

DON'T LEAN OUT OF PLUMB.

Did you ever observe in your rambles about the political scenes of the day how often reformers engender a doubt by their overpunctilious way? Their censorship always reminds me of those who beneath an inspection have come, attempting to strike a magnificent pose, and instead of expressing their upright intent they lead you to fear they may break. They wish you to feel that they're honest and wise. And not at all crooked or dumb. Yet there they will stand with their eyes to the skies and unconsciously lean out of plumb.

In trade or religion, in politics, too. If our attitude would disclose, stand not so close to the popular view. And don't try to strut or to pose. For oftentimes our eagerness may be too great. At least it has happened to some. And our efforts to tower in matters of state. Dwell all chance as we lean out of plumb. —New York Sun.

TROOPER BAPTISTE.

Jean Baptiste was a Canadian Frenchman, and his proper place in life would have been the woods of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia; but, through drink and the devil and women, or a woman, he was a trooper in troop B of the Seventh United States Cavalry Regiment, which company was stationed at Fort Conejos, in Colorado. Now, the meaning of conejos is plainly "conceals," which are not, again, to be Biblically rendered as rabbits, but as prairie dogs; and Trooper Baptiste was, when sober, just as mild, and even milder, than any prairie marmoset in the whole sage brush country. For prairie dogs will "bark," or rather whistle, at one, and Baptiste only looked at a man with great round, foolish black eyes, which could be very fond of a friend and show it most pathetically. But, in spite of this gentleness, there was a terror hanging about him, for he was superhumanly strong. His very hand, nay, his forefinger, was something to be feared of; he could break clay-pipe bowls between two fingers; he could smash a coconut with his fist; he could shoulder a great brass howitzer that commonly took five men to handle without being "fazed." He was a very devil of muscle, and when he was drunk his mind went wrong—he got mad. The whole troop was scared of him. Yet, not all of them literally, for one, Jack Robertson, the Englishman, could even handle him like a child—for Jack didn't drink, himself.

But how it was that the whole troop didn't take to liquor, and having got drunk, didn't cut its universal throat, was a puzzle. For the flat plain was sage brush and alkali, and when it didn't rain it froze, and when the freezing was over a northern blow fit to perish a whole squadron, man and horse, and when the northerners "petered" the southerly winds came up from the lowlands, and across Texas it was like a recreation ground in hell, with dirt and heat and flies. Some of the men got ophthalmia and went blind or saw double or blinked vaguely through a ruined life hereafter, and some deserted and died of alkali like the bullocks of a team on the White desert or the great Mojave, and others got into difficulties and were knifed by Mexicans, or some border ruffian, even worse to handle or reckon on; and some, like Judas, went out and hanged themselves, for they had sold their own souls for an American eagle which struck its claws of iron through their hearts. Oh, it's not good to be a soldier in peace time anywhere, but to be one at a United States outpost in a sage brush desert, where the devil reigns in the officers' hearts at being in such a hole, is worse than all. For there is no chance of glory or of fighting. At the very best a man rarely gets the chance of reddening his hands if he spares his own coward and is delicate about his own jugular. So they drink and gamble and die—and the fools don't desert.

About three-quarters of a mile from Conejos on the road to Chama there was a Mexican shanty—a log shanty, a grog shanty—and in it most people got rid of their each very promptly—some got rid of their lives, too. It was a favorite haunt of Baptiste's, though they did not much like him there. For, being a soldier, they had a natural tenderness about finishing him in the usual way. They were afraid of his comrades. But one day word came to the camp that trouble was brewing at Mexican Joe's. Baptiste was drinking, and his rage was rising like a cyclone that comes quickly and bursts all at once.

"Where's Robertson?" said the Corporal of the guard, and they roused the young fellow out. They knew he was the only one who could handle the Frenchman. They ran down the road, five of them, and the dirt rose in clouds. They choked in ten yards and each strove to be first. Then they spread out like skirmishers and left dirt behind each, instead of smoke.

