The grass is brown, the leaves begin Their gold and crimson dyes to win, Each cricket sings as loud as ten To drawn the noisy locust, when You come, O maid! to bid us cry To summer sweet a long goodby

And when you go the leaves are gone; The aster's farewell scent is flown; Poor Cupid puts away his wings, and close to cozy corners clings; rude winds usher, with a shout,

There's sailness in her shy brown eyes, ough gay her gown with tawny dyes Lere's in her voice—but telling most of one who's loved, but loved and lost; The time she comes, the time she goes,

CUPID'S ARROWS.

Once upon a time there lived at Simla a very pretty girl, the daughter of a poor but honest district and sessions judge. She was a good girl, but could not help knowing her power and using it. Her mamma was very anxious about her daughter's future, as all good mammas should be.

When a man is a commissioner and a bachelor and has the right of wearing openwork jam tart jewels in gold and enamel on his clothes, and of going through a door before every one except a member of council, a lieutenant governor, or a viceroy, he is worth marrying. At least, that is what ladies say. There was a commissioner in Simla in those days who was, and wore, and did all I have said.

He was a plain man-an ugly manthe ugliest man in Asia, with two exceptions. His was a face to dream about and try to carve on a pipe head afterward. His name was Saggott-Barr-Saggott-Anthony Barr-Saggott and six letters to follow. Departmentally, he was one of the best the government of India owned. Social he was like a blandishing gorilla.

When he turned his attentions to Miss Beighton, I believe that Mrs. Beighton wept with delight at the reward Providence had sent her in her old age. Mr. Beighton held his tongue. He was an easy going man.

Now, a commissioner is very rich. His pay is beyond the dreams of avarice -is so enormous that he can afford to save and scrape in a way that would almost discredit a member of conneil. Most commissioners are mean, but Barr-Saggott was an exception. He entertained royally. He horsed himself well, he gave dances, he was a power in the land, and he behaved as such.

Consider that everything I am writing of took place in an almost prehistoric era in the history of British India. Some folk may remember the years before lawn tenpis was born when we all played croquet. There were seasons before that, if you will believe me, when even croquet had not been invented and archery-which was revived in England in 1844—was as great a pest as lawn tennis is now. People talked learnedly about "holding" and "loosing," "steles," "reflexed bows," "56 pound bows," "backed" or "self yew bows," as we talk about "rallies," "volleys," "mashes," "returns" and "16 ounce

Miss Beighton shot divinely over la dies' distance-60 vards, that is-and was acknowledged the best lady archer in Simla. Men call her "Diana of Tara-Devi.

Barr-Saggott paid her great attention, and, as I have said, the heart of her mother was uplifted in consequence Kitty Beighton took matters more calmly. It was pleasant to be singled out by a commissioner with letters after his name and to fill the hearts of other girls with bad feelings.

But there was no denying the fac that Barr-Saggott was phenomenally ugly, and all his attempts to adorn him self only made him more grotesque. He was not christened "The Langur"which means gray ape-for nothing. It was pleasant, Kitty thought, to have him at her feet, but it was better to escape from him and ride with the grace less Cubbon—the man in a dragoon regi ment at Umballa-the boy with a band some face and no prospects.

Kitty liked Cubbon more than a little. He never pretended for a moment that he was anything less than head over heels in love with her, for he was an honest boy. So Kitty fled, now and again, from the stately wooings of Barr-Saggott to the company of young Cub bon and was scolded by her mamma in ensequence. "But, mother," she said, "Mr. Saggott is such-such a-is so

fearfully ugly, you know!
"My dear," said Mrs. Beighton pious ly. "we cannot be other than an all ruling Providence has made us. Besides, you will take precedence of your own mother, you know. Think of that and be reasonable."

Then Kitty put up her little chin and said irreverent things about precedence and commissioners and matrimony. Mr. Beighton rubbed the top of his head, for he was an easy going man.

