How feeling burns as memory those dear scenes of old, When, pick in hand, a fearless band, we roamed the West for gold!

From the solemn, snow-covered Rockies, Long years have fled; those days are from the hills of Santa Fe, From the Colorado, leaping down its cactus-bordered way.

Saint Francis Blessed. Every hill and dale bears witness of the That crown the soil won by the toil of those who "went out West." men who "went out West."

tolled those stalwart men and true Beaconed by the Star of Empire smiling downward from the blue. Westward, Westward, ever Westward, till each hillside and ravine

dead; but still their wealth is ours The golden grain on many a plain, the

birds, the homes of peaceful rest,

On the Waves of Chance.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) with people who say only "yes" and "why certainly."

To-night the bone of contention was

the self-made man.

"There isn't such a thing," she deself-manufacturing business appears when you get it into a focus: We really have not much say so about laugh, "I have seen too many women what we are going to do and what recover from heart-breaks." we are not going to do. We are washed on shore by the waves of chance, and because we were furnished before hand with roots predetermined to strike into the soil, and because the soil happens to suit the roots, we stick where we are tossed, make a goodly growth and cry out to all beholders: 'See what I have done by my lone self.' If the soil doesn't happen to suit our roots, we shrivel instead of flourishing; we tap each passerby on the shoulder and whisper to him that this is the Lord's doing." He interrupted her with an impa-

tient movement and the woman laughed lazily. "Not very flattering, ch?"

"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 nundred couples do you suppose sought each other deliberately? They just happened to meet and happened to fall in love and happened to marry. If the marriage turns out well, why, it is their doing; if they drift into the divorce court, the Lord gets the credit for the whole of it-'Mysterious Providence.' "

She laughed at his disgusted frown. "You are like all the other women of to-day," he remarked. "Even while you stand before the altar you have the divorce court in clear perspec-

"I am not standing before the altar," she cut in dryly, "and don't expect to to the divorce court aren't the women 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.'

are brought by women."

"Eighty per cent of the divorce suits

"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 woman. But you and I know that fidences." 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 ab-

stractic:. "You claim in all sincerity that the self-supporting woman is the happiest on the average?"

"You have said."

wise to marry?" "Oh, if she loves him she had better

Opened to them as the heavens opened to the Florentine.

orchards and the bowers.

To the poppy-glowing valleys by the bay The lowing herds, the bright-plumed -Robert Mackay, in Success.

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 The literary woman was playing the grow to believe that she is more or oracle to the man of means. He liked less mutilated and let herself grow her well enough. She was honest, lopsided at her leisure. Self-pity is though she did have a penchant for a dangerous element to introduce into putting her thoughts into periods. any life, when an excuse for all forms They never agreed; but then it is of self-indulgence and indolence not always exhilarating to converse stands ready at our elbow. the chances are a thousand to one that we will be self-indulgent and indolent to beat the band. And even though a woman may be strong enough to go on living a straight, honest life she clared. "Let me show you how this never quite gets over a mishap of the neart. Don't you believe that?" "No," he replied with a rough

"Or think that you have," she sug-



Looked down angrily into her smiling face.

gested. "I doubt if even your astuteness can say what is in a sealed can that is not labeled."

"There is nothing of the sealed can about a woman's heart," he said, and there was a nasty slur in his tone that fired the literary woman's blood.

"You know so much. Listen to this from the pen of a woman who all unite to call strong and contented," be for one long, sweet while. What is she took a written sheet from the more; the women who are flocking drawer and ran her eye over it searchingly. "Here it is: 'Perhaps it is in of to-day. They are the women of me to do better work and more of it, yesterday and last year. The sight of | but I don't know. Fate downed me years ago and her grip is still on my throat. Where I see others leap and stand upright, there is for me only spasmodic, ineffectual efforts to get upon my feet. Still, living on the back is not such an uncomfortable position and a grip never annoys unless one struggles against it; and I gave up struggling long ago."

The man of means turned upon

her eagerly. "Who wrote that letter?"

