

DE ANIMA.

O Soul! where are thou in the watches still—
Can Slumber's jailers fetter thee at will?
Or are thy servants setting captive free
From harrying clay to ride the greater sea?

Where are thou, then, betwixt the dusk
and dawn—
What bourne receives thee ere new day is
born?
Is spark divine, of yet diviner fire,
Ashed in the embers of its earthly pyre?
The sleeping dust is but thy mask dis-
carded,
Lest thy full life by it should be retarded;
The day thy night, the night thy sun
arisen,
And Sleep the opener of the spirit's
prison.

—Harriet Osgood Lunt.

A Pair of Postmen.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

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It was a shock for Kennedy. He had almost completed sorting out the letters to be delivered along his beat when he came on that one addressed to Nora Dillon. He recognized the chirography instantly. He had seen it many times. The letter had been written by Bertram Ryder. Ryder was not only a fellow-postman, but his warmest and most intimate friend. Why, he had not known that Ryder was even acquainted with Nora—the girl whom he had come to love with a passion quite incommensurate with his pay and his prospects.

Not that this latter fact would matter if they really loved each other. So far Kennedy had not dared to put his affection to the test of a declaration. But he had been screwing his courage up to that point for weeks, and—although he was far from being a conceited fellow—he had felt that he was being encouraged by the pretty daughter of the prosperous contractor on Elm avenue.

If only she would come to the door for the mail today! He would watch her—would notice her acceptance of the envelope addressed by Ryder. The thought spurred him to activity. He hastened through with his work as rapidly as possible, and went trudging off on his afternoon delivery, his well-packed bag slung over his shoulder.

The glare of early summer lay hot and yellow on the city streets. Crowds of well-dressed people were coming and going. The laughter of children mingled with the silver dripping of a fountain in a little green square. But Jim Kennedy could only think of one opening door, which framed a straight, young, girlish form in a gay little gown. That was one of the things which had first attracted him to Nora Dillon—the fact that her pretty, bright garments, pink and heliotrope, and azure seemed somehow to suit well her swift, sunny smile and laughing blue eyes.

Kennedy's bag was considerably lighter by the time he turned into Elm street. His heart was beating hard when he reached the comfortable home of the Dillons. He rang the bell, and stood waiting, the letter in his hand. He could hear the light, familiar step he had learned to know and



"A Letter for You."

note for coming along the hall within, and suddenly the door had swung back, and she was standing there, fair and radiant in her crisp white gown, her slim, erect young figure clearly cut as a cameo against the soft green gloom of the interior.

"Good afternoon, Miss Nora!" He snatched off his cap, and stood look-

ing down upon her. "A letter for you this time."
"For me?" she laughed, and held out her hand. "I don't get many letters."

Jim did not offer to go at once. Instead he stood in the same attitude, his keen grey eyes striving to read her thoughts—her every motion. He was conscious of a sharp tightening in his throat at sight of the blush that wav-



"Married!" echoed Jim.

ered instantly over her soft cheeks at sight of the superscription.

"Oh," she said in a low voice—her tone surprised but comprehensive. "Oh," she put the missive hastily in her pocket. He fancied some embarrassment lingered in her blue eyes—ordinarily frank as a child's as she glanced up at him.

"You look dreadfully warm!" she exclaimed. "It is a hot day, isn't it? Won't you wait a moment until I bring you a glass of lemonade? Mamma and I were just drinking some." She vanished before he could refuse, and was quickly back, a goblet containing an ice-tingling beverage in her hand.

"Thank you," he said, and drank it as well as he could for that dreadful constriction in his throat. Then he had returned the glass, bowed, and was gone. Ah, with what a heavy heart, with what leaden footsteps was the rest of his route covered that radiant summer day!

How could he know that a disappointed little face with puckered brows, was gazing after him with eyes grown suddenly misty and mystified. He had not acted like himself at all! What was the matter with him? She had thought—she had fancied—

There was no mail for the Dillon household the next day—nor still the next. So Jim had no excuse for stopping. But on the evening of the second day he found himself driven to Elm street. At least he could look at the house which held her. He might even muster up courage to ask her to go to the contemplated picnic at Garfield Park with him. He had been made welcome in their home. More than once Mrs. Dillon had permitted her daughter to go out with him. He had every right to invite her. Just because Bertram Ryder had written her a letter, and that she had colored confusedly at sight of it, was no reason why she would consider his attentions welcome.

