Schools Under the First Empire.

The pupils of the primary schools felt a quasi dependence on the emperor. Those of the lyceums were the very children of patronage, for the cheapness of their education, combined with their semimilitary uniforms and habits, impressed on them and their families the immanence of the empire at every turn. They entered by government examinations. All their letters passed through the head master's hands. They were put under a threefold system of espionage culminating in the grand master. The 150 scholarships and bourses in each were paid by the state. The punishments were, like those of soldiers, arrest and imprisonment. With the acquisition of military habits the young lyceen could look forward to military promotion, for 250 of the most select were sent every year to the military schools, where they lived at the emperor's expense, expecting professional advancement by the emperor's patronage.

Others of less merit were detached for the civil service, and in that also their careers were at the imperial mercy. They were daily and hourly reminded of Napoleon's greatness, for 2,400 foreigners from the vassal states of the empire were scattered among these institutions, where they were turned into Frenchmen and docile subjects at the emperor's expense, while being virtually held as hostages for the good behavior of their parents.—Professor Sloane in Century.

War Talk.

I confess to an innate love of war; that martial matters fascinate me; that I favor a spirited foreign policy, and am jealous in defense of the majesty and honor of the nation. It is no timidity that prompts these reminiscences and reflections. Yet I believe that in this age of the world and with our experience we should remember what war really is and how unexpectedly it often comes. The cloud rises and passes. People say "the war scare" is over. Yet they continue to talk war recklessly at intervals. Months go by, and perhaps years. Then suddenly the cloud covers the heavens, and the tempest bursts. Every intemperate word, every rash or unnecessary defiance, has gone to swell and surcharge the cloud. It is the people, after all, who make war in every country—or make it possible. And they make it not so much by a declaration of the congress or the king as by their careless or unmeasured utterances in times of peace. War is sometimes inevitable, but every citizen has a responsibility, not simply individual, but national, to avoid bringing it on by fiery speech when the issue of force may honorably be prevented by manly self restraint.—George Parsons Lathrop in North American Review.

An All Night Scare.

Young Englishmen visiting the United States have as many absurd and amusing experiences as Americans have when in foreign countries. The Washington Star tells of an English traveler who had been assured that west of the Missouri river the entire country was infested with bears, some of which were so bold that they came into the towns.

He stopped in a Kansas village, and in the evening started out for a walk. The stores were closed, but the moon was shining brightly. He rambled about the place for a couple of hours, and started down the business street for the hotel. Suddenly he saw before him on the sidewalk a big bear, sitting on its haunches, with open mouth and paws extended, awaiting his coming.

In a moment he was on top of a porch, crying for help, but no one heard him, and the bear sat and watched him. All night long he staid there, trembling for fear bruin would climb the post, but comforting himself with the idea that it was too small to be used by a bear.

At daybreak some men came along, and one of them wheeled the bear back to the doorway with the remark, "I wonder who put that sign in the middle of the walk."

The tourist descended from the porch without detection, and had he not subsequently enjoyed the story so much that he told it himself it would never have been known.

In the midst of a stormy discussion a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hand majestically he began, "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense."

"Exactly," interrupted another. "That is precisely what you do want."—London Tit-Bits.

Stories of Statesmen

They Find Mr. Quay.

"The way in which Mr. Quay does the little—in fact, most trivial—things indicates the shrewdness and uniqueness of his personality," remarked a Senate employe the other day.

"For instance, any man that comes to Washington to see Mr. Quay, and whom Mr. Quay wants to see—and there are hundreds of them—will go directly to his room, that of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, and never ask a question of any kind. Not so with the friends of other Senators, for, while they may have been told how to reach their different rooms, they have, as a rule, to make inquiry for their location. I was amused the other day, when the callers for Mr. Quay were unusually large, to see how they went directly to his room, notwithstanding the circuitous route necessary to get to it. When I asked one of them how he knew where to find the room he showed me a card. It told the story. It contained very minute directions as to how to reach the Senator, and just what to do."—Washington Star.

Glad to Get Back.

Judge James H. Mulligan, United States consul to Samoa, who returned to his home in Lexington, Ky., recently, was given a banquet. At the banquet he made an address, the most remarkable part of which was the following:

"When I was away off on that little speck of land in the Pacific ocean and looked across the vast stretches of sea to the storms that were agitating this country, I could see no Democrats and no Republicans. It was America. The English, the Germans and all the others are against America, no matter what the diplomats may say. I feel that I have learned more in the last two years than I have learned before. I have borne my part in the battles of politics, have spoken bitter words, but when I stood under that mighty crag on that far-away speck in the ocean and helped to lay him to rest whom I had learned to love, and who I believe had learned to love me—Robert Louis Stevenson—I felt that if I ever got back home, I would not speak in an unkind word to a fellow-countryman, but would do all I could to bind up any wounds that I may have caused."

