

FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

Oh, days of youth, of love and truth, of labor in the mine, of vanished days in Time's dim haze— oh, days of Forty-Nine!

O'er the thirsty, sun-parched desert faded those stalwart men and true, Beaconed by the Star of Empire smiling downward from the blue.

From the solemn, snow-cov'ered Rockies, from the hills of Santa Fe, From the Colorado, leaping down its cactus-bordered way.

Long years have fled; those days are dead; but still their wealth is ours; The golden grain on many a plain, the orchards and the bowers.

On the Waves of Chance.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) The literary woman was playing the oracle to the man of means. He liked her well enough. She was honest, though she did have a penchant for putting her thoughts into periods.

with that saying of George Eliot's about the folly of expecting trees lopped of their bravest branches in youth to be anything but gnarled and ugly in their old age, she will easily grow to believe that she is more or less mutilated and let herself grow lopsided at her leisure.



Looked down angrily into her smiling face.

To-night the bone of contention was the self-made man. "There isn't such a thing," she declared. "Let me show you how this self-manufacturing business appears when you get it into a focus: We really have not much say so about what we are going to do and what we are not going to do.

"Not very flattering, eh?" "It is not true."

"True enough, and growing truer every day. Take this terribly tormented question of matrimony. How many men and women out of a hundred couples do you suppose sought each other deliberately? They just happened to meet and happened to fall in love and happened to marry.

"I am not standing before the altar," she cut in dryly, "and don't expect to be for one long, sweet while. What is more; the women who are flocking to the divorce court aren't the women of to-day. They are the women of yesterday and last year. The sight of our freedom has made them feel their fetters."

"Do you honestly believe that?" "What?"

"That the unmarried woman has a better showing in life than the married woman."

"Eighty per cent of the divorce suits are brought by women."

"That proves nothing. Breach of promise suits are also brought by women."

The literary woman shrugged her shoulders. "It isn't human nature to know when it is well off."

"Then what about divorce?" "Just so; better be a dog and sleep on the door-mat, than a divorced woman. But you and I know that there are horribly unhappy married women—lots of them."

"There are unhappy women in all walks of life."

"Granted. But when the weather grows too foul for the single woman



To-night the bone of contention was the self-made man. she can blow out her light. The mother must live for her children." The man of means got up and kicked the smouldering log in gloomy abstracts. "You claim in all sincerity that the self-supporting woman is the happiest on the average?" "You have said."

soms along the way, and hold his head high, and breathe deep and whistle at the stars and keep away from churchyards and laugh so merrily as he may; that's cheerfulness. For the rest, there is no man that may walk against the high waves of the sea, nor gather thistle down in the wind, nor plant cabbage in granite."

DESERT INCITES TO POETRY.

Writer Discovers Beauty of a Sort in Desolation.

I know a deservlike place that is not wholly a desert, yet it is neither oasis nor fertile land, says Verner Z. Reed in the August Atlantic. It is what might be termed a semi-desert, and it has a mood that is different from that of other deserts. It seems a philosophic, well-contented sort of place, that has much knowledge, much wisdom, and that extracts a wise enjoyment from the days that pass over it.

Old Home Week.

The children are coming home again! The old town stands at the door— Homelick women and weary men, She welcomes them all once more;

"The rooms are all furnished and drest for you! We have been saving the best for you! The echoing hills have kept your name; Meadow and woodland are still the same; Lane and love-nook—may, do not weep! Nothing is changed that our love could keep."

The children are coming home to-day— Ay, children, if twice two-score! Men and women with heads of gray, But the old child's heart once more;

Never a word of how bad you've been, How far you've traveled, how sad you've been! Door and heart are alike flung wide; The mother's cheek is aglow with pride; The good you have done or have tried to do—

These are the things she has heard of you.

The children are coming home again— Hark to the names we know! Over the dusty or grass-grown track; And we know why the Lord of the undented

"said heaven is near to the heart of a child." —Anna Burnham Bryant in Boston Transcript.

Warm Congressional Campaign.

The redistricting of Mississippi had a curious result. Three Democratic congressmen—Patrick Henry of Yazoo, John Sharp Williams of Vicksburg, and Charles Edward Hooker of Jackson—suddenly found themselves in the same district. All three wanted to go back to the house; only one could. Williams has won out in the primary and remains in congress. Williams' canvass is spoken of as one of the greatest ever seen in Mississippi. The last day of it found him in his shirt sleeves in a reputedly hostile ward of Jackson speaking alternately in English, German and French. His own county went for him solidly and he made surprising inroads in the counties of his competitors.

A Grand Duke's Costume.

