

Col. James Gordon of Mississippi.



SPEECH IS UNIQUE

Senator Gordon Makes Striking Address on Leaving Senate.

Talks of War Record and Pleads for Erasure of Mason and Dixon Line—Tells of Pity for Millionaires.

Washington.—Having attained his lifetime ambition, a seat in the United States senate, Senator James Gordon of Mississippi the other day bade farewell to his fellow-senators in an address that held them spellbound for 20 minutes.

So deeply touched were many senators that they violated one of the most strict of senate rules, and applauded the aged veteran from Mississippi. After a scant two-months' service—time enough, however, to win the hearts of every one in the capitol—Senator Gordon gives place to Le Roy Percy, the choice of the Mississippi legislature to fill the unexpired term of the late Anson J. McLaurin.

Senator Gordon chose as his text, "Love One Another," which he called the Eleventh Commandment.

His quaint phrases, his homely simplicity and his wise sayings, amusing though he was at times, especially when he read two of his own "poems" earned the sympathy of every person who heard him. When he had concluded, Senator Depew of New York, briefly expressing the regret of the senate at his departure, described the address as "the most remarkable ever heard in the senate," and said it would go down in history as such.

For dramatic interest, the scene in the senate has seldom been equalled in recent years.

As one who fought until the very last, Senator Gordon asked that sectional feeling, bitterness bred in the civil war, be forgotten. As one who had owned 800 slaves, he implored against breeding race hatred by agitating the negro question; and here he read his poem, "My Ole Black Mammy." As one who had been a millionaire who now is both poor and happy, he denounced the "fannel mouths," who stir up envy and hatred against the rich among those who are less lucky.

"We have a few dollars," he said, "that always want to be makin' a fuss. They're not even wuth cussin'." "I was born a multi-millionaire," said Col. Gordon, "but I never was happy until I got rid of my surplus money. I spent much of it on my slaves and the rest of my funds I spent like a gentleman and got rid of the entire incumbrance.

"I have listened with interest to the speeches here and the more I hear of the sorrier I am for the millionaires. Why, if there is a fellow in the United States that I am sorry for, it is Rockefeller, because he has more money than anyone else. That is his misfortune. He can't go on the street with one of his grandchildren unless he is afraid that some one might kill him. Why, I know that he loves one of those children much better than he loves all the money he has got.

"I think Mr. Rockefeller is a good man. I see his employes speak well of him, and I am told that he never had a strike. I am told also that he has given much money to churches and education. Now I don't suppose that everybody will like that, but those who don't like it can put it in their pipes and smoke it. I'd like for Mr. Rockefeller to come down to Mississippi and run his pipe lines through my land. He could have the right of way for all the lines he wanted, for I know that in my time coal oil has

been reduced from 40 cents to ten cents per gallon."

The most touching episode was his rebuke to Heyburn of Idaho, who delivered the "bloody shirt" speech against the bill authorizing the war department to lend tents to the Confederate Veterans' reunion at Mobile next April.

"Let the senator from Idaho come down to the Mississippi prairies; let him come to my home," said the retiring hero of many a battle of 1861-65, "and I will show him such southern life that when we return together here I will take off my hat, throw it in the air and hurrah for Grant in front of his statue in Statuary hall, and he will take off his hat, throw it in the air and hurrah before the statue of Robert E. Lee."

And afterwards Heyburn stepped across to the Democratic side, shook the old man's hand and said in an undertone, "D—n it; I'll do it."

He then told how, when five years old, he had been presented with a toy board, which was checked over with different objects, some of them good and some of them bad. One of these objects was the capitol of the United States, and his mother had told him, he said, that if he would be good and would live a correct life, he might some day hope to sit in the seat of the big man who was pictured there.

"She never told me a lie, and I knew that what she said was true. I knew that I would some day occupy the seat of that big man, and God helping me, I got there yesterday," referring to the fact that for a time he had occupied the seat of the presidential officer.

Referring to the fact that he had been a confederate soldier, Col. Gordon said: "I fought and bled, but I didn't die, however. I skeddaddled frequently."

He then told of some of his exploits in the war and how he had captured Gen. Coburn of Indiana and Gen. Shafter, he said, had fired at him five different times during the confederate charge without hitting him. He said that whenever the union and confederate soldiers met they were always good friends. Asserting that he loved the negro, he said he wanted the Mason and Dixon line obliterated from the map of the United States because he didn't want any more strife.