"That's none of your business," she laughed, "are you satisfied as to your skill-"I insist on knowing who wrote that

"Insist as much as you please.

on the door-mat, than a divorced Business women do not betray con-

He stood up and looked down angrily into her smiling face.

"If I told you that all my hopes of now and hereafter depended upon seaing that signature, would you show it to me?" "I am afraid I could scarcely credit

such a rash statement." "Oh, you can believe it. It is true

enough." He faced around and stared at the fire. When he spoke again his tones betrayed intense disgust.

"I would not give thirty cents for the heart and soul of all the business women in the world put together!" "I didn't know it was up for auc-

tion," she commented. He turned upon her savagely. "Once more, will you tell me who

wrote that letter?" "'Onet, Bunsby will you scoot." "Listen to me," he thundered. "Sitting there in your inane imbecility you are holding the happiness of two

"I shall try to hold them tight," she murmured. "You will not show me that signa-

ture?" "No." "Then I will go to her without see-

world strong enough to pen such words as those?" The literary woman laughed as the door banged viciously.

my own little creatures that wrote the Y. M. C. A. is working in their inthem. Well, I dare say he and Lou terests. will make up that long-standing squabble of theirs now that a wave of chance has washed them together," "That even if she loved the man and then as though she suddenly felt brusqueness of speech was under inwho loved her, a woman would be un- the need of something strong, she formal discussion in cabinet circles. took up the paper at her elbow and "There's one thing to be said in his read again that bit of Rightor's: "A favor, however," said Secretary Wilmarry him. Not because it will be man must sit on his own salt sack; son, "and that is he never importunes the best thing for her, but because if | that's the first duty. Then he must | the department to get promotions or she doesn't, she will go through life | walk in the path whereto the Fates | positions for his friends. "That's readconvinced that she has missed the kick him; that's Kismet. Then he ily explained," commented Secretary biggest thing in it. If she is familiar | must gather all the red and blue blos- Root; "he hasn't any."

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 desertlike 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. It is nearly related to a tall peak, and is akin to a near-by range of mountains, and to the air and the sky. Flowers grow upon this semi-desertsunflowers, and bergamot, and bluebells, and Mariposa lilies, and many other shaggy little steps that bear blue and yellow and white and seven-hued blossoms. It knows sage-brush, too, and yucca, and various pygmy cacti. It is field and farm and native land for many well-established, ancient and wise nations of prairie dogs, and it is the world and the fullness thereof for thousands of republics of ants. This semi-desert stretches away from the mountains and runs its way in billows towards the East. We know it reaches to farms and towns and work and trouble, and that its next of kin, the prairie, goes on to the great rivers whose banks are lined with the covers of chattels, but we like to think that, as a desert, it stretches away beyond the horizon, and passes unchanged on to infinity, and across it is the road to eternity, and endless growth of soul and joy of effort and consummation.

Old Home Week.

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

The rooms are all furnished and drest We have been saving the best for you! Jon of the bank-that is, the Bank love and cherish a young woman who The echoing hills have kept your name; of England-and going from that cen- leaped into fame by decorating a door-Meadow and woodland are still the same; lane and love-nook-nay, do not weep! Nothing is changed that our love could

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 Door and heart are alike flung wide; The mother's cheek is aglow with pride;

The good you have done or have tried

The dear old love-names-Will and Ben tions stand. And Mary and Dick and Sue! Coming from half a world away. Glad to be far from the world away),

Hark to the names we knew!

Men and women, they all come back, Over the dusty or grass-grown track; And we know why the Lord of the un-

Warm Congressional Campaign. The redistricting of Mississippi had a curious result. Three Democratic congressmen-Patrick Henry of Vicksburg, John Sharp Williams of Yazoo, and Charles Edward Hooker of Jack your honor." son-suddenly found themselves in the and remains in congress. Williams' be some points of resemblance." canvass is spoken of as one of the greatest ever seen in Mississippi. The last day of it found him in his shirt ties 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 higness 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