Don Cameron's Weakness.

J. Donald Cameron, of Pennsylvania, who is just retiring from the Senate, was carefully trained in the art of politics by his father, Lincoln's famous Secretary of War. In the days when Cameron ruled Pennsylvania with absolute power one of its faithful henchmen was calling upon Simon Cameron, and in the course of the conversation he remarked:

"Senator, why is it that Don has never made much of a success of politics? He seems to have talent, and he has all the advantages of your prestige and influence."

"Well, Don is a likely fellow," replied the old man. "Don will get on all right. You must remember I started in life with a big advantage over Don."

"What was that?" asked the visitor.

"Poverty."

BRITISH MINISTER AT CAIRO.

Lord Cromer Who Holds that Post Is the Ruler of All Egypt.

Lord Cromer, the British minister at Cairo, who is the real ruler of Egypt, is a man of the greatest ability in his profession. He has quick decision and immovable determination. Even since his appointment in 1883 he has been the cause of no end of anxiety to the French, and for this, if no other reason, it is to be expected that he would enjoy, as he does, the absolute confidence of his government. Lord Cromer was formerly a European commissioner of the public debt in Egypt. He was selected as one of the controllers general representing England and France when the Khedive Ismail was deposed by the firman of the sultan in 1879. It was about the close of 1880 that Tewfik Pasha became the ruler of Egypt. Abbas soon found out, however, that there was no bending to the

LORD CROMER.

will of the English diplomat. Cromer bluntly told him that if he gave any more trouble he would be deposed, and realizing that the British emissary was the master Abbas resigned himself to the inevitable.

When you are to blame, acknowledge it; there is nothing in blaming your own mistakes on others.

Pray for a sound liver; you can be comfortable without money or fame.

Short History of the Ballet.

Like all dancing, the root of the ballet is to be found in prehistoric times, but Italy was the home where its growth became coincident with the development of the opera. With the Medici it was imported into France, and flourished as a court entertainment under Catherine de' Medici. As the ballet increased in popularity it was gradually associated with the libretto of a great poet and the music of a great musician, and it used to be put on the stage by some noble patron of the arts. Princes of the royal blood frequently took part in the performance—Louis XIII, to wit, and Henri IV, who had a special dancing room built in the arsenal. Even Le Roi Soleil did not dream it beneath his dignity to impersonate various characters in the ballet until he was prevented by his growing corpulence.

Gaetan Vestris, who styled himself in Provencal dialect "le dion de la danse," brought the ballet to its perfection, and when age disabled him his son Auguste was a worthy successor. Mlle. Camary danced with the father, while Madeleine Guimard, the protectress of David the painter, was a contemporary of the son. This century was a quarter gone before the golden age of the ballet in London. Great things, however, were done at Her Majesty's theater in early Victorian days. "Giselle" was the united work of Heine, Theophile Gautier and Adolphe Adam, and the premiere danseuse was Carlotta Grisi. She was succeeded by Fanny Elssler and Taglioni, who was immortalized by Thackeray, and was alive not many years ago.—Saturday Review.

Matchmaking Napoleon.

The first Napoleon was the greatest matchmaker that ever lived. After repeated refusals the doughty little soldier himself finally won the hand of Josephine, and devoted his matrimonial instincts to the affairs of others.

No excuse was admitted from a bachelor.

To him who urged that he could not find a wife, "Be that my care," he said, and the same evening the affair would be arranged. The poor received dowries and trousseaux.

One day by decree the emperor married off 6,000 soldiers at once. Another day his great court dignitaries were obliged en masse to find partners for better or for worse.

ROENTGEN RAYS.

But if the X ray finds only a lone V in your pocketbook, what doth it profit a man?—Detroit Journal.

Proposes to investigate the interior department—Professor Roentgen's new cathode ray.—Philadelphia Item.

The discovery of the X rays is no new one to old poker players, but they have never found a way to always make the raise.—Cedar Rapids Gazette.

If this Roentgen ray can be so adapted as to clean the snow from the sidewalks in winter, it will have a big suburban indorsement. Let us be practical.—Family Call.

Complaint is made that Crookes tubes are scarce and the X ray experiments are retarded in consequence. Why not draw upon the numerous burglars' outfits?—Columbus Journal.

Now the timid, doubting suitor,
By Professor Roentgen's art,
May, before he speaks, discover
If she has a marble heart.
—Indianapolis Journal.

The Cows In the Mortgage.

There is a man in Taylor county who knows how to mortgage cows. The Montezuma Record knows this man and vouches for him. The man is a farmer, and recently a collector called on him for the payment of a note secured by chattel mortgage.

The farmer was obdurate and gave no satisfaction that he would ever pay the note. Finally the collector said:

"Well, I'll have to take the 11 cows named in the mortgage."

