

from."

CHAPTER XXI.

5A

| English: our ships and property con-Having emerged from the building, fiscated; and you and I, together with Lafitte saw, as he was locking the our men, put to death as pirates, who door, that many of his men, armed have merited the vengeance of Great with guns, had gathered within the Britain by our seizure of Spanish vesstockade, the greater number of them | sels."

standing around another loghouse at "So!" But Pierre's laugh had little the farthermost end, where two of his of mirth in it. "Louisiana offers a sub-captains, Beluche and Dominique price for your head, and England You, had their gasters. threatens to hrng you if you will not

He went to the end of the stockade, and not seeing Pierre amongst the men gathered there, asked if anyone A fine choice of favors, this, to select knew of the latter's whereabouts.

"He was outside, my captain, when last I saw him. He was sitting on the bluff, smoking, and swearing that the men should do no harm to that boat- fittes ate supper in comparative siload of beauties lying off shore," re- lence, owing to the coming and going plied Dominique-You, his swarthy face of the slave, Juniper, who waited upon wrinkling with a grin.

The shadows were falling fast, and the dampening air was melodious and Juniper shut apart in his own dowith the notes of the mocking-birds that filled the trees about the fort, while faint but sweet came other fluting voices from the deeper woods, mingling with the occasional cry of in a low tone, and to the accompanian owl, or the reiterative note of a whippoorwill; and now and then the maniacal scream of a loon came from the sedges.

On the edge of the bluff was Pierre, a gun across his knees, and looking like a sentinel on guard, except that he was stretched upon the ground smoking.

Pierre's head turned quickly at the sound of footsteps behind him, and he sprang upright as Jean said, "We must row out there, and send those fellows back to their ship. The officers will remain here for the night."

Nothing more was said until a small boat had been pushed off. Jean sat in the stern, and Pierre, laying his gun across the seat, picked up the oars and began to row with long, steady strokes that sent the light craft speeding out toward the English boat, showing black in the gathering dusk.

Jean now tied a handkerchief to mand is the granting to us of pardon an extra oar, and raised it, making a white flutter in the shadows.

"Offered they a generous bribe?" | men who may suffer materially, I will Pierre inquired softly, turning his promise all the help my private purse can give. What say you to this?" head in order to make sure of the

luch 's trusten followers, fully armed, paced to and fro, and Lopez stood guard before the locked doors of Lafitte's house.

D

As Pierre, Jean and the two undercaptains were finishing breakfast, a messenger came to tell the former that the "Star of the Gulf" had come to anchor in the harbor, and was flying a signal for his presence on board. "It is Zendanner, from Mexico, at last," he said, glancing at Jean, "and

I am glad to know of his safe arrival. He should have been in a week ago. "Will you go, or shall I." Pierre ask-

ed, as Jean remained silent. The latter, like Pierre, knowing the full meaning of the signal, replied that he would go aboard, and, leaving Pierre in charge of matters at the

stockade, he took his way to the harbor. Returning in an hour's time, he was coming up the path from the beach when he heard unmistakable sounds of tumult, followed by the roar of the gun mounted upon a pivot in front of his own house, as a protection against

Under the low, cane-thatched roof possible disturbances. covering the abode of Beluche and Pierre, Beluche and Dominique-You Dominique-You, they and the two Lawere standing upon the steps of the house, shouting angrily at the rioters -for such they were, who, armed, and filled with murderous lust, crowded them. But the meal over, with pipes before them, demanding "The two and bottles upon the cleared table. English spies!"

(To be continued)

ARE BLONDS TO DISAPPEAR?