Late in the season, when he judged that the time was ripe, Barr-Saggott developed a plan which did great credit to his administrative powers. He arranged an archery tournament for ladies, with a most sumptuons diamond studded brace let as prize. He drew up his terms skillfully, and every one saw that the brace let was a gift to Miss Beighton, the acceptance carrying with it the hand and the heart of Commissioner Barr-Saggott. The terms were a St. Leonard's ound-36 shots at 60 yards-under the rules of the Simla Toxophilite society.

All Simla was invited. There were beautifully arranged tea tables under the deodars at Annandale, where the grand stand is now, and, alone in its glory, winking in the sun, sat the diaond bracelet in a blue velvet case. Miss Beighton was anxious—almost too

anxions-to compete. On the appointed afternoon all Simla rode down to Annandale to witness the Indement of Paris turned upside down. Kitty rode with young Cubbon, and it was easy to see that the boy was troubled in his mind. He must be held in

nocent of everything that followed. Kit-

ty was pale and nervous and looked long

at the bracelet. Barr-Saggott was gor geonsly dressed, even more nervous than Kitty, and more hideous than ever. Mrs. Beighton smiled condescendingly, as befitted the mother of a potential commissioneress, and the shooting began, all the world standing a semicircle as the ladies came out one after the

Nothing is so tedious as an archery competition. They shot, and they shot, UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. and they kept on shooting, till the sun left the valley, and little breezes got up in the deodars, and people waited for Miss Beighton to shoot and win. Cubbon was at one horn of the semicircle round the shooters and Barr-Saggott at the other, Miss Beighton was last on Declining Days of the Greatest Womthe list. The scoring had been weak, and the bracelet, plus Commissioner

Barr-Saggott, was here to a certainty. The commissioner strung her bow with his own sacred hands. She stepped forward, looked at the bracelet, and her first arrow went true to a hair-full into the heart of the "gold"-counting nine points.

Young Cubbon on the left turned white, and his devil prompted Barr-Saggett to smile. Now, horses used to shy when Barr-Saggott smiled. Kitty saw that smile. She looked to her left front, gave an almost imperceptible nod to Cubbon and went on shooting.

I wish I could describe the scene that followed. It was out of the ordinary and most improper. Miss Kitty fitted her arrows with immense deliberation, so that every one might see what she was doing. She was a perfect shot, and her 46 pound bow suited her to a nicety.

She pinned the wooden legs of the target with great care four successive times. She pinned the wooden top of the target once, and all the ladies looked at each other.

Then she began some fancy shooting at the white, which, if you hit it, counts exactly one point. She put five arrows into the white. It was wonderful archery; but, seeing that her business was to make "golds" and win the bracelet, Barr-Saggott turned a delicate green like young water grass.

Next, she shot over the target twice, then wide to the left twice-always with the same deliberation-while a chilly hush fell over the company, and Mrs. Beighton took out her handkerchief. Then Kitty shot at the ground in front of the target and split several ar-

Then she made a red-or seven points -just to show what she could do if she liked, and she finished up her amazing performance with some more fancy shooting at the target supports. Here is her score as it was pricked off: Miss Beighton-Gold, 1; red, 1; blue, 0; black, 0; white, 5; total hits, 7; total score, 21.

Barr-Saggott looked as if the last few arrowheads had been driven into his legs instead of the target's, and the deep stillness was broken by a little snubby, mottled, half grown girl saying in a shrill voice of triumph, "Then I've

Mrs. Beighton did her best to bear up, but she wept in the presence of the people. No training could help her through such a disappointment. Kitty unstrung her bow with a vicious jerk and went back to her place, while Barr-Saggott was trying to pretend that he enjoyed snapping the bracelet on the snubby girl's raw, red wrist. It was an awkward scene-most awkward. Every one tried to depart in a body and leave Kitty to the mercy of her mamma.

But Cubbon took her away instead, nd-the rest isn't worth printing .-Rudvard Kipling.

The Armenian Church.

The great patron saint of the Arme nian Christians is St. Gregory, surnamed the "Illuminator," who baptized King Tividates in 302 A. D. His most Sahak and Mesrop, the last named of and translated the Bible into Armenian After the general council of Chalcedon holds that Christ has only one nature. It returned to the communion of the Catholic church in 626. But at the beginning of the eighth century it fell into heresy again. It became orthodox in 1439, but soon reverted to heresy and has ever since been regarded as schismatic by the Catholic church. It is noteworthy, however, that the house of bishops of the last Episcopal general convention referred to "the ancient and faithful church of Armenia." - New York Tribune.

