

# STORY OF A STATESMAN.

IT WAS a dashing young Congressman, who went to Washington on the tidal wave from one of the districts in the South. But he had not been in the capital more than six months before those who had known him at home and went to Washington on business scarcely recognized him as the same man. A great change had come over Algernon Smith Brownlee, M. C. At home he had been announced to much, socially. He was the son of very poor parents—"white trash," the colored verdict said. Mr. Brownlee's pedigree, however, began with Mr. Brownlee, and what he lacked in aristocracy of blood he made up in his prodigious hustling abilities. With his keen energy and upward tendency of mind, he had the good fortune to combine an affable disposition, an accommodating manner, a pleasant smile and a certain good address. When he entered the race for Congress none imagined for a minute that he had the slightest prospect of success, but the average political weather prophet had a dangerous tendency to pin his faith in the infallibility of his own opinions and standing upon them; and that is why it happens so often that young men like Mr. Brownlee beat out an old sea horse and go to Congress on a tidal wave. Unlike the ravens who gnawed his doom, Brownlee did some characteristic hustling, snatched the nomination from a tired old campaigner and was elected.

When he reached Washington he wore the conventional soft black hat and long black skirt coat of the South, but before he had been there six months he looked like a Broadway

THE KNOW, DEAR, I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOUR PAPA AND MAMMA."

well, with a silk hat, black cutaway and gray trousers. And that's why his constituents scarcely recognized him.

The rich and thoroughbred Miss Daisy Vernon, who had smiled with scorn upon the suits of a dozen so-called men casting themselves at her feet, together with her fortunes and address, felt her heart dissolve before the insidious attention of Mr. Brownlee, M. C. There may have been something in that M. C., a mischievous idea, perchance, that a man who sent to Congress must be the cock of the walk in his district—an idea that some persons have—and that, altogether, the suit of a member of the House combined as her Brownlee was preferable to that of any other mortal.

And so, to cut things short, after a dashing courtship, they were married at one of the fashionable churches, with a great display of pomp, the attendance of her distinguished relatives and his Congressional friends, members of the press, etc. Then, after a brilliant reception, they departed on their bridal trip, but not to Brownlee's home. On the contrary, he purchased a house over a railroad that took him in diametrically opposite direction, just far from his district as he could go. The trip came to an end, and then Brownlee and his wife returned to Washington, installing themselves at one of the leading hotels. Brownlee had seen enough of the world to discover the secret of making an impression on society. With the aid of his wife's social standing and his \$5,000 income, the way was open to him, and he made the best of his chances. He was received everywhere with open arms, and if one man ever hit it rich it was that same energetic young M. C.

On the whole, Brownlee deserved it. He had no influential friends to thank for his rise in the world; no family influence had stood back of him to direct his efforts; no money had been used to buy him a seat in Congress. He had just invested what mother wit nature had endowed him with in such opportunities as came to hand, and when fortune, in her timid way, had knocked at his door, as she is said to do at every man's door once in a lifetime, he had said, "Come in!" in his loudest tones. And he was honest and sincere. He had not deceived Miss Vernon about his pedigree. She had taken him for better or worse, and the fault was hers if she should feel disappointed.

Brownlee was a good working member of Congress. He made friends rapidly with the leaders, and watched that they never lost sight of him a single day. All this young man wanted was opportunity. He would rise to the occasion, for that he vowed.

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The session came to an end. The election was near at hand, and every member hastened home to look after his sheep. It was the hardest struggle of his life to decide upon a course of action with regard to his aristocratic wife. Take her home? Leave her there? He suggested the latter course. "I have been thinking a good deal about it," remarked Mrs. Brownlee. "I think I shall accompany you. You know, dear, I have never seen your papa and mamma. I have formed my own ideas of them, and am real anxious to see them. They must be just charming people to have a son like my Ally." "Ally" is what she always called him. But there was no music in the sound of the sweet diminutive, as she entered it on this fatal morning after breakfast. Brownlee had a headache.

## OUR TROPICAL TERRITORIES.

Pointers for Fortune Hunters in Cuba or Porto Rico.

For the first time in history a citizen of the United States has an opportunity to try colonization in the tropics under his own flag.

The nearest of the new lands to come under the domination of Uncle Sam is Porto Rico, says the New York Herald. There is only one direct line to this island, and that is from New York. You may go by either sailing vessel or steamer, as you see fit and according to the price you want to pay. First-class passage to Porto Rico by steamship, occupying from five and one-half to six days, is \$30. Second cabin is \$40, while the steerage is \$30. The landing places are San Juan and Ponce. Each passenger is permitted to carry 150 pounds of baggage free. Freight charge on household goods is 10 cents per cubic foot. If you want to go by way of Havana the expense is about the same.

