GAIL HAMILTON CRIES FOR WAR.

Fight if Necessary, Says the Noted Woman from Maine.

She Declares That the Bible Is Packed Full of Jingo Politics.

Expresses the Belief That There Are Many Hells Besides the Hell of War.

WHY DANCE TO ENGLAND'S MUSIC?

First Public Utterance of the Distinguished Writer Since Her Serious Illness in Washington—America Against Tyranny.

THE JOURNAL presents to-day the first words on public questions that the famous political writer, "Gail Hamilton," has written since the day she fell stricken almost to death in the Blaine mansion at Washington. It will be recalled that for weeks Miss Dodge lay hovering on the edge of life, and that, when she recovered strength, she declared to her pastor and church friends that during the first hours of her illness she was in another world and conversed with her brothers in spirit land. This point makes especially interesting her references to the Bible as given in the opening of to-day's article.

The Lord is a man of war. He is none the less a man of war whether Moses or Herbert Spencer wrote the Pentateuch.

We know very little of our really foreign relations. The religious creeds of Aldebaran, the political tendencies of Betelguese are a sealed book to us. Even of our home relations, our nearest neighbors, Mars and Venus, we do not know the marriage laws or the educational institutions, although Harvard University seems to discover a high degree of civilization in vast engineering works by which the Martians are seeking to supply from their mountain snow tops the deficit of water.

Of all the countless constellations in the sky we can certainly trace residential intelligence on but one, and that is our own, the dark little earth of our modest solar system. This star we know in considerable detail, and the first detail is that one of its chief corner stones is war. In the Garden of Eden, by the Lord God himself, was war proclaimed. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman and between thy seed and her seed. It shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel." The Lord God not only proclaimed, but initiated war on the earth, for He drove out the man from the Garden of Eden, and placed at the east of the Garden cherubims and a flaming sword which turned every way. No sooner were two men born on this little dark star than they grappled in war. Down through the twilight of the past the story of the Jews is a story of mighty men of valor. It was the work of the Lord in Zion which made bright their arrows and gathered the shields; which raised up the spirit of the Kings of the Medes, which set up the standard upon the walls of Babylon, made the watch strong and prepared the ambushes. "Set up a standard in the land," saith the Lord, "blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against Babylon. Every purpose of the Lord shall be performed against Babylon to make the land a desolation without an inhabitant. For thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: the daughter of Babylon is like a threshing floor: it is time to thresh her." Nothing more contemptuous, nothing more condemning could be said of that great, corrupt city than that of her mighty men "have forborne to fight. They have remained in their holds. They became as women." And still our churches echo the Psalm of David, "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teaches my hands to war, and my fingers to fight!"

In a lull of the world's wide war Christ came—to bring peace on earth, good will to men, say the Christmas sermons. Not at all. "To bring peace on earth to men of good will" would be nearer the truth, which is a very different thing. England and America combined to render into our mother tongue the song of the heavenly hosts, and the result of their learning and piety prescribes "glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased"—a direct contravention of our indiscriminate Christmas carolling. The true glory of the nativity, "Peace on earth to men of good will," is no new song, but the positive New Testament note completing the harmony of the Old Testament negative: "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Christ reinforced the testimony of the heavenly host with His own declaration of His mission. In boldest, baldest words He announced that He had not come to bring peace on earth, but war, and war of the worst kind, civil war, domestic war, to set the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; to put a man at feud with his own household.

