IING A REPUBLIC IN A DAY

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Republics, unlike poets, are made, not born.
Portugal holds the record for swift making.
Recently a party of Americans—including Canadian-writers for the press, sailed up the

Not so was France furned from monarchy g. to a republic after years of civil war. France has developed no symptoms of a return to monarchy. The United States ceased to be a

St. Lawrence from England; out less than six colony and became a democracy after years of

The Royal Castle of Cintra, near Lisbon

days when a packet of newspapers was landed on board from the pilot boat at Father Point. "Well, what's the news? Anything start-ling? —from the Old World or the New?" enquired half-a-dozen of one who had most of the

reading matter. "Portugal has declared a republic," was the reply. While the ocean liner had been coming from the Old World to the New the thing had been done; a complete revolution, king a fugi-tive, president appointed, cabinet slated, streets of Lisbon controlled by Republicans, loyalist troops scattered and won over, a Republican flag flying and a Portuguese Marseillaise adopted as a national anthem; a whole chapter of history written in a single night; summing up centuries of restless king-rule over a singular people

fighting the troops of King George the Third. Since which event the Fourth of July has been spectacular and half-unconscious revival of king-hatred in the greatest of all democracies.

Fickle, however is the history of democracy. Said one eminent Canadian imperialist the other day to a couple of traveling Americans:
"No doubt the United States has become an oligarchy. Monarchical England is the great democracy."

Such are the paradoxes of history. Last. week a shrewd Englishman talked to an observant American on tendencies in the American democracy. He alleged that the signs of the times in the United States point to the evolution of an oligarchy on one hand and a mob rule in the other. The American pointed out that a revolution might arise; that between the

are in danger.

Said the Englishman "I should not be surprised to see Roosevelt seize a new power against the existing political parties as the champion of the great middle class, thereby becoming a sort of American king.

This of a democracy but a little more than

Recent developments in England demon-strate that while kingship in that country is as strong as ever, the privileges of a great landed aristocracy are being severely questioned by the working classes, including the socialists. Germany also has her signs of the times. The Kaiser finds it necessary to re-declare the divine right of Kings in the teeth of an unupreceden-



King Manuel of Portugal

ted upheaval of the plain people, more especially the socialist element. The causes and conditions of revolt in Portugal are radically different from those existing

tyranny of the trusts and the domiation of la-bor unions, the rights of the great middle class dent of conditions in South America. Indeed, Senor Lima, a chief in the Portuguese Republican party, anticipates world-wide results from the turn-over in Portugal. He expects a federation of all the great Latin republics in South and Central America, where revolutions are as frequent as changes of wind. He predicts that Spain will become a republic and join the confederacy, thus exerting influence upon the whole civilized world.

Which is after all only a gigantic merger of political sort; even though it be a vast

Meanwhile, the youth King Manuel the de-posed, is reputed to be glad of a chance to escape the complications of a troublesome rule. He is personally safe, under the protection of Great Britain, mother of autonomies. The young king has had no direct personal connection with the revolt. He is said to be an exemplary young man who, whether as prince or king, has been quite conspicuous for acts of philanthropy, gallantry and devotion. He is a student and a sportsman, an expert billiardist, a good linguist, fond of music, an excellent not, a fine tennis player and a good fencer. All of which diversions he has been abundantly able to indulge in on his kingly allowance of \$1,000 a day, now alas! much reduced.

The Temps newspaper of Paris, however, has its own Republican opinions about Manuel.

"The savage murder of King Carlos and the Crown Prince placed upon the throne a child incapable of individual initiative and judgment the plaything of men and events in the royal drama-who could not purify the corrupt political atmosphere. Incapable ministers struggled through financial scandals, with the old monarchical framework cracking and falling. This

collapse was the Republican opportunity."