The artificial ensemble sung of in the following rhyme, clipped from a London exchange, is not applicable to many women nowadays, but the catastrophe of the closing lines is by no means rare The lady was fair as a summer flower

And pure as a Christmas rose. Her dress was white, and her stays were tight, And she'd brown tan shoos on her toes. The ensemble, I ween, was fit for a queen, While she walked with a queenly air. The daintiest sight, by day or night, Was that lady, passing fair. The bloom on her cheek to make took a week

Her eyes were of heaven's blue. for her placket, she'd forgotten to

And her petticoat would stick through

Both in individuals and in masse violent excitement is always followed by remission and often by reaction. We are all inclined to depreciate what we have overpraised, and on the other hand to show undue indulgence where we have shown undue rigor. - Macaulay.

First Author-Have you heard that our chum, Smithers, has married? Second Author-Yes, he wanted to double his circle of readers!—Fliegende

Touring In Greece. The party had been toiling for an hour up a steep road along the edge of

"See, sir," said the chief of the guides, "it was just here I let an Englishman drop over ten years ago. I was sentenced for culpable negligence to 15 years' imprisonment. But I was released for my good behavior long before the expiration of that period." And after a pause, "Might I be so bold as to ask you for a little pourboire (tip)?"-

Crystal Balls.

Roman ladies of rank had their slaves carry for them a number of amber and crystal balls about the size of a billiard ball. At fetes, or while seated at the gladiatorial games, they held the crystal balls in their hands for the coolness imparted by them.

It is not generally known that, size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is just about 50 per cent stronger than a steel thread of the her home for a time on the banks of same thickness.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AND HER WORK,

an Writer America Has Ever Produced - How the Famous Fiction Came to Be Written.

Woman's Great Work.

Whatever may be the purpose of the aged and obscure negro of Lexington, Ky., in setting up the claim that he is the original from which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe drew the character of Uncle Tom in the well-known story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it will scarcely be regretted that it has called public attention once more to the first and greatest woman writer America has

In this era of charity and good fellow ship may we not hope that the venerable negro is not a veritable impostor? May it not be that in the puerility of his old age his childish fancy conceived this vagary and it is to him a

reality? The public will accept at once, and without a dissenting voice, the statement of the distinguished author that Uncle Tom had no living prototype, but the character was her own creation. She needed no "living prototype." The genius with which she was endowed. and the education she received gave her the creative power, and the times in scenes, the escape of Eliza on the ice, which she lived called it forth. To my the steamboat and underground railmind the question of how she came to



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AT 42.

write this wonderful story is easily answered.

She was born at Litchfield, Conn., and was one of a family of six, all of whom became distinguished in the particular fields of labor they had chosen, and she, perhaps, the most distinguished of them all. She was carefully educated and gave early promise of the in tellectual powers that afterwards characterized her works. She imbibed from association and training the Puritanical ideas of right and justice characteristic of the New England people, and was taught to believe that all men suoun unve political and religious free-

Her father removed to Cincinnati to accept the presidency of a theological school when she was a young woman, and she and her sister intended to found a school for young women, but she married Prof. Stowe before their plans were matured. Cincinnati was on the borderland of slavery where she came in contact with fugitive slaves and heard their stories of wrongs and illustrious successors were Sts. Nerses, cruelty. She visited the Southern plantations and studied "the peculiar instiwhom invented the Armenian alphabet | tution" in all its phases. She witnessed whipping posts. Heretofore she had in the year 451 the Armenian church known nothing of slavery, except what adopted the monophysite heresy, which she had read. Now she witnessed it in all its hideous details. She came in contact mostly with those who were fleeing from the cruel lash. She saw the slave traders and overseers whose long association with the cruel system had hardened them to every appeal of humanity when made in behalf of the inferior race. This all came about at a time when a large class of intelligent people at the North were clamoring for the emancipation of the slaves. It was an opportune time for Mrs. Stowe to express her disapprobation of an institution that had been miscalled "di vine." Among her first efforts was the "Death of Uncle," which appeared in the Washington Era. As this article met with great favor she began the serial of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which appeared from week to week in the Era. It was soon published in book form and sold and read everywhere Some efforts were made to interdict its sale in the South, but this only served to increase the demand. Mrs. Stowe was now famous. She had "builded