The Bible is a jingo book, to use a word silly in its origin, sillier in its English application, and silliest in its American adoption. But if "jingo" is to be a political argument, a weighty word, it must accept its responsibilities like any other word. The Bible is packed flaming full of jingo politics, to which the jingo of the President's message is but a calm, solemn hint. The Jews were so intensely patriotic that they were continually running it up even to the heavens, calling themselves the chosen people of God; not only proclaiming him as "the Lord our righteousness," but claiming Him as their king and parliament, their president and congress; and if we do not accept the Jewish theory of divine government, none the less facts remain unchanged. The principles laid down in the Bible are fought out in the world's history outside of the Bible. The flesh revolts from war, but the spirit warreth against the flesh. It is hardly too much to say that every great advance of our race has been made or marked by war, whether we read history from Sinai's tables of stone, or Tel-el-Amarna's tablets of clay, or on the pages of Tacitus or Macaulay. The token of the Lord upon the door-posts of humanity is a token of blood. I say "the Lord" just as Moses said it, because the Lord is His name. But if there are any who cannot accept the nomenclature of Moses to whose reverence God presents Himself only as the Unconditioned, still have Moses and I with him no quarrel. Matthew Arnold formulating God for literature as the power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness; Herbert Spencer preaching Him as the Absolute Energy; the great dead scientists who would devoutly divest Him of all appearance of personality by broadening Him to a reverent "It," broke themselves in vain against the impossible, trying to present the infinite infinitely in finite words. They could not get one step ahead of Moses, even on the line of the Unconditioned. What God said unto Moses is not only as simple as intelligible, but as unanthropomorphic as what God said to Matthew Arnold, to Herbert Spencer, to Huxley and Tyndall: "I am that I am: This is my name forever and this is my memorial unto all generations." He may be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty Father, Prince of Peace. But when His children ask who is the King of Glory, it must still be said: "The Lord strong and mighty—the Lord mighty in battle."

War, then, is as scriptural as peace, as Christian as peace; as divinely ordained as peace.

The peace of this Prince of Peace is always allied with righteousness. The peace of the Bible is always secondary to righteousness. In the armor of God, the breastplate of righteousness is assumed before the feet are shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. "If it be possible, as much as in you lies, live peaceably with all men," is an authoritative Christian recognition of the fact that peace is not always possible, and that it may require the concurrence of two parties. Nevertheless the command is inflexible: First pure, then peaceable. The Kingdom of God is righteousness and peace. We are instructed to follow peace through the things which make for peace; which are clearly defined as things wherewith one may edify—build up—another. Peace must keep pace with holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.

To apply these principles to the trouble of our time is a more direct and may be a not less effectual way of securing peace than to accentuate the horrors of war. Those horrors have never been denied, but they have never finally prevailed against the expansiveness of truth. "War is hell," we quote General Sherman to those whom we call featherheads, dragging us thoughtlessly into its depths. But the God of this world has never been deterred from leading it forward by any consideration of the sufferings and sorrow that lie along the path of progress. There are a great many hells on earth besides the undoubted hell of war.

"Do not marry," said a happy young mother, still in the new rejoicing over her first-born son. The typical anguish of the world is not the suffering of the battlefield, but of motherhood. Thousands of soldiers come out of war unharmed, but of all the millions who have stood in the ranks, not one but owed his life to the deadly pain and peril of a woman. Human suffering is not only of man's folly, but of God's wisdom, and if we do not believe in God we cannot deny nature, whose victim woman has been from the beginning. The same power that made woman willing to lay down life for love, made man willing to lay down life for righteousness.

A sound of battle is in the land and of great destruction. A nation lies bound and bleeding on the highlands of Armenia in full view of the world; and the highway robber that assaulted her stands over her prostrate form brandishing his sabre in the face of Christendom, and forbids to stanch her blood or feed her famine. We sit at our ample tables, by our comfortable firesides, and curse the Turk, but is he alone accursed for the slaughter and spoiling of Armenia? Turkey defies Christendom because for centuries Christendom has unchristianly permitted herself to be defied. Was it yesterday of Turkey in Armenia that Clara Barton wrote:

> Has come to stay. The turbaned Turk
> Is England's friend and fast ally;
> The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
> And on the Cross and altar stone;
> And Christendom looks tamely on,
> And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
> And sees the Christian father die;
> And not a sabre blow is given
> For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,
> By Europe's craven chivalry!

No, it was Fitz Greene Halleck, of Turkey in Greece, seventy years ago; and still the Moslem tramples on the cross with the moral brutal and bloody footstep that the 1900 years of the Christian era have known. Christendom is urging upon Turkey the establishment of reforms as the only amelioration of the present acute distress; but since Halleck stigmatized the turbaned Turk a new spirit came upon him. A young Turkey developed itself and forced the Sultan to convoke a representative assembly, to which came Turk, Armenian, Bulgarian, all races and creeds, to free debate in an Ottoman Parliament, which investigated corruption, pronounced for freedom of the press, a constitutional monarchy with responsible Ministers, for a Senate and a House of Deputies, for equality before the law, obligatory public instruction, equal taxes, liberty in religion, and the other vital points of free constitutional government.

