The Arraignment

Why curse your fate for what your hand
has done?
Who shook the glass and made the swift
sands run
Yet swifter still? Who mocked the warning sage
And dashed aside the kindly hand of age?
Who is to blame?

Whose was the hand so prodigally wide
Sowed the wild oats which now at harvest tide
Await the reaping and the garn'ring in
The fruits of folly and alluring sin?
Who is to blame?

Who placed the blight upon the brow of youth,
Fling jeers at virtue, ribaldry at truth?
Who drowned sweet reason in the fiery drink,
Till it went gibbering to the Lethe's brink?
Who is to blame

Who is to blame that you, a broken slave,
Gaze hopeless old, into an open grave
With staring eyes that no salvation see
Down the long vistas of eternity?
Who is to blame?

A Talisman of Brass.

BY GLENN ROY McCLINTOCK.

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An old log house, stuck on the slope of a West Virginia hill, and a cornfield, which looked as though it might, at any time, slip off into the valley below, was the heritage which fell to Sarah McCoy and her daughter Elizabeth upon the death of the husband and father, Henry Stonewall McCoy. Had his bequest been of a more pretentious nature Elizabeth and Jim Gardner, long since betrothed, would not, in all probability, have been sitting on the worn stoop gloomily trying to figure out a means to circumvent the difficulties that enthralled their matrimonial hopes.

The beauty of the night did not appeal to them. The sea of moonlight and the mystic shadows below them, the humble family burying ground in its depths, from which arose a shaft of spectral white marble, were all stern reality; an unproductive valley, a grave yard in which father, grandfather and great-grandfather lie buried, a bit of marble that represented the savings of years.

The notes of a whip-poor-will floating across the hills, the answering call of its mate, from the distance, bore no sentiment or romance to them. They were the discordant cries of a very ordinary bird.

"Liz?" without looking around.

"What is it, Jim?" after a pause. Another wait and then:

"When be we a goin' to get married?"—pause somewhat longer—"if we ever be?"

The long silence following is broken only by the chirping of the crickets until:

"Does seem as though me and you've been a powerful long time a-gettin' married" (another pause), "Don't it, Jim?"

More silence.

"Liz?"

"What Jim?" Short pause, and then:

"I be goin' away." More silence.

"Where be you goin', Jim?" Presently he answered:

"To the Ohio river. I've hearn tell that folks is gettin' rich findin' oil out there."

"When d'ye 'low to go?" after an interval.

"T'morrow."

"No tellin' when you'll be back, I s'pose?"

"I 'low not." Long silence again.

"Jim?"

"What?"

"Take this with you," and she drew from the pocket of her homespun a brass button, that had graced the rebel uniform once worn by her father, and handed it to him. He took it slowly and holding it in the palm of his hand examined it curiously.

"What's it for, Liz?

"It's a tal-talisman."

The blank look on his face showed that she had propounded a mystery that was too much for him to solve. She divined this and after a silence added:

"Take this with you."

"It means good luck." (Pause.) "I read about it in a book, once."

He shuffled to his feet, took a couple of steps and said:

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

She watched him go down the winding path, until his figure was lost in the rising fog from the valley below, then turned slowly and disappeared into the house.

In the course of three years the oil industry in West Virginia had assumed unthought-of proportions and the Standard Oil Company had begun to extend its operations into the interior of the state. Farms that could have been bought before for two dollars an acre were bringing thousands and were eagerly sought at those prices. The oil belt, extending southeasterly, was thought to cross the farm owned by Liz and her mother.

The wagon-load of nitro-glycerine had exploded.

An eastern syndicate, having paid them a big price for an oil-lease and allowed a royalty, had erected a derrick and the clanging of the jars was now heard in the near-by corn-field.

It had never occurred to Liz that her lover would not return. She knew he would and was content to wait. When the day arrived on which the well was to be shot she was filled with an inexplicable feeling that a crisis was at hand. The "shooter" had been ordered from Wheeling and would arrive some time that afternoon. She resolved to watch for him as her view, from the cabin, commanded the road up the valley over which he must come. Presently her vigilance was rewarded. A stout wagon, drawn by two tired horses, appeared on the road from around the base of a hill. She could see the driver urging his jaded beasts over the rough, broken road until a bend in its course, and a thicket, hid them from view.

He did not reappear and she was wondering if an accident had occurred to them, from the very spot she was watching, a shaft of dirt, stones and parts of a buggy shot high into the air, followed immediately by an explosion so loud and terrific that it seemed the hills must be torn from their rock foundations. The wagon-load of treacherous nitro-glycerine had exploded, an occurrence not uncommon in the oil-fields.

