

THE HONEST MAN.

Since the man who broke no vile art,
Whom no counterfeit, whose soul is pure
Whom no fair without, who humbly stands
Before the marching gods of earth and heaven
Who is not he, who angels guard and wait
With eager eye the signal to convey
The safety to the skies, who calm can face
The awful front of death, but will not break
His pledged troth with truth—aye, honor him
And that enable these own struggling souls.
—N. W. Reed.

UNDER ADVISEMENT.

Away out west a man was about to
be hanged. It will not do to be very
exact as to names or localities because the
question is not yet settled. The man's
name may pass as Peter Williams, which
is altogether unlike what it really is.
As to the place, let it stand at San To-
poz, in Orefornia. That the man de-
served hanging there is no valid doubt,
although his excuse for the crime kept
the jury out a whole summer's after-
noon. He had made quite a little pile
from the sale of an improved smelting
process to the Python copper mine, get-
ting about 1 per cent of what the inven-
tion was worth, and turning from the
express office into the Silver Palace sal-
oon, which was conveniently near, he
asked everybody to drink. All but one
man stepped forward. That man was
the victim.

"I asked him to drink like a gentle-
man," said Williams in his defense,
"and when he wouldn't even take a ci-
gar I said he should take something
away and flung the whisky bottle at
him."
Unfortunately the whisky bottle was
a deceiver weighing something less than
ten pounds, and it cracked the man's
skull like a last season's butternut.

What puzzled the jury was whether
a refusal to drink with a man celebrat-
ing his luck could be construed into suf-
ficient provocation until one jurymen
happened to recollect that the offending
—that is, the refusing—party was deaf
and blind. That settled it, and the ver-
dict of murder in the first degree was
brought in two minutes after.

Well, the man was about to be hanged,
very quietly, too, for with excellent
business tact the Python copper mine had
made this its pay day. Padre Gombrillo
was in the murderer's cell saying a few
prayers in Spanish Latin, the other
clergyman of San Topaz, a Methodist,
being a timekeeper in the smelting office
on weekdays. Williams was tugging at
a new pair of red topped boots, and
Sheriff Stephen Winslow was leaving
his office for the scaffold, when the post-
master's little daughter brought a letter
addressed to the prisoner, in care of the
pastor.

Winslow weighed the letter in his hand
for a few moments, pondering
whether there was any use bother-
ing Williams with correspondence when
his address would soon be the dead let-
ter office. Being a man of much origi-
nality of action, he opened the letter,
and he read it in his red faced glee, and
when he had finished it he smote
the office table until the old crack in it
ran an inch.

"Well, I'm jing swizzled," he cried.
And well he might be, for the letter
was from a firm of lawyers in Troy-
bay, N. Y., informing Williams of the
death of his uncle, J. Cannon Piece,
and of the existence of a will, by the
terms of which he was left the old man's
property, valued at something near
\$600,000, the property to go to his chil-
dren born in wedlock, if he had any,
and to his brother Matthew if he died
without legitimate issue.

Williams' face grew positively purple
with the blood forced into his head by
hard thinking. Williams a millionaire
and to be hanged inside of an hour!
Should he comfort his last few moments
by informing him that he would step
from goldbars here on to the golden
stairs up there? Or would the news com-
fort him at all, especially as it was cou-
pled with a proviso that the money in
an equally few minutes would belong
to his brother Matthew, whom the sheriff
remembered to have heard Williams
cursing with most fraternal fervor.
Then the sheriff thought harder than
ever until his temporal veins seemed
likely to burst, and then, with a sudden
glance at his watch, he hurried out of
the office and up to the condemned
man's cell.

"Excuse me, padre," he said, "but I
wonder speak to Williams a minute on
a private matter."
The little priest bowed, took a piece
of chocolate from under his soutane and
went outside munching it.
"Williams," said the sheriff, grab-
bing him by the arm and drawing him
into the farther corner of the cell, "D'ye
wonder live?"
"Say, Steve," said Williams, pulling
off his boot to hunt for a loose peg.
"what's the matter with you?"
"Look here," said the sheriff. "Did
you ever have an uncle in Troybay?"
"Yess," Williams replied, "my moth-
er's brother, old Cannon Piece. He is a
river scraper or something of that sort
and crunker than a stumps spindle."
"Well, he's dead," said the sheriff,
"and he's left you his money."
"How much?" asked Williams calm-
ly, having found the peg.
"Over half a million."
"Hully gee!" cried Williams. "Why
didn't the old man die six months ago?"
"Moreover, upon your decease with-
out legitimate issue," pursued the
sheriff, with a fine recollection of the
lawyer's letter, "the property reverts to
your brother Matthew."

