

MUST CORRECT MISTAKES.

State Journal Feb. 8.

The Senate Judiciary committee has favorably reported Senator Hoar's bill providing against government by injunction. This is one of the chief planks in the platform on which Bryan was defeated and McKinley was twice elected President of the United States. Here we have a confession by the people who carried the Presidential election that on this important subject they were wrong, and they are now threatening the country with the "dangers of Bryanism!"

The time will also come when they will be forced to admit that they made a terrible mistake in buying Spain's bogus claim to the Philippine Islands, already overpopulated with an inferior race of people, and taking up a perpetual war where Spain left it off after an unsuccessful conquest of three hundred years. The only excuse they now offer for holding on to such a bad bargain, such a criminal blunder, is that offered by the man who was holding a bear by the tail—that it is impossible to let go. And when in reply to a question, "what do you propose to do with the Philippines?" a Senator replies, "let them go to the devil, so far as the people of the United States are concerned." They snivel about the inhumanity of such a proposition, but do not see any inhumanity in carrying on an endless war at a vast expense of life and treasure to the people of the United States—a war which has already cost our people thousands of lives and four hundred millions or five hundred millions of dollars. Justice and common sense are sometimes slow, but they get there all the same, and the time will come when the men who whooped this great folly up, to get offices and things on a wave of popular excitement, will be whooped down.

And the same will be true as to the money question. The stone rejected by the builders will in time become the foundation of the edifice. Like the man who stuck to his opinion that the world was round when every other person said it was flat, we feel confident that bimetalism is right and will yet in time prevail in the United States and throughout the civilized world as it did since the dawn of civilization and commerce until England fell under the curse of its heartless, moneyed aristocracy, who are now butchering the Boers and destroying Republics to get gold, and until the United States fell under the curse of Hannanites who are engaged in the same business in other parts of the world.

A ROYAL SHOW.

With people staring about her, in the largest city of the world, and probably surrounded by more abject poverty than exists on any other equal area of the world, Queen Alexandra faced the opening of parliament the other day in London. She was arrayed as no other woman could hope to, or possibly be arrayed. Here is the description given by a correspondent:

Against the velvet back ground the huge Kohinoor—the most valuable diamond in the world—blazed like Venus in a dark sky. About the huge stone was hung a necklace of diamonds six inches deep—each stone of great size and brilliancy. Upon the corsege diamond stars, brooches and pins were in profusion. From her neck hung pearls most exquisite—a rope of them that reached almost to her majesty's feet. Upon her head was fastened the royal crown. It was set on a cushion fashioned of diamonds.

It is just such exhibitions that make anarchists. The contrasts are too great and the brooding, diseased mind too often mistakenly takes it upon itself to equalize the conditions of life. Then there is an assassination, but with no effect as another ruler steps into the vacant place. There is hope for the future, though, in that the present is better than the past—There is more consideration, more care for poor humanity. The lion may yet lie down with the lamb.

FRANKLIN—TENNESSEE.

Probably few people know that the original name of the state of Tennessee was Franklin, or that in 1788 the salaries of the officers of that commonwealth were paid in

pelts, which were plentiful while money was scarce. Here is an exact copy of the salary law which took effect January 1, 1788:

His excellency the governor per annum 100 deer skins.

His honor the chief justice 500 deerskins.

The secretary to his excellency the governor 500 raccoon skins.

County clerk, 300 beaver skins.

Clerk of the house of commons, 200 raccoon skins.

Justice's fee for serving warrant, one mink skin.

At that time the state of Franklin extended to the east bank of the Mississippi river and on the west bank was that great unknown forest region of Louisiana. It was then a "terra incognita," save a few canoe landings and Indian trading posts on the river banks. It was known as the district of Louisiana, and in 1805 was made the territory of Louisiana. The state of Franklin, which became Tennessee in 1796, was almost as little known. The now great city of Memphis was a mere trading post and was not laid out as a village until 1820.

The history of the slow but steady progress of medical science records many noble sacrifices by members of the profession, life itself having been yielded up in the quest of more exact knowledge of human ailments with remedies for their alleviation. But a New York doctor goes farther. He offers to submit his person to vivisection, claiming that notes he might be able to make during the cutting as to sensations would add to the other knowledge gained. He concludes: "The experiments are to continue until I am too exhausted to be of further value as a subject, or until I succumb. Should I survive at the end of a year of observation and experiment, I stipulate that I may elect to be released from further service should I so desire."