better than she knew." Looking back through the mist of years at the changes this simple story contributed so much to bring about, may we not believe it was an inspiration? The fact that she continued to write for many years, and that no one of her interesting works ever approached "Uncle Tom's Cabin," either in popularity or power of creative genius goes far to strengthen this assumption. However this may be, it may fairly be presumed that the results of her work went far beyond any conceptions she may have had of its results.

It was perhaps overdrawn and did injustice to a large class of slave owners who were humane and just, but it was, nevertheless, a faithful portrayal of the wrongs that had grown out of a system that at best was unworthy of a people who had said and done so much for

human liberty. It can never be known how far-reach ing in its influence this patriotic story was, or just what part it played in the great civil struggle, whose painful memories have come down to us through the vista of over thirty years, but it is certain that the "divinity" with which the monster of slavery had been invested was drawn aside by the perusal of this book, and thousands of young men in the Southern and border States were led by it to battle for freedom who would otherwise have cast their fortunes with the Confederacy. But perhaps its greatest and most important mission was to educate and arouse the great Northern heart to an appreciation of the iniquities of slavery, and to rally around the banner of freedom the wealth, intel-

ligence and patriotism of the people. It seemed fitting that after the great struggle had ended with results as important and helpful to the vanquished as to the victors, that Mrs. Stowe, crowned with honor and the blessings of two races of people, should make the St. Johns river amidst the ever-

green glades and perennial flowers of THE WIZARD ON WAR Florida. One can but wish that she

might have found there "the fountain of perpetual youth," so diligently sought by Ponce De Leon, but which HOW THE ONLY EDISON WOULD unfortunately existed only in the vis-ionary mind of that noted Spanish ad-TREAT A FOREIGN INVADER.

venturer. She now resides with her

daughter in Hartford, Conn., during

the winter, and with the family alter

nately visits the South and Sag Harbor

summers. Her mental faculties have

waned considerably during the past

year, but her physical health is good,

and she is surrounded with peace and

comfort. It is reported as she grows

older that of all the characters she cre-

ated those existing in her masterplece

fill her mind powerfully, and she talks

dreams and thinks of them for days

at a time. Her children have preserved

numerous momentoes of her literary

past, among them being the first page

of the original manuscript of "Uncle

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" itsesif, as repre-

sented in the average stage production,

bears little similarity to the one which

Mrs. Stowe idealized. It was at Wash-

ington, the county seat of Mason Coun-

ty, Kentucky, during a visit to friends.

the great work of her life. Here she

studied their characteristics and envir-

onment, and became familiar with the

inside workings of the plantation sys-

tem. At the local court house, which

has recently been demolished in part,

she witnessed a sale of slaves, a com-

mon event in 1833, and this formed the

basis for one of her most stirring

way episodes also having the basis of

Louis George Clark, who claims to

be the original George Harris, from

whom Mrs. Howe took her idea of

"Uncle Tom," is living at Lexington,

Ky., and is 84 years old. He was born

a slave in Madison County, that State,

in 1811. He claims that he related the

story of his experience with an in-

human overseer, who whipped one of

his slaves to death, to Mrs. Stowe per-

sonally, and that this incident and

many episodes in his own life later

It is a pleasure to the thousands of

THE BOOUS "UNCLE TOM."

Mrs. Stowe's admirers, whose memor-

les turn back to ante-bellum days, to

realize that she has been permitted to

see the full fruition of her labors, and

prayers, and to rejoice over a country

now indeed free and united, and now

as these many friends read this brief

glimpse of her, after her long retiracy

from public view, I am sure all will

be glad that in her old age she is tran-

quil and lovable and grand as the most

prominent figure in our literary his-

tory, and will join me in sending greet-

ings to her in her New England home.