"Oh, no, you haven't got a mortgage on 11 cows on this farm."

"Why, yes, I have." And the collector pulled out a copy of the mortgage and read as follows:

"'One red and white cow, one cow spotted red and white, one red cow with white spots, one cow with white spot in forehead, one red cow with two white hind feet, one white cow with red spots on side, one white and red cow, one red cow with two white fore feet, one white cow with red spot on shoulders, one red cow with white spots on hips, one white cow spotted with red.' Now, how do you like that?" continued the collector.

"Oh, that's all right. I see you've got 11 mortgages on my old red and white cow. There she is down in the pasture. The boys will go down and help you catch her!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Racial Difference.

There can be no question that very many of the differences, mental and bodily, that exist between the average Frenchman and the average Englishman are caused by the distinct methods of education that prevail on the different sides of the channel. You would not like your son's only schooling to be obtained in France. On the other hand, you have a pretty distinct belief that if French boys were sent over here young enough and put to good English schools, they would grow up into a very fair sort of Britons. A typical story of the ways of French schoolboys, with their ushers, is reported in recent morning papers. Some spirits had been smuggled into one of the dormitories—a thing, we fear, not altogether unknown in some English establishments. It is even conceivable that the English master who discovered the bottle would have confiscated it to his own use, but this would not have been at the invitation of his pupils. But the French pion in question was contented to make one of the party, and as he was not so used to rum as his pupils, he got so terribly drunk that he died. Happily for the French boys, their compulsory military service gives them an opportunity, later on for learning a little discipline.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Thief Discovered.

An employee in an up town resort has been held under suspicion for some time, and came near losing his position, on account of the antics of a big tomcat. For weeks the cash registers, when counted at the close of the day's business, showed a deficit of several dollars, and no clew could be had to explain the mysterious absence of the money. The proprietor, having great confidence in his employee, was mystified, and not until a few nights ago was the matter made clear. While alone in the place, after closing hours, the proprietor was startled to hear the click of the registers, followed by repeated clicks, like those of a novice upon the keys of a piano. Looking up, he found his pet cat playing upon the keys of the register and apparently enjoying the performance as much as if he were a feline Paderewski.—New York Journal.

Vindicated the Law.

A friend of Representative Culberson of Texas related the following incident:

"When Mr. Culberson was prosecuting attorney," he said, "there was a criminal statute universally disregarded. The indictment of a well known man for violation of this law was secured through the efforts of Mr. Culberson, who prosecuted the case with more vigor than almost any he had ever conducted, succeeding in securing a conviction and sentence to the penitentiary. Then he left town, and no one knew where he had gone until he and the prisoner, who had been taken to the penitentiary, returned together. Mr. Culberson had gone to the governor, obtained a pardon, and met the convict at the penitentiary with it. The law had been vindicated, and there were no more violations of that statute in Jefferson."—Washington Star.

Not Enough Muses.

The unmusical manager who protested when he found a performer in his orchestra holding his bow during a rest, saying to him, "I don't pay you to rest!" was the same one who, on another occasion, was superintending the arrangement of some performers who were representing allegorical characters.

"Here in front," said the author of the piece which was to be given, "we will put the nine muses."

"Nine muses!" exclaimed the great manager contemptuously. "Nine muses would look well in that great space, wouldn't they? We will have 36 muses!"—Youth's Companion.

Oregon has 18,798 hands in her factories and makes every year $41,432,174 worth of goods.

The first of the modern bank notes were made in China about the year 1000 A. D.

SOME INSIDE HISTORY

WALTER WELLMAN DISCOURSES ON THE RECENT BOND ISSUE.

Why the Morgan Syndicate Did Not Get the Whole Lot—The President at Outs With Morgan—Why Stewart Lost a Good Sized Fortune.

The recent loan, despite its impressiveness and popular features, was unscientific and clumsy. Any one could bid, whether he had gold or not. It is pretty certain that millions were bid by persons who had scarcely a gold dollar to their names. These were speculative bids, and they are of course to be transferred to banks or other institutions which have gold or the means of getting it. The result is that gold is practically at a premium in New York and Boston. It is a small premium, but just enough to tempt the cupidity of many men who have bid for bonds. If they find they must pay an eighth for gold at a bank or broker's, but can get it without a premium at the subtreasury, where cartage expense may be avoided by simply carrying the stuff from the pay to the receiving window, where are they going to get it? Human nature is human nature, and no one has as yet discovered that it is any less human among bankers, brokers and bond speculators than it is among other people.

