

A CERTAIN Mr. Twogood is a candidate for office in Leavenworth, Kan. A man that can live up to a name like that should never run for office.

If you want a fad, see if you can't talk less. Every one talks too much. And when you do talk, talk well. Here are two fads that will do you some good.

THAT British animal is still carelessly leaving his tail with the tip projecting over the Canadian border. He is earnestly advised to coil it up beneath him and firmly sit on it.

It is a pity the plan of campaign of the Parisian anarchists cannot spread to America. Exploding dynamite under government buildings would be regarded as a venial sin in Chicago.

DR. PARKHURST has begun writing about the New York dives for a newspaper syndicate. The early appearance of this much-advertised divine upon the stage may now be looked for.

A NEW professor at the Chicago University says he has been promised the interest on \$500,000 wherewith to disseminate political science. Lively interest is felt by local politicians as to the ward in which he will spend it.

NAVY officers complain that the white paint chosen for war vessels has only the one good quality of looking pretty. What else are United States war vessels for?

THERE have been charges to the effect that some of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's sermons are not original, but no man has had the hardihood to claim Mr. Talmage's gestures.

THE danger of a Chinese monopoly of the laundry business seems to have passed. The second exclusion bill is far more exclusive than the first. The celestial "washee washee" takes chances on five years' imprisonment if he dares to cross the frontier. The only exceptions to this sweeping prohibition are those who come on diplomatic, consular or other Government service, and even these are liable to be withdrawn in the steps threatened by the Empire to sever all neighboring relations with this Government.

THE bill before Congress which invests the Postmaster General with power to decide what advertisements are "proper" in a newspaper should be killed as dead as Julius Caesar. The present incumbent of that office has, on at least one occasion, made himself subject for mirth while posing as a censor of the press, and the opportunities for like folly should not be increased. The freedom of the press must be maintained, and this bill, however guiltless of such intent, directly menaces it. A reputable newspaper rejects voluntarily advertisements which could not "go through the mails." Other newspapers can be proceeded against under the provisions of existing laws.

It has become evident that the Sultan of Turkey intended to play a little trick upon the young Egyptian Khedive, Abbas, and upon the country which is his protector, England. Eyoub Pasha, the Sultan's envoy, was, after long delay, sent with the firman of investiture to the Khedive. Requested to reveal the contents of this firman, Eyoub refused. Pressed by Sir Evelyn Baring, British Minister at Cairo, and forced to it by the Khedive's refusal of investiture until the contents of the Sultan's firman became known, he at length admitted that the Sultan had reopened the boundary question, and no longer recognized the Sinai Peninsula as a part of Egyptian domain. Then there was war among diplomats resident at Cairo, the British and Italian Consuls General being on one side, the French and Russian Consuls General on the other. Feeling ran high. The collection of fleets in the Levant did not promise the most peaceful future. The natives of Egypt took the crisis to heart, and entertained grave fears lest their country should be again the scene of battle and desolation. At this point France and Russia, quite in accord with what has been M. Ribot's (French Minister of Foreign Affairs) constant policy, interceded with the Sultan, who consented to issue an irade supplementary to the firman, leaving all boundary questions in statu quo.

Edith Wilder's Journal.

By METTA E. S. BENSON.

Author of "Barbara Dare," "Her True Friend," "Dr. Vetter's Love Affairs," "The Missing Ring," "Love's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

JUNE 28.

We are quietly settled in our new home. The front room, with its pretty bay-window and airy sleeping-room adjoining, is the special domain of our Rose. My rooms are just over these.

I begin to think it a real luxury to be poor, after all. I cannot well help it as I rest in the midst of a serene self-complacency, after the animated hurry, the flashes of real genius and the promiscuous gathering together to furnish our cottage.

It required considerable argument to induce Mrs. Owens to consent to the proposed change. She had fallen into a certain groove of labor which, from long custom, had become comparatively easy to her.

She is a woman of plain, practical sense; rugged and outspoken, with a keen distrust of human nature gained by her hard experience and a too close contact with the seething world.