The Temps wonders whether in the event of the success of the republic Spain will decide on armed intervention to restore the monarchy. The journal des Debats considers that the real cause of the revolution was anarchy, which it says has been destroying the nation for more

than a generation. The paper adds: "Never was a country so deplorably governed. Ministries changed, but the system never. It was always a division of the spoil. It was the same rotation in office and corruption

as destroyed Greece. Every economic and fin ancial interest of government was prostituted to serve the personal interests of the reigning group and their clans, who were obliged to feed a crowd of hungry followers."



The late King of Portugal and Edward VII. of England

So Portugal has nothing radically new to add to the story of revolutions; except that mediaevalism could have endured so long without protest.

The curly-haired little sprite of the house came running to her father in the study and, throwing her arms about his neck, whispered confidentially in his ear: "Oh, papa, it's raining!"

Papa was writing on a subject that occupied his mind to the exclusion of matters aside, so he said, rather sharply, "Well, let it

"Yes, papa; I was going to," was her quick response.—Harper's.

Reflections on Long Life

There is no question that man does not known to be angry. Fawset, who died at a ve so long as in a normal condition of things hundred and four, had his pipe constantly live so long as in a normal condition of things he ought to do. God praised Solomon because he asked for wisdom instead of long life. Why so? Because wisdom—that is to say, the strict observance of the natural laws—entails, of it—notes that the property of the prope could live a thousand years if he only knew how to economize his provision of vital force.

According to some authorities, the average chances of life up to seventy have augmented The celegrated physiologist, Flourens, also deduced from his study of the nervous centers chances have diminished.

It has been shown by statistical tables that married men live longer than the unmarried: unmarried men do not fulfil one of the natural laws; married men also lead more steady lives -in other words, do not so often infringe the natural laws. Unfortunately, many mistake idleness for economy of force. It is not so. Economy of force lies in the moderate use of the powers, faculties, and appetites; but to disuse them is to abuse them almost as much as by excess. Others, again, are perfectly intimate with the natural laws, and yet have so little control over themselves that they frequently abuse them. This seems to be one of the pains and penalties of our highly complicated and artificial manner of living-the most costly of them all.

Long life is so exceptional a thing that the Greeks and Romans used to chronicle all remarkable cases of longlivity. Hesler and other writers have shown that the year, before Abraham, consisted of only three months; that it reckoned eight after the time of the patriarch; but that it counted twelve only after the time of Joseph, who introduced the Egyptian method among the Jews. The age of Methuselah, then, presents nothing so very extraordinary when we proceed upon this calculation. It was after the era of Joseph that the prophet sang: "The days of our years are threescore year and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

But it is well attested that in our days some people attain a much greater age. Samit Mun-go, a Scotchman, and Peter Czarten, a Hungarian, are quoted as having attained a hundred and eighty-five years of age. Below that figure the instances of longevity become much more

The particular habits of persons who have lived to an extreme old age do not, however, always throw light upon the cause of longevity and are even sometimes contradictory. Francis Mongo, who died at Smyrna at the age of one hundred and fourteen, drank nothing but scorzonera water.

Jean d'Outrego, who died in Galicia at a hundred and forty-seven, ate naught but corn meal. Widow Legier, who died at a hundred and seven, always went barefooted. Maulmy, who died at a hundred and nineteen, was a vegetarian, and drank water. He was never

overeating at the court of Charles the Second.

PASSING SENTENCE ON JOSE.

Only a crime of exceptional brutality, such as the evidence shows had been cor ould have justified the following judicial address in connection with the imposition of sentence by Judge Benedict in New Mexico, on Jose Maria Martin, who had been convicted of murder in the District Court of Taos County

Jos Maria Martin, stand up! Jose Maria Martin, you have been indicted, tried and convicted by a jury of your countrymen of the crime of murder, and the court is now about to pass upon you the dread sentence of the law. As a usual thing, Jose Maria Martin, it is a painful duty for the judge of a court of justice to pronounce upon a human being the sentence of death. There is something horrible about it, and the mind of the court paturally revolts from the performance of such a duty. Happily, however, your case is relieved of all such unpleasant features unpleasant features and the court takes positive delight in sentencing you to death.

