...NTA GENISTA.

...ane of black Angers,
...g daily in my room!
...n you breathe the airs
...e yellow-flowering broo...
...that the crusaders set
...the helmets of Anjou,
...were called Plantagenet
...om the broom that busies you?

...urs de lis have made me tire,
...Stale the French camellias bloom,
...ut my homesick thoughts inspire
Tender memories of your broom:
How the housemaids, o'er the ...
Ran my boyhood round the ...
And the broomstick fell on ...
When I fought them for the broom

Could I be a boy again,
Would I have that struggle o'er?
While I see you, pretty wren,
Hopping on my sunlit floor,
With your high cap's snowy lace,
On your cheeks a rosy bloom,
While your instepped slippers chase
Waltzes round the flashing broom!

Now I see how Geoffrey's son
Was the queen of France's groom!
Round his whisking youth she spun
Like the spirit of your broom,
Swept his mind up like the fl...
In it one cool vision set,
Till there were but Eleanore
And the bold Plantagenet.

Your forefathers came to harm
By Plantagenetic arts,
Rifling for concealed arms
All too near Sicilian hearts.
In my heart your hand is deep
And my blood runs like a flume
At your masthead you do sweep
Up its river with your broom.

Would you give me but my due
If I grew a moment gay?
As the red Fulk of Anjou,
France's Northmen drove away
Or like Anjou's Margaret
In the Roses' wars of doom,
In your widowed helmet set
All the terrors of the broom

Rene's knightly orators
Gave not sweeter measure vent
In the tilts of troubadours
Than your household implement.
I can see the bright-skinned slaves
Dusting in my fever room,
Like the cool tree shadows' waves,
When your white arms move the broom.

You are of King Robert's race,
And his daughter's romance owe—
Flammetta's bending grace
To a lone Boccaccio;
Lean your broom by me in trust!—
I can tell you tales as fair;
You have swept my mind of dust
With Griselda's light and air

One sweet kiss that shall Angers
Ever on my spirit bloom!
On my heath of barren cares
Plant the blossoms of the broom!
Hyssop with your lips my sins!
For the lists my courage whet!
And among your Angevins
Crown one more Plantagenet!
—George Alfred Townsend in "Poems of Men and Events."

MRS. McCLURE'S STOVE.

Tim McClure was foreman of the Paso del Norte roundhouse. He was also the breadwinner of a family in which there were several mouths to fill.

The family had remained in the east when Tim started for Mexico in search of employment, but now that his ability and faithfulness had been rewarded by rapid promotion from fireman to engineer, and thence to foreman of the roundhouse, he was receiving a monthly stipend that would enable him to establish his household goods in Paso del Norte.

He had never taken kindly to sleeping on the hard earth floor of a bare adobe house; nor could he eat with a relish the food served by the immobile-faced Wah Kee, who conducted the fashionable restaurant of the place; and he longed with the longing of a homesick schoolboy for the coming of the time when a well-cooked supper and comfortable bed would await him at the end of a day's work.

And so when he converted his first month's pay as foreman into a money order, wherewith his wife should defray the expenses of the family's transportation to Paso del Norte, a thrill of anticipatory pleasure ran from the roots of his hair to the tips of his toes.

The family arrived in due course of time, and Tim proudly headed the procession that wended its way from the depot to the adobe house he had prepared for its domiciliation. He had furnished the house as luxuriously and artistically as his purse and taste would permit; but he had been able to accomplish but little, if viewed from the standpoint of the average American woman, and Mrs. McClure was one of these.

Her disappointment was keen; nevertheless she made a brave effort to stifle her feelings, and succeeded fairly well in doing so until, in her inspection of the premises, she arrived in the kitchen. There, the tiny, sheet-iron camp-stove and the meagre array of culinary vessels that met her view caused her utter collapse.

"O, Tim, Tim!" she gasped, "how ever will I get enough cooked for the children on that—that toy"

"It isn't much of a stove," Tim admitted, stroking his chin ruefully, but it is the best that money would buy in Paso del Norte. You know, my dear, cooking stoves are little used in Mexico."

"Well, why on earth did you not order one sent from St. Louis" rejoined Mrs. McClure.

"Such a stove as you are accustomed to would cost $100 to put it in the house."

"A hundred dollars!" snapped Mrs. McClure, contemptuously. "Why, Tim, you can get an elegant stove and all its furniture for only $30."

"In St. Louis, but not here," replied Tim. "But say the stove, laid down in el Paso, Texas, just across the river would cost not more than $40, it would cost $60 more to get it brought over here."

"What!" gasped Mrs. McClure. "Sixty dollars to move a stove one mile! Tim McClure, have you lost your senses"

"No, my dear, not quite, I hope," Tim replied humbly. "But you do not seem to know that an import duty must be paid on everything brought into Mexico, and on stoves the rate is about 150 per cent. of their value."

It required a lengthy explanation of the tariff question and his most solemn assurances to persuade her that he was not jesting.

"Why, Tim!" she exclaimed, when he had finished, "it's an outrage, and no better than highway robbery. Can't we have the stove hauled across the river some night, and the customs officers know nothing about it? It seems to me that we could, and we don't care whether the government of Mexico has any money or not."

