OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY

"Ma'am?" BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Illustrated By Dom L. Lavin related to his matrimonial ventures, Marcus Antonius Saterice was a quietly, patient man. On three occasions "an it, had corralled a wife within his cents," she said. house. The first had been the love of .his childhood: the wooing of the second had lasted but six weeks; that of the eighty-five is every cent I've got with third but three. He rejoiced in the me-and you're no gentleman to bid fact that he had been a good husband higher.' to three good women. He lamented that all were dead. Now and then he squirmed his bull head around on his bul dy, and glanced across the isle at the showy woman who was daintily picking a chicken wing. Each time he

looked he muttered: "Flighty, Too slight, Stuck on her-With his food Saterlee was not

patient. He dispensed with mastication Neither was he patient of other people's matrimonial ventures. And, in par ticular, that contemplated and threatened by his son and heir was moving across three hundred miles of inundated country as fast as a train could carry him. His son had written

'Dearest Dad: I've found Dorothy again. She's at Carcasonne. They thought her lungs were bad, but hey aren't. We're going to be married week from today-next Friday-at nine a. m. This marriage is going to take place, Daddy, dear. You can't prevent it. I write this so's to be on the square. I'm inviting you to the wedding. be hurt if you don't show up. What if Dorothy's mother is an actress and has been divorced twice? You've been a marrying man yourself. Dad, Dorothy is all darling from head to foot. But I love you, too, Daddy, and If you can see it my way, why, God bless and keep you just the same.

JIM." keep you just the same. I can't deny that Marcus Antonius Saterlee was touched by his son's epistle. But he was not moved out of

"The girl's mother," he said to himwelf, "Is a painted, divorced jade." And he thought with pleasure of the faith, patience, and rectitude of the three gentle companions whom he had successively married and buried, "There But then we do, because it is not good to live alone especially in a small community in Southern California."

to sparkling advantage a number of the hotel or hire another trap." handsome rings.

actress," he muttered as he looked. I." "Not if I know it." And then he mut-"You'd look like an actress if you was painted.

Though the words cannot have been distinguished, the sounds were audible. House by midnight," said the pro-"Sir?" said the lady, stiffly but prietor,

"Nothing, Ma'am," muttered Mark Anthony, much abashed. "I'm surprised to see so much water in this arid corner of the world, where I have often suffered for want of it. I must have been talking to myself to that night.

The lady looked out of the windownot her's, but Saterlee's.

"It does look," she said, "as if the up to the horse." continued, "we may attribute those continued, "we may attribute those constant and tedious delays to which we have been subjected all day to the premature melting of snow in the fastnesses of the Sierras?" This phrase did not shock Saterlee.

He was amazed by the power of memory which it proved. For three hours earlier he had read a close paraphrase ayune which he had bought at that guess I can quiet some of it. I rather The train ran slower and slower.

"Do you think we shall ever get anywhere?" queried the lady. 'Not when we expect to, Ma'am,'

The train gave a jolt. And then, very quietly, the dining-car rolled over on its side down the embankment. There was a subdued smashing of china and glass. A clergyman at one of the rear tables quickly remarked, Washout,' and Saterlee, who had not forgotten the days when he had learned to fall from a bucking bronco, relaxed his great muscles and swore roundly and at great length. The car came to rest at the bottom of the embankment, less on its side than on its top. For a moment-or so it seemedall was perfectly quiet. Then Saterlee aw the showy lady across the aisle

he, with extreme punctiliousness, I into a halting walk. inink we may leave the car by climbing shallow of water. And once more the over the sides of the seats on this

sides of the seats, opened the car had already dried upor door, and helped her to the ground. dry miracle of the air. And then, his heart of a parent having awakened to the situation, he forgot boat, said Saterlee, the mud which her. He pulled a timetable from his pocket, and consulted a mile-post. It had entered his mouth gritti was forty miles to Carcasonne—and pleasantly between his teeth. only two miles to Grub City—a lovely puddle.