If there was a prospect that the change would be a permanent one, I should not hesitate to accept of Miss Wilder's proposal, as such a life would certainly be advantageous to you and Dick. But I should dread, for you and myself, a going back after a year or so, to the old life again.

"And I think," Rose said in repeating her mother's words to me, "that it was only the knowledge that Dick and I so much desired it, that at last made her yield a reluctant consent."

One thing we decided upon in the very beginning, that we would be home keepers rather than house-keepers. We would keep things clean of course, but we would simplify the drudgery as much as possible. We would have no more contentions and petty quarrels, that would take just so much of our time and strength to keep them in order, than was consistent with actual comfort and a certain degree of refinement. We would bestow our best thought upon the thousand little excellences that make life worth living; and upon people, books, art and nature. We would exalt our home and not allow it to debase us by a too constant drudgery.

The days are full of work, even Dick finding plenty to do in the garden and in caring for his poultry; but when the tea things are removed, then the books are brought forth, for I still keep up my plan of evening study, and both Rose and Dick have fallen in with my habit. We devote one hour to the study of ordinary school books; a half hour to the current news of the day; another to some one of the world's best authors. It is surprising how much I have accomplished by adhering strictly to this rule. And beside, many an otherwise lonely and bitter hour, has been made wholesome and sweet by living ideally in the society of these superior minds.

Each week I receive a long chatty letter from Edna and always with a postscript from the Doctor. In the first, which was written in the very room where she had dreamed her girlish dreams, she says:

"As we neared home the scenery grew in beauty. For miles the road wound through a valley between the mountains, and as I watched them towering upon either side, I could only think of the words of the poet, 'For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our father's God.'"

"At Newport, which is at the head of Lake Memphremagog, we rested. And as I looked across the lake to the glory of the mountains beyond, I wished that you, too, could look upon the scene of exceeding beauty. The Doctor voiced my unspoken thought, when, after a long silence, he said: 'How much Edith would enjoy this.'"

"I am so glad to have him remember you in the midst of all our happiness. Oh, darling friend, what have I done that God has given to me the love of such a strong, true, earnest man? But something drops out of my joy when I recall that this could also be your time of rejoicing, and that it is not."

Next week they are to return. It is their intention to occupy the rooms where Edna and I lived our brief home life together. Edna will continue her music, and they will board with Miss Jenkins, until they can plan for something better.

Friday morning, as I stood in the open doorway waiting for a coming street-car, Rose broke the silence that had fallen between us, by crying out in such an eager, pathetic way:

"O, Edith, the world is so full of work, and behold my helplessness!" For an instant the thin hands shut out the glory of her eyes and a quiver of pain, because of the enforced stillness of her life, shook her slight form. Then one of her rare and happy smiles illuminated her whole face, beginning in her eyes and passing swiftly downward to her lips, where it lingered in an indescribable beauty.

"How foolish I am," she said with her voice dropped to the sweetest possible tone, "God knows about it. I am one of his grains of sand."

"And you lie so close alongside the infinite ocean, Rose, that its great waves beat ever against your heart."

and stooping to kiss her I was gone before she had time to reply.

All day Rose's words lingered with me, and when at last the day's work was done, and I walked slowly along the two or three blocks that lay between my place of labor and the car-line running past our cottage (Rose's Cottage we have named it, because of the abundance of roses without, and the sweet, white Rose within,) they seemed to take shape and and walk beside me like a living presence.

If Rose cannot get out into the rush and whirl of the great world, then something from the great world must be brought to her. She has taught me that God has His workers constantly in training, and when they are fully prepared He puts the work into their hands, and they do because they must, even if it leads to a torture beyond the stake and faggot. The leaves rustled softly overhead; the birds sang in low trills; the flowers swung their sweet censers in the air, filling it with fragrance, and I walked in a dream, oblivious of the sounds of activity all about me—dreaming of Rose and of some possible work that should come to round her life into completeness.

"Car-r-p-e-t-s. What does that spell, Louis?"

It was such a sweet childish treble that woke me from my dreaming that I paused, half in awe, as if it had been one of God's sweet angels making vocal answer to my unspoken questioning.

It was, however, only two little children, a boy and a girl, dirty and ragged with masses of tangled brown hair framing in bright, pretty faces.

