The shadowy toilers for thee fought, In chaos of primeval day, Blind battle with they knew not what; And each before he passed away Gave clear articulate cries of woe; Your pain is theirs of long ago.

And all the old heart-sweetness sung, The joyous life of man and maid, In forests when the earth was young.
In rumors round your childhood strayed! The careless sweetness of your mind, Comes from the buried years behind.

And not alone unto your birth
Their gifts the weeping ages bore.
The old descents of God on earth
Have dowered thee with celestial lore;
So, wise, and filled with sad and gay.
You pass into the further day. -George W. Russell, in the Washington Star.

SECOND PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT AN ELOPEMENT

By Charles Stell.

St. Paul depot on a bright morning in August, and the large, busy station was full of people. True, the rush of city men pouring in to business by the early suburban trains was perstitlous. She took the missing of over, for the hour was half-past ten; but various trains for the lakes and as a warning that her wedding was picnics stood ready to depart. The whole scene was full of life and ani- annoyed, too. mation, and no one had time to interest himself in his neighbor, which was perhaps the reason why a tall, handsome young man who stood at the door

of the waiting-room had not excited

He had been there for nearly an hour restlessly pacing the room from one end to the other. From it he could equally observe the entrance which led to the departure platform and the one which led to the street beyond. He walked as one who had no business with the excited stream of people passing to and fro before him. He scarcely seemed to notice the crowd. He never glanced at a time table or consulted his watch. He just watched the incoming trains.

And at last his patience was rewarded. There came quickly toward him from the platform, a slight, girlish figure dressed in white. A pair of large blue eyes lit up her face, and a mass of auburn hair waved on her fair, open brow. He stepped forward and took her hand.

"You are very late, Lu." "I could not help it, Charlie, Papa came in on the earlier train, so I had to take a later one."

They went out to the street. For some reason Mr. Wilson did not take a hack at once; instead, they walked until they reached Tenth street. All this time they had scarcely spoken. Perhaps it was difficult to converse on such a crowded thoroughfare, or else what they had to say was too sacred to be discussed on the streets. As the cab started at a good pace Miss Swift asked a little anxiously:

"Is it a long distance to the minister's house?"

"No. About half a mile. Do you feel nervous. Lu?" "Not very. I hope you will never be

sorry for what we are doing this morn-Charlie bent over and kissed ber

"You little doubter! Why should I be sorry?" "I wish we had told them at home."

faltered the girl. "There would have been a scene," he replied; "it is far better to take mat-

ters into our own hands." "I am so glad it is a bright morning."

"You superstitious little girl! Are you thinking of the old saying, 'Happy the bride that the sun shines on?" There was no time for an answer. As he finished, one of the front wheels of

the cab rolled off, the vehicle turned over, and horse, driver and passengers fell down together. It was a crowded street, at a busy time, and people came promptly to the rescue. Wilson was none the worse for his fall, but Miss Swift looked pale and frightened, and it seemed for a time that she must have received more injury than the shaking to which she acknowledged.

After a few moments, when the peo ple had dispersed. Charlie suggested an adjournment to a neighboring hotel, where she could rest and have some refreshment.

The mistress of the place stepped forward, and after a few words of explanation conducted Miss Swift to a room, where she was able to brush the dust from her clothing and arrange her hair.

When she rejoined Wilson he looked decidedly cross. A man hates to be made to appear ridiculous, and he knew that they could not have presented a very edifying spectacle in the accident; still, he needed not have vented his anger on the girl who accompanied him.

"If you had only come on the right train we should not have been in this confounded predicament," he said irri-

"Are we too late?" she asked.

It was evident that she did not re sent his displeasure.

"I am afraid we are," he said more kindly. "I told Mr. Clement that we would be at his house by ten o'clock at the latest, and here," looking at his watch, "it is after eleven. Shall we go and ascertain? Perhaps he is waiting. We will take a street car this timech. Lu?"

"I should much prefer it." He looked at her quickly.

"You are very pale still. Are you sure you are not hurt seriously?" he asked.