"To that measly skunk," said Will-
iams, with many omitted parts of
speech. "Gee, but that's tough. Say,
sheriff, can't I get a reprieve for a few
weeks and kinder waste the property
from Mat a little? I'd blow in the whole
town day and night for a month."

got the rope and fix the coroner. He's
pretty nigh drunk anyhow, and has been
for a week, and another horn or two
with a little red pepper into them will
knock him so he won't know your foot
from your nose. And that Weekly
Roundup feller has got to keep outside
the railing."

In less than a quarter of an hour the
sheriff was back with the rope.
"Doc's all right," he said, "although
he'd like to have choked on that last
drink, and I told Bill Heppburn, who's
assisting me, that you'd made a last dy-
ing request that the noose and cap was
put on in here, together with the straps.
Now, then, off with your coat lively. I
sorter promised the boys I'd hold this
thing off till after the noon bell, but I
guess not now."

The details of the sheriff's ingenious
plan had better be omitted, except to say
that they included a running loop
under the prisoner's shoulders, and a
turn of the rope from the neck down
and under this and up again to the
noose. Then the knot, as big as your
flat, was slipped back of the ear, the
coat replaced, the cap pulled well down
everywhere save in front, and the straps
buckled on.

"Now, Williams," said the sheriff,
"I've got to hear that oath once more."
"You will not, then," said Williams
thickly from under his cap. "It blis-
tered my tongue too badly when I said
it. I'll stand it, though, and I never
broke my word, fair nor foul."

"All right," said the sheriff, "I'll
trust you. Now, Pete, I don't say that
the fall won't jar you some, and jar you
pretty bad, but it won't break nothing,
and all you've got to do is to play dead.
Now I'll get the padre and Jim."

"Hats off, gentlemen," said the sheriff,
when the shuffling figure had been
moved on to the chalk cross that mark-
ed the center of the trapdoor.
Every hat came off, although, owing
to the presence of a few Aroquians,
there were not as many hats as persons.
The padre turned aside and dropped his
stick of chocolate into the looseness of
his sleeve. The sheriff moved his hand,
his deputy drew his knife across the
bolt string, and the five feet of slack
rope rattled and hummed like a steam-
er's last dock hawser.

"Nack broken, I guess, doc," said
the sheriff.
"Complete frax of shekond sherr'
broe—shekond sherr' vert' broe, Mr.
Sher'—Mr. Sher'," said the coroner,
turning Williams' wobbly head
with spasmodic fingers.
So it was recorded.

"Shay, sherr'," said the coroner,
with a gravely confidential air, "if 'sh
no claim for sh' body sheud round to
me. Mos' stromy case of 'neurism the
aorta ever met with. K'n feel it all
'cross 's chest, right through 'sh cloth."

"All right, doc," said the sheriff.
But next morning he told the coroner
that late at night he had thought better
of his promise, as he had taken kindly
to the boy during his imprisonment, and
so had quietly removed the body out to
the cemetery and buried it, with his
Indian constable's assistance, in the
grave that had been dug for it.

The execution took place on July
16th, and on the 18th the sheriff put his
deputy in charge, announcing that his
nephew had come in from Pestilence
Vale, "terrible sick with the chills,"
and that he was "going to take him
down to tidewater." And in truth that
very evening he drove over to the Pa-
cific and Atlantic railroad with his
nephew by his side, all huddled up in
blankets, although the day had been
hot enough to cook eggs in the open.

He was, and with him came Peter
Williams, wrapped in a big storm coat
of the sheriff's, with the collar turned
up to his ears.
Mr. Wolfe of the local law firm made
a statement of the decease of J. Can-
non Piece, of the drawing-up and filing
of his will, read it aloud—it was a very
short document—and then asked that
the status of Matthew Williams, here
present, be duly recorded as residuary
legatee owing to the decease without
legitimate issue—or any other so far as
known—of Peter Williams, the original
heir.