They were standing next the iron railing that shut in a wide, rolling lawn, and the little girl held in her hands a piece of newspaper from which she was slowly spelling out the words. The boy looked over her shoulder with a superior look of wisdom and perplexity upon his face. It was such a queer little look, and such an unconscious bit of acting, that I felt like laughing outright. "But I only smiled as the girl's eyes looked suddenly into mine."

"Carpets," I said as quietly as I could. I had been the person addressed.

"Thank you, Louis couldn't speak, could you Louis?"

"No; but I knew just the same. I can read bigger words than that."

"Who taught you to read so nicely?"

"Mamma," the boy replied proudly. "And where does mamma live?"

"O, way off ever and ever so far. Louis and me are 'spirin'; ain't we, Louis?"

He nodded and smiled. "You see," turning to me in explanation, "mamma was sick, and papa, he sent us out in the street to play so we wouldn't disturb her with our 'terral racket, and after a spell I says to Aggie:

"Let's go 'spirin' for the north pole, and get frozen up in the ice, and make folks come in ships to hunt us up."

"Yes, and we've had just the latest time," chimed in Aggie, with a little giggle of laughter.

"Are you sure you can find your way home again?"

"Yes, easy 'nough, when we want to," Louis replied, with a defiant toss of his head.

"Can you tell me where your home is?"

"It's down by the river, in a great big house, with lots of other folks that are dreadful bad sometimes and make mamma afraid—don't scare me, though."

"We didn't live there one other time, did we, Louis? But papa he drinks some awful nasty stuff, and then he gets cross and strikes us sometimes—oh, just dread'ful hard! See there!" and she shoved back the ragged sleeve of her dress revealing the imprint of strong fingers on the soft, pink flesh.

"Poor little baby!" I exclaimed, passing my hand over her tangled hair.

"You and Louis come with me and I'll take you a ride on the street cars. Will you tell me your papa's name?"

"Frank Adams," Louis answered, pleased at the thought of a ride.

I found just what I expected—the whole neighborhood aroused and searching for the missing children; a father stirred out of a drunken stupor by a dreadful fear; a pale, girlish-faced little mother lying upon a wretched bed, feebly wringing her hands and moaning piteously.

The children looked surprised at first and then began crying, frightened at the demonstrations of grief and joy which greeted them upon either hand. Their little escapade had no other meaning to them than a happy holiday time.

now and then." O, Miss Wilder! if I could speak to every young lady in the land, I would say to them: "Shun the man, however fascinating he may be, whose lips touch wine! It holds a curse within its sparkling drops! It is the destroyer of all that is good and noble; the harbinger of vice and shame, and poverty, and woe!"

"I shall never forget the earnestness of her manner, or the deep emotion which thrilled along her words. No temperance orator ever moved me as did this feeble, fever-stricken woman, who spoke from her own bitter experience."

When I had made her comfortable as possible for the day, I left her to the care of her husband, who had not been drinking, I thought, though he seemed restless and a trifle irritable. At Rose's request Dick had immediately returned, taking the children with him for the day, and before I left I obtained Mr. Adams's promise to come for them towards evening. I had but little faith, however, that he would keep his promise; but about 3 o'clock Aggie delighted us all by exclaiming: "There comes papa!"

I had hoped everything on this meeting with Rose, and when she smiled up into his face and held out her frail hand to him, I knew by the sudden tears that filled his eyes, that his redemption from strong drink was a certainty.

At first, the powerful sway Rose holds over the hearts of others was a secret to me. Now, I know it is her rare gift of sympathy. She has a genuine interest in the good and ill fortunes of her friends and of all who come in contact with her. She is sweet, simply and unconsciously, as is her namesake—the rose. But no adornments of learning or accomplishments, or beauty, could attract so strongly as this one gift of earnest, unaffected sympathy.

Human hearts lend the power and turn towards it for new strength and courage, as flowers turn to the summer sunshine for richer scents and deeper coloring. It surrounds her with the halo of an immortal charm.