By all accounts Grand Duke Boris was a spectacular feature of the horse show in Newport the day he attended that function. The rather kaleidoscopic costume of his royal highness included a suit in large gray plaids, a lemon-colored shirt, and silver gray tie; tan shoes, a white and tan belt, fastened by a showy gold buckle, and a white straw hat trimmed with light blue. A jeweled snake, curled in three glittering coils, formed his ring, and the much written about bracelet was in evidence whenever he gesticulated with his left arm.

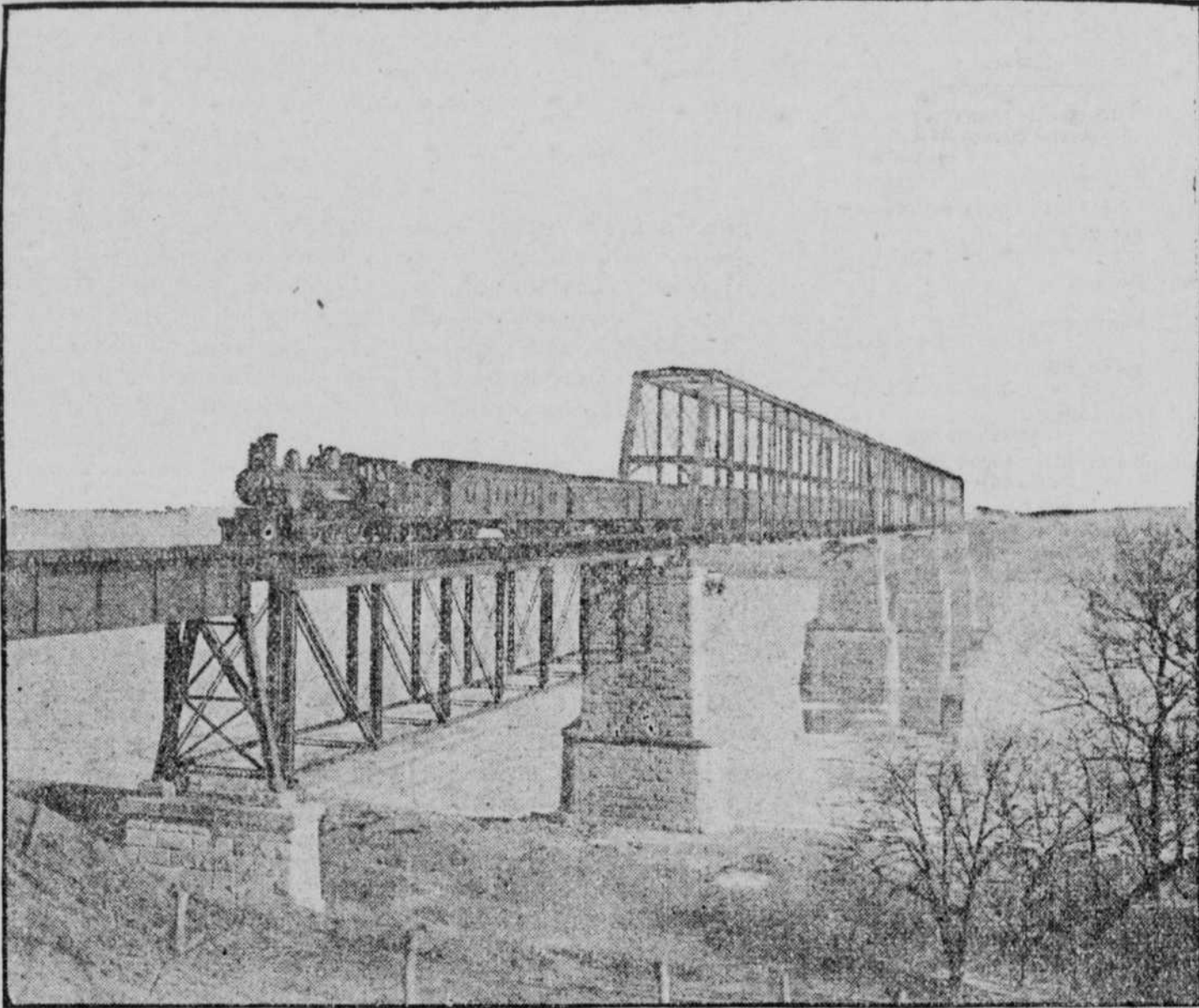
Good Move of Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the Bowery, New York, has leased a farm of 130 acres in New Jersey. The farm is intended to serve as a temporary home for men who are awaiting employment. They are not expected to remain there longer than two weeks. While they are working on the healthy upland the extensive employment machinery of the Y. M. C. A. is working in their interests.

A Simple Explanation.