"What's this?" said the Corporal as they came within fifty yards of the shanty.

For out of the door there came a man's body. It rolled over and over, and then it appeared to be alive. Just as the owner of that apparent corpse discovered the inference of his eternal limpness, another body dropped on him, and then a third came, and the three rolled dully, and rose up white and voluble when they got their breath. Then Baptiste came outside, roaring in French and Spanish and good round United States a polyglot mass of oaths; and he rolled them until they were almost insensible and dropped their drawn

knives. Then Robertson ran in and took Baptiste by the arm. Jean's face was purple and the veins in his forehead distended. His teeth were set in a kind of trismus; he could not speak. But out of his mouth came foam and out of his eyes fire. He caught Robertson by the body and lifted him up. The Englishman stared him full in the face.

"You are hurting me, you damned fool!" he said in a quick, sharp voice. And Jean's face cleared up. He put Jack down quite gravely and began to dust the alkali off him. Then he smiled and looked foolish. Jack put his arm in Jean's arm and marched him off to the guardroom. The others came behind without a word. They looked the two friends up together, but in half an hour Jack knocked at the heavy door of his adobe prison.

"He's all right now, and fast asleep," said Jack as he went off. In the morning Jean's penitence was heart-breaking to see; a child could have whipped him. He almost cried when the young lieutenant bullied him, and he swore to be a good boy for ever after. This he kept for quite a long time—almost a month.

"Jean," said Robertson one day, as they sat outside when the sun had gone down, "you are a thundering thick-headed, goodhearted idiot, and one of these days you will make me mad, and I shall just talk to you as you deserve."

"Yes," said Jean with a smile, "I ought to be kicked."

"But who's to kick you? We shall have to hire Mexican Joe's mule. He's a kicker, and will knock the stuffing out of you too quick."

And the youngster laughed. It pleased him curiously to be the only one who could speak to Baptiste, or handle the man when he was drunk. For he had good grit, and it gave him a certain responsibility and duty that helped to steady him.

"How did you ever come to enlist in this cursed army?" said Jack. "You are about as fit for a cavalryman as I am to be general."

"I came into Santa Fe dead broke," said Jean, "and they asked me, and I said 'Yes,' because it was so difficult to get work, and I was hungry. And people down here are so hard."

"They are so," said Jack. "I know it."

"And why did you join?" asked Baptiste.

"Because I was busted and a fool and hungry and disheartened," said Jack, angrily, "and I've a good mind to get up and get right now."

"No, no," said Jean. "I would be very lonely here. You are my only friend."

And he put his enormous fist on Jack's shoulder. The boy turned round on him with a snarl.

"You're a bully good chap, Baptiste. I'll stick it out with you till our time's up. And then, Baptiste, will you go home?"

Jack got up and leant against the wall of the store. They were sitting at the back of the building on a log. He turned his face away.

"No," he said, "not yet. I am afraid."

"Yes, I should kill them."

He meant the woman he had loved and her lover. Long ago he had told Jack the story, with the tears running down his face. For this man had cheated him out of his father's inheritance, and thereby of a girl, too, who had been bought, so Jean said, with his own money.

"I should go back to do it," said Jack somberly. For he had a vindictive mind.

"I cannot," said Jean, "for I love her still."

"Then I would kill him," was Jack's suggestion.

"But she loves him."

"Likely she has got over that by now," said the youthful cynic of 23. "Anyhow, it would be a good thing to do."

"You don't understand," said Jean. "If I hurt anyone I loved I could not live."

"You're a bully good sort, Jean," said Jack, and they relapsed into silence. For these two in that hideous, unnatural hole really loved each other.

When that long, dry, somber month of August was over, and the alkali dust was thicker than ever, Baptiste started in again at the drink, and Jack couldn't keep him away from it. But he escorted him to the guardroom three times in the month, and thereby saved some lives, and then Baptiste got a letter from Montreal that drove him wild.

