long have had a quarrel set with Time, Because he robbed me. Every day of life Was wrested from me after bitter strife; I never yet could see the sun go down But I was angry in my heart, nor hear The leaves fall in the wind without a tear Over the dying summer. I have known No truce with Time nor Time's accomplice, Death.

The fair world is the witness of a crime Repeated every hour. For life and breath Are sweet to all who live; and bitterly The voices of these robbers of the heath Sound in each ear and chill the passer-by, What have we done to thee, thou monstrous Time?

What have we done to Death, that we must die?

Humble Beginnings

Not long ago a grizzled millionaire miner from the far West dropped into town. He occupied a superb suite in one of Washington's most luxurious hotels during his stay here. Among his callers was a young man from his own state. This young man married, not

long ago, a young woman "out home." They got along all right, tidily on his \$1,000 a year, earned as a government elerk. The old miner had not only known the young man from his boyhood, but he had ridden the young man's wife on his knee all the way to Banbury Cross, when she was a little girl in pigtails.

"Son," said the grizzled miner to the young man from his home state, when the latter was making his call at the fine hotel suite, "you and Aggle are keeping house here, aren't you?" z z

'Well, we're living in a little flat, if that's keeping house," the young man replied. "Well," said the wealthy old miner,

"I sure do take it powerful hard that you and Aggle don't invite me up to your place and give me something to eat-I sure do."

The young man started to make some reply, but the old man wasn't through "I'm getting mighty tired of hotel and restaurant grub," he went on. "I can't get any taste or good out of it-it all



THE TWO SAT PENSIVE AND SAD.

lastes alike. If you and Aggle only tnew how I've been sort o' hankering for a good, big fillin' layout of shoulder and greens, I'll bet a box of matches that you'd have taken pity on me and asked me to your place to have some Ever have shoulder and greens? Nothing on earth like shoulder and greens, after all, is there?"

The young man looked a bit embar

"Well," he said. "Aggle and I have miged time and again about asking rou to take dinner with us since you mane on here this time. But you know what these dinky little three-rooms ind-a-bath flats are-or do you? And Aggle and I had sort of an idea that maybe-well, to be frank, that after all he splendiferousness that you're used to, why, it might make you feel sort of uncomfort—oh, ours is just a plain 100 dump, you know, and we thought naybe it would-er-"

"Look a-here, boy," interrupted the ald miner, "will you and Aggle give me ome shoulder and greens to-morrow wening, say at 6 o'clock?" "You know very well that we'll be

leifghted to have you," replied the roung man. "All right," said the old man, "Write ne down the address. I'll be there."

nan prepared to take his leave, "you'd something dainty. setter warn Aggie about the low-down, ornery, simmering habits of greens. It takes a lot of greens to make a proper need of 'em. A pretty whopping bastet o' greens-well, I've seen a bushel o' greens, almost, boil down to 'most

and the young man went away. On the following evening the bluff. ruddy, fine-looking old mining man arrived at the little flat on the minute. It was a neat and tastefully furnished flat, but small, of course.

"Sure you've got plenty of greens? the old gentleman inquired, with mock anxiety, when he was greeted by the pretty young matron, whom he had known as a child. "I've been worrying a good deal over that to-day."

"Oh, stacks and stacks of greens," she replied, adding, "but if there things like those, shouldn't be enough I could eke out by boiling down the rubber plant, you flower garden of summer evenings and putting the cork in that bottle?" know," and so the little dinner began merrily enough.

The shoulder was a sweet piece of mast-fed meat from Virginia, and after | Mighty fetching and sweet the music the old miner had tucked his napkin from the zither sounded, too, out there under his chin in the old-fashioned in the open air, with the wind stirring way and gone at it, he came pretty through the branches overhead, and close to looking like a thoroughly satisfied elderly man.

passed his plate over for the third helping, "that I've been in training for The medical man who officiated on that this ever sluce yesterday? Fact. I've occasion was a fellow who'd been arhardly eaten a mouthful since you in- rested and locked up for horse stealing. vited me-or, better, since I invited They allowed him to come to our shack myself. And it's worth the fasting."