What happened? When Nicholas, great-grandfather of the young man who now sits on the throne of Russia, found that these reforms were in earnest and were giving to Turkey a new physical and moral organization, were so consolidating and invigorating the Ottoman Empire as to make it a strong power, able to resist Russia, he sought to attack the reform before the Sultan should have time to give them more solidity. Russia did not want, had not advanced far enough to value human progress, individual happiness, religious or political freedom; least of all did she want a strong Turkey, strong and stable, liberal and constitutional, therefore an obstacle in her path of empire. She wanted an open waterway into the Mediterranean. She wanted a free foot to Afghanistan. She wanted Constantinople. John Bright and Richard Cobden did not want war. Consequently, therefore, constitutional England encouraged, practically urged, despotic Russia to suppress constitutional and liberal young Turkey, and it was suppressed. But the Crimean war was not averted, and that there is not a Turkish and Armenian war is only because Turkey has snatched the weapons of Armenia and supplanted war with massacre. And the question to-day is, how can these reforms be established in Turkey which were crushed out by the combined force of English liberalism and Russian despotism?

Ethiopia stretches out her hand unto the God of battles. It is only a little raid of English freebooters across the borders of South Africa, crushed out by the sturdy Boers before it was fairly fledged; but the lightning flashed it across angry Europe with such a rattle and roar of war-thunder as wakened every beast in the menagerie, and set him snarling at the end of his chain, till the British lion was only too glad to draw back into his lair and order his cubs in after him.

Wafted over the Caribbean Seas came the phantom breath of burning gunpowder harshly foreign to their fragrance. Again the cat. Hunting up our old maps we found that the British yellow was silently but sedulously crowding back the Venezuelan pink and absorbing wealth of the Orinoco. But the Monroe doctrine leaped to the front. Ecclesiasticism tried to soften it down, and cynicism to laugh it off, and culture to explain it away. There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification, none of them so clearly leads to the path of peace as that first sharp, sudden, angry screech of the American eagle, aroused by the President's message. He does well who takes heed as unto a light shining in a dark place.

And now as I write come rumors that the problem has taken on new factors; that Turkey has formed an alliance with Russia. Why not? Russia is not a constitutional, but she is a Christian country, contiguous to Turkey, and by race, religion and neighborhood better fitted, perhaps, to answer the Armenian question than we. The parts of Armenia already belonging to Russia are said to be the most happy and prosperous of all, and the Armenians themselves crave Russia as a deliverance from Turkey. Why should we object? The English Colonial Secretary, Chamberlain, invites the United States to co-operate with England in Armenia, and Lord Salisbury is reported to have asked our Government to join in a demonstration of the English and American fleets in Turkish waters for the sake of obtaining genuine reforms in Armenia. Why should we? When genuine reform was upspringing in Turkey England helped Russia to stamp it out. England has been fooling in Turkish waters ever since, till even Sir Philip Currie has caught cold. The Sultan despises England. Why should we put on the cap and bells? Why should we dance to England's piping? Russia is our friend. When we were in sorest straits Russia volunteered her great moral support. England volunteered a moral attack, which was only repressed from being a martial attack by the greater political insight of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, whom England flouted till his death, and then apotheosized, just as she has done now with his son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg.

GAIL HAMILTON.

DO WE NEED AN ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

Prominent New Yorkers Believe That Another Law Is Needed for the Guidance of the Human Race.

