OF LOVE DIVINE

BY KENNETT F. HARRIS.

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There was still the freshness of the dawn in the air, and in the grass and fern that fringed the woodland road along the ridge was studded with globules of dew that flashed and sparkled in rainbow tints as the sunlight fell upon them through the trees. A little to one side of the road a girl with brown hair was plucking scarlet and black lilies and throwing them into a basket and a young man with black hair was watching her graceful movements with obvious admiration as he leaned against the rough barked trunk of a hickory tree. They were both well looking, she in a plaited, gentle way and he after the fashion of the southern man of the best type.

The girl looked up. "I should think you might help me, now that you are here," she said, reproachfully.

"I'd rather look at you," he replied, "and I couldn't do that if I were picking flowers. Besides, I want to talk to you."

She colored under his ardent gaze, but her eyes met his bravely. "That sounds selfish," she said, "—as if you would rather do what you wish than help me."

"There may be a double meaning 'in that,' he returned, "but I'm not going to take it to myself. I'll put you in the wrong—and pick flowers." He knelt in the patch of lilies and began to gather them and she smiled at him gratefully.

"And you'll be reasonable in everything else?" she asked.

"It depends upon what you call reasonable," he replied. "If I thought that you didn't care for me I'd be as reasonable as you please. I wouldn't get up at an unholy hour in the morning in spite of orders and wait for you to come out, and then follow you and inflict my detested presence—"

"Oh, Dick!" said the girl, "and you know how glad I was to see you. But you flouted. You must be patient."

"I think I am," he said, "but why you won't let me go squarely to your father and ask for you I can't think. The war is over now and it oughtn't to take a man more than thirty years to realize it. I know that my dear old made up his mind to that long ago. You'll see him at the Decoration services to-day with a bunch of flags and a basket of flowers and he'll be there because he feels like it."

"It's different with him," said the girl. "You don't understand, Dick. They were all secession people where we used to live and it seemed as if they couldn't be unkind enough to him, when they found that he was for the union. All his friends deserted him and when he left they destroyed all his property, and all through the war he suffered so much, and he came out of it broken and crippled and altered so much. They think that he is soured, and I heard someone say once that he couldn't talk about anything but the war and abuse the South and the Democrats. It wasn't true."

"Of course it wasn't," said the young man, and he added, rather lamely, "He's all right. That's what I say. He's too sensible at heart to have prejudices. You just let me talk to him." He tossed the flowers that he was holding into the basket and took her hands in his. She made no effort to release them, but shook her head sorrowfully. "It would kill him," she said.

He dropped one hand and his arm stole around her waist and she turned her face to his and their lips met in a long kiss.

Suddenly she broke away from him. "Oh, you should not have done that," she cried. "It can't be and you must never—we must not meet again, Dick. No," as he moved a step toward her, "if you do I shall hate you. You should understand. I am all he has and it would be the greatest unhappiness of his sad life if he thought that I cared for one of his enemies."

"Why, Good Lord!" ejaculated the young man, "I'm no Johnny Reb. I never fought against the Union. I wasn't thought of when the unpleasantness began."

"But you know that your father was," she said, "and you know you are a democrat."

He laughed. "I'll vote the republican ticket from this time forth if that's all the objection," he declared.

"Then I wouldn't respect you," she said promptly, and with a touch of pressure disdain in her voice.

"You're hard to suit, Rachel," he said, his brows drawing together in a frown. "It seems to me as if there was something behind this. It's too absurd that you should throw me over for such a foolish idea."

There was nothing placid in the expression of the girl's face now. "You

should think that you might help me," she said reproachfully.

have said enough now," she said, with cold anger. "I'm going home, and I wish to go alone." She picked up her basket and walked hurriedly away, her head high and her whole carriage expressive of uncompromising determination. Her lover stood looking after her for a moment with the frown lightened and then turned angrily on his heel and took four or five quick paces in the opposite direction.

* * *

The Decoration day services in the hall were over and the procession started for the cemetery on the top of the Big Knoll east of town. A long, winding irregular line of buggies, farm wagons and vehicles of every description and age preceded by the village band and marshalled by a grey-bearded veteran in the uniform of the Grand Army. In one of the buggies, a very shabby one, sat Rachel, driving a colt whose fiery spirit chafed against the foot pace to which her firm, strong hands on the reins compelled him, and by her side, holding the furled post flag, was her father, a bent and withered little man.