After the dinner the old boy fixed then they took him back to the lockup himself in s big rattan chair in the again. tiny cozy corner near a window and ing to als young host agoing.



Quoth Poor Richard: "He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," but really, isn't it usually the lender who does the sorrowing?

Some people seem to have the borrowing habit. They're always "jusout of" something, and instead of doing without, or supplying their own need they ask a loan. It's a postage stamp or a little change for the laundry boy. car fare or a quarter for the contribution box, and a treacherous memory is a convenient excuse for forgetting the small obligation.

There is a saying, "The way to lose a friend is to lend him money." This is certainly true if the friend doesn't or cannot repay, because he has a sense of guilt or discomfort over an undischarged obligation, and the lender has a sense of injury over being kept out of what belongs to him. He who is refused a loan feels hurt and affronted, and he who refuses feels uncomfortable in denying. Moreover, if borrowed capital is the beginning of a business success, no matter how scrupulously the loan has been repaid, the one who furnished the capital regards himself as in a way the source of his

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," is a good working rule. But if occasion comes when a temporary accommodation seems necessary, make it a point to repay promptly. And the smaller or more trivial the sum or the article borrowed, the more carefully should we charge memory with it. It is little things we are apt to overlook, but it is not safe to predicate on the forgetfulness of those who have obliged us. One of the most awkward of situations is reminding a friend of a forgotten obligation of this kind, and the curious thing is that the neglectful one always feels a little affronted at having been reminded. "Couldn't she have waited a little? I was just going to return It!"

young man offered him a cigar, on earth she'd join me in saying it "Mighty tidy place you've got here," he said, after a pause, waving his pipe years of our lives, they sure were." around. "Slick as a crick ell, I'd call peared in the gray old eyes of the man. greens. The two young people sat pen looked upon this as a sort of heaven the old gentleman had gone. away back yonder in the tangle of years when we were struggling along after all, eh, little woman?" said the the best way we knew how."

The young matron had been picking cheek .- Washington Star. out soft little chords on the plane, but she crossed over and sat down by her

"Didn't have any such things as cozy corners when Mary and I made our start at housekeeping," the old boy went on, crossing his legs and leaning back and puffing away at his pipe. "Not many scrumtiferous fixin's of any kind, for the matter of that.

"Fact is, it was a shack. And, on top of that, a one-room shack. Built it myself after working hours. Cut the erub spruce and fir to build it, too.

"I was a timberman then in a new silver mine sixty miles from a railroad. Got \$25 a week, which wasn't much, counting how costly it was to live.

"Well, after I got the shack built I yent down to Boise and asked Maryshe was teaching school there. Mary was agreeable about it-we'd been beaus since we'd met a year before, although after I went to work in the new mine I didn't have much chance to see her.

"But Mary was ready, and we got married in Boise City, and I took her to the shack I'd built. Marvelous days, those-both of us young, you see, and not bothering much about anything nor minding any sort of inconvenience, so long as we were close enough to each other so's I could holler across the gulch on my way to work and on my way home. And it was a home, plumb and proper-never had any such home

"I made the stove myself, too, out of an old rusty two-horse-power boiler that I cribbed from the engine house. Made most of the furniture, too, including the bed, spare times. Wagon freighting was costly, and beds and gear like that ready made, cost a heap of money out there those days-anyhow, they were beyond me.

"Had a rag carpet on the floor of the shack that Mary'd been making herself. after school hours, for a year. Dishes were mostly wooden-I was pretty handy with a jackknife those days. Had calico curtains in the one window -Mary had an artistic eye, and the "And, Joe." he added, as the youn way she draped those curtains sure was

"I got the water from the crick about 400 yards back of the shack Used to fill up the three big barrels once a week, and let the water settle.

"Didn't have any fresh meat, unless I shot it o' Sundays-freighters used sothing." and then the two laughed to fetch in the sait meat once a week, over the trail. Canned vegetables, too, and scandalously high they were.

