

SWEET SUMMER TIME.

A winter may be very nice
For those who sit upon the ice
And wait for horses and sleighs,
But for a feast of endless joys
We'll take the summer time, my boys,
And take it every day.

Just think of lying under trees
And watching busy, buzzing bees
Go in and out of flowers,
And hearing feathered songsters sing
While you sit in a hammock swing
For long and lazy hours.

Imagine how it feels to strip
And in the salty ocean dip
And gambol in the spray,
And hear the military band
Upon the mellow moon-lit sand
Without a cent to pay.

Think of the picnic's festive joys
When all the dear old girls and boys
Play "Copenhagen" best;
Around the rope-twisted ring we stand
Till some one slips our witless hand,
And then we do the rest.

And think of fishing fun supreme,
Of treating sweethearts to ice cream
Beside the fountain's sound,
And sailing with the jolly tars,
Of riding in the open cars
And on the merry-go-round.

Just dream of sparkling at the gala
Without a fear of staying late
Against a papa's law,
Of wearing extra blazer coats
And dandelion shirts with open throats
And dainty hats of straw.

Remember watermelons, too,
And morning sparkling with the dew
And fragrant with perfume;
O, yes! Sweet summer cannot be
Too hot for either you or me—
Forever may it bloom.

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.



CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"I remember," fell from Alonzo, as he stood in the full-lit room and gazed about him. As in the Sainte Chapelle, there were fifteen windows of superlative stained glass with their designs from Scripture and the lives of the saints, blossoming out of lovely traceries; there were the same polychrome adornments, and the same statues of the twelve Apostles over against the pillars.

"It was so different when I saw it last," Alonzo continued. "The sunshine then flooded it, and now there are these radiant candelabra, brimming at intervals with wax candles. Why is it thus illumined? What has this dreamy little place to do with all that mundane and dazzling revel that we have just left?"

"It has but recently been lighted, as you will see," said Eric, pointing to a cluster of candles near by. "The king desired this."

"One of his whims, I suppose."

"He has no whims."

"Does he attend service here?"

"Clarimond! My dear Lonz, you know by this time as well as I do that the king has no distinct religious creed. He has given the use of this chapel to his mother during her stay here; the princess' apartments are not far away from it. I have heard him say that if he should ever be married, his friend, Dr. Wouwermann, whom you already know, should perform the ceremony here between these walls. It will be a new shock to conservatism, of course; for that kindly and intellectual old German, Wouwermann, is a thorn in the side of the recognized Saltravian clergy. . . . But here is the king now. He is coming to meet you."

Clarimond was indeed advancing toward them, along the central aisle. As Alonzo's eyes met his face its excessive pallor challenged notice. The king extended his hand to Eric's friend, and his flesh felt so icily cold to him that he almost recoiled with a cry.

"Thank you for coming," he said. "I wish to hold a little talk with you, if you will let me." Then he nodded to Eric, and swiftly added:

"Leave us, please, and carry out my other request. I am sure that you will succeed. And pray do not forget that you may freely use my name, sanction and authority." With a bow Eric Thaxter mutually departed, while Alonzo and his master stood together, in the silence and mellow splendor of the charming chapel. . . . It may have been a half-hour later when he returned, accompanied by a lady. The chapel was then quite vacant again, and the lady gave a little joyful cry as she looked about her.

"Oh, this is so lovely! And you say that the king wishes to see me here?" Then it seemed to Kathleen as if the king's presence was somehow evolved from out the glimmering softness of the place; and while he drew near to her Eric disappeared.

"You are very good to come," said Clarimond. "I saw how they flocked about you, there in the ball-room. No doubt it was annoying to desert your scene of conquest."

"No, monsieur. I came at your bidding."

He smiled, and now she saw how very pale and sorrowful his face was—how it plainly betokened some severe trial, though of course she could not conjecture what.

"You are to do something more at my bidding," he said; "that is, if you will."

"If it lies in my power, monsieur," she began, and then paused, wondering and alarmed because his mien was so full of that strange, repressed despair.

"I hope it will lie within your desire, as well," he answered. "If it does not you need by no means rate it as an act of obedience. At this the king raised his hand as if in signal to someone at the further end of the chapel. Kathleen noticed the gesture, and presently recoiled, trembling.

"He, monsieur! I—I did not expect this!"

"Do not refuse to see him," said Clarimond, with great gentleness.

