

THE TAVERN.

The Tavern is bright and warm and gay,
And the travelers laugh as they sit at play;
Priest and courtier, lady and lord,
Crowd together the gaming board;
Jester and judge see the red wine brim—
Outside the roads are far and dim!

The Tavern talk is loud and high,
Honors and jealousies, minstrelsy,
Politics, pleasure, and, loud above,
The dominant note is a cry for love;
Yet each to his neighbor a mystery still—
Dark is the night across the sill!

Each comes alone to the Tavern old,
Some in tatters and some in gold;
Each goes hence on his lonely way,
'Till of his rags or his doublet gay;
Each steps alone on the wide threshold—
Outside the night is black and cold!

Life greets the guests at the Tavern door;
Death speeds them forth to return no more;
With the stirrup cup that all must drain,
The last dark brew of tears and pain,
Death touches his lips to the bitter rim—
Outside the roads are far and dim!

—Ethel Watts Mumford in Lippincott's Magazine.



Dolores' Secret Sorrow

If there was one thing more incongruous about Dolores Drummond than her name it was the generally accepted feeling among her friends that her life was blighted by a secret sorrow.

Her name was certainly a misnomer. It was always a mystery to the uninitiated that Mrs. Drummond, wholesome, handsome, sensible and cheerful, should have chosen Dolores as a fit name to be given to her pretty little blonde daughter. But christened with it she was, a tiny, red-faced morsel, with no pronounced characteristics. But in a few months she had developed into the daughter she might have been expected to be. If that mother ever regretted the dolorous name selected for her child, she would have been the last one to say so. And if, again, with her daughter grown to womanhood, she had a slightly superstitious feeling that the name had something to do with the troubles which came to her still she said not a word.

Strangers looked a second time at Dolores for pure pleasure. It was not that she was a beauty, but she was so wholesome and healthful, and, to all appearances, so perfectly happy and contented with life that it was painful to see her. And why of all people she should have been chosen as the victim of a secret sorrow it was hard to tell.

It came about in this way. As Dolores grew to womanhood lovers came to her as they will to every attractive girl. Not so many as to some, perhaps, for she was what her friends called "a marrying girl." While she was a general favorite there was never a long line of admirers following in her wake, but the few who were devoted to her loved her with a serious purpose. One of these was Jabez Marx, professor of Latin and Greek in the college of the town.

There were other younger men who found Dolores fair to gaze upon, and while Marx was more frequently at the house, Dolores was more often with the others. Among these was young Dr. "Dick" Richmond, who lived next door to the Drummonds and whom Dolores had known all her life.

Matters were in this state when, one day, while Dolores was away from home on a visit, Marx, who was of apoplectic build, died suddenly. Dolores came home for the funeral, wept bitter tears of regret at her treatment of this lost friend, and then and there, it was said, made vows of eternal maidenhood. It was a great surprise to every one. If she had loved Jabez Marx she had concealed it well; but then, who can read the heart of a girl?

No one ever advised Dolores when it was known that her mind was made up. Still it was a shame, and young Dr. "Dick" said something of the kind one warm February morning as he jumped the fence and sauntered into the Drummonds' yard. The expression of his mouth looked as



Dolores was making pies.

If he had something else between his teeth, out if he did no one else heard about it.

Dolores was cooking. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond were to celebrate a wedding anniversary, and the relatives

were coming from far and near to be present, and there would be a household.

Dr. Dick leaned against the window and Dolores looked out with a smile. Again Dr. Dick's lips came together, and he seemed to be saying something between his teeth, though he made no sound. For nearly ten minutes he stood without a word. Then he spoke, and there was a grim look about his chin which made it look more determined than Dolores' own.

"Dolores," he said, "why is it that you never speak of Marx? Don't you think it would be better for you;



"I've been a stubborn goose."

don't you think it would relieve your feelings a little?"

Dolores gasped. It was not often that she had lost her equilibrium, but the pie she was holding trembled violently, and to save it she set it down heavily upon the table. She turned red and white, then red again. She took the pie in trembling hands and carried it to the oven.

