have discovered this, to their surprise and disgust, and were very much worried at first over the cause. Why have the people given up bananas? they asked, anxiously. New Orleans supplies nearly all the West and South with bananas and other tropical fruit, and is the largest importer in this country. But bananas have sold so badly of late that the importers have cut down the number of vessels running to Central America one-half. They have only just discovered the trouble. The American people have not lost their taste for the tropical fruit, but the latter has been displaced by the big apple crop. With apples at 75 a barrel the banana has no chance, for the average man eats at the same amount of fruit each day, and prefers the cheapest. If apples fail this year, to suit the hard times, but it may be bananas next season. So, at least, the importers hope.—Harper's Weekly.

A VALEDICTION.

[For music.]

Fast falls the night, but not for thee
'Twill fade like that of yesterday.
When once again shines the day
The timorous gleam of morning stray,
Thou wilt have passed to fields unseen,
To meadows of perennial May,
Where never wears the vernal green
Nor flect the vernal flowers away.

If e'er I think of thee as gone,
If e'er I dream of thee as sped,
'Twill only be in winter wan,
When leaves lie born and flowers have fled.
But when anew the sun has shone
Its welcome to the world of spring
Still by my side thou'lt wander on
As thou 's thou ne'er hadst taken wing.

Still beneath day's dilating beams
Greet each new flower that May unfurls,
Still mix thy murmur with the stream's
And blend thy music with the merle's.
Then, as in vespertinal dreams,
The sun's tired rays recline slant,
Seek, as of old, the wood where thou
The nightingale's awaking chant.

* * * * * * *

Fast falls the night. I will not weep.
Ah, no! Not tears shall be thy flower
To carry through the folds of sleep
Into the clime of leaf and flower!
Fast falls the night. More dark, more deep,
Each instant grows its eerie sway.
Farewell, farewell. I will not weep,
But smile thee on thy journey's way!

—William Toynbee in Gentleman's Magazine.

AMERICANS AS MUSICIANS.

Mme. Calve Says They Have the Characteristics of the Conquering Race.

Mme. Emma Calve contributes a paper on the "Conquering Race In Music" to The Ladies' Home Journal, in which she specially addresses students of vocal music. She tells of the training required for the operatic and the concert stage, the impersonation of character, the value of suggestions, etc., and pays this tribute to Americans: "The Americans have, it seems to me, in the field of music, and especially in the field of vocal music, all of the characteristics of the conquering race. They are possessed naturally of the most exquisite voices, which, when properly cultivated and trained, are almost unrivaled. They have indomitable energy, perseverance and pluck. They stop at nothing and are deterred by no trouble and prevented by no obstacle.

"Poverty, weariness, exertion, hard work—none of these living specters which affright and terrify the average art worker has terrors for them. Their physique and their temperament seem made for toil and to surmount discouragement, and the success which they are daily achieving, in the field of both operatic and concert singing, is testimony to their natural fitness for accomplishment and to their ability to excel. They seem, in fact, to be most lavishly gifted by nature for the parts they are assuming. To these gifts of voice, energy, pluck and perseverance they frequently add a beauty of face and grace of form and movement which the public recognizes as most important factors in the success of the singer's career. They have, too, the temperament which makes great artists and great actresses, the artistic feeling which has for its standard perfection and which is satisfied with nothing less."

His First Story.

A certain author, now well known to fame and fortune, once in the "battle for bread," wrote a wild Indian story for a northern story paper. That was 12 years ago, and to the story he gave his real name. He received a fat check for it, but year after year went by and—the story never appeared. It finally passed from his remembrance, until the other day, when he received a letter from the publishers informing him that it would shortly put in an appearance in serial form. That made the author nervous, and he forthwith sent the following telegram:

"Suppress story and return manuscript and will pay three times amount of original check."

The publishers replied:

"Can't do it. We know a good thing when we have it. The story is in your best vein."

Letter after letter, telegram after telegram passed, but no, he didn't have money enough to buy that story. So he has written to all his friends and critics and has explained the circumstances and now awaits as cheerfully as possible the weekly slaughter of the red Indians of his youthful brain.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Stubborn Genius.

Robert Chambers told me he was once talking with a man of real, rugged genius, who came to a sorrowful end. He said to the genius: "The population of this world is about 1,200,000,000 human beings. The little religious body to which you belong contains perhaps 800,000. Of that number not 300 could give an intelligent account of its creed. Yet you think its creed sets out vital matters. Is it consistent with your belief that God Almighty would permit just 300 of his creatures to know these things and keep all the millions ignorant of them?" The genius considered for a minute's space, then replied, "Yes, I think it quite right that God should do that." Whereupon the good Robert Chambers said very resolutely, "Then I'm tremendously sorry for you." And he never spoke to the genius save on transient incidents any more.—Longman's Magazine.