"A few blab-mouthed people down our way talk differently," he said, "but they are not worth cussing; they are not worth wasting invectives upon."

Paying a tribute to soldiers of both the north and south, Col. Gordon said: "You may as well try to storm the heights of heaven and pluck the diadem from Jehovah's crown, as to take away from either of them the glory of the records of the two men who stood under the tree at Appomattox and brought the war to a close.

"This is the finest body of men that I ever associated with," he continued, speaking of the senate itself, and he beamed upon his colleagues.

OLD DEED IS VERY VALUABLE

Document Found, Said to Be Connecting Link of Claim to \$400,000,000 Estate.

Toledo, O., Mar. 8.—In rummaging over old papers in a trunk, Harry B. Alexander of New Philadelphia, O., has come across an ancient parchment that proved to be a deed dated June 21, 1751, from agents of Lord Baltimore to William A. Price, and conveying lands now the heart of Baltimore, Md., for the sum of eleven pounds sterling.

This is said to be the connecting link of the claim of the Price heirs to an estate now valued at \$400,000,000. Price gave a long lease on the lands, but this lease was destroyed when the British burned the city in 1813.

FALLS IN WITH THE IDEA

Mr. Glimkintog Sees Great Possibility in the Scheme of Building Things Over.

"We had the piano tuner yesterday tuning the piano," said Mr. Glimkintog, "and he says it will do for a few years yet, but that really it's getting pretty well worn out and it ought to be made over.

"We've had that piano now 22 years; two children have learned to play on it, and have pounded on it continuously ever since with naturally steadily increasing strength and impact, and the wonder to me is that it has lasted so long. It still preserves its sweetness of tone, but the tuner says that in a few years now it ought to be rebuilt.

"The case is all right, he says, and the sounding board; all it needs is just new works. You put new works in that piano, he says, and refinish the case, and at a cost of maybe \$150 or \$200 you'd have a piano worth \$500, absolutely as good as new.

"I don't doubt that that is so; I only wish that men could be made over in the same way. I know of one somewhat oldish man who has all his life been subjected to more or less wear, and who, though he may still show some sweetness of tone, is at the same time, beyond all doubt, somewhat worn. Now suppose you could send this old man to some place where they make over men, where they would put new works in him and refinish his case to give him the appearance of youth. What a fine thing it would be if there was a factory like that to which men could be sent! This man I speak of would be willing to give considerable more than \$200 to be thus rebuilt.

"But we're going to have the old piano made over, anyway."

EASY WORK ON THE FARM

Day of Hard Labor Has Gone By, According to This Tiller of the Soil.

A Jackson county farmer, serving on the jury recently, stood in the hallway of the Criminal court building a day or two ago, stretching and yawning, and complaining about not getting enough exercise out on the farm.

"You fellows around the city do a lot of walking and shifting about," the farmer commented to a city man.

"When I was on the farm plowing and cultivating the soil I had no complaint to make about not getting enough exercise," was the suggestive comment of the city man.

"You lived away back there at a time when a man followed the plow and lifted it around at the end of the furrows, after having carried it to the field on his back, and such things," the farmer explained. "We ride and plow these days, you know. Most everybody else is done by machinery. Why, we have to construct a gymnasium on the farm to get a little exercise when we get up in the mornings and before we go to bed at night."

Then he stretched and yawned again, while the city man kicked himself—metaphorically—for having to work so hard.—Kansas City Star.

To Be Agreeable.

It requires tact and judgment, as we all know, to decide when it is best to talk and when to listen. In the presence of men and women of superior talents and accomplishments, or of wide experience of the world, we must be wary and not let our vanity run away with us. To such persons we may not be able to afford intellectual stimulus, and therefore it will be well to avoid giving forth our opinions at length, unless these are called for. With men and women of small talent and accomplishment we must also be on our guard, lest they find us dictatorial and wearisome. It is with our intellectual equals, or with persons of a generous disposition who like to draw out the talents of others, that we feel the greatest freedom and attain the happiest results.—Harper's Bazar.

Grub Street's Pawnshop.