"He was a fine fellow," continued the doctor, apparently unnoticed. "I knew him in some ways better than you did, Dolores. I remember him when he first came here when I was a little fellow. Then he taught me all the Latin and Greek I know. He was a good instructor. He would rather read Latin and Greek than eat his dinner. Made you feel something the same way. Why, I could read Horace by the hour with that big fellow sitting in the chair before me."

"Then that nice little house of his in the professors' colony on the college grounds! We fellows used to go over and see him sometimes. That was before I lost my college leading strings and could look upon a professor as an ordinary man. We used to smoke pipes with him. The whole house was saturated with pipe smoke. You would have made short work of those pipes, Dolores."

It looked as if Dolores would make short work of the pies. Her fingers had suddenly become thumbs. She overturned things needlessly, her face was very red, and there were tears in her eyes which might have been tears of grief; they looked more like those of anger.

"It must be hard for you to pass the little house, Dolores," continued the doctor, "and think that if things had not been as they were you would be living there now, perfectly happy, with perhaps a little Marx—"

"Dick!" Dolores' eyes were blazing now, but the light went out, leaving an expression of hurt and wounded delicacy upon her face. She had grown very white now, and she sat down trembling.

"You won't mind telling about him after a little," said the doctor encouragingly, "and it will really be a relief to your feelings, you will find. It would be a comfort to you to talk to some one who knew him well. There is a great deal in the familiar name of any one you love. His was a good old-fashioned name, Jabez—"

"Dick!" the word came with almost a shriek. "You know I never did call him by such a name; you know I never would, you know I—I never could—"

"Never could, Dolores, never could?" For an unathletic young

man Dr. Dick had made quick work of getting into the window. "Never could, Dolores?" he repeated, and his voice was very deep and tender.

"No," said Dolores, slowly, as she looked up with a great light on her face, as if a sudden revelation had come to her. "No, Dick, I never could."

Dolores put her arms on the table and hid her face in them. Dr. Dick's arias were also occupied.

"Dick," said Dolores, after a minute. "I've been a stubborn goose. I felt so sorry and it seemed to me I had treated him so badly that I thought—I thought—"

"I know you too well, Dolores," said the doctor, with a face very close to hers, "to believe that you ever really loved that man. And we have lost three whole years."

The wedding anniversary celebration was a great success and friends and relatives came from far and near. Dolores looked as pretty as a picture and more unlike her name than ever. Never had she been so gay and lively. There was to be a repetition of the marriage ceremony, it seemed, later in the evening, for suddenly the company was silenced by the strains of the wedding march. In through one door came the minister in his gown, and down the stairs came Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, and following them Dolores and Dr. Dick.

"Dolores has on her mother's wedding gown and veil," whispered one of the relatives.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" read the minister from his book, and the astonished guests saw that the father and mother had separated, leaving the young couple in the center, and it was the hand of Dolores which her father was giving to Dr. Dick.

"Well, did you ever?" gasped the flighty young cousin. "It takes Dolores Drummond to do things in a hurry, whether it is to be an old maid all her life or to be married without a wedding card of a wedding present."—M. A. Taft in Philadelphia Ledger.

ONE ON MR. BOWEN.

Lack of Appropriate Raiment Put Him in Painful Position.

A Western senator brought to the capitol yesterday a good story about Minister Bowen, which the minister himself recently told at a dinner.

"I was asked some days after I arrived here in Washington," said Mr. Bowen, "why I had stuck so closely to my rooms at the hotel, and had not showed myself around town."

"The reply was a rather painful one, but nevertheless fully truthful. It was because I hadn't the clothes." Thereupon Mr. Bowen told how he had been commissioned to hasten north suddenly and without opportunity to provide himself with the heavier wearing apparel necessary for residence in a cold climate. As soon as he reached town he put a local tailor to work upon an outfit.

