

THE IDOL NODS.

When a man forgets his ideals he may hope for happiness, but not till then—John Oliver Hobbes.

The tender, love-sick youth believes that lovely woman never deceives.

He curses cynic prods.

Alack for belle! alack for beau!

If one fine day he comes to know

The idol sometimes nods.

She may, indeed, be passing fair.

With sparkling eyes and golden hair.

That charm him. What's the odds

If he should ever get a hint

That lovely tresses change their tint?

Ah, me, the idol nods!

Again, the merry maiden's feet

Look very small, divinely sweet.

In glossy leather shod.

What praise he'll lavish, goodness knows;

But if he saw her tortured toes

The idol then would nod.

For him her face is wreathed in smiles—

Misogynists would call them wiles—

There's joy where she has trod;

But then one day he sees her frown,

His airy castles tumble down,

Why does the idol nod?

Ah, well for him who comes to think

That life has drab as well as pink.

That man is not a fool;

And happiness he'll only find

As soon as he makes up his mind

That idols always nod.

—Sketch.

A HUSBAND TAKEN BACK.

The bed stood in the middle of the room, its foot in the open window. From far beneath came the night hum of Chicago, but it was quieted by the distance to a mere lullaby. So high was the top of the great hotel that the garish blue-white of the electric lights, which so lavishly dotted the city, was toned down to a gentle luminous haze.

The man on the bed tossed from side to side uneasily, rolled on his back, lay with his mouth upon the pillow. In his right hand he held crumpled a letter written in a woman's writing, and as certain waves of dream crept over him he rumbled the letter savagely and mumbled through his clenched teeth words of inarticulate fury. At last his dream seemed to culminate, and he broke into a paroxysm of coughing, which awoke him. His senses, dim at first, drew rapidly to the alert. His eyes, so recently glued with sleep, opened quickly to their fullest stretch. His nostrils worked like the nostrils of a dog on a trail.

"Smoke! Tobacco smoke? I don't think so. It smells to me like the reek of burning wood."

His eyes were beginning to open wider, with the unnatural expansion of terror. George Carr had been in America before, and knew what these things portended. Quickly dropping his feet on to the boards of the floor, he walked across them, unlocked his door, and, opening it, looked into the passage. He had no doubt then as to what had occurred. Not far below him was the crisp crackling of flames, and with it came the cries of badly frightened women and men.

"My God! the hotel is on fire," he exclaimed. "It is built of wood from cellar to roof tree; it is crammed with people, and I am close under the shingles on the eleventh floor!"

He went out on the landing in his night gear as he was, and attempted to descend. Columns of gray vapor which stung the eyes and nostrils rolled up the shaft of the stairway, and, looking over the balusters, he saw through the smoke arms of tawny flame which shot greedily up toward him. The heat was terrific; it drove him back to his room even before the smoke forced a retreat. Baked by the continued heat of summer, the great wooden hotel was burning as though it had been anointed with tar.

Carr ran back to his bedroom and stood in the midst of the floor, trembling like a leaf. He still held in his fingers the crumpled letter in a woman's handwriting—his wife's, but, remembering it, broke out into new fury, and tore it into tiny squares, which fluttered like white butterflies before the rising draught.

"Grasping, heartless wretch that she is," he cried. "If it had not been for this letter, goading me to make more money and still more money, I should be catching this morning's home boat from New York harbor. As it is, I'm here to burn slowly to death unless I choose to make a quicker ending of it by jumping out on to the road 200 feet below." He gave a fierce snort of a laugh. "Suicide is wrong, we are told. I wonder if it would be sinful for me to end my miseries quickly, instead of remaining till life is tediously roasted out of me here. It is a nice point, but I shall not argue it out now. I'm going to shut my eyes and jump—into eternity."

He walked steadily across to the window, put one leg over the sill, and looked down from a dizzy height which no fire escape on earth could span. Flames were beginning to jet through many of the windows below. In the street two steam fire engines were already at work; others were coming up with teams at a furious gallop. The black carpet of people in the vacant space had a curious white mottling of upturned faces. Carr threw the other leg over the sill, and, stooping over, wondered where he should drop. He wanted to fall clear, and the ghastly thought would come—he did not want to splash anybody.