If the Avant is not the oldest and best known pawnshop in the world it deserves to be. It has been in existence ever since the days of Shakespeare and Ben Johnson. It is in Fleet street—Grub street—and has been the poor writer's uncle for all these centuries and years. It has an old legend something like this: "Old Literary Friends Never Forgotten." There are many souvenirs, sayings and traditions of the greatest men on earth, who, having broke, had to pawn their things. Outside of its own name it is well known as the "Grub Street Pawnshop."—London Mail.

Leaves It to Her Judgment.

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?" asks the fair young thing from the refuge of his shoulder. "Well," he replies, "after the way my arm just naturally slipped around your waist as you unconsciously leaned toward me, and my fingers lifted your chin as you unconsciously tilted your head, and I bent forward where your lips were waiting, and didn't get the kiss either on your nose or your chin, but where it belonged—after that, and with the knowledge of the subject which you have displayed, I shall say nothing, except that I leave the question to your own judgment."—Life.

No Deposits.

"Do you think there's money in jeans?" "Well, if there is they keep it well secured."—Exchange.

CAN'T MAKE POLICE BELIEVE

New York Youngster Who Wishes Guardians of the Peace Were Not So Official.

There is a very small girl in this town who believes in police persecution; that is to say, she believes that it exists, though she is anything but in favor of it, says the New York Sun. Her home is downtown on the East side and she goes to one of the kindergartens on the upper West side.

The young lady's mother has to work and so the four-year-old goes to kindergarten alone. She starts out with two nickels tightly held in a small palm and she's just tall enough to reach up to the elevated ticket office to secure her transportation. The ticket chopper is kind enough to deposit her ticket for her. Everything goes well on the uptown trip because in the crowd she isn't noticed.

But when she starts home shortly after noon there is trouble. Every policeman that sees her insists that she's lost. It is useless for her to explain that she knows perfectly well where she's going; she's too small to be believed, that's all. Two or three times a week she is bundled off to the station house in spite of her tearful protestations. There she produces a much-fingered card on which is the phone number of a saloon near her home. The saloonkeeper tells the police that it's all right, explains the circumstances, and she is permitted to go her way. But she is getting mighty tired of it, just the same.

REASON FOR LIKING BARBER

Customer's Remark That Might Be Called Considerably More Than a Hint.

The barber was a trifle more talkative than usual, and the customer, having come directly from the dentist's chair, was perhaps hardly in an affable mood. The knight of the razor opened fire in blissful ignorance of this, however, and passing glibly from the weather to foreign politics, the rival barber opposite, the practical value of religion, was just beginning to explain in detail his views on current educational topics, when the customer suddenly growled: "Look here, where's that assistant of yours—the boy with the red hair?"

"Why, he's left me, sir. We parted Saturday night—on friendly terms and all that, you know, sir—but—"

"Umph!" growled the other. "I liked that fellow. He was one of the most sensible talkers I ever met. I was going to ask to have him shave me always. We've had so many pleasant conversations—"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the barber, in amazement, "but—you mistake, sir, surely! If you'll remember, sir, poor Jim was deaf and dumb—"

"Umph! He was, was he? Well, perhaps that explains it."—Youth's Companion.

Pistols and Politeness.

Much of the politeness of the old-time southern gentlemen came, and still comes, from the same handiness with the pocket pistol. The same type of politeness existed in England before the Puritan reformation. Now, that reformation regarded superb manners as an invention of the devil, and this belief strongly affected New England, but had little effect on the south, which was less affected in manners and customs by the reformation than was France, far less than England. It would have been a good thing for the south and France if each had got more of it. None can deny that Washington and Stonewall seemed more Puritanical than Cavalier or Gaulois in severe and sober discipline of life.—New York Press.

Three-Dollar Gold Pieces.

Beginning with the year 1854, and ending with the year 1889, there were 539,792 of three-dollar gold coins sent out from the United States mints, a total value of \$1,619,376. A few were made in the early years at the mints at Dahlonega and New Orleans and quite a number at the San Francisco mint up to 1860, but the bulk of these coins were turned out by the mint at Philadelphia. They were never coined in sufficient numbers, these figures show, to become really familiar to the people outside of banks, and it is hardly strange that the existence of the coin should be now largely forgotten.—Housekeeper Magazine.

Accepting Misfortune.