"I see that copperhead Pendleton and his boy were at the exercises," he observed to his daughter suddenly. "I think it would look better if they stayed away, but I guess the young fellow wants to make himself solid with the boys until after election. What's the matter with you, Rachel?"

"Nothing at all, father, dear," she said faintly, "unless I got up too early this morning."

"From the cold ashes of fratricidal strife, of hatred, anger and all uncharitableness to a glorious new birth of love divine, a new country, united and undivided forever more," he quoted from Barker. "I don't feel any call for glorious love for the men who tried to kill their country. I say that if they let us alone we are doing well to let them alone," with loving them. Yes, they're united and they had better stay united, too. I'd have been a man to-day and not a wreck if it hadn't been for them."

"Do you take their part?" he asked in a sudden gust of passion.

"No, no," she cried. "I'll hate them, too, for your sake and the sake of your wrongs."

"Not hate them, Rachel," said the old man, more gently, "but——"

The fence of whitewashed pickets that surrounded the little cemetery

The Irreconcilable Union veteran took the hand and clasped it warmly.

was reached and people were already tying their horses to it and unflocking towards the gates, bearing their baskets and armfuls of flowers with them. As Rachel got out young Pendleton approached her, but her look was so cold and repelling that he drew back with a sinking heart. The veterans of the Grand Army, pathetically infirm and crippled, many of them, were forming into line and Rachel turned to her father and was surprised to see that he seemed oblivious of his surroundings. His gaze was bent thoughtfully afar and his lips were moving. Rachel drew closer to him and caught the words "hatred, anger and all uncharitableness," and again, "of love divine." Then one of his comrades called to him and he limped painfully to his place and unfurled the flag.

The address at the Soldiers' Monument concluded, the people dispersed to lay their flowers on the graves. It had been another of those addresses that Rachel's father had always styled "mushy"—full of the "forgiveness, concord, one country and one flag" talk, but somehow the veteran, leaning on his daughter's arm and moving from one grassy mound to another with the flowers that she carried, did not feel so genuinely indignant as usual because of this, and, presently turning aside, he took from the basket a wreath of white field lilies and, leaving Rachel, walked over to a grave beside which a tall old man was kneeling with bent head, and laid it beside another wreath that lay there below the headstone that bore the name of Jared Roberts, ——th Virginia cavalry, C. S. A. The man looked up. It was "the copperhead Pendleton."

"Thanks, comrade," said the ex-Confederate, simply, holding out his hand. And the Irreconcilable Union veteran took the hand and clasped it warmly. At the same moment Rachel felt a touch on her shoulder and, turning, met Dick's triumphant smile.

It was a long time before the two old men finished their talk; in fact, they were still talking when Rachel came and silently stood beside them. Dick stood a little aloof.

"Father," said Rachel.

He smiled at her a little shamefacedly and then at his new friend. "It's as I was saying, Rachel," he said. "There's no call to hate. Hate's a bad thing after all, and Barker was right. 'Love divine,' that's it. 'Love divine.'"

And its divinity Dick and Rachel knew as they looked into each other's eyes at that parting.

About Carnations.

"Do you know why carnations have fallen about 40 per cent in price in the last year or so?" said a local florist. "It isn't because they are less popular—they are more popular than they ever were—but it is all on account of a little wire machine, recently invented, that costs about three and a half cents. This machine may be described as an automatic tree box of steel wire. It is a couple of feet high and stands upon three legs. As soon as a carnation begins to grow it is slipped within the machine, and thereafter it remains upright, for there is a series of rings that take hold of it and guide it in its growth. Before the invention of this device the majority of carnations spoiled because when they became tall they fell over and the flowers rotted in the dust.—Philadelphia Record.

CRABS THAT HUNT RABBITS.

Drive Them Out of Their Holes into Waiting Nets.