The booming roar of the flames in the shaft of the stairs drew nearer and nearer. It was of no use to wait. Of earthly hope none could come. He made up his mind that he would jump then without more torturing delay. But, when it came to the actual leap, his limbs somehow failed him. He seem-

ed physically unable to leave his seat on the ledge.

"Bah! what a coward I am!" he cried, "fearing to leap into necessary death with my face toward it. I suppose I have a woman's nerve just now; I must humor myself like a woman."

He turned about breathing the still and lowering himself steadily down till all his body hung down against the wooden wall suspended only by the finger tips. And, then he saw something which caused such a revulsion of feeling that he was within an ace of relaxing his old and being dashed to rags in the street below.

Gradually, however, his muscles stiffened again, and he drew himself up and fell faint and trembling on the board floor of his bedroom. Screwed to the jamb of the window was a stout eyebolt; fastened to this was a long coil of rope. These things are the ordinary accompaniment of American hotel bedrooms anywhere above the first floor, and Carr had seen them scores of times before. Still feeling sick and dizzy, Carr gathered himself up from the floor, and with trembling fingers set about casting the rope from its coil. The stuff tangled, and in his hasty clumsiness he tied it into hard knots. Time was wasted.

At last, however, the long, snaky length of rope was flung out of the window; and gripping it with his hands and legs, the fugitive started his descent. He was no practiced climber, and the rough hemp ate the skin from his hands as it passed through them, but such an inconvenience was only of slight moment. A far greater danger encompassed him. During his delay the fire had gained in strength and fierceness, and torrents of yellow blaze were pouring from dozens of the windows.

He had to pass through two of these, and emerged at each lower end stifled and blackened. But the rope remained, hanging like a thin, black snake in the heart of the licking tongues of fire, getting deeper and deeper charred every moment. How long would it continue to hold him?

Fully conscious of his new peril, he let the cord slip past him still more rapidly, till it felt as though his hands were being cut through to the very bone by a red-hot saw; and then—it broke.

He felt a numbing rush through the air, a jarring thud as on ten thousand earthquakes, suns shooting before his eyes—and that was all. Oblivion held him entirely.

Later on the doctor presented the patient, over whom there had been some controversy, with a paper which contained a lengthy account of the fire, and the patient marveled at the inventive powers of Chicago journalists. When, however, he came to the list of the killed, about which there could not well be any sentimental romancing, he put the paper down with a start. For awhile he lay still with his eyes on the ceiling. Then his glance descended again and roved round the ward rather guiltily. Finding that no one was noticing him, he once more picked up the paper. Yes, there it was, in uncompromising black and white, described with gruesome adjectives and Carr of Wingford, England. Curiosity made him search further among the columns, and he found the method of his death described with gruesome adjectives and startling headlines. This last owned to being imaginative, as it mentioned that he had never been seen alive after retiring for the night.

Yet it was a bad conjecture of what might have occurred to a man who was slowly suffocated to death.

Again the paper fluttered to the floor, and again Carr's eyes sought the ceiling. He was thinking very hard indeed, and couldn't quite make up his mind to something. A course seemed open before him, a course which had some drawbacks, but a multitude of good points. For one thing, it would ease him forever of his wife, who has tormented his love into something akin to hatred; for another—

The doctor came and broke into his reverie.

"Say, friend, I want to know your name. The hotel registers are burned, and the papers wish to print a list of survivors, so that we may tot up with more accuracy how many poor wretches are missing. It's been a sad business, this, all around; a mighty sad business. Many deaths, and—what did you say your name was, sir?"

It was now or never. The choice had to be made or the chance missed.

"Carr."

The doctor noted it down on his cuff.

"Initials, please?"

"Henry G."

"Where of? You're English, I guess— isn't that so?"

"Yes, a Londoner."

