

An Old-Fashioned Woman

No clever, brilliant thinker, she,
With college record and degree;
She has not known the paths of fame,
The world has never heard her name.
She walks in old, long-trodden ways,
The valleys of the yesterdays.

Home is her kingdom, love is her dower—
She seeks no other wand of power—
To make home sweet, bring heaven near,
To win a smile and wipe a tear,
And do her duty day by day
In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are twined,
As round some reverend saint enshrined,
And following hers the childish feet
Are led to ideals true and sweet,
And find all purity and good
In her divinest motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshadowed still—
God rules the world in good and ill;
Men in her creed are brave and true,
And women pure as pearls of dew,
And life for her is high and grand,
By work and glad endeavor spanned.

This sad old earth's a brighter place
All for the sunshine of her face;
Her very smile a blessing throws
And hearts are happier where she goes,
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,
To whisper love—thank God for her!

At the Last Moment.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

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This day had finished the loading of the vessel for her trip across the ocean, and now, as the sun was sinking behind the shrouds of the ship to the west, the stevedores filed in front of the officer who was checking off and paying for the hours they had worked.

As they received their money the stevedores passed across to the wharf or stopped for a few minutes' conversation with each other, or with some of the sailors who chanced to be near. One of them dropped unnoticed through a hatchway and slipped back into the hold, where the freight had been stowed. Then he made his way among the boxes and bales until he came to a narrow space which had evidently been left by design, for it was long enough for a man to stretch at full length in it and contained water and crackers enough to keep off starvation for a week or ten days. After the young stevedore had crowded into it, he drew a case in front of the opening to prevent discovery by a possible prowler or inspector of the freight.

Then he made himself as comfortable as he could in the narrow space and chuckled at the prospect of reaching the other side without cost. He thought exultantly of what he would do when he got there, and of the other strange lands he would visit before returning home. There was no sense in people spending money to travel when a little shrewdness and a bold face would answer just as well.

He had \$3 in his pocket, the sum paid him on deck a half hour before, but that was as much as he usually had ahead these days. He had given up work, except in case of necessity; and even the \$3 would not have been earned had not this trip across the ocean been planned as part of the gain.

For an hour he remained awake listening to the sounds on deck and existing in his own shrewdness; then, weary with the day's labor, his head leaned forward and he sank into a sound sleep.

Late the next evening the vessel was to begin her voyage, and during the early part of the day his attention was occupied by the sounds of passengers coming on board and of bag-



Slipped back into the hold, gage and the last consignments of freight being stowed away. But at length, listening became monotonous, and even his own thoughts, exultant though they were, grew wearisome. He was not accustomed to being alone or to self-communion. During the past few years, when not asleep, he had generally been with boon companions on a street corner, or with them he had been in some mischief. He tried to keep up his interest in the sounds on deck, and think of the fun ahead of him, rather than of the past. But

dark but for a light somewhere above, which sent a dull shaft into the hold. In this he opened the letter and read: "Dear Sammy: 'I'm down with the rheumatics, and the doctor says 't will be a long time 'fore I'm out. The nabors are good, but they can't leave their own work an' do mine. I'm 'feared, Sammy, if you don't come, the farm will have to be sold. Tain't wuth much, but I can't look out for it any more. But don't feel bad, dear boy, if you can't come. It's only rheumatics I've got."

"Ever your loving mother."
The young man choked; there was an unmistakable sob. In a moment he had clambered up the hatchway. A few passengers were standing near the rail or lounging about; but no officers were in sight. It was nearly dark.

Slipping back to the stern of the vessel, which was almost deserted, the young man glanced about wearily. The wharves were a mile away and were shadowy outlines; but he did not mind that, for he was a strong swimmer and a bold one. What he feared was the frustration of a plan which had suddenly formed in his mind.

No one was watching him, however, and presently grasping a rope, he swung himself over the side and from the end of the rope he dropped into the water.

Two hours later he drew himself up on one of the wharves, nearly exhausted, but with a look on his face that had not been there for years. "Now for home," he said aloud; "straight for home." Then he disappeared in the shadow of the great warehouses.

AFTER BUGS, NOT MEN.

Drug Clerk Unnecessarily Alarmed Over Demand for Poison.

He entered the drug store with his lips set, and a look in his eye that denoted a determination that was desperate.

"I want some paris green," he said hoarsely, "right away! I can't wait. They shall die this very day!"

The drug clerk spared for time as he worked his way to the telephone to call up the police department. "All right, sir," he said, "but it will take a little while to prepare it."

"Nonsense!" said the man, "I will prepare it. They are ready to end their existence. Give me the poison!"

The drug clerk paled and pressed the button for the porter.

