

# FATE.

High in the spaces of sky  
Reigns inaccessible Fate;  
Yields she to prayer or to cry?  
Answers she early or late?

Change and rebirth and decay,  
Dawning and darkness and light—  
Creatures they are of a day,  
Lost in a pitiless night.

Men are like children who play  
Unknown by an unknown sea;  
Centuries vanish away,  
She sits—the eternal She.

Nay; but the Gods are afraid  
Of the hoary Mother's nod;  
They are of things that are made,  
She waits—the eternal She.

They have seen dynasties fall  
In ruin of what has been;  
Her no upheavals appall—  
Silent, unmoved and serene.

Silent, unmoved and serene  
Reigns in a world uncreate,  
Eldest of God and their Queen,  
Featureless, passionate Fate.  
—W. L. C. in The Fortnightly Interview.

## The Lady of the Valley.

BY JAMES W. KILBURN.

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It was yellowing fall weather when I came upon the camp, flanked by a cornfield.

A woman, whom I had seen upon the road, sat on a stump smoking. A red shawl was knotted under her arms and earrings protruded from her head handkerchief. She knocked the ashes from her pipe, but her eyes—set deep in a worn face—looked only at the blue line of mountains behind me. I sat upon another stump, and presently she said:

"Will the lady have her fortune told?"

"The last one you told me did not come true," I replied, and was rewarded by seeing that pipe removed with as much surprise as is compatible with one of her stamp. Her eyes were now dark wells, to be fathomed by no light plummet.

"Tis not always a poor gypsy's fault," she said.

"You told me I should cross the water and marry a dark man, and I've done neither."

"There is water still there, lady, and the dark men are not all dead!"

"Twas at Tivoli Fair," I proceeded, "the day the lion got loose and the keeper was hurt." I paused, remembering all that the day had involved. There had been robbery and arrest, and it was said that the gypsies were implicated. The incident had been forgotten, but not the personality of the woman who had interested me. Suddenly the name came to me, given by the woman at Tivoli.

"Daylia Herne! Don't you remember me, Daylia? And the talk we had?" There was a tense contraction of the whole figure, as though some wild, secret thing were roughly awakened from under the frozen coverlid of winter.

"Twas not I," she said imperturbably. "I never saw Tivoli Fair in all my mortal life. Some other gypsy, lady! But I can tell the lady a better fortune nor that!" Knowing that directness is not the route by which such creatures arrive I said: "Perhaps so, but I should like to find Daylia Herne again. Have you ever heard of her?"

She knocked the ashes from her pipe and through the veil of defensiveness there seemed to leap a gleam of longing, the longing of an alien to touch once more the beloved soil.

"I've seen her, lady, Oh, yes! A bad lot, she was!"

"I should like to know what became of her," I persisted.

"Hard to tell what becomes of the likes of her!"

"Do you know where Daylia went after Tivoli Fair?" I asked.

"Yes, yes, lady! I'm thinking it was the time Daylia died. She took a hard cold and died, Daylia did, and a good riddance she was! Many's the time I've said to her, 'Daylia, the time I've said to her, 'Daylia,

"Where's Daylia's son?" I asked suddenly.

Daylia, and I feared that he would break her heart some day. She was so good to him."

My companion glanced nervously over her shoulder, and replaced the pipe, with an assumption of bravado. "No, no, lady, she died easy, Daylia did. He was well rid of her, too. He was a fine lad, I tell you!"

I arose and said that I was sorry not to learn more about Daylia. "There was trouble at the Fair that day," I added, "and I feared her son might have been in it." She was on her feet with a spring.

"Who dared tell the lady that lie? It's a lie, a black lie! The boy warn't there! You tell 'em who says it they lies, lady! Daylia's boy warn't there!" Her voice raised, and suddenly the tent flap lifted and a young man came out. He showed the remains of beauty, but his face was now sodden with drunken sleep.