As she sat, dazed and bewildered, watching the flying debris fall to the earth, an object dropped at her feet. She stooped and picked it up—a brass button, blackened and bent.

That evening Liz discerned a familiar figure approaching the house. She did not move from her seat on the stoop, but, as it drew near, said quietly:

"Hello, Jim."

"Heilo, Liz."

"When did ye get back?"

"T'day."

"Jim?"

"What?"

"Here's yer button."

"Thank ye." (Pause.) "Lowed I'd lost it. Left my coat on the wagon seat while I went to water the horses. Bin in my coat pocket 'bout three years now."

A long silence.

"'Low we kin marry now, Liz."

"Low we kin." Another pause, and then:

"When?"

"T'morrow, I 'low."

"All right. Good-night, Liz"

"Good-night, Jim."

Sand Is His Medicine.

There is a man in Brighton named Begbee, who thinks sand is the only medicine in the world for stomach troubles, says Tit-Bits. "I was nearly dead," he says, "from dyspepsia twenty years ago, and had lost all faith in medicine. I was willing to take doses of anything. I began by swallowing a teaspoonful of dry sand on going to bed at night, and I soon noticed that I slept better than for years, though my appetite did not increase for a few weeks. I kept on swallowing the sand regularly until I was well. I have used it off and on, however, ever since and I carry a bottle of dry sand about with me as a tonic."

BOYS AND GIRLS OF CUBA.

Question of Providing Schooling for Half a Million.

Where and how shall the 500,000 children of school age in Cuba be provided for, where there is only room and teachers for 180,000? If we could reach the ears of the mothers of the 80,000,000 of people of the great and powerful nation to the north, whose children are all comfortably clothed and provided with a snug little desk in the hundreds of thousands of school buildings where education is as free as air, we would ask them to come here and watch the faces of these uncared-for waifs as they see their more fortunate fellows go by with their satchel or packet of books on their way to school, as the writer has done. We are sure they would be deeply moved. If their thoughts could be portrayed in words as their feelings are upon their faces, they would wring tears from a stone image.

Surely, if the truth of the condition of these 320,000 children could be brought to the minds of these mothers, some action would be taken, some movement set on foot by which this moral tragedy could be brought to an end. For 300 years it has shrouded the greater part of the people of these islands in mental darkness. In the name of God and humanity may it now terminate!

Surely some public movement might be set on foot and money raised by subscription, even if it cannot be supplied by act of Congress. Some of the Rockefellers or Carnegies, who are endowing colleges and public libraries with their billions, might be persuaded to take a little interest in these forsaken, neglected little boys and girls who are now only able so hopelessly and sadly look at the outside of a schoolhouse, and who, unless times quickly change for the better on this island, are doomed to grow up in ignorance and vice, and be added to the illiterate class which three years ago comprised about 75 per cent of the inhabitants.—Cuban Agriculturist.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

Of the Deathlike Stillness Following the Stopping of a Clock at Night.

"Ever hear a clock stop in the middle of the night?" said the retired burglar. "I did, once, and I never was much more scared by anything, for a minute, in my life.

"I'd just picked up a watch that was layin' on the top of a bureau in a house that I was in when all of a sudden there seemed to drop right down, somewhere, a stillness that was like death, and I found myself standing there holding that watch and looking around in the dark in all directions expecting something terrible to happen, and scared?

"Why, for a minute I was scared almost out of my senses. And then all of a sudden it struck me that a clock I'd been hearing ticking away good and strong up to that minute in the room back of the one I was in had stopped.

"That's all, but that was enough for me, and I just slid out.

"I like a quiet house, but I don't like one with that kind of stillness in it; and then, sometimes folks are woke up by a clock stopping just about as quick as they could be by the firing of a gun."

Peculiarities of Birth Rate.

Turning to the births, which numbered 927,062 in 1900, the most prominent fact that meets us is the continued decline in the rate. This is the more significant when taken in connection with the increase in the marriage rate. The fact "gives furiously to think." We are in the habit of speaking of the French as a decadent people who have ceased to increase and multiply. But the truth is that a declining birth rate is not peculiar to France. It is with us also, and with the Germans in a less degree, in some parts of England the birth rate now perilously approximates to that of France. Taking the country as a whole we have still a substantial difference; but if the present tendencies continue to operate that difference will not be obvious long. It would seem that the more advanced the civilization the greater the disposition to sterility and one of the most potent factors in the South African problem is the remarkable fecundity of the Boers as compared with our own race.—London News.