"Yes, yes," he said, "how many do you intend to kill?"

"About a million!" The clerk paled again. "Heavens," he exclaimed to himself, "the man is not only a would-be murderer, but a maniac as well!" Then he added aloud: "Are you going to annihilate children and women as well?"

"Children and women?" said the desperate man. "Who said anything about children and women? I'm after the bugs on my roses. Is that stuff ready yet?"

SECRETARY SHAW ENERGETIC.

New Head of Treasury Department Sets a Hot Pace.

Secretary Shaw is the most industrious member of the President's cabinet, says the Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle. Shortly after he succeeded Lyman J. Gage, Mr. Shaw started the treasury watchman by appearing at the department one morning promptly at 8 o'clock. The doors were unlocked by the wondering attendant, who thought that the secretary's home clock had slipped a cog or two.

The next day Secretary Shaw turned up at the same hour, and he has kept up the practice ever since. Few treasury officials are able to maintain the pace set by their chief. The latter's private secretary, Robert B. Armstrong, comes nearer doing this than any of the others, and he manages to get at his desk somewhere near 8 o'clock each morning. Only once he reported ahead of the secretary, however. The latter gets an early start. He rises at 6 o'clock every day, eats his breakfast at 7, and by the time the hands of the clock point to 8 he is at the department.

It is safe to say that this is something that no other cabinet officer has done for more than a few days at a time.

A MOUNTAINEER'S COMMENT.

Constituent Thought Senator Carlisle "Read Better Than He Looked."

At the time when John G. Carlisle was senator from Kentucky his speeches were widely printed and attracted a great deal of attention. One day when the senate was in session a mountaineer from the wildest wilds of Kentucky presented himself at the door and asked to see Senator Carlisle. The visitor wore homespun and leather boots and was travel-stained and dusty. He explained that he had read Mr. Carlisle's speeches and considered them great, and had walked more than a hundred miles in order to see the senator from his state. Mr. Carlisle was busy at the time and the clerk informed the visitor that he could not be disturbed. The farmer looked disappointed and seemed reluctant to depart. Finally he asked if he might be taken where he could just catch a glimpse of the great man he had walked so far to see. The request was granted and Mr. Carlisle was pointed out to him. After a brief scrutiny the farmer turned to the attendant:

"Reads a heap better'n he looks," he remarked sentimentally, and prepared to walk back to Kentucky.—New York Times.

Occasion's everything, but the rub is to know an occasion when you see it.—The Lady Paramount.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE PATHBORNE.

Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow," "Miss Caprice," etc.

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CHAPTER XIV. A Battle of Giants.

Some of the most frantic hovered at the windows, as though ready to plunge through space if the worst came.

They were crazed for the time being and could not be blamed.

Many a precious life went out that fatal day, that might have been saved by the exercise of a little judgment and coolness; for of all the attributes which mortal man inherits or acquires these prove the richest legacy in such a time of actual panic.

Having taken his bearings, and discovered which way the numbers ran, Charlie started upon what he believed was the last leg of his course.

Now he must speedily realize the worst; if he came upon Arline's rooms and found them empty, he would know she was somewhere about the intricate passages, lost and facing death, as when he first found her.

What a travesty of fate such a thing would be.

Tragedies were being enacted within those walls, that had many times echoed with the sounds of gaiety, and now rang with shrieks; already the greedy fire fiend had cut off many from escape, and yearned to encompass their destruction.

Some doors were closed, but the majority stood gaping wide open, whence the terrified occupants had fled just as they were.

In passing one of these Charlie got a glimpse of a lady, richly attired, bending over an open trunk, evidently seeking to lay hold of her precious jewel boxes ere flying.

Mayhap they cost her what all the jewels from Cleopatra's day to this could not replace—life.

Once a woman had seized upon him—crazed by fear, she clutched him as a drowning man might a straw.

Charlie could not have his mission jeopardized by such detention—he was compelled to break away, shouting at the same time for her to go to the stairs and descend while the chance remained. God only knew how long this golden opportunity might be held out to them, for the greedy flames were making hideous headway and presently the entire building would be a charnal house.

All obstacles had thus far been overcome by his iron will—determined to reach and save Arline, he had swept them aside as the March wind whirled the dust out of its path.

But the end was not.

One barrier remained.

Charlie suspected it not until the thing burst upon him, sudden and unexpected as lightning from the clear sky overhead.

Again a detaining hand.

This time it brought his forward movement to a complete stop, and he realized there was something more serious in the detention than when the poor groveling chambermaid had clutched his knees.

It was a man; through the haze he had seen his presence without paying the least attention to him, and now the fellow, probably as terrified as the women, frantically clung to him.

