

There was a rose within my room... Ah, I am going there too. Will you allow me to walk with you and to carry that bag?

"Ah, I am going there too. Will you allow me to walk with you and to carry that bag?" I added, pointing to a fair sized rucksack strapped to the saddle back of Miss Betty.

Nothing but a violent wrench would have enabled me to leave Bormio. I lingered on, hugging my chair, and the two girls, for what reason I know not, lingered too.

"Poor Field! He would not be flattered." "You know my husband?" "Slightly. We meet pretty often in hall," I answered dryly.

WE ARE HERE TO STAY

THE MOTTO OF W. R. HEARST'S NEW YORK NEWSPAPER.

The Young Californian Proposes to Battle the Dry Bones of Metropolitan Journalism—Some Western Editors Who Have "Staid" and Others Who Haven't.

Those who ought to know say that there is about to be such a rattling and shaking up of the dry bones among journals and journalists of the city of New York as has not occurred since Joseph Pulitzer bought the World, and that young W. R. Hearst, the daring proprietor of the San Francisco Examiner, who has just taken The Journal off the hands of John R. McLean, is to be the cause of the disturbance.

WE ARE HERE TO STAY.

Sometimes those who print such up-to-date announcements are capable of "staying," though not always, and it is worthy of note that when Joseph Pu-



W. R. HEARST.

litzer settled himself in the chair as head of the New York World he made no such declaration. But he "staid."

It is remembered that the other New York newspapers derived much amusement from Joseph for a time. They held up to the general scorn of the public his "western methods."

No doubt it is to some extent at least the unparalleled success of The World under Joseph Pulitzer that has induced Mr. Hearst to try his luck in the New York field.

When McLean, who is a man of large wealth, took the paper from Pulitzer, he doubled and trebled its expenses in a short time. He put an enormous staff of reporters at work, he paid big salaries, he enlarged the paper, and he began to publish what would be termed "exclusives" in Boston, "beats" in New York and "scoops" in Cincinnati.

W. R. Hearst is a young man, the son of the late Senator Hearst of California. He was educated at Harvard, where he mixed up with The Harvard Lampoon. He went to work upon The Examiner shortly after his graduation, and he spent great sums of money in pushing the paper. Plenty of Californians shook their heads at the beginning of his career as publisher. They said he knew nothing about newspapers, excepting how to ruin them, and declared that the Hearst millions would be dissipated in a comparatively short time unless the young man's extravagances were shortly curbed.

How Simply It is Done Here and How Impressively in Germany.

"The unostentatious manner in which our national affairs are administered is well illustrated by the striking contrast between the ceremony of swearing in recruits in our army and the same ceremony in Germany," remarked an officer who is stationed at Fort Wayne.

"How different is the following ceremony used in binding Germany's soldiers to their Kaiser: The young conscript is conducted to the church of the parish in which he enlists, where he is first addressed by the pastor on the sacred character and great import of the oath he is about to take; then, the flag of his country and that of his battalion being placed on the altar, the embryo soldier is required to place his left hand on these flags, and raising his right to repeat the following oath: 'I swear before God, who is all powerful, and who knows all, that I will serve loyally and faithfully my very gracious sovereign under all circumstances. On land and sea, in peace and in war, and in all places I swear to seek only his good and to do everything to prevent injury to him. I swear to observe strictly the articles of war which have just been read to me. I swear to obey all orders and to conduct myself as every courageous, honest soldier ought to do, delighting in fulfilling the duties that honor imposes upon me. As surely as God will aid me in gaining eternity through Jesus Christ. Amen!'"

"Is it not a serious question whether our simplicity in the administration of a sacred oath does not defeat its very purpose? We in this free born American republic are justly proud of our simple, unostentatious ways, marked by want of useless ceremony, and we, by our example, daily administer rebuke to the old world of the vanity of its ways, but let us not carry this feeling too far. Human nature here, as elsewhere, is impressionable, and if an obligation is rendered more binding by impressiveness we should not hesitate to employ its necessary accompaniments even to the 'fuss and feathers' employed by our elders in the sisterhood of nations."

