SONG OF THE BALBOA SEA."

or once a rose within my room
is perfect bins, of increase the initial
full perfection and perfection
and my two homes with its wealth,
and my two homes with the wealth,
memory has personal was know
memory has personally a must be possition who are a good or grace, but overthrew a good or grace, but overthrew a good or grace, but overthrew and fast for sings within the rot gol fast for sings within the rot gol fast for sings within the rot gol fast for sings within the rot gold fast for sings within the possible of the sings within any rose true diod.

ps the my to the true
ps the my to the richest mold,
is fared rese, the richest mold,
is fared rese, the richest mold,
is fared rese, the richest mold,
is less to the within its fold
is get to lest Woulds breathe the rose
ites the jet and mes and mose;
ites to jet for soil at met,
i prod not I have survived the past,
put I made rise, my wrecked repose;
If many true, my wrecked repose;
If many true, my wrecked repose;
It was the fare rise.

passworter, man is not far
alphot for, man is not far
from newcon's porch, where posans roll
from newcon's porch, where posans roll
alphabil speak from star to star
is jet shall speak from star to star
is star strewn shares be but a town
is are strewn shares be but a town
is are strewn spaces. The planetes
is sten wounds, the planetes
is sten wounds, the planetes
here beaven's porch. But resting there
here moon rocks the Child Christ in
is see moon rocks the Child Christ in
is see moon rocks.

## A MISTAKE.

and been trudging for 12 hours ach the steaming rain, which had gated even the thick tweed suit I It had rained steadily for 24 and, judging from the thick, sin that hung about the lower sof the mountains, there seemed y probability that a spell of bad derhad set in even as with a goad by the utter majort of the dirty inn I had left

at me in the morning, I pressed on s ram lashed gloaming toward the Essas watering place on the southade of the Stelvio pass, Bad Bor-There, I knew, the joys of good clean linen and luxurious bath of for toe. Of course I ought not to gest one thought on these confforts enligation, for the Stelvio pass is of the grandest in Europe, and it been my privilege to behold the at Madatach g Meier and the cloud ed head of the Ortler Spitz, as I gat the top of the pass and looked the glories of the Tyrolean Alps. at I was very wet, very tired, very

gry, and I longed for my Capna down as pleasant valley. My portmanteau gone on by post-the carry all, omest post of foreign parts. At Bor-I would rest me for three whole good dinners would I eat and aling Asti would I drink, and I of make merry with any pleasant chance might throw in my way. is the pains and penalties of the e pedestrian would be forgotten, or shored only as a foil to the coma of the present. barriedly pulled myself up at this

nof my reflections, for anticipation made me forget for a brief moment st was then my condition. The reon rain had worked its way to my Unly my feet were dry, thanks to enterproof boots and stont leggings ere I was as yet within some miles sy goal when I overtook two pedeswhose case was much worse than ewn, for these two belated wanderere women, and the poor creatures' a were wet and draggled and clung erably about their limbs. Both were sier and young, and the heavy gain s beavily on their heads and shoul-Bedraggied though they were, I cat a glance they were ladies, and a words attered by one told me that ountrywomen of my own. interest and sympathy were at once

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

The girl who spoke (she could only been in her early twenties) had a ruddy complexion, her cheeks looklike roses that had had a thorough sching, and a great lump of light we hair, which showed beneath her tied gray feit hat was heavy with mond drops of water Both girls me neat ulsters, but the rain had evistly scaked them through and they

iglanced quickly at the girl addressed Betty She was wet, but even prets than her companion. The steady sapof my steps probably caused Betty s alarm, for she looked nervously ur ber shoulder It was then that I what a very pretty girl she was, spite her somewhat disheveled state. On the impulse of the moment I raised hat and muttered some sort of salu-

'Oh, you're English!' The accent pleasure was unmistakable and grati-

The exciamation came from Betty. those dark eyes were turned full on a Evidently the result of the inspecm was favorable, for Betty smiled and owed a row of gleaming little teeth, ose whiteness was accentuated by the th red of the lips that enframed them. beyoung lady's complexion was slight. I browned by exposure to the sun, but he lashing of the rain had brought a hish of pink to the smooth cheek, whose effect contour was apparent as she tried toward me.

"Yes, I am English," I said in a com stable, elder brotherly tone, calculatto win the confidence of these two inendent damsels errant, "and I am emendent damsels or and a my way to Bad Bormio.