"To the stairs or the fire escape!—let go!" shouted Charlie, and when the other laughed with devilish glee in his ear Stuart turned his head to see close to his own the face of the bogus Capt. Brand, transformed by passion into the countenance of a fiend.

Was it accident or deep design that brought Macauley to this floor of the hotel at such a tragical moment?

When Charlie felt that grip on his arm and looked into the maddened orbs of the ogre, he seemed to realize that a great crisis in his life had arrived.

The stake was Arline's love.

This man might be innocent or guilty of murderous design, but appearances were mightily against him. His manner indicated as plainly as words: "This far shall you come and no farther."

Instinct warned Charlie to prepare for the worst, to throw himself into a position that was aggressive even while defensive.

It was a wise precaution, for the other, even while he continued to glare malevolently into his face, suddenly threw himself upon Stuart.

As he expected, Charlie found Macauley a man gifted with tremendous muscular power. Like trained athletes, the two men whirled around, each seeking the downfall of the other.

To Charlie each second meant a closer approach of doom, while with the other the passage of time brought savage satisfaction, as his base plans grew nearer realization.

Charlie retracted a step mustering every atom of power in his muscular frame for the storm which he meant to spring upon the already gloating enemy.

Macauley was drunk with the success that had seemed to be already within his grasp.

He thus could be taken off his guard, and once in retreat, complete rout must follow.

So sudden was the attack, so overwhelming in its resistless energy that the ogre fell back in confusion, hardly knowing just how to meet so strange a rally.

And Stuart followed it up—he knew full well that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well.

He was bent on ending the struggle then and there—in order to do so most effectively he let out still another kick, and surprised his enemy with a succession of tricks that completed his utter demoralization.

It was the work of a gladiator. Charlie, having stunned the ogre with a multiplicity of short-arm blows, hurled him in a shuddering heap aside, and found himself once more free to go forward.

CHAPTER XV.

When Charlie Kissed Her.

The flames had been making hideous progress while this mad encounter took place, and already their red tongues leaped into view at the further end of the corridor.

Charlie was panting like a hunted stag, hardly able to catch his breath in that smoke-burdened atmosphere—yet, no sooner had he hurled his enemy to the floor, and found the coast clear, than he started along the hallway.

The numbers on the doors now stood out plainly enough, thanks to the illumination afforded by the flames, and he knew he was close to where Arline might be found.

He saw the door was closed. It gave him a shock—then she had not escaped with the first—she must still be within her room.

He pounced upon the knob and turned it.

Horror! There was no response—the door utterly refused to give way, being locked within.

Charlie pounded with his fist upon the panel.

"Open the door, Arline! Open, for God's sake! The hotel is on fire!"

Apparently he shouted loud enough to arouse the dead, yet no answer came from beyond.

Stuart knew of but one resource left—it was a desperate case, and required a desperate remedy.

He raised his foot.

One mighty blow shivered the lock as completely as though a battering ram had been brought to bear against it.

The door flew open.

Nothing barred his progress now, and with a bound the Briton was in the room.

Arline lay upon a Turkish lounge—the crash of the door had done what all else had failed to accomplish, for she had just raised her head and was staring at him with eyes dilating in horror as they discovered the whirling clouds of smoke that curled in after him.

Charlie ran to assist the girl to her feet, at the same time calling:

"The hotel is on fire, but be brave, and I will save you, if possible!"

His manner calmed her more than all else.

She looked into his face, and although her voice trembled, she kept a brave front as she said:

"I trust you with my life, Charlie! Tell me what to do, and God help us both!"

Brave little woman! That was what he thought her then and there—he had believed it on that former occasion, when she wandered in the dark Steen dungeons and passages, and now it was made doubly sure.

It would have been worth something to Stuart at this critical juncture, could he have become possessed of the valuable information which the fallen ogre had held regarding the ways and means of reaching a fire escape.

As it was, he found himself cast upon his own resources and compelled to make a virtue of necessity.

One thing was absolutely certain—he could not count on assistance, and if he escaped it must be through his persistent and determined work.

Then, again, he kept before his mind the fact that escape must be downward—that flight to the roof would only render their immolation the more certain.

Each story they could descend would take them nearer the street and increase their chances of being assisted through the medium of the fire ladders.

Charlie had taken his bearings—he knew the fire had not as yet spread over the entire building, though the smoke must have done so ere now.

The stairs he had ascended were still free from flames, though this could not long be said, as they were in jeopardy.

Snatching up a cloak which he found, he pressed it about Arline. Some craze must have been running riot in his veins at the time, for as her sweet face came close to his own he deliberately kissed her; nor did she by look or word protest—there was something almost holy in the act—it was as though the man wished her to know the great love that was in his heart before they faced the dreadful ordeal which might be their destruction. As though he might thus seal his claim upon the woman he adored, even though together they were doomed to journey toward another world.