Pr mitive Mounds in Texas.

Matthews in your issue of Dec. 27 re-

specting mounds and the "mound build-

ers" shows that he is probably unaware

of the existence of a group of mounds

in Texas, which are well worthy of

study by the archaelogist. They are

in the suburbs of the town of Nacog-

doches, in the eastern part of the State.

Four of these mounds are standing in

apparently much the same condition

as when left by their unknown builders.

A line drawn from the largest, which

is furthest southward, passing through

each in turn, to the last, which is

furthest northward, would describe an

irregular arc of probably 100 or 120

legrees, and each mound, from south

to north, diminishes in size and height.

That furthest to the south may be com-

pared to a cone, probably 400 feet in

ircumference at the base, with a flat

table-like summit, the sides showing

that at one time they had been abrupt

and regular and, in fact, were suffi-

ciently steep in 1859 to afford a coast-

ing place for the boys of the town with their sleds after a show which occurred

in that year. The next two mounds

have rounded tops, and the slope of

their sides is more gentle. The last

nound, which is about 300 yards north

of the largest of the group, is small but steep, being less than 100 feet in cir-

cumference, and, according to my rec

ollection, does not exceed six or seven

The Guest Chamber.

The Japanese believe in banishing

from the bedroom everything which is

feet in height.-Galveston News.

A communication from Mr. John E.

S. W. SCOTT.

appeared in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

actual identity and location.

Tom's Cabin."

Electricity as an Engine of Destruction. Cables Laden With Torpedoes-Ordinary Water Could Be Charged With Death Dealing Currents.

Thomas A. Edison, wizard and workman, has ideas for waging war with electricity. "The only sort of war I believe in and

the only sort that I look forward to is commercial war. That sort of war is warlike enough for anybody, as you know if you have ever tried it. "However, I have been thinking a little about plans for convincing Britannia

that she does not rule the wave as thor-

oughly as she seems to think she does. 'Mind you, by the way, I am quite certain that a great deal has been done in the way of coast defense by the navy that the public knows nothing about. I am sure that much has been perfected in the way of electrical coast defense. Some of the best electricians of the that the gifted authoress first conceived country are turned out at Annapolis. They are hardworking and intelligent fellows. I am willing to bet that they have thought of something that would surprise the English if they should hear

"At the same time no man can think of everything, and perhaps this idea of mine that I shall tell you about would be of use. The navy has men who could easily carry out the idea if it were given to them. It is simple,"

Mr. Edison got a big sheet of paper and soon made the outline of the picture to illustrate his idea. Then he explained the plan which is to make battleships cheap and New York city as safe from bombardment as Colorado Springs.

"The trouble seems to be that the English have ships that could sit out at sea and shoot at us from a distance of ten miles. That would annoy us, no doubt, but I think my plan would annoy them. I should run out cables to intercept the passage of the vessels on their cheerful bombarding errand. I feel sure that the cables could go out at least 15 miles. They would run on wheels placed at the bottom of the water. To these cables would be attached torpedoes at short intervals, torpedoes of great destructive power. The cables could be moved back and forth from a subterranean workshop on land, shifting the positions of the torpedoes beneath the waves as they moved. The topography of New York's coast makes it easy to plan for a series of these submarine cables so arranged that every English ship would be compelled to cross one or more of our submarine torpedo necklaces. With a range finder it would be simple to ascertain the exact spot at which the ship would cross the hidden loaded cable. The cable would be moved along so as to place one or more torpedoes just under the ship as she passed. The torpedo, held to the cable, would be released by a magnet and would shoot to the surface. Being provided with a pressure diaphragm—that is to say, with an apparatus causing it to be electrically exploded as soon as the pressure of the deep water should be removed—it would burst as it got beneath the ship, and that would be one warship that

would never bombard New York. "I should think that a great number of these cables could be laid for a small fraction of the cost of even a small navy. The cost of one English battleship would supply cables and torpedoes enough to blow a whole navy into the covered with torpedoes and crawling like snakes along the bottom of the ocean, waiting for invading ships, ought to make us feel pretty safe. Engineering skill should be able to send them out to any distance. Their exact location

would be kept a secret. We should then have in our hands practically a series of great dynamite guns able to shoot 15 miles or as long as the longest cable, and with the advantage of going off point blank. Such cables stretching out from Staten Island, from Sandy Hook, from Long Branch or wherever they might be wanted, would make this port uninviting to strange ships in time of war.