"Thanks. I won't ask you how you like our city, because, perhaps, you've got rather a bad first impression. But that'll wear off, sir. You'll like it before you've done."

"I hope so," said the patient, dreamily. "I'm here in America to stay. I hope I shall get on."

"Hope so, I'm sure," said the doctor, briskly. "Wish you every kind of luck."

An outcast, ragged, bent and prematurely aged, slopped along beside a high park wall. The slushy snow of an English spring ebbed and flowed across the soles of his bursting boots; the chill of the wind bit savagely through his rags of clothes. Presently the wall gave place to a sunk fence, and the tramp stopped and gazed at the view. Over an expanse of park and lawn and terrace rose the timbered walls and gables of an Elizabethan country house, trim, solid, graceful. As he watched, a fallow deer came out into the open,

gazed at him for a moment in haughty impudence, and then trotted into covert.

The tramp, with a sigh, started wearily on his way. "It seems even grander than I was told of," he murmured to himself. "Wealth, comfort, happiness everywhere. And it might all have been mine. Every stick and every shrub left to the wife and me between us. It fell to us by will the day before I died; the day before I was burned to ashes in the Chicago fire. Fancy the irony of that! The day before! Why didn't the news reach me? I'd a fine fund of selfishness about me then."

"And Louise was right after all. It was her duty to urge me to business. I was as lazy as the day was long then, and she told me of it, and I hated her for speaking. I've thought since over that letter, and the pain it must have caused her to write."

"Eh, well, that's all past and done with. I died. I was full of conceit in myself, and thought an American fortune was easily made, even if it was sometimes lost with suddenness. Pah! I never reached the first rung of the ladder. I never rose above laboring with my hands at unskilled trades, and it was being constantly shown me how I was an indifferent laborer at that."

"No, I've missed it badly, and all through my own short-sighted fault. I might have had a wife, children and a stately home. What I do have is my share of the queen's wet highway and weary aches to lie down upon. Of myself I shall never now be more than what I am—a broken waster. But there is one thing I won't do, and that's ask help from her. She'd give it, if I sought for it; she'd call me back as her husband if she knew me to be alive; she'd share with me willingly what is, perhaps, after all, legally mine to share. But no, I'm blamed if I do. She's a good woman, and I'm what they call in the States a mean man. Yes, mighty mean and down at the heel, not at all white; but I've made my bed, and I won't remake it even if I have the chance. Things are uncomfortable, but I guess they won't drag out much longer."

He sat heavily down on the wet wayside turf, his legs dangling over the ditch. "Ten years; ten terrors for me. Ten years of her thinking herself a widow. She's had the chance to marry again; I heard all about it. Leslie asked her, the only man I was jealous of before I won her for myself. She likes him, I know; she always did; and for him she's the only woman in the world. But she wouldn't marry him for all that, though he could have given her love, title, more wealth, yes, everything a woman could want."

A crunching noise made the tramp turn his glance. A smart carriage with a pair of ponies was coming up round a turn of the west road. A woman was driving; a man in every sat behind. The tramp gazed for a minute with staring eyes, then turned away and, with bowed head, faced the ditch. "Oh, my God," he murmured, and clinched his hands till the nails drew blood.

The noise of the wheels ceased, and there was the sound of rustling skirts. The tramp also noticed the faint smell of scalps, but he kept his back resolutely immovable.

"George."

The tramp did not stir. A trembling hand was placed on his wet shoulder.

"George, look up. I know it is you."

"Woman, go away. You are making a mistake."

"Look me in the face and repeat that."

"I—I will not, I can't."

She slipped down to a seat beside him on the sodden turf, and the groom at the ponies' heads felt his jaw drop down through wonder.

"Oh, Louise, why can't you pass me by? I only came for a peep. I didn't intend you to see me—God knows I didn't. It's all yours now, and I'll not take a fraction away from you. I have chosen my path like the scoundrel that I was, and I must keep along it. It isn't fit that I should turn back now."

"Yet you must stay, now that I have found you."

