

**IT'S SUNSHINE AND MUSIC**

A laugh is just like sunshine,  
It freshens all the day,  
It tips the peak of life with light  
And drives the clouds away;  
The soul grows glad that hears it,  
And feels its courage strong—  
A laugh is just like sunshine  
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,  
It lingers in the heart,  
And where its melody is heard  
The ills of life depart;  
And happy thoughts come crowding  
Its joyful notes to greet—  
A laugh is just like music  
For making living sweet!  
—St. Louis Republic.

**MONEY AND MATRIMONY**

ALLYN rode across the prairie joyously and looked longingly toward the East, where the sun was scarce an hour high. The fresh, bracing air seemed to permeate every fibre of his being, and he drew in great breaths of it, feeling a wild sort of pleasure in the mere fact of being alive. For once in three years he was happy, and he had been in that beatific state for two whole days. The rest of the cowboys of the outfit did not know what to make of it. Cayuse the said he had been "loosed," for Allyn had been nicknamed by the camp Sorrowful Jim, and to see him boyishly exuberant and in a gay humor was an unheard-of thing until the last day or so. Allyn had once made the mistake of considering life a very serious matter indeed, and then, after trying for a year to practice law and not getting anyone to practice upon, he had given it up in disgust and migrated to the home of opportunity in hope of getting rich.

During his idle hours Allyn had fallen in love, and he took that very seriously also. It went hard with him, for he had nothing on earth except a few bonds an old aunt had left him, and the revenue from them did not amount to \$300 a year. At the rate his practice was not increasing Methuselah would have been a youngster compared with Allyn if he waited for the revenue from his profession to enable him to marry. "Jim," she said, "you are acting very foolishly. What does it matter if you haven't any money? I don't want money. I've got enough, or will have when I am 24, when I get control of it. That would keep us very nicely, and



FOR ONCE IN THREE YEARS HE WAS HAPPY.

would hold us up until you could establish a paying practice. Now, don't be silly."

"Nelly," he said solemnly, "I cannot afford to marry now. People would say that I married you for your money, and I don't intend to put myself in a position where such a motive could be imputed to me. It would be unjust to me and you."

"Well, Jim," and there were tears in her voice, "I don't think you are acting fairly toward me. Here I am an orphan, with nobody on earth to love except you so that life without you will be worse than no life at all, and now you say you cannot marry me until you make what it took my father a lifetime to accumulate. Why, by that time, I'll have wrinkles and maybe false teeth and glasses, and be a horrid, snuffy, fussy old woman."

"No, Nelly, I don't want to make \$200,000. If I had \$100,000 it would be all right. And it will not take long. Out West I will make it quickly. Just you stand fast and wait for me."

"Oh, I'll wait, but I think you are hateful and pigheaded just the same. Would you marry me if I hadn't any money at all?"

"Yes, gladly and we would be happy, too. You would manage somehow. But now my self-respect will not allow me."

So it was that he went to make his fortune and at the same time peace with his unduly-active conscience. To his utter disgust, he found, after a year's prospecting, that gold mines were not at all plentiful, and that every foot of the mountains had been prospected over time and again. A year in Mexico assured him that the business of finding silver mines lying around loose had also played out long ago, and that it took lots of capital to start ranching on a paying basis. Funds were getting low, so he secured a place as one of the herdsmen of the XXX outfit, and on account of his grave demeanor was promptly named by the other cowpunchers Sorrowful Jim. And the name stuck to him.

During all his wanderings he had written to Nelly as regularly as possible, and had begun to regret in a measure his puritanical conscience. At \$40 a month and grub he did not see that a fortune was in immediate prospect. Absence had indeed made his heart grow fonder, and he longed for a sight of Nelly's laughing eyes and dimpled face.

Yet he would not acknowledge himself beaten or that he would give in. Much against his inclination he re-

**LOGAN EQUESTRIAN STATUE  
UNIQUE AMONG MONUMENTS.**



LOGAN EQUESTRIAN STATUE IN WASHINGTON.

The bronze statue of John A. Logan, which was recently unveiled in Washington with impressive ceremonies, is a handsome addition to the monuments of the capital city and one of the most unique. It is the conception of Franklin Simmons, a distinguished sculptor, and is one of the finest memorials of the equestrian style that have ever been unveiled in this country. It is the only monument wholly of bronze to be found in America. Both pedestal and statue were made in Italy and, while on exhibition in Rome, was viewed with curiosity by thousands. Its beauty so impressed King Humbert that he knighted Mr. Simmons for his work.