Clever Trick Did Not Work.

A printer on one of the Philadelphia morning newspapers recently took a "night off" in a small game of poker and finished a winner by $15. When he cashed he received his money in "cart-wheels." He knew his wife was not averse to searching his pockets when he slept late o' mornings; and, fearing the jingle of the silver pieces would lead her into temptation, he slipped a dollar under the carpeting of each step as he climbed the stairs to his bedroom. When he arose for breakfast and dressed he remembered his precaution on home-coming, and, quietly chuckled as he prepared to make a profitable descent to breakfast. As he stepped on the landing in front of his bedroom door his shoes rang out on bare boards, and, glancing down, he saw the stairs stripped of carpet. His wife had begun her spring housecleaning.

Their Opinions of Royalty.

When I first went to London, says Julian Ralph, I used to question the people about their feelings toward their rulers—the plain people, I mean, as I met them on the omnibuses and here and there. They always said that the old queen was a saint and "almost too good to be true," as it were. Of the prince they said: "Oh, 'e's all right. 'E's a fine man, 'e is; a hard workin', straightforward man who 'as 'ad a lot of abuse wot 'e don't deserve and a deal of patience awaitin' to come to the throne." And then I would ask what they thought of the present queen. The reply usually was: "She: Why, she's a perfect hangel."

"Why does everyone call her an angel?"

"Why? On account of what she's ad to put up with from 'er 'usband, to be sure."

EARL CADOGAN, WHO HAS RESIGNED LORD-LIEUTENANCY OF IRELAND

The retirement of Lord Salisbury from the prime ministership of Great Britain has been followed by Earl Cadogan's resignation of the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. It is believed his views were not in accord with those of the new prime minister, Arthur J. Balfour.

Platt's Success in Politics.

Senator Platt of New York has celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday, on which occasion he received a host of congratulations from friends and admirers all over the country. On being asked for some advice by a young man about to enter political life he said: "Never give any one the right to say that you have broken your word to him. Be careful about making a promise, but when you have once passed your word stick to it, though it may be to your own detriment." Mr. Platt has had intimate social and political acquaintance with every president elected by his party from Lincoln to Roosevelt and has been undisputed Republican leader in New York state for eighteen years.

Vacations Not Needed.

Although risen to comparative affluence, the head of a big engineering works, who had once been poor, maintained his policy of never resting. "I have a feeling," he said, "that if I do not waste a moment Providence will never desert me." Compelled at last to have a fortnight's holiday, he pretended to take long walks, but in reality went daily from his hotel to apartments which he had taken near at hand and where he thought out and perfected a new invention. Doctors find such cases as these very difficult to prescribe for. A man, overworked at an occupation to which he is devoted, may fall into worse health if forced to desist from it. The brain then becomes ill as well as the body.

MRS. LATIMER, WIDOW OF MURDERED NEW YORKER, QUESTIONED BY POLICE

Mrs. Latimer, the widow of A. C. Latimer, the New York stationer who was murdered in his home in Brooklyn on July 2—by burglars, it was claimed—was closely questioned at the coroner's inquest about men whom it was alleged she had entertained at her home. A sensation was created when a hospital nurse testified that Latimer had said before he died in the hospital that he was not shot by a burglar.

Ambassador Choate's Career.

Joseph Hodges Choate has never held a public office save that of ambassador to the court of St. James unless exception be made of the time he served as president of the New York constitutional convention in 1894. He is now in the seventy-first year of his life and has just completed the fiftieth year of his career in the legal world. He is a native of Massachusetts, and he has lived in New York city since he began the practice of law just half a century ago.

Veteran Tries Goat Lymph.

Gen. John Palmer, at one time secretary of state of New York, is 82 years old, and, finding that he is not quite so spry as of yore, has been submitting to a course of injections of goat lymph, hoping that in this way he may regain some measure of youthful sprightliness. This fact became public in the course of a suit brought against the general by the proprietor of a goat lymph sanitarium. The old gentleman appears to be hale and hearty.

Editor in British Cabinet.

John Morley, the English statesman, was the first editor to be made a cabinet minister. He passed from the editorial chair of the Pall Mall Gazette to the chief secretaryship of Ireland. What must come as a surprise to readers of Mr. Morley is that the distinguished author and statesman at one time thought of going into the church.

Lace-Making Made Easy.

