Sunbeam News.
Chas. M. Meserve, Editor and Publisher.
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The President of a Bachelors' Club Falls a Victim to Love.

A society has been formed in England for the removal of "superfluous women from the United Kingdom to those parts of colonies where their presence is doubly welcome," and the Princess of Wales has become a patroness. Happy indeed will be the land that has no "superfluous women."

On account of the requirements growing out of the arrests of women and young children, many cities have found the office of police matron absolutely indispensable. Moreover, they have constantly increased its scope on the idea that while the common proprieties of life warranted the creation of the office, it was furthermore of untold value on account of the reformatory influence which it exercised. Under proper regulations there is no reason why this office should not become one of the most efficient in the city Government.

The London Mail says: It is not altogether satisfactory to find that th all-conquering American is not only producing as good armor as England, but producing it cheaper. Yet, according to a German naval periodical, the British firms of Vickers and Brown were underbidden by the American firms of Carnegie and Bethlehem and by the German firm of Krupp in a tender for the armor of two new Russian battleships. Both American firms were $40 per ton below the lowest British tender. There is an unpleasant monotony about these failures of Englishmen to hold their own in foreign contracts.

One thing that war always does is to bring merit speedily to the front. The junior lieutenant is likely any day to do a stroke of work that will cause his photograph to crowd his commanding general's out of the illustrated papers. Every day develops some new instance of daring and gallantry in a subordinate officer. And these are the men now destined to quick promotion. As every French private soldier in the old days was said to carry the baton of a Marshal of France in his knapsack, every man in army or navy, no matter how humble, has the chance to rise to any preferment the service affords by distinguishing himself sufficiently.

The United States is the wealthiest nation in the world. This is a fact that is often repeated, but because of the natural disposition of the American people to belittle themselves, which has arisen by a kind of reaction from the old disposition to brag and bluster, it seems to be universally forgotten. The great English statistician, Mulhall, has completed tables showing the wealth of the nations of the world in 1895 as follows (pounds being converted into dollars at the rate of $5 per pound):

United States	$81,750,000,000
Great Britain	59,303,000,000
France	47,950,000,000
Germany	40,260,000,000
Russia	32,125,000,000
Austria	22,560,000,000
Italy	15,800,000,000
Spain	11,900,000,000

These figures include everything, such as farms, railways, houses and merchandise.

There is one thing which specially frets and teases soldiers in the field. It is the ping of the sharpshooter's bullet. It constitutes one of the uncanny elements of a war. That ounce of lead comes from a source that cannot be discovered. It may come at the most unexpected moment and it causes a nervous tension which no one can appreciate unless he has had the experience. We stay-at-homes imagine that the thick of the fight is what causes solicitude, but it is not so. In the thick of the fight a soldier will be as cool as a piece of ice and go about his duty as indifferent to danger as a machine. But when he is in camp and the sharpshooter lies in ambush and may try his skill at any moment the soldier is naturally restless and excited. We should not forget these things when we begin to pile up the gratitude which is due to the boys in blue at this front.

'A TANGLE OF HEARTS.

WRITTEN BY E. S. VAN ZILE.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

A large dinner is apt to be a stupid affair until the dessert is reached. By that time the pangs of hunger—if people are fortunate enough to indulge in such vulgar things—have been satisfied, and the enlivening effects of judiciously chosen wines begin to be felt. My vis-a-vis seemed to forget all about the peerage until the roast, game, salad, etc., had disappeared. Then, the conversation having become brisker, she turned to me and asked if I knew the gentleman seated next to Agnes. She referred to our President, and I gave her his name and such other details regarding him as were of interest.

"He seems very much struck with Miss Upton," remarked the old lady deprecatingly. As our President was nothing more than a cultivated American he did not appear to be an eligible part in the eyes of the Anglomaniac at my side.

"O, no," I exclaimed thoughtlessly. "He is simply making a study of her."

"Why, is he an artist—or a doctor?" she asked, in surprise.