Jack found him out on the plain rolling in the dust and tearing up the sage-brush with his hands. The man looked terrible and ludicrous, for he had been crying bitterly, and the dust marked his red face in patches till he looked like a circus clown who had not touched his paint for a week. And when he saw Jack he shouted to him: "Keep away, Jack. I shall kill you, I shall kill you."

So Robertson sat down thirty yards off and watched him. Baptiste kept his face turned away, and Jack heard him groan. Presently he rose and began hunting for little bits of paper. He called Jack to help him, and then, with the tears running down his face, Baptiste cleared a space on the ground and tried to piece them together. As he did so he swore in French, and then he groaned. Presently he began to read what he could.

"My sister wrote to me, Jack. And she says—yes, she writes that Madeleine had a baby—oh, it kills me! And then the beast was cruel to her—and yes, it is true, he struck her until she cried out and the neighbors came in. And she is miserable, and he makes her miserable. And I would have given her my soul, and let her beat me if she wanted! And now I am going home—I will kill him! To-morrow I must go. You must help me."

And the poor devil burst into a passion of tears until he shook, and Jack went half blind himself, and the hot prairie danced and blazed in his eyes. He took Baptiste back to the camp.

And that night Baptiste went up to Mexican Joe's. They gave him drink out of sheer terror, for he scared their white souls with his eyes. And he talked and muttered and the tears ran down his face. Then one of the Mexicans, known as Pete, thought he had softened and was chicken-hearted, and he began to fool with him. Just then the round moon got up on the white plateau and stared at the plain, which was so lonely save for the military post and the place where they sold drink. And as the lights began to blink against the moonlight Pete began to laugh at Jean. Then Mexican Joe sent off to the fort, and the guard came out at the double, with Jack among them. They were just in time to see murder done; for Jean caught Pete and broke his black neck with his hands. And back-handed he struck Mexican Joe in the mouth; he fell choking with teeth, and his own knife cut him, and Jack came in running. But Jean was insane and blazing, and when poor Jack took him by the arm he looked red to Jean and the Frenchman caught him by the waist and dashed the boy's brains out on the log wall. Then the Corporal, who was white as a dried alkali lake, struck Jean on the neck with the butt of a gun and felled him. But Jack and Pete were dead. They had to carry Jean to the guardhouse, and it was dawn before he came to.

He knew nothing, and he asked for Jack Robertson, and he was so down and so sorrowful that it made the men pity him.

"Who shall tell him?" they asked each other, and no one would. But as Jack wouldn't come Jean began to think, and a dull, stupefying terror came crawling into his mind. Was it true, or a bloody imagination of a dream? he asked himself, dry-tongued. And presently he wept out aloud and hung at the heavy door and shook it. He asked them whether it was true—oh, was it true?

"Are you there, Winter?" he asked of one of the men.

"Yes, yes, Jean," said Winter, choking.

"Is it true that—that I killed Jack, Winter? If it is true, don't answer."

And Winter sat on one of the guard's beds with his face down. He never spoke, and Jean groaned like a man in his great agony.

He neither ate nor drank, nor spoke again that day, and then the night drew on, and the moon got up again, and she looked down on two new mounds—one was out at the back of Mexican Joe's and the other was in the little, white-railed military cemetery where men were buried who died of hanging and bullets and cut-throats when they were tired of Uncle Sam's outpost duty. But Jean was locked up close in hell.

But at Mexican Joe's there was a great gathering, and they drank to Jean's hanging and told of Black Pete's exploits at thieving and the knife—for the news had gone abroad, and Joe cornered the half dollars that night until it was close on 12. Then there was a change in their entertainment. The devil entered in.

About 11:50 there were only two men in the guardroom, and they were lying on the benches dressed and asleep. Jean was walking up and down his cell. Once or twice he came to the door and felt it. Then he went back and measured the distance from the wall. It was only nine feet. It was enough.

That long day had torn him in bits; his eyes were ringed with black circles; his cheeks were sunken; he had a gnawing pain at the back of his head. He could stand it no longer. He rushed at the door with his shoulders and carried it into the middle of the guardroom. As the men started to their feet Jean seized a carbine and a belt of cartridges and disappeared through the open door leading to the main fort, and ran down the road to Mexican Joe's. He hadn't got time to go to Montreal.

