

SOME NEW GOVERNORS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF EXECUTIVES RECENTLY ELECTED.

Rich, Altgeld and Matthews Are Farmers' Sons—Peck Was a Printer—Crouse, Stone and Nelson Were Lawyers—Began Life Poor.

Governor Peck.

George W. Peck, who has been re-elected Governor of Wisconsin, was born in Jefferson County, New York, Sept. 28, 1840, his family moving to Wisconsin three years later. He attended the common schools until 15 years old, when he learned the printer's trade. In 1861 he became a newspaper proprietor, but later entered the army and served till the close of the war. After a three years' journalistic career in New York City he returned to Wisconsin, and shortly afterward started the paper which not only brought him a comfortable fortune but made his name a household word. He is said to fully endorse Mr. Cleveland's views upon all leading questions.

John T. Rich.

Hon. John T. Rich, the Governor-elect of Michigan is a farmer. His parents, originally from Vermont, removed to Crawford County, Pa., where he was born. Coming to Michigan in 1848, when only 7 years old, he began life for himself, and has won both position and fortune. In 1872 Mr. Rich was elected to the lower house of the State Legislature, and during his six years' service in that body served upon the most important committees. During the sessions of 1877 and 1879 he occupied the position of Speaker of the House. In 1880 he was a prominent candidate before the convention for Governor. In the same year he was elected to the State Senate, which position he resigned upon his election to Congress to succeed Mr. Conger. He served but one term in Congress, being defeated for re-election by a few votes. Returning to private life, he has been active in agricultural circles. In 1890 Mr. Rich was appointed by Secretary Foster of the Treasury Department, as a member of the commission to revise the standard of wool samples of the Government. In 1896 Gov. Luce appointed him State Railroad Commissioner, and reappointed him to the same position two years later.

Governor-elect Altgeld.

John P. Altgeld, who is to succeed Gov. Fifer as Chief Executive of Illinois, was born in Germany in 1847, but was reared on a farm in Ohio. When 16 years old he entered the Union army and carried a musket for six months in the campaign around Richmond. Afterward he taught school in Ohio. In 1869, when 21 years old, he started West to seek his fortune. After working for a while in St. Louis, he went to Southern Kansas, where he taught school and studied, and in 1872 was admitted to the bar. He was elected State Attorney of Andrew County, soon becoming recognized as one of the foremost lawyers of the State. In 1875 he went to Chicago. He soon built up a large practice, his connection with the Storey will case bringing him into prominence. Drifting into politics he was nominated in 1884 to Congress from the Fourth District, but was defeated. In 1886 he was nominated for a Superior Court Judgeship, endorsed by the Knights of Labor, and after a hot fight was elected by 15,000, the Knights of Labor giving him 26,000 votes.

Will Govern Hoosiers.

Claude Matthews, the Indiana governor-elect, was born Dec. 14, 1845, in Bath County, Kentucky, and was graduated at Center College, Danville, Kentucky, in the class of 1867. He moved to Indiana in 1869 and settled on a farm three miles west of Clinton, where he has ever since resided, engaged in farming and stock raising. He was elected a member of the legislature in 1870. In 1890 he was elected Secretary of State. He has taken an active part in all interests relating to agriculture. He has been an active promoter and member of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association.

Nebraska's Choice.

Lorenzo Crouse, the successful gubernatorial candidate in Nebraska, was born Jan. 27, 1834, in Schoharie County, New York. One of his great grandfathers had come to this country from Wittenberg, famous in the history of the world since the time of Luther. Young Crouse went through that early training from which so many great Americans have graduated—a common school education, followed by several years of work as the head of a country school. Mr. Crouse began his career as a teacher at the age of 17. He then read law at Fort Plain, in the same State, and was admitted to practice in the year 1856. Four years later he was married to Miss Mary E. Griffith. He served through the war, and afterward resumed the practice of law in Nebraska. He was elected to the Territorial Legislature in 1866, and in 1868 was chosen to the Supreme

THE NEW AMERICAN HYMN.

Hail! Thou Land by God Selected

1492



1892

Mr. J. H. Ward's engraving of the eagle. With 1492 and 1892.

Not slow and dragging, but not too lively.