"You are a young man, Jose Maria Martin; apparently of good physical constitution and robust health. Ordinarily you might have looked forward to many years of life, and the the court has no doubt you have, and have ex-pected to die at a green old age; but you are out to be cut off on account of your own act. Jose Maria Martin, it is now the springact. Jose Maria Martin, it is now the spring-time; in a little while the grass will be spring-ing up green in these beautiful valleys, and on these broad mesas and mountainsides flowers will be blooming; birds will be singing their sweet carols and nature will be putting on her most gorgeous and her most attractive robes, and life will be pleasant and men will want to stay; but none of this for you, Jose Maria Martin; the flowers will not bloom for you, Jose Maria Martin; the birds will not carol for you, Jose Maria Martin; when these things come to ose Maria Martin; when these things come to ladden the senses of men you will be beneath e sod, and the green grass and those beautifu wers will be growing above your lowly

"The sentence of the court is that you be The sentence of the court is that you be taken from this place to the country jail; that you be kept there safely and securely confined, in the custody of the sheriff, until the day appointed for your execution. Be very careful, Mr. Sheriff that he have no opportunity to established the same him at the appointed cape, and that you have him at the appointed place at the appointed time. That you be so kept, Jose Maria Martin, until—Mr Clerk, on

what day of the month does Friday, two weeks from this time, come? "March 22nd, your fionor."

"Very well, until Friday, the twenty-second day of March, when you will be taken by the sheriff from your place of confinement to some safe and convenient spot within the county—that is in your discretion, Mr. Sheriff; you are only confined to the limits of the county—that you there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and—the court was about to add, Jose Maria Martin, 'may God have mercy on your soul,' but the court will not assume the responsibility of Providence to do that wise an all wise peers has refused to do The a jury of your peers has refused to do. The Lord couldn't have mercy on your soul.

"However, if you affect any religious belief or are connected with any religious organization it might be well enough for you to send for your priest or your minister and get from him—well, such consolation as you can—but the court advises you to place no reliance upon anything of that kind. Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner."

Few among those who start to tell a story in dialect stop to reflect that dialect is one of the subtlest and most elusive things in the world. The point is well illustrated in an anecdote recounted by Archdeacon Sinclair. "Some time ago," he says, "an English clergyman and a Lowland Scotsman visited a parish school in Aberdeen. They were strangers, but the master received them civilly, and inquired, 'Would you prefer that I should speer these boys, or that you should speer them yourselves?" The English clergyman having ascertained that to speer meant to question, desired the master to proceed. He did so with great succes, and the boys answered satisfactorily numerous inter-rogatories as to the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. The clergyman then said he would be glad in his turn to speer the boys, and at once began: 'How did Pharaoh die?'-There was a dead silence. In this delemma the Lowland gentleman interposed: 'I think, sir, the boys are not accustomed to your English accent; let me try what I can make of them.' And he inquired in broad Scotch: 'Hoo did Pharwraoh dee?' Again there was a dead silence, upon which the master said: "I think entlemen, you can't speer these boys, I'll now you how to do it!! And the proceeded: 'Fat cam to Phawraoh at his hinder end?' i.e., in his latter days. The boys, with one voice answered, 'He was drooned'; and a smart little fellow, added, 'Ony Jassie could hae told ye that.' The master then explained that in the Aberdeen dialect, to dee' means to die a natural death, or to die in bed; hence the perplexity of the boys, who knew that Pharaoh's end was

"They do nothing in Ireland," says Sydney Smith, "as they would do elsewhere. When the Dublin mail was stopped and robbed my brother declares that a sweet female voice was heard behind the hedge, exclaiming, 'Shoot the gintleman, then, Patrick, dear!"