While it is true that we cannot say that Cuba is a possession of the United States, or about to become so, we are unquestionably going to have a great deal to do with the development of that country. It is true that Porto Rico is the nearest of our possessions to be, but if we consider Cuba, as it certainly will be a great field for the emigrant from the United States, the cost and methods of going there will be of interest. It takes just four days to go from New York to Havana, and the cost is \$37, \$25 and \$15, according to the quarters the passenger engages. There is no direct line to Santiago, all passengers proceeding via Havana, the time occupied being seven days. Cost of passage is \$35, \$45 and \$30. Vessels sail for Havana from all along the eastern Atlantic coast, and if the person going there is willing to submit to very plain fare and a certain amount of discomfort he can make the passage at about one-third the rate given above, provided he will take one of the little trading vessels.

The person who wishes to go to the Philippine Islands will save time and money by going either across the continent by rail or via the Isthmus of Panama. In either case the fare will be \$250 to the city of Manila.

To reach Guam, the one island of the Ladronez where our government seeks to establish a coaling station, as routes of travel exist at present, one must either pay from \$50 to \$75 extra to induce the Manila steamer to stop there on its way out, or else must stop at Hong Kong and await an opportunity to take passage in a vessel going to Guam.

Most Americans who go to Ponce, in Porto Rico, rent rooms and dine at some other place. In the suburbs, where houses are most easily obtainable, a good house costs from \$25 to \$30 a month. A suite of two rooms in the city, furnished, costs from \$2 to \$3 a week. If it is desired to keep house, one must pay \$7 a barrel for an inferior quality of flour. As for meat, poultry, eggs, etc., all are very plenty and at about one-half the prices charged in the United States.

As for clothing, almost everyone wears linen suits, which cost \$2.50 or \$3 each. Naturally it is necessary to have a number of these, but the Porto Rico women will wash them for very little—so little that to the American it seems nothing at all.

In Havana, Santiago and other Cuban cities the cost of living in hotels averages \$2 a day. In American boarding houses the charge is from \$30 to \$40 a month. Outside the cities the cost of living is much less than in the United States. Potatoes are very cheap. Land is about the same price as in the United States. Flour is \$7 a barrel. Beef, with the bones in, costs 12 cents a pound; with the bones removed, 20 cents a pound. All kinds of fish are plentiful and much cheaper than here. The milk is of very poor quality, and the American who wants to start a dairy farm will practically have the field for his own. American condensed milk costs 25 cents a can. The native vegetables are much cheaper than in the United States, of a better quality and always in season. Rice costs from 8 to 10 cents a pound. Enough sweet potatoes for a big family in the city can be bought for five cents, and in the country less than half that. Fruits—those of the tropics—are very cheap.

There is no scarcity of houses in Cuba, such as they are; and a very good one indeed can be secured for \$12 a month. Linen is the principal clothing worn, and here a suit costs from \$6 to \$7. The material comes from France, Germany and Belgium. Very little silk is seen and no heavy clothes at all. Shoes cost about the same as in the United States. Straw hats are cheaper and very much better. The favorite materials for women's dresses are lawn and percale, and these cost from 25 cents to \$1 a yard. Percale comes from the United States.

A very good servant can be hired for \$5 a month, the very best receiving only \$15.

The cost of living and the facts concerning the clothing worn in the Philippines are much the same as in Porto Rico, with the exception of the fact that occasionally heavy clothing is needed because of the fearful storms that every now and then burst upon the islands.

In every one of the places where the raising of the Stars and Stripes has attracted the eye of the emigrant and a person with a desire to make money and a determination to economize can succeed. The emigration movement has already begun.

**Japan's Commerce Augmenting.**  
Since the Chiao-Japanese war the commerce of Japan has shown a remarkable increase as compared with other periods in the history of the empire. Her imports last year were valued at \$44,940,000, an increase of about \$5,000,000 over those of 1906; the exports reached \$46,050,100, which is an increase of \$12,500,000. The share of the United States in the aggregate is set down at \$25,050,000, while Great Britain has a little over \$30,000,000. Japan's trade with Australia is also improving rapidly, last year's total representing an increase of 33 per cent. on the figures of 1906. There is also noted a tendency of imports to increase and of exports to decrease.