of the plane. Grub City-hire a buggy-drive to Carcasonne," he muttered, and he moved forward with great strides.
"Where you want to git?" asked the proprietor of the Great City Cafe. "Carcasonne," said Saterlee. "Not

the junction-the resort." Well," said the proprietor, "there's just one horse and just one trap in Grub City, and they ain't for hire. We've no use for them," said the great man. So they're for sale. Now what do you think they'd be worth to you? "Fifty dollars," he said as one ac-

customed to business. It was then that a panting, female voice was raised behind him, "Sixty

His showy acquaintance of the dining car had followed him along the ties as fast as she could and was just

"I thought you two was a trust." commenced the proprietor's wife, who

[Copyright by Chas. Scribner's Sons.] 1 atood near. "But it seems you ain't In most anairs, except those which even a community of interests."

Salated to his matrimonial ventures, "Seventy dollars," said Saterlee,

ardent temperament and the heart of a dove," as he himself had expressed "Seventy-six dollars and eighty-five



And he swam to shallow water, not without great labor, towing Mrs. Kimbal by the hair. But here he picked her up in his arms, this time with no word spoken, and carried her ashore.

for a horse and buggy that a man's mind-now." blood," he had prided himself. "Man in your cellar or in mine?" he asked. all right." or woman, we stick by our choice till I ain't set eyes on her since February." "This is

ommunity in Southern California." stop first or thereabouts, the buggy is and expensive white linen and hand-lical, sir, I think. Except that I could the glanced once more at the showy yours to go on with. If we reach yours embroidered dress. lady across the aisle. She had finished first, it's mine. Now, if you're going her chicken wing, and was dipping her further than Carcasonne Junction, I'll Saterlee, "that you've made up your never, never fancy myself marrying fingers in a finger-bowl, thus displaying get off there. And either I'll walk to mind to go through this experience again-if my husband had died still

"My boy's girl's mother a painted bound for Carcasonne House? So am

"In that case," said Saterlee elegant- danger of falling out." ly, "we'll go the whole hog together." "That's so—that's so," said Saterlee.
"Quite so," said the lady primly.
"Maybe it's just as well we're some-'You'd ought to make Carcasonne

we don't make it by midnight?" We will by 1 or 2 o'clock."

The lady became very grave. "Of course." she said, "It can't b

nicer if we could get in before mid-"I take your point, ma'am," said Saterlee. I can promise nothing. It's all

"Of course," said the lady, "it doesn' waters had divorced themselves from really matter. But," and she spoke a the bed of the ocean. I suppose," she little bitterly, "several times in my and getting the wrong answer." life my actions and my motives have

"Well, ma'am," said Saterlee, reputation as a married man and father of many children is mixed up in this, too. If we are in late-or out late rather-and there's any talk-I

The proprietor entered the conversation with an insinuating wedge of a

"I don't like to mind other folks" ousiness," he said, "but if the lady is retting about bein' out all night with total stranger, I feel it my dooty to remark that in Grub City there is a nade a gesture which either indicated his whole person, or that smug and bulging portion of it to which the ges-

ure was more directly applied. Saterlee and the lady did not look t each other and laugh. They were

painfully embarrassed Saterlee brought down the whip narply upon the bony flank of the ld horse. But not for a whole minute did the sensation caused by the all was perfectly duck.

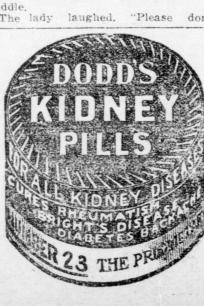
And the showy lady across the aisle descending upon him through the did she seem suddenly aware of the fact that she had been whipimpact drove most of the breath out of Saterlee's body. "How strong you and the lady with mud, and, having and the lady with mud, and having a series and the lady with mud, and having a series and the lady with mud, and having a series and the lady with mud, and having a series and the lady with mud, and having a series and the lady with mud, and having a series and the lady with an analysis and the lady with an ana