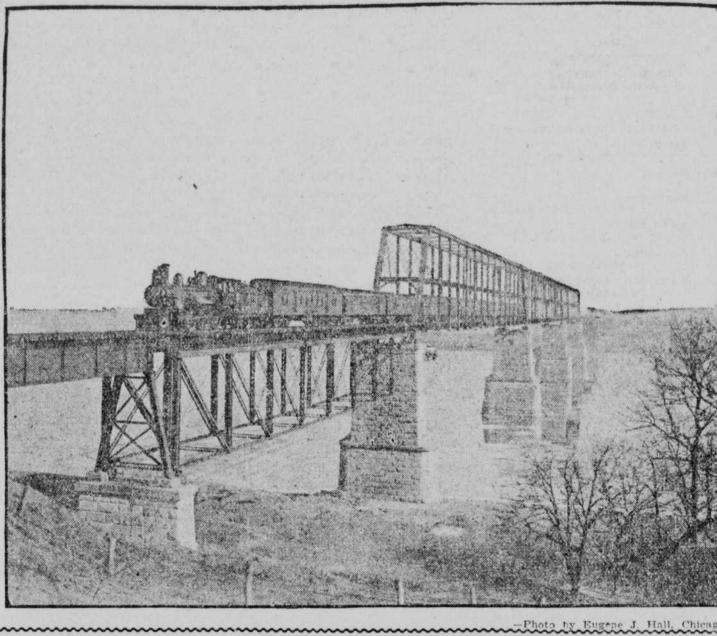
Good Move of Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the Bowery, New York, has leased a farm of 130 acres in New ing it. Don't you suppose that I Jersey. The farm is intended to know there is but one woman in the 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 "And to think that it was one of extensive employment machinery of

A Simple Explanation.

A man in public life noted for his

FAST MAIL TRAIN CROSSING THE MISSOURI RIVER AT SIBLEY, IOWA



Directions in London.

ight little island the words "up" and her from the bridewell, she appealed tude toward the proposed combina-'down" have a peculiar significance. to the spectators, offering to marry in going to London from any part of any man who would pay her fine and England you go "up." In traveling in save her from further disgrace. And any direction from the capital you in this whole city there was none to boy. You seem to be one of us." go "down." So in London itself every- heed her cry. It is true that most men thing goes "up" if it goes in the direc- would shrink from a hasty promise to compass is to go "down."

always spelled with a capital "B," value in the eyes of Englishmen, and | will go and sin no more. likewise invariably adorned with a capital "C."

The City does not mean London These are the things she has heard of by any means. It means a certain maniac confined in the Bloomingdale sans. It is expected that the embassy The children are coming home again-

Some Resemblance.

which was before Judge Lintott in the second district court here, says a and was placed under restraint after Newark telegram to the New York his insanity was established. 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,

"Well," remarked the judge, as same district. All three wanted to go he mopped his forehead and glanced back to the house; only one could, at an electric fan which had ceased lieve?" Williams has won out in the primary fanning the judge's brow, "there may

Chicago Men Not Gallant.

county went for him solidly and he tune to be found drunk in a doorway, made surprising inroads in the count writes Roswell Field in the Chicago sire to merge our interests, and I ate effort to supply contrary proof.

Evening Post. When she was fined by | trust that I have made no bull in hop-In London and throughout the the judge, and had no money to save ing you may not take a bearish atti-

A Wealthy Pyromaniac.

It was a landlord and tenant case cealing the origin of the fires. He be much entertaining. finally admitted he was the firebug Europe, where he lived in seclusion lution. until his death.

Assaulted on His Soft Side. The young man stood before the

ed him full in the face.

rox, "you wished to see me, I be- year."

but because it is necessary. You have | whole year.' a daughter. I will not ask you to sac-The lack of gallantry on the part of rifice any of your valuable time in scratching his head; 'well, let's make sleeves in a reputedly hostile ward of Chicago's men was never so forcibly listening to a catalogue of her it \$6, then."-New York Times. Jackson speaking alternately in Eng- illustrated as in the case of sweet charms. You probably have noticed lish, German and French. His own Beulah Corley, who had the misfor most of them. I will come down to business, sir, at once. She and I de- but the average liar makes a desper-

tion.' "Trust-combination, bull and bear -merge? All right. Take her, my

Renovating British Embassy.