"Quite sure. I only got a good shak

When they arrived at the house of the minister he was gone. He had Mrs. Clement said. Then, having a meeting to attend at eleven, he had departed and would not return until six in the evening.

T was the Chicago, Milwaukee and I taken fate into her own hands, and come to the city to be married to Mr. Wilson, unknown to her parents. It came to her suddenly that fate was against her. She was just a little su-

> not to be. Wilson seemed terribly "What shall we do?" asked Lulu.

the train and the accident to the cab

"We will wait until evening," answered Charlie, lightly. Then, turning to Mrs. Clement, he said, "Tell Mr. Clement that we will return at six o'clock, please."

As they walked down the street, Miss Swift raised her eyes to her lover's face with a strange expression in their depths.

"Charlie!" "What is it, dear?"

"Do you think my missing the train and the accident to the cab-every thing is a judgment on us?"

"No, I don't." It was difficult for him not to laugh at the poor girl's superstition. "I don't believe in judgments, for one thing, and, for another, we aren't going to do anything wrong. We are of age and can marry if we want to. But how shall we pass the remainder of the day? What do you say to our going out to Cooney Bay? We have plenty of time."

"I am entirely in your hands," she replied.

Charles Wilson was destined to be a physician. He had obtained his diploma and intended to go out to Washington Territory. He had a small income, besides what he expected to make out of his profession. He and Miss Swift had met at a summer hotel, where they had fallen in love with each other, with the result that they arranged to be married privately and go out West together.

In an hour from the time that they left the minister's house they were taking dinner at Lake Cooney Hotel. This over, they left for a stroll on the beach. After amusing themselves by picking up curious stones and shells for a time, Charlie said:

"What do you say to our having a

"I am perfectly willing, if you wish it," she replied.

Soon they were skimming out on the lake, she is the bow of the boat, he in the stern. Lulu took off her hat and let the wind play upon her brow. Then she leaned over the side of the boat and held her hands in the cool water. They were more than a mile from the shore now. Wilson managed the sail and rudder so as to run parallel with the land. Presently he pulled out his watch.

"Four o'clock," he said. "We've plenty of time for another tack yet. Did you ever see the lake so calm? Then he took off his coat, doubled it up and stretched out at full length in the bottom of the boat, with his head resting on the seat and Lulu's parasol over his face.

"Don't you think it is time for us to return?" asked Miss Swift, at last, There was no answer. She repeated the question. Still no answer. She moved uneasily on her seat and looked at him. He was asleep—sound asleep! Her first thought was to wake him. then she was too indignant to do so.

To think that he could sleep at such a time, after all the sacrifices she had made for him! The very thought of it filled her heart to overflowing, and hot tears fell from her eyes.

"I won't wake him if he sleeps until doomsday," she said to herself at last. "Oh, if I were only at home again! My mother would forgive me, I am sure.

Ere another hour had passed the sky rapidly darkened, the thunder commenced to roll, and large drops of rain to descend. With a cry of alarm Charlie sprang up, pale, trembling, horrorstruck.

"Why, I must have been asleep!" he exclaimed. "Lulu, how could you let

"If you could go to sleep at such a time, you might be sure I was not go-

ing to wake you." On looking around, the young man knew that his first task lay in getting the boat safe to shore. It now plunged wildly through the waves, but at last they grounded on the beach, nearly a mile from the hotel, wet, dripping, and

half blinded by the storm. Miss Swift sprang from the boat and ran for the shelter of a tree at the bottom of the bluffs, Charlie following as soon as he had pulled the boat out of the reach of the waves. Then he looked at his watch, and the perplexed expression on his face changed to one of vexation and dismay.

It was already six o'clock, Their train had been gone half an hour, and there would not be another until ten o'clock. The rain now descended in waited for them until half-past ten, torrents; it poured as if the floodgates of heaven had opened for a second deluge. The wind, boisterous everywhere, was even wilder and more part of your stock in trade, and it mulpitiless on the lake shore than else-Miss Swift was frightened. She had where. Urged on by the pouring rain, ties of doing business."

they started to climb the bluffs and try to reach the depot. It was a task of great difficulty, for both the wet grass and the earth were slippery, and they had to pull themselves up, hand over hand, grasping the bushes and trees to help them. Fortunately at the top they found an old shed in which they were able to take a short rest.