"I tell you I cannot. You would not ask me if you knew what I have been, how vilely I have sinned against you. Don't shake your head; it is true. If you won't credit that, listen."

She threw her arms around his shoulders, pressing him fiercely to her breast.

"Dear," she said, "you have come back to me. I know that; I do not want to know any more."

The tramp tried to pluck himself from the embrace without avail. Then he lay against her furs and shuddered, but made no more resistance.

Louise Carr had taken back her husband—Black and White.

The Obstacle Overcome.

They are telling the story in London that the impossible American in Paris alighted at a hotel to find it absolutely full. "I have nothing," expostulated the host, almost tearfully, "nothing. The first floor is taken by the King of the Ostenders; the Queen of Montegavia occupies the second; the Duke of Cottonopolis is sharing the third floor with the Caliph of Port Said; and the Crown Prince of Nova Esperanza is sleeping on the billiard table. As for myself, I have to make up a bed in the office, and there only remains the chamber of my daughter. Of course—"

"Is that your daughter?" interrupted the American, pointing to the young lady at the desk. "Yes, sir."

"All right; I'll marry her after lunch."

And, giving his valise to the speechless Boniface, he added, "Now, you can take my baggage up to our room."

Camels Cannot Swim.

Camels are perhaps the only animals that cannot swim.

A live man should not want the earth—he should be above it.

BLOW AT JOHN BULL

Message in Support of the Monroe Doctrine.

MAY MEAN RED WAR.

All Foreign Nations Must Keep Out of Americas.

Salisbury's Refusal to Submit the Dispute to Arbitration Leads to Strong Words—President Cleveland Tells Congress This Nation Should Use Force if Necessary—Proposes to Send a Commission to Fix a Line Which John Bull Will Cross at His Peril.

The message of President Cleveland to Congress transmitting the correspondence between Secretary Olney and Lord Salisbury relative to the Venezuela boundary dispute created a real sensation in Washington. Although the nature of Secretary Olney's vigorous communication and of Lord Salisbury's answers had been already accurately foretold in the Associated Press dispatches from Washington and London there was still a great popular craving to learn just how the President would deal with Lord Salisbury's refusal to submit the matter to arbitration, and the message was listened to with intense interest in Congress and was read with avidity on the streets. Nowhere was there a voice lifted in dissent from the doctrine so firmly laid down by the President, but on the contrary there was an outburst of patriotic feeling that must have been highly gratifying to the Chief Executive. In the dignified United States Senate, a body that rarely exhibits emotion on any occasion, there was witnessed the unparalleled spectacle of handclapping and applause, which was the spontaneous expression of the approval of almost every Senator without regard to party. On the streets the message was discussed, and veterans of the late war talked excitedly of what they were prepared again to undertake at the call of their country. In the great hall of the Pension Building the employees gathered and sang with gusto "The Star Spangled Banner" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Great Britain declines to consent that the issue between herself and Venezuela shall be settled by arbitration. At the

as certainly and as surely as if it were specifically mentioned, and when the United States is a suitor before the high tribunal that administers international law the question to be determined is whether or not we present claims which the justice of that code of law can find to be right and valid.

Monroe Doctrine Is Just.

The Monroe doctrine finds its recognition in those principles of international law which are based upon the theory that every nation shall have its rights protected and its just claims enforced.

Of course this Government is entirely confident that under the sanction of this doctrine we have clear rights and undoubted claims. Nor is this ignored in the British reply. This Government proposed to the Government of Great Britain a resort to arbitration as the proper means of settling the question, to the end that a vexatious boundary dispute between the two contestants might be determined and our exact standing and relation in respect to the controversy might be made clear.

It will be seen from the correspondence herewith submitted that this proposition has been declined by the British Government, upon grounds which under the circumstances seem to me to be far from satisfactory.