"When you are rested, Ma'am," said reached the other side, fell once more Once more the road ran under

been whipped, and made a rush for it. He preceded her over and over the Fresh mud was added to that which had already dried upon them by the "She'd ought to have been a motor-

had entered his mouth gritting un-The mare rushed through another

The lady laughed. "Please don't



"Eighty dollars," said the son-in-law, bother to hold her," she said; "I don't and that he dies-not THE DEATH-

was never any divorce in the Saterlee daughter's husband. "Is that horse that got a mud bath, and came through her-buried-men don't come back.

he or she turns up his or her toes. Not like turned quietly to the angry the showy lady, who was still showy in like read over him—that's divorce—till then do we think of anybody else. and tearful vision whom he had so cals spite of a wart-like knot of dried mud and find another whom she can trust "Ma'am," he said, "if we come to my glanced at her spattered but graceful her twice. The cases would seem iden-

"Well, I can see one thing," said like a good sport. I wish I didn't loving me, still faithful to me." "Why!" exclaimed the lady, "are you have to take up so much room." "Never mind," she said, "I like to

thing of a tight fit." "Heavens!" exclaimed the lady. "And der it cures people with lung trouble, up, I do not seem to myself a Still. I'm glad mine are sound."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, livingma'am," said Saterlee. "When you "I know," he interrupted, "you are said you were bound for Carcasonne Mrs. Kimbal. But I thought I knew helped. But it would be ever so much House, I thought to myself, 'Mebbe more about you than I seem to. I'm she's got it,' and I felt mighty sorry." Saterlee. And my business at Carca-"Do I look like a consumptive?" she sonne House is the same as yours."

"Bless me-no," said he. "But you're then: not stout, and, considering where you me for putting two and two together to want the same thing-that is, to

but a little stiffly. "It was perfectly and decide how to do it." lungs were threatened. Well, perhaps read it in the waning light. they were. I sent her to Carcasonne "But," he repeated gently, "that does

Saterlee hastily.

asm, "a great relief. But"—she hesi- per. tated—you see—she has made up her mind to marry a young man whom I said, "and it doesn't sound like—" her scarcely know. But about him and his voice broke. He took the letter from antecedents I know this: that his her and read it, ustice of the peace." He bowed and father has buried THREE wives!" No, it doesn't," he said,

llady, who was leaning forward, elbows so surely as tears-when they were in on knees and face between hands, did his own eyes. not perceive this convulsion of nature. "Well," said Mrs. Kimbal with "If blood counts for anything," said sigh, "let's talk."
he "the son has perhaps the same "No," said Saterlee, "let's think." she, "the son has perhaps the same whip appear to travel to the ancient he had taken a third. I am told he is about getting across that first.

effort that would have moved a ton. old mare remembered that she had to her. I have suffered for her. And the old woman and me-more for a she must-she shall-listen to me."

"If I can help in any way," said Saterlee, somewhat grimly, "you can count on me. . . . Not," he said, a count on me. . little later, "that I'm in entire sympathy with your views, ma'am. Now, if you'd said this man Saterlee

had DIVORCED three wives. The lady started. And in her turn fused. suffered from a torrential rush of blood to the face. Saterlee perceived Kimbal. it through her spread fingers, and was leased.

"If you had said that this man," he ent on, "had tired of his first wife and had divorced her, or been divorced brown flood which they were apby her, because his desire was to an- proaching, repeated like a lesson: then I would go your antipathy for him, ma'am. But I good, not harm. Jenny always thought understand he buried a wife, and took the world of you. You'll be lonely another, and so on. There is a difference. Because God Almighty himself lonely. You gave me peace on earth says in one of His books that man And you can't be happy unless you've was not meant to live alone. Mebbe got a woman to pet and pamper. That's the more a man loved his dead wife your naturethe quicker he is driven to find a liv- He paused. ing woman he can love. But for people who can't cling together until his forehead with the palm of his death—and death alone part 'em—for hand. "It just stopped there." leath—and death alone part give a "I'm glad you kimbal gently."

us say a good woman marries a man, paused.

out dies to her. Tires of her, carries never seen is too good to be true."