It was not a sense of the moral wrong of smuggling that caused Tim to hesitate, for he was no novice in the art of clandestinely introducing articles of merchandise into the cactus republic, but he knew that the entire frontier was patrolled night and day by numerous and vigilant customs guard, past whom it would be all but impossible to smuggle so cumbersome a thing as a stove.

He finally hit upon the plan of taking the stove apart and lowering it, piece by piece, into the tank of "El Buey," the sturdy switch engine, on some occasion when it would be on the Texas side of the river. But upon obtaining the dimensions of the stove Mrs. McClure wanted, he found that the larger parts would not pass in at the manhole.

He would have given up in despair had not his better half kept the subject fresh in his mind, not only with words, but with the poor quality of the meals she set before him as well.

As a last resort he decided to confer with some of his friends—those most adept at eluding the vigilance of the customs guard. At his request the men he selected gathered in his office one morning, a conference that lasted an hour or more followed; every face was smilingly confident when it was concluded.

"The scheme'll win; Tim, never fear," cried one of the party. "The guards think they're getting mighty smart, and so they are, they've caught on to nearly all the old tricks, but they'll never suspect this one. Just make a bold play and bring over the stove in broad day-light, right under their noses, and they'll never see it."

The stove was at once ordered, and when it arrived in El Paso the car in which it came was switched, at Tim's request, to the connecting track, there to await the unloading of the stove. Along in the afternoon of that day the switch engine, with Tim standing on the forward footboard, went scurrying across the river. It was gone but a short time, and when it returned it was observed by those of the railroaders who were loiling about the yard that there was something queer in its appearance.

Standing on the truck platform of the engine, just in front of the boiler, was a dark object that seemed to be a part of the engine; within it a fire was burning fiercely, and from its slender pipe, which passed up along the engine's smoke-stack, a roll of black smoke was pouring out and mingling with that of the engine, to all appearances emanating from a single chimney.

When the engine had reached the custom house track it came to a standstill, and the guards, who were always swarming at that point, gravely and perfunctorily examined it for articles of dutiable character. They discovered nothing, in spite of the united snicker of the Americans who witnessed the scene, and the engine was allowed to proceed to the roundhouse, where it was received with a wild hurrah by the railroaders, who had gathered there to welcome it.

It of course became known within a short time after the episode that some splendid flapjacks were turned out every Sunday morning at McClure's, but the customs officials simply scratched their shaggy heads and said nothing.—San Francisco Traveler.

20,000 Rabbits Slain in One "Drive."

The biggest rabbit drives in the world are held in California—a State that rather prides itself upon its production of things on a large scale

Jack rabbits multiply very rapidly and have a healthy appetite. Some years ago the Supervisors of Fresno County bought $300 worth of movable tight wire fencing, which could be set up anywhere, in the shape of a gigantic "V" with a corral at the apex. On March 26, 1898, 8,000 people attended such a drive. The line of drivers was eighteen miles long, and, as it swept toward the corral, the rabbits fled in armies. Gov. Markham was one of those who watched the sight with interest as the drivers—some on foot, some on horseback, some driving light buggies—slowly closed in toward the centre.

Thousands of rabbits were killed on the plain in attempting to make their escape, but the greater number poured through the fatal inclosure. But if there were thousands dead there were thousands living, and men and boys went in with clubs to kill them. More than 20,000 rabbits were killed.

Rabbits are plenty enough in Kansas and Missouri. Three years ago the Missouri legislators "struck" because at their boarding-houses in Jefferson City they got too much rabbit to eat.

A generation ago the Illinois legislators made a similar protest against boarding-house venison.

"We're sick of wild meat," was the complaint; "we want civilized food—salt pork with milk gravy."

"Remember," cried the indignant landlady, "that you are among ladies and gentlemen."

"I don't know," grunted the comedian boarder, as he tackled a section of shin, "this appears to be a pretty tough joint"

Over four hundred weight of sealing wax per month is used by the Great Seal, of which the Lord Chancellor of England is the official custodian.

NATIONAL CAPITAL.

SPANIARDS BELIEVE WE CAN SUCCESSFULLY GOVERN CUBA.

Some Figures Which Show Where Our Money Goes—A Beautiful Battlefield Monument All are Against Roberts—For a Bigger Naval Appropriation.

In the debate on the Roberts exclusion resolution, Mr. Roberts made a very vigorous defense, and his eloquence elicited considerable applause. "You can neither exclude nor expel me," said Mr. Roberts in conclusion, "I will cling so hard to the pillars of liberty that you shall not drag me from them without bringing down the whole temple. (Applause and hisses.)

Senator Pettengill.

I have lived with a good conscience until this day and am sensible of no act of shame upon my part. You can brand me with shame and send me to h, but I shall leave with head erect and brow undaunted and walk the earth as angels walk the clouds. If you violate the constitution all the shame will be with you."