While Kathleen stood, half defiant, half acquiescent, Alonzo came nearer, pausing at her side.

"Kathleen," he said, "may I speak to you? The king, with untold goodness, has given me this happy chance. I fear

you are very angry at me. I think you have every right to be."

"I am not angry," quavered Kathleen. In her consternation, her piteous confusion, she had never looked lovelier than now. "You, monsieur," she said, with a sudden tearful fierceness, to the king, "have told him what I told you!"

"Every word," smiled Clarimond. And then, as Alonzo caught her hand and stooped over it, raining upon it kisses, the king moved away, leaving them side by side.

In a small sacristy a few yards beyond the chancel he soon came face to face with Eric Thaxter.

"Monsieur," exclaimed Eric, with a sort of reverent whisper, "you are doing the noblest act of your life!"

"That is easily said," was the reply, "since my life has not yet been a long one, and few of its opportunities for good deeds have been at all amply exploited."

"Ah! do not say that! Thousands of your poor would certainly show gratitude enough to deny it! But you are suffering terribly. This strain that you undergo is reflected in your face."

Clarimond sank into a chair. "Yes," he said, in a muffled kind of voice, "I am suffering a great deal. The pull, the wrench, is harder than I fancied."

As he fixed his eyes upon Eric's face they seemed to ray forth spiritual grandeur. "My friend, I had no other course than this. There are things that a man must do just because he is a man. But if he be a king as well, then the obligation grows double. We have often spoken together on this question of the rights of kings. You know how I despise them—how they strike me as but a mildewed survival of ancient error."

Yet there has always seemed to me something grand, nevertheless, in the idea of a king who could govern himself perfectly while governing his people as well. Then he ceases to represent mere royalty and becomes vested with a tender yet rugged paternity. In those historic cases where some such human union has existed crowned and throned I should say that the possible sacredness and dignity of kings have found their sole true medium of expression. You have seen Dr. Wouwermann?"

"Yes, monsieur. Luckily I met him just as he was leaving the ball-room,

which he smilingly told me was no fit place for a clergyman."

"We may count on him, then?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur."

"The signal from Lispenard is to be a few shades of that silver bell on the altar."

"You mean, if she consents?"

"If she consents—yes. If not, he will simply come to me and tell me of his failure, after having conducted her back to the ball—I hope," Clarimond musingly continued, "that she will consent to let Dr. Wouwermann marry them to-night. They have both been through so much heart-breaking tribulation! And if, as you suggest, Mme. Kennard has certain more ambitious views for her child, that lady will doubtless oppose their marriage in the future with a new zeal born of chagrin. She appears already to have brewed for both of them a prodigious amount of misery. From all that I can learn, her interference has risen between them like a column of thick dust, through which they have viewed distortedly one another's acts. Her influence has been that of malignancy, and I shall regret if she remains in Saltravia, provided her daughter (as the wife of Lispenard) shall so choose. But what am I saying, my dear Eric? Lispenard may choose to resign his office—what can he tell?"

"I am certain that he will not resign it, monsieur!" cried Eric. "I am certain, too, that he feels this hour, as I feel. I am certain he realized, as I do, that you are the soul and center of all that is self-negating, grandly generous!"

"Thanks, Eric; those words are surely rich in encouragement. You know I do not care for eulogy, but when one strives toward an ideal of conduct, as I strive now, the cheer of a loved friend is like a warm handclasp in darkness."

Just then a little silvery sound reached their ears. Clarimond sprang to his feet. Eric saw his lips twitch and his hand for a brief instant clench themselves at his sides.

"The signal," he said. "She has consented. Go for Dr. Wouwermann. You will be witness, you know, Eric, and I—" he smiled, but to his observer the smile teemed with a terrible melancholy—"I shall give the bride away."

In the ball-room they had begun to miss the king. When at last he appeared it was in company with Kathleen, Eric and Alonzo. The floor was full of dancers; conversation, stimulated by rare and copious wines, reigned in merry babble that almost threatened to drown the music.

Clarimond went to his mother, who sat talking with several gentlemen. Bianca d'Este, also seated, was at her side. The gentlemen slightly withdrew as he approached, making a lane for him while he mounted to the low estrade where these ladies were placed.

"You are not looking well," murmured the princess to him. "Others have spoken of it. I do so hope, however, that your looks mean nothing serious. Bianca, here, has been quite anxious. Is it not true, my darling?"