1. Hail, thou land by God selected! Freedom's gold on health to be! 2. Land of the rose brave in story, And in conquest true to prove; 3. Land of pure, sparkling fountains, Land of trees-creed wealth on gold; 4. If thy toil and if thy hon or Crown thee like a princely gem; 5. Now, O, Father! for this nation Grant pro-tection as of yore!

Piano.

South in the sun-blend-ed, O, pre-serve it free from wrong! roar nor trum-pet sound-ing, Ev-er may re-joice thee most! love thy star-ry, art and grec-ec off, with deaf-ning.

FULL CHORUS.

South in the sun-blend-ed, O, pre-serve it free from wrong! roar nor trum-pet sound-ing, Ev-er may re-joice thee most! love thy star-ry, art and grec-ec off, with deaf-ning.

Sing ye praises immortal; Sing at ev-ry por-tal. Sing at ev-ry por-tal. Sing at ev-ry por-tal.

But each now possess-ing; Freedom's ho-ly blessing. This thy boun-dless shrine; Freedom's shrines, Land of peace.

When from the gush-ing moun-tains, Riv-ers leap o-pands of gold; Other lands confessing; This thy rich-est blessing, Grant thy pre-ser-va-tion, Lord of Hosts!

If no fraud or base dis-hon-or, May thy roy al di-a dem; And in right-ous-ness leg-i-mi-nant shield our home, we im-plore!

What the sun so long de-fend-ed, Brave and strong, North and Not the sun call re-sounding, On the coast; Can-not's Rich in ev-ry cos-ly treas-ure, Land di-vi-nal. But we-life, will then be ev-er sour-ing; Joya in a cross; Ed-e-nce, vice, cor-ruption tear a-sun-dar, Lord of Hosts! Drive, then!

Free-dom's song, ye hills re-bound, Val-ley, eah o-hark the sound! This thy bo-ast to see, Ev-er in a nation here is free! Freedom's airiness the winds de-clare; Shine, oh! stars, for ev-er there! Land of peace, shall sing the Free. In the cen-tur-y to be, Lord of Hosts, to Thee we sing. Thou, a lone, our Na-tion's King.

Hail! Thou Land by God Selected, the National Hymn. Copyright, 1892, by W. Conrad. All rights reserved. Published by C. Carishall, 327 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Bench of the State. Congressional honors were next thrust upon him, and he served through both the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congress. In 1881 he was induced to accept the position offered him by President Harrison, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

Missouri's New Executive.

W. J. Stone, who has been elected Governor of Missouri, was born May 7, 1848, in Madison County, Ky. He went to Missouri in 1863, and in 1872 was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Nevada, Mo.

In 1884 Mr.

Stone was nominated and elected to the Forty-ninth Congress from the Twelfth District of Missouri. He served three terms in succession in Congress. In 1890

W. J. STONE.

He declined to be renominated to Congress. Though not a candidate for any office that year, he made over thirty speeches in Missouri and other States. His record in Congress was excellent. He took a prominent part in the passage of the law by which the railroad land grants made twenty-five years ago were forfeited and the land restored to the people.

Hon. Knute Nelson.

Knute Nelson, the man whom the Republicans of Minnesota have elected to the Governorship, is a Norwegian, having been born in Norway in 1843, and his career has been a strangely varied one. When but 9 years of age he came with his parents to this country, where after obtaining an ordinary education, he studied and began the practice of law.

At that moment my father's voice called from the stairway. I gathered up my book to go. The old gentleman patted me on the head as I thanked him shyly, and I ran away full of wonder and excitement.

Afterward I heard and later still I understood that the musical treat of that afternoon was a privilege which many would have envied me; that the piano in the tapestry salon had vibrated under the touch of genius; that I had been listening to the great pianist, the Abbe Liszt, and what is appalling to think of, had been playing to him.

Playing to Liszt.

An anonymous contributor to the Atlantic Monthly says that several summers of her girlhood were passed in an old villa at Castle Gandolfo, which before 1870 was the summer residence of the Pope, near Rome. A Polish lady, who occupied the lower floor of the house, had a piano in her parlor, and very kindly gave the little girl permission to use it every day during the hour of her own afternoon drive.