The pedestal is about twenty-five feet in height. On one side is a group representing Gen. Logan in consultation with the officers of his command. These are portraits of the leading generals of the Army of the Tennessee, namely: Dodge, Hazen, Slocum, Leggett, Mower and Blair, and of Capt. Strong. On the opposite side of the pedestal Gen. Logan is represented as taking the oath of office as Senator of the United States before Vice-President Arthur. Grouped around are Senators Cullom, Evarts, Conkling, Morton, Miller, Voorhees and Thurman, of whom there are now living only Gen. Dodge and Senator Cullom. On the front of this beautiful pedestal is an ideal figure, about life-size, representing the "Defense of the Union," and on the other end a figure of the same size representing "Preservation of the Union." These allegorical figures are beautifully and appropriately draped and are stately and imposing. Surmounting the pedestal is the equestrian figure, which measures 14½ feet in height. Gen. Logan is represented as riding along the line of battle, his sword unsheathed, and the horse moving forward at a gentle trot, slightly held in check. The general's appearance exhibits great force and energy, and the whole impression given by the statue is one of dignity, beauty and power.

mained consumed with a desire to see her, yet impelled to remain in stiff-necked pride, acting as avant courier and escort for a lot of wild-eyed, long-horned steers, all the while cursing himself for a fool. So he and the rest of the outfit did not have much in common together, and he grew more and more unsociable and lonely.

Small wonder was it, then, that when he received a letter from her he felt that his voluntary exile was broken. His penance was done, and he was free to return to civilization and Nelly.

"You come on, Jim, dear," the letter said—"that is, of course, if you care to take an almost dowdier bride. I have now only enough left to bring me in \$300 a year—exactly what you had. I do not own another thing on earth. I had concluded that the money without you was not worth having, and as long as you are so stubborn about it I saw that I must give in, so I have done so gladly. I have got to be 24, as you know, and have absolute control over my property. So, in order to get you, I have given away my fortune."

"You have cost me nearly \$100,000, so I'm of the opinion that you had better come on and deliver yourself up as a victim. I don't propose to tell you another thing about it, as you have no right to know now. After—after—oh, well, some time I will tell you what I did with the rest of the money, but just now it is no affair of yours. You will simply have to take my word for it. Come on, Jim. I am anxious to see you."

So it was that Jim was so happy. He had only two days more to wait; then he would get his month's wages. He had \$400 saved up, and he reflected that he and Nelly would manage to get along on that for a while. His pride was riding rampant, also, and his conscience was very self-satisfied. Indeed, for had he not held out against the allurements of beauty, wealth, position, ease—everything? It was victory well worth rejoicing for.

The ceremony was over, the few intimate friends had taken their departure, and Jim and Nelly looked at each other in a bewildered sort of way.

"I think we ought to take a trip, Jim. I'm so dead tired of this place. I don't know what to do. Let's go to Europe. I've always wanted to go there."

"Nelly, are you crazy? I can't afford a trip to Europe, and you know it. And you haven't any money, either, so how are we to go?"

"I think it very unkind of a person of your wealth to be taunting me with my poverty. For a man as rich as you, I think you are undoubtedly 'close.' Her eyes twinkled merrily. "I want to go to Europe, and now I've got you to go with me you ought to be glad of the opportunity."

"Nelly, dear, if I could afford it you know I would be delighted to take you."

"Well, you can afford it."  
"I tell you I cannot."  
"I know better—you can. Why, just look at these," and she handed him a bundle of books and papers. He picked up the first one and read the inside page: "First National Bank, in account with James M. Allyn. Deposited May 1, \$35,000; May 9, \$12,000; May 12, \$12,000."

"What does this mean, Nelly?" he asked wonderingly as he looked at another book and read: "Received May 9, bonds, mortgages, stocks and securities duly transferred and assigned to James M. Allyn, and aggregating \$130,000, and more particularly described as follows: 'The Trust and Safe Deposit Company.'" Nelly was hugely enjoying the situation. She seated herself on the arm of the chair and said:

"You dear old stupid, mullish, stubborn thing, I told you the truth, for I gave everything I owned to you before I wrote that letter. I told the truth, for I reserved just enough to bring me \$300 a year."