I [illegible] question brought me to my senses. I [illegible] out me and began to feel as t[illegible] as a conspirator, a member of a [illegible] which might well employ the poi[illegible] and the drug. To my eyes the scene took on the colors of romance. We were seated in the old Italian banquet hall. Agnes was the pride of an ancient Roman house. Her father, a haughty lord, had offended the members of our secret council, and, in the guise of friendship, had partook of his hospitality only to work his ruin. When the hour should come one of us would slay the lord, others would seize the girl and before the startled household could recover from its dismay we would be far beyond the walls of the Eternal City and riding for our lives. I awoke from my reverie to find that the ladies had left the room. Agnes had been abducted, but in a modern and ceremonious way.

Barnes came over to my side of the table and lighted a cigar.

"How are you? You look bored."

"I am. And you?"

"Rather! Been talking to a girl who once had a love affair and wants another. Are you worn out?"

He sipped a liqueur, and looked at me languidly.

"That was fair," I returned. "The girl was taking to a man who once had a love affair—and wants another."

Barnes smiled. "Pretty good, old man. If you weren't a member of the club, however, I'd call you out and have a shot at you. I consider you a dangerous rival. You really seem to have the inside track."

"Nonsense. If you make a girl your friend she will never love you. In this incident prize goes to the mistaker for all ages, my boy. I think I'd put my money on Barnes—'Apollo' Barnes, as he is known to the ladies."

"And lose it. Here comes the winner."

Fernshaw joined us.

"The old man seems to be getting solid at headquarters," he remarked, puffing a cigarette.

Barnes and I followed his gaze and saw that he referred to the President, who was drinking brandy with Mr. Upton.

"What do you mean to imply?" I asked, suspiciously.

"That the President has lost his moss-covered heart to Agnes.

"This was too disrespectful to pass unnoticed, and I spoke rather hotly.

"You are unjust and undignified, Fernshaw. The President has been your friend all your life—from the very start. You owe him a great deal. Your insane jealousy is driving you mad."

"Perhaps it is," he said, gloomily. "But what are you all here for? Since I made my rash confession to the club I have not had the slightest chance to see Agnes. First it was Barnes, then you, then Chapman, and to-night the President monopolizes her attention. I really don't think it's fair to me. There are still four members of the club who have not met the Uptons. When are they to be introduced?

"He moved away, and Barnes and I looked at each other gloomily.

"He doesn't know what took place at the last meeting," said Barnes. "Somebody ought to tell him."

"Yes—that's so. You have tact. Suppose you break the news to him."

"No. He doesn't like me. Do yourself."

"Well, we'll toss up for it. Agreed: Heads—tell him; tails—you. There it goes—[illegible] Heads! Tough luck. Be very gentle with him, Barnes. His temper is not as quiet as it used to be."

Barnes frowned, but had no chance to protest, as Mr. Upton at that moment led the way to the drawing-room.

The rain poured down in torrents on the night on which the club met, but by 10 o'clock every member was present. Fernshaw, silent and morose, had come in a fine condition, evidently, that he must look after his own interests. There was rebellion in his eyes, and he hardly deigned to bow to the brethren.

Barnes, Chapman and myself sat together in a sympathetic group. We were rivals, it is true, but were too broad-minded to sulk in each other's presence. And then, we had agreed to abide by the president's decree, and the magnitude of the stake drew us together like sheep who dread the storm.

"What did Fernshaw say?" I whispered to Barnes.

"He was very ugly at first, but after a long argument I convinced him that we had acted as honorable men should. I pointed out to him that it was natural that we should all fall in love with Miss Upton—that by so doing we complimented his own good taste. I further argued that he was as much bound to obey the President as we were, and that he stood as good a chance of winning Agnes in this way as though we were all working against each other secretly. But look at the President. Did you ever see him so pale and nervous?"

It was true, our worthy leader was not himself, and his face had a strangely haggard appearance. As he seated himself in front of us and called the meeting to order his voice trembled and his hand shook as he toyed with a cigar. The routine of his duties seemed to quiet him after a time, and it was not until the critical moment, when the Fernshaw case came up in regular order, that he again lost control of his nerves.

"Brethren," he said, looking about the room as though he longed to escape, "I have a confession to make."

We jumped to our feet and rushed around him.

"Do you love Agnes Upton?" cried Fernshaw.

"Stand back," exclaimed Barnes, pushing forward. "What do you mean?"