"Shut up, there!" he called, "tell the lady's fortune, can't you? Don't mind her, lady, she's a fool!"

"Ay, I'm just a fool, don't mind me, lady! Let the gypsy tell the lady's fortune," she repeated, her gaze following him. "Maybe you haven't a coat now, lady? There's them that'll want coats over bad this year."

"No, the coat was for Daylia's boy," I said, as I left her.

I took the road skirted by a woods, and presently there came a crackling of underbrush, the red shawl of the gypsy broke through the leaves, and she stood panting beside me.

"Hold on, lady, stop a bit!" she said, with a hand on her heart. "Lady, if I tell you true where Daylia went afore she—she died, mebbe you can get me a man's coat, too. It'll be cold after awhile, and there's them that'll need it bad!"

"Tell me all about Daylia Herne," I said. She lowered her voice and came nearer.

"Twas this way, lady, and you tell it straight to them as said Daylia's boy was there when the robbing was done at Tivoli. He hadn't a mortal thing to do with it, Daylia done it herself! But Daylia, she got caught and locked up for five years for it, and no more'n she ought to've got. That's why she didn't come for the coat, she was locked up in jail, lady, see?"

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"Then you never saw him afterward?" I persisted. She floundered slightly.

"Oh, yes, lady, he come to be a fine man, he did. The finest you ever seen! And to think you mind the boy!"

It was needless to look at her to know the intense, pent eagerness of every line, as she leaned forward, with a hand upon the stump and her eyes devouring my face.

"He had curly hair and beautiful eyes," I said.

"Ay, 'twas surely him," she breathed.

"But I thought him disrespectful to you see, Daylia was sort of cousin to pap, and she come and nursed us all through fever last year. Oh, she was the good sort! But a fool about that there son of hers. My man drove him off last night and told him if he ever shows his face here again we'll give him up for the robbing at Tivoli Fair that time. Did you mind that time, lady? 'Twas the time he loosed the lions and got up a robbery, all himself. Oh, he was a whelp! And Daylia Herne, she got him away and let herself be caught, vowing she'd done it, and got herself locked up for five years for it. Daylia Herne locked up five mortal years for stealing, and pap, he's known her to keep a whole camp straight in her time by being so straight herself. Why, she hated stealing like sin, and wouldn't eat stole food, Daylia wouldn't. Since she come out of jail she's hid away, feared lest she'd disgrace him—Daylia Herne disgrace the likes of him!"

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HER IDEA OF CHAMOIS.

Servant Used Dinner Material with Which to Wash Windows.

There is a prominent doctor in Germantown who is busy telling a little joke on himself, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. It appears that he employed an Irish servant, who had just arrived from the "ould sod." Starting out one morning, he noticed his office windows were rather dirty, and calling Bridget he instructed her to clean them before he returned. At the same time he told her that he would stop and purchase a new chamois skin and send it home, and with this she was to clean the windows. After he had gone his rounds he returned to his office. Glancing at the windows he found them thickly streaked with grease. He called Bridget, and the following colloquy took place:

"Bridget, didn't I tell you to clean the windows?"

"Yes, sor."

"And didn't I tell you to use the new chamois?"

"Yes, sor."

"Well, did you use it?"

"Sure, I did, sor."

"Let me see the chamois," said the doctor, and Bridget promptly brought it. Then for the first time he learned that his wife had left the house a half hour before he did in the morning and had sent home some tripe. The doctor declines to say what happened to the chamois skin.

DIED ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

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was Daylia Herne, therefore I told her I should have a coat ready for her the next day if she would come after it.

But the next day she did not appear. The young woman I had seen in the camp came, however, and asked if I were the lady who had promised the old woman a coat.

"Because she won't die easy till she gets it, lady," said she.

I offered to accompany her back to the camp and take the coat. We hastened by way of the cornfield, and when we reached the woods, an old man came out of the tent, smoking.