'I have a lot of other schemes in my head, but I have not the time to think seriously of what may never be serious ly needed. We need cheap electric light and cheap electric power and cheap electric transportation in this country more than we need electric guns. But it is interesting to think of gore and slaugh-

ter for a change. "I rather like my idea of flying torpedoes, and I think that they might prove eventually to be great pacifiers. They would move by electricity and once being launched they would fall, quite unlike the gentle dew, from heaver and blow everything to pieces. The trouble is that they would be more use ful to the invading English than to ourselves. The English would learn to make the flying torpedoes, bring over ships loaded with them and send them up to drop down on us. It would be hard or impossible for us to drop them with sufficient precision on the enemy'

'If we had them first, however, we could send them over to England on fast cruisers and drop a few on London or Windsor in a manner persuasive. I think that when the art of war shall enable fighting countries to drop flying dynamite torpedoes on queens and presidents, when no retreat will be safe and the sending of common men to be shot or subsequently taxed will no longer be the whole story, arbitration will become marvelously popular.

"What we need is to make sore that war will mean the death of those who declare it, and declarations of war will

"My plan for using a stream of water with an electric current attached would be of special value in defending a fort against assault. It is nonsense to offer any objections to the plan.

'It is as simple as A B C. With 25 not really necessary to that depart ment. All things useful they make en in a fort I can make that fort absointery impregnable so far as an assault is concerned, and I should need only 25 as decorative as possible; but for mere ornament's sake little or nothing is men in the fort to do it. This is not added, unless it be a vase containing guesswork, but a matter of absolutely flowers arranged in their own inimitascientific certainty. In fact, 25 men ble way, or something else equally simwould be a very liberal garrison. Some years ago, when the wires loaded with Their custom will bear consideration by the housewives of our western heavy electric charges began to go up everywhere, I predicted that there would world, for by this Japanese method the be danger of the firemen receiving deadutmost neatness, simplicity and repose ly shocks by the electricity running is possible. Add beauty and daintiness. down the streams of water which might and little else is left to be desired. cross the wires. The insurance people Bedrooms so appointed may be easily kept in order and free from dust-that laughed at the idea. But I tried it on a cat, and the cat and I found my theory foe to comfort and health.-Womanto be true. That is to say, I did, and the

cat round it out if there is another world for cats. He never knew anything about it in this world.

"In each fort I would put an alternating machine of 20,000 volts capacity. One wire would be grounded. A man would govern a stream of water of about 400 pounds pressure to the square inch, with which the 20,000 volts alternating current would be connected. The man would simply move this stream of water back and forth with his hand, playing on the enemy as they advanced and mowing them down with absolute precision. Every man touched by the water would complete the circuit, get the full force of the alternating current and never know what happened to him. The men trying to take a fort by assault. though they might come by tens of thousands against a handful, would be cut to the ground beyond any hope of escape. Foreign soldiers undertaking to whip America could walk around such a fort as mine, but they never could go through it. It would not be necessary to deal out absolute death unless the operator felt like it. He could modify the current gently so as simply to stun everybody, then walk outside his fort, pick up the stunned generals and others worth keeping for ransom or exchange, make prisoners also of the others, if convenient, or, if not convenient, turn on the full force of the current, play the hose on them once more and send them to the happy hunting grounds for good.

"I am told that an English naval officer has said that he would need simply to put his men in waterproof coats to make them invulnerable to my electric stream. His idea probably is to have rubber boots as well as coats, under the impression that this would prevent the current from taking effect. He is wrong. He could not keep his men's faces tightly covered with rubber, as they would need to breathe. I should only want to touch them just a little with the londed stream, and the rubber boots would be worthless for insulating purposes. The water running down the outside of the rubber suit would make admirable connection, and the man would get ampheres enough to make him too tired to fight, even if he were not killed outright. Of course the humane thing would be to gauge the current so as to knock the advancing foe senseless and pick him up a prisoner before he should have time to get on his legs."