I was proud of being allowed to learn some little pieces, particularly a duet from "Lucia di Lammermoor," which I looked upon as a masterpiece of subtlety and execution. One afternoon I was thumbing away at that morsel, with my eight-year-old hands stretched at last to the full extent of an octave and my eight-year-old mind happy in the thought of having mastered all the technical difficulties of the composition, when the door opened softly, and I looked up to see a white-haired man, with a handsome, kindly, and to me very venerable countenance, standing beside me.

I stopped playing in alarm, but he motioned me not to move, and said gently, in Italian, "Go on, my little girl, never mind me. I should like to hear that piece again."

Half reassured by the kindness of his manner, I began again nervously at "Lucia," and somehow managed to get through.

"It is not bad," said my listener. He took hold of my hand and showed me how the notes should be struck and what I must aim at in practicing.

"And now, if you like, I will play to you," he said, and sat down and played "Lucia" to show me how it should be done. From that he went on to other music, very different, but wonderfully grand, it seemed to me, and so on and on, till, stopping at last, he saw me standing there, with eyes big with wonder and full of tears.

"He has a soul for music, child," he said; "study hard, and will get on."

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Four Big Silver-Tips.

John Chapman of Wyoming relates a thrilling experience his wife had recently with four silver-tip bears, a bear and three cubs.

John was away from home at the time. After eating an early supper, Mrs. Chapman stepped outside the kitchen door, intending to place a pan of milk in an outhouse. She had just closed the door of the kitchen when, looking up, she was confronted by four bears, all resting upon their haunches and within a few feet of her.

She screamed and rushed into the house and told the hired man the cause of her fright and assisted in finding the cartridges for a rifle that stood handy, and then sank into a

chair exhausted and helpless, while the hired man made an attack on the bears, killing the old one and two of the cubs.

When Mr. Chapman returned he found his wife in an alarming condition, her nerves being at such tension that he feared she would go into hysterics. That night she complained of hearing the bear screaming outside, and finally, to satisfy her, John got up, and taking his gun went to the door, where, sure enough, was the remaining bear, standing out in the cold. The cub made for the bush as soon as he heard John coming, but in the morning the dogs were turned loose on his trail, and young bruiser was brought in to complete the family. The cub was fully half-grown silver-tips and averaged over 180 pounds each. The she bear was a big one—as large as a cow.

The Czar Is Weak, Not Wicked.

A near kinsman of the Czar, who visits Russia frequently, and who is well known for his frankness as well as fairness, told me a few months ago that many of the things done by the alleged order of the Czar were repugnant to that ruler's feelings. The prince's conversation might be summarized in this way:

"Alexander has no idea of doing wrong to anyone. His heart is full of kindness. He is happy only when surrounded by his family circle."

"It is true that the foulest maladministration and persecution are going on all about him; but he, poor fellow, is incapable of seeing them. He hears only the reports of ministers, who know that he does not like to be worried."

"The poor man is so burdened with strife that he can scarcely do any work; his temperament is sluggish; he lacks intelligence; when he signs papers he has no idea that he is doing more than an exercise in penmanship."

"He is physically and mentally incapable of supervising any department of the government—not even the military; and as a consequence the country is left entirely to officials, who divide up power among themselves, and do what they can to remain in office."

"I only quote enough of this prince's remarks to explain how it is that abuses continue in a country nominally governed by a mild, peace-loving Czar, for it opens a terrible vista of what might be were he disposed to be personally cruel. It makes one shudder to think of the day when the present czarowitz shall mount the throne."—Harper's Magazine.

Many Ways of Spelling "Cat."

Those of you who are fond of cats will be interested to know that as these soft-purring creatures look the same in all countries they are also known in these various lands by names not very different from that by which they are known to you. In

Danish and Dutch and Swedish the word differs from our own designation only in the spelling, being "kat" in first two and "katt" in the last.

To the French the cat is known as "chat." In Germany the cat is called "katze;" in Latin, "catus;" "gatto" in Italian; "gato" in Portuguese and Spanish; "kot" in Polish; "kots" in Russian; "keto" in Turkish; "cath" in Welsh; "catua" in Basque and "gaz" or "katz" in Armenian.—Harper's Young People.

A Ministering Angel.