"Come! Have courage, my darling," he said.

Probably few men on earth have been given so strange an opportunity to declare their love, and under such conditions who could envy Charlie Stuart the brief spasm of delight which he experienced, for the first time he passed his arm about Arline's waist with a sense of proprietorship.

Love is a strong factor in the race—the girl might have been rendered frantic with fear had she found herself alone face to face with the threatening destruction, but with his strong arm to lean upon, and the knowledge of his declared passion to sustain her, she could meet the dread issue with courage.

And it required all the nerve she possessed to keep from screaming when once in the hall she saw the

avalanche of roaring fire at the farther end.

Charlie led her directly toward it, yet she trusted him implicitly—it was a glorious symbol of the power he was to exercise in all time to come, if so be they escaped with their lives.

The stairs at last.

Another minute and it might have been too hazardous to attempt a descent—but that small space of time has won kingdoms ere now.

Down one flight—that much was saved them at any rate, even should the worst happen.

When they started upon the second descent, it was like running the gauntlet; fingers of fire stretched out yearningly toward them, and one even came so close that Arline involuntarily uttered a scream, thinking Charlie, who had thrust his body on that side, was doomed.

This narrow escape told him that it would be utterly impossible to make any further use of the stairway in advancing their cause, since below it was wreathed in flames.

Their only course was to retreat from the fire as far as possible, and there await rescue or provide for it through their own ingenuity.

Still they heard the shrieks of fear-distracted women, cowering in corners or rushing wildly through the corridors calling for the help that could never reach them.

Such a scene of horror must haunt one while life lasts, so fraught with human suffering and the utter inability to render aid.

He had not calculated wrongly; while the smoke remained more dense than ever, the danger of immediate fire was not so great, although he saw it pushing toward them from three separate and distinct quarters, as though closing in upon its victims.

An open window at the end of the hall was Charlie's objective point.

He had hopes of discovering there the iron ladder that would enable those who had the nerve to grasp its rungs to drop to safety below.

Alas! disappointment awaited him, keen and cutting, since there was no such avenue of escape provided in this quarter.

It was a dizzy distance down to the street, and only a maddened brain could conceive the idea of leaping out into space.

Charlie leaned out to survey the situation.

Immediately a roar of warning arose from thousands of throats below, while arms waved him back, doubtless under the belief that he meant to take the mad plunge.

He was not quite reduced to such an insane policy—his resources had not yet been exhausted.

Charlie had his bearings now—he remembered the lay of the land—surely there must be a better chance of escape in the rear.

Turning into another corridor, which led in the desired quarter, he pushed on. Arline clung to his arm with whitened face and eyes that reflected the horror of her soul, but, thank Heaven! as yet her steps did not falter, nor did she give any signs of collapse, while his great courage remained to buoy her soul up.

The situation grew more intense with every passing second, and Charlie knew all too well that unless fortune speedily gave them an opening it would be too late, since the fire was now sweeping with remorseless fury over the main portion of the doomed structure.

Charlie Stuart knew he had to solve the problem of his existence, as well as that of the gentle being who clung so eagerly to his arm.

No man was ever better equipped for the fray.

He had everything to urge him on to superhuman efforts—abounding life, with all that means to a healthy young man, and, besides, the knowledge that he was beloved by the girl to whom his heart had gone out.

Yes, if ever a man had reason to strive with might and main for victory, it was Charlie Stuart.

Manfully he met the requisition.

(To be continued.)

HOW SLEEP MAY BE WOODED

Position in Which a Person Should Lie to Induce Somnolence.

Few persons in an ordinary assemblage can tell offhand what positions they assume to induce sleep and yet there is not an individual in the world who has not some trick of distributing limbs and trunk to insure slumber's blissful spell which he practices unconsciously. This is a night habit as perpetual and immutable under normal conditions as the succession of the seasons. No sooner are we really off to the land of nod than the night habit asserts itself. Our hands and arms seek the same parts of the bed or the same portions of our bodies upon which they have nightly rested since infancy; our feet and legs stretch at the same angles or loosely entwine in comfortable relaxation as commanded by unconscious will.

It is seldom of our own deliberate volition that we place our bodies in position for sleep, as you will find to-night on going to bed if you remember these words. In truth, if you do not seek to combat the instincts you will be surprised at the dispositions of the various members involuntarily made. If you end ~~your~~ to go to sleep by a new arrangement of the body you will also be surprised by the revolt against slumber which will surely ensue, but even before the struggle is well begun you will probably surrender and permit the all-masterful night habit to renege those little details of position which long practice has made necessary for your comfort.