Torchon lace of any pattern can now be made by one machine, owing to a recent invention in Vienna.

Rooster's Spur Causes Death.

To the long list of strange deaths must be added that of James W. Carroll, a merchant of Lambertville, N. J. Mr. Carroll's death was caused by a rooster. He was taking two hens from the chicken yard when a rooster flew at him and thrust one of his spurs into Mr. Carroll's hand. The wound became very painful, but was not regarded as serious. A few hours later he dropped dead. It is supposed that the rooster's spur pierced an artery, causing a blood clot which went to the brain.

Athletic Women of Title.

Titled Englishwomen are fast developing a love for the sea and its pursuits that must make their brothers, fathers and husbands a little careful of their own prowess in that respect. Yachting is beginning to be quite the thing among Englishwomen and the marchioness of Londonderry is said to take the lead among her associates as a sailor. The marchioness has directed the sailing of several races at Cowes and is looked upon as an experienced yachtswoman.

King Writing His Memoirs.

The announcement that King Oscar of Sweden is writing his memoirs hardly comes as a surprise for the reason that he has so frequently and so successfully ventured into literature that he might reasonably be expected to try his hand at state chronicles and personal reminiscences.

Collection of Cacti.

The largest private collection of cacti in the United States is owned by Mrs. Ida Balmer Camp of Caro, Mich. It contains many varieties not found elsewhere in this country.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

MAKE CHANGES IN PRETORIA.

Transvaal City Beginning to Take on an English Aspect.

Pretoria is beginning to take on an English aspect. The bronze figures of the typical Voortrekkers, which were intended for the base of the Kruger statue in Government Square, Pretoria, have been presented to Lord Kitchener, who has had them shipped to England in order that they may grace as a war trophy, the Royal Engineers' quarters at Chatham. On the site of the Kruger statue Samuel Marks, who has given the bronze figures, has offered a large sum to place a statue of the king, and it is further stated in a letter to the London Telegraph that this royal British subject is willing to place a statue of the late queen on the opposite side of the square. Already the faces of the government buildings displays the royal arms cut in the solid stone.—New York Tribune.

AN INDIAN MILLIONAIRE.

Unveiled His Own Monument and Spoke the Farewell Words.

Probably the most unique Fourth of July celebration in any part of the country was that witnessed by the people of Blackwell, Okla. Col. Blackwell, who practically owns the entire town, had invited and paid the railroad fare of friends from all parts of the territory to assemble near his prospective grave in the Blackwell cemetery. Here he not only unveiled his own monument, but also delivered a farewell address, during which he

read his will, the contents of which would denote that much of his wealth will go for charitable purposes.

Blackwell is an Indian and is well liked throughout the territory. Besides the town that bears his name he owns a 12,000-acre coal field in Indian Territory, and is said to be worth about $2,000,000.

Autographs at Auction.

A remarkably interesting autograph manuscript of John G. Whittier was sold at auction in New York lately. It consists of twenty-two verses of four lines each of his beautiful poem. Another interesting item in the same sale was a fine four-page letter of Oliver Wendell Holmes, dated Dec. 29, 1855, relating to his address to the New England Society and discussing his views of slavery. Still another item of great interest was a letter of three pages written by Washington Irving to Daniel Webster in regard to the former's recent appointment as minister to Spain.

CAUSED SENSATION AT ROME.

Vatican Refuses to Recognize Marriage of Princess Raspigliosi.

A sensation has been caused in Rome by the action of the Vatican in prohibiting a Catholic sister from attending the Princess Raspiglosi, on the ground that her marriage to the prince is not recognized by the church, it having been a civil ceremony, owing to the prince's inability to secure church sanction, the princess having been divorced from her first husband. She was formerly the wife of Col. Parkhurst of Bangor, Me.

She was born in New Orleans and is a granddaughter of Capt. Reid, a noted figure in the Revolutionary war. Her marriage to the prince was attended by romantic features.

Actor's First Appearance.

Sir Charles Wyndham, the English actor recently knighted, came to the United States in 1863 and, being a young doctor, entered the medical department of the federal army. Becoming acquainted with John Wilkes Booth, the actor who assassinated President Lincoln, he was introduced to the American stage, and made his first appearance in New York as a character who had to declare, "I am drunk with love and enthusiasm." Having uttered the first three words he was seized with stage fright and said no more. The criticism of one newspaper was curt and unkind: "A Mr. Wyndham represented a young man from South America. He had better go there himself."

Happy Family in a Pigeon Box.