A soft, warm, dark, rainy night it was. Kennedy, about to cross over to the lighted home of the Dillons, suddenly stopped—drew back into the shadow of a tree. For the door opposite had opened, and two people were distinctly revealed in the lighted vestibule. He recognized Nora. And that man with spare form, and slightly stooping

shoulders—of course that was Bertram Ryder.

He could hear the clear voice of the girl speaking with cordiality.

"Don't you worry, Bert!" she was saying. "You can trust me to arrange affairs so that no one will suspect. What's that? I'm an angel? Oh, no, I'm not." There was a ripple of laughter. "Good-bye. Till Tuesday, then!"

Jim Kennedy turned on his heel, and went home, sick at heart. It was the little maid of all work who opened the door to Jim when next day duty forced him to ring the door bell of the Dillon domicile. And on the day following he found himself waiting there rebellious and miserable, with another letter from Bertram Ryder in his hand. This time, although it was Nora who eagerly opened the door, and stood as if waiting for him to speak, he only lifted his cap formally, handed her the letter, and turned away without a word. And as he strode angrily off, his smouldering jealousy was fanned to fresh flame by the sight of Bertram himself coming jauntily up the street. It was evident that he had received leave of absence, for he was in his best civilian attire, and looked particularly sanguine and joyous.

"Hallo, old fellow!" he cried, and would have stopped Kennedy, but that individual jerked free from the friendly hand laid on his arm, and strode on. Ryder looked after him in dismay, but the next instant he had caught sight of Nora. He sprang up the steps.

"There was no need to send that last letter, but I was afraid they would not let me off. The old man was very kind though, when I explained the situation. Heavens, Nora, what's the matter? You're white as a ghost."

Nora's reply was distinctly feminine. She sank down, and burst into tears.

By the time he had succeeded in wresting from the girl the story of her sorrow, he began to divine the reason of Jim Kennedy's sudden coolness towards himself.

"I'll fix that," he assured her. "Just as soon as this little affair is over—before we even leave town, I'll fix that!"

He was as good as his word. That very evening he hunted up Jim Kennedy sitting moody and dejected in his lodging house.

"Look here, Jim," he said, "things have got into a snarl, and I'm here to untwist them. I was married this afternoon—"

"Married!" echoed Jim. He started to his feet as though stung. "Married!"

"Yes, to Cicely Barstow, as nice a girl as ever drew breath. We've been as good as engaged for a year, but her father objected to the wedding as she has some money in her own right he wanted to hold on to. My cousin, Nora Dillon, has helped us out by giving Cicely my letters which went under cover to Nora—at least the few last ones I had to send that way, as the old people were becoming suspicious. By the way, Nora is feeling pretty badly on account of your manner to her lately. Suppose you go up to the house and explain—eh?"

Jim grabbed his friend's hand, and wrung it energetically.

"I will—right off. Congratulations, Bert! Good luck to you—and my best wishes to Mrs. Ryder!"

Then a beaming-faced young man hurriedly furnished up his toilet, and made his way to Elm street at a pace which would undoubtedly have won him first prize in a sprinting contest!

Women Taking Elevator Cure.

In New York now women are taking the "elevator cure" as the proper spring tonic. An elevator man in the tall Battery Park building was trying to explain the other day how popular the treatment was getting to be. "Three out of every four women who ride in this car," he said, "are taking the 'elevator cure.' How does it cure? And what? Search me. The motion is supposed to have a beneficial effect on the circulation of the blood or something. Some of the men try it, too, but the women have it the worst. Whenever a stranger comes up to me and asks for a fictitious person I know they are after the ride and nothing else. Some of the sharp ones generally pick out a name in the directory before they enter the car. They never go into an office, however, and always take the next car down. When you consider there are four elevators here and then count the number of big office buildings south of the postoffice, you will see a woman can ride around all morning and never hit the same elevator man twice. But we know them."

Whore Slavery Is Professed.

According to correspondence issued by the London foreign office, 93 per cent of the slaves of Zanzibar and Pemba prefer to remain slaves. Fewer slaves applied for freedom in 1900 than in 1899, because the British commissioners over, most of the slaves know they are not likely to gain much present advantage, seeing that those who were thrown at their own resources have a difficult time to make a living. The masters have been kinder since the slave legislation was enacted and seek to make their service more attractive.