Underground Diplamacy

One of the most fascinating phases of international life is how secret news is obtained and how it travels through the underworld of diplomacy. The late Queen Victoria jealously guarded the secrets preserved at Windsor Castle, and her refusal to allow documents to be examined prevented many "memoirs," "con-fessions," and "revelations" appearing during her reign.

But her own letters, published recently, reveal a great deal that was only within the dge of the very few. Her engagement to Prince Albert, usually declared to have been a case of a wife falling in love after marriage, is proved conclusively, by the letters that pass-ed between them before the ceremony, to have

been a case of really genuine love at first sight.

The reason for the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill is, of course, well known to have been due to an impulse, but if Lord Salisbury had been consulted it would have keen kept secret to this day, says Cassell's Saturday Journal. The father of Winston Churchill was, however, rather hot-tempered, and he gave the news to the world himself in shape of a letter to the London Times. The same paper secured the first intelligence of an event which altered the history of England. This was Sir Robert Peel's conversion

He did not know which party to favor. clined to keep with the anti-free-traders. On a certain day, however, he startled a cabinet meeting by announcing his conversion to the cause of free imports, and when they had recovered from their astonishment his colleagues resolved to keep it secret for a time at any cost. But that night at dinner a certain minister whispered the news to a lady at his side, and she immediately sold it to the Times. The premature announcement forced the hand of the government, and England became a free-trade country. George Meredith adapted the incident and called it "Diana of the Cross-

A servant made a small fortune by selling to an evening paper the news that Gladstone was about to bring in a bill proposing home rule for Ireland. It is this chance gossip that has led to dozens of important official secrets reaching the ears of the general public. Everybody in these days is a reporter.

Germany is particularly prolific in yielding arprises in the matter of secrets. Perhaps there is no other great campaign which is the subject of so much conjecture as the Franco-German War. Many accounts of its origin have been given, and all differ in some material points. It was thought that Bismarck had the secret, and in his letter—published, it is believed, by the order of the fallen chancellor to spite the Kaiser—he gives a convincing description of the swants that acceptance that scription of the events that precipitated that war. But the Kaiser retaliated with another story. It may be remembered that the two na-tions were at diplomatic loggerheads over the candidature of a German prince for the throne

of Spain, and toward the close of the correspondence between the rival foreign offices France sent a telegram definitely demanding Prince Leopold's retirement and requesting an

In the ordinary course this message was delivered to Bismarck, who was thirsting for a trial of strength with the French. But the legram disappointed him. It did not seem bellicose enough. Indeed, it was worded so politely that it really meant all end of talk about hostilities. The Iron Chancellor, however, was determined to try conclusions with his neighbors, and therefore he deliberately omitted certain words from the telegram before issuing it for publication. The result was to convert France's message into a threat, and the terrible offspring of Bismarck's trick we

The story of how Empress Eugenie worked at Versailles to promote war is also known to all students of history. Unforeseen at the time, her efforts worked her own ruin.

It was not until 1894 that the German For-eign Office issued the French telegram in its riginal entirety, and then at the instigation of the Emperor, who wished to get even with Bismarck for the ex-minister's hostile attitude toward his sermons. The publication of the maker of modern Germany's letters a few years later was the Prince's dying shot. The story of the Empress Eugenie's share in the war came to light as the direct result of journalistic enterprise.

AN ANACHRONISM

When some celebrated pictures of Adam and Eve were seen on exhibition, Mr. McNab was taken to see them. "I think no great things of the painter," said the gardener: "Why, man! Tempting Adam wi' a pippin of

An Englishman was speaking one day to a Scotchman. The Scotchman said, "It is not mere national pride if I say what is a matter of fact—that my country is the finest in the world!" "Well," said John Bull, "if it be the world! Well, said John Bull, if it be the finest, it is not the biggest. I suppose you'll allow that England is bigger than Scotland?" "Deed, sir," answered Sandy, "I'll allow nae sic a thing; for if oof grand hills were rolled out as flat as England is, Scotland wad be the bigger o' the twa!" "Well," retorted John Bull, "you'll apknowledge that Shakespage was not you'll acknowledge that Shakespeare was not Scotchman?" Discomfited at this homethrust, but not disheartened, he once more replied, "I'll acknowledge that Shakesjeare had pairts (parts) that would justify the inference that he was a Scotchman."