Reproachful.

"I haven't anything new to sing to you tonight, George."

"Well, give me something old then."

She broke into a refrain that was "a song of the day" 17 years before.

"That's very, very old, Clara," he remarked at the close.

"Yes, George, I sang that to you the night we became engaged."—Boston Globe.

In the fifteenth century the beer gallon measure of England was a fourth larger than the wine gallon, to allow for the froth. The present legal yard was instituted in England in 1758.

The largest egg is that of the ostrich. It weighs 3 pounds and is considered equal in amount to 24 hens' eggs.

NICK YOUNG ON BATTING.

The Veteran Talks of Baseball as It Was Played in the Sixties.

Nick Young, whose name Burke is the Congress of Washington in the sixties, [illegible]

"I had no advantage over the other players on account of my size, for I was only 5 feet 8 inches tall. I was quite an expert cricketer," said Uncle Nick the other day. "In playing cricket I became expert in the knack of hitting a low ball, which is one of the important points in the game, and this schooling in the classic English game proved of great service to me in baseball. The baseball rules in the sixties allowed the batsman to call for his choice—a high, a waist or a low ball. Of course I always called for my favorite, and, while batting averages were not kept in those days, I felt it safe to make a rough estimate on my record as a batsman, and in many games we played then Bobby Mathews was the star pitcher of the country. He pitched for the Baltimore team, and, while he was effective against almost every player on the team, I generally managed to work him for a hit or two every game, though I would often fall down before pitchers who had practically no reputation. When Mathews was at his best, Cummings started the country with a curve ball. He pitched for the Stars of Brooklyn and was the first twister, if I remember rightly, who mastered the curve. I never had much success against Cummings. He had a slow ball that always fooled me. There wasn't much speed to speak of in those days, as the rules confined the pitcher to the underhand or below the shoulder delivery. The last time I faced Bobby Mathews I hit him safely five times out of five times at the bat.

"While batting has undoubtedly improved in science during the last 20 years, there are many players in the big League today who would improve in their batting if they could rid themselves of that awkward, stiff arm movement and give free play to the muscles in the fore and upper arm. A gentle movement of the arms while holding the bat and awaiting the delivery of the ball imparts activity to the muscles. Mr. Anson has an excellent position at the bat, and I may say the same of Mr. Burkett and Mr. De Montreville. It is easier to cure a player of the stiff arm practice than to remedy that worst of defects—pulling away from the plate."—Washington Post.

ALL SORTS OF SPORTS.

Butterworth, the great ex-Yale full back, is coaching the University of California eleven this fall.

Hall, Pennsylvania's famous ex-center rush, is now coaching the University of Iowa football team.

The recent Westchester Country club's golf tournament has been one of the best managed events of the season.

Frank Shaw and Norton Shaw are putting up a remarkably defensive game in the center of Harvard's football line.

Palmer and Plimmer are wanted in America, and it seems strange that they ignore such productive fields as this country now affords.

Hallan, the feather-weight boxer of the University of Pennsylvania gymnastic team, has turned in college and will again try for the team.

James Puckett, superintendent at the Saratoga course, has been engaged to fill a like position by the managers of the Pimlico track at Baltimore.

Dan Creeden and Charley Strong of Newark, N. J., one of the boxers under Fred Vogler's wing, may come together next month before a club at Albany.

Sam Fitzpatrick, who manages the clever Australian, Jim Ryan, wishes to match the redhead against Dick O'Brien at 154 pounds and will stake $1,000 on the issue.

Frank C. Ives has leased the upper floor of the building at the northeast corner of Broadway and Forty-second street, New York, for a term of ten years and will occupy the same as a billiard room.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Billy Newman of the Bohemian club has made an offer for a bout between Jack Burge and Jack Everhardt.

A woman's boatclub has been formed at the University of Wisconsin. There are 60 candidates for two gig crews.

Arrangements are being made by the champion Niagara Falls hockey team for a tour through the eastern states this winter in January.

The time allowed to the naval cadets for daily football practice is less than one hour, and the work has to be performed in a small field lighted by electric lamps.

Pennsylvania is proving an efficient leader of the University of Pennsylvania [illegible] Many more men are now [illegible] work than ever before in Pennsylvania's history.

George Dr[illegible], who is assisting in the coaching of the University of Pennsylvania football team, claims to have a wonder in Wunder, whom he is training to play full back. Wunder is said to be a surprise as a punter, 50 yards being easy for him.

McCoy Coming Back.

Kid McCoy, the middleweight who disappeared hastily and was next heard from in Johannesburg, South Africa, will be in America before the new year dawns. He has written to Charley Christiger of the Bohemian Sporting club, New York, soliciting the position of boxing instructor, and the club has called back a reply to the effect that it would give him the berth.