General Hobart Resigns.

General Harris C. Hobart has resigned from the Milwaukee public library board after a service of twenty-five years. General Hobart is now in his eighty-ninth year. He was one of the union prisoners who tunneled their way out of Libby prison at Richmond during the war of the rebellion and was twice democratic candidate for governor of Wisconsin, the first time in 1859 and later in 1865.

In the war of love who flies conquers.



Cabs and Chair Drivers.

The police of Paris are likely to be kept busy if they attempt to arrest every "cabby" in the gay city who utters an oath or who talks insultingly to his fare. The myriad "cabbies" of Paris are in a class by themselves. As a rule they hire their cabs and horses by the day from one of the great companies which control the business, paying a fixed sum as rental, and making all they take in above that figure. Most of them wear the livery of the company from which they rent, and their vehicles are painted to correspond. These liveries are most often light in color, and the cabs of the City Cab company, the largest in Paris, are painted in imitation of wicker work. The cabby wears a high hat, made of rubber composition, and a sort of between sabots and shoes, with wooden soles and leather uppers. In his hat the smart Paris cabby wears a cockade of some bright colors.

The regular fare in Paris is a franc

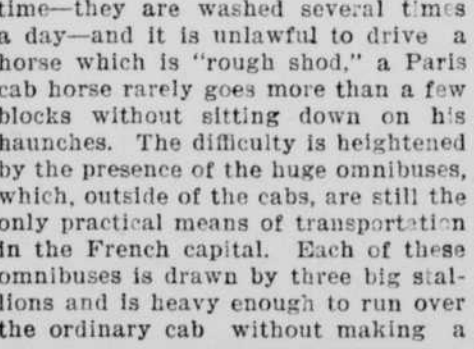


A PARIS COCHERE.

—20 cents—for a course, about a mile. By the hour a Paris cab costs fifty cents. In addition to this fare it is the custom to pay the drivers a tip of one sou—which equals a cent—on each franc of his legal fare. If he has earned a fare of five francs, for instance, he expects a tip of five sous in addition.

If the Paris cabby has an idea that his fare is an American he does his best to get more. When offered his regular fare, with the customary tip added, he is likely to throw it on the ground and spit on it, at the same time rolling off a string of expletives which would warrant his arrest on suspicion.

Before a man is allowed to drive a cab in Paris he is supposed to pass an examination conducted by the municipal authorities. At the same time it is a fact that few Parisian cab drivers know anything about driving. Their vehicles are not cabs at all, but little victorias drawn by one horse and, as the streets of Paris are wet all the time—they are washed several times a day—and it is unlawful to drive a horse which is "rough shod," a Paris cab horse rarely goes more than a few blocks without sitting down on his haunches. The difficulty is heightened by the presence of the huge omnibuses, which, outside of the cabs, are still the only practical means of transportation in the French capital. Each of these omnibuses is drawn by three big stallions and is heavy enough to run over the ordinary cab without making a



A JAPANESE JINRIKISHA.

walk for any distance in the English metropolis is a confession of bad form. For two miles the fare for either a "keb" or a four-wheeler is a shilling—25 cents—or "two and six pence an hour. With a shilling fare the London cabby expects a tip of "tuppence" or, with two and six, a tip of sixpence. If his passenger hands out the legal fare, with the regular tip added, the cabby will take it for granted that his fare "knows the ropes," and will touch his hat with a polite thank you, sir." But if he is overpaid by a single penny he at once jumps to the conclusion that he has been driving an American millionaire, and will immediately demand a still larger sum.