"Another Richmond in the field," suggested one of the flippant outsiders.

"Of course," we chorused in a breath.

"Let me ask," broke in Dr. Chapman, "how the situations as it now stands is to be conveyed to Miss Upton? Would it not be well for each of us to write to her?"

"No, no," exclaimed the President. "I never propose to a girl in writing. A personal interview is much more effective."

"But don't you see, Mr. President, that effectiveness is just what is not desired in this case?" asked somebody.

"That's so—you're right," returned the president, moodily. "What shall we do?"

"I don't care what you do," almost shouted Fernshaw. "I'm going to take my own course. I loved her first and I shall be the first to propose. If she rejects me, there will then be a chance for some of you."

With these rash and boastful words he rushed from the room, and we saw him no more that night.

"I shall write to her," said Dr. Chapman, calmly.

"I shall call on her to-morrow," remarked Barnes, coolly.

"Gentlemen, I shall approach Miss Upton first," said Barnes, looking wise.

"Wait, wait," I added, and a few moments later we parted for the night.

CHAPTER V.

It was with a feeling of gloom that I awoke the following morning. The exciting scene of the previous evening had thrown an agitating influence over my sleep, and I had dreamed of duels, disaster, and destruction.

After I had dressed, I gazed at myself in the mirror. Did I stand any chance in this wild matrimonial scramble for the hand of Agnes Upton? Perhaps so, I thought, as I stroked my mustache and noticed with satisfaction that my complexion was not quite as sallow as usual.

The storm had cleared away during the night, and the sun was shining brightly. I sauntered forth in better spirits than had dominated my being when I awoke. There was a sprightly look to the avenue as I hurried along toward Delmonico's, anxious to get a lover's breakfast of rolls and coffee. It is a striking fact that the man who is in love and the roysterer who drank too much champagne the night before always eat a very light meal in the morning. In the present instance I played both roles, and the result was that when my coffee was at least reached me I could not touch them.

I sat looking out upon Broadway and thinking of Agnes Upton. Should I propose to her at once or wait until my rivals had had an opportunity to present their claims? It was a hard question to answer. If I went to her immediately I might gain an advantage by the priority of my suit. The tale of Lochinvar came into my mind, and I preferred to pile his part than that of "the laggard in love."

On the other hand, I felt that, as I had told the club I would wait, I was in honor bound not to make my proposal until my rivals had done their worst. All is fair in love, they say, but the assertion is barbarous and should have no weight with a member of such a club as ours, a club based upon the highest ideal of man's duty to his brother.

For several days I was tortured by these conflicting thoughts. I was restless and unfit for work. I spent a great deal of time in my rooms, reading, musing, smoking. I went to the Uptons' to call on Agnes, and took a kind of morbid delight in making myself thoroughly miserable.

Two weeks went by, and, after dinner one evening, I determined to put an end to my suspense. I trembled when I reached this decision and nervously lighted a number of cigarettes. I related my wooing had been what might have been meager, and I feared that Agnes would be so surprised at my proposal that she would be unable to recover from the surprise, philosophers say, is the most essential factor in the creation of merriment. I did not want to be ridiculed, and, as I strolled toward the Uptons' house, I almost regretted my impetuosity. It would have been better, perhaps, to have waited another week.

I rang the bell, sent in my card, and was pleased to find in drawing-room deserted. A moment later Agnes entered the room. She was dressed in a low-cut evening costume of black and looked exceedingly fair. I took her hand in silence and knew that I displayed agitation by my constrained manner.

"You are quite a stranger," she remarked, seating herself. "I began to think you had forgotten us."

There was something cruel in the word "us," and my heart throbbed painfully.

"Forgotten you!" I cried. "Indeed, you do me an injustice. I have pressed the last week thinking of you. Day and night you have been in my thoughts. Even in my dreams your face was before me. Oh, it has been a fearful week."

"That last remark is very complimentary," she said, coquitishly. "But why do you talk in this way? You are making fun of me, and I thought we were such good friends."

"Friends, I cannot be. I love you, Agnes. I have loved you from the first moment of our acquaintance."

She turned rather pale for an instant, and a peculiar smile crossed her face, but she did not speak.