"Well, I'll be—" She kissed him and stopped the word.

"Are you going to Europe?" she asked.

"Yes, I think I would enjoy the trip myself, but don't you think you paid too much for me?"

"Oh, I don't know. Not so long as you are nice as you are now. Come on. Let's get ready and catch the steamer leaving to-morrow evening."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Good Story on Senator Jones.**  
They are telling this story in Washington about Senator Jones of Arkansas, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who is a member of the Humane Society, and wears a badge that entitles him to investigate the condition of any animal that appears to be ill treated. One day as he came down from the Capitol, he inspected a team that was standing by the curb.

"Here, you!" shouted the driver, "what are you doing there feeling about that horse's neck?"  
"I'm an officer of the Humane Society," replied Senator Jones, mildly, "and I want to see if this collar fits this horse."

"Well," snarled the driver, "if that collar don't fit that horse any better than your collar fits you, you just go along and get a cop and have me arrested."

The man who talks about the weather in a very low, confidential voice never had a secret in his life important enough to keep from his wife.

**THE OLD KEARSARGE.**

**NEW BATTLESHIPS WITH THE OLD NAMES.**

Modern Vessels Cause Remembrance of Stern Progenitors—Greatest Naval Duel Ever Fought—British Vessel Defeated by Prudence of Americans.

It is a strange thing that to-day, not fifty years after the bitter civil struggle, this country should be using names of the Alabama and the Kearsarge—even the memory of their brilliant conflict—to cement the South and the North into firmer union. What would Capt. Rafael Semmes, the staunch Confederate who commanded the Alabama to her grave, say of this peace bond? What would Capt. Winslow of the Kearsarge say of it?

There is another Kearsarge in the United States navy and there is to be another Alabama to fight for the South, but this time under the stars and stripes. And each of these ships will bear a silver tablet in memory of its forerunner and to commemorate the reunion of the States.

The old Alabama and Kearsarge were wooden men-of-war, each with eight guns to man. The Kearsarge was somewhat the speedier, but her great advantage lay in the forethought of Capt. Winslow, who hung chains over the sides of his vessel to protect her boilers and machinery. Both were fair-sized vessels for their day, yet we read with amazement that the crew of the Alabama consisted of eighty men. The Alabama of to-day carries 520 men. Instead of the eight small guns of the Confederate Alabama the new battleship carries altogether forty-four guns besides four water torpedo tubes.

The old Alabama was built in England in 1862, and although she was not one of the largest warships of the time she was considered of fair fighting capacity. She was built to meet men-of-war, yet she did meet and was fairly matched by the Kearsarge, an old, but still servicable, member of the dwarf United States navy. In a two years' cruise on the Atlantic the Alabama had preyed on the merchant marine of the North and when she steamed out to meet the Kearsarge off the coast of France she had a list of sixty-four destroyed merchantmen to her credit.

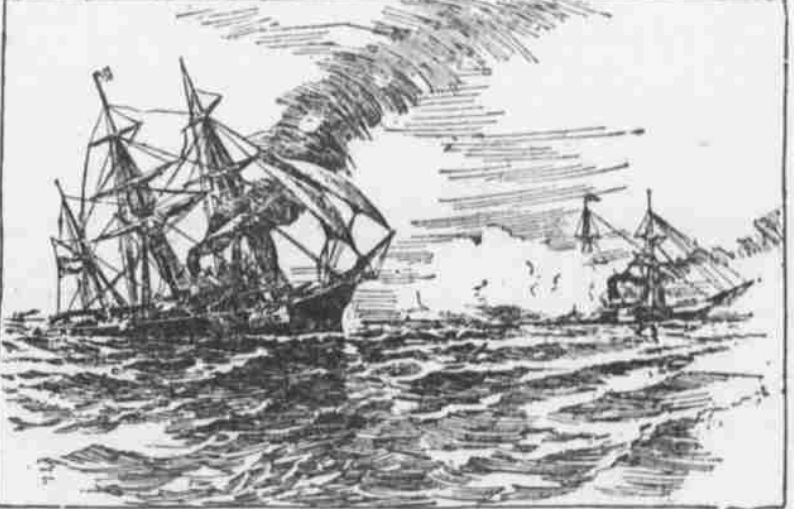
leaving in his wake the line of spectators. So began the most spectacular naval battle the world has ever known. Thousands of people witnessed the sight, their boats keeping just within the safety line.