"You are prepared to present the
proper proofs of the decease of Peter
Williams, I suppose?" asked the judge.
"Certainly," was the reply. In do-
ing so, Mr. Wolfe regretted to say, they
would be obliged to introduce a very
delicate and distressing story. The
young man, Peter Williams, it appear-
ed, had been his uncle's favorite neph-
ew, but had quarreled with him, had
gone out west, and there, passing from
one excess to another, had finally, in a
drunken passion, taken the life of a fel-
low being in the town of San Topaz, in
the state of Orefornia, for which crime
he had suffered the extreme penalty of
the law. Documentary evidence in the
shape of a transcript of the trial and
all of the requisite official attestations
of the execution would be presented by
an attorney-at-law of San Topaz. In
addition to which—by what they could
only regard as a providential coinciden-
ce—the sheriff of San Topaz was in
court at that very moment.

Then Lawyer Belford was introduced
and read from the transcript of the trial
the personal statement under examina-
tion of the younger Williams as to his
name, age, place of birth, etc., and read
also the sheriff's return for the execu-
tion, the coroner's certificate of death
and the "dull thud" paragraph of The
Weekly Roundup.

"We place these in evidence," con-
cluded the lawyer, "although they are
almost supererogatory in view of the
presence here of the sheriff of San To-
poz, whom I shall now ask to take the
stand."

The witness chair creaked as Sheriff
Winslow settled his huge bulk between
its arms.
"Your name is Stephen Douglas
Winslow, and you are sheriff of San To-
poz, Orefornia, I believe?" said Law-
yer Belford, smiling pleasantly at his
fellow townsman.

"I am—to both questions."
"You were officially present at the
execution of Peter Williams on the
16th day of July of this year?"
"I was."

"This certified copy of your return of
the execution is correct in every particu-
lar, is it not?"
"It's a k'reet copy."

"You took quite an interest in the
unfortunate young man, I understand,
Mr. Sheriff, and personally attended to
the disposal of the remains?"
"Waal," said the sheriff, slowly
spreading himself over the back of the
chair, "there's a young man here who
can answer that question better than
me."

Lawyer Belford evidently did not ex-
pect this answer, for he hesitated a mo-
ment.
"Put the young man on the stand by
all means," said Mr. Wolfe.
Then the sheriff led the muffled young
man to the chair and stood beside him
while he was sworn.

"What is your name?" asked Bel-
ford, glancing curiously at the witness.
Before replying the witness slowly
turned down his coat collar, and then,
wheeling around in the catch in his voice
running through all that he said:
"Peter Williams."

of the law and made a lying return,
cannot possibly have the faintest
weight in this court. It would be the
testimony of a self confessed perjurer
indulging in cumulative perjury. We
are even willing to admit that such a
plot was concocted and that it was car-
ried to a successful issue, but that does
not in the very slightest degree affect
the legal fact of the decease of the late
Peter Williams as sworn to in every re-
quisite formality. It comes to just this,
your honor: Physically Peter Williams
may be alive, but legally he is dead,
and legally, too, Matthew Williams is
therefore the only heir."

"Humph!" said the judge, with a
faintly marked twist at the corner of
his mouth. "Your statement, Mr. Wolfe,
puts a very curious aspect on affairs. I
will take the matter under advisement."
And he has it under advisement yet.
—Thomas J. Vivian in Short Stories.

The Glory of Trees.
The national pride of America in its
glant trees is well founded. If the
giants of our own woods appeal to us
as an embodiment of magnificence, what
must be the impression created by this
hall of columns, in which each equal
in height the spire of a cathedral and
has stood through ages of whose dura-
tion the years of the oak are an incon-
siderable fraction? These California
giants lack one element of impressiveness.
They have no associations other
than those which their size conjures up.
Human fancy has never played with
their mighty forms. So far as is known
no human eyes have watched the ages
of their growth. They have no place in
no temples and furnished no navies.
They have no place in story. They were
found alone in the wilderness, as the
Siberian fur hunter found the ice cased
mammoth, in a world of their own. To
the mind of the educated west the
groves of the cedars of Lebanon would
appear more strongly than the groves
of the Sierra Nevada. The bulk of the
one could not outweigh the associations
of the other. But to the primitive no-
tions of eastern peoples the giant tree
makes a direct appeal not only for re-
spect, but for worship. Whatever de-
parts from the ordinary course of na-
ture strikes them as the immediate work
of God and one which necessarily pre-
serves something of the divine.—London
Spectator.