"I'd started a truck patch, but the soil wasn't adapted to truck raising. All right for flowers, though. Mary got hold of some flower seeds-subscribed to a dollar-a-year weekly, I be lieve, and got the seeds as a subscription prize-and she had the prettiest little garden of flowers in front of the shack you ever saw; sweet William and pansies and bachelors' buttons and china asters and marigoids and old

"She used to sit in that teenchy play on the little old ten-stringed zither, fixed out with numbers for each string, that I got for her down at Boise. Mary with her pretty head, and a flower in her dark hair, tilted back against "D'ye children know," he said, as he a tree, humming the tunes she played. "Our first born arrived in that shack. in company with a deputy marshal, and

"Well, Mary and I-and, later, the got a well seasoned briar pipe belong. first one-kept house in that little, old hand-made shack, squatting at the base "A cigar after shoulder and greens!" of the mountain, for three years, it as a boy.

he exclaimed, reprovingly, when the Speaking for myself-and if Mary was those were far and away the happles:

After some music the old man took it. Plumb luxurious, in fact," and a his leave, with cheery praises for the sort of misty light of recollection ap- young wife's dinner of shoulder and "I suppose Mary and I wouldn't have sive and silent, for quite a while after

"I guess our little flat isn't so dinky. young husband then, pinching his wife's

DR. D. D. THOMPSON.

Editor of Chicago Religious Paper Killed by an Automobile.

Dr. Davis D. Thompson, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate of Chicago, was run over by an automobile in St. Louis as he attempted to cross the street and died from the in juries.

Dr. Thompson was one of the leading religious paper editors in the country



DR D. D. THOMPSON

and was in St. Louis attending the conference of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board.

Dr. Thompson was born in Cincinnati fifty-six years ago. He was gradnated from the Ohio Wesleyan University and the Northwestern University, receiving in 1903 the degree of LL. D., from McKendree College. He was editor of the Northwestern Christian

Advocate for the past seven years.

Too Much for Uncle Joe. By the side of a certain Illinois suburban railway stands a fertilizer factory, which gives out a particularly offensive smell. A lady who frequently has occasion to travel on this line, always carries with her a bottle of lavender smelling salts. One morning Speaker Cannon took the seat beside her. As the train neared the factory. the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the car was filled with the horrible odor of the fertilizer. The speaker stood it as long as he could, then addressing himself to the lady, whom he saw holding the bottle to her nose. he said: "Madam, would you mind

Not So Resourceful as Most Girls. Evelyn-Some of our proverbs are se ridiculous. For instance, "Where ig norance is bliss-"

Ethel-What's the matter now? Evelyn-Why, you know, Fred gave me my engagement ring last week, and I simply can't find out how much it cost him.-Judge's Library.

Misdirected Charity. She-Papa has given \$50,000 to estab lish a home for old men. Wasn't that awfully good of him? He-Yes. But it would have been

sum to establish a home for you and a certain young man I could name. When a man takes off his socks, you can see a scar on his toe where he cut

whole lot better if he'd given half that

TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA

Checkered Career of Free Cuba's First President. Tomas Estrada Palma, first president of Free Cuba, died in Santiago

province of pneumonia complicated with other diseases. His death ends a checkered career, during which he had been a wealthy land owner, soldier, exile, prisoner, teacher, diplomat and president. In fact, his career com passed the most momentous period in the history of Cuba, but it did more than that. In its strange vicissitudes of fortune, its vivid contrasts of adversity and prosperity, its consistent tory of self-denial, sacrifice and suffering in the cause of freedom, the peronal life of the first president of free Cuba may fairly be said to have ex implified the history of the troubled sland to whose welfare he dedicated is all.

Tomas Estrada Palma was born July 1835, on the largest of his father's states, at Bayamo, eastern Cuba. Hi ather, who was one of the wealthies: and most respected land owners in uba, died while Estrada was yet a oy. The lad had been sent to Seville

pain, to be educated as a lawyer, but n his return to his widowed mother in uba, he never practiced law to any creat extent. The struggling condition of the island engrossed his attention and he devoted himself to a study of ts involved political and economic af airs, together with the administration of his family estate.

He became a leader in the party of evolution, freed his slaves and took the field with the army of liberation He was elected a member of the Cuban Assembly, by which body he was, in 1876, chosen president of the struc gling republic. Betrayed, he was thrown into a Spanish prison and empted by Spanish gold. He spurned all bribes, and after his liberation, duto the surrender of the Cuban insurgents, forfeited all he had in Cuba and found his way to Honduras, an exile There he married the daughter o Guardiola, president of the republic of Honduras, after which he came to Central Valley, N. Y., where he opened a private school.