"So are we, and we are so horribly

erer end."
"It is a long tramp from Trafoi,"

"Oh, we only came from Franzentoh, we only came from the this morning. We had some funch at Santa Maria, and we hope to reach Bormio by dinner time," said the other gri, whose name I afterward knew to & Kate, "for, to tell you the truth, we

be both awfully hungry. "What hotel are you bound for?"

"The Nuovi Bagnt."

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

After a little demur the rucksack was unstrapped and attached to the haversuck I carried. I saw with satisfaction that the sleader figure, relieved of its burden, drew itself more creet and

moved forward with greater case. The two girls, tramping unprotected slong that lonely road which winds down from the summit of the pass to Italy, seemed quite free from any fear of danger. The discomfort of rain soaked clothing, boots heavy with mud, and the fatigue consequent on the long tramp seemed to be the only cause of

complaint they had. You see, when one is on a walking tour, one can't stop for weather," remarked Betty, with a comprehensive glance round at the mist shrouded mountains, the rain lashed rocks showing gray sky and patches of vivid green "One must take the good and the had just as they come, like the rough and the smooth places on the road. My friend and I are good walkers, and we enjoy a tramp like this in spite of the weather.

I had got the idea that the girls were sisters, although they were quite unlike in personal appearance. Bit by bit I get to know more about my damsels 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 Spondelak, Trafoi and Franzenhohe.

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 ati?"

I avowed my ignorance.

"Nor do we. There was an American lady we met at Innsbruck who recommended the Nuovi Bagni tous. I think she thought us quity mad, but she was extremely kind

"Kittle," the 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. Then she looked down the valley and

tried, I think, to realize that this rain beaten scene really was Italy.

"Cheer up, Kittie; 'H will be fine tomorrow and won't we revel in the sunshine when it comes?".
It was Betty who spoke. The manner

of the girls toward each other amused me. They seemed to take the role of guide and consoler in turns, just as, I have no doubt, they had taken it in turns to carry the rucksack which I had now in my care.

Independent though they were, the girls seemed glad of my companionship, especially when we passed through one the dark, cavernous galleries roofed with stones, built to protect the road from avalanches. They chatted in a friendly, unembarrassed manner, and the sound of the fresh young voices and the sight of the two pretty faces did much to redeem the dreariness of the long, monotonous road.

The next morning was a sumptuous one I was soon dressed and out of doors. I caught the sound of a woman's voice trilling out the refrain of an Ital ian volkslied.

The larklike joyousness of the song seemed in harmony with the glorious morning. In a dreamy mood I listened The singing voice floated nearer, 1 caught sight of a white straw sailor hat and a pink cotton blouse.

Italian peasant girls do not attire themselves thus. I am a trifle short sighted, but in a very few moments I was aware that the early rising songstress was Miss Kate Morison. A glance at the hotel register had informed me of the names of my fellow pedestrians.

She looked very pretty and fresh. The mass of light brown hair was twisted up neatly at the back of her head. Clearly the luggage of the two girls had turned up, for there were no signs of travel stain about the trim blue serge skirt and the crisply starched pink blouse

I wished her good morning and in-

quired for her absent friend.
"Oh, Betty is all right, thanks, only rather sleepy I thought it a pity to waste one single hour of this heavenly morning, and I wanted to make a little sketch from the bridge."

"An artist as well as a singer?" I inquired, smiling.

"Oh, you heard my chirruping, I suppose. One must sug when one feels so utterly happy | Isn't the air exhitarating? But I must make my sketch. I can sit on the parapet-so-and get just the

view I want Her busy pencil did its work with great rapidity, and when I asked per-mission to look at the sketch I was really surprised at the masterliness of her touch and her knowledge of perspective. She closed her sketchbook, and we

walked back together to the hotel. In the garden we met Miss Betty. She, too, looked dainty and fresh after her night's rest. The same source of information that had made me acquainted with Miss Kittie's name had told me

her's-Blount. At breakfast I happened to mention her by name, and I fancied a look of surprise crossed her face at the glibness with which I uttered it. But her manner showed no displeasure, and i was encouraged to offer my escort for an expedition to the town of Bormio The quaint, old world place, with its rough pavements and narrow streets, so Italian in its aspect, with the yellow washed houses and curious loggias, and musty, silent church, delighted Miss Kittle and gave much occupation to ber pencil But Miss Blount, whose artistic superiority her friend had proclaimed, did not make any sketches, although,

no doubt, she stored up impressions for

future nac Nothing but a violent wrench would have enabled me to leave Bormic. lingered ou, hugging my chains, and the two girls, for what reason I know

not, lingered too. The place had a curious charm. It had the strength and grandeur of the mountains and the glory and glamour of the south. A week passed, during which the two girls and I were almost always together. Their utter unconventionality surprised me, but it delighted me too. Their plans were not fixed, but something had been said once or twice about extending their walking tour to the Engadine, by way of the Bernina pass. I had just made up my mind that where they went I would go, for the thought of Betty tramping unprotected and exposed to the chance of insult filled me with dismay. Already I assumed to myself the man's right of protection.