Two Famous Old Apple Trees.
The dearest stamp is all that remains
of the famous "mother tree," the oldest
known specimen of the Rhode Island
Greening. A few rods southwest of the
old limbock on the northern verge of
Fruit Hill, on Frederick W. Winsor's
farm, stands a younger tree. Mrs. Win-
sor's great-great-grandfather, Nehemiah
Smith, planted the mother tree, while
the other is a limb wreathed while load-
ed with fruit from the parent stock, dur-
ing King George II's reign, in 1748, and
was therefore 141 years old when it was
cut down in 1889-90, and its life from
the seed must be nearly 150 years.

The present tree, "the daughter tree,"
so called, is a limb of the mother trunk
and was broken off in the September
thrust of 1815, and which, from an elbow
sprung into the most rich soil, took
root and became independent. F. M.
Perry of Canandaigua, N. Y., a famous
nurseryman and pomologist, pronounced
the fruit of these trees the finest of
the Greening family and presented hun-
dreds of scions from the stock to intro-
duce into New York and the middle
states.—Providence Journal.

The Bottomless Pit.
A wonderful natural cavern was dis-
covered in Lafayette county, Ga., in
1891. It has the usual complement of
"rooms," "galleries," "domes," "pits,"
etc., but its sole title to being
somewhat out of the ordinary in the
cavern line is a well-like abyss in one
of the rooms, which, as far as any one
knows, may once have served as the
chimney of hades. It is known locally
as "the bottomless pit." Stones of large
size have been thrown into it with a
hope that they would be heard to strike
bottom, after awhile; but, according to
reports, "there were no reverberating
sounds borne back to the ear by which
its enormous depth could be gauged."

New Terror for the Hostess.
A new terror is in store for the host-
ess. She will be obliged to indulge in
Egyptian tena this season, for London
society, through the lady who has gained
much notoriety as the original of
"Dodo," Mrs. Asquith, has set the seal
of her approval upon them. The neces-
sary accompaniments of an Egyptian tea
are walls covered with gray canvas to
produce a stone effect, palm leaves,
grasses, Egyptian pottery, oriental lamps
and a hostess gown—a la Cleopatra.
The china of the tea table must be deco-
rated with lotus flowers, the table stand-
ing in a secluded corner, fitted with a
low, wide seat. Cleopatra house gowns
may be very decided, or they may be
modernized according to the ideas of the
modern charmer. The characteristic fea-
tures are hanging sleeves, clinging drap-
eries, gold embroidered crapes and jew-
eled girdles, with scarabean corsage or-
naments.

Woman in the Eastern War.
Frances Willard says: "In the great
war now convulsing the east, which na-
tion it is that is at its last gasp? The
one that binds its women's feet in or-
der that they may be keepers at home,
the nation where you see notices posted
up beside the beautiful sheets of water
in the pleasure grounds of its manda-
rins, 'No girl babies allowed to be
drowned here.' That nation is now on
the keen jump to get away from its en-
emy, and the wife of the victorious gen-
eral is a graduate of Wellesley college."

Milk Girls' Attire.
A new effort at woman's dress reform
is being made by the managers of cot-
ton mills at Saos, Me. Because of the
accidents that have occurred through
the hair or dress of operatives being
caught in the machinery it has been or-
dered that the girls shall not wear their
hair hanging down, but must edit it
close to the head, and the waists and
sleeves of their dresses must be close
fitting, the latter, of course, being op-
posed to anything and everything at
present stylish.

A Woman's Discovery.
Mrs. Lea Morrill, who has decorated
the Blackheath church, England, is said
by Mr. Robert Austen, the chemist, to
have discovered a ground for fresco
Winslow—which he will be only too
willing to give—that he, a sworn offi-
cer of the law, did cheat the law and
did actively participate in an evasion

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Ant Eater.
A strange looking creature is the ant
eater. His name describes his habits,
and nature seems to have designed him
for exactly the work which he performs.
He opens ant hills and kills, by making
his dinner of them, all of their inhabit-
ants. He is certainly a useful animal,
although a most unpleasant and peculiar
looking one.

He resides in Brazil. Perhaps he lives
there because ants and ant hills are
there in plenty, or perhaps the ants and
ant hills are put there because he lives
there to exterminate them, for ants are
terrible pests in that hot country. They
swarm through the houses and eat every-
thing which comes in their way. Clothes,
books and furniture, wool, paper or
wood, even to the beams of the houses,
are not safe from destruction by these
terrors. And so, of course, the animal
who lives but by destroying them is con-
sidered a most necessary friend.