McCoy says he is anxious to get back to New York. Inasmuch as a number of members of the club are desirous of instruction at this pastime, it is likely that McCoy will build up a large class.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. S. M. Sayford, College Evangelist, has recently visited the following institutions in North Carolina: Trinity College, University of North Carolina, Davidson College, Agricultural and Mechanical College, and Wake Forrest College. Although his stay at each institution was very short, the Christian men were very greatly helped, and many students entered into a covenant to move forward in their Christian life. Mr. Sayford's is a unique position, representing no organization or movement. He has for the past nine years devoted all his time and strength to Christian work among the colleges, during which time he has visited more than three hundred institutions. God has wonderfully blessed him in this work.

Holiday Presents.

Why not give your friends something useful, such as rugs, a dress pattern, a pair of stockings or a pair kid gloves. We have them all at prices right.

BARROWS.

Food Cranks.

A well [illegible] and the invention of a [illegible] developing machine that [illegible] perfect health and [illegible] forever the reabout, has been [illegible] much trouble to his friends on account of his insane freak [illegible] particularly his stomach. He [illegible] that it was not only to his well being to eat two or three quarts of ice cream and then use a stomach pump on himself and take it out. This is not a pleasant idea, nor was it a pleasant process. That, coupled with other queer manifestations, landed the addicted in a lunatic asylum.

He was not much crazier, however, than thousands of people outside of the insane asylums who devote their lives to worrying over their stomachs. Here is a woman who dearly loves she would die if she did not swallow a dose of warm water and soda after every meal. You cannot argue reason or even pray with her on the subject. Another queer creature is in the habit of weighing every ounce of food he takes and carrying the matter as a heavy burden on his soul. If he should eat a sixteenth of an ounce too much, he would nearly explode in the pains of dyspepsia. You might lay him in a mortar and you could not persuade him otherwise.

Each one, these be all cranks, every one. In their degree they are genuinely crazy. It is not their notions of food that make them crazy. It is their craziness that makes their crank notions about food. The true way is to eat the best food we know of and eat as little of it as will satisfy us. Do think no more about it. There is nothing more disastrous than studying our internal anatomy too closely. There is nothing so destructive as brooding over our ailments and woes.

The American Race.

The nineteenth century will close its eyes on a people who form at least the groundwork of a distinct American race. Its best representatives are neither German, Irish, English, cavalier, Quaker nor Puritan in their ancestry. They are the result of the crossing, more or less scientific of all these, with a dash of French and Spanish added. The man who is a descendant of Pennsylvania Quaker, Pennsylvania German, Scotch-Irish, New England Puritan and perhaps Knickerbocker Dutch is much superior to the man descended from ancestors who have stood in one place and reproduced, without change, the blood of the Puritan or Jacobean or of the English families, however noble, that originally settled in the south.

The typical American will have the blood of the most civilized nations of Europe, peoples not too dissimilar, running in his veins. There will be fighting blood, scholarly blood, commercial, agricultural and artistic blood, and from the mingling and chemical combining of it all will spring the handsomest and most gifted race on the globe. We are not vain, but we really feel sure of this. Even Scandinavians, Poles, Hungarians and Italians will have their share in producing the perfect American race. We do not want too many of the last named peoples, however, and the government is wise to restrict their immigration.

By a mutual agreement the Republican representatives elect of Indiana may partially abandon the congressman's time honored prerogative of having postmasters of his recommendation appointed in his district. The postmasters will, if the plan is correctly reported, be elected by their fellow townsmen. The patrons of a given office, presumably women as well as men, will at a stated time vote for their choice for postmaster, and the congressman will recommend for appointment the individual getting the most votes. This is a wholly fair and just way of selecting a postmaster, and it is in accord with the spirit of American institutions to let the people select their own officers.

Like a sunbeam upon a stormcloud beams always a kindly, graceful action in this hard, grinding world. Such an act was that of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, who erected a monument at Bergen to mark the spot where Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Youmans, American citizens, lost their lives last summer. The monument bears the names, home and date of death of the two travelers, with underneath the beautiful, touching words, "God's grace be with them." Below all the rest of the inscription stand the words, "Oscar II erected this memorial." The gracious act will endear King Oscar to all Americans.

Before the next presidential election it is to be hoped that somebody will invent a voting machine that will both register and count votes as rapidly as the little apparatus known as the cash register disposes of moneys put into its capacious slot. The recent election showed the great need of such machine. Perhaps the voting machines already invented will be fully perfected by the next election.

Newfoundland is to be congratulated on the discovery of rich petroleum wells on her west coast. The home of the fog banks can't stand any multiplication of prosperity at present. It is to be noted, too, that for once our own Standard Oil company does not appear to have got hold of the wells, but that a British syndicate is buying them.