The hardship of the situation was that Mr. Bowen had ordered some raiment from London, and this was coming across the Atlantic in a British bottom, which was one of the very first ships to be held up by the blockading fleet of the allies. There was no help for it, and Mr. Bowen's London clothes, such as are necessary for proper appearance in polite society, are still somewhere in South America. He had reason, therefore, for being personally grateful when the blockade was raised and his clothes had an opportunity to go forward to Caracas.—Washington Post.

The Boys.

Where are they?—the friends of my childhood enchanted—

The clear, laughing eyes looking back in my own.

And the warm, chubby fingers my palms have so wanted.

As when we raced over Pink pastures of clover.

And mocked the quail's whir and the bumble bee's drone?

Have the breezes of time blown their blossomy faces

Forever adrift down the years that are flown?

Am I never to see them romp back to their places.

Where over the meadow.

In sunshine and shadow,

The meadow lark's trill and the bumble bee's drone?

Where are they? Ah! dim in the dust lies the clover.

The whippoorwill's call has a sorrowful tone,

And the dove's—I have wept at it over and over—

I want the glad lustre

Of youth, and the cluster

Of faces asleep where the bumble bee's drone.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Making a Lawn.

The lawn should be the first care in any home-ground, says Country Life in America. All effective planting of shrubs and plants has relation to this foundation. Homelikeness depends also upon it. Grass will grow anywhere, to be sure, but mere grass does not make a lawn. You must have a sod; and this sod must grow better every year. This means good and deep preparation of the land in the beginning, rich soil, fertilizing each year, re-sowing and mending where the sod becomes thin. Usually we water our lawns too much, making the grass shallow-rooted and causing it to fall early. Every inducement should be made for the grass roots to go down.

Stringing the Old Folks.

Hj Harix—Hev yew heerd enything frum yewr son sense he went tew th' city?

Sj Oatbin—Yes; he writ that he was carryin' party near everything atore him.

Hj Harix—What fer kind uv a job hea he?

Sj Oatbin—He's workin' in sum big foundry; a "hash foundry," I think he sed it was.

One of Earth's Loneliest Spots

Island of Tristan d'Acunha the Smallest Atom in the British Empire—Climate Is Excellent and the Residents Long-lived.

Tristan d'Acunha, 1,500 miles due south of St. Helena, is the smallest, loneliest atom in the British empire. It was garrisoned during Napoleon's imprisonment at St. Helena, and the inhabitants are the descendants of Corporal William Glass, who, with his wife and two private soldiers, preferred to remain there on the withdrawal of the troops.

Wives for the two bachelors were obtained from St. Helena, and some women convicts were also landed there fifty years ago, while an occasional castaway has increased the population from time to time.

There are now only some seventy inhabitants, of whom a bare score are men. The climate is excellent, and the residents are very long-lived.

The island is only eighteen square miles, and the chief crop is potatoes, but the live stock consists of 600 cattle, 500 sheep and some donkeys, pigs and poultry. Tobacco and spirits are unknown, nor are there any laws, the oldest inhabitant being regarded as governor.

Communism is the prevailing practice, all things being shared in common and proportionately. The little settlement of Edinburgh is the only inhabited quarter and the bunch of well-built stone houses received this name after the visit of the duke of Edinburgh in 1867.

Once a year the governor of St. Helena visits Tristan d'Acunha with the mails and to see after its welfare and report thereon to the paternal government at Whitehall. Otherwise the island has no communication with the outer world.

Ascension island is more important, being a fortified naval base. It is rated by the admiralty as a ship, and governed in all respects as a man-of-war. The ruler is the captain, and his crew consists of 260 inhabitants. All the adult males are classed as sailors, and the captain is as absolute as on the quarterdeck.

The climate and soil are good, bananas being largely cultivated, while goats form the live stock. Turtles also frequent its shores, and when a war vessel calls twice a year it incidentally ships a supply of chelmonidoe for the king and the lords of the admiralty.