There are many ways of accepting misfortune—as many, indeed, as there are generous feelings or thoughts to be found on the earth; and every one of those thoughts, every one of those feelings, has a magic wand that transfigures, on the threshold, the features and vestments of sorrow. Job would have said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord;" and Marcus Aurelius, perhaps, "if it be no longer allowed me to love those I loved high above all, it is doubtless that I may learn to love those whom I love not yet."—Maeterlinck.

Herolism.

What a hero one can be without moving a finger! The world is not a field worthy of us, nor can we be satisfied with the plains of Troy. A glorious strife seems raging within us, yet so noiselessly that we but just catch the sound of the clarion ringing of victory borne to us on the breeze. There are in each the seeds of an heroic ardor, which need only to be stirred in with the soil where they lie, by an inspired voice or pen, to bear fruit of a divine favor.—Thoreau.

THE DIFFERENCE IN RANK

Policeman on Foot Did the Work While Mounted Compadriot Looked On.

On the other afternoon a horse and truck became stuck in the soft earth thrown aside by the workmen repaving the street, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The truckman swore at the horse and the policeman swore at the truckman.

A mounted policeman of the traffic squad rode up and sat on his well-groomed horse—himself a well-groomed rider—while he leisurely took in the situation. When the policeman on foot had exhausted his vocabulary and had also failed to coax the horse by the rein, he turned an appealing eye to the brother of the more distinguished service on the horse.

"Say Flannery," said the mounted policeman, raising an immaculate white-gloved hand to his well-trimmed moustache and gently stroking the horse's adornment, "you're handier to it than me. Lay holt of the wheel and give it a yank."

Two minutes later the horse and truck were on their way, the policeman on foot was ruefully regarding the mud on his big hands, and the brother of the equestrian service was trotting down the street among the automobiles, still stroking his carefully trimmed moustache with his immaculate white-gloved digits.

TACKING ON WALL PAPER

Sometimes That Method Is Preferable to Paste—How It Is Accomplished.

"You never heard of tacking on wall paper? Oh, dear! yes," said Mr. Flatdeweller, "we often do that. We don't put the paper on with tacks originally, but we tack it on in making repairs.

"You know how the paper curls away from the wall sometimes, stiff and hard with the paste on it? Sometimes if it's left that way pieces of the hard paper may be broken off. Well, you couldn't very well paste that paper down again, because you couldn't make any paste strong enough to take out the curl and make the paper hold; and then with paste, even if it would hold, you might not make a nice job of it around the joints, might get on too much paste and so get some of it on the outside of the paper. So we just tack down the curled up paper and tack on the pieces that may have fallen off.

"But don't the tack heads show in the paper? No, not at all, not—ahem!—as we do the tacking. That's where the fine art of tacking on paper, as we practice it, comes in. There's a pattern on the paper and sure to be here and there more or less dark places in the coloring and we simply drive the tacks in the dark spots, where they don't show."

A Judicial Expert.

The native with a stogie met the native with a pipe.

"Howdy, Zeb?" quoth the stogie native. "Hear 'bout th' fuss down to th' courthouse?"

"None," drawled the man with the pipe. "What was it about?"

"Why, Jim Simpson has been suing Abner Hawley for alienatin' th' affections of his wife, an' Judge Musgrove told th' jury to bring a verdict of six cents' damages, 'cause he thought that was all the damage was worth to 'em. An' Jim's wife got mad an' threw a chair at the judge, an' he had her arrested an' put in the cooler."

"But didn't jedgo go a leetle too far when he fixed her value so low?"

"Not at all, not at all. Y' see, he was her first husband!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fable of the Mice.

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse engaged in a friendly rivalry to see which could best entertain the other.

The Town Mouse led off. He introduced the Country Mouse to a great many people of the right sort, who graciously lapped up all the champagne he cared to buy—in short, exhausted the resources of urban hospitality.

"Pretty good!" the Country Mouse admitted. "But say, you come out to my place in your car and run as fast as you like. I'm Justice of the Peace."

Thereupon the Town Mouse had to acknowledge that the rustic life held the greater possibilities.—Puck.

Hospitals.

The only hospitals in antiquity were for slaves and soldiers. The rise of hospitals is wrapped in mystery, but beyond a doubt they are the product of Christian teaching. It is pretty certain that hospitals arose out of the early homes for travelers and the poor. The institution is clearly of eastern origin. About 270 A. D. Basilus founded the famous hospital Caesarea. St. Augustine speaks of hospitals as being quite new in his day. In 498-514 Pope Symmachus built three in Rome. In the sixth century there was a very large one in Lyons. In fact, about this time they appear all over the pale of Christendom.—Chicago Examiner.