The Kearsarge waited silently while the Alabama rushed in wasting her first broadsides from carelessly trained guns. The clear-headed prudence which has since distinguished the United States navy saved the day for the Kearsarge. Captain Winslow was in no hurry to open fire, but when he did begin the guns worked steadily and methodically. The Alabama pushed forward to get within range, as surely the Kearsarge backed away to get the advantage of the greater range of her guns. In doing this the two ships moved in a circle, keeping always within view of the spectators.

**Battle Was Hard Fought.**

For more than an hour the battle lasted; it might have been a gala day maneuver for all the audience saw. On the ships, however, the business of war was bringing its suffering. The chains hung on the sides of the Kearsarge protected the engines, but not the men who were struggling on the decks with the guns. And on the Alabama there were no chains and the sea was forcing its way through the wooden hull to add its horror to the suffering of the wounded. The men on the Alabama found their gunpowder caky and bad and they were discouraged at sight of the unexpected armor of the enemy. Finally the Alabama turned and made for French waters hardly a mile away. It would not have taken long for the Alabama, disabled as it was, to swing in and out of danger, but Captain Winslow saw the move and was quick to meet it.

The Kearsarge swung to, and, crossing the Alabama's bow, raked her fore and aft. An English yacht, the Deerhound, which was hovering near to aid the officers of the Alabama, scurried away in fright, while a cry from the watching boats foretold the end. The Alabama went down quickly, although her colors had been struck and the white flag was flying when her bow dropped out of sight. Captain Winslow stopped firing when he saw the end had come and boats were sent out to rescue the enemy's crew. The men from the Kearsarge worked with such good will that all told sixty-eight were saved from the wreck. The officers of the Alabama were taken off by the Deerhound and carried to Eng-



LAST SHOT AT THE ALABAMA.  
Fight between the United States cruiser Kearsarge and Confederate cruiser Alabama off Cherbourg, France, June 19, 1864.

The battle between these two wooden vessels was one of memorable interest. Nearly all France was present, with a goodly representation from England, stationed off shore to cheer the Alabama to victory. The whole affair was arranged much as though it had been a regatta instead of a stern sea battle. When the Kearsarge steamed into the Cherbourg harbor on the 18th of June, 1864, and found the Alabama there every one knew there would be a fight. The news of it spread throughout France and from every corner of the pleasure-loving republic crowds started for Cherbourg. Parties went down from as far north as Germany, and yachts carrying private parties crossed the channel from England when it was known that the Alabama would not try to run away as she had done before.

Every man on the Alabama was "itching" for a fight after the months of uninterrupted idleness. They were looking for an enemy that would not give up at the first shot. Captain Semmes, who had conducted their expeditions, was a Southern gentleman and not an inch a coward; besides that he knew the ship which lay waiting for him was a fair match for the Alabama and he loved nothing better than a fair fight. It was therefore much to his satisfaction to give the orders to clear for action, nor was a moment wasted by the men. Sunday was the Alabama's lucky day. It was the day of her christening, and Captain Semmes chose it to be the day of her death. Early Sunday morning, the 19th of June, 1864, the Alabama swung away from her pier. She was in the best of fighting trim and the good cheer of her crew echoed in the forecastle refrain: "We're homeward bound, we're homeward bound; And soon we shall stand on English ground; But, ere our native land we see, We first must fight the Kearsargee."

A fleet of small craft accompanied her to the three-mile line, their crowded decks shouting words of encouragement to the waiting gunners. A mile farther out in the purple haze the Kearsarge waited. Captain Semmes called his men forward and addressed them briefly, with perfect assurance in his words. Then ordering them to their places he charged the Kearsarge, land, where, in spite of his defeat, Captain Semmes was feted and made much of.

The career of the Alabama was one of the most notable in history. Never was such a record made at privateering. Although hardly two years at her work, she irreparably injured American commerce and busied a greater part of the United States navy in her chase. For years her history was the horror of merchantmen and tradesmen kept a sharp lookout lest another might come to succeed her.