An Old Bell's Inscription.

The old bell of St. John's Episcopal Church, Ellicottville, N. Y., has an interesting history. It hung originally in a monastery in Malaga, Spain. The monastery was sacked in 1832, and this bell, with others, was shipped to New York. Nicholas Devereaux, agent of the Holland Land Company at Ellicottville, bought it and sold it to St. John's Church. The inscription on it is as follows: "Abe soi labos del angel que en alto svena Maria Graclo plena Bargas Mefeci 1708." The meaning of this was a mystery for a long time, until Bishop Cox studied it, and said it was often used for v, and which changed many other letters. "Thus," he said, "'abe' should be 'ave' and 'labos' should be 'la vos.'" The inscription put in pure Spanish follows: "Ave (soi la vos del angel que en alto svena) Maria, plena gracia." The English translation he made thus: "Hail (I am the voice of the angel who on high stands forth) Mary! full of grace." The last words, of course, mean: "Bargus made me, Malaga, 1708." —New York Tribune.

An Aged Horse.

A horse which General John Morgan rode in his famous raid in 1862 died near Versailles, Ky., a few days ago. Morgan rode the horse into Versailles and left it there, taking in its place a fine mare. The horse was, when it died, more than thirty-seven years old.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN.

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

How the Voices of Children May Be Trained and Cultivated—Rigid Discipline in Russian Schools—Things a Beginner in Teaching Must Learn.

Training the Voice.

With proper care, it is easy to establish in children a degree of musical perception which will lead them to form correct habits of voice production. Because of their immaturity, the vocal organs of children are peculiarly susceptible to injury. Many labor under congenital defects which are frequently absorbed by those with whom they are constantly brought in contact. This, coupled with a certain degree of carelessness or oversight on the part of both teacher and pupils, leads to "ugly pronunciation, throaty or nasal delivery, and indistinct." Words are "swallowed, jerked out and run together, in a most unsingable fashion" with no attention to phrasing, accent or rhythm. All this is encouraged by shallow, imperfect breathing and improper position of the body.

Properly managed, however, the voices of most children have one prominent characteristic—that of extreme sweetness, and the work in voice training should be directed to establishing and developing this quality.