A man in public life noted for his brusqueness of speech was under informal discussion in cabinet circles. "There's one thing to be said in his favor, however," said Secretary Wilson, "and that is he never importunes the department to get promotions or positions for his friends. That's readily explained," commented Secretary Root; "he hasn't any."

FAST MAIL TRAIN CROSSING THE MISSOURI RIVER AT SIBLEY, IOWA



—Photo by Eugene J. Hall, Chicago.

Directions in London.

In London and throughout the light little island the words "up" and "down" have a peculiar significance. In going to London from any part of England you go "up." In traveling in any direction from the capital you go "down."

The word bank, which is not only always spelled with a capital "B," is always uttered with an impressiveness that suggests an initial letter of the largest type, may be said to be in a sense interchangeable with city, a term of equal dignity and value in the eyes of Englishmen, and likewise invariably adorned with a capital "C."

The City does not mean London by any means. It means a certain limited section of London, the part where business is mainly carried on and where the great financial institutions stand.

Some Resemblance.

It was a landlord and tenant case which was before Judge Lintott in the second district court here, says a Newark telegram to the New York Press. The plaintiff, Bernard Benson, who says James Barneman owes him a month's rent, was on the stand. "Did you ask him for the rent?" the judge inquired.

"I did." "What did he say?" "He told me to go to h—"

"What did you do?" "I came right down here to court, your honor."

"Well," remarked the judge, as he mopped his forehead and glanced at an electric fan which had ceased fanning the judge's brow, "there may be some points of resemblance."

Chicago Men Not Gallant.

The lack of gallantry on the part of Chicago's men was never so forcibly illustrated as in the case of sweet Beulah Corley, who had the misfortune to be found drunk in a doorway, writes Roswell Field in the Chicago

Evening Post. When she was fined by the judge, and had no money to save her from the bridewell, she appealed to the spectators, offering to marry any man who would pay her fine and save her from further disgrace. And in this whole city there was none to heed her cry. It is true that most men would shrink from a hasty promise to love and cherish a young woman who leaped into fame by decorating a doorway while in a condition of intoxication, but we dare say the knights of old would have responded chivalrously to the invitation. Still, at the prevailing prices for meat and coal, Beulah must not be surprised that gallantry has its limits. We hope by this time that the fine has been paid, without the added incumbrance, and that she will go and sin no more.

A Wealthy Pyromaniac.

Young Dennison H. Bell, a pyromaniac confined in the Bloomingdale asylum, is one of the heirs to the millions of his father, Dr. Christopher H. Bell, who died recently in Germany. Bell created a sensation at Newport two years ago by burning down costly villas and cunningly concealing the origin of the fires. He finally admitted he was the firebug and was placed under restraint after his insanity was established. The boy's misfortune is believed to have broken his father's heart, for after the exposure the latter sold his American property and moved to Europe, where he lived in seclusion until his death.

Assaulted on His Soft Side.

The young man stood before the grim old captain of industry and looked him full in the face. "Well, sir," said Horatious J. Harrox, "you wished to see me, I believe?" "No, sir. I did not wish to see you. I am not here because I wish to be, but because it is necessary. You have a daughter. I will not ask you to sacrifice any of your valuable time in listening to a catalogue of her charms. You probably have noticed most of them. I will come down to business, sir, at once. She and I desire to merge our interests, and I

trust that I have made no bull in hoping you may not take a bearish attitude toward the proposed combination."

"Trust—combination, bull and bear—merge? All right. Take her, my boy. You seem to be one of us."

Renovating British Embassy.