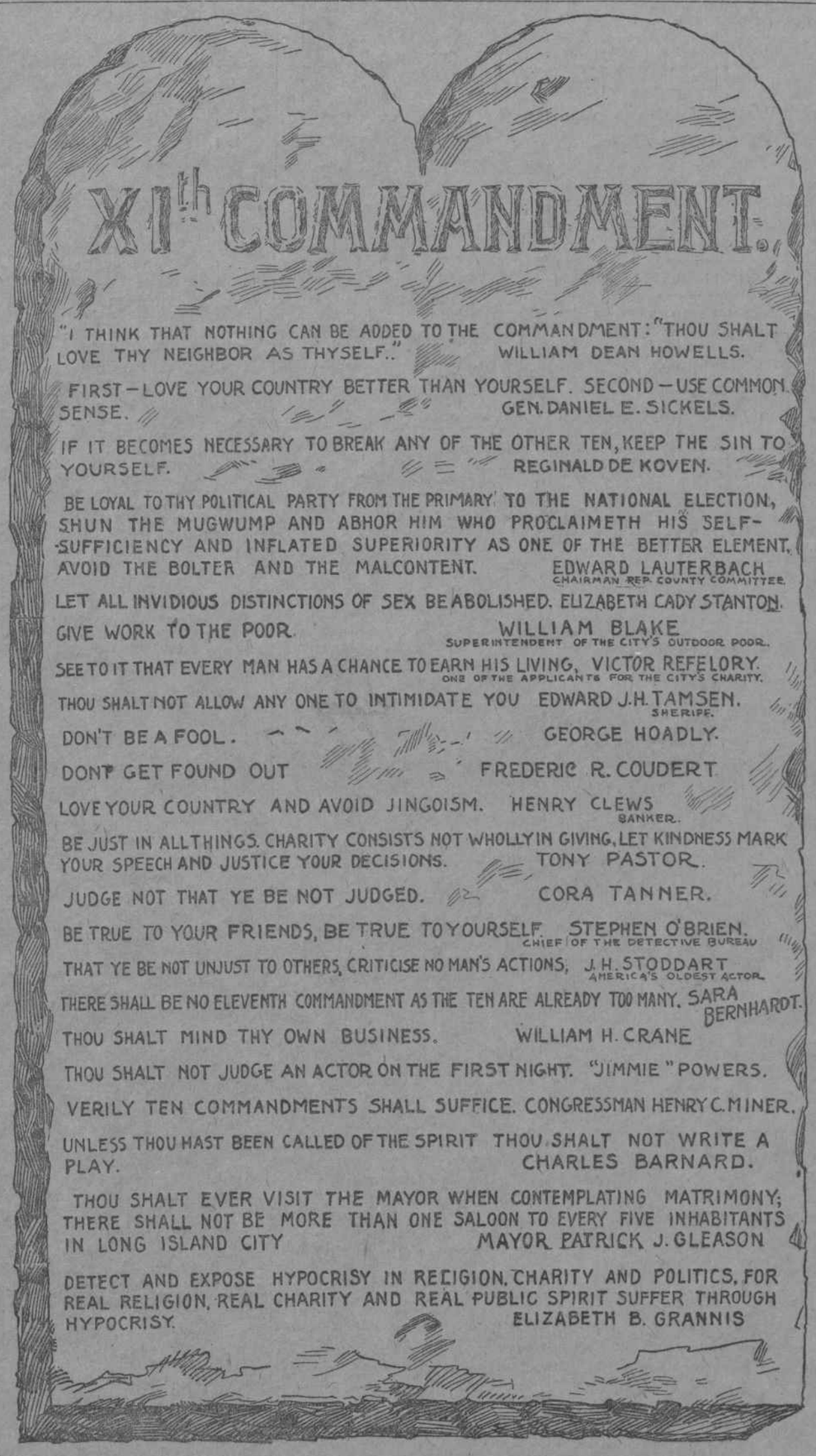
Are the Ten Commandments enough? There are some New Yorkers who believe that there should be eleven. What do you think about it?

Dr. Robert Collyer says:

"An Eleventh Commandment? But, you know, we already have that.

"And do you remember the story of Hillel, the grandfather of Gamaliel? How a young Greek went into his study, and, glancing about at the rolls and books of parchment exemplifying his intense erudition, said: 'Tell me all there is in these books while I stand on one leg.'

"'Up with your foot! Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself. Put your foot down!'"



How It Feels to Starve.

Horrors of a Twelve Days' Ride in a Box-Car Without Food or Water.

Terrible Journey of William H. Falkenburg from the City of Monterey, Mex.

DISCOVERED WHEN NEARLY DEAD.

Experience of a Man Now in a St. Louis Hospital That Few Live to Recite—A Tale of Suffering Graphically Told.

St. Louis, Feb. 8.—Twelve days without food! Twelve days without drink! Twelve days shut up in a dark, ill-smelling box car with as little fresh air to breathe as is found in a Russian convict cell! These were the experiences of William H. Falkenburg, at present in the City Hospital at St. Louis. Falkenburg was found in a box car of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad a couple of weeks ago when the car was opened. He was helpless and seemed to be insane. By careful nursing, the daily injection of stimulants and a diet suitable to his very weak stomach he has recovered at least a little of his former strength, and yesterday, for the first time, was able to tell the tale of his terrible sufferings. It is expected that the man will now be fully restored to health.