Michael Herbert, the new British minister to this country, is expected ter toward any of the points of the | way while in a condition of intoxica- | to take a leading part in the social life tion, but we dare say the knights of of Washington the coming winter. The word bank, which is not only old would have responded chivalrously | The embassy is to be renovated and to the invitation. Still, at the prevail- modernized as to its interior. It out is always uttered with an impres- ing prices for meat and coal, Beulah needs this work very badly, because siveness that suggests an initial let- must not be surprised that gallantry while one of the most imposing resiter of the largest type, may be said has its limits. We hope by this time dences in Connecticut avenue, it is to be in a sense interchangeable with that the fine has been paid, without also one of the stuffiest. It is undercity, a term of equal dignity and the added incumbrance, and that she stood 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 Young Dennison H. Bell, a pyro- embassy is in the hands of the artilimited section of London, the part asylum, is one of the heirs to the mil- durin gthe coming winter will be one where business is mainly carried on lions of his father, Dr. Christopher of the most brilliant places in Washand where the great financial institu- H. Bell, who died recently in Ger- ington official life, as Mrs. Herbert's many. Bell created a sensation at relatives in New York, the Vander-Newport two years ago by burning bilts, the Wilsons and the rest, will be down costly villas and cunningly con- there during the season and there will

Finance in South America.

A story of the Colombian idea of Said heaven is near to the heart of a Press. The plaintiff, Bernard Ben- boy's misfortune is believed to have taxation is told by Peter MacQueen. son, who says James Barneman owes broken his father's heart, for after the Boston traveler, who returned to -Anna Burnham Bryant in Boston him a month's rent, was on the stand. the exposure the latter sold his this city last week, after a visit to "Did you ask him for the rent?" the American property and moved to the seat of the South American revo-

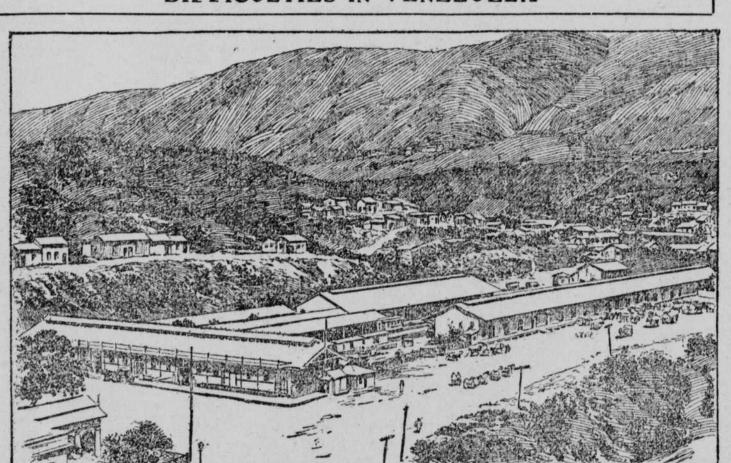
"Some American friends of mine." said Mr. MacQueen, "were visited by the city officials of Colon.

"'Senor,' said the leader of the delegrim old captain of industry and look- gation, 'we have come to collect \$12 in gold from you, your share of the "Well, sir," said Horatious J. Hard- cost of collecting the garbage for this

"'But, my dear sir,' said the Ameri-"No, sir. I did not wish to see you. can, in surprise, 'you have not col-I am not here because I wish to be, lected the garbage once during the

> "'That's true,' said the collector, Truth may be stranger than fiction.

DIFFICULTIES IN VENEZUELA



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

VESTED. The nations of Europe, chiefly Ger- of foreign capital invested in the created by the frequent changes of many and Great Britain, are evincing | South American republic is consider- | government. Our illustration shows Increased irritation over the conduct able, and the powers resent the in- the Caracas terminal of the Grand of Venezuelan internal affairs, and a terests of their subjects being placed Railroad of Venezuela, in which much crisis seems approaching. The amount in jeopardy by the constant turmoil German morey is invested.