The two girls listened respectfully, al most obediently, to my advice and made no objection whatever when I declared that I, too, intended to visit the Engadine and would go when they went.

In my own mind I had fully planned how my romance was to end. I would marry Betty We should be poor, but I knew her tastes were simple, and I would work trebly hard and win success for myself and wealth for her hefore we were five years older. Of such visions is love guilty!

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 joyottsly 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 hostelries 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, cloisterifke gallery. At the end of this winding gallery was an immense loggia, which lookedson the piazza and the cathedral—a pilgrimage church—whither on great festivals the faithful were gathered together from all the sur-

rounding villages. Perhaps it was the sobering influences of the gray old building, or the conventual nir of the place, or the asceticism which breathed from the se cell-like bedrooms, but certainly on that third evening of our sejourn there the girls' manner had changed. Betty's beautiful face was sad and clouded, and Kittie's gay-ety had vanished After dinner she pleaded a headache and went to her room, and Betty Jooked 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 pleasancequiet spot, where all we heard of the players was the click of the ball and the distant sound of laughter and talk.

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. Somehow or other-made bold, think, by a tender softening of her face when I spoke about the hardness of the struggle for fame when the struggle is made single handed-1 blurted out my secret. I loved her, and life would be a desert without her love.

Then in the gray twilight I saw a white, astonished face and two large frightened eyes look at me almost in

"Mr. Aslehurst," she panted, "you are surely mad! It is not I you love. It is"- she stopped and bit her lips. Good heavens! It was the old compli-

cation. I read her unspoken thought in a flash. She believed it was Kittie I loved; that it was for Kittie's sake that I had dangled at their heels all this time. I was about to protest that it was she -Betty, and she only that I loved-

when she resumed, in a calin, self possessed tone: "You must forget that you have ever spoken so to me, Mr. Aslehurst; that you have ever thought of me-in that way -for I am married already. My hus-

band is coming to join us at Pontre-I stared at her incredulously for a sina.

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 Kittle Morison's fault—this—this dreadful mistake. Kittie was my greatest chum before I married last year. She was very angry with me for marrying, and she persuad ed 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 Kittle was delighted and insisted on keeping up

"That was a little rough on me," the joke. said in a crestfallen way. The comical side of the situation was apparent to me, and for the moment I forgot the pangs of despised love.

'We did not mean any harm," she murmured humbly "We used to have such splendid times together when we toured about, Kittle and I. When I heard you call me Miss Blount, I almost

forgot that I had a husband in London." 'Poor Field! He would not be flat-

"You know my husband?" "Slightly We meet pretty often in hall," I answered dryly

"Oh, Mr. Asiehurst, what must you think of me? But I do love Edward. and 1-1 shall be so happy to see him at Pontresina. We are a model couple, and ever so contented. I-I thought that you admired Kittle Morison. She is such a dear, good girl. She has always been very independent and high spirited, but" - Again she stopped, and I read in Mrs. Field's beautiful face the gist of a little romance that had no doubt been simmering in her brain ever since our meeting in the rain swept pass of Stelvio.

Alas, how easily things go wrong! 1 had fallen in love with the wife instead of with the maid, thanks to Miss Kittie Morison's little freak. Betty-1 must call her by the name I have called her always in my thoughts-Betty had allowed the freak to be indulged, and I was a broken hearted man-for fully 36 hours. But I could not in mere civility leave the two forlorn women to trudge together to Pontresina, especially now that I knew one of them was the wife of a brother barrister. By the time we reached our Alpine Mecca we were the best of friends again. Field turned up a day or two later, and I staid on for we all found four a pleasanter number than three in our mountain expeditions, and really, Kittie Morison-she has another name now-was and is a very pretty girl, and she is certainly much less independent than when I first made her acquaintance. -Strand Magazine.

Paul Jones and the Privateer.

The French embassador, 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 hated 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 you have paid and stand up the entire trip to accommodate a stranger?"