"She's gone," he said, with a backward jerk of the thumb. The young woman took her baby from the wagon where it lay whimpering, and followed me into the tent. A figure lay upon a straw pallet, under a ragged cover, and the face, now stripped of years by death's serenity, awakened my memory unmistakably.

"Where is Daylia's son?" I asked, suddenly. The young woman started and stared at me.

"La, lady, how'd you ever know her?" she said. I explained to her, and while walking the baby back and forth, she said: "It can't do her no harm now, nor him neither. She was so fierce about being known lest the law'd get him. The law don't want to be bothered with Jack Herne no more'n we do, I guess. He was around here yesterday getting all he could out of her; 'twas him made her heart get so bad. She wanted that coat for him."

You see, Daylia was sort of cousin to pap, and she come and nursed us all through fever last year. Oh, she was the good sort! But a fool about that there son of hers. My man drove him off last night and told him if he ever shows his face here again we'll give him up for the robbing at Tivoli Fair that time. Did you mind that time, lady? 'Twas the time he loosed the lions and got up a robbery, all himself. Oh, he was a whelp! And Daylia Herne, she got him away and let herself be caught, vowing she'd done it, and got herself locked up for five years for it. Daylia Herne locked up five mortal years for stealing, and pap, he's known her to keep a whole camp straight in her time by being so straight herself. Why, she hated stealing like sin, and wouldn't eat stole food, Daylia wouldn't. Since she come out of jail she's hid away, feared lest she'd disgrace him—Daylia Herne disgrace the likes of him!"

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## THE CUNNING MOSQUITO

Writer Insists the Insect Is Showing Remarkable Educational Progress

"The man who believes that the mosquito cannot be educated up to the point where he is capable of dodging some of the artifices of human kind is simply a fool," said a man who has been paying some attention to anapholes and culex, and whose devotion has been returned with quadrupled amorousness, "and I know what I am talking about, for I have had occasion to observe a few things within the week, in substantiation of which I make proffer of various red spotches on my face, neck and hands. Just outside of my door there is a cistern, one of these uncovered cisterns about which so much has been said and written. It is a great mosquito breeder and at night these humming desperadoes make a fierce charge into my room. The door, window and transom are not screened, but I have around my bed what is supposed to be ample protection in a good mosquito bar. For a while the bar was good enough. But it did not take any great length of time for the mosquitoes to learn a few things. One night—just a few nights ago—I was awakened by a humming sound and had noticed that my sleep had not been as even as usual. At first I thought the sound was made by a street car some distance from my room on the line which traverses the street on which I live. The truth gradually dawned on me that it was the

drone of mosquitoes which had been in the habit of slipping out of the cistern and into my room at night. They were making a fierce attack on the bar, and I concluded that I would get up and make a little investigation—an after midnight study, as it were—of this winged assassin. I did so.

"I never saw so many mosquitoes before. They were mad, too. The fact that they had encountered the bar seems to have made them furious. They were buzzing like a nest of disturbed hornets. But what surprised me more than any other thing was the fact that several dozen had managed to get through and were actually on the inside, and had really begun to chew me. On the outside of the bar I found a perfect swarm. Some of them were fastened in the threads of the bar. They were trying to squeeze through the little holes of the bar, just as the others had done. Their long legs, or their wings, or some part of the body, had become tangled and they were hopelessly tied. Now how did they know how to get through these little places by the squeezing process? How did they know this was the only possible way to reach the food they wanted? I tell you the mosquito is capable of learning a few things, and he is being educated up to some of the artifices of human kind, and that's all there is to it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## THE OLDEST STOVE

Richmond, Va., Claims One Which Seemingly Should Rank With the Best

According to a Philadelphia newspaper the oldest stove in this country is at present on exhibition in Minneapolis, Minn.