Plain Evidence.

"That friend of yours has a very poetic look. Is he anything of a dreamer?" "Is he? You just ought to hear him snore."

HAVE SCHOOL FOR BRIDES

English Institution That Really Has a Great Deal to Be Said in Its Favor.

A school for brides is the latest English educational enterprise and as the brides are taught domestic economy and housewifery there ought to be rejoicing in that country of unskilled cooks and incompetent housekeepers.

The new school calls itself the College of Housecraft, and though it is founded in the hope that newly married young women and girls about to enter matrimony will patronize it, it is open to other women. At present besides prospective brides there are ordinary middle class girls who have been well educated and are trained in sports and accomplishments but are lacking in rudimentary knowledge of home making. In many cases they are planning to go to the colonies or to take some position in domestic service after they have gained a knowledge of housewifery.

The college is arranged like a regular house and run without any servants. The pupils do all the work. Six months is the full course, but shorter terms are arranged as in the case of the society women, while some students are allowed to come as day workers or can attend special classes.

The students wear a plain uniform of brown linen with mob cap and apron in the morning and of brown cashmere with muslin cap and apron in the afternoon. They sleep in little curtained cubicles, but those who wish it can have separate bedrooms at an additional charge of \$1.25 a week.

REALLY A MOONLIGHT SONATA

Beethoven's Beautiful Music Composed Under the Rays of the Queen of Night.

The story runs that Beethoven's Moonlight sonata—always so called, though he so rarely gave a descriptive name to any of his works—was composed on an occasion when he had been playing to some stranger folk by chance.

Walking with a friend he overheard in a humble house some one playing with much feeling a bit of one of his sonatas. He paused to listen. In a moment the music ceased and a girl spoke longingly of her wish to hear some really good concert. The voice was so appealing that the composer stepped without hesitation to the door and knocked. Admitted to the wondering host, he said: "I will play for you," and played wonderfully till the lamp burned out. Then with the moonlight filling the room he began to improvise—the mysterious delicate breathings of the beginning of that wonderful sonata, then the tricky elf-like second part and the glory of the close.

As You Like It.

The aged, worn, and guileless-looking individual sauntered up to the desk of the clerk in a southern hotel, and quavered, as he drew from his wallet a yellow bill, "Friend, will you kindly give me five silver dollars in exchange for this memento of the good old confederate days?"

The clerk glanced quickly at the proffered bill, smiled to himself, tossed it into the drawer, and counted out the five dollars. When the guileless-looking individual had gone, the clerk examined the bill he had just taken in. He found that it was, or was not, a good U. S. bill. Either way you take it, it makes a story. It has never been decided which is the better way.—Puck.

How Far Can You See?

What is the farthest limit to which the human vision can reach? Power in his book, "The Eye and Sight," gives the ability to see the star, Alcor, situated at the tail of the Great Bear, as the test. Indeed, the Arabs call it the Test star. It is most exceptional to be able to see Jupiter's satellites with the naked eye, though one or two cases are recorded, the third satellite being the most distinct. Peruvians are said to be the longest sighted race on earth. Humboldt records a case where these Indians perceived a human figure 18 miles away, being able to recognize that it was human and clad in white. This is probably the record for far sight.

School of Brothers and Sisters.

The doting father and mother of an only child lavish money like water upon it, and would not wish to be told that they are only half educating the little life that they cherish with such devoted care. Nevertheless, the only child can never be but half educated, because it misses the better half of the precious early school—brother and sister playmates. The teachers in that school are the youngsters themselves, and the lessons they teach one another are not written in books, but are none the less indispensable. Also, what is there learned is last forgotten.—New York Press.

That Masher Ordinance.

Judge.—You two are charged with having violated the masher ordinance by having precipitated an acquaintance on a public highway without ever before having seen each other. What have you to say for yourselves? Beasie from Boston.—Because, may it please your honor, we simply knew, by some psychic resonance of basic kindred chords in our respective beings, that we would understand each other. It was the sheer momentum of our natures.

Judge.—Oh, very well. You are discharged.