Probability That in the Future Wc Shall All Be Brunettes. The somewhat startling statement

omitting, however, all mention of the variety of the human race is in the "Now, tell us, Captain Lafitte," spoke course of extinction, and that, within up Beluche, who like Pierre, had been a few more generations, blonds are smoking contemplatively, apparently revolving what had been read, "tell us what you advise as the cause to be upon as curiosities, somewhat as alpursued. But, first of all, I declare that never will I take up arms for England, against America or any other poets to represent their noblest con- with the dew on 'em-Tenvoort said nation. As to that, I can count upon ceptions of human beauty that no one that. Tenvoort's one of these pracenough followers to make it worth can regard even the bare suggestion | tical duffers, don't you know. Some my while to sail away southward, and of its extinction without dismay. of his bally poetry has been printed stop there until this trouble is over." Moreover, some of the world's great- in the Top Crust Journal-Gazette. He "I will tell you that my idea is to est races and many of its most mas- was gone no end on Mrs. DuPage. As communicate promptly with the auterful personalities have belonged to to the shoes, Cinderella would have thorities in New Orleans, offering this type, and its admirers have some- got corns if she had tried to wear them, for the city's defense, our sertimes gone so far as to aver that light Mrs. DuPage's, and she had better vices, which the English appear to complexions, and in particular light | taste in the selection and display of value so highly. The price I shall decolored eyes, are the favored livery of hosiery than any woman I know of. the highest genius. for all past offenses, or supposed offenses. To such of my officers and

untenable claim, yet it cannot be de- mistaken. nied that history shows an extraor. "But we talked more about that sil-

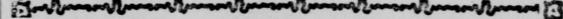
For Heart's Delight.

- Mun Mun from from from from from for the for

In Switzerland one idle day. As on the grass at noon we lay, Came a grave peasant child, and stood Watching the strangers eat their food, And what we offered her she took In silence, with her quiet look, And when we rose to go. content, Without a word of thanks, she went

Another day, in sleet and rain, chose the meadow path again, And, partly turning, chanced to see My little guest friend watching me With eyes half hidden by her hair. Blowing me kisses, unaware That I had seen, and still she wore The same grave aspect as before.

And some recall for heart's delight A sunrise, some a snowy height, And I a little child who stands And gravely kisses both her hands. -Hugh Macnaghatan in the Spectator.





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We all wondered what Mrs. DuPage | "I think they had got it into their could possily keep in that little silver heads that I wanted to marry her. casket of hers, don't you know. All Well, I didn't-not then. I went of us chaps were interested in the around to her place, don't you know, little widow and anything that be- because she was a jolly clever little has been made that the blue eyed, longed to her. We were interested in woman and, a ripping good looker. golden haired and light complexioned | the color of her eyes, and the length | Sometimes she made me feel like a of their lashes a goodish bit, don't you fool, because she was so jolly clever, know; and the size of her shoes and but she always gave me a good time the fit of her stockings around the and I brought her flowers and candy likely to become so rare in the world's ankles, and the blooms on her cheeks. and all that sort of thing, don't you population that they may be looked | We talked about all of these things. | know.

Not that we could say anything about "And then the secret of the casket binos are to-day. The blond type has them but to praise them. Her eyes came out. A woman who knew the been so often chosen by artists and were the color of a bunch of violets DuPages down South was visiting the

And if that bloom of hers ever saw This is undoubtedly an extreme and | the inside of a drug store we were all

dinary number of men and women of | ver casket than anything else, be-

WAYS OF MODERN FINANCIERS. "BISON BEEF" SOLD IN ENGLAND.

Millions of Money Made in One Day's Result of Experiments in Crossing Transactions. Buffalo and Cattle.