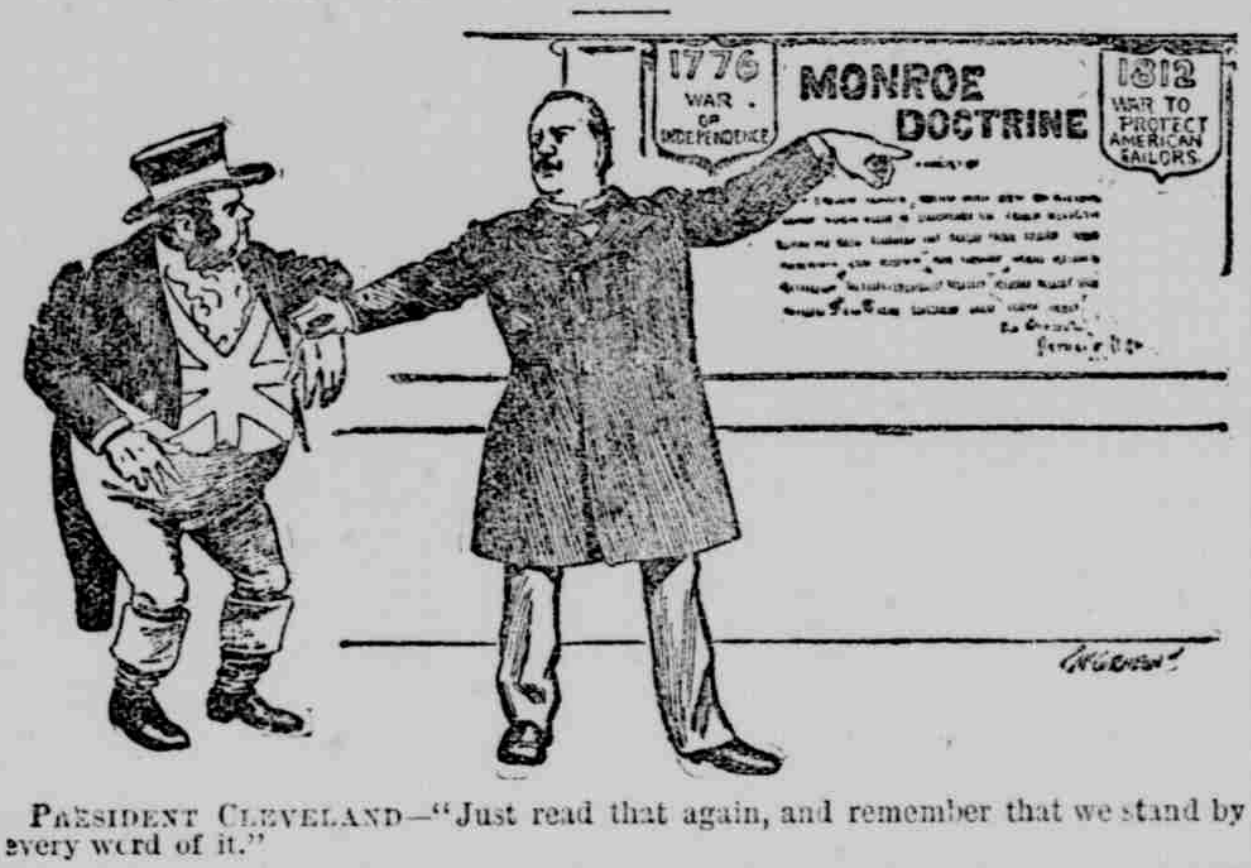
The course to be pursued by this Government in view of the present condition does not appear to admit of serious doubt. Great Britain's present proposition has never thus far been regarded as admissible by Venezuela, though any adjustment of the boundary which that country may deem for her advantage and may enter into of her own free will cannot of course be objected to by the United States. Assuming, however, that the attitude of Venezuela will remain unchanged, the dispute has reached such a stage as to make it now incumbent upon the United States to take measures to determine with sufficient certainty for its justification what is the true divisional line between the republic of Venezuela and British Guiana. I suggest that the Congress make an adequate appropriation for the expenses of a commission to be appointed by the Executive, who shall make the necessary investigation and report upon the matter with the least possible delay.