"Answer me," I said, seizing her hand. "Tell me, can you love me? Will you be my wife?"

"Yes," she returned, frankly, looking at me calmly.

I could hardly trust my ears. Accepted by Agnes Upton! What would the club say? I, the least attractive of the five lovers, had captured the prize without an effort. It was hard to believe, but there lay her cold, white, slender hand in mine, and she was gazing up at me smilingly. I bent to kiss her. She released her hand and said:

"Please don't—now. This is all so sudden that I wish to be left alone. Come to me to-morrow, but go away now. I wish to think."

Obediently I arose, a protest in my heart and an acquiescent smile on my lips.

"As you please, Agnes. The task you set me [illegible] one, but my reward is great. Good night, my princess."

I kissed her hand once, I turned from the room. The night air revived me, and my fevered brain grew quieter. Engaged to Agnes Upton! I walked on air, and listening to the songs of Paradise. I turned my head and looked back at the Upton house. A man stood in the doorway, and I tried to make out who it was. Before I could identify him, however, he had entered the hall. For a moment I felt annoyed, but soon realized that I had no right to be disturbed by the fact that a stranger had called at the house I had just left. It might be somebody to see Mrs. Upton or her husband.

As I hastened down the avenue, the thought struck me that this was club night. Should I go to the meeting? Why not? It was only fair to my rivals that they should learn of my engagement from my own lips. I looked at my watch, retraced my steps, and soon reached Dr. Chapman's residence, the place of the meeting.

As I entered the room in which my brethren were gathered, I was surprised to find that excellent [illegible] made from this substan[illegible] has been used as a sub[illegible] tute otherwise, for [illegible] stone, glass, ivory and [illegible] kinds of animal and v[illegible] As a material for car [illegible] ufacturers have found it [illegible] any kind of metal, being [illegible] times as durable as steel [illegible] more elastic. When subject[illegible] pressure wood pulp takes [illegible] dinary hardness. It has [illegible] available as a material [illegible] bricks, drain tiling, and [illegible] electric cables.

For ivory, which is [illegible] scarcer every day, celluloid [illegible] substitute that has yet [illegible] To-day it forms the mate[illegible] cheaper billiard balls and [illegible] been used successfully for [illegible] facture of artificial teeth. [illegible] erly treated wood pulp is [illegible] proof against heat and [illegible] hence it has been found [illegible] timber for telegraph poles. [illegible] Coffins, too, are often ma[illegible] pulp. They are susceptible [illegible] polish, look as well as the [illegible] and are much cheaper.

Cannon, too, and bicycles [illegible] out of wood pulp are in [illegible] Chicago respectively. [illegible] man has succeeded in [illegible] thread from the same [illegible] which he declares can be [illegible] into all sorts of fabrics. [illegible] Frenchman has produced [illegible] carpet from wood pulp [illegible] pulp sail cloth, while a Vienna [illegible] tor declares that his wood [illegible] er is superior to animal leath[illegible] ness and durability.

For resisting the action [illegible] water wood pulp appears to [illegible] cess. It is used to make [illegible] paint for ships, fireproof [illegible] proof paper, and even stor[illegible] are said to be superior to [illegible] Wood pulp window panes [illegible] in use for several years, [illegible] for greenhouses, and in Fr[illegible] while river houses built [illegible] material have been found [illegible]

Among the other articles [illegible] wood pulp are boats, can[illegible] dors, pails, flower pots, tab[illegible] bureaus, barrels, wagons, b[illegible] and imitation porcelain w[illegible] manufacture of silk from [illegible] is now an important indust[illegible] land and France. The raw [illegible] is really the same as that [illegible] silk.

It is only a case of dis[illegible] chines and chemicals wha[illegible] worm does because it can [illegible]

The Speed of Insects.

It is the popular belief that [illegible] of birds is much swifter th[illegible] insects, but a number of [illegible] who have been making a st[illegible] matter think that such is n[illegible] A common house fly, for e[illegible] not very rapid in its fli[illegible] wings make 300 beats a m[illegible] sends it through the air [illegible] feet, under ordinary circum[illegible] that space of time. When [illegible] is alarmed, however, it has [illegible] that it increases its rate [illegible] over 150 feet per second. [illegible] continue such rapid flight [illegible] in a straight line it would [illegible] distance in exactly thirty [illegible] onds.