In St. Petersburg the droskies are usually driven by peasants, who come in with their speedy little horses from the surrounding country and rent their vehicles and harnesses by the day. Often the same drosky will be under lease to two men at the same time, one of them running it at night and the other in the day time. A Russian cabby will charge as much for a drive as he thinks he can get, but he is usually good natured and rarely abusive. He is also usually kind to his horse. Sometimes he sleeps in his drosky at night, thus saving the expense of other lodging, and picks up his meals along the streets. In Japan and along the Chinese coast the jinrikisha takes the place of the civilized cabby. With the jinrikisha the owner and proprietor acts at the same time as horse, and pulls the light two-wheeled cart along the narrow streets at a rate which is sufficiently fast for the comfort of the passenger. A jinrikisha, man and all,

ENGLISH CABBIES.

jar. The omnibus drivers are usually good drivers, and they go sailing down the Paris streets, as though they belonged to them. When they approach a section which is at all crowded they blow a shrill horn and the cabbies, warned by previous experiences, scurry to the curb or to the "islands" in the middle of the new boulevards to get out of the way. It is then that the cab horses sit down on the wet pavements, and that the interlocking of

may be hired for a few cents an hour, the exact amount depending upon the familiarity of the jinrikisha man with the ways of civilization.

Holland Girls.

Girls in Holland have a great deal of liberty. They pay calls, shop and go to parties at the houses of friends without a chaperon, walk and travel alone, cycle and have tennis and wheeling clubs in company with young men. They enjoy their fun and freedom, and are in no hurry to marry. Social distinctions are, however, rather marked. The bourgeoisie is divided into numerous and carefully observed strata. Marriages are not arranged, and the parents' consent is only asked after a proposal is made and accepted. It is not the custom to give a dowry. The girl only provides her own outfit and the household linen. Rich people sometimes give the daughter a portion, but no father would dream of cutting off his own comforts in order to provide one. An engagement of four or five years is not uncommon, and one is seldom broken off. A girl takes her fiancé round to introduce him to all her friends, and is then free to go about with him unchaperoned to public restaurants and evening parties, to which one would never be asked without the other.

CHAIR OR HAMMOCK.

Below is to be seen a novelty in a combination chair and hammock which, being capable of numerous adjustments to suit the desire of the occupant, should prove itself a very comfortable piece of furniture for the porch or lawn. The ordinary hammock has to be suspended from trees or the side of a building, and this sometimes prevents its use, but the new arrangement needs no hooks or other attachments, being complete in itself. For those to whom the swinging motion of the hammock gives a feeling of nausea it may be that the different direction of the movement of this new invention will be found more comfortable. When it is desired to use the device as a chair the supports at the center are loosened to allow the four end braces to tilt nearer together at the top, when the slack in the fabric can be drawn toward one



FOLDING HAMMOCK AND ROCKING CHAIR.

end. As a person sits down the chair will tilt into its proper position and provide a comfortable seat.

The Petticoat for Slenderness.

In these days it is the ambition of most women to look as slight as possible. A great help to this end is a petticoat of silk stockinet, which fits the figure like a skin from waist to knee. These skirts are furnished with detachable frills of silk, which button on the stockinet portion, and give from knee to ankle the fussy, frilly effect demanded by fashion. Many women who pride themselves on their slim figures decline to be burdened with superfluous skirts, and with satin knickerbockers no other petticoat is needed but the loose silk lining which is a feature of the ordinary skirt. Nevertheless, two smart models for petticoats are very alluring. One for evening wear is of white glace silk, edged with three pinked-out frills, and draped with a deep flounce of ecorse point d'esprit net, run with satin ribbon and tied at intervals with rosettes of the same. For morning wear with tailor gowns a petticoat of glace silk, bordered with one deep godet flounce and strapped with silk to match, is quite the right thing.

New York a Financial Center.

The concentration of banking capital partially explains the amazing record made by the New York clearing house recently in comparison with records made elsewhere in the United States. As, for instance, in one financial center, one of the most important outside of New York, the clearings for the month of April aggregated \$250,000,000, and this was looked upon as a wonderful record, and so it is, standing by itself, and yet the clearings of the associated banks of New York have been averaging as much as this every day for the past three or four months, and some days have been twice as much.—Holland in Philadelphia Press.

Two Lives Compared.

A curious fact is revealed by the Peerage with regard to the earl of Leicester. He and his father married, and exactly 100 years lie between the dates of the two ceremonies. Each man had two wives, and the present earl is a son of his father's second marriage.

Who Was a "Buffalo."

When asked by his wife for money to buy some flour, a resident of a western town handed her a \$10 bill. She refused to give him any change, saying that she was a member of the Buffaloes. The husband had her arrested, but the local justice dismissed the case.

He that is rich need not live sparingly, and he that can live sparingly need not be rich.

Grief for a dead wife and a troublesome guest continue to the threshold, and there are at rest.