Five kittens, their mother and two young pigeons are sharing in perfect amity the occupancy of a pigeon box at Weston-super-Mare, England.

Red Hair Liked in Turkey.

In Turkey red hair is counted a great beauty, and the women dye their hair that tint.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, Notre Dame, Indiana.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Notre Dame University, one of the great educational institutions of the West, which appears in another column of this paper. Those of our readers who may have occasion to look up a college for their sons during the coming year would do well to correspond with the President, who will send them a catalogue free of charge, as well as all particulars regarding terms, courses of studies, etc.

There is a thorough preparatory school in connection with the University, in which students of all grades will have every opportunity of preparing themselves for higher studies. The Commercial Course intended for young men preparing for business, may be finished in one or two years, according to the ability of the student. ST. EDWARD'S HALL, for boys under thirteen, is an unique department of the institution. The higher courses are thorough in every respect, and students will find every opportunity of perfecting themselves in any line of work they may choose to select. Thoroughness in class work, exactness in the care of students, and devotion to the best interests of all, are the distinguishing characteristics of Notre Dame University.

Fifty-eight years of active work in the cause of education have made this institution famous all over the country.

UNDER THE FRENCH CAPITAL

Dark and Damp Caves Below the Paris Pavements.

The Paris of the pavement, gay, bright and exhilarating, is fairly familiar to us all, but underground Paris, dark, solitary and damp, extending for miles, is comparatively unknown. A part of this area is devoted to the catacombs—a valley of dry bones, a garden of the dead; the rest a garden still more weird, provided for very wants, or rather the luxuries, of the living—it is devoted to mushroom culture. These subterranean passages extend for some twenty miles under the gay capital and are from twenty feet to 160 feet beneath the surface.

It is very difficult to obtain permission to visit them, and when permission is obtained it requires some courage to avail oneself of it, for the only entrance is a circular opening like the mouth of a well, out of which a long pole stands. Through this pole, fastened at the top only, at fairly long intervals, sticks are thrust. This primitive ladder, the base of which swings like a pendulum in the impenetrable darkness below, is the only means of reaching the caves. "Here," again cried our guide, with a burst of cheerfulness, "see this door! On the other side are the catacombs —as full o' room." We smiled. We were not afraid of the bones with an iron door between them and us.—The Strand Magazine.

What Might Have Been.

Sonoma, Mich., July 21st.—Mr. Delos Hutchins of this place says: "If I could have had Dodd's Kidney Pills 25 years ago I would not now be crippled as I am."

Mr. Hutchins spent from 1861 to 1864 in the swamps of Louisiana as a northern soldier and with the result that he contracted Rheumatism which gave him much pain till Mr. Fred Parker, the local druggist, advised him to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. The first two boxes did not seem to help him very much, but Mr. Parker, knowing that Dodd's Kidney Pills would eventually cure him, pressed Mr. Hutchins to continue and by the time four boxes were used the short, sharp, shooting pains which had tortured his back, hip, and legs were entirely gone. Mr. Hutchins says: "I can not tell you how much better I am feeling. If it were not for the way my hands, feet, and knees are drawn out of shape I would be about as good as ever."

If Christ is seen in your life, somebody will be convinced that God is still working miracles on earth.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY. Notre Dame, Ind.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of St. Mary's Academy which apears in another column of this paper. We do not need to expatiate upon the scholastic advantages of St. Mary's for the catalogue of the school shows the scope of work included in its curriculum, which is of the same high standard as that of Vassar and Bryn Mawr, and is carried out faithfully in the rooms. We simply emphasize the spirit of earnest devotion which makes every teacher at St. Mary's loyally strive to develop each young girl entrusted there into the truest, noblest, and most intelligent womanhood. Every advantage of equipment in the class rooms, laboratories and study rooms, every care in the matter of food and clothing, and exceptional excellence of classic conditions—all these features are found at St. Mary's, in the perfection of development only to be obtained by the consecration of devoted lives to educational Christian work, in a spot favored by the Lord.

The man who will swear on the street has the same kind of a heart as the one who drove nails through the hands of Christ.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Good game in man or woman
Is the immediate jewel of the soul.
—Shakespeare.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

The devil enjoys himself in the company of people who are well pleased with themselves.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

People are scarce who think that the folk in the next house have religion enough.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

In China when a pupil is reciting his lesson he turns his back to his teacher.

Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Love for God is something that will not grow if you try to hide it.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

All the science in the world can't make a bad man feel at home in a good prayer meeting.