Catching rabbits with a crab is a favorite pastime of the country boys in the lands lying on the English coast. One would think a mouse trap and a bit of cheese would be a saner method, but it isn't. The way they work it is this:

A large, hairy crab is caught on the shore and pressed into service. From a lighted candle hot grease is dropped on the back of the crustacean and the candle stuck upward in this way on the shell. As soon as the grease holding the candle has hardened firmly the crab is placed in one end of a rabbit burrow, at the other end of which there is a net. The rabbits, seeing the strange looking creature coming toward them sideways with a lighted candle on its back, become terrified and bolt out, to be caught in the net of the hunters. In due time the crab also emerges and is caught and placed in the mouth of another burrow to scare out other rabbits. This continues until the boys have bagged all the rabbits they want. If the crab proves himself lively and works hard in their behalf the hunters generally restore him to the sea after the night's sport is over.

NOT HIS STYLE OF PRAISE.

Exhorter Objected to Piano Music and Cot a Trouncing.

There is a prosperous and popular United Presbyterian church in Jersey City of which Donald Murray is a prominent member. He was invited to lead the midweek prayer meeting recently. When he was escorted to the platform by the pastor, Dr. Henry, to conduct the exercises the pastor's daughter played and sang at the piano as the custom is to play, and declared that he would not permit instrumental music at the service. The pastor declared that the piano should be used and Mr. Murray said that he would smash the instrument if an attempt were made to play it and proceeded to carry out his threat. The pastor and the attending men in the congregation seized Mr. Murray, one of them taking him by the throat and the other striking him with such force as to bring on hemorrhages. A policeman was called in to make the brethren dwell together in unity, and when the case finally got into the courts the congregation seized Mr. Murray, one of them taking him by the throat and the other striking him with such force as to bring on hemorrhages. A policeman was called in to make the brethren dwell together in unity, and when the case finally got into the courts the pastor and attending men of the congregation were acquitted and the other was found guilty, but was dismissed without penalty.

Comical Trade Circular.

A trade circular which has been issued in English by a German firm has caused many a laugh in certain British trade circles. The writer introduces himself as a "manufactory of water-tight and fireproof clothes for mining and industrial works," and he promises to send everything "free package fixed for cash." He says: "Since long time in mining and other semilar works is known and unpleasantly perceived that leather clothes, which mostly have been used till now, by no means can suffice for the claims to be called for water-tight clothes. Therefore, instead of leather clothes such ones of oiled or caout chouced stuff have been tried to use, but these also have the inconvenience to be too much too heavy and incommode to hinder the free movement of workmen." He concludes as follows: "Proves of stuff and whole clothes will be sent to, when desired."

Gave Landlord Good Advice.

The Earl of Aberdeen owns something like 63,000 acres of land in Scotland, so naturally he is quite unknown to many of his tenants. He has not lost his passion for solitary rambles, and not long ago, while in a part of the district with which he was not familiar, he stopped beside a cottage fence to ask his way of an old man at work in the garden, and lingered after receiving the desired information to ask: "Is this good soil?"

"Aye," was the laconic response.

"What is your crop to be?" was the next question.

The worker looked up impatiently, then said, slowly and impressively: "If you were to hire an allotment, mon, and cultivate it, ye'd not come speiring around and wasting other folks' time."

First American Advance Agent.

Col. Nate Salsbury, partner of Buffalo Bill in the Wild West Show, was at a dinner party the other night and related some amusing incidents of the show's tour in Europe. Major John M. Burke, the famous advance agent of the entertainment, was also present at the dinner, and Col. Salsbury told several jokes at the major's expense. "Why, do you know," said Col. Salsbury, "when we arrived at Madrid the first thing we saw was a gigantic statue of Christopher Columbus. To my surprise Burke went over, and, taking off his hat, knelt before the statue.

"'What are you doing there, John?' I asked.

"'Paying my respects to the great original American advance agent,' replied Burke."

As Usual, Morgan Got All.

J. Pierpont Morgan is a lover of the Scotch collie. He has his dog kennels on his place near Garrisons-on-Hudson, just opposite West Point, and these kennels are among the finest of their kind in the world. Recently a visitor who was inspecting the kennels came across a frame on which were seven blue ribbon first prizes, which the date showed Mr. Morgan had won at a single show. "Just look at that!" said he, turning to his companion. "Seven firsts at one show! What a record!"

"Yes, sir, it was," broke in the attendant who was accompanying him. "It was all they was, sir."

German Ambassador Now Doyen.