When the last Cuban war for independence got under way, Palma plunged into the struggle. His task was performed with such signal sucess that, when at last the struggle



TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA.

had been ended and the victory won. through American intervention, it was matural that his grateful countrymen should select Tomas Estrada Palma to be their first president in fact, as he had already been their president 30 that is sure to prove popular is shown years before in name.

President Palma found high office no ed of roses. His political opponents accused him of undue ambition and of asurpation of power. The sparks of lostility and partisan rancor were anned into a blaze. That was a serious crisis in the life of free Cubathe first rigorous test of her capacity for autonomy and self-government What happened is too recent history to call for recapitulation. The Unit of States was under moral and treaty ob igation to preserve the peace. To preent the effusion of blood in another revolution, President Palma realized that his abdication was the best course. and he gave way to an American gov ernor.

The veteran patriot retired to his old estate on the Cauto river, far from the turmoil of politics and intrigue. There he ended his days in the sechi sion of a private life, erecting the crude buildings of a new home on the old domain and engaging in the breed ing of cattle, even as his father had done before him in the golden days before Cuba had become the spoil of the sword and torch,

A Misplaced Pin. "I was in an uptown tea room where the scenery is all cut of proportion to the amount served you." said a New York clubman. "I was dallying with some ice cream when my spoon struck a common, every-day pin in the bottom of the frozen stuff. I gave a little wave, and a waiter slipped to my side 'See, a pin in this ice cream.' I said 'Why, I might have swallowed that He took the glass and disappeared When he returned he reminded me of an undertaker, he was that solenin. That pin has lost a man his job, sir. he said. 'Well,' I replied, 'I am sorry for that, but it might have cost me my life, when you come to think of it 'Yes, sir,' said the waiter meekly. Then 'You see, sir, most of the folks tha eats here just sips their ice cream and don't chew it." -- New York Times.

Gave No Warning. On entering the stable suddenly the

head of the house tound the hostler and his own young son deeply engaged with the broken tail of a kite. "How is it, William." he began se-

verely, "that I never find you at work when I come out here?" "I know," volunteered his son: "it's on account of those rubber heels you're

wearing now." Substantial Realities. "Does anybody believe in pipe dreams?"

"Well, I guess folks who have oil stock do."-Baltimore American. At some time in the life of every man he tries poetry and the chicken

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

PEACE AND HEALTH. ERE is some good advice given by a beautiful woman to a girl admirer who asked

her for her recipe for remaining "such an evergreen:" "Never work on till you are seemingly

at your last gasp, whether at your business or your pleasure, but rest as you go along. If you forego rest until your work is done, the chances are that you will then be too tired to take it. Get all the beauty-sleep you can. Remember that late hours are fatal to good looks and health, and don't commit the folly of working far into the night, and then wondering why your work is not well done and you feel so good for nothing the next day.

"Shield your nerves, and don't let them become too sensitive. Make yourself take life calmly. If you lose a train, don't pace a platform wildly, but inquire when the next train comes is and sit down calmly to wait for it. That's just what most women don't do; they sit down, perhaps, but they tap the floor with their feet, clinch and unclinch their hands, and are apparently in a fever heat of excitement over the arrival of every train that comes in, even though they have been assured that theirs is not due for another half hour. The half hour of waiting means to them a frightful wear and tear of nerves, and they are practically weeks older for it. Try to cultivate calmness; but if you cannot do that all at once, you can keep your face still."-London Family.

A RUDE COINCIDENCE.



ICKED up by the police, George Ferris died in the Desplaines street station from exposure and starvation. In a hole in a haystack on the canal bank a father, mother and two children were discovered, halfclad in dirty rags, absolutely without food.

and the father unconscious and delirious. While all this was happening the lawyers in Judge Eberhardt's court were reading an interesting letter from Lord Curzon of Kedleston, whose wife was the daughter of Levi Leiter. The English nobleman and his two children receive \$68,000 a year, besides the income from a trust fund of \$1,700,000.