But this eloquence of Roberts' was of no avail and a resolution declaring his seat vacant was passed by a large majority. The closing speeches on each side were particularly able. Mr. Lanham, of Texas, closed for the majority, and Mr. Dearmond, of Missouri, for the minority. Mr. Roberts was present throughout the day, and only left the hall after the result of the last vote had been announced. As he did so he gave out a statement justifying his retention of his plural wives, on the ground that his moral obligation was more binding upon his conscience than the technical obedience to statutory law, and saying that there was little excuse for the extraordinary efforts to crush a system already abandoned and practically dead. He said he was a "martyr to a spasm of prejudice." He would not, he said, attempt to run for Congress again, although he would go back home with a light heart, confident of the future.

Spaniards Have Confidence.

Those who are apprehensive of our ability to settle the Cuban question satisfactorily are put to the blush by the Spaniards, who seem to have plenty of confidence in our ability in that direction. The large influx of Spaniards into Cuba is an indication that we are getting along very well in the island and that the course we are pursuing augurs well for the future. If there is any people that ought to know

Senator Hoar.

the Cuban natives it is the Spanish, and it is not conceivable that the Spanish immigration that has been steadily setting toward the island since the declaration of peace would take place if the opinion of the Spaniards at home were that we could not take care of things in Cuba. So great is the inrush of Spaniards that certain papers in Havana have already begun to cry out against them on the ground that they may lower wages. "O ye of little faith," may be said to those Americans who doubt our capacity for adjusting affairs in Cuba.

Some Immigration Facts.

There are some immigration statistics accumulating just now which will be found of interest and importance to Congress when, in the course of the next financial depression, the wage-worker is insisting that there is also a labor home marked to be protected. Thus a single steamer, and she not one of a great immigrant line, took back to Europe in one week of the holidays $2,500,000 in postal orders "from the servant and laboring class who were sending Christmas gifts to their families and relatives at home."

This is the drain into British pockets only. That of Continental Europe, whence come most of the "servant and laboring class," is probably thrice as much—including the exodus of the Italians, who carry their American gains in their belts and depart a thousand to a steamer and $200 to a belt. Not one of these aliens has the slightest interest in this country. All are exploiting it as thoroughly as if they were tapping gum trees on the Congo.

A Battlefield Monument.

The Secretary of War has approved the plans of the "New York State Central Historical Memorial" to be erected on Lookout Mountain. The designs contemplate the most imposing monument yet erected by any State upon the battlefields of the Civil War. It will cost between $60,000 and $70,000, and will be seventy-six feet high, exclusive of the bronze group on top. The temple base is to fifty-two feet in diameter. It will be located in Point Park, the most commanding position of Point Lookout. Work on the foundations has already begun.

For the Regular Army.

The House Committee on Military Affairs has begun the consideration of the matter of Army legislation looking to a material increase in the Regular establishment. The subcommittee of this committee, which has the matter in charge, has made an appointment with the Secretary of War for the purpose of definitely ascertaining his views on the subject. An effort will be made to have the bills of the War Department and the Committee on Military Affairs consolidated, so that there will be no conflict. By following this plan it is hoped that legislation of a favorable nature can be obtained. Mr. Hull, the chairman of the committee, is not in favor of an increase beyond the present authorized force of 65,000 men, and the War Department agrees with him as to this.

All Against Roberts.

The special committee which investigated the Roberts case was unanimously opposed to his occupying a seat in Congress, but they differ only as to the means of "bouncing" him. The majority would refuse to admit him at all, while the minority would seat him on his regular credentials and then expel him.

In its report the majority says: "Mr. Roberts adheres to the audacious assumption that the law of 1882 did not speak to him and that he did not recognize it as a rule of conduct to him. We assert before the House, the country and history that it is absolutely and impregnably sound, not to be effectively attacked, consonant with every legislative precedent in harmony

Senator Frye.

with the law and with the text books on the subject, that Brigham H Roberts' persistent, notorious and defiant violation of one of the most solemn acts ever passed by Congress, by the very body which he seeks now to enter, on the theory that he is above the law, and his defiant violation of the laws of his own State, necessarily render him ineligible disqualified, unfit and unworthy to be a member of the House of Representatives. And the proposition is asserted not so much for reason personal to the membership of the House, as because it goes to the very integrity of the House and the Republic as such."

The Naval Bill.

The House Committee on Naval affairs has already taken up the matter of naval appropriation, but, owing to the illness of Representative Boutelle, there is little probability of the bill being reported for some time. It seems to be the opinion of a majority of the members of the Naval Committee that some large increase should be provided for by the present Congress, in the naval establishment. No definite decision has been reached as to how far this increase should go. The situation this session in regard to armor plate is even more serious than it was last year. It is said in some circles that the manufacturers of the plate will not accept the price offered by the Government owing to the fact that they have been able to hold out so far successfully, and also on account of the material advance in the price of iron and steel. The sixty-one vessels of war under construction would seem to be a most formidable addition to our navy, but it must be taken into consideration that each of

Senator Beveridge.

the other large nations of the world, with the exception of Italy, is now building more war vessels than the United States. An enormous increase in the German navy may be confidently expected in the near future. This fact will naturally be of the greatest interest to the United States.