By the death of Lord Pauncefote, British ambassador, Herr Von Holleben becomes the doyen of the diplomatic corps in Washington. He was received as ambassador as the German ambassador in November, 1897, four years after the mission of Great Britain had been raised to an embassy. Herr Von Holleben is a bachelor, but is a great entertainer. He is exceedingly popular and stands very

WAR TIME MEMORY

Story of Man Instrumental in Breaking Up "Knights of the Golden Circle."

For a third of a century an exile from his home in Kentucky, through fear of an avenging hand, Felix G. Stidger found mercy at the hands of Judge Kohlsaat at Chicago because of the part he took in breaking up the famous "Knights of the Golden Circle" during the civil war, thus doing the country an invaluable service.

The defendant had pleaded guilty to indictment for writing improper letters to persons in Crawfordsville and Goshen, Ind., and was awaiting sentence.

"This man rendered good service to the cause of the union at a critical time," said District Attorney Bethea, and on this recommendation the court suspended a fine which he had imposed. Stidger's service in the war of the rebellion is a part of history. His name is enrolled among the government secret service agents who were detailed in 1861 to learn the plans of this notable organization of southern sympathizers.

Stidger says he was followed for two years by a hired assassin, Bob Spruce, and that his life would be in peril if he were to go to Kentucky, his former home, as surviving members of the "Golden Circle" would kill him.

"I served in the United States army from Oct. 8, 1862, to Feb. 14, 1864," said Stidger, "when I was honorably discharged on a surgeon's certificate of disability, having taken part in the battles of Chaplin Hills, Ky., Stone River and Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. May 6, 1864, I was employed by the provost marshal general of the district of Kentucky, United States army, to learn the designs of the 'Knights of the Golden Circle,' of which Clement Vallandigham of Ohio, then residing in Canada, was supreme head. I became grand secretary of the order for the state of Kentucky. The officials revealed to me the exact details of the proposed assembling of members of the order Aug. 16, 1864, for the purpose of liberating rebel prisoners at Indianapolis, Chicago, Rock Island, Johnson's Island and Louisville.

"The plan was also to seize the government arsenals, arm the rebel prisoners, and, together with the members of this organization, put forward a force of 75,000 armed and drilled men for the rebel army in August, 1864. Your own judgment will tell you that this would have prolonged the civil war at least two years, and added to the cost in treasure and lives.

"I was the only man to whom the active head of the order in the United States revealed the plans in detail. To others he gave the detailed instructions in regard to their individual parts. Every move contemplated by the traitors was reported fully to the commanding officer of the United States forces in Louisville and to Gen. Carrington and Gov. Morton in Indianapolis daily—often hourly. In this service Secretary of War Stanton in an official communication stated that my help had been worth as much to him as any battle that had been fought during the war."

SNAKE BROKE UP PICNIC

Photographer Plays a Mean Trick on a Party of Macon, Mo., Girls.

A horrid snake broke up a picnic that was given near Macon, Mo., a few days ago by the Bachelor Maidens' club of Macon county. It was not a real snake either. That was the worst part of it. The reptile was one of the mechanical kind that squirm and twist in a manner that would put a real snake to shame.

The bachelor maidens might have overlooked the joke and even laughed at it, but for one terrible circumstance—the whole thing was a plot put up by a photographer. This same camera artist is charged with having, with malice prepense, arranged the toy snake so that it would scare the maidens in order that he might get a snap shot of them while they were having hysterics.

It was during one of the sunny days of last week that the bachelor maidens decided to execute a long cherished ambition. The director general issued a call for a spring picnic, and fifteen members of the club responded. Each member brought a basket of provisions or something needful.

While the women were unpacking luncheons near a stream they discovered something that caused them to shiver with horror. Across the creek was a big, rude man in a flannel shirt and with a disgusting pipe in his mouth. He had a package under his arm. They told him to "scat" and he grinned and moved on. Then the work of unpacking was resumed.

The Bachelorissimo labored earnestly with a huge jar which was supposed to contain ginger. Finally she loosened the lid, but just as she was removing it a big snake jumped out and flopped out among the viands, sizzling and hissing like an engine. The bachelor maidens tore off yard upon yard of agonizing shrieks, and their cries brought the rude man upon the scene. He picked up the snake and then guffawed.

"Why, it ain't real, at all," he said.