From the description this old stove is something after the fashion of the one which we have here in our state capitol. It stands upon legs or end supports, similar to those of a sewing machine, only that they are about half as high and of much heavier casting. The total weight of the stove is 500 pounds. It is three feet long, thirty-two inches high and one foot wide, with a hearth extending in front. There is no grate in the bottom, the fire being built directly on the bottom of the stove, the heat passing from below the oven, back of it and over the top of the pipe. The outside has scrolls and designs and crowns in relief, much after the fashion of the stoves of to-day, and on both sides cast with the metal are the words, "Hereford Furnace, Thomas Maybury, Mr., 1767." We are assured that the stove is well preserved, in spite of its age. The surface has a finish which

is technically known as "pebbled."

The famous Virginia stove also stands upon legs, is about seven feet high and is handsomely ornamented. It is "three stories" high and of pyramidal shape, and was made in 1770 for the house of burgesses at Williamsburg, whence it was removed to Richmond when the seat of government was removed hither. The founder, one Buzago, whose place of business was in England, wrote of the "warming machine" that "the elegance of workmanship does honor to Great Britain. It exceeds in grandeur anything ever seen of the kind and is a masterpiece not to be equaled in all Europe. It has met with general applause and could not be sufficiently admired."

So, notwithstanding its advantages of a few years in age, the Minneapolis stove must pale its ineffectual fire when compared with our big, highly ornamental and aristocratically connected (historically speaking) old warming machine.—Richmond Dispatch.

## Traveling and Wandering

Jones was in peculiarly expansive humor the other evening. He was packed up for the summer, and was starting off in the morning on a cheap racket walking trip. To traverse the country districts of New England was his program, and an unfeeling friendliness his method of getting about cheaply and well.

"I have no use for traveling," he began.

"That, of course, is why you are starting off on the morrow," I asked.

"That, dear friend, is not traveling. It is wandering, and I recommend the world in general to get back to it, as the ideal manner of getting about. Traveling is a distinctly modern invention. It aims at two things—speed and the attainment of a definite locality. It is done for a purpose, and the means are always sacrificed to the end. The scenery through which the victims of the system may steam, is blurred. Cards and papers are found necessary to slay the time, and when the travelers dismount from

the deck or platform they breathe out a thankful 'Here at last,' as if that were the point. The ancients got about in a different spirit. They wandered where 'sweet adventure called them.' They merely roamed, setting themselves no goal. They were not whirled in hot compartments from point to point. Under the wide and stary sky they tented; these fine old tramps, Arabs, gypsies and all nomads of the Ulysses type. The peripatetic hoboes should organize a great league to prove that scenery is better than speed, and that every foot of the open road is as good as the place named on the guide post, toward which the wanderer's face is set.

"And no epitaph is more appropriate for the mundane wanderer than this:

"Under the wide and open sky,  
Where he loved to live, there let him lie;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter is home from the hill."

HIS JOKE COST HIM DEAR.

An Interesting Little Story About Hannibal Hamlin.

"Why don't you comb down that cowlick," said Senator Mallory, laughingly, to one of the pages, whose hair was standing straight. "Some of these days your wife will take hold of it and pull your hair."

The boy glanced up at the senator's very bald pate. "Senator," he asked, "is that the way you lost your hair?"

There are quite a number of senators with bald heads. Senator Stewart is among the number. And Mr. Stewart says that it does not pay to make fun of a man who hasn't any hair on the top of his head, in the place where the hair ought to grow, as the old song says. In proof of which he tells an interesting story on how Hannibal Hamlin was defeated for the senate.

"Up in Maine," said Mr. Stewart, "there was a man who was very bald. One day Mr. Hamlin came along and tapped the man's smooth skull. 'I just want to tell you,' he said, 'that one of your two hairs is crossed with the other.'"

"The remark was made only in fun, but the bald-headed man never forgot it. Long afterward he was a member of the upper branch of the Maine

legislature and Hamlin was a candidate for the United States senate. Hamlin was defeated by one vote, and that one vote was cast by the man who was bald."—Washington Post.

Februarys Without Full Moon.