The amazing statement was made The latest delicacy to tempt the apbefore the City club of New York re- petites of British epicures is a comcently that while the aggregate nom- promise between buffalo meat and inal capital of all the companies which beef. A couple of 2-year-old bullocks, entered into the Consolidated Gas the result of cross-breeding between company of New York in 1884 was a North American bison and highland \$17,000,000, on the same day of the cattle were sold at the Newcastle marconsolidation this capital was raised ket yesterday. They had been bred to \$39,000,000, although "no capital by Mr. Lyland of Haggerston castle, was contributed to the consolidated Northumberland, says the New York company except that which was trans- | World, who has been engaged for sevferred to it by the several constitu- eral years in experimenting in this

ent companies." In other words, \$22,- direction. 000,000 was made in a day by those The animals were exactly like their who manipulated the combination, and North American cousins in appearon this vast amount of water the cit- ance, except that they were stronger izens of New York who patronize the | and thicker in the hindquarters. They gas company must pay interest, for had been reared and fed as wild catall of the Consolidated Gas company's | tle, so great difficulty was experienced stocks and bonds sell above par and in conveying them to market.

pay good rates of dividends or inter- Although they were accommodated est. One of the constituent companies in special boxes, their fury was so was allotted \$7,500,000 of the new great that one broke its neck on the capital stock, though the entire journey, and the other had to be shot amount its stockholders had paid into | in the market.

the company was \$750,000, and they The beef, it is said, will be found had taken out of it in dividends dur- of a richer quality than that obtained ing the fifty years of its existence from a buffalo, and if kept for a over \$15,000,000-that is, they had re- month or so more palatable than that ceived their original investment back of an ordinary bullock. twenty times over .- Leslie's Weekly.

MADE HIS CASE PLAIN.

No Doubt About Opinion Uncle Held of Nephew.

The American Craving for Sweet The young man had been to sea, Things Makes a Record in Its Way. and on his return was narrating to his That Americans are the greatest uncle, an old farmer, an adventure candy eaters in the world is a familiar which he had met with on board ship. fact, but that the national liking for "I was one night leaning over the sweets tends generally to all articles taffrail, looking down into the ocean." containing sugar in large amounts is he said, "when my gold watch fell

The consumption of sugar in the United States has been steadily rising for twenty years and now exceeds that of any other country. It amounts to 72 pounds a head of population, the watch, came up, and chased the ship figures being as follows for other nations: England, 68 pounds; Denmark, 35; France, 30; Holland, 30; Switzerland, 27; Germany, 20; Sweden, 20; thee; but there's many a thousand Italy, 10, and Spain, 6. that would not." The consumption of sugar in the

"What!" exclaimed William. "You United States exceeds in a year 2,500,are politely insinuating that I'm a 000 tons, and it approximates the total Har. consumption of sugar on the whole

"William," said the old man, grave-European continent-equalling that of ly, "thee knows that I never call anyall Europe, exclusive of Great Britain, body names: but if the mayor were to in which the consumption amounts to come and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to

find the biggest liar in all Montgom-The American craving for sugar, so eryshire,' I would come to thee and far from showing any indications of decline, seems to be on the increase. put my hand upon thy shoulder and as is shown by the fact that the aver- say to thee, 'William, the mayor wants to see thee.' "-London Tit-Bits.

from my fob and immediately sank out of sight. The ship was going ten knots an hour, but, nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, and after a long search found the

and climbed back to the deck without any one knowing I had been absent." "William," said his uncle, "I believe

smoothness of a piston-rod.

"Indeed, yes. They offer me the rank of captain in the English navy. and thirty thousand dollars in cash." Pierre gave a low whistle.

"And the price of all this honor and wealth?" he asked, taking another backward glance.

"Pull a bit more to larboard; we everything that is for America as

powerful arms worked with the eyes resting on Catalon and Domi- of intellect who possessed the charac- looking thing, don't you know. It had nique-You.

help her destroy New Orleans, so that

she may have Louisiana by the throat.

main, they proceeded to discuss the

matter whose contemplation had

When they were all seated, Lafitte

ment of occasional angry comments

and imprecations, read the two papers,

made their silence seem sullen.

money offered to himself.

much to my taste," replied the latter, and Catalon added as emphatically, "Mine as well!"

"And you, Beluche; what say you?" Beluche replied slowly, "I say, without reserve, that I am with you in

"Pacing up and down with the hounds for company."

place.