"Why changes not the violet earth into bloom?" So I thought as I sat by the open window of my room in the purple gloaming of the sweet June day, and feasted my eyes on the scene of beauty, and drank in great draughts of the sweet outer air. I have been in a whirl of excitement for a few weeks, and the quiet of yesterday and to-day seem very refreshing.

I worked serenely among the white splendors of Joyce's wedding outfit; meeting Leon Courtney with pleasant, common-place greetings day after day; happy because my life was a busy and in a certain sense, useful one, and in knowing that my very own love was as dead as dust.

I had not seen Mrs. Volney for months until I went there some six weeks ago to have charge of Joyce's sewing, and I was surprised at the change in her face and figure. She was paler and thinner, and I noticed that she walked more slowly, and would pause mid-way of the stairs in a manner that seemed the more pitiful, because of its proud silence.

She has won my admiration by her very reticence. Whatever burden she bears, it is without doubt, better that it should be kept from the cold, curious gaze of the world, and with a Spartan-like courage she hides it in her heart. With all her wealth, she is yet a loveless, lonely woman.

Joyce took no note of these things, but fitted from sewing-room to parlor, giving orders, singing strains of happy songs, and filling the great rooms with the echoes of her silvery laughter. I could see that in many ways Mrs. Volney dreaded her departure, and the house does seem like a great Mausoleum without her.

For my own part, I was glad when the wedding was over. It was a very brilliant affair from the scene at the church to the royal feast prepared for the many guests. Leon looked more handsome than I had ever seen him before, and Joyce—well, no lovelier vision ever thrilled a poet's soul.

She wore a dress of the richest white satin, the skirt trimmed with a deep flounce of white lace headed by pullings of tulle. The body was high in the back, in front showing the round, white throat. The half-sleeves were trimmed with exquisite lace. The entire dress was ornamented with bouquets of orange blossoms; sprays of the same fragrant flowers were in her hair, and from her head there fell over her a white tulle veil, whose mistiness but enhanced her beauty.

Her four bridesmaids were pure blonds. They wore dresses of pale blue silk, with garnitures of white lace and natural white rose buds.

They are to pass the summer at fashionable sea-side and mountain resorts.

Joyce never made mention of the change her coming wrought in my life save once, then she said: "I am sorry to have made you unhappy, Dith, but I know how it would all end that first night."

June 12.

To-day Dick took from an inner pocket of his coat a memorandum book and laid it upon the table beside which I was sitting.

"I would like you to look this book over, Dith," he said, "and see that I have tried to make a good use of your gift of one year ago."

I opened the book, and the first thing that caught my eye was the word: "Poultry"—written at the top of each page. Dr. was placed in the corner of the left hand page, Cr. upon the right side. The little book was kept in such a neat, business-like manner that I was at once interested and read it through to the close.

The fowls were charged with all he had all they had produced. I took note all the way through that the credit was far in excess of the debt, but I was hardly prepared for the sequel to this story. It

was a note, given only the previous day by Mr. Benton to Richard Owens for the sum of \$25.00, with interest at ten per cent., and payable on demand.

"Why Dick!" I exclaimed, "can it be possible that from the small beginning of one year ago, you have gained so much?"

"I can more than double it, if you will help me to do it," he replied, his eyes shining over impartially to Rose.

She smiled. "If you will allow me to enlarge his park, he means."

"That you may do in welcome, and since you have proven yourself a wise and faithful steward, the park and all its belongings are yours to do with as you please."

"Thank you, Dith," coming back of my chair and putting his hand about my neck as is his custom with me. "If there is any manner of good in it, it is because a fellow could not walk very bad and live in the house with such splendid women."

"A truce to compliments, Dick," I cried, laughing.

A moment later his merry whistle heard from the garden, where he was working among his strawberries.

"Beside the note," Rose said, "you has bought his own clothing."

"Yes, and a few books, and many little gifts for his three splendid women. I added laughing. "Then, too, he has taken so much interest in the care of small fruit, that he can talk more understandingly than most men upon the subject. In fact, I think it has been a growth for us all."

Rose was silent a moment, looking through the open window. At last she said: "Yes, and a happy, peaceful life for which I thank the dear Lord."