Lulu did not flinch; she had reached such a state of misery that she almost felt she did not care what happened. Their wading through the small rivulets on the hill side had filled her shoes with earth and water, her thin summer clothing clung to her like paste, and her white dress was a sight to behold. Her heart was full to overflowing: tears trembled in her eyes; there seemed to be nothing that could alleviate the unpleasantness of her position. Wilson's indifference made it worse; he did not seem to care for her misery, so taken up was he with his own troubles. He had uttered no word of reproach against himself; had not once said, "Forgive me, Lulu!"

At last they reached the depot. In reply to Charlie's question the ticket agent answered:

"No, there is not another train to town until ten o'clock." By this time Miss Swift's teeth chattered and she shivered with cold. To do Wilson justice, he now seemed very

much concerned. "What on earth can I do? Shall we go to the hotel?" he asked. "No. I will go home. I am sure

that will be best." "But can you?" he asked. "I thought when girls ran away from home they always left a note on their dressingtable announcing they were going away to be married."

"Well, I didn't. I simply told mother I was going to town, shopping. And now try to get me home, please." Thus enjoined Wilson started off with a bystander in search of a horse

and vehicle to convey them to the city. In about an hour they returned with a wretched looking animal and dilapidated buggy. "It is the best I could get," said Wil-

In spite of her trouble Lulu could

not refrain from laughing when she beheld the horse and buggy. They started on their long drive. but, in spite of exhortations, threats and the whip, the horse refused to go

at a faster pace than a walk. It was half-past ten when they reached the city depot, and Miss Swift's train left ten minutes afterwards. Up to this time, although the girl had, with wonderful self-possession,

assumed a calm demeanor, she was in reality intensely excited and indignant; her heart was swelling, throbbing, as if it would burst from its frail tenement. After they had entered the waiting-

coom-which fortunately was emptyshe put out her hand. "Good-by, Mr. Wilson," she said.

He looked at her in surprise. "What do you mean? I shall see you

safely home." She shook her head.

"No, I think it will be for the best to put an end to our engagement. Perhaps I have expected too much. But after a girl has forsaken home, parents, everything, in fact, for a man who can calmly sleep the precious time away-well, I-I think it is best for us to part."

She drew a ring from her finger and put it into his hand.

"Lu, Lu! You cannot mean it, surely? You're not going to break with a fellow for a trifle like that?" "A trifle! I don't take it as'a trifle.

feel as if I'd had a revelation today. Here comes my train. Good-by!" He stood watching her as she dragged her wet, weary limbs to the train. A few seconds later Miss Swift was borne swiftly westward, and Charles Wilson walked slowly to his hotel with rather a graver face than usual.-Waverley Magazine.

Raising Cats For Money.

The rearing of coon-cats is a coming industry. Coon-cats are worth to-day from five dollars to one hundred dollars apiece, and the supply does not begin to meet the demand. Exceptional specimens have been known to fetch two hundred or even three hundred dollars. At the present time all of them come from Maine, simply for the reason that the breed is peculiar as yet to that State. Their popularity is such that the business of breeding them has been rapidly growing during the last few years in that part of the country, and one shipper not very far from Bar Harbor exported in 1899 no fewer than three thousand of the animals.

Strange to say there are comparatively few people south or west of New England who know what a coon-cat is. If you ask that question "down in Maine," however, the citizens will seem suprised at your ignorance, and will explain to you, in a condescending way, that the creature in question is half raccoon-the descendant of "a cross between a 'coon and a common cat." Coon-cats have been recognized as a distinct breed in Maine for so long that the memory of the oldest inhabitant runs not back to their beginning. You will find several of them in almost any village in that part of the world .-Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Not an Extraneous Aid. An observing and experienced country merchant gives this information and advice to other business men: 'Advertising space in the newspaper is as much a part of your business and property as the display window or the business office, and just as indispensable. Get rid of the common but woeis something outside of a business-a mere external aid, but not an integral part. Advertising space is a valuable tiplies a thousand fold your opportuni-