"The average American, unversed in patriotic lore, woefully ignorant of patriotic symbols, is constantly accused of want of devotion to his country, of too great individualism, too little nationalism. Let us hope that this is not so; that our patriotism but lies dormant, awaiting the occasion which will call it into play and make its existent strength emphatically evident to the world."

"In the meantime let the soldier swear by his country's beautiful emblem. Furthermore, let the stars and stripes be displayed more often and with more reverence before the people at large. Nothing will contribute further to arouse our heterogeneous population, our too large disorderly element, the product of sordid, selfish individualism, to a realization of other more worthy interests; of a duty paramount to all others, yet so generally lost sight of, to a country that exists, to a flag that waves, on this side of the ocean."—Detroit Free Press.

Napoleon's Great Victories in Italy.

Within 11 days the Austrians and Sardinians were separated, the latter defeated and forced to sign an armistice. After a rest of two days a fortnight saw him victorious in Lombardy and entering Milan as a conqueror. Two weeks elapsed, and again he set forth to reduce to his sway in less than a month the most of central Italy. Against an enemy now desperate and at bay, his operations fell into four divisions, each resulting in an advance—the first of 9 days, against Wurms and Quasiano-wich; a second, of 16 days, against Wurms; a third, of 19 days, against Alivency, and a fourth, of 30 days, until he captured Mantua and opened the mountain passes to his army.

Within 15 days after opening hostilities against the pope he forced him to sign the treaty of Tolentino, and within 36 days of their setting foot on the road from Mantua to Vienna the French were at Leoben, distant only 90 miles from the Austrian capital, and dictating terms to the empire. In the year between March 27, 1796, and April 7, 1797, Bonaparte humbled the most haughty dynasty in Europe, toppled the central European state system and initiated the process which has given a predominance of parently final to Prussia, then considered but as a parvenu.—Professor Sloane's 'Life of Napoleon' in Century.

He Shaved Himself.

"I heard a good barber story the other day," said a man in the hotel rotunda, "and for genuine sarcasm I believe it carries off the palm. It may be an old one at that, but if it is it's worth repeating. It appears that a certain barber was trying to describe a certain man to a customer in his chair. He thought the customer ought to know him, as he had lived here a long time and had often sat on platforms at public meetings with other vice presidents. 'He is a tall, thin man, with dark hair,' said the barber. 'Has he a smooth face?' asked the customer. 'No,' said the barber, 'he shaves himself.'—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A MISTAKE.

had been trudging for 12 hours through the steaming rain, which had even the thick tweed suit I had had made for me.

There, I knew, the joys of a clean linen and luxurious bath for me. Of course I ought not to cast one thought on these comforts for the Stelvio pass is of the grandest in Europe, and it has been my privilege to behold the Madatsch glacier and the cloud head of the Ortler Spitz, as I sat at the top of the pass and looked at the glories of the Tyrolean Alps.

Another hour, Betty, at most, and I can knock off. What a tramp we've had, and how it can rain in this wonderful country!"

"The girl who spoke (she could only have been in her early twenties) had a ruddy complexion, her cheeks looked like roses that had had a thorough brushing, and a great lump of light brown hair, which showed beneath her faded gray felt hat was heavy with diamond drops of water. Both girls were neat ulsters, but the rain had evidently soaked them through, and they hung tightly to the slim outlines of their forms.

"Oh, you're English!" The accent of pleasure was unmistakable and gratifying. The exclamation came from Betty. Her dark eyes were turned full on me. Evidently the result of the inspection was favorable, for Betty smiled and showed a row of gleaming little teeth, whose whiteness was accentuated by the red of the lips that framed them. The young lady's complexion was slightly browned by exposure to the sun, but the lashing of the rain had brought a flush of pink to the smooth cheek, whose perfect contour was apparent as she turned toward me.