Three hundred miles east of Cape Horn lie the Falkland Isles, and, though they are unknown to the street-bred man, these British outposts have more than 2,000 inhabitants. Sheep raising is the chief occupation, there being nearly 1,000,000 sheep in the isles.

The people are happy in being free from public debt, while the fact that the only taxes are the import duties on liquor and tobacco may well draw sighs from the heavily taxed people of England.

Moreover, there is prison accommodation for only eleven criminals, and so rarely is even one cell occupied that the solitary warder policeman puts in his time in the government printing office.

Until a few years ago education was somewhat neglected, chiefly on account of the scattered residences of the population, but this defect has been remedied by the appointment of peripatetic pedagogues, who now visit the pupils, since the pupils would not visit them.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:

"My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains—low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work, for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse."

"At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ADELAIDE PRAHL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City."—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lillian Russell II.

Lillian Russell's 16-year-old daughter, Lillian Russell Solomon, is now in Paris preparing for a stage career. Lillian II. is said to be even prettier than her mother at the same age. She is possessed of a fine soprano voice and dramatic talent of a high order. She may be seen on the professional stage next season.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

For a job lot of New Year's resolutions at cut rates, apply to any of your neighbors.

Strange Facts of Wild Animals.

The birth of a litter of lions at Haslemere park, a private menagerie in England, leads one of the English papers to note a fact that has for long puzzled biologists, and that is notorious among those who interest themselves in the study of wild beasts in captivity, this being that nearly all the lion, tiger and leopard cubs born in that country have a cleft palate, which prevents them from being properly suckled, and usually leads to their premature death. But, beyond this, a more astonishing fact still—and one that also greatly puzzles biologists—is that which determines that of all the wild animals born in England those born in Bristol are regarded as the finest and as the most likely to live. So well known is this to professional showmen and menagerie keepers that "Bristol born" is a recognized brand in the wild animal trade.

Woman Abolitionist's Exploit.

Miss Sarah E. Sanborn, who died at the age of 80 last week in Hampton Falls, N. H., was once the heroine of an exciting abolitionist adventure. Her brother, Franklin B. Sanborn, of Concord, with whom she was then living, was outspoken in his utterances and work in support of the abolitionist cause. An attempt was made to kidnap him. The hack in which he was to be carried away was left standing at the door. Miss Sanborn seized the whip and lashed the horses till they ran away; then she helped her brother to escape. For this exploit citizens of Concord afterward presented her with a pair of pistols.

When it comes to helping the poor, actions speak louder than words.

FOOLED THE HOSPITAL.

Was Pronounced Incurable, but Got Well on Pure Food.

Sometimes in a case of disease resulting from the use of improper food the symptoms are so complex that medical science cannot find the seat of trouble, and even the most careful hospital treatment fails to benefit. A gentleman of Lee, Mass., says: "On April 1st, 1900, I was sent home by one of our Massachusetts hospitals, saying nothing more could be done for me. I have been a great sufferer from nervous diseases and rheumatism and nervous prostration and had previously been treated at Sharon Springs and by a number of doctors without getting much assistance."

"One day I was feeling worse than usual when I read an article about your Grape-Nuts that impressed me so that I sent out for a package. I commenced using it at breakfast the next day."

"For fifteen months I never missed one day. If you ever saw any one grow strong and improve it was I. I gained from 125 pounds to my old weight of 165. I will always be a cripple from rheumatism, but otherwise I am so much improved that I now feel as well as any man in the country." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts that will interest the housekeeper.

Habit of Snapping the Fingers

Argument Advanced That It Shows Close Intimacy Between the Mind and the Body—Physical Movement Seems to Aid Mental Process.