The new name for a combination of corporations is "a community of inter-

The change of the reigning monarch in England has opened a new field for the postage collectors. There will be a rush for the first Edward VII, is-

Arizona newspapers declare that deer, antelope and mountain-sheep will seon be exterminated there unless immediate steps are taken for their preserva-

The great Nile dam, which cost two years of labor, and ten millions of money, is now completed, ready to redeem from famine which follows crop failure a fertile territory of 600,000

Some confiding British financiers have come over here to look after the alleged rights of the minority stockholders in certain corporations. These must be desperately ignorant Englishmen to imagine that minority stockholders in America have any rights whatever.

Many English convicts were sentenced to imprisonment "during Her Majesty's pleasure," and as Her Majesty is now dead the question has been asked whether they can lawfully be retained in prison. They are likely to stay. When a doubt exists the prisoner rarely gets the benefit of it.

The traditional office boy who gets excused from duty to bury his grandmother during the baseball or circus season has found a prototype in real life. A Connecticut lad was convicted of stealing and was sentenced to jail for one day, his term being thus limited because his grandmother was dead and he wanted to attend her funeral.

Farmers should encourage the establishment of canning factories near at hand, even if they have to invest somewhat in the stock in order to get them started. There is profit in growing fruit and vegetables when there is a market close at hand. Co-operative establishments, owned by the men who are to grow the products, should pay well if properly managed, states the American Cultivator.

Interest is added to the Pacific cable project by the announcement that Germany is planning to lay a cable of her own across that ocean, to serve the needs of her extensive empire and of her vast and increasing commerce. It should be constantly kept in mind. however, that the United States has most need of such a cable, and has incomparably the best route along which to lay it. We hope it will ere long be added that the United States is first in the field to perform the task,

A few champions of the American trotter are uncomfortable because the number of pacers bred in this country has made remarkable gains in comparison with the total of trotters. But, after all, what's the harm? If American breeders and buyers of fast animals used in light barness prefer the pacer to the trotter, any effort to balk their preferences will surely be futile. Let them have their way without lamentations or protests. If the pacer in the long run does not justify his predominance, the trotter will surely come to his own again in due time, remarks the New York Tribune.

A new industry has developed abroad, having its origin in an American custom. Straw hats are now made for horses. Our humane truck drivers have been wont to protect their horses' heads from the scorching rays of the sun by a coarse harvest straw, with two holes cut in the brim for the equine ears. This idea, it is said has been adopted in England. A hat has been made especially adapted to that purpose, and over 10,000 of them sold last summer. This season preparations have been on foot for a great increase in such sales. Why not introduce them here, where the idea originated? queries the Dry Goods Economist.

In view of the facts which are now known in relation to consumption and the extent of the ravages thereof it has been made to apply legislative measures to the restriction of the disease, and that State tuberculosis sanitaria are virtually unknown. In the annual deaths from consumption have numbered 150,000, while in the civil-5,000,000. Yet the scourge is now regarded as curable in its early stages, and high authorities deny that it is fully mistaken idea that advertising hereditary. That much could be done toward preventing the spread of tuberculosis by the enforcement of reasonable laws and by the establishment of public sanitaria for its treatment by specialists few medical men will deny. George II.



The Mum Family. There is a funny family, Of which I often hear, In which the difference in size To me seems very queer.
The family, I judge, is small—
Two seems to be the sum— And Minnie Mum the one is called; The other, Max I, Mum.

Now Minnie Mum is always shown To be exceedingly small,
While Max I, Mam, a giant is,
So very large and tall.
But hand in hand they march about
As fond as fond can be,
And proud they are to let the world
Their striking contrast heir striking contrast see.

This thought I might have given you In one short rhyming verse.

And that would be the minimum, Or, what would be much worse, Through stanzas something like a score My muse I might let hum To tell the same, and that, you see, Would be the maximum.

-Chicago Record.

Toys of Chinese Children.