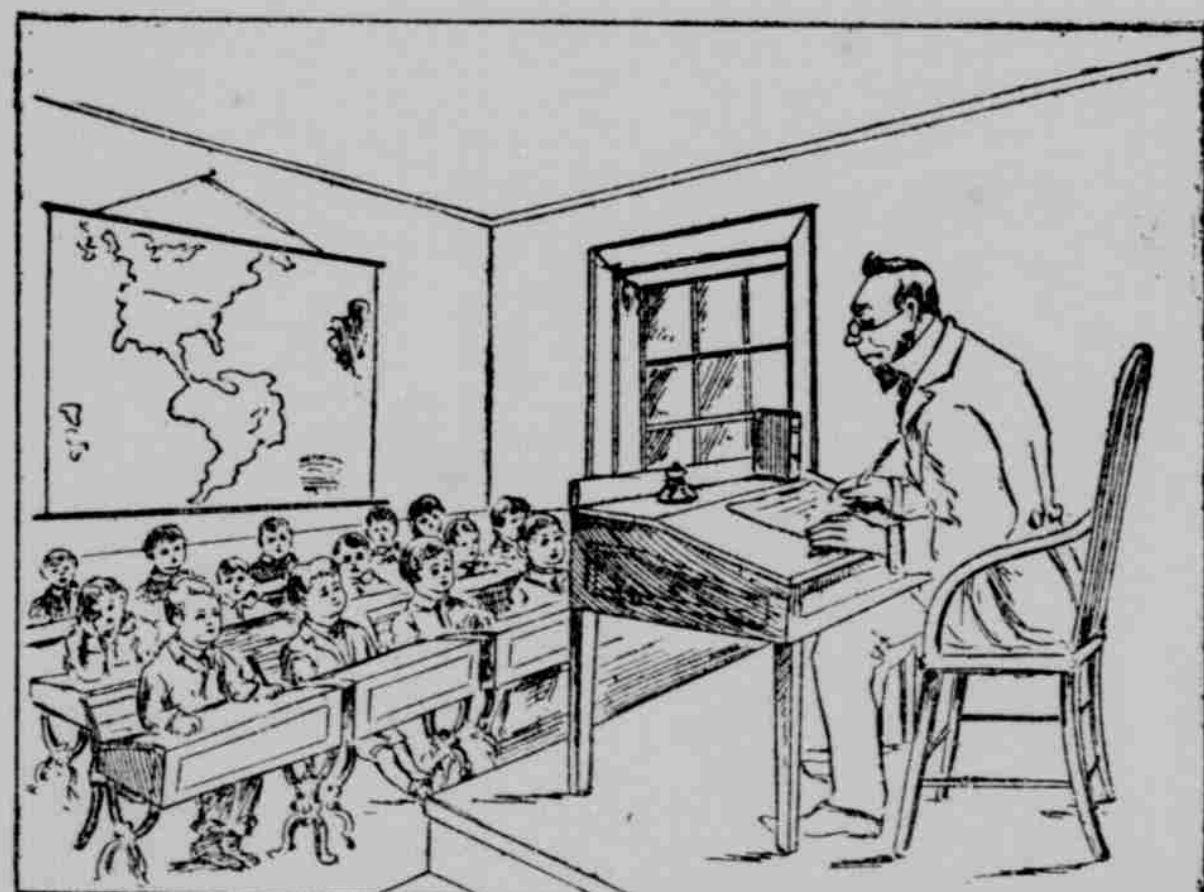
Pattern singing, by the teacher (if she has the voice) or by pupils whose voices are pure and resonant, will aid wonderfully in overcoming the faults described above. A bad pattern is usually imitated as readily as a good one, and for this reason voices that

body. 2. Deep but natural breathlag. 3. A clear and distinct enunciation with careful attention to making the consonants and singing the vowels. This may be taught by pattern. 4. A light attack upon all notes, diminishing in force as the voice ascends. 5. Proper accent and perfect rhythm in song singing. 6. Correct phrasing of songs as in language reading. 7. Examination of each pupil's voice, keeping a correct record of its power, range and quality, and requiring him to sing the part to which his voice is best adapted.—School Education.