Dominique-You, speaking as with a

"This, then, is our course," said La-

fitly answered, "and which, for the

present, must be kept strictly to our-

and Dominique see to it that the men

are kept quiet, and that nothing oc-

curs to prevent my returning the two

said Jean, after turning half-way in men will be with me." "The price is that we are to sell our- ernor Claiborne than for King gent in Sheol. selves to the English, and lead them, "George." by our own paths and waterways, so "And what if Governor Claiborne line of 'ancy invective himself, and New Orleans, and burn the city, after | for him?" pillaging it. They are also to buy the The question was from Pierre, who slaves with promised freedom, and had left his chair, and was knocking then add to the ruin by an insurrec- the ashes from his pipe into the firetion."

Pierre, although of not so fine a "He cannot afford to refuse us." demould as Jean, shared the latter's dis- clared Beluche, with unusual animalike to profanity, and rarely indulged tion, before Jean could speak. And in strong language. But he now ut- "Not he!" exclaimed Catalon and tered a terrible oath.

This was his only comment; and it single voice. was followed by silence, until Jean announced, "Here we are; and we'll fitte, as if Pierre's question had been lie on our oars."

He sent a challenging shout over the water. It was answered at once; selves, as our men need not be told then came the sound of working oars, for several days to come. Meanwhile, and Lafitte called again, "Come no in the morning, I will answer Locknearer. Captains Lockyer and Mc- yer and McWilliams, as I find it best Williams will remain on the island to do. And. Catalon, remember, you for the night, and have sent you written orders. Stop where you are, and I will bring them to you."

A short pause succeeded; then a officers safely to their boat." surly "Aye, aye," came across the Several times during the night lean

He glanced around the circle, his

"I say, my captain, that is all very the population is dark .- Success.

world turns its knowing eye on us. kir.

our cold, cruel hearts.

Flowers and Character.

hearts grow kind and sympathetic and little luncheon it was standing on the and he made Eulalie promise to keep ties were kept upright, and that the our thoughts high and pure.

which will refine our thoughts and dried up. It's horrid bad form to be "Well as soon as I heard that I went without turning turbid. character? We owe it to our children, hope, whatever I am. to ourselves and to society.

tiful things on earth are flowers. Can monds. 'She ain't sentimental,' said gratefully and thanked me for my the old Persian rugmakers." you not imagine a character grown in Curzon. 'I bet it's something practi- sweet sympathy so prettily I began to the midst of a garden of flowers .- | cal.' Montreal Herald.

Not So Bad for a Press Agent. night. Both were overjoyous and know it.' made a great ado in opening the door. will stop at easy hailing distance," | against England, and I know that my As they scrapped over the keyhole a Cuyver.

window was raised on the floor above his seat. Then, in an entirely dif- "Aye," added Catalon, "we can all and a whiskered person reviled them ferent tone, one of concentrated rage, fight with a better stomach for Gov- in term's that would have been pun- tions of that sort. I felt like punch-The tress agent was there with a

that they may fall unexpectedly upon refuse us the opportunity of fighting he can lass with ope of those scorch. after her but an old aunt they can say ing phrases for which there is no adequate come-back from any male. "Nix, cull, cheese!" cried the glasseater in clarm. "That's my wife-the bearded ledy."

So He Could Sleep.

A gues' at one of Kansas City's

large hotes surprised the key clerk Tuesday night by stepping up to the desk at 10 clock and saying: "I am going to be 1 now. Please call me at midnight."

The clerl couldn't understand why the man wished to get up at that hour.