He has curious long, sharp claws,
with which he tears open the ants'
homes. He has a very long nose, half as
long as his body, and he can poke it far
into the ant-holes in his search for food.
And he has a very long, slender and
sticky tongue, which he darts in and out
very rapidly, catching up with it dozens,
perhaps hundreds, of ants at every mo-
tion.

Another odd thing about him is his
tail. It is a bushy one, covered with
gray mat hair. It looks like a monstrous
gray mat, and when he lies down it cov-
ers him up completely, serving the ex-
cellent purpose of keeping him warm
and helping to conceal him. He makes
his home in the woods, and it is usually
at night that he prowls about, devour-
ing a few million ants in the course of
his search for enough dinner.—New
York World.

The American Girl Abroad.
There has lately come over the seas a
little story about a little Washington
girl and the Kaiser Wilhelm. Miss Ber-
drot, the daughter of Mr. William
Brodts of this city, was recently sent
to Germany to complete her education
in the language of her parents' fatherland.
She is not yet "sweet 16," but the ad-
jectives goes just as well a year younger.
The German emperor was out with a
hunting party and passed the school at
Neidrefenow, near Berlin, where Miss
Berdrot and the rest of the schoolgirls
were drawn up to see the royal party
pass. All of the girls had nosegays of
flowers, and when the emperor passed
down the line the little American girl
of the party stepped out, and with a
smile offered him her bunch of posies.
The Kaiser was probably as much sur-
prised as any one else at such a greeting,
but to his credit be it said that he did
not lose his royal presence of mind, and
returning Miss Berdrot's greeting in En-
glish took the flowers and bowed down
and kissed her, saying that he was glad
to have gained so sweet a subject, even
for so short a time. And then he rode
away, leaving all the rest of the girls
wondering why it had not occurred to
them to offer the emperor their nosegays.
—Washington Post.

The Pussy Cats' A B C.
Pussy cats upon a bench,
Studying from a book.
Calls the teacher: "A B C.
Pussy cats, now look!"
A B C upon the board,
In the book as well.

Winter Night Spun.
A peanut hunt is lots of fun for a
evening party. The hostess hides pean-
uts in all sorts of queer places about
the room, sometimes putting two or
three nuts in the same place. Then she
provides each of her little guests with a
little basket tied with gay ribbons, and
the "hunt" begins. After a certain time
the finds are compared. The one who
has the largest number wins the first
prize, while the "booby prize" is fit-
tingly awarded to the one having few-
est.

Some other trials that are great sport
are often introduced. One is to see who
can carry the most peanuts in one hand
from one table to another. A boy ought
to win this. Forty-two is a good num-
ber. Of course the winner is to be re-
warded, while the "booby," too, must
have a simple something.

Another trial consists in carrying po-
tatoes from one room to another in a
teaspoon. The potatoes, which should
be round and big, are better put on a
table with a polished top. The one who
can carry the greatest number of po-
tatoes from one table to the other in a
given time wins. The tables must be far
apart. It is not easy to scoop up the po-
tatoes, and once secured it is still diffi-
cult to retain.

Full of Glory.
"O, mamma," said a five-year-old Dor-
othy, "I'm just as cried for glory as I can
be!"
"O, what do you mean?" inquired her
mother, with natural surprise.
"Why, ee," said Dorothy, "there was
a sunbeam right on my spoon, and I
swallowed it with my oatmeal, mam-
ma!"—Youth's Companion.

DRAWBACKS OF A BLACK EYE.

It Inspires Honor and Brings Varied Mis-
fortune Upon Its Owner.
Unfortunately indeed is the lot of the
young man with a black eye. In addi-
tion to the fact that it is black and will
prevent his appearance in respectable
society for a time are the many explana-
tions which he has to invent for the
curious who want to know how he got
it. Then he has to stand up in front of
bantering, insinuating smiles, hypocritical
sympathy and the stares of men, women
and children wherever he goes.