And the princess, taking the Italian girl's hand, drew her forward a little, the marvelous corsage of precious stones giving forth jets of multicolored light as she moved.

"Yes, yes," fell from Bianca. "We were both greatly worried."

Clarimond sent a kindly glance straight into her blue, solicitous eyes. As he did so it flashed through his mind:

"I will never love any other woman as long as I live. But this maiden might make me the worthiest of queens, the truest of wives. One day I may ask her hand, provided my mother preserves her present change from arrogance to kindness. But not now! Now it would be a horror!"

Mrs. Kennard, during supper, had received, with furtive twinkles of delight, the attentions of an Austrian archduke and a Russian ambassador. She had not noticed Kathleen's absence. The archduke, who was past sixty but still handsome and of the sweetest manners, had whispered in her ear that King Clarimond, who did whatever he chose, might perhaps do himself the honor to request the hand of her divine daughter. The elderly Russian ambassador, overhearing this remark as he presented her with an ice and a glass of champagne, declared that his royal master would never have gone to Denmark for a bride if he had had the delight of seeing "Mademoiselle, votre fille."

"Ah! prince," cried Mrs. Kennard, in her most genial tones and with her very acceptable if imperfect French, "there has never yet been an American queen, and I imagine there never will be. My poor, innocent child has never dreamed of such an honor, and, really, if it were offered to her she would hardly know how to wear it."

The Austrian and Russian exchanged glances. They were both men of very high rank, and it is probable that they abhorred the tenets of Clarimond while respecting and perhaps loving his character. That he should marry an American girl, though her beauty were

brighter than the Spartan Helen's and her breeding beyond a Reclamer's, no doubt struck them both as the essence of the ridiculous. But while they may, or may not, have thus quickly and tacitly told one another their mutual contempt and disapprobation, Kathleen suddenly appeared, with Alonzo in her wake. Kathleen the wife felt far bolder than if she were still Kathleen the unwedded. Or perhaps because she was herself so intoxicated by joy, it seemed to her as if a few words, delivered aside to her mother, might soften the sense of calamity they imparted.

This, however, was not true. Mrs. Kennard heard her low-voiced tidings and shivered as though an arctic blast had invaded the ball-room.

Meanwhile the ball went on, eddying, whirling, billowing in that ecstasy of dance beloved by the young of opposite sexes. The sweet, wild moans of the violins were rasping screeches in the ears of Mrs. Kennard, but in other feminine ears they were tender melodies of promise, of elation, of delicious inebriety.

Bianca d'Este heard them, and hoped. The princess of Brindisi heard them, and half hoped, half doubted. Eric Thaxter heard them and sighed because of that mystic and grievous Parisian past concerning which he had, perchance, by this time spoken still more disclosingly to his dearest friend. Clarimond, king of Saltravia, heard them and thrilled with the pain of sacrifice, though gladdened by that sense of self-conquest which is the sweet wages of honor, as a sense of self-debasement is the bitter wages of sin.

Alonzo and Kathleen heard them, and the voluminous cadences they breathed built for both heavenly castles of expectancy.

And so the music played on—music which so throbs, when art is its minister, with souvenirs and prophesies, memories and anticipations.

Angry, austere, choked with a passionate feeling of defeat and insult, Mrs. Kennard stood beside her daughter a half hour or so later, that night, when Alonzo laid his hand in the hand of Kathleen. The two ladies were waiting their carriage, cloaked and ready, and at the portals of the palace.

"Good-by, good-by," Alonzo said. "Till to-morrow!" Kathleen repeated. "Till to-morrow, my wife!" "Till to-morrow—husband!" Mrs. Kennard had overheard the two last murmurs of farewell. With her face pale and full of nervous tremors, she moved toward Alonzo.

"I'll never forgive you," she gasped. "Never! You've kept her from a crown—a throne!"

Alonzo, stung, was about to reply; but Kathleen caught her mother by the wrist, and with the same ardor of self-assertion which had more than once re-

pelled the spirit of even this woman's unsurpassable worldliness and ambition, she affirmed in eager whisper:

"He gives me, mamma, all the crown I want—his love! He gives me all the throne I want—his name and his protection!"

THE END.

COSTA RICA.

The Resources of This Little Central American Republic.