In this connection I am able to give some secret history that is very interesting. Some weeks ago the administration wanted to place this loan with Mr. Morgan and his syndicate under conditions that would protect the reserve. Mr. Morgan was willing to undertake the task, but he declined to pay more than 105. The administration offered him the whole lot at 109, which was equal to 3½ per cent interest. Mr. Morgan persisted, despite pressure, in adherence to this figure, and then the president decided upon a public loan. The howls of certain newspapers and the speeches of senators in congress denouncing private loans had nothing whatever to do with the president's change from a private contract to a public competitive loan. Mr. Morgan's refusal to pay 109 determined that. It was some satisfaction to the president to force Morgan to come up with an offer, not alone of 109, but of nearly 111, but he would be better satisfied had he assurances that the sale at 111 were going to protect the reserve and make another loan unnecessary before the presidential election.

The newspaper writers who prate of Pierpont Morgan as the favorite financier of the administration do not know what they are talking about. President Cleveland is out of patience with Mr. Morgan. If any financier may be regarded as the favorite of the administration it is John A. Stewart of the United States Trust company. After the president had rejected Mr. Morgan's terms of 105 a month ago Mr. Stewart was asked to take hold and help make the public loan a success. He did so, and to his efforts and influence more than those of any other man is due the success of the recent loan.

And yet Mr. Stewart was outmaneuvered by Mr. Morgan as a bidder for bonds. This was because Mr. Morgan had a friend in the syndicate which Mr. Stewart had organized for the purpose of insuring the success of the issue. With this information in hand, it was easy for Morgan to outbid Stewart. If Mr. Stewart had been guided by the advice of a Washington banker, one of his friends, he would have beaten Morgan. Last Wednesday morning this banker became satisfied Morgan was going to bid nearly 111, and he wired Mr. Stewart to this effect, not once but thrice. Still Stewart refused to change his bid. At the last moment the Washington banker filled out bids for a half million on his own account at 111 and a little under, and reached the treasury at just five minutes of noon. His bids went in, he gets his bonds, and makes $25,000 or $30,000 for his quickness. Stewart lost the chance to make a million or two.

The Stewart bids for bonds, all at 110.075, were put in the hands of treasury officials about 25 minutes before noon. The Morgan bid of 110.6877 was put in five minutes later. The Stewart bids had not been opened when the Morgan bids came in, and the Stewart bids were not in the hands of the treasury officials when the Morgan bids were filled out and sealed in the office of a banker two blocks from the treasury building. The difference between 110.075 and 110.6877 represented the loss of a chance to make a fortune. But how silly and reckless the charge that there was collusion in the treasury.—Walter Wellman in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Man With a Visible Heart.

One of the most remarkable of all human phenomena of which we find records in the history of physical science was a young man whose heart and lungs were not only visible, but could be handled by a second person.

This young man was the son of the family of Montgomery and lived in the reign of Charles I. While traveling abroad he met with a very serious accident, falling upon some instrument which pierced his side and left a large open wound. Even when the wound had healed the cavity remained.

The great Harvey, who discovered this remarakble youth, relates in one of his journals the strange story.

"When I paid my respects to this noble youth and conveyed to him the king's request that I should be allowed to examine him," wrote Harvey, "he made no concealment, but exposed the left side of his breast, when I saw a cavity into which I could introduce my finger and thumb. Astonished with the novelty, again and again I explored the wound, and first, marveling at the extraordinary nature of the cure, set about the examination of the heart. Taking it in the fingers of one hand, and placing the fingers of the other upon the pulse of the wrist, I satisfied myself that it was indeed the heart which I grasped. I then brought him before the king that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless we touched the outer skin, or when he saw our fingers in the cavity, this young nobleman knew not that we had touched his heart."

It was in this way that Harvey proved his theory of the insensibility of the heart to be correct.—Pearson's Weekly.

Rare Enough.

Landlady—Do you like your steak rare, Mr. Boardlong?

Mr. B.—No rarer than it is, madam.—Detroit Free Press.

Interchangeable.

"You must have misunderstood me, waiter. These are veal cutlets, breaded, aren't they?" "Y-yes, sah." "I ordered pork tenderloin." "Yes, sah. Jes' take off de breaded part of it, sah, an dare am de po'k tendahline, sah."—Chicago Tribune.

Changeless.

As on its annual career
The world goes gayly spinning
The same old hope, the same old fear
Still has its same beginning,
For just ere springtime smiles again
The people sit and wonder
On old time themes of joy and pain
That years cannot snow under.
Will congress in ponderous indolence lag?
Will the Washington nine get a chance at the flag?
Will Turkey assume a more generous part?
Will Emperor William give lessons in art?
Will Peffer's brave whiskers still wave in the west?
Will the Buzzards bay fish give the duckling a rest?
Will Tillman be eager and up for the chase?
Will new women and bloomers still be in the race?
And so they crowd on in a ceaseless array;
As we found them of yore so we find them today.
Though other old friends may prove fickle and go,
Such standbys will ever be with us, we know.
—Washington Star.

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