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 almoys me. It does not matter in the least to me that she is a stranger. I feel under obligations to give her my place. sneered his "That is gallantry,"

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 look ed 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, He was educated at Harvard, where he '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, shortly after his graduation, and he and he grasped-but it was only his cap. And a sad present it was that they sent me that Christmas—his silver their heads at the beginning of his cawatch and chain. And since then I have reer as publisher. They said he knew 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 ! see the birds skimming on the water I will come up out of the sea to his mother, who nursed him so dear .-Blackwood's Magazins.

Scotland.

Scotland was named from the Scoti, 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 iowiands of Scotland, were "painted men.

## WEAREHERETOSTAY

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

The Young Californian Proposes to Rattle the Dry Bones of Metropolitan Journallam 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. According to an announcement put out in The Fourth Estate, a newspaper man's newspaper, Mr. Hearst purposes "to stay" in New York. There is something delightfully naive in this expression of his purpose, and it may be the form thereof is original with The Fourth Estate writer. It much resembles the announcement in olden times kept standing for a period of weeks at the editorial page of a new country weekly:

WE ARE HERE TO STAY.

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



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." They even published burlesque stories of his alleged accent. The Herald called The World a "gift enterprise sheet," and The Sun, which "shines for all," teemed with sparkling editorials, the burden of which was that "Pulitzer must move on." Well, he has "moved on" to a larger circulation apparently than that of any other American newspaper, and to a point of profit making that is simply fabulous.

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. But he has before him an example of a western journalist who did not succeed in New York, that he has also considered, no donbt, as carefully as he has that of Mr. Pulitzer. The Journal, which Mr. Hearst has just bought, was established by Albert Pulitzer, a brother of Joseph, as a low grade I cent newspaper. For a time it friend, "to give up a seat for which was phenomenally successful, and Albert Pulitzer realized a fortune from it. he could not keep 'I look at it as a duty. It is a deal it up to the standard, and when he sold out to John R. McLean, owner of the Cincinnati Enquirer, it was understood that the profits from The Journal's publication had come to be much reduce

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. Many there were who bought the paper that had never bought it before. These nodded their heads and chuckled and declared that McLean was about to make as great a revolution in New York journalism as Joseph Pulitzer had a few years before. somehow The Journal didn't go, and McLean backed out. Now all the world in New York and a pretty fair sprinkling of it outside are waiting to see what Hearst will do with The Journal. He has two and a half times as much wealth, it is said, as John R. McLean had, Hearst's resources being reported to be \$35,000,000 and Mc

Lean's \$10,000,000. W. R. Hearst is a young man, the son of the late Senator Hearst of California. mixed up with The Harvard Lampoon. He went to work upon The Examiner spent great sums of money in pushing the paper. Plenty of Californians shook 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 looked after. In spite of these predictions The Examiner moved on day by day think maybe he was not drowned, but in the direction of success, young Hears showing that, at least so far as San Francisco was concerned, he knew about what the people like to read and would buy.

Mr. Hearst is a pleasant young man, modest in appearance and apparel and of engaging address. He is a great clubman, and he owns a steam yacht, a luxury which few can afford. For his sake it is to be hoped that The Journal, instead of consuming an income after the fashion of a steam yacht, will turn in a haudsome net income to its new M. L. DEXTER. proprietor.

SWEARING IN RECRUITS.

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

"The unestentations manner in which our national affairs are administrated 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 Wayna. 'Here the recruit, after expressing his desire to serve Uncle Sam, is ushered into the room, a bare, dingy, rented apartment, which serves as office for the enlisting officer of the army, and then and there is called upon to repeat after the said officer the following of its solemn import marked by the cursory upward tendency of the irrespec-tive right hand: 'I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them bonestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever, and that I will obey the orders of the president of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the rule and articles of war. So help me God. Signature to this cath makes him, without more ado, a full fledged soldier. "How different is the following cere-

mony 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 sol-dier 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 sim-ple, unostentations 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 else-where, 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 ma-

"The average American, unversed in patriotic lore, woefully ignorant of pa-triotic 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 Wurmser and Quasdane wich; a second, of 16 days, against Wurmser; a third, of 12 days, against Alvinezy, 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 • 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 barer 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 meet-

ings with other vice presidents.
" 'He is a tall, thin man, with dark hair,' said the barber.
"'Has he a smooth face?' as ed the

customer.
"'No,' said the barber, 'he shaves
himself.'"—Chicago Inter Ocean.