The way the public is skinned by watered stock corporations is well exemplified by the failure of the Automobile Company of America, hailing from New Jersey, of course. It is capitalized at \$5,000,000, of which only \$350,000 has been paid in cash, the balance of stock having been distributed around for so-called purchases of patent rights, of course most of it being left in the hands of the promoters to be unloaded on an innocent and unsuspecting public for whatever it would bring. It is time that the general government should assume control of the creation of corporations, with attendant supervision.

The committee appointed to investigate Professor Pearson of the Chicago Northwestern University asks the professor to resign. Very properly they point out that a person should not occupy a chair in an institution supported mainly by contributions of Methodist church people, and at the same time call the teachings of that faith in question. He should get out, else be put out. He is not in a position to plead freedom of speech and belief.

There is a mix-up of names in the appointment of a United States Marshal for Arizona, and confirmation is held up in the Senate pending investigation. There is a suspicion that the appointee is an ex-Wyoming convict. Stranger things have happened.

Carnegie suggests as his personal epitaph, "Here lies a man who knew how to get around men much cleverer than himself." In other words he has the genius to make use of the inventions and brains of other men and turn them to his profit.

At a porcelain sale in London the first of the week ninety pieces brought an aggregate of \$53,000. Age gave it the value, besides the manufacture is a lost art to a considerable extent.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the

Signature of J. C. Watson

LOVE BY TELEGRAPH

"Good morning, Brandon."

I responded, "Good morning, Dan."

"The former operator died last night, and I have taken his place."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Nellie Merton. What is yours?"

A spirit of mischief prompted my reply.

"Harry Clayborn."

Every day I bid my unseen acquaintance "good morning" and never closed up at night without a farewell message.

A twinge of conscience racked me at times, and a still, small voice whispered its warning, but the temptation was too great, and it was not long before I was sending sly messages to the unseen Nellie.

It was no end of fun. She told me her history. She had run away from home because her parents insisted upon marrying her to a man she detested, and the last word came clicking viciously from my end of the line. She would never marry him—never.

Well, the outcome of it all was that I asked the unseen Nellie to be my wife and even described the little home that was lonelily awaiting her coming.

I was floundering in deep water and could but trust to a merciful Providence to pull me out. My fun was becoming dead earnest.

That virtue was almost exhausted when the well known call fell on my ear. I drew to the instrument. It was concise, but not very complimentary.

"Rather than marry that brute I will risk it."

I was in for it now. I, Della Browne, was engaged to be married to a young lady I had never seen. This was forcing the question of woman's rights.

I carried the fun on for over three months, and every day it grew less funny until I began to brood over the predicament into which I had led my feet. The time was rapidly approaching when I would have to claim my bride.

At last I could bear it no longer, and one day, just three weeks before I was to travel to Danwood and claim my bride, I got into the train with altogether another motive. It was to kiss and make up after I had begged her with tears to forgive me, etc.

I found the telegraph office. It was occupied by a young man reading a paper. I looked at him without speaking, and he returned the compliment in kind.

"I wish to see Miss Nellie Merton," I said, and as he did not speak I went on to explain: "I am the operator at Brandon and desire to see her on important business. A moment's delay means"—

"So you are the operator at Brandon and wish to see Miss Merton. I am sorry to disappoint you; but, you see, Miss Merton is at home at the present time, while I take her place. The fact is she is going to be married and is preparing for the great event. She cannot be seen personally, but if you will intrust the message to me I will deliver it immediately if you will take my place while I run round to the house."

"I must see her," I said excitedly.

"But you cannot," he said coolly. "I have orders not to let any one know her whereabouts for a day or two until these preparations are well under way."

"Don't say another word. You will set me wild. If you won't tell me where to find her, I will wait in desperation, 'till you please tell her this: I have been a wicked girl, and—and—please let me go to her. She will understand me so much better than you can explain it."

"No such person as Harry Clayborn! My dear young lady, I must beg leave to differ with you. That is the name of the young gentleman who in three short weeks is to marry Miss Merton. Surely he is not dead?" he added in consternation.

"Oh, will you not understand! It was all a joke at first. I thought it would be great fun, and so I—well, I am Harry Clayborn, and after a time we became engaged—all in fun too. I tried to stop, but was so wicked I could not, and now poor Nellie will break her heart. And—and—"

Here I broke down and began to cry in a miserable way. Unlike most men, my companion was not in the least disconcerted at the sight of my tears, but simply laughed loud and long.