This picture of possible modern war-fare, with rubber boots for private soldiers, glass soled shoes for officers and rubber umbrellas for generals, is undeniably entrancing. But it is a picture no more fascinating than that which Mr. Edison presented as he talked of his plans for making a foreign soldier's life uppleasant.

If you have never seen Edison as he talks in his factory, you have missed America's most interesting sight, no the other the British flag. Her appearmatter how often you may have been to ance in the schoolroom caused somethe falls or to the Yellowstone. - New

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY. A Patriotic Song In Reference to the Coming Parade.

To the Editor of the New York Sun: SIR-Your splendid, patriotic project for a national fraternal meeting of the boys in blue and the boys in gray in the great metropolis of a saved Union on our pext national birthday is everywhere enthusiastically supported by all sorts and conditions of patriots, irrespective

of political creed and section. If the following lines from the heart of a Union officer of Hancock's Second corps are pertinent, why, take them: well we know our And we vaing or ious boasting do not make. His blood for what he deemed his right he gave. But we, we fought him for the country's

His country's sake. We triumphed, but we triumphed all to save!

And when that fratricidal strife was done
The boys in blue and boys in southern gray.
Who had mid battle's fire and thunder won
Respect for each side's splendid valor—they
Clasped hands—the nation's grander era was

begun! DE WITT C. SPRAGUE.

A Blaze of Glory.

For the first time in the history of Kentucky every member of the govern-or's staff will be uniformed. On all state occasions every member of Governor Bradley's staff will appear in full regulation uniform. When the governor takes an important trip through the state, he can point with pride to the handsomest set of men on the staff of any governor in the United States, and, more than that, the handsomest uniformed body of men attending any governor in the country. These uniforms will be handsome in the extreme, and owing to the physical proportions of every member of the new staff handsome uniforms will be becoming. -- Mount

Sterling Gazette. Russian Distances

One gets an idea of the magnificent distances of the czar's realm from learn ing that a Russian general who was in a hurry to get to St. Petersburg from Vladivostok found the time saving route was to go to Yokohama by steamer, thence by another steamer across the Pacific to San Francisco, by rail to New York and by steamer to Europe. The gap between the finished sections of the Pransaiberian railroad is so many hundreds of miles in length that the general would have lost time in traversing the wilds of that vast country, where horses furnish all the transport.

Everything Goes.

Yabsley-Who was it that said, "Gen ius was an infinite capacity for taking

Wickwire-I don't know who said it, but if it be true my wife is a genius. She never reads a patent medicine almanac without at once taking all the symptoms it describes. —Indianapolis Journal.

A Brilliant Spirit of Repartee. She-It is reported around town that

ve are engaged. He-I have heard worse things than She-I never have. - Texas Siftings.

A Knowing One. "I don't gamble," said the cannibal as he took the lid off the sailor soup,

"but I guess I'll open this jack pot."-

He Will Need It. Lord Dunraven sailed for home before the result of his investigation was made public. This course will give him a few days in which to compose a suitable apology. - New York Telegram.

As a last resort the powers might se cure a dice box and make it a turkey

raffle. - Kansas City Times.

TRUE TO THE QUEEN.

A SCHOOLGIRL'S DISPLAY OF PLUCK RAISES A TUMULT.

Belleville's High School Up In Arms-The Girls Say She Is "Horrid," but the Boys Declare They Will Stand by Her Wheth-

er She Be Right or Wrong. Pretty Polly Biller's action in tearing up an American flag and taking England's side on the Venezuelan question before the scholars of the high school at Belleville, N. J., continues to be the talk of the town. The fact that she stamped the stars and stripes under her feet is lost sight of in the admiration of the plack of the girl in defying the entire school when she thought she was right. Since the incident occurred Polly's name has been placed upon the

pedestal of local fame as a heroine. The Biller family Bible says Miss Polly's Christian name is Mary, but she is universally called Polly. She is the bright 16-year-old daughter of Lawyer George Biller of Newark, and is as pretty as she is bright. They teach patriotism in the Belleville high school, and Miss Mabel Dodge, the teacher of the class of which Polly is a scholar, some time ago inaugurated a plan of discussing the news of the day. It served to keep the pupils informed of all the principal events transpiring in the world outside of Belleville.