"Going ou' to-night?" he asked. "No," replied the guest. "You see. I'm always called in the morning at home and I can always go into a sound sleep after the call. To-night the fact that I'm in a strange bed may keep me awake, so I thought I'd try to get to sleep through the call

method. See ?"-Kansas City Times.

the first rank in all the higher fields | cause it was such a devilish oddteristic marks of the blond, and this four panels. One was decorated with not only in countries where the light a heart that was split right up the type prevails, but also in lands like middle, another had something that Italy, where the general complexion of looked like a tin horn turned upside down, the third had a monogram and the fourth a motto: 'Memoria in Aeterna,' surrounded by a wreath of for-

That which surounds us forms our get-me-nots. On the lid there was a character. If we live in the midst of bally little cupid standing tiptoe on a filth we cannot keep it secret. The grinning skull and pointing up in the

around. It was generally in her of Willie DuPage. He was a crema- sages-a haze that seemed to be made If we live surrounded by the beau- boudoir, but sometimes I saw it in tion crank and he had the casket of the visible aroma of rare wine.

sideboard. Knickerbocker Cuyver it with her wherever she went. That corks were very loosely inserted. Old We all know that this is true. Then asked her what she had in it once and we took for a tin horn on one of the Tokay must be kept like that to mainis it not our plain duty to surround she sighed and said that it was her panels was a funeral torch-classic, tain a perfect condition for it, and, our little children with every lovable. Vittle all. She told me when I asked don't you know, and the Cupid signi- thanks to the loose corks, a sample, uplifting thing the world affords? Is that she would prefer not to speak of fied Love triumphing over death. The even of the oldest vintage may be it not our duty to ourselves to sur. it and the violets in her eyes became motto meant 'In Eternal Remem- taken out and tasted at any moment. round ourselves with everything dewier than ever. So of course I brance.'

help to form within us an admirable inquisitive and I ain't a bounder, I right over to Mrs. DuPage and I told

said Jimpley, 'I knew a girl had a and I couldn't help keeping it, don't

Robert Mantell says the new press an income of \$10,000 a year. She kept and warm and it sent such funny little agent of a dime museum went home 'em in a safety deposit vault. She with the glass eater to spend the was a practical girl, all right, and I that it was doocid pleasant. After a

"'Did you write the letters?' asked

didn't want to hear any more insinuathink that if a woman is a bit lively when she ain't got anybody to look | What would you like to drink?' anything they like. I knew all about Mrs. DuPage. She came from Ala-

1 mint

"I visited a cellar of Tokay last the only wine that keeps on improving indefinitely. There was wine nearly 30 years old in the cellar. Its price on the market would be easily

1,500,000 tons a year.

\$30 a quart. "The cellar was very carefully kept. I seemed to inhale cool, velvety whiffs looks beneath the surface, sees our Well, wherever Mrs. DuPage was Kerners and she told them that the of rich fungus at every step. A slight inner selves, our degraded minds and that casket was sure to be somewhere casket held the last mortal remains haze hung along the top of the pas-

ties of life, the world knows, too. Our her parlor and once when she gave a made before he died to hold his ashes, "I was surprised to see that the bot-

her what I'd heard and how jolly sor- good. It is no longer made-just as Scott! What's up? You look like a "Jimpley said he believed she kept ry I was for her. And she looked at genuine Madeira is no longer made. certified check." Probably the purest and most beau- love letters in it. Curzon guessed dia- me with those big eyes of hers so The secret is lost, like the secrets of

> wish that she hadn't been so fond of "'Love letters might be practical.' DuPage. She gave me her hand, too, bunch once and they brought her in you know; it was so little and soft thrills up my arm and all over me while she told me how much my friendship had been to her. And then she remembered that I was still hold-"I spoke up then and told them I ing her hand and took it away.

"'We won't think of sad things any more, Freddie,' she said, "Now you're ing all their heads. Some fellows here I'm going to make you comfy. I'm going to wait on you myself.