GRANT AND PORTER.

The Latter's First Meeting With His Subsequent Chief.

While sitting in my quarters in the little town of Chattanooga about an hour after nightfall on the evening of Friday, Oct. 23, 1863, an orderly brought me a message from General George H. Thomas, commander of the Army of the Cumberland, on whose staff I was serving, summoning me to headquarters. A storm had been raging for two days, and a chilling rain was still falling. A few minutes' walk brought me to the plain wooden, one story dwelling occupied by the commander, which was situated on Walnut street, near Fourth, and upon my arrival I found him in the front room on the left side of the hall, with three members of his staff and several strange officers.

In an armchair facing the fireplace was seated a general officer, slight in figure and of medium stature, whose face bore an expression of weariness. He was carelessly dressed, and his uniform coat was unbuttoned and thrown back from his chest. He held a lighted cigar in his mouth and sat in a stooping posture, with his head bent slightly forward. His clothes were wet, and his trousers and topboots were spattered with mud. General Thomas approached this officer, and, turning to me and mentioning me by name, said, "I want to present you to General Grant." Thereupon the officer seated in the chair, without changing his position, glanced up, extended his arm to its full length, shook hands and said in a low voice and speaking slowly, "How do you do?" This was my first meeting with the man with whom I was destined afterward to spend so many of the most interesting years of my life.

The strange officers present were members of General Grant's staff. Charles A. Dana, assistant secretary of war, who had been for some time with the Army of the Cumberland, had also entered the room. The next morning he sent a dispatch to the war department, beginning with the words, "Grant arrived last night, wet, dirty and well."—"Campaigning With Grant," by General Horace Porter, in Century.

Her Loss His Gain.

Dramatis personæ, a small street gamin leaning idly against a tree. On the opposite side of the street a young woman carrying her pocketbook in her hand. Coming toward her the ubiquitous man who rescues damsels in distress. Just as these two met on the muddy crossing the young woman dropped her pocketbook in the mud. It fell open, and the usual assortment of thimbles, pennies, scissors, samples and dimes was scattered broadcast.

"Allow me," said the young man, and the owner of the pocketbook blushed becomingly and allowed him to go down on his knees in the mud to rescue her possessions. When he had picked up the rolling dimes and pennies and restored them with the other articles to the purse, he saw that she was still uneasy.

"Is anything missing?" he asked solicitously.

"No. That is, nothing but a penny."

"Oh," and lifting his hat he walked on, not having received so much as a "thank you" for the service. But then she was very pretty.

There is a climax to this story. When the young woman had ceased looking for lost property, she went on her way, and the street gamin darted across the street from his post of observation, and in a moment he had found that lost penny under the stone where he saw it roll, and as he walked away with it hidden in his cheek butter wouldn't have melted in his mouth.—Detroit Free Press.

Coal Mine Worked by One Man.

The smallest coal mine in the world is in the southern province of New Zealand, where, according to the reports of the inspectors of mines for the colony, the Murray Creek colliery is worked by one man, T. Bolitho, a Chinaman, who owns, manages and works this small but to him valuable coal mine. There is another small colliery in the same province worked by one man with the assistance of a donkey. The next smallest colliery is in England, in the village of Nelson, in Lancashire. It is situated near the Colliers' Arms and affords employment for two miners, father and son, who combine in themselves the positions of proprietors, managers, miners and haulers of the undertaking. The have the assistance of a donkey, and all the output of the mine is sold to the householders who live in the village or its immediate vicinity.—Exchange.

An Unexpected Greeting.

The gentle Elsie sat drearily in the gloaming in the front room.

She was very miserable, for on the previous night she had had words with her own, and now she fears her haughty Harold will not call.

She hears a step, a ring, a voice she knows, and some one speaking to the servants in the hall.

She will not wait until a light is brought, but gently calls, "Come in."

The visitor enters, and, with a sigh of awful volume the fair Elsie casts herself into his arms and softly murmurs:

"Oh, my darling, I am so glad you have come. I have so wanted to make it up and settle."

And he of the embrace remarked:

"Well, miss, it's very nice of you, and I'm very glad, too, that you're going to settle up at last."

It was the gas collector.—Spare Moments.

With Lightning Rapidity.

"Wonderful eye that boy of mine's got," said the proud father.

"That so?" mechanically replied the man who was trying to get away.

"You never saw such a sense of proportion," cried the proud father. "Pass that boy the cake dish, and he'll spot the biggest piece on it every time."—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

Gunton's Magazine.

A knowledge of economic and political economic questions and their practical bearing upon American conditions is more important to American citizens today than is the scholarship implied in a college degree.

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