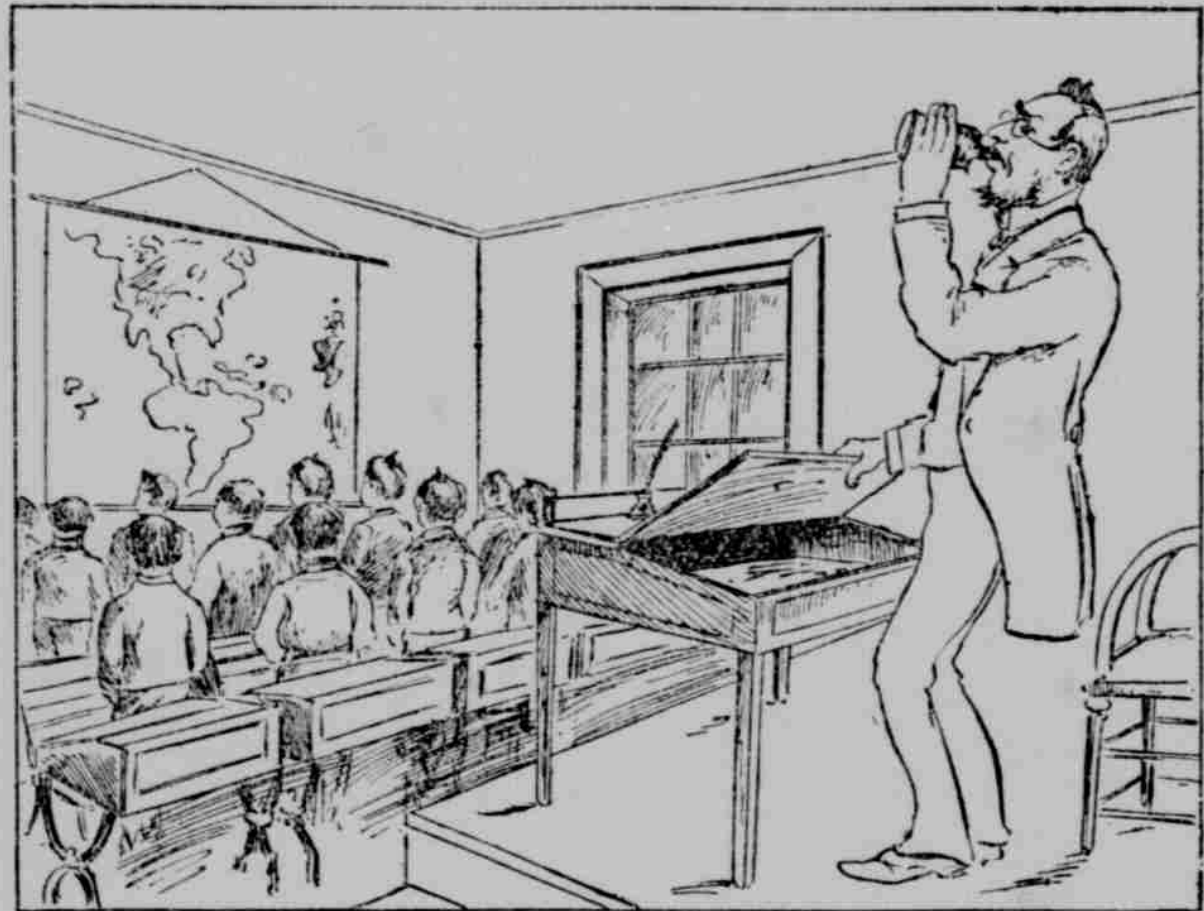
Class Management.

In instructing do not always conduct a class recitation in the same way. Some teachers are governed so entirely by routine that their pupils can almost calculate to a certainty the next action and word. When pupils are busy with mechanical work as in solving problems or writing exercises generally let them work independently of you, always of each other; but sometimes observe their work as it proceeds, for in this way you may study mind action. When pupils are left too much to themselves, we do not know how much of that which they produce correctly is by accident. We should avoid the other extreme, or helping pupils too freely; help them to help themselves. It is better not to call on the poorest scholar at the opening of the recitation, for it produces discouraging results and clogs the progress of the lesson; nor should we call on the bright pupils altogether; the effect is not good on their minds while the minds of the dull ones remain inactive. Be patient with slow pupils; if one does not respond to your question, shape it differently, try to adapt it to his mind, and then gradually retrace your steps to

RYE ALL AROUND.



Teacher—Now, children, stand up and face the map for a moment, and see if you can tell me in what part of Virginia the Rye Valley is located.



And then he got in his fine work.

tend to contaminate the tone of the whole class should be brought under subjection. It is a good plan to seat such pupils in front where they will be under constant surveillance of the teacher.

Soft singing is the first principle of voice training. Harsh, strident tones are usually produced by forcing the voice; hence, the teacher should allow no amount of tone beyond that which the children can produce with perfect ease.

The methods of training suited to the voice of adult singers would result in injury to children's voices if used to a great extent in the schoolroom. In singing, children have the advantage over older people. While adults are studying how to arrange the vocal organs and "place the voice" properly, children just open their mouths and sing; the tone becomes an object of thought and the vocal organs naturally relax to give expression to the sweet melody within. In teaching children to sing, it must be remembered that we are dealing more properly with minds than with throats. We may teach them by imitation to open their mouths gracefully, but devices for "placing the voice" are, as a rule, useless in the schoolroom. Move the soul with "consort of sweet sounds" and the voice will "place" itself.