I'm a fool, maybe, but-

"I think that I said Scotch. I know that I helped her to carry the siphon. I remember that perfectly. Yes, it bama and her husband belonged to was Scotch; and she insisted that I one of the good families there. A fel- should smoke. I don't think it was low told me so-fellow by the name the Scotch that got into my head. I of Billinger, who I met at Mrs. Du- think it was the red frock that she Page's one evening. He said her hus. | wore. I didn't mention that it was band was simply devoted to her, don't | evening when I called. It was, and you know, and that she was devoted she had on a red gown that left her to him, though he was a lot older than arms and neck bare. Gad! she has a

to set it down.

age consumption per capita has increased half a pound in five years.

WE EAT MOST SUGAR.

not so well known.

Rare Old Tokay Wine.

The head clerk had been inivted to an afternoon wedding, and in order to save time appeared at the office week," said a hotelkeeper. "Tokay is in the morning fully "groomed" for the ceremony. As he threw aside his overcoat he was disclosed in all the majesty of a swagger frock coat of the latest cut, gray trousers fashionably creased, patent leather shoes and

Not an Odious Comparison.

white puff tie. His position in the office made him immune from comments by the underlings, who, however, regarded him with serio-comic admiration and longed to say what they felt.

But the barrier was broken a few minutes after the day's business had begun, and by a friend who dropped in for a moment's chat. He was somewhat lacking in dignity, for which the clerks blessed him.

"Good morning, George," he said A bottle of Tokay may be shaken cheerily to the head clerk. Then as he took a second glance at the sar-"Nobody knows why old Tokay is so torial "dream" he added: "Great

And even the head clerk joined in

the general burst of laughter.

French Courtesy Anglicized.

Not an Object of Sympathy. A few days ago the New York A messenger boy with his bicycle was toiling up the steep Eleventh representatives of a kid glove manustreet hill from Baltimore avenue to facturing concern, the headquarters of Wyandotte street. The snow was too which are in an interior town in deep for riding, and the lad walked, France, sent a cablegram announcing dragging his wheel. He sang a popu- the death of the manager in charge lar coon ditty as he trudged along. A of the American branch of the busiragged pair of gloves only partially ness. The foreign house promptly covered his hands. He had no over- forwarded acknowledgment, the wire

tied around his ears. A woman, "Please accept our profound conwarmly clad in furs, saw the lad, and gratulations. Our account prospered in the hands of Mr. ---. He was a "The poor little chap is singing to grand fellow in all respects. We inkeep himself from crying," she said terpret his demise as a personal loss."

sorry for the poor messenger boys in the company. The Manhattan estabthe winter. I'm going to speak to lishment is of the opinion that a little knowledge-of English-is a sad af-

Charge as He Remembered It.

Judge Brady had a colored man before. The fellow scratched his head, thought a moment and then said: "Ah think it was about a year ago,

"What was the charge?" asked the

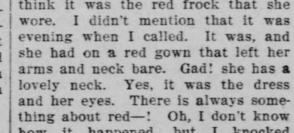
After thinking a while the prisoner

He was discharged .- Albany Jour-

Passing of Old Vermont Stock.

"Those sayings are very nice," said birth and twenty-two deaths in town





thing about red-! Oh, I don't know how it happened, but I knocked against the table somehow and something tumbled over. I saw that it was the silver casket and that the lid

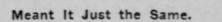
that her arm was around my neckher bare arm. . . . I'm gallant, don't you know. I'm a fool, maybe, but-But here I had a cigar in my hand and-I looked around for a place | their remarks about him.

coat and a dirty handkerchief was reading:

to the man with her. "I always feel This was signed by the directors of

him. "Aren't you awfully cold. little fair also. boy?" she asked, kindly.

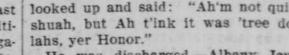
"Naw," he said in a husky voice. "Don't gimme none o' your jolly. A bartender friend o' mine jist set 'em fore him in police court and he asked up to a big drink o' booze, an' I'm feel- him when he had been arrested bein' fine."-Kansas City Star.