A correspondent corrects some erroneous statements about a month with no full moon, which appeared recently in a paragraph quoted from a Missouri paper. "As a matter of fact," he says, "the month of February, 1886, had a full moon, which fell on the 15th, as reference to the almanac for that year will show. The month of February, 1893, however, had no full moon, nor did that of 1866, and this is no infrequent occurrence, but happens every twenty or thirty years. The month of February having, except in leap year, only twenty-eight days, and the moon's phases being separated by an average period of twenty-nine days, it of necessity follows that in February frequently only three such phases occur. The phenomena is therefore neither rare nor of any interest, and the only wonder is who could first have started so foolish a story as that no month without a full moon had occurred since the creation of the world, nor would recur again for two and a half million years."—New York Tribune.

(Issued under Authority of the Railroad Commission of Nebraska.)

## ASSESSMENT OF RAILROAD PROPERTY

How it is Arrived at by the State Board of Equalization.

The Method Prescribed by Law for its Apportionment to the Several Counties and Municipalities.

It has been charged that the State Board of Equalization has for years pursued a haphazard method in fixing the assessed valuation of railroad property for state and county taxation, and that such property has been virtually exempted from municipal taxation. An investigation of the matter will readily show that this charge has no foundation in fact.

In pursuance of the requirements of law, the railroad companies have each year submitted for the consideration of the board, sworn statements or schedules of their tangible property, setting forth in detail the mileage of main and side tracks in each county, the number of depots, station houses, tool houses, stock yards, etc., and complete lists of the rolling stock and moveable property on the right of way and depot grounds. They have also made to the state auditor statements under oath of the revenues of the companies, gross and net, their capitalization and the interest paid on their bonded indebtedness.

The valuations reported in the property schedules have been recently criticised, but the variations in such valuations are easily explained by the fact that some companies report what they believe to be the proper assessable value of the various items, in conformity with the assessment of other property in the state, while other companies approximate the actual value of the items, depending upon the board to fix the scale of uniformity.

The board has never relied upon the valuations reported in the railroad schedules as a guide in fixing its assessments, but has always diligently sought the most accurate sources of information within its reach. It has in some cases had before it the data showing actual cost of construction of the properties, and in others, the carefully prepared estimates of expert engineers. For several years past the respective boards have had access to and have considered the testimony in the maximum rate cases, where the roads were not likely to show diminutive valuations.

In the case of the Union Pacific, the record shows that the present assessed valuation of its main line represents more than 25 per cent of the cost of reproduction as given in the testimony in the Nebraska "rate case," and as 10 per cent has been shown in recent controversies to be amply sufficient for the equalized valuation of the tangible property, the additional 15 per cent, or thereabouts, is either excess assessment, or it may be said this three-fifths additional assessment may cover all possibilities of intangible values that may pertain to the property as a "going concern," its earning capacity, good will, etc.

So in the same estimates or testimony relating to the Union Pacific line from Kearney to the Wyoming state line, which comprises over one-half of the mileage across the state, the testimony shows that the assessed valuation of \$9,800 per mile through those counties represents about 40 per cent of all tangible property of the railroad on that section of the line. It is, however, incorrect and misleading to state that any single portion of the road, either in Douglas county or in Cheyenne or in Kimball county, is assessed at \$9,800 per mile.

This rate per mile, as entered on the tax lists, represents merely the distributive share accruing to the county or municipality, of the entire valuation of the whole road, which distributive share is explicitly designated by the laws of the state as a ratable mileage proportion of the valuation of the entire line. In this way the terminals in Omaha (except headquarters, shops and vacant terminal lands, which are assessed locally) are distributed and taxed in every city, village and school district along the whole line from the eastern to the western boundary of the state.

This method of apportionment is upheld by the supreme court in a recent decision, relating to the Rulo bridge, in the following language:

"What was the purpose of the legislature in requiring the right of way, roadbed and superstructure of a railway to be assessed as a unit?