When the Leiter estate was settled up Curson was paid more than his share through a bookkeeping error. A little later he was informed that the overpayment of \$10,700 would be deducted from his allowance. A letter from the nobleman to Hugh Crabbe was read in court. In it Curzon said:

"I was very much horrified to receive your intimation that I was to be deprived of \$10,700 on the ground of an alleged mistake in the November audit."

This noble English dependent upon American charity was "horrified." Note the word well. What would happen if all the American millions deposited to the credit of foreign noblemen should suddenly be withdrawn? Lord Curzon spends \$133,000 a year. Lady Suffolk and Mrs. Colin Campbell, his sisters-in-law, spend \$125,000 a Times.

year each. That means \$383,000 a year of money takes from Chicago to keep up the "dignity" of English aristo-

crats. All this is from one Chicago family. Yet men starve in Chicago streets, while women and children seek shelter in haystacks.—Chicago Journal



TWO GOLDEN DAYS. HERE are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry. Two golden days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and sorrows, has passed forever beyond the power of my control, beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought; I cannot recall a word that I said; cannot calm a storm that raged on yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of regret, or sorrow, or wrong, is in the hands of the mighty love that can bring oil out of the rock and sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the love that can make the wrong things right, and turn mourning into laughter. Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like a perfume of dried roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was

mine; now it belongs to God. And the other day I do not worry over is to-morrow. To-morrow, with all its possible cares, its burdens, its sorrows, its perils, its poor performings, and its bitter mistakes, is as far beyond my reach of mastership as its dead sister, yesterday.-The Banner of Gold.

PANAMA CUT PROMISES PROFIT.



S for the Sues canal, there also the traffic has gone on increasing, until last year's report shows that the receipts amounted to over \$24,000,000, of which it is said more than three-fifths were a clear profit. Even if the Panama canal yield no profit

in cash, it will be of immense value in other ways to this country, but as it will be, like the Sues waterway, a highway of travel for the accommodation of the entire world, there need be no doubt that it will ultimately be a source of great revenue for the government.-Boston Courier.

POPULATION OF GERMANY.



HE statistical year book for the German empire, just issued, shows its present population to be 63,017,000. The increase within the empire has for several years averaged a little less than a million. But millions more have migrated to Austria.

to South America and to the United States. They have relieved the nation of the necessity of breaking its political bounds, and they have made a good impression of the German character abroad. Modern emigration prevents more wars than diplomacy.-New York



Handy Savings Bank. in the illustration below, the invention

of an Illinois man. At one time the pocket

great demand, but being constructed of metal, they were weighty and cumbersome in the pocket. This objection is over-

come in the one shown here. Being made al POCKET SAVINGS most entirely of leath-BANK. er, with the exception of the small metal slot for the reception of the coin, they can readily be carried without inconvenience in any pocket. Being pliable and flexible, they readily conform to the shape of the pocket. The idea of the inventor is to | irons and cooking. It comprises an inmake these pocket savings banks as cheaply as possible, so that they may

be destroyed to remove the contents. A

new one can then be purchased at an

Cooking in a Keg. Wireless telegraphy is not accomplished entirely without wires, and fireless cookery is not arrived at without



outlay of a few cents.

been started in the regulation manner either on a coal or gas stove, it is con-

fire. The advan-

tage of the latter

system of cookery

is that a little fire

goes a great way

in that operation

of cooking having

FIRELESS COOKER. tinued through the entire process to the end in the improved cooker without the further use of fire. Viands in the course of treatment are thoroughly cooked without the least danger of burning and demand no watchful care such as is required when the articles are being cooked in the regulation manner on a stove. The latest form of a fireless cooker is that of a keg, as shown herewith. The jacket of the cooker is in the same manner as the best fiquor kegs of quartered white oak, with the grain running crosswise, so that they will not seep, soak or absorb. It has a steel lid or top, which is fastened together so as to lie practically flat. securely by a single turn of the eccentric knuckle. The cooking receptacle in a small space and easily carried. is arranged to rest on a steel rim, so that the can does not come in contact with the tacket, thus leaving a vacuum chamber between the outer and inner wall. This affords an insulator, and is a non-conductor of heat or cold.

