

If We Knew

If we only knew each other,
If we knew,
If our inmost souls, my brother,
We could view,
I believe the things that sever
Would be driven out forever,
Could the veil be drawn asunder. Now,
don't you?

If, beneath the action, gazing
On the aim,
Might we not see more for praising
Than for blame?
Might we not find much unkindness
Due to our own mental blindness,
And more sins a cause for pity than for
shame?

For this body transitory
Is a sheath,
Hiding all the spirit glory
Underneath,
Hardened man or fallen woman
Has a strain divinely human;
Cast no stones, but from Love's blossoms
weave a wreath.

We are so remote and lonely;
And we reach,
Soul by soul, by one bridge only,
That of speech;
But this way we keep uplifting
With misjudgment and reviling,
When we might have given solace, each
to each.

There is so much joy meant for us,
That we mar,
So much music in life's chorus
That we jar,
So great burdens that we carry,
Which are all unnecessary,
Could we only see each other as we are!

With an inward gleam of heaven
Each is blest,
With his portion of God's heaven
is possessed,
Why this nobler part look over
That some fault we may discover?
Why not through the lens of mercy
seek the best?

Were my heart made plain, my dearie,
To your view,
Could you see how it grows weary
Just for you?
Then I know the things that sever
Would be driven out forever,
We would love each other better, if we
knew.

Tobe Johnson's Baby.

BY E. T. BULLOCK.

The sun shone down hot and parching upon the lonely canvas covered wagon that slowly wound its way across the burning sands towards the village of Bear Creek. The panting horses, wet with dirty foam, labored heavily as the awkward wagon moved slowly along. A tall, lean man with short, stubby whiskers sat holding the lines, and urged on the lagging steps of the tired animals. From within the covered body came the low sound of a woman's voice as she crooned the sweet melody of some old-fashioned hymn. Suddenly the singing ceased.

"Are we almost there?" she asked, with a tired hopefulness in her voice. A head appeared from behind the flap of the curtain. It was rather a pretty head, with its wealth of dark brown hair.

"Are we almost there?" she asked again, pushing her elbows out upon the front seat. The man looked around with a soft smile.

"Yes," he said. "Do you see them yonder, squatty houses yonder?" The woman nodded assent. "Well, that's all," he said, as he touched her cheek affectionately. He spoke with a slow drawl, his words dropping as if with studied weight.

In a few minutes the wagon entered the narrow, lane-like street, lined with its rough log huts. At the first sight of the white canvas in the distance the inhabitants of Bear Creek had collected to watch the growing speck and to indulge in curious speculation as to its occupants.

"It's one 'er them fellers ter work at Ol' Jim Crawford's, I guess," said a rough-looking individual of capacious girth.

"Yes, dam' 'em! They've been 'er plin' in here like bees uv late," responded another.

It was evident that the people of



"It's one of them fellers."

Bear Creek bore no special good-will towards "Ol' Jim Crawford."

As the horses drew the wagon along between the rows of people on either side of the street the man on the seat was greeted by many waves of the hand. He pulled his team into the rude sidewalk near a small group of men. "Ken yer tell me tuer way to Jim Crawford's?" he asked politely. A frown spread over the faces of the men. For a minute no one spoke. The man on the wagon waited expectantly.

"Jim Crawford's is right up thar," finally answered a stout young fel-

low, throwing up his open hand with fingers pointing in all directions. "And when yer git ter the fork of the road, jest take the fork hand." A laugh from the crowd greeted his rough jest. The man on the wagon showed a slight red tinge under the swarthy tan of his face.

"I ain't here to raise no row," he



"No, by Jingo, I won't go!"

said, looking the short young man squarely in the eye. "But yer could be er darn sight more civil to er stranger." His peculiar drawl affected the risibilities of the crowd, and a loud laugh rang out on the air. When the rough yells had subsided a small girl stepped out from behind the men. Hers was the dark complexion of the half-breed.

"I'll tell yer wher 'ol' Jim lives," she cried. The men turned around abruptly. "Jes' foller this road to ther forks and then take ther road ter yer right. Ol' Jim's is erbout 300 yards from the last cabin," she said pointing to the distant hut. The men sneered at her and one of them grabbed at her dress, but she easily eluded them and passed on up the street.

The tall man clucked to his horses and the wagon moved on. After driving a few yards he saw to his left across the street the sign of the Big Horn saloon. A sudden idea seemed to strike him. He again pulled his horses into the side of the street and got down from his seat.

"Friends," he said, "will yer all come and take som'thin' with me, jest ter show that ther ain't no hard feelings?"