The day before the close for the Christmas holidays the news of the week was discussed, as usual. The president's message to congress on the Venezuelan question came in for the greatest share of attention. The American boys and girls pulled the tail of the British lion so hard that Polly's blood fairly boiled. She was born under the British flag. and has English blood in her veins While she loved America, she loved England better, and she wanted to express her feelings, but could not because she had not been called upon.

When sweet Kitty Grieves, with a fascinating lisp, got up and said that England must take care or the Belleville high school would rise in its might and wipe the British island off the map, it was more than she could bear. She bottled her indignation, though, when the teacher announced that Miss Polly was chosen to deliver the recitation of the day, which would close the afternoon

Miss Polly did not take luncheon during the recess hour. She was busily occapied in her room in her father's comfortable home in Holmes street. When she came down stairs, her appearance was made more attractive by the outlines of two flags embroidered upon the bosom of her dress. On one side was the American stars and stripes and upon thing more than a commotion. The girls speered at her and criticised the workmanship of the embroidery. Finally Miss Polly was called to the platform for the recitation, and then the excitement became intense. She became eloquent over the fight for her country. and this, considered with her personal attractions and general popularity, won over one-half the scholars. It was the

section to which the boys belonged. One of the girls waved an American flag in her face. Some say it was little Reletta Simms, but it makes no difference who it was. In an instant Miss Polly had charged upon the flag bearer and returned to the platform tearing the flag into shreds, and then she stamped them under her feet, and pandemonium broke loose.

The boys stood with pretty Polly and said that even if she was fighting on the wrong side they would uphold her. "Oh, how horrid!" chorused the girls, and then school was dismissed.

"I am sorry Polly is not at home," Mrs. Biller said the other day. "for the papers have got the wrong version of the incident.

Then Miss Kate, Polly's sister, told just how it happened. Several of the boys who espoused the cause of the plucky English girl were seen and substantiated the statement. They describe her as the belle of the younger element of the town. She is tall and willowy, with handsome dark eyes and black hair, and is one of the stars of St. John's Episco pal church Sunday school of Woodside.

Mr. Biller and family live in a comfortable residence on Holmes street, near Washington, and move in excellent society. Mr. Biller regards the incident as a huge joke, and the majority of the grown folks look upon it in the same light, but the younger ones, and espe-cially the high school girls, say it may become a serious international subject, and that when war does come it would find the Belleville girls in line to fight and die, if needs be, for their country. -New York Journal.

LAYMAN PREACHES.

Novel Feature In a Baptist Church In

A new feature in pulpit parlance was ntroduced in the First Baptist church at Evanston, Ills., the other evening. The pastor exchanged places with

member of his congregation and listened from a pew while the layman discoursed to the large audience which had gathered in consequence of this novel method of conducting church services. The man who spoke was Mr. J. W. Thompson, president of the Evanston

library board, a wide reader and deep thinker. He is, moreover, a business man, being the manager of a bicycle company. Mr. Thompson spoke on the progress of the world's development and the origin and development of man.-Chicago Tribune.

Four Great Geniuses.

Whistler's popularity happens to be up in London just at present, and he is being rated, with Corot, Millet and Manet, as one of the four great geniuses of the generation. Mr. Du Maurier did not have a vote in the selection of the quartet. - Boston Journal.

At Cranbrook, in Kent, as well as in other places, it was the custom to strew the bride's pathway, not with flowers, but with emblems of the bridegroom's trade; thus a carpenter walked on shavings, a shoemaker on leather parings and a blacksmith on pieces of old iron. -Detroit Journal.

Among the manufacturing states New York stands first, having 850,084 perons engaged in her factories, the output of which reaches the anormous aggregate of \$1,711,577,671.