I had got the idea that the girls were sisters, although they were quite unlike in personal appearance. Bit by bit I got to know more about my damsel errant. They had walked most of the way from Innsbruck, through the Brenner pass to Botzen. There they had taken the train to Meran, and thence had pursued their tramp, stopping several days on the road at Spandolch, Trafol and Franzenshoh.

"We shall stay at Bormio a few days and rest, and then we shall meet our bags again. You can't think how glad we are to see those bags. We quite love the very straps and buckles. Do you know Bormio at all?"

"No, do we. There was an American lady we met at Innsbruck who recommended the Nuovi Bagni to us. I think she thought us quite mad, but she was extremely kind."

"Kittie," she added, suddenly addressing her companion, "do look down here at that leaping water. That must be the Adda."

"Oh, our first Italian river, Betty! How jolly!" cried the enthusiastic Kate, her gray eyes beaming out from under her dripping hat brim.

"The sun had set, and a cool breeze was whispering among the broad leaves of the fig trees. In the grass the drone of the grasshopper made a sleepy murmur. Betty was curiously silent, a trifle embarrassed in manner, and somehow this unwonted shyness and taciturnity gave me confidence in myself. I talked to her about many things, as if I were entitled to her sympathy, told her of my struggles, of my ambitions, of my hopes—talked as a man rarely talks save to the woman he loves and hopes to win for his wife.

"I stared at her incredulously for a moment. 'But, Miss Blount—' 'I was Miss Blount once. I am Mrs. Field now. Perhaps you know my husband. He is a barrister too. He could not get away sooner, because he had some important case to work up,' she went on rapidly. 'It is all Kittie Morrison's fault—this dreadful mistake. Kittie was my greatest chum before I married last year. She was very angry with me for marrying, and she persuaded me, just for the sake of old times, when we used to come abroad together for walking tours, to be Miss Blount again. It was she who wrote the name in the hotel book at Bormio, and when you called me Miss Blount Kittie was delighted and insisted on keeping up the joke.' 'That was a little rough on me,' I said in a crestfallen way. The comical side of the situation was apparent to me, and for the moment I forgot the pang of despised love.

As the girls were resolute to keep to their plan of walking from Bormio to Pontresina we set out in true bohemian fashion, like respectable gypsies. The roads were good, the weather perfect, and we tramped joyously to Bolladore and Tirano, staying a day here and a day there, just as the fancy took us. It was at Tirano that the climax of my brief madness came and the denouement of this adventure befell.

We were housed in the Hotel San Michele, one of the quaintest hostelerias surely wherein a man might take his ease, for the building had formerly sheltered a peaceful sisterhood. The bedrooms were vaulted, the floors were of stone, and all the doors opened on to a broad, cloisterlike gallery. At the end of this winding gallery was an immense loggia, which looked on the piazza and the cathedral—a pilgrimage church—whither on great festivals the faithful were gathered together from all the surrounding villages.

Perhaps it was the sobering influences of the gray old building, or the conventional air of the place, or the asceticism which breathed from those cell-like bedrooms, but certainly on that third evening of our sojourn there the girls' manner had changed. Betty's beautiful face was sad and clouded, and Kittie's gray eyes had vanished. After dinner she pleaded a headache and went to her room, and Betty looked troubled as she left us, but did not offer to follow. I suggested a stroll in the convent garden, whence came the click of the bowls, for that old world game was always in full swing after the day's work was over. The garden, being large, served as an open air club to the townspeople. Betty agreed, and we were soon in the cool, high walled pleasure—a quiet spot, where all we heard of the players was the click of the ball and the distant sound of laughter and talk.

"I look at it as a duty. It is a deal easier for a man to hang to a strap than it is for a woman. The fact that a woman is standing while I sit annoys me. It does not matter in the least to me that she is a stranger. I feel under obligations to give her my place."