Costa Rica's name indicates her richness. Everything will grow within her 23,233 square miles of territory. The favored people number 214,000. Costa Rica is the great banana country. The cultivation of the banana has increased greatly to meet the demand from the United States. Wheat and other grains are produced. The forests abound in valuable timber. Rare woods for cabinet work and medicinal and oleaginous plants are found, as well as rubber, textile plants and dyewoods. Costa Rica, according to the latest statistics, has 250,000 head of cattle, 50,000 horses and other animals. She is also rich in gold, silver, coffee, zinc, nickel, iron, lead and coal. Manufacturing has made some headway. There are breweries, iron and tool foundries and a distillery in Costa Rica. The principal articles that country buys are silk, woolen, linen and cotton goods, toilet articles, wines, liquors, flour, refined sugar, wearing apparel and leather goods. The total foreign commerce of that country amounted last year to nearly \$13,000,000. The United States has recently superseded England in the commercial good graces of Costa Rica. Last year the United States sold to Costa Rica more than one-fourth of her total imports, and took from her 40,000 tons of bananas, 45,000 sacks of coffee and altogether nearly \$3,000,000 worth of goods and bullion.—Chicago News.

Experience Teaches.

A young man who was ambitious to get an education, but lacked the money to pay his expenses in college, consulted the late Judge — as to what course he would better adopt. The judge had once been in the same predicament and had undergone many hardships while fitting himself for the eminent position he occupied, consequently he was speaking from experience when replying to his young friend's inquiries.

"Would you advise me to go into debt to get an education?" the young man asked.

"Well, that depends on the line of conduct you are disposed to pursue. Would you honestly pay back every cent of money you borrowed to pay for your education?"

"Certainly. I would do that even if I had to work as a hod carrier to earn the money."

"Then I would advise you to borrow."

"What course would you recommend me to take in college?"

"Oh, that's a matter of indifference."

"I beg your pardon."

"It really doesn't matter what course you take in college. If you go into debt to get an education you will get the chief part of it while struggling to get out of debt again."—N. Y. Herald.

Politest Man in Washington.

We must all do good in the world according to our natural endowments and the opportunities afforded us. The other day I was riding in a comfortably filled street car when there entered three young women dressed in the narrow sheath skirts of the period. A jolly, portly old gentleman got up to give one of the pretty girls a seat, which she took with a gracious acknowledgment. She seemed rather lost, however, in the generous space vacated by the Pickwickian frame of the old gentleman, so she moved along far enough to let one of her companions share the benefit. Now, whether the passengers crowded together imperceptibly or whatever may have happened, the two slender young women did not take up the whole seat, and the third blushing squeezed into what was left of it. By this time the other people in the car were too much amused to conceal their smiles, and the old gentleman himself was one vast glow of satisfaction. "It isn't all of you who are fitted to perform such a wholesale act of gallantry," said he, in a low tone, to a friend in the corner of the car.—Kate Field's Washington.

Giant Powder in Their Boots.

It is a curious fact that no one miner out of every hundred who has had any experience will do anything but put the sticks of giant powder into his bootlegs. He knows just about how much giant powder he will need during the shift, and this he receives before he enters the shafthouse to go down. Then he carefully places it in the leg of his boot, and in this manner conveys it into the mine. The miners have stopped "crimping" the fulminating caps with their teeth of late years. This is due, probably, to the suicide at Chicago of Lingg one of the anarchists who was sentenced to be hanged with Spies and the rest. Lingg exploded one of the caps by biting it and blew most of his head off. Now the majority of the miners crimp the cap on the heel of their boot with a knife.—The Great Divide.

A Name for a Battle Ship.

Association does prevail sometimes to hallow, endear, or dignify the most awkward arrangement of vowels and consonants. The names conferred by sailors upon their battle ships, like those chosen by Red Indians for their braves, usually convey an idea of awe, grandeur, swiftness, or beauty, and there was something comically incongruous in the dispatches which reached this country of the doughty performances of the Chilean ironclad, the O'Higgins, in the late war. Speculation is baffled in attempting to read the significance underlying that patronymic, for, even as pronounced by a foreigner, with the true value of the vowel i—O'Higgins—is impossible, without knowing the history attached to receive the impression of terror or admiration.—Blackwood's Magazine.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The Kingdoms of the Earth Can Become the Lord's By Political Action Only.

One Sabbath evening, not long ago, I had the pleasure of listening to an able discourse based upon the following text from the book of Revelation:

And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in Heaven, saying, the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.