The crowd was staggered at first but soon responded joyfully, concluding that the stranger was a pretty good fellow although he was going to work for "Ol' Jim Crawford."

"W'ere der yer hall from, stranger?" asked Shorty Johnson, as they lined up before the bar.

"Kentucky," answered the stranger. The men looked approvingly at the size of his whiskey.

"Anybody with yer?"

A few minutes later Tobe Johnson drove slowly away from the Big Horn, followed by the lusty cheers of his newly gained friends.

It was conceded on all hands that Tobe Johnson was the best fellow that had ever struck a spade in Ol' Jim's diggings. Old Jim, himself, was a stingy, avaricious old fellow who was held in absolute contempt by the citizens of Bear Creek. He lived a short distance from the center of the town—that is, from the saloons—and, knowing that he was looked upon with no

little hatred, he seldom came down from his suburban hut—if, indeed, Bear Creek could boast of anything so pretentious as suburbs. Naturally enough the hatred for "Ol' Jim" himself fell also upon the innocent heads of the men who worked under him. So that the village of Bear Creek and "Ol' Jim's Place," as it was called, were as two hostile cities encamped against each other.

But as Time rolled on Tobe Johnson failed to get his share of Bear Creek's disapproval and dislike. He was regarded as a good-hearted fellow of friendly disposition, yet with as strong a will and as firm a courage as was to be found in the two camps. Furthermore, he was a worker, and spent most of his time away from the gambling dens and saloons—something which the miners usually failed to do.

One day Johnson was informed that he was the proud possessor of a son and heir. But his boy came at a dear, dear price—the father. The frail mother, wearied and worn by the hard life to which she had not been accustomed, and without the proper medical attention to uphold her declining strength was in imminent danger of death. For days she lay in a half stupor, moaning piteously the while. Johnson staid faithfully at her side. He tried to argue himself into the belief that she would soon be well again. "She can't die," he would say hopefully. "We will nurse her back to health and strength. No, no—sae will not leave me." But within the inner depths of his consciousness he was afraid. The neighboring miners did all they could to help the unfortunate husband. The gentle demeanor of the young wife had planted a touch of tenderness in their rough breasts.

But it soon was seen that the struggle would not last long. And one day, just as the bright sunlight of a afternoon began to fade into the deeper shadows of the evening, the mother breathed a soft sigh and passed to the realms eternal.

After the funeral was over and the miners had returned to their work, Tobe Johnson returned to his hut a sad and broken-hearted man. The baby who had caused his grief he swore he could never love. He never wished to see the innocent little thing again so great was his sorrow. He left the lonely cottage and walked down into the village. The little half-breed girl sat all night by the cradle waiting for his returning footsteps; but no sound broke the stillness of the night save the howl of some lonely dog outside, or the occasional waking wall of the infant in her charge. Finally, at day-break, the shuffling footsteps came up the beaten path. Then a heavy boot beat roughly at the door for admittance. Hurriedly opening the door she returned to the cradle. The staggering figure of a man came in. It was Tobe Johnson, his eyes bloodshot with drink and dissipation. For a moment he gazed expectantly around the room. "Millie," he called. Then seeing the frightened half-breed beside the swaying cradle he seemed to recall the incidents of the past few days. With a dark frown on his brow, he stumbled over to the far corner of the room and fell heavily on the bed.

Tobe Johnson slept long and soundly. He was awakened late in the afternoon by the rough voices of the men with whom he had spent the previous night. Hardened wretches that they were, they wished him to return to the village—to the bar and gaming tables. For the moment he seemed ready to yield. Then suddenly from the cradle came a faint "coo." He turned quickly to meet the laughing blue eyes of his baby. He looked steadily at the little face—'twas the first time since that fatal night. Then he walked quickly to the cradle and lifted the little thing in his arms.

"No, by Jingo, I won't go!" he cried fiercely to the men. For the moment they were stupefied. Then they bowed their heads and walked slowly from the room.

"Was it the look in the soft blue eyes?" they mused. "Was it the smile of his lost love he saw?"

Great Size of Canada.

The British possessions in North America and the West Indies are larger than the territory of the United States of America, including Porto Rico and Alaska. On the North American continent alone, King Edward's possessions are nearly 100,000 square miles larger than those of the United States, and taking in the West Indies and Newfoundland, more than 200,000 square miles larger.

Then Papa Put on a Spurt.

Papa was cutting Freddy's hair very well, but was not quick at the job, and Fred, who is 6 years of age, found the function very tiresome. At last he said: "Are you nearly done, daddy?" "Very near; I've just the front to do now," replied the father. "I'm 'fraid," sighed the martyr, "that the back will grow again while you are cutting the front."—Stray Stories.