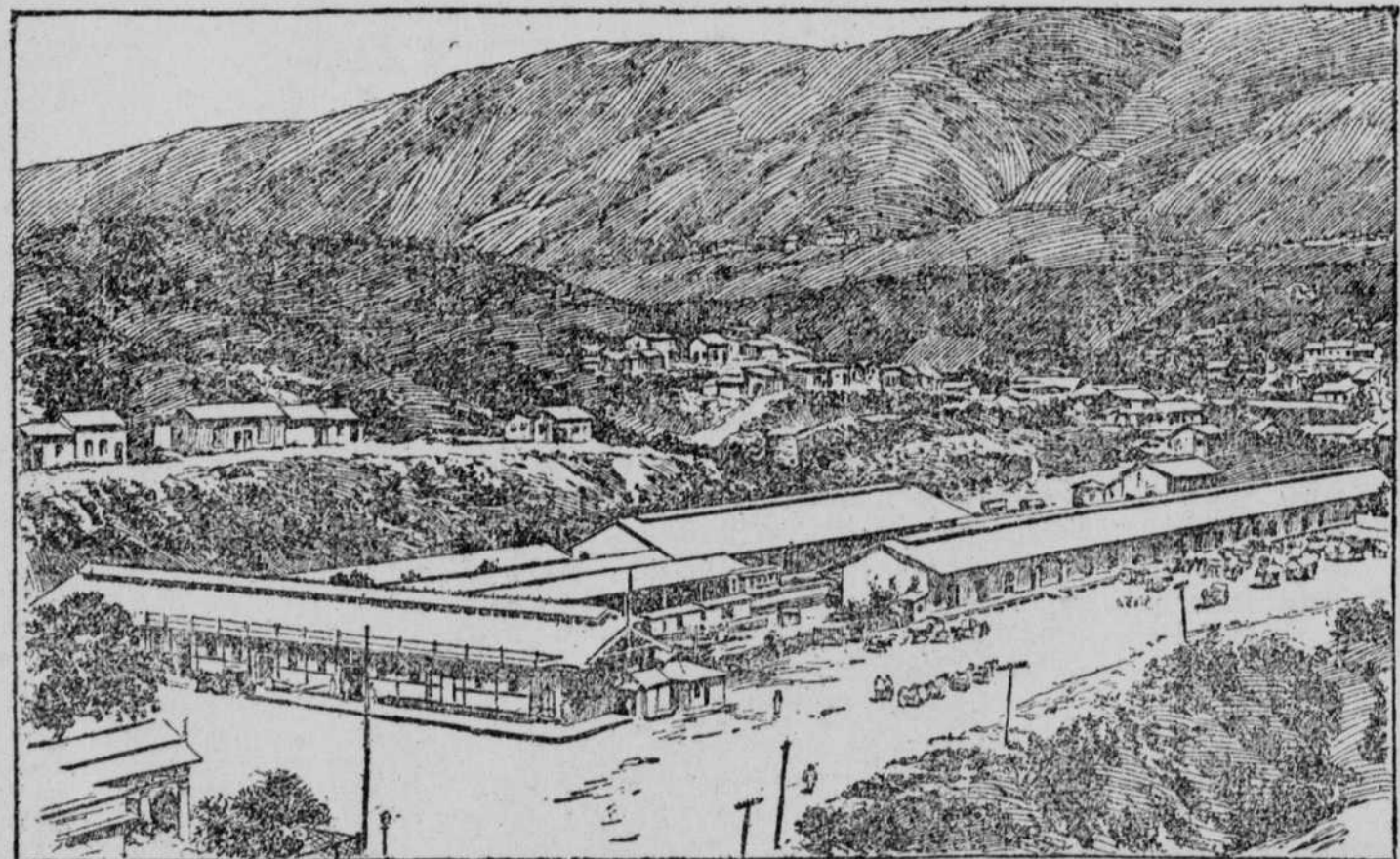
Michael Herbert, the new British minister to this country, is expected to take a leading part in the social life of Washington the coming winter. The embassy is to be renovated and modernized as to its interior. It needs this work very badly, because while one of the most imposing residences in Connecticut avenue, it is also one of the stuffiest. It is understood that Mr. Herbert will come to this country long enough to present his credentials and then return to England for a short time while the embassy is in the hands of the artisans. It is expected that the embassy during the coming winter will be one of the most brilliant places in Washington official life, as Mrs. Herbert's relatives in New York, the Vanderbilts, the Wilsons and the rest, will be there during the season and there will be much entertaining.

Finance in South America.

A story of the Colombian idea of taxation is told by Peter MacQueen, the Boston traveler, who returned to this city last week, after a visit to the seat of the South American revolution. "Some American friends of mine," said Mr. MacQueen, "were visited by the city officials of Colon. 'Senor,' said the leader of the delegation, 'we have come to collect \$12 in gold from you, your share of the cost of collecting the garbage for this year.' 'But, my dear sir,' said the American, in surprise, 'you have not collected the garbage once during the whole year.' 'That's true,' said the collector, scratching his head; 'well, let's make it \$6, then.'" —New York Times.

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but the average liar makes a desperate effort to supply contrary proof.

DIFFICULTIES IN VENEZUELA



CARACAS TERMINAL OF THE GRAND RAILROAD OF VENEZUELA, IN WHICH GERMAN MONEY IS INVESTED.

The nations of Europe, chiefly Germany and Great Britain, are evincing increased irritation over the conduct of Venezuelan internal affairs, and a crisis seems approaching. The amount of foreign capital invested in the South American republic is considerable, and the powers resent the interests of their subjects being placed in jeopardy by the constant turmoil created by the frequent changes of government. Our illustration shows the Caracas terminal of the Grand Railroad of Venezuela, in which much German money is invested.