"They are yours, sir," said the commented Saterlee. "I remember my he as dead, eyen if she loved him, as father-in-law, and he turned to his old woman—Anna—had a brown silk if he had really died? He is dead to Well, maybe the more she loved that "This is an old rag, anyway," said man the quicker she is to get the ser- turning her head to look at the buggy on the end of her nose. And she and love. Suppose that happens to become intolerable to me; but I could

said Saterlee. than one wife.'

"What air this is," exclaimed the that I have divorced more than one current. lady; "what delicious air. No won- husband, and yet when I size myself woman. It's true that I act for my

She was silent for a moment. And

"Well," she said, "here we are. And said you was going, you mustn't blame that's lucky in a way. We both seem keep our children from marrying each "I don't blame you at all," she said, other. We can talk the matter over

natural No." she said, "my daughter "We can talk it over anyway, as you is at Carcasonne House. She had a say," said Saterlee. But—" and he very heavy cold—and other troubles— fished in his pocket and brought out and TWO doctors agreed that her his son's letter and gave it to her. She

House on the doctors' recommendation. not read like a letter that a brute of a beauties about her that had hitherto and debauchery that in her struggle Rus-And it seems that she's just as sound son would write to a brute of a father now, does it?" "What a relief to you, ma'am," said She did not answer. But she opened

Europe Unveils Monument in Honor of Battle her purse and took out a carefully "Yes," she said, but without enthusi- and minutely folded sheet of notepa-

The blood rushed into Saterlee's face said it roughly, because nothing and nearly strangled him. But the brought rough speech out of the man

brutish instincts. A nice prospect for They could hear from far ahead a my girl—to suffer—to die—and to be sound as of roaring waters.

superseded. The man's second wife "That," said Saterlee dryly, "will be was in her grave but three weeks when Gila River. Mebbe we'll have to think

"Yep!" Saterlee managed, with an river," said Saterlee, "was when my first wife died. That was the American "I am going to appeal to her," said River in flood. I had to cross it to get the lady. "I have been a good mother a doctor. We'd gone prospectin'-just

He broke off short. "And there's "you can Gila River," he said. "I hoped you were going to tell me what your poor wife said in her let-

ter," said Mrs. Kimbal. "Oh, ma'am," he said, hesitated, cleared his throat, and became con-"If you'd rather not-" said Mrs

"It isn't that," he said. "It would seem like bragging." "Surely not," she said. Saterlee, with his eyes on the broad

"'Mark-I'm dying. I want it to do

"That was all," he said, and wiped "I'm glad you told me," said Mrs

"And you are wrong," said the lady. When they came to where the road

"It all depends," said Saterlee, "how deen the water runs over the road, and whether we can keep to the road. Can ou swim, ma'am?" Mrs. Kimbal admitted that,

dothes made to the purpose, and in word spoken, and carried her ashore. very shallow water, she was not Some moments passed. without proficiency.

Would you rather we turned back? "I feel sure you'll get me over," said

For some moments Saterlee considered the river, knitting his brows to see better, for the light was falling by leaps and bounds. Then, in an emparrassed voice:

Tve GOT to do it. It's only right. "I feel sure,' he said, that under the circumstances you'll make every

allowance, ma'am. Without further hesitation-in fact, with almost desperate haste, as if wishing to dispose of a disagreeable duty-he ripped open the buttons of his waistcoat, and removed it at the same time with his coat, as if the two had been but one garment.

"PLEASE," she said, "don't mind anything-on my account." He reached desperately for his boots. unlaced them and took them off. "Why," exclaimed Mrs. Kimball BOTH your heels need darning!" Saterlee had tied his boots together, and was fastening them around his

neck by the remainder of the laces. "I haven't anybody to do my darning now," he said. "My girls are all at school, except two that's married. So -- "He finished his knot, took the reins in his left hand and the whip

in his right. At first the old mare would not budge. Saterlee brought down the whip upon her with a sound like that of a small cannon. She sighed and

walked gingerly into the river. The water rose slowly, and they were half-way across before it had reached the hubs of the wheels. But mare appeared to be in deeper. She refused to advance, and once more turned and stared with a kind of wistful rudeness. Then she saw the whip, before it fell, made a desperate plunge, and floundered forward into deep water-but without the buggy.