"It is difficult," said Falkenburg, "to give you anything like an accurate tale of the sufferings I endured or of the sensations I experienced on my way in that box car from Monterey, Mexico, to this city. Nor can I say how many days I spent in the box car. In fact, I have no recollection whatever on that point. I have, however, a vivid recollection of some of the earlier days I spent without food or water. First of all, as to the peculiarity of taking possession of a box car which was at the time or subsequently became locked. I had been in Monterey for some time, and had been working there for about six months. I was engaged for the greater part of this time in working around engines. I was paid for this about $60 or $70 a month, just according to the way the work came. At length work became slack. I was dissatisfied, and you know the lack of reasonableness which a dissatisfied man will always display. I am not what you would be justified in describing a drinking man. I do take a drink, but am not a hard drinker in the generally accepted meaning of the term. But I had been having a few drinks with a few friends on the day on which I had made up my mind to quit Mexico. My companions accompanied me to a point on the railroad where a freight train was standing. One of the box cars was open, but some of the train hands were walking around, and so I had to resort to a ruse to gain admission. On the top of the car was a little door. I suppose for the convenience of the trainmen to hand lamps backward and forward, etc. I climbed to the top of the car and let myself down through this door. In the meantime I had told my friends to close the main door; that is, to close it without locking it. The trap door on the top is a sort of sliding arrangement, which, when fastened, cannot be reopened from the inside. For the purpose of having a joke at my expense, I imagine, my friends not only closed the main door, but locked it and barred it, so that it was impossible for me to open it. I had myself closed the upper door, to more effectually escape the chances of detection. For a few hours I did not think I was in any danger. But the car became unusually stuffy, so much so that I put my mouth to the small chinks in the side of the car in order to get a little fresh air. I soon began to suffer intensely from the heat of the car and the want of air, and the anxiety as to whether I would be left in the box to die. Twenty-four hours passed, and still the train rolled on, jerking and jolting. In vain I made an attempt to attract the attention of some of the train hands. I finally became so weak that I could no longer make this attempt.

"My suffering, so far as hunger is concerned, was not noticeable up to this point. Thirst, however, had set in. The intoxicating liquors of which I had partaken before starting added to it. Another twelve hours passed. It was now night, and how terribly long and dismal that night seemed! I hardly slept; at least, my sleep was fitful. I felt alternately the freezing cold of ague and the burning, consuming heat of fever. The morning came, and, as if a new day gave a fresh hope of life, I rejoiced that it had come. There is something that is exceedingly captivating to a man travelling through the country in a train, as he pulls up the curtain of his sleeper and sees the shadows of dawn falling on the woods or hills in the distance. No such sight can have been as attractive to any man as was the coming of day to me, cooped up in that old box car, which I expected would be my tomb. This was the second day out, and, after three or four hours, we rolled into some station. While I was practically unconscious—I was told I was delirious—I still managed to retain my senses. When the train came to a standstill I heard some person walking close by on the platform. Throwing all the little energy which remained into my voice I called for help. And then I fell prostrate to the floor. The station was San Antonio, I afterward discovered. The car was opened and I was lifted out. I longed for the air; I longed for a draught of water. But the air overcame me, and on trying to walk I again fell. I was given some water. I begged for it and it seemed to relieve me. But my thirst did not go away. I was given more and my stomach would not stand it. I was taken to a doctor. He evidently saw there was something wrong, and I believe he knew what was wrong. He put a glass of water before me and while I was anxious to take it, I told him I feared it. My thirst continued, and now I was seized with a violent chill. However, I was supplied with some medicine, and I thought I would get all right. After a day I managed to eat a little—so little that it is not worth mentioning. I felt, however, that nothing now was wrong, and not thinking a great deal of my experience, determined to get further North.