The young man in this case got his
black eye in the manner in which the
general public believes 999 out of 1,000
black eyes are received—that is, from
the fist of another young man delivered
straight out from the shoulder. At the
time he received it there was no means
of relief at hand, and he was in no con-
dition to seek it after receiving the blow
that began a new course in astronomy
for him. So he went home and contented
himself with applying heated cloths to
it for the rest of the night. He lived
in a boarding house, and when he went
down to breakfast in the morning he
wore a handkerchief bound tightly
around his head, so as to conceal the
black eye. This did not prevent the
boarders from inquiring in unison:
"Where did you get the black eye?"

The young man flushed crimson, and
as he looked around the grinning crowd
he saw that he would have to tell a
pretty straight story.
"I don't know whether it's black or
not," he stammered, "although it feels
as if it was. You see, I got in late last
night and in the darkness stumbled
against the hatrack. I didn't like to
wake anybody up and just put some hot
water on it."

"Why didn't you hit the hatrack
first?" asked one of the skeptics.
"I tried to, but"—
"The scoundrel got the drop on you,"
put in another boarder.
"O, well, he did, but"—
"I suppose he's got a pair of em, eh?"
"O, well, there's no use denying it,
fellows," whispered the young man.
"I did have a run in with a gang, but
they were five to one, and after I had
knocked three of them down the other
two got to me, and that ended it. Say,
what's good to take it right away?"

"Let's see it," demanded the board-
ers, and the young man was forced to
undo the bandage. He disclosed a swollen
mass of flesh on the right side of the
face, which rivaled a Thanksgiving foot-
ball field for coloring. In the center a
guilty little pupil of an eye flashed, sur-
rounded by the crimson of Harvard.
Shading off on the cheek was the orange,
surmounted by black, emblematic of
Princeton, while the blue of Yale was
predominant.

"A symposium of college colors,"
cried one of the boarders. Suggestions
for relief were then in order.
"Try a piece of raw beef," was one.
"Or a raw oyster," was another.
"Hot water and extract of witch ha-
zel."
"Epsum salts and hot water will take
the bloodshot out of the eye."
"Have it painted."

"No, have it cut with a razor and
let it bleed."
"Get a leech."

The young man carefully noted all
the suggestions, and as a discussion
arose about the most efficacious remedy
decided to visit a black eye doctor. Af-
ter all the boarders had gone he bandag-
ed up his eye and went in search of one.
"Now, if you had only come to me
as soon as you got it I could have re-
moved it in an hour and a half," said
the black eye specialist. "So if you had
come within 24 hours afterward I might
have had a better chance of removing
it. As it is, it will take a week."

The young man had his eye washed
and bled for a couple of hours with
hot water and other lotions and declared
that he felt better. The swelling was
reduced somewhat, and he thought that
with the help of a little flesh paint and
Chinese white he could face his best
girl that evening. Surely, he thought,
she would believe any story he told
about it. But she was as skeptical as
the rest, and after listening to his plain-
tive story about his encounter with the
hatrack said:
"O, really, Charles, who did it?"
—New York Sun.

A Bad Spell.
A certain congressman, no matter
who he is, except that he is not a west-
ern man, was making up a list of towns
in the neighborhood of Philadelphia,
where he was to make some campaign
speeches. After he had it made out to
his satisfaction he handed the list to
his secretary to copy. The secretary,
who is a pretty shrewd politician him-
self, ran his eye down the column.
"O, what's the matter with Trenton?"
he asked in some astonishment.
"Nothing," replied the member, some-
what astonished himself. "Why?"
"O, you've got it marked N. G."

AMERICAN CITIZENS.

THOSE WHO ARE NATURAL BORN AND
THOSE MADE BY LAW.

The Former Only Are Eligible to the Of-
fice of President—Opinions of Leading
Authorities Upon the Subject—Morse,
Who Disents, Is Short on Argument.

Kindly inform me whether a child
born of American parents under the fol-
lowing circumstances is recognized as
an American citizen or not: Case 1.—
The child is born upon high seas. Case
2.—The child is born in a foreign coun-
try. An argumentative decision.

Answer.—Our correspondent, we ap-
prehend, does not ask for all he wants.
We will endeavor to enlighten him,
however, on points which seem to have
invited dispute, regarding eligibility of
certain classes of citizens to the office
of president of the United States. The
child of a citizen born on the high seas
under the American flag is a citizen of
the United States and eligible to the
presidency. The child of a citizen born
in a foreign country is a citizen of the
United States by law, but is not eligible
to the presidency. The argument is in
the constitution of the United States,
which provides:

No person, except a natural born citi-
zen, or a citizen of the United States at
the time of the adoption of this consti-
tution, shall be eligible to the office of
president. Neither shall any person be
eligible to that office who shall not have
attained to the age of 35 years and been
14 years a resident within the United
States.