**How Fish Breathe.**  
Fish do not breathe air, but the life-supporting constituent of air—oxygen

## LET US ALL LAUGH.

**JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.**

**Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.**

**A Jolly for Papa.**  
She—And what shall I say in case papa asks me what your prospects are?  
He—Well, er—you might say that I am figuring on securing one of the most prominent, influential and wealthy men in the city for my father-in-law. That ought to fetch him.

**Similar but Different.**  
Weeks—Young Brookleigh certainly deserves a great deal of credit for keeping up appearances on such a small income.  
Meeks—Well, don't you think for a minute that he isn't getting it. He owes nearly every man in town.

**Merely Strategy.**

**Natural History.**

There are 10,000 camels at work in Australia.

Ostrich taming is a very profitable industry in Africa; where it is computed there are over 150,000 tame birds.

The nests of terns, or white ant, are proportioned to the size and weight of the builders, the greatest structures in the world.

Lord Strathcona has presented his fine herd of buffaloes to the Canadian government. The herd is said to be the only one in the Northwest, and will be removed to the Banff National Park.

Cats can swim if they only care to exert themselves sufficiently. The ancient Egyptians used to fish with them on the Nile, according to the representations on walls and so forth that have come down to us.

So small a creature as the beaver, according to H. B. Woodward, of the British Museum, has changed the character of a considerable portion of the British Isles to a remarkable degree. The borders of the fens were once covered with forest, and the beaver was one of the most plentiful animals of the region. Its dams turned the streams from their natural course. The water—in the valleys of the Lea, the Ouse, the Cam and the Neve—was thus made to flow over the country at random, the valleys gradually becoming stagnant areas filled with bog moss, and forming what we know as the fens lands.

**A Hygienic Home.**  
My wife and I are trying hard to live on healthful diet.  
We read the food chart by the yard, and run our kitchen by it.  
We've banished from our bills of fare all that such guides condemn; True hygiene is all our care, As planned and taught by them.

For breakfast coffee is tabooed, Hot cakes and eggs forbidden, And milk, since it is oft imbued With germs profuse, though hidden, Bread is unwholesome, so is steak; Submissive to our lot, Oatmeal and barley meal we take, And drink boiled water hot.

For dinner soup will never do, And oysters typhoid nourish; Salads, entrees and ices, too, Are mere dyspeptic flourish (Potatoes by the last advice) Are poisonous, we're told; We eat raw meat, chopped fine, with rice, And drink boiled water cold.

For supper—some professors teach To eschew to go without it, But since discretion's left to each, We take our choice about it; On chicken, waffles, tea and cake, We are forbid to feed; But gluten waters, cocoa (weak), And prunes, are all we need.

It grieves us much our friends to view So reckless in their diet, And who wholesome men we pursue And beg of them to try it; But appetite's ungodly gray Their nature so enthral, We cannot get a guest to stay Within our healthful walls.—Tit-Bits.

**All Must Pay Board.**  
When members of the Queen's family or any wandering German relatives of high degree visit London and occupy apartments in Buckingham Palace, by invitation, they pay their board just like common folks in a first-class hotel. This prevents the sovereign lady from having too much company and makes things very pleasant for the palace servants. The independence it gives some of the royal guests is not wholly appreciated by them, but as the Queen early in her reign determined on this economical course, her subjects cannot justly complain of her extravagance. It is a very expensive piece of pleasure being a guest of royalty, and even the Queen's own children must pay their way out of their allowances when not directly under mamma's roof.—Boston Herald.

**Caught a Deer with a Fishhook.**  
Wesley Welch, of Bleeker, N. Y., while fishing on Reek's pond, in Fulton County, New York, saw a deer swimming a short distance from the boat. Mr. Welch had a lot of trolling hooks, one of which was quite large and attached to a stout line. He went in pursuit of the deer, and as he approached the animal he threw the hooks at its head. A large hook became fastened to the deer's nose, and the cord was drawn under its leg, pulling the deer's head under water and drowning it. Mr. Welch secured the game.

**Ireland's Largest Bog.**  
The largest bog in Ireland is the Bog of Allan, which stretches across the center of the island, east of the Shannon, and covers nearly 25,000 acres. Altogether there are nearly 3,000,000 acres of bog in Ireland—that is to say, about one-seventh of the total area of the country is bog.

**Like All Husbands.**  
Mrs. Stokes—One characteristic about my husband I like—he always calls a spade a spade. Mrs. Laugh—I suppose he's like all husbands, however; he calls a club a lodge.—Boston Traveler.

The wife of a man running for office has as hard a time as a mother has taking her baby through a teething spell.

**He Got Her.**  
"Humph!" growled the multi-millionaire, "so you want my girl's hand, do you? Have you lots of enterprise?" "Well," retorted the hardy swain, "I'm after the only daughter of just about the richest and meanest man in these parts."—New York World.