"Did you ever notice the peculiar habit some men have of snapping their fingers while trying to recall something which has escaped their mind for the moment?" asked a man who keeps a keen lookout for the curious in human nature. "Now, here is a curious study, and one, which, if pursued may throw much light on a very interesting subject. Anything relating to memory, the retentiveness of the human mind is always of interest to me, and I have noted with much concern these curious physical manifestations when the mind picture becomes so obscure that its lines are lost. Why should a man snap his fingers when he temporarily forgets a thing? Does this physical movement aid the mental processes? Does the fact prove the material basis of the mind? It must show a very intimate connection between the two. After all, the intimacy existing between the mind and the body is very close, and personally, I have always believed in the theory which teaches us that psychology has a physiological basis and can have no other basis. The simple habit of snapping the fingers

when one's memory fails for the moment would seem to offer ample proof of the fact. Curiously enough, this same condition, a physical movement, will manifest itself in many ways under similar circumstances. All men do not snap their fingers when there is a mental lapse which they are seeking to overcome. They find other ways of bridging the gap. One man will pat his foot when he forgets temporarily. Another will bite his lip, or place his finger against his temple, or rub one hand across his forehead, or resort to some other effort to stimulate his lagging memory. Why is this? Is one's memory really aided by these physical movements? It must be. Else humanity would have dropped them long ago. Almost every man, when he forgets something, a name, for instance, which is right on the end of his tongue, will make some kind of physical effort to conjure the proper image from its hiding place in the brain cells. Why it is I do not know. I know merely that it happens, and I suppose it answers some good purpose."

Elder Took a Day Off

Brother Parker's Explanation of His Fall From Grace—His Reward for Forty-six Years of Faithful Service to the Church.

Irving Bacheller can always tell a story of the north country, and this is one of them.

"Up in St. Lawrence county," he said, "there was a God-fearing old man who lived in a small village a few miles from Potsdam. Mr. Parker was an elder in the church, a good husband and father, and a worthy citizen, who was much respected in the community. One day he hitched up his team and went off with a load of produce from his farm to Potsdam. Night fell, but Parker did not return. His family was much frightened, for such a thing had never happened before, and they felt sure that some evil had befallen him. His son went to Potsdam and called at all his father's accustomed haunts, only to find that the old man had sold his potatoes and started for home before dark."

"The family remained in great distress all night and until the next afternoon, when Mr. Parker drove in at the big farm gate. The old man's clothes were torn, his face bruised, a small portion of his front scalp was

missing, and his horse was broken-winded and all of a lather. He vouchsafed no explanation, but betook himself to bed, where he slept for fourteen hours, waking with a rich brown taste in his mouth.

"The matter got noised abroad, and eventually the minister and a brother elder called upon him.

"Brother Parker," said the minister solemnly, "it appears to us that some explanation is due the church of events which have recently transpired, and we have called to see if you have anything to say about them."

"The old man pondered awhile, and then asked: 'How long hev I been a member of the church, boy and man?'"

"Forty-six years, my brother."

"Hev I walked in the ways of the Lord pretty perpendicular during that time?'"

"Yes, Brother Parker, you have served long and faithfully."

"Well," said the old man, "I thought so, too, 'n' I just thought I'd take a day off."

—New York Times.

A CHANCE TO GROW.

New Englander's Comment on Future of Schooner.

Sim Tarbox lives in a New England seaport town. He is as simple as he is big and strong, his muscular development being the result of years of labor around ice houses and on ice wagons.

One day when business was quiet Sim wandered away from his ice wagon and sat down on the stringpiece of a pier to admire a shapely three-masted schooner tied up alongside. Gradually Sim's curiosity was aroused. Espying the captain seated near his cabin, Sim observed:

"I say, skipper, that's a mighty fine boat ye got thair."

"Yes," responded the captain, "she's a pretty good boat."

After a silence of several minutes Sim again broke out: "I say, skipper, how old be she?"

"Oh," answered the captain, "about six years, I guess."

"Geel!" said Sim, after what appeared to be deep reflection and speaking in his deliberate fashion, as his eyes again swept over the schooner "won't she be a higher 'fore she's twenty!"

Giddy Patterns for Colored Silks.

Among the novelty silks is a foulard with an old blue ground flecked with white and scattered irregularly with disks of plain blue and of red and white plaid.