The difference of opinion existing
rests upon the meaning of "a natural
born citizen." On this subject Paschal,
regarded as one of the highest of legal
authorities, says: "A natural born citi-
zen (is one) not made by law or other-
wise, but born." Bates on "Citizenship"
(10 op., 382) limits the "natural"
members of the body politic to "the peo-
ple born in the country," and he repeats
this, confining the meaning to "every
person born in the country." Kent says,
"Nativity furnishes the rule." Story on
"The Constitution" says, "Consid-
ering the ages of all such—i. e., those
who are alien born and citizens when
the constitution was adopted—no person
of foreign birth can now ever be pre-
sident under this constitution." Morse,
on "Citizenship" (page 135, section 90)
says: "A natural born citizen is one not
made by law or otherwise, but born.
The constitution does not make the citi-
zen. It only recognizes such of them as
are natural, home born, and provides for
the naturalization of such of them as
are alien, foreign born, making the lat-
ter, as far as nature will allow, like the
former. The expression 'natural born
citizen' recognizes and reaffirms the
universal principle common to all na-
tions and is as old as political society
—that the people born in a country do
constitute the nation, and as individ-
uals are natural members of the body
politic." Now, a citizen is, first, natural
born. Children born within the alle-
giance of the United States are natural
born citizens. Second, made a citizen by
statute. Children born of American par-
ents outside this jurisdiction are
made citizens by statute (United States
Revised Statutes, section 2172) and are
not citizens natural born. If there was
no statute, they would not be citizens.
The Journal of Commerce, Nov. 13,
1889, stated the case as follows:

They argue that, as a child born abroad
of an American citizen is by act of con-
gress invested with the full rights and
privileges of citizenship, therefore he is
a citizen by right of birth and is a nat-
ural born citizen and eligible to the
presidency of the United States. But
they overlook the fact that he is not a
citizen by right of birth alone, but is
made a citizen on account of his birth
by act of congress. He is not therefore a
natural born citizen, but a citizen made
by the law. If he was a natural born
citizen, there would have been no neces-
sity for an act of congress investing him
with citizenship. A person born out of
the allegiance of the United States is
therefore made a citizen by law, is not
natural born and can not be legally
elected president without a change in
the constitution.

There was an old feudal doctrine under
which the ambassador of a country to
another carried with him a box of soil
from his native land, and in the event
of necessity he would put the box in
position, and standing upon it assume
that he was on his native heath for the
time being. That, we believe, is no longer
in practice. As to the officials repre-
sented the government of the United
States in foreign countries, they are in
no way superior to other American citi-
zens, because in the United States there
is no rank above citizen.

In order that the reader may clearly
comprehend why children of American
citizens born abroad are not eligible to
the office of president of the United
States, we will quote the following clause
of the United States Revised
Statutes is given:

The children of persons who now are
or have been citizens of the United
States shall, though born out of the
limits and jurisdiction of the United
States, be considered as citizens thereof
(section 2172).

The difference between a citizen made
under this provision of law and a nat-
ural born citizen is the difference of one
born out of the limits and jurisdiction
of the United States and one who is born
within such limits and jurisdiction. It
is the difference between an individual
who needs the law to make him a citi-
zen and one who is a citizen by the
mere circumstances that he was born
and exists. The opinions of Paschal,
Story, Bates and Kent have been ad-
vanced, and Morse, although maintain-
ing that a citizen made by the law, as
quoted, is eligible to the presidency, has
not succeeded in stating his position so as
to support his theory. His statement
clearly sustains the popular interpreta-
tion—that of the highest and leading
authorities in law.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Sentenced to Siberia.
A nobleman once entered into a con-
spiracy against the Russian emperor
and was sentenced to Siberia. His eyes
were bandaged, and he was put into a
dark carriage, and for seven days and
nights they traveled on and on, only
stopping to take food. At last he felt
they must have reached Siberia, and in
the utmost anguish he perceived that
the carriage had stopped, and the band-
age was taken off his eyes, and—he was
in his own home! He had been driven
round and round St. Petersburg the
whole time, but the fright cured him.