Few Chinese toys are of a durable nature. There are not many toy shops. but cheap playthings are sold by an itinerant vender of small wares, whose approach is announced by the beating of a gong, which calls the children as the music of the Pied Piper of Hamelin is said to have done. Figures of genii and idols abound, and now and then an extraordinary figure is seen. whose light colored locks, tight fitting clothing and the stick carried in the hand proclaim it to be intended for a "foreign barbarian."

Why the Stars Twinkle.

Why do the stars twinkle? Many persons suppose that it is due to the changes that are constantly going on in the star's own fires, the effect produced on our eyes being much the same as that produced by the flashing and flickering of a terrestrial fire.

This, however, is only a popular fallacy, the real cause of the twinkling being the passage of the star's rays through our atmosphere, the twinkling varying according to the condition in which the atmosphere may be. On the top of a high mountain, for example, where the atmosphere is much lighter and rarer than it is on the lower lev els, there is, as a rule, no perceptible twinkle, and even on the lower levels there is none during the dead calm that often precedes a storm.

There are few persons, perhaps, even among the most indifferent observers of the heavens, that have not seen some of the brighter stars, say, Sirius, Arcturus, Capella, Vega, Aldebaran or Rigel, flashing like great jewels, with all the rainbow tints when near the horizon. It is then that twinkling, always a beautiful phenomenon, becomes an exquisite spectacle, and it is due to the passage of the star's light through the denser part of the earth's you let him see you in curl-papers just tmosphere. The same star, when overhead, or even at a moderate elevation above the horizon, does not twinkle one-half so much.

During windy weather, however, and especially when the wind is from the north, the twinkling is very noticeable, even in stars that are in the zenith. It has also been noticed that there is a marked increase in twinkling when there is a good deal of humidity in the air and the barometric pressure is consequently light.

From all this it is very evident that twinkling is due not to the varying physical condition of the star, but to the condition and the movements of the earth's atmosphere.-Philadelphia

How the Umbrella Was Introduced. About 150 years ago on a very wet, disagreeable day, a man walked through the streets of London carrying an umbrella

"And what of that?" some one may say. "You can see hundreds of people doing the same thing on any rainy day."

That is true, but a century and a half ago you could not have seen a single person in England carrying an umbrella to protect himself from the rain. People said: "A man who cannot stand a little wetting is a rather weak man," and so they allowed nature to sprinkle her showers down upon them at pleasure.

But finally there was a man who thought differently, and in those days it took a good deal of character to come out and oppose the old beliefs and do contrary to public opinion. Jonas Hanway was strong enough to do this, and, knowing that he would be greatly ridiculed for attempting to do such an unheard-of thing, he dared on this rainy day to walk out in the streets carrying an umbrella over him

People stared at him in astonishment, rude boys laughed and called after him, and some of the rudest threw stones at him. The idea of tryseems strange that almost no effort ing to protect oneself from rain! Why, no one had thought of such a thing in all these years! Some of the wealthlest people had umbrellas in their houses, and servants sometimes held them over the heads of "my lord and United States for several years the lady" as they stepped out to their carriages in a heavy rain, but no further use was made of them. But Jonas Hanway bore the ridicule and still carized world the victims have numbered | ried his umbrella until by and by people began to think it was not such a bad idea after all, and to-day people think no more of carrying an umbrella than they do of walking down the street.

> Signed by the Cook. All dishes at the English royal table are marked with the name of the cook. a custom which originated with

GOOD-BYE ER HOWDY-DO.

Say good by er howdy-da-What's the olds betwist the two? Comin'—goin'—every day—
Best friends first to go away—
Grasp of hands you'd ruther hold
Than their weight in solid gold.
Slips their grip while greeting you—
Say good-by er howdy do.
Howdy-do, and then good-by—

Mixes just like laugh and ery; Deaths and births, and worst and best, Tangled their contreriest Every jinglin' weddin' bell Skeerin' up some funeral knell-Here's my song and there's your sigh; Howdy-do and then good-by.