Taking as his subject the millennial reign of the Lord Jesus Christ, the eloquent preacher earnestly decanted upon the glories and beauties of a civilization in which the hearts of all men were filled with a supreme love of God and loving veneration for His laws, and with a love for their neighbors, equal in intensity to the love they bore themselves. With burning words of eloquence he pictured to his audience a state of society wherein there was no need of or use for penitentiaries and jails, lawyers or judges; and in which sinks and slums, dens of iniquity and haunts of vice, saloons, gambling hells and gilded palaces of sin should cease to exist, because there would be none found willing to operate and carry them on and from the fact that none would have a desire to frequent or patronize them. Growing enthusiastic in his theme, he advanced the idea, no doubt a true one, that a strict compliance with the law of God would so conduce to health and vigor, and tend to longevity, as to a great extent to render unnecessary the services of physicians. In short, he pictured a state of society in which the infinite love and mercy, truth and justice, holiness and perfection, of an infinitely wise God should be manifested, so far as possible, in finite man.

Profoundly impressed with the sermon, a train of burning thoughts has since that night been constantly pressing for recognition in my mind. It will be observed that, in the language of the text, it is the "kingdoms of this world" that are to become the Lord's. This phrase emphasizes the truth that it is as governments, nations or communities that human beings are to become subject to the authority and rule of the King of kings. That is to say that kingdoms, nations, governments, will not be obliterated or destroyed, but that "some sweet day," when the Word of God shall have done "its perfect work," the governments of this earth will become subordinated to the government of the Ruler of rulers, and all laws and rules of government will be based upon the eternal principles of truth, justice and equity. This central idea or thought permeates and pervades every book in the Old and New Testaments. If there be those who scoff at religion and christianity, carping critics of the Word of God, who point with pride to the evolution of humanity, it may be well to remind them that the purest, noblest human beings and the greatest, grandest governments are but lame and feeble imitations of the perfect man and the ideal state written of in the Word of God, from Mount Sinai to Calvary. After from seventeen to eighteen hundred years of evolution neither men nor governments have been able to prove by living examples and practical illustration that it was possible for a human being to have imagined or originated the ideal type of human beings and human governments set forth in the Word of God. It must be remembered that while it is true that water cannot rise higher than its source, it is also true that water will find its own level.

But, my reader, you doubtless think that this is irrelevant matter to appear in a political newspaper and wonder what I am driving at. I will tell you. All popular governments are inaugurated and sustained by and with the consent of the governed. Specially is this the case in the United States, where, theoretically at least, we have a government of, by and for the people. In the freeman's ballot the citizen of the United States has a most potent instrumentality for good or for evil. Upon the soil of the United States of America, I firmly believe, is to be fought out the battle for the supremacy of God's word, commonly called "human rights." Here in America it is to be decided whether man is to be accorded his God-given rights, under a government of just and righteous laws, or become a slave to organized greed and avarice under laws of corrupt selfishness. If the United States ever becomes the "kingdom of our Lord and His Christ," it will become so by virtue of righteous political action on the part of those who love the Lord. We have heard a great deal of late years about men voting as they shot; why not commence to vote as you pray? Is it not time that Christians apprehended the fact that they can in no wise better manifest their Christian faith than by taking their religion into politics and assisting in instituting God's government upon earth—among men. The parable of the talents is much commented upon. There is perhaps no talent for the use of which man will be held to a more strict accountability than the God-given instrumentality—the American ballot.

Is usury accursed of God and a curse to man? Destroy it with the ballot. Have usurers appropriated the earth, God's gift to man? Dispossess them with the ballot, remembering that as eminent authority as Blackstone has said that all land titles are founded in force, or fraud. Are God's children dying for air and sunshine, food and fuel, blighted by the withering curse of poverty? Abolish poverty with the ballot and establish conditions of liberty, equality and fraternity. Do not excuse yourselves with the threadbare assertion that labor's poverty is caused by mismanagement, or that the winter's distress is caused by the summer's improvidence. Under the operation of the iron law of wages, labor, competing with itself for a chance to earn a living, receives for its toil only sufficient to provide a bare subsistence while at work. Besides, why should labor be frugal and provident and live coarsely, while idleness is profligate and improvident and lives in luxury? Are you afraid of being called a socialist? Print on the reverse side of your ballot:

And all that believed were together, and had all things common and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need.