As to the battle, there has never been one like it; it stands out as one of the most remarkable events of history, a great ocean duel witnessed by people from many nations and seconded by a great republic and a great empire. It was a battle well fought and one which as a battle the United States may be proud of in spite of the national upheaval which brought it about.

**His Father's Palace.**

An Irishman has no rooted objection to a little brag now and then on his own account, but he gradually deprecates the habit of boastfulness in his neighbors, and hastens to subdue it.

"To think of me coming down to wrurrk like this!" grumbled one of Mr. Dennis Herlthy's associates in the street-cleaning department.

"You've no nade to talk of coming down till they put you to underground wrurrk, digging for pipes," said Mr. Herlthy.

"It may be all right for the likes of you," persisted the grumbler, "but for me, that might have lived at home in me own fayer's palace, it comes hard."

"Palace, is it?" echoed Mr. Herlthy, with a snort of incredulity. "It's meself that's thinking if you were there, you could stand on the ground, put your hand down the chimney and open the door of it! You and your palaces had better get to wrurrk, man!"

**Death from Peanuts.**

Adolph Sandry, a young lad at Toledo, Ohio, died from the effects of eating peanuts. The physician says that the indigestible oil of the peanuts produced spasms and other effects similar to alcoholism, causing death.

**500,000 WOMEN**

Have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Their letters are on file and prove this statement to be a fact, not a mere boast. When a medicine has been successful in curing so many women, you cannot well say without trying it—"I do not believe it will help me."



**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound**

Is a positive cure for all those painful Ailments of Women. It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Indigestion and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life.

Your medicine cured me of terrible female illness. Mrs. M. F. McILROY, 14 Concord St., Boston, Mass.

**Backache.**  
It has cured more cases of Backache and Lumbago than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors.

Your Vegetable Compound relieved a Fibroid Tumor from my womb after doctors failed to give relief. Mrs. D. A. LOWMAN, Westside, Mass.

**Bearing-down Feeling.**  
Womb troubles, causing pain, weight, and backache, instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water.

Backache left me after taking the second bottle. Your medicine cured me when doctors failed. Mrs. S. H. BAKER, 2 Davis Block, Gotham St., Lowell, Mass.

**Irregularity.**  
Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility.

It is a grand medicine. I am thankful for the good it has done me. Mrs. J. W. J., 76 Carolina Ave., Jamaica Plain (Boston), Mass.

**Dizziness, Faintness.**  
Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus.

I was troubled with Dizziness, Headaches, Faintness, Swelling Limbs. Your medicine cured me. Mrs. SARAH E. BAKER, Bucksport, Me.

The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book which goes with each bottle, the most complete treatise on female complaints ever published.

For eight years I suffered with womb trouble, and was entirely cured by Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. Mrs. L. J. TOWN, Littleton, N. H.

**Kidney Complaints**  
and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound always cures.

The Vegetable Compound is sold by all druggists or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. Correspondence freely answered.

You can address in strictest confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

**An Impossibility.**  
Col. Glossypate—Alas, my son's extravagance will bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave!  
Daughter—Nonsense, papa; you know your dear old head is hopelessly bald.

**Walter Scott's Old Home.**  
"Abbotsford," Walter Scott's beautiful home is to be let, with its 1,300 acres of shooting. The novelists' family have always found the place an expensive one to maintain. It is now owned by his great granddaughter, Mrs. Maxwell Scott.

**Features of a National Park.**  
The Vicksburg national park will soon be complete as far as the acquisition of land is concerned. It will comprise in all 1,231 acres. It is proposed to restore all military features that marked it in the struggle of 1863.

**"Unhealthy."**  
"What's your man's speciality?" asked the mayor of Hot Dog.  
"Liftin' horses," said the advance agent of the strong man.  
"Well," said the mayor, "I shone admire yer gall fer ownin' up to it, but I'll tell you beforehand that liftin' hosses is a mighty unhealthy game in this here section."

**Another Leap to Fame.**  
"My cousin Percy, the poet, like Byron, awoke the other morning to find himself famous."  
"How did it happen?"  
"A man who had committed suicide had, when they found him, one of Percy's pieces in his pocket. Nearly every paper in town mentioned it."

**Title That Roosevelt Prefers.**  
Vice President Roosevelt prefers to be called by the title of "colonel" rather than by that belonging to the exalted civic position he now holds. "I earned my colonelcy," he says, "and the other thing came to me."