Must Fight If Necessary.

When such report is made and accepted, it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a willful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands, or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which, after investigation, we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela.

In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow.

I am, nevertheless, firm in my conviction.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND—"Just read that again, and remember that we stand by every word of it."

same time Great Britain denies the validity of the Monroe doctrine. The United States must take two steps, if need be; one forthwith. President Cleveland asks Congress to make an appropriation for a judicial commission to investigate on behalf of this country the merits of the contention concerning frontier between British Guiana and Venezuela. If that commission shall find that Great Britain is right in her claims the decision to stand and be upheld by us; if the commission of the United States shall find that Great Britain's claims are unfounded any attempt on the part of Great Britain to enforce such claims by arms to be resisted with arms by the United States. This is the essence of President Cleveland's message.

After reviewing the early details of the controversy and referring to Salisbury's disinclination to admit the force of the Monroe doctrine and resort to arbitration, the President says:

Without attempting extended arguments in reply to these positions it may not be amiss to suggest that the doctrine upon which we stand is strong and sound because its enforcement is important to our peace and safety as a nation, and is essential to the integrity of our free institutions and the tranquil maintenance of our distinctive form of government. It was intended to apply to every stage of our national life and cannot become obsolete while our republic endures. If the balance of power is justly a cause for jealous anxiety among the governments of the old world, and a subject for our absolute non-interference, none the less is an observance of the Monroe doctrine of vital concern to our people and their government.

Assuming, therefore, that we may properly insist upon this doctrine without regard to "the state of things in which we live," or any changed conditions here or elsewhere, it is not apparent why its application may not be invoked in the present controversy. If a European power, by an extension of its boundaries, takes possession of the territory of one of our neighboring republics against its will and in derogation of its rights, it is difficult to see why, to that extent, such European power does not thereby attempt to extend its system of government to that portion of this continent which is thus taken. This is the precise action which President Monroe declared to be "dangerous to our peace and safety," and it can make no difference whether the European system is extended by an advance of frontier or otherwise.

Practically, the principle for which we contend has peculiar, if not exclusive, relation to the United States. It may not have been admitted in so many words to the code of international law, but since, in international councils, every nation is entitled to the rights belonging to it, if the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine is something we may justly claim, it has its place in the code of international law.

tion that while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the great English-speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march of civilization and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice, and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor, beneath which is shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

London Editors Excited.

London editors are literally frothing at the mouth. The message of President Cleveland on the Venezuelan boundary question has had on them the exciting effect which a red flag would have on an enraged bull. Quarts of ink have been wasted on violent diatribes against the Monroe doctrine and the American contention touching the rights of Venezuela, and not a glint of justice or equity can be discerned in the attitude assumed by President Cleveland and Secretary Olney.

A Bicycle and a Dog.

Going up the avenue on a cable car last night I heard two or three exclamations of wonder and surprise on the rear platform and went out to see what it was all about.

"You can train 'em to do anything, can't you, sonny?" inquired the conductor of a boy who was riding a bicycle at the side of the track.

"Yes, indeed," was the cheery response. "See, I can't even shake him off." Here he violently shook his body.

I looked closer and saw that a black dog was clinging to the boy's neck, with his hind paws holding precariously on to about an inch of the projecting rear of the bicycle seat, while his fore legs were over his young master's shoulders. The car stopped to let a passenger off at 19th street and the conductor, when the youngster and his pet went skimming off in the darkness, told me the lad was a telegraph or district messenger and "could do anything with a dawg but make him tawk."—Washington Star.

The End of Chivalry.

At the battle of Morat in 1476 the impotence of the heavy mailed cavalry against trained foot soldiers was made strikingly apparent. Time and again the Burgundian knights, led by Charles the Bold, charged the Swiss pikers, but in vain; the reign of chivalry was over.

The man who wanted "little here below" went into the newspaper business.

HER FEET HER FORTUNE.

The Peerless Bride of New York's Chinatown.