One rotten shaft had broken clean off, both rotten traces, and the reins, upon which hitherto there had been no warning pull, were jerked from Saterlee's loose fingers. The old mare reached the further shore presently swimming and scrambling upon a de-scending diagonal, stalked sedately up the bank, and then stood still, only stranded in mid-stream.

Saterlee was climbing out of the buggy. "Now." said he, "if you'll just tie my coat around your neck by the sleeves, and then you'll have to let me

carry you. Mrs. Kimbal did as she was told. But the buggy, relieved at last of all weight, slid off sidewise with the "I take your point," said Saterlee. "I current turned turtle, and was carried have never thought of it along those swiftly down-stream. Saterlee, stag- synod, reigned supreme while he lived, by a few months' imprisonment only. The think that I could go to sleep without lines. But I may as well tell you, gering, for the footing was uncertain, danger of falling out."

ma'am, that I myself have buried more and holding Mrs. Kimbal high in his arms, started for shore. The water rose to his waist and kept rising. He ing," said the lady, "I must tell you halted, bracing himself against the

voice, "it's no use. I've just got to let you get wet. We've got to swim to make it."

"All right," she said cheerfully. She gave a little shivery gasp. "It's not really cold." she said. "How

trong the current pulls. Will you have to swim and tow me?" "Yes." he said. 'Then wait,' she said, "Don't let me

hatpin from her hat and dropped it Roman Catholics have suffered oppresas carelessly on the water as if that rion. The Jews have experienced during los, by the Black Hundred organization, had been her dressing-table. Then she your reign persecutions far more cruel took down her hair. It was in two than those which prevailed during the outside world, great, brown, shining braids. The Middle Ages.

eluded htm. "It will be easier, won't it," she said, you have my hair to hold by? I think I can manage to keep on my

back."
"May I, ma'am?" said Saterlee. She laughed at his embarrassment. and half-thrust the two great braids into the keeping of his strong left

hand. A moment later Saterlee could no onger keep his footing. "Now, ma'am,' he said, "just let

vourself go." And he swam to shallow water, not without great labor, towing Mrs. Kimbal by the hair. But here he picked her up in his arms, this time with no

"Well," she said, laushing, "aren' you going to put me down?" "Oh," he said, terribly confused, "I

forgot. I was just casting an eye around for that horse. She's gone." "Never mind, we'll walk."

"It'll be heavy going, wet as you e" said he. "I'll soon be dry in this air," she

Saterlee managed to pull his boots on over his wet socks, and Mrs. Kimbal, having given him his wet coat from her neck, stooped and wrung as nuch water as she could from her lothes.

It was now nearly dark, but they found the road and went on, "What time is it?" she asked. "My watch was in my vest," said

Saterlee. "How far to Carcasonne House?" "About thirty miles." She did not speak again for some

"Well," she said, a little hardness in her voice, "you'll hardly be in time to steer your boy away from my girl." No," said he, "I won't. And you'll hardly be in time to steer your girl away from by boy.'
"Oh," she said, "you misconceive

me entirely, Mr. Saterlee. As far as I'm concerned my only regret NOW Kimbal, but his voice was very husky, is that I sha'n't be in time to dance at "Ma'am?" he suggested.

"Ma'am,' he said, and there was something husky in his voice.

About midnight they saw a light, and forsaking what they believed in hopeful moments to be the road, they

made for it across country. The light proved to be a lantern upon the porch of a ramshackle shan-ty. An old man with immense hornrimmed spectacles was reading by it out of a tattered magazine. When the couple came close the old man looked up from his reading and blessed his

soul several times. "It do beat the Dutch!" he exclaimed in whining nasal tones. "If here ain't two more!