"I went into a box car a little outside of San Antonio, attached to a train which I knew would soon be starting out for St. Louis. I was weak still, and I suppose I was suffering from the effects of my previous trip. It looks as if I were exceedingly unfortunate, or as if I had a mania for getting into box cars. Possibly I had become a little bit unbalanced. At all events the car was locked on me, as you know, for it was lying three or four days in the yards here before being opened. When we had been one day out I began to experience the first pangs of hunger. Every man has been hungry, but what a difference between the pleasant stimulus of appetite and the agony of starvation! But the hunger was nothing to the thirst! It began to rain and I tried with all my might to lap the little drops which entered the crannies in the side of the car. I was hoarse. My voice was so weak that if the use of it would have procured me all the comforts I could ask I could not use it. My tongue began to swell; it seemed to stick to my palate. I found it difficult to breathe. I became lightheaded; my heart beat violently. As night came on I became terribly cold. I suppose I was feverish. Then I had dreams, and such dreams! They were the dreams of the fever patient. All the incidents of life would be woven into them in a confused mass. And in the visioned picture woods and streams were always most prominent.

"I know little about my removal to the hospital. I only knew that the sight if water sickened me, and the sight of food sickened me still more. The experience is one which I shall not forget. I am feeling well now, although I am exceedingly weak."

Falkenburg is a man a good deal above the average of his class in the matter of intelligence. He seemed, by his conversation, to have received a fair education, and the eyes particularly denote a fairly bright mind.

HIGH PRICES FOR PRUNES.

The California Crop Falls Below the Estimate, and Similar Reports from Elsewhere Indicate a Short Supply.

Up to January, 1896, the shipments of the crop of 1895 prunes from Santa Clara County, California, of which San Jose is the principal shipping point, amounted to 35,000,000 pounds. Of this quantity probably 3,000,000 pounds has been shipped into San Jose from outside points, leaving 32,000,000 pounds as the product of the Santa Clara Valley. The general estimate of the crop of 1895 from all points in California was 40,000,000 pounds, but this estimate has now been reduced somewhat, and it is generally conceded that the crop of 1895 will not be over 38,000,000 pounds. This leaves on hand in California at all shipping points something like 3,000,000 pounds, or, say, 125 cars. Of this quantity not over twenty-five cars are in the hands of the growers, the balance of the surplus being held by the packers or dealers.

The great source of the supply of prunes in previous years has been France, Austria, Bosnia, Servia and the provinces controlled by Turkey in Europe. From these sections the United States have been heavy importers in the past, but the past year very few prunes have been imported, and so short has been the crop in these provinces that foreign countries have been buying the California prunes, and although in only a limited way, something like 175 cars have been exported.

The Eastern States have been large importers of French prunes in past years, but, owing to the fact that the French crop was light in 1895, and scarcely sufficient for home consumption, the Eastern States have been compelled to rely upon our own home product, and were very generous buyers of California prunes during the Autumn months of 1895. The Middle and Western States have not been heavy purchasers up to the present time, as trade conditions have not been such as would warrant carrying large stocks, and their purchases have been confined principally to everyday requirements. At the present time, from careful investigation, the stocks of California prunes throughout the Eastern, Middle and Western States are very small, and as the quantity of prunes remaining in California is much less than for several years at this season, there is no reason why there should not be a very material advance in prices. The great consuming period for prunes is during the Spring and Summer months, and with only an ordinary demand it seems more than likely that there will not be sufficient stock within several million pounds to supply this demand. The new crop cannot possibly reach the consumer until next October, and as there will be no foreign importations, but, on the contrary, the probability of further exportation from this country to France and England, it is obvious that the people who are great consumers of prunes will be compelled to pay higher prices for their favorite fruit within a very short time.

The New Jerusalem.

[Boston Herald.]

Prescott, which is the capital of Arizona, comes pretty close to being the New Jerusalem. The granite used for street pavements contains $4 in gold and 20 cents in silver to every ton, so that in time, when less expensive methods of reducing ores are used, it may pay the city to tear up and crush its street pavements.

LONDON TO USE SALT WATER.

Preparing to Get a Daily Service of Ten Millions of Gallons.

Will Preserve the Pavements and Wipe Out Gases from Sewers.

Even Hyde Park Is Now in a Neglected Condition During the Night.

JANE CAKEBREAD IN JAIL AGAIN.

The Authorities Decide That She Is an Imbecile, and a Magistrate Commits the Old Arch-Drunkard to an Insane Asylum.

By Julian Ralph.