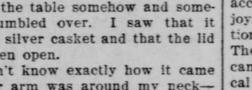


Judge Wade, Iowa congressman, is Jedge." accounted a very bright man, and enjoys the most pleasant personal rela- Court. tions with his Republican colleagues.

campaign and encompassed his politi- shuah, but Ah t'ink it was 'tree dolcal downfall. But when the delega- lahs, yer Honor." tion had occasion recently to come together in one room these same Repub- nal. licans were very complimentary in

They fought him bitterly in the last looked up and said: "Ah'm not quite





had fallen open.

"I don't know exactly how it came

her heart was filled with pity.

 side the other one of the men, is in command here?" "I am, sir," replied one of the men, rising so that his powerful form stood out above the others. "I'm bo's'n of the brig." "Here are your orders." said Lafitte, handing the sealed paper to the nearest man, who passed it along. "You are to return to the brig, and reporthere at noon to-morrow." "Aye, sir," replied the boatswa'n. Eight oars touched the water as one, and the English boat went her way. Pierre scon began to row more slow ly: and Jean asked, in continuation of their recent talk," "Heard you ever of a more dastardly plan for white men to map out." "Not 1." growled Pierre. "Even Laro, scoundrel as he was, never did a worse thing. And if we decline this, Jean, then what is it to be, or did they not do us the honor of coubting our action of the appearance of things about the same and the sound the star as one. 	The American or the French wom- an never allows herself to be daunted by the fact that she has not been en- dowed by nathre with good looks or a good figure. She dresses as care- fully, carrien herself as grandly as her beautiful sisters; and in- deed assumer rather many of an air than they, with the happy result that America and France seem to have no ill-dressed and no really plain or un- graceful daughters. We Englishwom- en are too nodest and fancy we are altogether hopeless unless we have good material on which to work.— London World.	It was such an odd-looking thing, don't you know. -said that she was nothing but a chorus girl before Willie DuPage met her. I know some ripping nice chorus girls, you know, so I didn't think any the worse of her for that, if it was true. They told me that they didn't believe that she had a cent to her name and that her giving out the impression that she had a lot of gov- ernment bonds locked up in that sil- ver casket was nothing but a bluff. The government bond idea was some- thing that got out after a little while.	took it from me and dropped it into the silver casket. "Just ashes,' she added. """"""""""""""""""""""""""""""""""	ing driven him over the wall, stood near by gently nodding his horned head, as though the ejected citizen were not, after all, unwelcome. "'Oh, yes; you stand there bowing and acting so polite,' exclaimed the outraged man. 'but I know you meant it, all the same.'Washington Post. <u>The Soul's Prophecy.</u> All before us lies the way. Give the past unto the wird. All before us is the day. Night and darkness are behind. Eden with its angels bold. Love and flowers and coolest set, is less an ancient story told Than a glowing prophecy. In the spirit's perfect air. In the passions tame and kind, Innocence from weight care. The real Eden we shall find. When the soul to sin hath died. True and beautiful and sound, True and beautiful and sound. The main a glowing around.	last year. A gloomy look, certainly." So says the newspaper correspondence of one of our Vermont towns. It is, indeed, a "gloomy look." Not only is the old stock dying out, but there is no infusion of new. Think of the proportion of births to deaths. Where one child is born in this Ver- mont community there are four deaths. Little wonder that the State's population is practically at a stand- stillBarre Times. The Millionalre's Plaint. My were me and I were you, for you a poet need but sing: While I-well, that's another thing. I have a hundred ships at sea- fre wind and wave care naught for me; I have a hundred ships at sea- fre wind and wave care naught for me; I have a hundred ships at sea- fre wind and wave care naught for me; I have a hundred ships at sea- fre wind and wave care naught for me; I have a hundred wentures set in this big world-liself a bet! And you may with an blie rhyme; Hit that they kills so man-Time; I break its back with yesterday! -New York Heraid. Dederwski's Many Photographs. My for all says, Paderewski or- dered 10,000 large panel photographs of himself for sale during his Ameri- can tour, the large t order of the kind wer known in News
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