Children in their enthusiasm often sing too loud and carry the broad, open quality of the lower notes to the upper register, thus producing shouts instead of the beautiful head tones so desirable in all singing. As the voice ascends it should diminish in force but not in brilliancy.

Many principles of voice culture, pronunciation, phrasing, etc., used in language, reading and elocution, can be applied advantageously in teaching singing.

During the singing exercise, teachers should insist upon the observance of the following points:

1. An erect but easy position of the

original inquiry. Always put your questions to the entire class; name the one to answer afterward; this serves to hold the attention of all. Usually name the pupils; do not say, "who knows?" The tendency is for some to neglect to try and summon their little stock of knowledge. Sometimes put a question and incite ambition by asking, "How many know?" or "Who knows?" Have but little concert recitation, however, except in review. Insist on attention, but seek rather to win than to enforce it. Be sure the attention is genuine and not feigned.—Ex.

Things a Beginner Must Learn.

To assume and exercise authority. To estimate the intellectual and moral capacity of children.

To assign reasonable tasks. To instruct one class while conscious of the presence and conduct of other pupils.

To teach and illustrate each particular topic in each branch.

To keep all work in mind and correlate the various school exercises so that they may tend toward a definite and distinctly seen end.

To so direct the school as to keep each pupil constantly busy with work that is educative.

To overcome special defects in training, habits and temperament of pupils.—Missouri School Journal.

For Primary Teachers.

Arouse the minds of your pupils. Give them something to do.

Tell only what you cannot get your pupils to tell you.

Make your pupils talk about what you told them.

Review everything that is taught. Make the lessons brisk and brief.

Exhibit timid and dull pupils. Cultivate sympathy with your pupils.—School Herald.

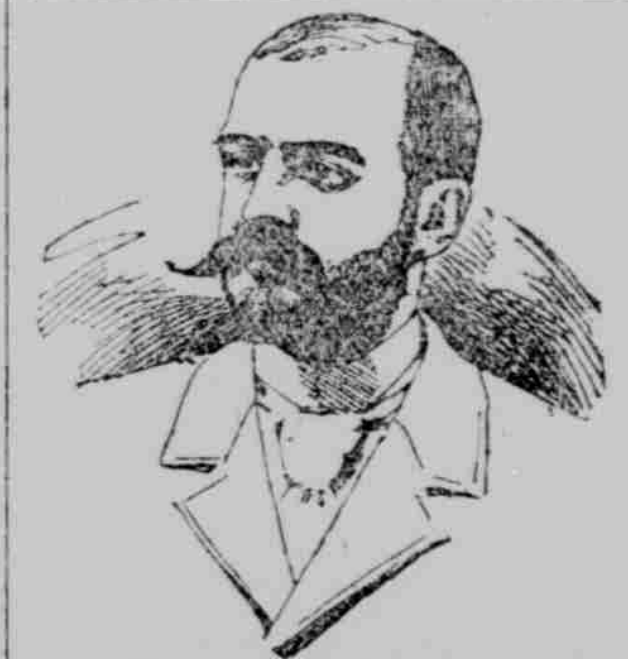
The molar teeth are hard to pull, because their roots are bifurcated, and thus have a much better hold in the jaw.

FRIENDS OF CUBA.

Resolutions Adopted by the House with but Slight Opposition.

Despite the war talk from Spain, the struggling patriots in Cuba were encouraged in the House Monday and sympathy with them in a two hours' debate, and the rules were then suspended and the resolutions by the House Foreign Affairs Committee were adopted as a substitute for those of the Senate by an overwhelming majority—263 to 17. An analysis of the vote shows that 189 Republicans, 70 Democrats and 5 Populists voted for the resolutions and 9 Republicans and 8 Democrats against them. The debate, says a Washington correspondent, which preceded their adoption was animated and breathed a spirit of liberty. At times it was exceedingly dramatic, especially when forebodings of war were uttered, but there was no stemming the strong tide.