LONDON, Jan. 29.—Among the important measures to be pas Parliament this year is o providing sea water for Londo great main will, like the sucker of a gigantic animal, b tended from London into the wat the Channel, passing through D Leatherhead and Ashtead to Epsom, a great reservoir will be construc store ten millions of gallons at a time.

Another such reserroir is to be built at Stevning. The water will be pumped to the latter place and will flow by gravity to Epsom. Thence it will be carried into Battersea, on the Surrey side of the Thames and across the river to Chelsea, where the mains will form two great circuits, embracing the whole of the West End of London. London will thus get a service of nine or ten millions of gallons of salt water daily.

Ryde, Tynemouth, Barron, Birkenhead, Blackpool, Bournemouth, Grimsby, Harwich, Plymouth, Torquay and other cities and towns have been using sea water for a greater or lesser length of time, because it is said to keep the roads moist, without making them slushy, to harden macadam pavement and to preserve the wooden roadways that are so popular in England. It is declared that sea water makes perfect that form of street roadbed that we in America know by the name of "Nicholson pavement." The same water is also used for flushing sewers, and will be in great demand in hotels, hospitals and private mansions for salt-water bathing. It is said that sewer gas is dissipated when it is used in the sewers of a city. London is to spend $2,250,000 in arranging for this new service.

A curious revelation of the backwardness of the chief city of the world has been made by the bad conduct of three flower-pedding women, who set upon a n s in Hyde Park and stole his purse out of his pocket. The park has always been used by pedestrians in making short cuts from point to point in the labyrinthian tangle of the city's streets, and yet it has never been lighted, but has remained as dark as Erebus during most of the nights of each year.

In the daytime, and especially in the Summer months, it is one of the most beautiful, though one of the plainest parks in Europe. The assault and robbery, of which I speak, called attention to the neglected condition of the big breathing spot at night, and the newspapers declared that it had always been a hunting ground for the vilest as well as the boldest criminals in London. So much good has come of this discussion that already the Commissioner of Works has decided to put an arc light in the park in front of the marble arch.

The caution and slowness, typical of all public action in England, cause the revolutionary step to be seriously regarded as a grand stride forward, and we are told that if the light proves itself of value the whole park will eventually be lighted. If this is done the reader should understand that these lanes and walks will be the first and only thoroughfares in London that will be thus distinguished, for, even now, at the close of the nineteenth century, the greatest and the humblest streets are wretchedly illuminated by feeble gas jets that spread almost no light in fine weather, and that look like yellow beads in the foggy air of most nights during eight months of the year.

After being discharged from the private inebriate asylum in which Jane Cakebread had been cared for several months, that old inebriate and imbecile returned to the gin shops and the gutters of the metropolis, and was immediately rearrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. In Holloway Jail she was once again examined by the physicians, who confirmed the verdict of the asylum doctors, declaring her trouble to be insanity rather than drink. The jail authorities declare that her imbecility has greatly increased during the last few months and that she is entirely irresponsible for her behavior. A magistrate has, therefore, sent her to an asylum, and we shall probably hear no more of the arch-drunkard of the world until she dies, a finish that cannot be far on.

When sentenced she made as much resistence to incarceration as her feeble strength permitted. She declared she had all her "proper senses," and insisted on having handed over to her the £17,000 to which she said she was entitled. The old and incorrigible virago was carried out of the court struggling and shouting.

A LITTLE PINK SHOE.

Only a little pink baby shoe
That is stained and wrinkled and torn
With a tiny hole where the little pink toe
Peeped out in the days that are gone.

The little pink toe was the "big little pig"
That to market so often would go,
And over and over the legend was told
As I kissed the little pink toe.

"Piggie some more," the red lips would lisp,
And the story and kiss were given
Again and again, so happy were we
In motherhood's foretaste of Heaven.

But there came a night, with desolate blight,
When Death bore my idol away,
And no little toe ever peeps from the shoe
To be kissed in the sweet old way.

But my tears have deluged the little pink shoe
And stained it a deeper stain,
And I long for the touch that would chill me in death
If it gave me my darling again.

So, when I am dead, lay the little pink shoe
Near my heart that is silent and cold,
And perhaps up above, in the sunlight of love,
I shall kiss the pink toe a old.

KATE ANNY MARR.