Presently the laughter ceased. Then I heard uneasy movements in the chair occupied by my companion. Then he got up and paced about restlessly. Pretty soon a gentle touch fell upon my arm, and his voice, very kind, said: "Nellie is here to receive your confession and forgiveness."

I dried my eyes and looked up, but saw no one but the tall, handsome young man, who was looking at me very earnestly.

"Where is she?" I asked, ready to cry again.

"Here," he said, holding out his hand. Inactively I put mine into it, and it closed over it firmly.

"I also have a confession to make," he said earnestly. "I thought you were another young fellow like myself, and, wishing to relieve the tedium of these long, monotonous days, struck up a flirtation. In short," he ended abruptly, "I am Nellie Merton and you are Harry Clayborn. Come, dry your eyes, Harry. Your Nellie is not heartbroken at the turn of affairs."

A year later he appeared in my office.

"You asked me to marry you, and I consented. I have come today to ask. Will you come, or shall I enter an action for breach of promise?"

What could I say or do?

AN AGREEMENT AT THE LODGE

"It is rather hard on a woman to have her husband get home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning," said Hawkins.

Hawkins is the past grand imperial emperor and potentate of Silver Moon lodge No. 57.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he went on. "We three chaps will agree, if you say so, when we go home this morning—it's half after 1 o'clock now—to do whatever our respective wives suggest. We ought to do something to even things up. What do you say?"

"The chap who falls to do exactly what his wife suggests or even hints at must buy the supper for the crowd," said Hawkins. "Are you all in on it?"

The three pledged their assent.

They met one night less than a week later and Elliott said: "Well, Tompkins, how did you come out?"

"The supper isn't on me. It was 3 o'clock when I got home. I was getting along all right, and it seemed certain that I would get to my room on the third floor without disturbing a soul, when my foot struck a chair which somebody had carelessly left standing on the stairs. The chair turned over and went rattling and bumping down the stairs."

"Hello," called Mrs. Tompkins. "I suppose that is you, Henry?"

"Yes, dear," I said. "It is I."

"Well," she said, "it's a wonder you wouldn't break the chair all to pieces."

"I remembered our agreement, and although it was hard work I finally got that chair broken up. The chair was hardwood and it took me a long time to do it, but there was mighty little left when I got through."

And you, Elliott," said Hawkins sadly.

"I'm all right," said the magnificent interior sentinel. "I had nearly the same experience. I broke into the house without rousing anybody and was just about to go under the wire an easy winner when I stepped on Mrs. Elliott's pet Angora cat."

"Thomas," said Mrs. Elliott.

"Yes, dear," I answered. "I stepped on Clarence. He was sleeping here on the stairs, and I was trying to get up to bed without disturbing you."

"Well," said Mrs. Elliott, "it's a wonder you wouldn't kill the poor dear."

"With our agreement in mind I took her suggestion as a command and after some difficulty finally got a firm hold of Clarence and of my revolver. A cat has nine lives, you know, but I finally succeeded in carrying out my wife's wishes in the matter."

"Hawkins, it's up to you."

The past grand imperial emperor heaved a deep sigh.

"I've got a long story to tell," he said. "Let's put it off till we have more time."

But the other men were relentless.

"I don't mind confessing," he began, "that I went home determined to stick one of you fellows for the supper. In fact, I may as well admit that I had made arrangements before I left home that evening to get in by the side door, and I was sure not a soul in the house would hear me. I had it all carefully planned, and it wasn't at all my fault that it didn't work out as I figured."

"I stayed down town until 4 o'clock on purpose, because I knew that people sleep most soundly just before the dawn. Before I went in I walked all around the house and saw that there wasn't a light burning anywhere."

"I even took the trouble to look up the policeman on the beat, and he assured me that there hadn't been a light lit in my house since 10 o'clock. Under the circumstances I felt that it would be easy to get in without being caught at it. At the time I wouldn't have given you chaps a nickel for your chance of eating at my expense."

"Finally I let myself in at the side door without making a sound that could have disturbed a mouse. Then with a pocket electric light, which I always carry with me, I lit myself through library and drawing room into the hall."

"Then, like a wise man, I sat down on the steps to take off my shoes, so as to make assurance doubly sure. Just as I was pulling off the second shoe my foot slipped, and I kicked over the other shoe which I had set down on the stairs beside me. It went bumping down to the bottom, striking on every step with a racket which was frightful."

"Who's there?" cried my wife in a naturally startled voice.

"It's only me, dear," I answered in my most ingratiating tone. "I'm afraid I dropped one of my shoes."

"Four goodness' sake," she said, "are you not getting home from lodge?"