Not Spencerian.

"Ah!" sighed Dremer, the clerk, "don't you wish you could write like Shakespeare?" "Not much I don't," replied Adam Upp, the bookkeeper. "You don't? Why?" "I'd be fired. Didn't you ever see Shakespeare's signature?"—Philadelphia Press.

The prosperity of a country depends not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, its men of education, enlightenment and character. Here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power.—Martin Luther.

Pictorial Humor

HE KNEW.



Edna (after he has proposed)—Ah! what is more delightful than a kiss?
Tom—Two.

PRACTICAL MISS GOLIGHTLY.

E. Singer in the Indianapolis Sun.—"As I sit here and gaze into the fire," said Cholly Staylayte, dreamily. "I cannot help but wax imaginative and poetic. It seems to me that burning chink is old King Cole, and that those red flames are his dancers—now darting up, now leaping down and around in order to amuse their king. It seems to me that the crackle of the embers is the music by old King Cole's fiddlers three, and—"

"Yes," interrupted Miss Golightly, yawning wearily and looking at the clock, "but in that case the old king, and not papa, ought to pay the fiddlers."

And, after a long while, it dawned upon Cholly that a ton of coal was almost as valuable as two Irish potatoes, and he took his leave.

ONLY JUST HER HUSBAND.

Mistress—Mary, you had a man in the kitchen last evening. Was he a relative of yours or a friend?

Maid—Neither, marm; he was only just my husband.

Teacher—"And why should we endeavor to rise by our own efforts?" Johnny Wise—"Cause there's no tellin' when the alarm clock will go wrong."

A FOSER.



Mrs. Jones—Noah took a pair of every living animal into the ark so that they wouldn't have been drowned.
Bobbie—Did he take in fish?
Mrs. Jones—Yes.
Bobbie—Would they have been drowned, mamma?

ECONOMY.

Mrs. Chugwater—What do you buy such cheap shirts for? They are the most expensive in the end. They're all worn out after you have had them washed half a dozen times.

Mr. Chugwater—Then they only cost me 60 cents for washing, and that's a big saving. You go on with your fruit canning. You can't teach me anything about buying shirts.

IN THE PAPER.

Ida—"They say Belle's the picture of health these days."

May—"Yes, some remedy company is using her picture in their testimonials."

Forge—"Your raglan is out of style. You should have the new 'Kitchener Yoke.'"

Fenton—"Not I! I am a Boer sympathizer."

CONSIDERATE.

"Way is that picture turned toward the wall?"

"Oh, that is a haying scene, and we have to hide it whenever Uncle Thomas visits us, because he is a hay fever sufferer."

VERY GOOD FORM.

Rodrick—"I wonder why ol' Therscore took his bookkeeper along when he went to select a young wife?"

Van Albert—"Oh, I guess he wanted some one who was good at figures."

AN ALTERNATIVE.



Mrs. Hayseed—I see they've stopped the roof gardens in New York for the winter.
Mr. Hayseed—I reckon they'll have to rely on their hot-beds for late vegetables, then.

ALWAYS READY.

"You're not the man that answers the questions, are you?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes, sir," said the man in the chair. "I suppose you've been asked a good many times before, but I'd like to know the exact pronunciation—"

"Ro-se-vit," interrupted the man in the chair, turning again to his work.

"Thanks."

THE ACTUAL COST.

"How do you like my new hat?" asked the first woman of the other at the matinee. "The total cost was only \$20."

"Pardon me, madam," chimed in the disgusted man behind, "but you should include the price of my seat, which makes the total \$21.50."

"How do you know he loves you?" said Miss Cayenne.

"He writes me such beautiful letters."

"Humph! That isn't love. That's literature."



Johnny (pointing to a centipede)—Mamma, look at that thousand-leg!
Mrs. Newrich—My dear child, don't say such vulgar words. You mean a thousand-limb.

THE ONLY TIME.

"What a great boon hairpins are to women," observed Pennington.

"And to men," hastened Meekwood.

"How so?"

"Why, when a woman fills her mouth with hairpins a man has a chance to get in a few words."

ISN'T SAFE.

"Cheesey lives in Brooklyn, but belongs to a New York club. When he happens to meet some of the old boys he stays all night."

"Why is that?"

"He's afraid to cross the bridge with a load."

THE NEW FAD.

Stubb—"Since my wife has taken up bowling she is always after me for money to play the game."

Penn—"More pin money, ah?"