M. d'Usez was gentleman of honor to the French queen, who one day asked him what o'clock it was. He replied, "Madame, any hour your majesty pleases."

Some Pertinent Remarks on

THE FIRST OF OC

English Festiv Any glamor which at one been attaching to the First of a thing of the past. Unlike "the Twelfth" or "the First which dates mean so much to the First of October is nowad ticed. Stay a moment, how getting—it is not a forgotten the daily papers reminded us of were then told that the pheasa son had commenced, and that p nen were out early, and that made. Why the papers shoul sary to tell us that the phe opened is, even to me, a myst should be expected to be intere (more or less) that parties of s out is beyond my compreher know those "sportsmen!" who on October 1. They are the blaze into birds as they get up a turnip field, and think it shooting to blow them to piece are great sportsmen, and this appeals to their hearts, for . it ily period in the season they hit a pheasant. Later on, when grown and come rocketing over trees, they will be no sort of us of October pheasant slaughter them nice and close and slow-fire

Pheasant shooting today shooting one hundred years ago very different things. In thos guns were vastly different and of ignition. They were clumsy, loaders, and very unlike our pre-merless ejectors. Harvesting ar were not conducted by means of chines, and sportsmen invariable pointers or setters or spaniels. as we have today, were not know ally one or two "guns" forme Beaters and appliances as they at undreamt of, and the Squire, we and keeper and dogs, were all the That the undergrowth in woods the trees in leaf mattered not to faithful dogs did the work while in tall hat, green velvet coat, and le alls banked off his fowling-piece lirious and frantic joy of "Dash To these worthies October I was date, and the preasants they shot y

bred ones

If old pictures of shooting in th to be relied on, the birds then w difficult to shoot, or any more s are today on the 1st. Pheasant sh now is, is a totally different thing. esire now is to make birds fly the most difficult shots. To shoo which is a very easy shot gives no all, and certainly nothing in comp that of bringing down a tall bird the wind behind it forty yards up Shooting pheasants is no good at a has killed down the undergrowth and the leaves are off the trees. that not till the middle of Novembe attempt made to shoot woods. only outlying spinnies on the edge or an odd pheasant or so shot for t all that is done in the way of k beautiful birds, but when one read of sportsmen being out on October pheasants one can but smile as th the "sportsmen!" rises in one's n those gentlemen of the pen and gu tors that rush into print on the sport, and whose knowledge of sho them to inform us "the crack of t heard on the moors on the Twelfth tell us of these gallant doings on but which, I think, are more in the agination than real. At least, let us Bystander.

THE BEST GUN, AND WHY IT BEST

Quality in implements of sport ending subject of discussion, especial branches where success turns on the inter-working of hand and eye. The erally an indefinable something whi analysis, and which no term in the language seems to be capable of e Balance, which means so much and vague, may be tested on sound scient ciples; but the statistical results lack so long as the line! arbiter is human -which is just instinct pure and sim workmanship of a best London gun o main justification from the effect proc mechanical structure which is ideal mechanical standpoint seems also to the artistic properties which are in from a perfect utilitarian design. Ju ture abhors a vacuum, so mechanics a necessary clefts and gaps and angles v fect fit and flowing harmonies are m ducive to efficiency. Guns are not mad ficient quantities to realize the engine of stereotyped perfection. Gunmaking an art, because the best results achieved by the class of workman w ward is as much in the pride of a wel plished task as in the mere vulgar wag are handed to him at the end of the we