What time is it, anyhow?"

"It's just about 12 o'clock, dear," I answered.

Then the cuckoo clock in the library struck 4, and in order to make good I had to sit there on those stairs and cuckoo eight times more to make up twelve.

"Well, it's time you were home, at any rate," she said.

"I started up stairs again, going fast now, because I thought I might as well get inside my room and close the door before anything else happened."

"I was on the next to the last step when my toe caught on a loose bit of carpet, and I fell forward, only saving myself by putting out my hands, in which I carried my shoes. Of course the shoes made a terrible racket as they struck the stairway, and Mrs. Hawkins was roused to action once more."

"It's a wonder," she called, "that you wouldn't fall down stairs and break your neck!"

"That sticks Hawkins!" from all—Chicago Tribune.

A SAILOR'S SUPERSTITION.

Two people are walking along the road toward the sea—a young man, tall and stalwart, and a young woman, also tall and of a very slight figure. Her name is Rebecca Champenown. She is the last descendant of a very ancient and famous family, whose pride is almost her only inheritance.

No one could have believed that she would fall in love with a fisherman, least of all her mother. But so it has happened. She loves Reuben Gage, captain of the fishing schooner Anna Sheafe.

As Reuben and Rebecca walk along the road they do not appear to talk much. Yet in some way, perhaps by her womanly intuitions, she has discovered his great, manly, affectionate nature.

Reuben has often been on the point of speaking, but the right words failed him, and something arose in his throat that choked utterance, and Rebecca has waited, eager, a little impatient at times and at others almost tempted to speak out herself.

Reuben is equally perplexed in his simple mind. He is sure of only one thing—that is, the state of his own feelings—but he is not yet able to decide whether Rebecca loves him. He would like a sign, something, however slight, that would show him where he stood.

Of late he has been unlucky on his fishing trips in the Anna Sheafe, a small vessel which he commands and of which he owns one-quarter. He met Rebecca less and less often. Somehow, without money in his pocket, he could not enjoy so much being with her, felt less a man and an inequality he could not explain.

Reuben did not recover his usual spirits. His good old mother insisted that he was not well and needed physic. Reuben took the medicine, being a good deal of a child under his mother's roof.

"Mother," said he, "it does me no good, but I will take it to please you."

"My son, you just wait. You've been behindhand some time, and it will take awhile to get you beforehand again. These herbs never failed in my experience, and I've had a good deal in sickness of one sort or another."

Reuben grew thin and nervous in spite of the medicine, but he went about preparations for the winter cruising. Bad luck continued to follow him; small fares and falling prices discouraged him more and more.

But the greater his depression the more his mind dwelt upon Rebecca. In some curious involved way he had come to connect his ill luck with her.

His brother, fishermen, however, thought it was all on account of his not wearing white mittens when he set and handled his trawl lines. It being in that region of fishing villages the universal belief of superstition that white mittens must be worn to insure good luck in winter trawling.

But Reuben paid no attention to what he thought was a mere fancy. He determined to see her again and arranged to see her when her mother was absent.

"I have come to see you once more," he said on meeting her, "but perhaps I had better not come again."

"Why?" said Rebecca. "Are you not always welcome, Captain Gage?"

"Yes; we never quarrel, and we never get any further along from one time to another."

This was more than he had ever been able to say before in regard to their personal relation, and he was frightened at himself. So he began again from what he thought was another point; yet, as out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, he could betraying his true feelings.

"I'm not getting on very well now—no luck, no money, and the Anna Sheafe getting in debt. I thought I would tell you, though I do not know that you will care."

"Yes, I do care, very much, Captain Gage. I knew something was the matter, and I heard from one of the village gossips it was because you neglected or sneered at the custom of wearing white mittens, as the other fishermen do when setting their trawls. Do you think it is a silly superstition?"

"Yes, I do, in the main."

"So do I when I reason. At other times I half believe in it. There is something at the bottom of all common customs and beliefs which, when harmless, it is just as well to accept. Our little village would be very dull and uninteresting without them."

"I have no particular objection to white mittens," Reuben replied, "only I did not happen to have any."

"I thought as much. You would wear them if you had them?"

"Why, yes, I should."

Rebecca disappeared for a moment and returned holding out a pair of snow white mittens.

"There, I made them for you. I had to guess at the size. Most girls would not have who have—brothers," she said archly. "Let me try them on."

And she pulled one over Reuben's hand, but before she could adjust the other his hands in some manner had become inextricably entwined about her waist. Then they sat down and completed the trying on again and again.