The setting of the scene was brilliant. The galleries were black with people attracted by the prospect of the stirring event. In the reserved gallery were many prominent personages. Even the diplomatic gallery, which is usually empty, was thronged with the representatives of for-



SENOR DUPUY DE LOME, Spanish Ambassador at Washington.

eign countries. On the floor the attendance was the largest of the session. A number of Senators came over from the other end of the Capitol to watch the proceedings.

The enthusiasm of the members and the spectators ran riot several times, and the opponents of the resolution cut but a sorry figure when they attempted a counter-demonstration. Owing to the brief time allotted for debate members were fortunate in securing two or three minutes to present their views.

When Mr. Hitt, chairman of Foreign Affairs, arose a hush fell on the House. He moved to suspend the rules and pass the resolutions reported by the House Foreign Affairs Committee for recognizing Cuban belligerency.

Text of the Resolutions.

The resolutions are as follows: "Resolved, (by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring), That in the opinion of Congress a state of public war exists in Cuba, the parties to which are entitled to belligerent rights and the United States should observe a strict neutrality between the belligerents.

"Resolved, That Congress deplores the destruction of life and property caused by the war now waging in the island, and believing that the only permanent solution of the contest equally in the interest of Spain, the people of Cuba and other nations would be in the establishment of a government by the choice of the people of Cuba, it is the sense of Congress that the Government of the United States should use its good offices and friendly influence to that end.

"Resolved, That the United States has not intervened in struggles between any European governments and their colonies on this continent; but from the very close relations between the people of the United States and those of Cuba, in consequence of its proximity and the extent of the commerce between the two peoples, the present war is entailing such losses upon the people of the United States that Congress is of opinion that the Government of the United States should be prepared to protect the legitimate interests of Americans by intervention if necessary."

Told in a Few Lines.

Ex-Congressman William Whitney Rice died of heart disease at Worcester, Mass.

Gen. William Moffat Reilly, prominent in the war of the rebellion, is dead at Philadelphia, aged 74 years.

George M. Sheldley, one of the pioneers of Kansas City, Mo., and a very wealthy retired capitalist, died at an advanced age.

During a quarrel at Cheviot, O., a suburb of Cincinnati, Harry Matlock shot and killed Mrs. Anna Strong, wife of the proprietor of the Cheviot Hotel.

The massacre of thirteen Armenian families is reported from the District of Moush and five Armenians are said to have been killed at Kirsehir, in the Angora district.

Henry S. Fox, Jr., son of Banker Fox of Houston, Tex., was acquitted of the murder of his mistress, Daisy Douglass, whose proper name was Daisy Treigeld, and a native of Kansas City.

Miss Marion Crawford, the artist, cripple and protégé of Fanny Davenport, Patti, Dr. Sayre, the Astor family and other people of prominence, died in New York and was buried in Minerva, O.

Harry Pillsbury, who returned to New York from St. Petersburg, has no excuse to offer for his failure to carry off first prize at the Russian chess tournament, but says he expects to do better if given another chance.

A correspondent in Guayaquil, Ecuador, wires that Gen. Plutarco Bowen has arrived at Tumbaco and has issued a proclamation denouncing Alfaro as a man incapable of governing the country and as a robber of the public treasury.

The visit of the Sultan to the Tapkoun palace in the Stambul quarter, upon the occasion of the Mid-Ramazan festival, to perform the ceremony of kissing the prophet's mantle, passed off without any hostile demonstration.

The Maupin anti-gambling bill, which prohibits betting at race tracks, passed the Virginia Senate, and now goes to the Governor. Its prohibitions are sweeping, and are especially aimed at race tracks and gambling establishments across the Potomac river from Washington.

Miss Gertrude Middleton became violently insane and was taken to the Athens (O.) asylum immediately. She went there in December, and has since been writing poems for Eastern magazines. Failing to secure recognition or remittances she soon became penniless, and brooding over her troubles unsettled her mind.