**A Missing Word Fake.**  
His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. "I—that is," he faltered, "you—"  
And then he suddenly caught her to his bosom. "You know what I would say!" he cried.  
Frigidly she disengaged herself. "Another missing word fake," she muttered, pale, but calm.—Detroit Journal.

**So Sarcastic.**  
Willie—I once knew a girl who nearly died from ice cream poisoning.  
Nellie—The very idea! I would never have dreamed of such a thing happening to a girl of your acquaintance.—Indianapolis Journal.

**The Proper Idea.**  
Little Brother—Polly, what is a hero?  
Smaller Sister (promptly)—A "Merican, o' course!—Judge.

**His Own Way.**  
"Blykins has his own way in his house."  
"Yes. But his wife always tells him what it is going to be beforehand."—Pick-Me-Up.

**What's the Use.**  
"Did you ever think what you would do if you had Rothschild's income?" said Seesly to Harduppe.  
"No; but I have often wondered what Rothschild would do if he had my income."—London Jody.

**Easy to See.**  
Pretty Teacher—What were our hands given us for, Benjie?  
Benjie (8 years old, gallantly)—To hold.—Judge.

**Hold Man.**  
She—But haven't you heard that there are microbes in kisses?  
He (carelessly)—Oh, yes; but I am an immune.—Somerville Journal.

**No Way of Keeping It.**  
"He left his umbrella in the office safe."  
"Yes."  
"And that night somebody stole the safe."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Sweetness.**  
"Some of the days when summer is merging into autumn are wonderfully fine," remarked the girl who likes the poetry of nature. "Now and then there seems to be a great deal of sweetness in the air."  
"Deedle dey is honey," replied the colored woman. "As I was comin' past de mah's, ev'ny' now an' then I see places whar de air was chock full o' reed birds. It do seem a shame, wif so much sweetness floatin' around, dat it should be so hard ter git at."—Washington Star.

**Stated the Facts.**

**His Natural Impulse.**  
Mrs. Peck—Suppose that you and I were all alone upon a desert island, what is the first thing you would do?  
Mr. Peck (impulsively)—Try to get away.—New York Herald.

**A Delicate Hint.**  
Miss Cutting—I have been troubled a great deal with that tired feeling of late.  
Softleigh—Aw, indeed! Weally I'm, aw—vevy sorry to heah it, doncher know. Is theah any thing I, aw—can do to affowd you weleah?  
Miss Cutting—Oh dear no, I, er—don't want to hurry you at all.

**One Victory.**  
"I see here that an American army officer has married a Spanish girl."  
"Well?"  
"That is one crushing victory for the Dons, anyhow."—Philadelphia North American.

**Sleepless Slumbers.**  
Brown—My wife says I talk in my sleep.  
Jones—Well, you're lucky.  
Brown—How so?  
Jones—My wife does all the talking in mine.—Chicago News.

**Not an Asylum Subject.**  
Stranger—That man is evidently crazy. Why is he not put in an asylum?  
Native—His property is so heavily mortgaged that none of his relatives want it.—New York Weekly.

**Hardly Worth While.**

**Reminiscent Joys.**  
"I gave my husband a dose of sulphur and molasses for his blood."  
"Was he willing to take it?"  
"Yes; but he said it wasn't half as good as that his mother used to make."

**A Sense of Melody.**  
The man who does not enjoy music was being forced into a conversation on the subject.  
"Of course horns are necessary for orchestral effect," the technical enthusiast was saying. "But I derive most pleasure from the violins. Don't you?"  
"I can't say that I do. You see, the fish vendors never play the violin. They nearly always blow a horn."—Washington Star.

**Italians Fear Hydrophobia.**  
An incident which has just occurred at Paola, province of Cosentino, Italy, points to the amazing ignorance and superstition prevalent in that country. Joseph Padilla was bitten by a dog, and in accordance with local custom ate its liver to escape hydrophobia. Next day, as was hardly surprising, he was not well and did not wish to get up. His wife at once assumed that he suffered from incipient rabies and alarmed the neighbors. They surrounded the house and raised cries of "Smother him!" He escaped through a window, was pursued, overcome, and, having been bound to a ladder, was dragged through the streets. At length the authorities intervened and said that he must be sent to an asylum. While being dragged to the station he implorred for some water, but they would not give him a drop. It is not to be wondered at that before the train had proceeded far he died.—London Chronicle.

An old bachelor says the average wait of women is until they are asked to marry.

Time may be a success as a wound-healer, but it seldom removes the scars.