Say good-by er howdy-do— Inst the same to me and you; Taint worth while to make no fass, Cause the job is put on us;
'Cause the job is put on us;
'Some one's runnin' this concern
That's got nuthin' else to learn—
If he's willin' we'll pull through,
Say good-by er howdy-do!

James Whitcomb Riley.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"What ... you doing for that baby?" 'I'm simply avoiding all the advice my friends have given me."-Harper's Bazar.

"Walk this way, madam," said the bowlegged floorwalker, but the lady refused to walk that way .- The Schoolmaster

"I've turned highwayman," chuckled the sofa. "What!" exclaimed the chair. "Yes; I held a couple up last night."-Philadelphia Record.

Stranger-"Could you direct me to the Carnegie library?" Citizen-"Carnegic library! There is none in this town." "What! I'-Indianapolis Press.

The stub tailed hen said "I am not Just spoiling for a slugging match,
But slugs and worms 'round this here spot
Will find I'll come up to the scratch."
—Chicago Record.

Miss Withers (showing photograph of herself!-"I'm afraid it's rather faded." Binks tinexperienced, aged nineteen)-"Yes, but it's just like you." -Punch May-"Did you know that salt is

being used as a heart stimulant?" Clara—"Yes. Why?" May—"You might get Mr. Faintheart to try it."-Brooklyn Life.

"It's no use to feel me wrist, docthur," said Pat, when the physician began to feel his pulse, "the pain is not there, sure-it's in me stummick."-What-To-Eat.

He heard about the widow's mite, A cobbier, lean and small;
And when the deacon passed the plate
He placed therein his awl.

—Philadelphia Record.

"If I ever get married, it will be to some struggling young fellow whom I can help to make a fortune." "Give me some struggling millionaire, whom I can help to spend one."-Brooklyn Life.

"Don't you often wish you were a man, Miss Benefield?" asked young Mr. Fitzgoslin. "Why, no, of course not, Mr. Fitzgoslin," replied the girl. "Do you?"-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Miss Fuzzie-"I want to break my

engagement, but don't know how to do it without driving the poor fellow to suicide." Little Brother-"Why don't once."-Tit-Bits. "My volume of poems is filled with

typographical errors!" cried the poet. Yes." replied the disgusted publisher. "Even the proofreader seems to have balked at reading it through."-Philadelphia North American. Fogg-"It is evident that Miss Sin-

gleton is very anxious to get married." Bass-"Any particular reason to think so?" Fogg-"I heard her remark, the other evening, that she wouldn't have the best man that ever lived."-Boston Transcript.

Observations. If women would let men stand upon the level, instead of placing them upon pedestals, fewer broken idols would be noted.

The most piquant gem of any litera-

ture can be rendered commonplace by a bad setting, or emphasized by a fine The woman who never thinks need

fear no wrinkles. You must cut deep to wound the masculine heart. Women dress to displease other

vomen, and please men. Women who forgive are forgiven. The finest talker stammers before some being, usually a critic of the

other sex. Sympathy and pity are not the same, yet both are related to the divine passion.

To be virtuous is to remain so. Truth must stand. Revolutions, like atmospheric storms,

seem to clear up sultry conditions. Aversion may turn to love, but not so easily as love to aversion.-Philadelphia Record.

A Singular Accident.

Lewis Fries, a boy of twelve years of age, while hunting rabbits near Parkersburg, W. Va., was shot in the leg by a rabbit which he was after. Fries was with his father and another man, and they chased the rabbit into a hole. While each one was watching one of the three entrances to the hole the rabbit came out of one of them and, hopping upon the gun which the boy had thrown down on the ground, struck the trigger with its legs and discharged the gun. Both barrels were emptied into the boy's leg, but he was not dangerously hurt.-Baltimore Sun.

Lord Roberts as a Freeman.

Previous to the present campaign in South Africa, from which he so recently returned, he had received the freedom of twelve cities and boroughs, and since his return a great number of important cities and boroughs in the United Kingdom have resolved to confer upon Earl Roberts the honor of being a freeman. Consequently be either is or shortly will be a freeman of more important cities or boroughs in Great Britain than any living subject of the King. -Tit Bits.