The cooking in an apparatus of this kind is done by schedule. The cook ingron Star. knows which viands require the longest treatment, and these are subjected to and the schedule tells how soon the is of any other color.

articles will be ready to be taken from A handy little pocket savings bank the cooker, although no harm is done by leaving them in a longer period.

Good for Small Stoves There has been invented recently an economical and easily utilized appli-



burner for cooking purposes and at the same time pings. hesing irons. With this arrangement FOR SMALL STOVE the housekeeper is burner for simultaneously heating the set in the stove top or over the gas

tently, a bow-shaped wire handle is employed. "Decoy" that Folds Up. Every gunner knows that the "decoy" is an invaluable adjunct to his kit

only complaint is

that the transpor-

tation of a half

dozen or so en-

tails considerable

labor, the decoys

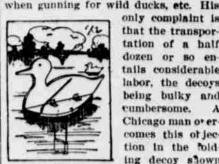
being bulky and

cumbersome, A

Chicago man o er

centrated and maintained within the

holder. To withdraw the irons conven-



comes this of jec tion in the fold

ing decoy slown FOLDING DECOY. in the illustration, quite a number of which can be carried handily in a satchel. The float. the imitation duck and the necessary keel are made in three sections, the last two being hinged to the float. It will be seen that they can be readily folded In this way they can be neatly packed

An Athletia Performance. "So you think that a man in public life eight to devote some time to phys- skulked across the edge of the course. ical eulture?"

"Assuredly. Otherwise he can't hope to survive the handshaking."-Wash-

When a man is badly in need of a the heat of the gas burner or stove for shave, and his beard is of a sandy after a kindling glance at the mo

BARGAINS IN MUMMIES.

Grewsome Objects that Turn Out to

Be Fakes Pure and Simple. While riding among the old Egyptroit News-Tribune, the tourist is usually approached by the relic sharks. You repel them. Then comes a fellow who acts mysteriously, looks about suspiciously and talks to your cicerone in an undertone. Your curiosity is aroused and you ask the guide for information. It turns out that the man lives in one of the forsaken tombs near by and that several days ago he had found a hitherto undiscovered grave with a mummy in it, from which he had disjointed several members and taken some trinkets found in the bandages. The objects could be seen at gns his lodging if the traveler would care

to step that way. They are grewsome objects that are displayed-a skull, two hands and two feet. There are also some stone beads a small bronze statuette, a couple of clay images and the mummy wrap-

You pay, perhaps, little attention to the latter objects on account of the possibility of fraud, but you are atenabled to continue the use of the tracted by the disjointed members that belonged to a man who walked the earth centuries before the Savior apverted pan-shaped body adapted to be peared on it. True, they are grewsome, but they are just the things that burner. On one side is an opening for are more closely associated with the the insertion and withdrawal of the name of Egypt than any other relic iron and a perforated top that forms a could be. There is no chance for fraud. rest and heating base for the cooking in an object of this kind. They are natutensil. Covering the opening is a ural, shrunken and withered members, hinged door, to prevent the heat from black, parchmentlike and you even deescaping. The irons, being encased, are tect a splcy odor which you connect heated quickly, since the heat is con- with the embalming process of the ancient Egyptians. Surely nothing more could be desired in the way of proofs. At last you have acquired a real curiosity, and you cannot help exhibiting your acquisition, on your return to the hotel to the proprietor, without, bowever, disclosing its source as promfaed the poor Arab. The hotel man

smiles. "Have you been caught!" he says. They are human remains sure enough but they never grow on an ancient Egyptian. They belonged to some darkskinned Arab who was buried for a few years in the dry sand of the desert as an investment. It is a common trick; the condition of the ground and the absolutely dry climate, which exclude decomposition and cause a natural mummification, make the deception possible."

A Steady Job.

The origin of "graft" is probably in the discovery that something easy brings in a large reward. The only problem, then, is to find the easy thing. Tastes differ. A writer in Lippincott's Magazine gives an example of a "graft" which most persons would not care to cultivate.

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him insensible for a brief time. When he recovered a five-dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the regretful golfer.

"Thanky, sir," said the injured man, a slightly longer period than others, color, he looks worse than if his beard "An' when will you be playin' agr