"Very well, then," snapped the Bachelorissimo, "you may go about your business." The man left, but after he had departed down the maidens found a card bearing the name of a photographer, and they are positive he had the snake put in the jar and took a picture of them when it jumped out. They are now looking with nervous apprehension for a picture illustrating the club's first outing.

DOGS LIKE THEIR MASTERS

Association Causes the Brute to Imitate the Human Being Who Owns It.

One of the most curious traits to be found in the animal nature, said an observant citizen, is that which grows out of the unconscious imitativeness of creatures of the lower order. I have observed many instances of where the creatures of a lower order have taken on the characteristics in some noticeable degree of members of the human family. You might, for instance, take the beggar's dog, just from the look of the dog, from the droop of the eye, to the pathetic hang of the lip, and a certain general air of despondency and hopelessness which seem to speak in the very nature of the animal. I mention the beggar's dog because it is a familiar example. The beggar's dog never looks cheerful, never smiles, nor frolics, but simply sits by his master and broods, and begs for whatever charity may give.

I have seen the dog character molded under happier influences and the dog become more cheerful. He was a dog become more cheerful. He was a dog become more cheerful. He was a dog-hearted, free-and-easy sort of creature and seemed to get something of the sunnier side of things. I am almost tempted to say that if you will show me a man's dog I will tell you what manner of man the owner is, with particular reference to temperament and his moods. The melancholy man, the man who grovels mentally along the gloomier grooves, the pessimistic man, who is always looking at the dark side of the picture, all the men who have some cause for gloomy classifications rarely own a cheerful dog. The dog unconsciously takes to the ways of his master, and in his moods imitates the master's way of thinking. But turn to the dog of the jolly, cheerful fellow. Watch him show his teeth in laughter when the master approaches. He is darting across the yard and dancing and frisking around the master's feet in the happiest way imaginable, but he is up to all kinds of pranks and does all kinds of little things to indicate the good nature that is in him. He does as his master does and seems to take the same general view of life. These are small things, I guess, but they show just how important one's actions are in life. Even one's way of thinking may influence one's dog and change his whole view of life.

Mexico Not Ready for Long Pants.

President Diaz of Mexico, a strong and rugged man, at times reminds Americans of Lincoln, and the similarity is particularly noticeable in his brief and pointed speeches and in his tendency to answer a question by telling an apt story. An American-born gentleman, now a resident of the City of Mexico, called on him some years ago, and suggested that, while it was evident to him that the Mexican constitution was modeled after that of the United States, he feared that it was not administered to the letter.

President Diaz made no attempt to explain the conditions existing among the Mexican masses, but said to his visitor that his suggestion reminded him of the story of an uncle, who, forgetful of the age of his year-old nephew, absent-mindedly sent him a pair of trousers. "Now, when the boy is old enough," remarked President Diaz, "he can never wear those pants."

Making Dandelion Wine.

Dande..on wine is a beverage both wholesome and acceptable. An excellent rule for its evolution calls for four quarts of dandelion flowers, a gallon of boiling water, one lemon, three oranges, three pounds of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of yeast. To make it put the blossoms in a jar, pour the boiling water over them, and let them stand three days. Then take the juice and grated yellow peel of oranges and lemon and simmer fifteen minutes with the liquid and blossoms. Strain, pour over three pounds of sugar, let it stand until lukewarm, add the yeast, and again set away covered for eight or ten days. At the end of that time strain and bottle.—Washington Star.

Suicides Use Carbolic Acid.

"Have you ever noticed how many suicides use carbolic acid?" asked a druggist the other day. "Without having any actual data on the subject I should say that fully one-third, perhaps a half, use that means of exit. It is something I could never understand, because there are so many more comfortable ways of doing it. There could not possibly be a more agonizing death than carbolic acid poisoning produces. The corrosive fluid burns the mouth, tongue and throat, then passes into the stomach and must feel like so much hot lead. It doesn't last long, though, but until death comes the victim must suffer unknown agony."—Kansas City Journal.

There is probably more real enjoyment in a Chicago kiss than there is in a Boston interlabial combusion.—Chicago Daily News.

ALASKA'S VAST COAL DEPOSIT

It Will Be the Supply on Which the Pacific Will Draw.