A little oval faced, small footed Chinese woman was married before the great Joss down in Mott street last Saturday week, and all Chinatown was celebrating the glad event last night. She was Miss Lee Toy, a lady of high degree.

Her feet were of such aristocratic littleness that she is considered too spirituelle and dainty to touch the earth. She is carried up stairs and down stairs, and when she went to the Joss House to be married she was carefully wrapped up in silks and brought in a bundle.

The bridegroom was Tom Yen Hoy, a prosperous merchant who sells teas and all kinds of queer roots and herbs at No. 19 Mott street.

Every man in Chinatown, from old Ah Sin, who turns the incense before the Joss, to Lee Yit, the richest man in the place, is jealous of the bridegroom. The lady's face is comely, yet her feet are her fortune. From earliest childhood they have been systematically suppressed, and now they are about two inches in length, one-sixth of an ordinary foot.

She knows that no other woman in Chinatown is on her footing, and she is proud and imperious. When she stamps those feet, which is not often, as it is likely to hurt her, her tall husband is in mortal terror.

She wanted new dresses, and last night, I saw before the door of No. 19 Mott street, a delivery wagon from one of the most high-priced dry goods houses in the city.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom, on the fourth floor, is furnished with plush sofas, brocade chairs and red Oriental hangings. In the midst of it all stood Mrs. Tom Yen Hoy. She waved her hand with a disdainful gesture and called for tea.

No function held in Chinatown has attracted more attention than this marriage. The Joss House was resplendent, and the little brass god caused his face to shine as the couple, to the beating of drums, took their places before him and swore to be ever true.

"How about the wedding, Ah Sin?" I asked the burner of prayer sticks.

"Velly little feet," said Ah Sin.

"Bride pretty?" I asked.

"'Coudn't walk," he said.

There have been enough dinners on account of this marriage to ruin the digestion of all Mott street. All the leading merchants and their wives met at No. 14 Mott street last night, and in the choicest attack pledged anew the health of their happy couple, and wished that their feet might ever pursue the rosy path of conjugal happiness.

Crime Among Animals.

Almost every form and variety of human crime is to be found among animals. Cases of theft are noticed among bees. Buchner, in his "Psychic Life of Animals," speaks of thievish bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well-stocked hives in masses, rob the sentinels and the inhabitants, roll the hives, and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence; they recruit whole companies which get more and more numerous; and finally they form regular colonies of brigand-bees. But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand-bees can be produced artificially by giving working-bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a taste for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effects upon them as upon men; they become ill-disposed and irritable, and lose all desire to work; and, finally, when they begin to feed hungry, they attack and plunder the well-supplied hives. There is one variety of bees—the Sphecodes—which lives exclusively upon plunder. According to Maclellan, this variety is formed of individuals of the Halictus species, whose organs of nidification were defective, and which have gradually developed into a separate variety, living almost exclusively by plunder. They may thus be said to be an example of innate and organic criminality among insects, and they represent what Professor Lambrose calls the born criminals—that is, individuals which are led to crime by their own organic constitution.

Heavy Demand for Pennies.

Ever since August last there has been an exceedingly heavy demand on the United States Treasury for one cent pieces. This demand is not confined to any one commercial centre, but comes alike from all sections of the country. Treasury officials attribute it to the growing custom in dry-goods establishments and other business-houses of marking down prices from round figures, which practice naturally requires a good supply of pennies for making change.

The Treasury Department is doing its best to meet the demand, and for the last two months the mint at Philadelphia has kept three presses constantly in operation for the exclusive coining of one-cent pieces. The daily output has been 150,000 pieces of the value of \$1,500. The Government apparently derives a profit of \$1,200 a day on this coining, the seigniorage being at the rate of nearly 80 per cent. of the face value of the coins. This profit disappears, of course, when the coins are redeemed. It is estimated that there are 780,000,000 one-cent pieces outstanding.

Although Vermont has for several years offered the liberal bounty of fifteen dollars on bears, the animals are still found upon the mountains, and, in the opinion of hunters and trappers, are growing in numbers in that section.