Do houses of ill fame disgrace the nation and menace our civilization? Overturn with your united ballot the industrial system which a congressional committee has declared offers to thousands of our women and girls the alternative of starvation or prostitution. Is labor clothed in rags while idleness is arrayed in purple and fine linen? Look not with distrust upon the party which embodies in its platform the Apostle Paul's words: "Let him that will not work, not eat." Is the rum power debauching and corrupting the nation? Crush it out of existence with the power of the Christian ballot, bearing in mind that withering care and bleak despair caused by gaunt poverty and enforced idleness are the prolific causes of intemperance. In all things, and at all times, take a religious interest in politics and bear aloft the banner of Christ in all primaries and conventions, casting a Christian ballot on election day. Advocate Christian principles, not religious partisanship; Christian men, not sectarians. Examine all issues in the light of the question, Is it right? Not, Will it benefit the party? Not, Will it benefit the people? There are more Christians than saloon keepers! Why then do saloon keepers become officials? Christianity has its deadly foes, but Christians have themselves to blame for allowing those foes to shape the policy of their government.

Finally, remember there are but two sides to all questions. "He that is not for me is against me." Governments must either progress toward Christ or retrograde toward the evil one. The kingdoms of the earth will never become the dependencies of the Prince of Peace, until Christians learn to vote at every election and always vote as they profess to believe. Brother populist: When you have read this hand it to some Christian neighbor who does not believe in mixing politics and religion.—George C. Ward, in Midland Mechanic.

INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM.

Steps Are Being Taken to Organize a National Direct Legislation League.

Certain prominent reformers in the east have inaugurated a movement looking to the advancement of the cause by direct legislation. They have, with that end in view, issued a call, from which we clip as follows:

The rapid progress in this country of the idea of direct legislation has prompted the undersigned and associates, acting as a voluntary and provisional committee, to suggest the formation of a national direct legislation league.

We propose that the league, a strictly non-partisan organization, shall have as its sole object the incorporation of the initiative and referendum in law-making. In the furtherance of this end, while establishing a bond of union among its members, the league would naturally adopt all possible worthy means—such as systematizing the work of advocates and spreading information concerning the movement. Far from detracting from the efforts of friends of direct legislation in any political party, the league would extend to them the aid arising from the united strength of the many members of various parties who regard putting an end to our unrestricted representative system as the essential preliminary step toward all other reforms. We, therefore, extend an invitation to men of every party and to those of no party to join the league.

Upon application, by mail, there will be sent to all interested, who may apply, therefore, copies of a proposed constitutional amendment for the state of New Jersey, with statutes providing for the referendum and the initiative. The document will answer as a help for friends in other states. In itself it stands as an argument for the practicability of the system of direct legislation. Address, with stamps for reply and for the league's fund,

EDWARD H. PRATT,

Provisional Secretary National Direct Legislation League, P. O. Box 1216, New York City.

GOVERNMENT RAILROADS.

An Object Lesson Teaching What the Railroads Could Do if They Would.

While it is true that the nationalization of the railroads is not yet an accomplished fact, nevertheless the traveling public is sometimes treated to a taste of the benefits that would accrue from transportation at cost, based upon a large volume of business.

Just at this time the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis and the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley railroads have pooled their issues and combined to give the public an opportunity to visit New Orleans during the Mardi Gras festivities at a cost which approaches the rates paid by the traveling public in Austro-Hungary where, under governmental ownership, the celebrated zone system is in operation. The cost for the round trip is almost exactly one and one-half cents a mile each way, from Kansas City to New Orleans.

In Hungary, the cost for the zone from 149 miles to 454 miles, in first class compartment, express train, is \$3.84, being 2.51 cents per mile for 149 miles; 2 cents per mile for 199 miles, and 0.84 cents per mile for 454 miles. In Austria the cost for from 155 miles to 189 miles, is 2.09 cents per mile.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the Austro-Hungary rates are for a continuous ride over one road, while the trip to New Orleans is over two distinct roads, with a Mississippi river bridge and much costly engineering construction. Then the accommodations and equipment in Europe do not begin to compare in point of comfort and elegance with those of the United States.

—The Memphis Appeal-Avalanche thinks that it is very singular that the people should have cast about 12,000,000 votes against the people's party. It is singular, to be sure; yet not so much so when one takes into consideration the kind of people that did it. Evidently the Tennessee editor never heard of Carlyle's description of the people of one of the so-called greatest nations of Christendom. Great Britain, he said, was a nation composed of about 27,000,000 of people—mostly fools.—Hartford (Conn.) Examiner.