Westward from Kenai the greatest and most extensive coal field in Alaska is reached, cropping out in many different seams, in two harbors on the Pacific and one on Behring sea. These Chignik-Unga-Herendeen bay coal measures are the most extensive and most accessible fields in Alaska, containing coal in quality next to Kyak, standing in the front rank of North Pacific coals. The coal is hard, brilliant, clean, and very strong, not crumbling under severe exposures to water, freezing and sun, nor with very rough usage.

The field is of unique value because of its location in the keystone of the North Pacific. Not only does the shortest possible steamer line from the United States or British Columbia run within twenty miles of this field, but it is also the nearest of all American coal mines to all the island possessions of the United States on the Pacific, the nearest point in fact, of the American mainland to Hawaii, to Samoa, to Guam, and to the Philippines, and also by nearly 2,000 miles nearer than the Puget sound mines or San Francisco to all parts of Asia, and especially to the great mining region recently developed on the shores of Behring sea. From Portland to Seattle is 1,482 miles shorter to Manila, 1,403 miles shorter to Guam, 344 miles shorter to Honolulu, and from Herendeen bay 1,460 miles shorter to Dutch harbor, 1,796 miles shorter to St. Michaels, 1,792 miles shorter to Nome, than from the coal supplies of Seattle, Tacoma and Vancouver.—Cassier's Magazine.

Long Names His Abhorrence.

Rev. Charles Palmer, pastor of Holy Cross Catholic church at Baltimore, is a man of peculiarities in many things, but his notions that strike some people as odd are generally founded upon sound common sense. One of his pet aversions is the bestowal of long names upon children.

"I don't believe in them," he says. "They make me tired. Sometimes people come here with a baby to be christened. I take it in my arms and ask: 'What is her name to be?'

"'Amelia Ella Martha Washington Jones,' they answer.

"Then I look at them in a way they don't understand and I ask: 'What are you going to call her when you want her to stop playing with the matches and go to bed?'

"'Ella,' they answer.

"And I go on with the service and christen the child Ella. I wouldn't load the little things down with any such burdens as Amelia Ella Martha Washington. The parents think she's been christened that, and if it's any comfort to them I'm satisfied. It's their fault and I didn't have any hand in it."

Irretrievably Damaged.

Although cattle are plentiful in Mexico and beef is cheaper than on this side of the Rio Grande, the quality is far inferior to that produced in the states. A returned traveler, relating an experience he recently had in the land of the greaser, says:

"You can buy any kind of beef but sirloin for 20 cents a kilo—less than 10 cents a pound—and sirloin is only 25 cents a kilo. But the best cuts of Mexican beef are tougher than rhinoceros hide. When I first went to Mexico I ordered a tenderloin at a hotel in Durango, but I couldn't cut it to save my neck. I told the waiter it wouldn't do and he removed it. Presently, however, he returned, accompanied by the proprietor of the hotel, and laid the platter on the table. 'What's the matter with the steak?' asked the hotel man in Spanish. 'Tough,' said I. 'Why, I can hardly stick a fork into it, much less a knife.' Mine host flapped it over with the flat of the knife and eyed it dubiously. 'I'm sorry,' he said, 'but it's the best in the house. At any rate, I can't take it back—it's bent.'"

Senator Tillman's Position.

Colored Baptists have been holding a convention at Petersburg, Va. Among letters read was one from Senator Tillman, in which the South Carolinian said: "While I am considered by many an enemy to the negro race, I can say with all sincerity I bear them no ill will and would gladly see any instrumentality used which would make them better men and women. If the negroes would strive after the essential and practical things of life rather than political and social equality and would devote themselves to the cultivation of the moral side of their nature, so as to depend upon character and good reputation they would win their way and be much better off. I bid you and yours godspeed in your undertaking."

Mental Exercise.

A young writer of books recently called on an acquaintance downtown, and had a dull interview. "By the way," he remarked as he was leaving, "I have changed my address, so I will leave you my card."

"Hello, Smith," said a friend of the young writer the next day. "Brown tells me you were in to see him yesterday, and he has been wondering what the dickens I. D. T. Y. means after your name on your card. He says he can't for the life of him think what those letters stand for."

"I am glad to hear he has been thinking," was the reply. "He was so 'dopey' yesterday that I wrote those letters on the card just to give his brain some exercise. They don't mean anything."—New York.