The other day I overheard two ladies discussing the merits and demerits of their husbands. It happened their husbands were present, which may account for a certain amount of praise that was lavished upon these specimens of the lords of creation.

Finally one of the ladies made the remark that in many respects her husband was a model husband.

The husband had been sitting at interested but silent auditor, but when he heard this remark it was too much for him and rising from his lowly position in a chair he said: "Well, I acknowledge it—I am forced to admit it."

This finds a parallel in an incident which happened in an Illinois town several years ago.

A gentleman whom I shall call John Smith, because it was really his name, was engaged during the winter months in cutting wood in the Oak Bottoms near the town in which he lived. One day his ax slipped and his foot was severed just above the toes. John mounted his wagon and drove to town, bursting into his wife's presence more or less covered with blood.

She looked and, taking in the situation at a glance, exclaimed:

"Oh, John, did you do that all at one lick?"

It is impossible to tell whether

she really expected he would keep chopping away at his foot until he had haggled it off.—New York Mercury.

Easy Lessons in Arithmetic.

A, who is a young girl, is seated at one end of a 50-foot veranda with her mother, B, who is a palpitating young man, is seated at the other end all alone, says the St. Louis Republic.

The mother is taken with headache and retires. The young folk are attracted toward each other at the rate of a foot and a half every 42 seconds. How long will it take them to bump together?

A tin-peddler cheats a farmer's wife out of 11 cents on her paper rags and 17 cents on a calfskin, while she works off two dozen bad eggs on him at 14 cents a dozen, and stuffs a pound and half of hen's feathers into the sack of geese feathers she sells at 40 cents a pound. How much does the tin-peddler ahead? And why doesn't he smile over it?

A preacher on a salary of \$800 a year and a steady job, buys a croquet set for \$2 and invites one of the church trustees to play a game with him. How much would the salary of the preacher have amounted to in three years, seven months and thirteen days, had he staid on instead of having a "call" within four weeks after beating the trustee?

A dry-goods clerk on a salary of \$12 a week, and having a cash capital of \$1,000 in the bank, begins to court a girl. His intended father-in-law borrows of him at the rate of \$32 a week, and he saves \$7 a week out of his salary. What will be the state of his finances at the end of one year?

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Levi says of the natives of Brazil that they are subject to fewer diseases than the European, and reach an age of from 100 to 120, or even 140 years.

MARY E. LEASE.

Her Remarkable Career as a Stump Orator and Pledger.

Mrs. Mary Lease, who accompanied Gen. Weaver on his stumping tour throughout the country and divided the honors with him, is a remarkable woman. Those who have heard her declare she has the gift of oratory in a marked degree. Her deep, powerful, and resonant voice commands instant attention, and enables her hearers to catch every word under circumstances most trying to a public speaker. Her style is her own, the sentences short and strong and poured forth with a volubility rarely equaled. It is a torrent of speech launched at the most vulnerable point of attack indicated by her keen intelligence. Her figure on the platform is commanding. She is tall and stately in bearing, and was once introduced by Gen. Weaver to a St. Louis audience as "Our Queen Mary."

Mrs. Lease's past experience has been more calculated to crush ambition than to engender it. Many years spent on a Kansas farm, under the most trying conditions of slender means, could not stamp out the determination to rise. It caused her to ponder upon the causes which were leading to a decline of the prosperity of the farming classes, and she resolved to acquire some profession

MILLIONAIRE LADY (who has just bought a villa)—"Now, Jane, go out in the barn and see that the hens lay eggs for breakfast."—Siftings.

SHE—"Did you see anything in New York that reminded you of Philadelphia?" He—"Yes; the messenger boys."—Brooklyn Life.

A POOR JUDGE.—Mr. Newell—"Um! seems to me, my angel, this hash has a queer taste." Young Wife—"Hash? That's fruit cake."—New York Weekly.

WHEN one's wife follows him out to the hatrack with her hand on his shoulder he inquires involuntary: "How much do you want, my dear?"—Dallas News.

A CURIOUS circumstance about organ-grinding music is that the more it's ground with the same instrument the less fine it becomes.—Philadelphia Press.

WILL'AM—"Father, what b'comes of the crows during the winter season?" Father—"I have been told they go South to look after the lost crows."—Rochester Democrat.