It is not an uncommon [illegible] traveling by rail in the [illegible] to see a use or two crop leeg[illegible] Cases in point are the [illegible] Chapman, Barnes and the President had deserted them, and that they seemed nervous and uneasy.

At length, after being the matter by various parliamentary devices, the President, turning very red, announced:

"The Fernshaw case."

At that instant Fernshaw burst into the room. His face was ghastly white, his dress disordered, and his heavy breathing indicated a long run in the hot air. He did not speak, gasped painfully, soiled a glass of champagne, drained it eagerly, and then sank upon a chair.

"What's the matter, Fernshaw?" we cried.

"O, Agnes! Agnes!" he answered wildly.

My conscience troubled me. I felt that Fernshaw would accuse me of treachery, and I prepared for a scene. Chapman, Barnes and the President all looked alarmed.

"You mean Miss Upton," said the latter, rising hurriedly. "Well, what about her?"

"She's eloped," cried Fernshaw, burst[illegible] into tears. "Eloped with an Italian count."

"It can't be, " I returne[illegible]

"It's false, Fernshaw," said the President angrily. "She's engaged to me. She gave me her promise yesterday."

"Amazing," cried Dr. Chapman, waving a letter in the air. "I got this from her this morning. She has promised to be my wife."

"You are all wrong," exclaimed Barnes. "She accepted me this afternoon.

"And me this evening," I put in.

Fernshaw, recovering somewhat, stood up:

"She a false-hearted woman. She told me she love—love—loved me two weeks ago to-night—after the meeting." Again his sobs came over him.

"But how did you know she has eloped?" asked one of the lucky outsiders.

"I just came from there," explained Fernshaw. "Her father is nearly frantic. She left a note for him, saying she wanted to be a countess and liked the romance of a runaway match. O, it's horrible."

Barnes, who was the coolest man in the room, had been quietly filling the wine glasses.

"I have a toast to propose, brethren," he said. "Let us drink to the welfare of our club, and may the brethren long remain bachelors."

We pledged the sentiment with a shout of acclaim, and not one who drank that toast regretted the loss of the peace of our club by a confession of love.

[THE END.]

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Painful Ignorance.

"You run across some funny things in a Pullman car," said Carroll Smith of the Seaboard Air Line at the Lindell recently. "I was coming up from New Orleans not long ago, and when we got to Jackson, Miss., a party got aboard that had certainly never ridden in a sleeping car before. There was a man, evidently a farmer or a planter, his wife and a child probably 3 years old. They were going to Memphis, and as they had a little money they evidently intended getting the best of it, and took a sleeper. Their ignorance was painful. The fellow didn't even know how to get ice-water from the cooler. Finally they went to bed. The fellow didn't hang his clothes on the bell-rope, because the porter was there to show him what to do.

"The train was making up time and going pretty fast, and there were some sharp turns in the road. Well, that party hadn't been in bed long [illegible] curve. As we did so the most unearthly yell came from their berth. It was from the child. This was repeated at steady intervals of about two minutes each, until some ladies in the car protested and sent the porter to the berth to see what the trouble was. As he stuck his head between the curtains he jumped back, and then grabbing the man by the shoulder he shouted: 'Say, boss, wake up; dat air hammock's fo' yo'-clo's, not to hang the baby in.' It was a fact, the fellow had put the child in the clothes hammock, and every turn of the train threatened to knock its little brainpan."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sweet will surely be the liberation of fair Cuba, to us as well as to the surviving Cubans. Spain's losses, we now estimate that the island can supply all the sugar needed by the whole hemisphere.

[illegible]

[illegible] Between Gen. [illegible] and Spaniards Are Exchanged.

TO SANTIAGO.

Forces Were on Their Way to Surrender to Shafter.

VISITS WASHINGTON.

[illegible] Spaniards [illegible] Cuban [illegible] Santiago [illegible] Hobson [illegible] Cuban [illegible] Spaniards [illegible] Cuban [illegible] Spaniards [illegible] Cuban [illegible] Spaniards