"Two more what?" said Saterlee.
"It's the floods, I reckon," whined the old man. "There's "three on the kitchen floor and there's two ladies in my bed. That's why I'm sittin' up. There wa'nt no bed for a man in his own house.

"But," said Saterlee, "you must find some place for this lady to rest. She is worn out with walking and hun-

"Stop," whined the old man, smiting his thigh, "if there ain't that there mattress in the loft! And I clean forgot, and told the boys that I hadn't nothin' better than a rug or two on the kitchen floor." 'A mattress!" exclaimed Saterlee.

"Splendid! I guess you can sleep on anything near as good as a mattress. Can't you, ma'am?"

"Indeed I could," she said. "But you have been through as much as I have-more. I wont take it." The old man's vhine interrupted.

"Ain't you two married?" he said. 'Nop," said Saterlee shortly. "Now, aint that ridiculous?" mediitated the old man. "I thought you was all along." His eyes brightened behind the spectacles, "It ain't for me to interfere, IN course," he said ,"buet hereabouts I'm a justice of the peace."

Neither spoke. "I could rouse up the boys in the kitchen for witnesses," be insinuated.
Saterlee turned suddenly to Mrs. he suggested. THE END.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

[From the Independent.]

of the Russian Empire the expectations ward to a more humane reign than that which had just ended. They were yearnng for reforms, for a sympathetic bond ment under pressure. You were frightbetween the palace and the huts of the that was rising over the Russian land. hungry and the homes of the oppressed. You were regarded as a young man of liberal tendencies, of advanced views.

das, what an awakening was theirs!

The Vision Faded. "Little by little the vision of a bette Your supposed idealism failed to manithe ascendancy and have exerted a baneful influence at your court. Those who have counselled reform and have advo-"Ma'm," he said in a discouraged cated liberal tendencies have become discredited and have been driven away.

An Oppressor of Nations. tragic. Though you have special cause to be lenient with your Polish subjects, Poland has been bent under added burgovernment without autonomy, and it is deputies, the imprisonment of the sign e carried away."

Gradually becoming converted into a crs of the Viborg manifesto, the murder atpin from her hat and dropped it Russian province. The Baptists and the of the distinguished Jewish Duma deputation from her hat and dropped it Russian province.

ends disappeared in the water, listing down-stream.

"Then you were driven into a war with Japan by Admiral Alexeyev and others of Shorn of her hat and her elaborate your advisers-men who sought the perhair-dressing, the lady was no longer sonal gain of power and wealth, and who showy, and Saterlee, out of the tail led Russia headlong to ruin. The army of an admiring eye, began to see real and navy proved so demoralized by graft

Sire,-When you ascended the throne sia revealed herself as a colessus upon The Constitution and After. "On Oct, 17 (Russian style) 1905, you

signed the manifesto granting a constitution to Russia. You signed that docu-You were informed that only such & measure could save your throne By adopting it your throne has, for a time, been saved. On the day after the mani After your father's reactionary reign the lesto was issued, a counter-revolution Russian people longed for relief. But, was organized. Massacres broke out in hundreds of towns in various parts of Russia at the same hour and upon the same signal. Jews and intellectuals were. day faded. Your people began to despair. attacked, plundered and killed. The gallows was revived in Russia. Men, wofest itself in any of your acts. The evil men and children were hanged for ofgenius of Pobyedonostseff, of the holy fences punishable in civilized countries and still rules Russia from his grave. A prisons became overcrowded. The best long list of charlatans and mad monks of the Russian people were thrown into and illiterate fortune-tellers have been in dungeons, or exited to forsaken and peet-Oppression of Liberty

"The story of the first and second Dumas is well known to the whole world. Every aspiration for liberty and justice that found vent in those national assem-"The condition of the long-suffering blies was withered in the bud. Every nationalities of your empire instead of manifestation of independence was penameliorating has become ever more alized. The voice of the people was sildens. Finland has become an autonomous sembled upon the seats of the oposition all these are no longer secrets to the