"It comes nearer to being reciprocity. Every few days some man gives my wife or mother a seat in a crowded car, so I try to pass the courtesy on. Only yesterday I saw every man in a Gratiot avenue car give up his seat to some woman. Not one was thanked, or looked as if he expected to be, or indeed gave the woman in the case a chance to thank him. It was done as if all belonged to one family, but the true spirit of politeness was in the atmosphere, and thanks, though not audible, were felt. To tell the truth, it embarrasses me to have a woman repeat that set formula. 'Thank you, sir!'"

"I guess you're not often embarrassed," retorted his friend cynically, and there the conversation ended.—Detroit Free Press.

A Mother's Lament.

It was in the Black sea that he fell from the bridge, and the captain said, 'Is it Jack that is overboard?' For he loved him like a son, and he plunged in to save him. And the water was wild, and he was sad—but it was only his cap. And a glad present it was that they sent me that Christmas—his silver watch and chain. And since then I have been weak and weary, for he was the first of 13, and I loved him the best. Ah, Jesus sent and Jesus took! I know it must be so, but when I sit on the rocks I think maybe God took my son to some island in the sea, and when I see the birds skimming on the water I think maybe he was not drowned, but will come up out of the sea to his mother, who nursed him so dear.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Paul Jones and the Privateer.

The French ambassador, the Duc de Vauguyon, committed the astounding faux pas of suggesting to Paul Jones that he take command of a French privateer and thus escape from his dangerous situation in the Texel. Paul Jones' reply to this was an instant and haughty demand for an apology, which was promptly forthcoming. No man had dared privateering and its "infernal practices," as he calls them, more cordially than Paul Jones. He wrote of privateers as "licensed robbers," and was naturally indignant at the affront offered him.

Some years afterward in a French port he had an amusing controversy on the subject with Captain Truxton, afterward the celebrated commodore. Truxton was then in the humble capacity of captain of a private ship bent on plunder. He had the assurance to raise a pennant in the presence of Paul Jones without asking his permission and in defiance of the act of congress forbidding a privateer to hoist a pennant under such circumstances without the permission of a naval ship's commander. They had a tart correspondence, and Commodore Truxton was evidently mightier with the sword than with the pen, as Paul Jones writes of him that there are in his letter "several words I do not understand and cannot find in the dictionary." Paul Jones sent him "a polite message" to haul down the pennant. This being disregarded, another polite message and Lieutenant Richard Deal with two armed boats were sent, and the pennant came down.—"Paul Jones," by Molly Elliot Seawell, in Century.

Are Thanks Unnecessary?

"A great deal is said about men being thanked for giving up their seats in the street cars to women," said a man in conversation with a friend. "Now, for my part, I don't want to be thanked for simply doing my duty."

"But is it your duty," asked the friend, "to give up a seat for which you have paid and stand up the entire trip to accommodate a stranger?"

"I look at it as a duty. It is a deal easier for a man to hang to a strap than it is for a woman. The fact that a woman is standing while I sit annoys me. It does not matter in the least to me that she is a stranger. I feel under obligations to give her my place."

"That is gallantry," sneered his friend. "It comes nearer to being reciprocity. Every few days some man gives my wife or mother a seat in a crowded car, so I try to pass the courtesy on. Only yesterday I saw every man in a Gratiot avenue car give up his seat to some woman. Not one was thanked, or looked as if he expected to be, or indeed gave the woman in the case a chance to thank him. It was done as if all belonged to one family, but the true spirit of politeness was in the atmosphere, and thanks, though not audible, were felt. To tell the truth, it embarrasses me to have a woman repeat that set formula. 'Thank you, sir!'"

Scotland.

Scotland was named from the Sooti, a tribe which had its birth in north Ireland. It was called by the natives Caledonia, "the little country of the Gaels," Gael properly signifying "a hidden rover." The Picts, who inhabited the lowlands of Scotland, were "painted men."