Automobile Manufacture in France.

Automobilism, directly or indirectly maintains more people in France than almost any other industry. All the factories have tripled their output during the last three years, and manufacturers formerly making cycles now produce automobiles. At the first Paris show the only vehicles there automobiles were made, but now Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lille, St. Etienne, Nantes and Rouen have factories to supply local demands. By reckoning all the workmen in the various branches that are benefited by the automobile industry, a total is obtained of nea.. 200,000 persons dependent upon it.—Cassier's Magazine.

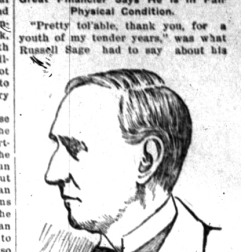
With some people prosperity is the advance agent of adversity.

In the Public Eye

RUSSELL SAGE NOT ILL.

Great Financier Says He Is in Fair Physical Condition.

"Pretty tol'able, thank you, for a youth of my tender years," was what Russell Sage had to say about his



health after he had returned from a drive in Central Park, New York, with Mrs. Sage. Mr. Sage took the drive on the advice of his physician, who, finding his patient chipper, concluded that the best medicine Mr. Sage could take would be a drive in the fine weather.

Accordingly, Mrs. Sage's victoria was ordered around to the house and she and Mr. Sage drove for something more than an hour. When he got back Mr. Sage was sure he felt much better than he had felt in a month.

HEAD OF NEW CABINET.

French Senator Has Been Chosen for Prominent Position.

Senator Jean Louis Combes, who has been selected as the new prime minister of France, has been prominent in French politics since 1876, when he made his first race for membership in the chamber. He was born at Castres, in Tarn, in 1830, and early accumulated a fortune in business. In the beginning of his career he had considerable difficulty in securing his election to the national legislature. Since then he has been a prominent

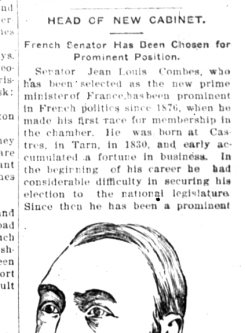


figure in the chamber and the senate, and has numerous friends in both bodies.

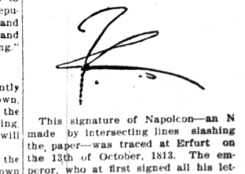
Patti Still in Capital Voice.

"Be careful of your high notes," said Adelina Patti's mother when the diva was yet a mere girl. The daughter wisely heeded the advice and to that fact attributes a great deal of her wonderful success. She sang recently at a London concert and the critics were unanimous in reference to the extraordinary preservation of a voice which has been thrilling hearers for over forty years. One veteran writer declared that her voice seemed as resonant and powerful as when she first astonished London.

A Practical Philanthropist.

For a number of years Charles F. Lummis, the California author and editor, has been quietly carrying on a missionary work of his own. Every year he takes two Indian children for education, looks after them with the closest attention and replaces them with two more when the twelve months have expired. The children remain at his home all through the year.

A Famous "N."



This signature of Napoleon—an N made by intersecting lines—is making the paper—was traced at Erfurt on the 12th of October, 1813. The emperor, who at first signed all his letters Napoleon, abridged little by little his signature, which became in turn Napol, and Nap, and then simple N.

The "Jersey Lily's" Daughter.

Jeanne Langtry, daughter of the famous "Lily," is thus described by an American who has just returned from a visit to London: "She is in reality a very charming girl and has a bright future ahead of her, for she will ere long wed Ian Malcolm, a member of parliament and a very wealthy man. Miss Langtry has been very well treated since the day of her debut in fashionable society and everybody wishes her happiness. She is, if anything, prettier than the 'Jersey Lily' when the Lily was at her best."

Newspaper Man and Diplomat.

Charles Burdett Hart, United States minister to Colombia, who is now enjoying a vacation at home, describes himself as a "reformed" newspaper man. The reform seems to be only skin deep, however, for he abandons diplomacy he will resume writing. He was for many years a Washington correspondent and was afterward editor of an important newspaper in Wheeling, W. Va. He is an excellent Spanish scholar and he has accumulated a wonderful library re-