June 14.

Yesterday afternoon Rose and I returned from Benton farm where we had been staying nearly a week. In the action which naturally follows the worry of work, and the excitement of the wedding, I found myself possessed of a tired and languid feeling.

Mrs. Benton declared that a few days at the farm would prove just the tonic; and so it did, for I returned bright and strong as ever.

I found that a written message from Mrs. Volney had already been awaiting me three days. She desired to see me at my earliest convenience. An indefinite head shock my entire being. I shuddered from knowing why she wished to see me.

"I will wait until morning," I said, slowly filling a vase with flowers. I knew by the look of Rose's face that she thought I had best go at once. As I went, while the sun was yet an hour from setting, I passed slowly up the great stone walk which led to the door of Mrs. Volney's home, knowing full well that every footstep brought me nearer to some new phase of my existence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW YORK'S EXCISE BILL

Provisions of the Measure That Has Not Become a Law.

ALBANY, May 2.—Governor Flower has signed the Excise bill, and in a brief memorandum says: "This bill codifies the existing excise laws and puts them in comprehensible and better shape. While there may be defects in the bill, which will probably be developed after it goes into operation, the measure, upon the whole, is an improvement on the present law, and with that conviction I have given it my approval."

The bill provides a general license at \$300; beer and ale from \$30 to \$75; the hotel license remains as now; that of saloon shall hereafter be licensed as a church or school, within 500 feet of a church or school, or a place of worship, and cities local option; prohibits druggists from selling liquor except on the written prescription of a physician each time a new prescription must be written; and prohibiting the granting of a license to any person who is engaged in the grocery business where it is intended to carry on a liquor business in connection with or in the same place as his grocery business. It allows hotels to sell on Sundays, and provides for the granting of licenses for all night sales.

The Governor, without any comment, also signed the two excise bills passed just after the former. One allows druggists to take out also a storekeeper's license, and the other permits druggists against the owners of buildings under the civil damage clause when notice has been served on the lessee.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE LEAGUE

Base Ballists in Session at Harrisburg Forming the New Association.

HARRISBURG, Pa., May 2.—The Pennsylvania State League will meet at the Franklin House in this city this afternoon. A constitution will be adopted and a schedule committee appointed. Secretary-Treasurer Jones has been informed that the Pittsburgh National League magnates have decided to allow a State League club to play on their grounds during the major part of the season. Johnstown and Norristown will be admitted at the meeting, and this will make the League's composition Pittsburgh, Johnstown and Altoona in the west, and Harrisburg, Lebanon, Reading, Allentown and Norristown in the east.

Quadrennial Methodist Conference.

OMAHA, Neb., May 2.—The great quadrennial Methodist conference was inaugurated yesterday afternoon by a non-sectarian mass meeting at the Exposition Hall, which was crowded with people. It was presided over by Bishop Bowman of St. Louis, the oldest bishop in the church. Mrs. Newman, wife of Bishop Newman of Omaha, made the opening prayer, and after the usual devotional services the mission question was taken up and thoroughly discussed. Nothing was done beyond the discussion. The first business session will be held in Boyd's Opera House to-day, when the work will be launched.

MANY BOMBS

Paris's Dread May Day Passes Quietly.

RALEXPLOSIONS AT LIEGE

Two Blown Up, But Nebod Seriously Hurt.

Labor Demonstration

History—Discovery of an A...

Not a Disturbance of Any Ki...

Were Most Feared.

May 2.—This city is still pan...

over the events of yesterday...

other trouble is feared.

day passed without much disor...

attempt was made to hold me...

After sundown the streets we...

with workmen, some into...

but most of them sober and...

A body of militia, in marchi...

to relieve a company on guard n...

ty Hall, came upon a crowd...

men and tried to march thro...

tantly there were cries of "Do...

the Police," "Kill the Hireling...

"Long Live Anarchy." The mili...

ed and dispersed the crowd, l...

a minute later an explosion wa...

and the air was filled with spli...

glass.

bomb had been set off in front...

about fifty yards off. The pa...

was shattered and all the wind...

by buildings were blown c...

ly was injured. Within ten m...