They fitted, but Reuben never wore them afterward. He hung them up as a sacred trophy over the little mirror in the cabin of his vessel. And he had thereafter good luck enough.

Her Worry.

He—You know if you worry about every little thing it's bound to affect your health.

His Wife—Yes, I know. That's one of the things I worry about.—Brooklyn Life.

PING PONG.

"Isn't the weather awful?" said Maisie.

"I couldn't get a cab or anything at the station, so I had to walk."

"I suppose you're a bit damp?"

"Just a trifle." My hat had made a small pool.

"Oh, I'm dreadfully bored. Do make haste and get those wet things off. I want you to play ping pong with me."

"What on earth is that?"

"You don't know?" she asked incredulously. "Oh, hurry up."

And I did. Maisie is always charming. I had not seen her for several months, and I had had something on my mind for a considerable time. She was waiting for me as I came down stairs.

"Come along," she said, and she took me to one of the rooms where a six foot dining table was cleared, save for a tiny net seven or eight inches high stretched across the middle.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"Ping pong," she laughed.

"Sounds Chinese."

"No, it's English. Just like tennis."

"Well?"

"You've got to play."

"But I don't like tennis." I remonstrated.

"I think it's a flimsy game."

"I'm going to teach you ping pong," she replied.

I succumbed.

"Very well," I murmured.

She gave me a ridiculous little battledore with parchment sides.

"You don't know how to play tennis, don't you?"

I nodded.

"Ping pong is almost the same," she concluded.

"But I wanted to have a chat with you, Maisie," I remonstrated.

"Afterward, if you are a good boy." And she smiled so sweetly that I dropped the battledore and went toward her.

"Look, you've dropped it," she called quickly, and I returned crestfallen.

Then the excitement began.

Do you know ping pong? You play with celluloid balls and battledores on a table instead of a tennis court. The little balls naturally bounce abnormally when hit by the parchment sided battledore.

My first ball went straight for the portrait of one of Maisie's ancestors. I was alarmed, but Maisie only laughed.

"You hit too hard," she said.

I tried gentler methods and succeeded in hitting the ceiling and almost everything in the room, but in vain did I endeavor to return the balls into Maisie's court or side of the table.

I have the reputation of being a good slogger at cricket. The little balls flew about like bullets, and Maisie bobbed every now and then to let them pass her head. At last I had no more balls to hit.

"Now you must gather them," said Maisie. "I think you're improving."

I smiled and crawled beneath chairs, groping with my hands in dusty corners. It was really wonderful where those balls rolled to. When I emerged, Maisie said:

"Now you must try and win the next set."

"Don't you think we might have a rest?" I suggested.

"Afterward," she smiled.

Ping pong evidently produced enthusiasm.

I believe I improved, for I almost won the next game, and then Maisie passed me and just crept up to the end.

"Confound it!" I said and brought my battledore down on the corner of the table.

"Oh!" shrieked Maisie, pointing to my weapon. There was a gash through both sides.

"I'm afraid I've broken it," I apologized.

"And I haven't got another," said Maisie, "so you must play on with that."

I did as I was told.

Maisie kept on winning, and we came to the last game of the set. I was serving.

"Love—40," called Maisie.

I put down my battledore.

"I'll give you this game," I said.

"You're beaten," she laughed.

"On this condition," I added, ignoring her retort, "that as you have the 40 you'll let me have the love."

She laughed, but a tinge of red suffused her cheeks.

"You agree?" I asked.

"You'll learn ping pong?" she parried.

"Of course."

"When you beat me"—she started.

"Well?" I stretched out my hand.

"Then you can ask me again." And she ran out of the room.

Maisie is almost as exasperating as the ping pong balls.—King.

Hindoo Belief.

When the land is contaminated, men should at the time of milking cows let the milk fall directly on the ground and madden it. They should also fast.

Deeds of charity and sacrifices in behalf of ancestors should be performed in every house, village and city. For "impurity is the root of all diseases."

So says Charaka, the highest authority in medical science.

The planets should be propitiated. The observance of these good rules will create in men a kind of psychic force which will purify the tainted soil, water, etc., and render them wholesome.

Vishnu should be worshipped in every house with offerings of leaves of tulasi.

Such holy observances will put an end to all pestilential diseases like the bubonic plague, malarial fever, cholera, etc.

There will be timely showers of rain, followed by abundant harvests. Men will pass their lives in the enjoyment of health and peace. Nothing else can contribute to the happiness of mankind.—Calcutta Indian Mirror.