BROWNLEE'S MOTHER SMOKED A CORN-COB PIPE AND HAD WHISKERS.

favorite pastime of heaving fossilized jokes at her representative in Congress. Brownlee swallowed it all in good part, and then turned his back to the station and sauntered toward the parental mansion with the weary step of a man who has a load on his conscience.

But that did not deter Brownlee from getting out and busting. If he had worked like a Trojan the first time for his nomination, he threw the energy of a double dose of Trojan devotion into his efforts now, and the result of it all was that he was renominated and elected, and went back to Washington to finish his unexpired term of service in the House.

His wife sat in the gallery one day unseen by him when a great debate was on. Brownlee had prepared himself for the master effort of his life. He had got the consent of the leaders on his side to make a speech. He attracted little attention as he rose, and with his gentle smile glanced over the house, drew a deep breath and launched forth. But by and by he was warned to his subject, and here and there a member on the other side interrupted him. Then suddenly Brownlee's genius flashed forth in all its originality. Several members who had tried to trip him up found themselves mercilessly impaled upon the fiery shafts of Brownlee's sharp retorts and held up to the ridicule of the house, while Brownlee smiled in that fetching way of his that made him resemble an expert conjurer when he contemplates the astonishment of the deluded victims of his craftiness. Before he sat down Brownlee had scored a triumph that insured him a place on one of the big committees of the house when the next Congress should organize.

One of the doorkeepers handed him a note. He was receiving the congratulations of his side of the house, and he did not open it for several minutes, holding it almost forgotten in his closed hand. When he opened it he read: "Dear Ally—I am ready to beg your pardon now—any time. Come. Am heartbroken. DAISY."

## DEPOPULATION OF FRANCE.

Index of Foreigners Prevent the Decrease Becoming Apparent.

The returns of the census for France, which was taken on March 29, 1897, have now been published and compared with the statistics of the previous census, which was taken six years before, on April 12, 1891. A year ago the number of people in France was 38,228,903, and at the 1891 census it was 38,055,150, so that in the six years the population of France had only increased by 173,753 persons. And even this trifling increase is more apparent than real, for it has taken place entirely in the large towns, and is due to the influx of foreigners, such as Belgians and Italians, who are to be found in increasing numbers among the urban populations of France.

In only twenty-four departments is there any increase; in sixty-three departments there is a positive falling off, and this is more especially marked in the rural communes. Even more than in England does the population flock from the country to the town, and yet we are always hearing of the perfect nature of the French agrarian laws and of the advantages of small holdings. The fact is, that small holdings tend to keep down the rural population, for the subdivision of fields has now got to such a pitch that any family at all often means starvation to a man and wife.

For years past the French population has only been kept from showing an absolute decrease by the influx of foreign workmen into the great towns, and yet the French allow the folly of the colonial party to drag them into ridiculous enterprises abroad for the benefit of a few greedy officials and functionaries. A nation with a decreasing population can never hold colonies, and the French may rest assured that sooner or later their colonies will go the way of those possessed by the sister nation, Spain.—London Globe.

**As It Is in Georgia.**  
The following is a copy of a sign in a remote Georgia county: "A Few Bright Scholars Takin to Lern Writhin, Spallin an Piggers." A traveler, noticing the sign, asked the principal where he had graduated. The principal pointed to a cotton field near by and said: "Right over thar, sir; behind a Georgia mule, under a July sun."

Every man knows by his own experience how many promises of the lover are filled after marriage. Still, he goes on believing what candidates are promising.

Lots of people who cling to the anchor of hope go down in the mud.



"Wal, Jim, wot d'ye think about the Czar o' Rooshia and this here universal disarmament business?"  
Jim—Well, it's like me and my ole woman when we has family trouble. The one what proposes peace is de one what ain't got hold o' de poker.

**He Wasn't Worth Much.**  
Smith—Brown isn't working very much this summer, is he?  
Jones—Why, he told me the other day that he had been working for all he was worth.  
Smith—Well, it amounts to the same thing.

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Jaggson (running against marble statue in hall)—Grashus, Marla, y'r (dile) han's 'r cold. Shouldn't wait up fr me 's long, darling.

**Might Be Done.**  
The Post—I wonder if one would rhyme "darling" with "quarrelling"?  
The Savage Bachelor—What are you writing—an epithalamium?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Previous Practice.**  
"You don't look strong and rugged enough to be a policeman. Have you ever had any experience or training in that line?"  
"Well, sir," said the applicant, "I rung the parish church bells for ten years. How's that for bel'n a pealer?"—Chicago Tribune.

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