Your Anti-Jewish Policy

"The restrictions directed against the Jews of Russia assumed shocking forms. You have gone much further than your father in your anti-Jewish policies. you do not know you should know that the Jews have contributed much to the development of Russia, Rubinstein may e said to have founded the Russian chool of music. Antokolsky has made Russian sculpture to rank high, Levitan, a Jewish landscape painter, has taught the Russian people how to admire the landscapes of their own country. Professor Elie Metchnikoff, head of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, the greatest iving biologist, who exiled himself from Russia, ascribes his love for science to has declared that Russia has lost through the persecution of the Jews some of the greatest scientists. The literature, art and music of Russia have been popularized and made accessible in many lands outside of Russia by Jews Russians in America.

"Many of the Jews whom you have ruelly oppressed have come to America They have adapted themselves here to he American conditions. They are makng remarkable progress in every field of uman activity. They have added to the wealth of the nation by their manufacures, their skill in innumerable trades which they practice here, but were foridden to practice in their native land, They have widened the spheres of comnerce. They have become patriotic and aw-abiding citizens. They and their dopted land have profited marvellously by the avidity with which they have availed themselves of the educational oportunities extended to them. The unantnous voice of America should have convinced you that the Jews have made good as American citizens.

"Your advisers are misleading you with regard to the Jews in Russia. That is the nost charitable view to take. To divert your attention from their own incompetency, they are pointing to the Jews &B the cause of all the troubles that exist in Russia. To divert the attention of the Russian people from their real enemies, the officials are inciting the bestial massions of the mob against the Jews.

Open Your Eyes.
"This is not the letter of one who hates lussia, but of one who admires the Rusia that has produced a great literature, that has given birth to great men and omen, that is struggling for emancipaion, that possesses marvellous possibilities in her industries and natural reources. It is the expression of one whe, though he loves the land, shudders, at these manifestations of mediaeval bigotry and cruelty for which you are responsible.

God's throne. 'How can you, the man who suggested the establishment of universal peace at The Hague, tolerate in the land in which ou hold absolute sway, such refinement f barbarity and brutality, and yet von ure to face the rulers of civilized power

ers as their equal?"

Charles . . Dale Battle of the Nations Monument at Leipzig.

of Nations .-- A Napoleonic Defeat.

One hundred years ago the power of Napoleon Bonaparte was shattered. Oct. 18 at Leipzig, Germany, the descendants of a dozen or more kings and inces and grand dukes, whom Napoleon had kicked and scuffed all over Eu rope, will meet and dedicate a huge monument of stone in honor of the Battle of Leipzig, sometimes called the Battle of Nations, where the great Frenchman met his most disastrous defeat.

Of course Waterloo, which was fought something more than a year and a alf later, capped the climax of the Napoleonic career; but it was the battle of Leipzig, where the Austriana, Russians, Prussians and Swedes beat him est badly, that signalized his downfall.

The Battle of Nations came after the disastrous Russian campaign—the ampaign into which Napoleon took 400,000 men and the Austrians and the Prussians were conspiring to rid the world of the biggest figure that had ever appeared in Europe up to that time. They raised an army between them and met Napoleon on several fields where they were beaten or he beat them—but not to a decisive finish in either case. It was on Oct. 16, 1813, that the allies and the big Frenchman locked horns for the final struggle. The battle lasted in the eyes of the world and before three days, the 16th, 18th and 19th. Napoleon was beaten to a standstill. He ed from Leipzig, leaving 15,000 dead, 15,000 wounded and 25,000 prisoners. It estimated that the two forces lost almost 50,000 killed in that fight. Napoon had about 180,000 men and the allier, under Prince Schwarzenberg, num

who was nettled by the applicability disappeared under the swift, unbroken of his remarks to her own case. "Let brown of Gila River, the old horse would be be bigh, representing the werriers of the nations