

BEFORE NIGHT.

It is the hour when faints the long, gold day;
That hour when all the spent world
sighs to rest.
The low wind sleeps, the lilies idly sway,
And drops the bee into the rose's
breast.

Now the last weary swallow wheels on
A flash of silver on the rosy light;
Soon the first star shall gleam in the still
sky,
And earth be clasped by the cool arms
of night.

Now the round notes of nestless birds are
dead.
Peace on the scented land and shimmering
sea;
Now sorrow fades as fades the sunset red,
And with the tender night comes peace
to me!
—Eleanor Norton, in Harper's Magazine.



HER SACRIFICE

By ELEANOR LEE

Copyrighted, 1905, by The Authors Publishing Company

He walked slowly along the dusty country road on a lovely July evening. His air was dejected, his clothes worn and shabby. A tramp, one might decide at first glance; at a second, one could see that he had known better days. Not age but a sense of failure had bowed his form and drawn lines on brow and mouth. He had wrecked his life; he had nothing to live for, no one to love.

The sharp click of shears suddenly attracted his attention. He raised his tired eyes from the road and turned in the direction of the sound. It came from a cemetery on a steep, green hill to his right. He could see the marble shafts gleaming through the trees. A neat picket fence enclosed it, and the gate was slightly ajar.

Impelled by a curious feeling he did not stop to analyze, he pushed it open and walked wearily up the slope. A young woman was on her knees beside a grave, clipping the grass along its edge. Her back was turned to him and she had not heard his footsteps on the turf. In a soft, cultivated voice she was singing:

"The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice."

He felt a languid interest in watching the girl as she took some flowers from a basket and arranged them in a crown—white roses and pink, sweet peas—and scattered pansies on the velvet green sward.

Then she arose and stood at the foot of the grave, regarding it with a look of subdued satisfaction. Her face was turned in the direction of the lilac shrub, behind which the intruder stood, and the sight of it made him start violently and come forward hastily.

The girl's exclamation of surprise and alarm was cut short by the stranger's courteous lifting of his hat, any saying in the voice of a gentleman: "Do not be alarmed, madam. Forgive my intrusion; and may I ask your name?"

"The girl pushed her hair from her heated forehead with a nervous movement. "My name is Alice Osborne," she answered.

"Osborne—in a disappointed tone. "Are you not—you resemble my—someone I knew. Did you ever hear of Alice Dale?" He spoke eagerly and yet hopelessly.

Her eyes opened wonderingly upon him. "That was my mother's name. Is it she you mean?"

"It can be no other. You are her very image—when I saw her first. The same features, the same wavy hair, the same pretty color—your eyes—how like her you are!"

"I am glad you knew my mother," she said, gently. "Sit here on the grass and tell me about her. I was



"Forgive my intrusion; and may I ask your name?"

scarcely two years old when she died."

"And fortunate it was that she died then." The man's voice was full of bitter despair. "She escaped a world of trouble."

"We will not speak of my father now," the girl said quickly.

"Do you remember your father?"

"Yes," reluctantly.

"What became of you when he absconded with his partner's money?" the man went on, as though taking a grim pleasure in raking up past misdeeds.

"A wealthy farmer adopted me. I am called Osborne now. I have a luxurious home and every advantage

of education and travel. One great sorrow though—my foster father died a year ago. This is his grave."

The man looked at it with new interest. Then he noted the black ribbons on the girl's simple white dress. "And you are happy in your new home?"

"It is not new to me; I scarcely remember any other. I love my mother—I have always called Mrs. Osborne so."

"But your father," persisted the stranger, "do you never think of him? Or have your new friends taught you to forget him?"



He stretched out his hand, tremblingly, to her.

Alice looked sadly up at the placid evening sky. "I pray for him always," she murmured softly.

The man's face gleamed with a sudden hope. "And would you be glad to know him? Would you forgive him?" "I forgave him long ago." She turned to him quickly, and noted his agitated face. "You know where my father is—tell me."

"He has served his term of punishment. He is free once more. He is—Alice—I am your father!"

The rosy light died out of the girl's face, her hands clutched the grass at her side. Even in her worst dreams she had never pictured her father like this. She shrank involuntarily from him as he moved a little nearer. Her eyes had no welcome for him.

Without a word the convict turned away. The ray of hope faded from his face, and the old, bitter look returned. He got up slowly from the grass, and stumbled on his way blindly among the graves.

Alice watched him for a moment unrelentingly. Then the bent, gray head and stooping shoulders, the attitude of a man prematurely aged, moved her soul to pity. She sprang up and followed him.

"Father!" she called.

The man turned. The girl's arms were around his neck, her lips touched his rough beard, her soft hair brushed his cheek.

"Father, what would you have me do for you?" the daughter asked after a pause.

"Take your mother's place. Make a home for me. Had she lived I would not have sinned. Help me to be a better man."

Alice drew herself from his arms with a sudden revulsion of feeling. Go away with him! live with him! She had not anticipated this. That she should shelter him for a time and provide money to start anew was all, surely, that could be expected of her. Money she knew she could obtain for him—was not that enough?

The sun had set behind grey clouds; the night breeze moaned through the trees; she shivered in her thin dress. It seemed that all the brightness had gone from her young life with the setting of the sun.

The man watched the expression of the girl's face, saw the struggle going on, the change from a light-hearted girl to a care-burdened woman. He was dimly aware of the magnitude of the sacrifice he had called upon her to make. And he knew, perfectly, that his destiny depended upon her decision.

As he watched her, now hopefully, now despairingly, the expression of the sweet face changed again to one of high resolve, of noble purpose, and he knew that Duty had won the victory over Self. In his heart there grew a strong resolve, with God's help, to live down the past.

He stretched out his hand, trem-

blingly, to her. "You will come," he said in a voice husky with deep feeling.

"For my mother's sake—and for yours," she said, and placed her hand in his.

HAD A LAUGH COMING.

Why Citizen Paid Gas Bill Without a Kick.

"You must excuse my ignorance," he softly began at the window of the gas office, "but I want to settle a doubt in my own mind. Is your gas the same as laughing gas?"

"I never heard any one laugh over it very much replied the clerk. "In fact, it is generally the other way."

"But I—I—ha, ha, ha!"

"You are laughing over it, it seems?"

"Yes; can't help it, you know. My June bill was \$2.25. We go away for July and shut the house up, and yet my July bill is much larger than the June."

"Perhaps that's where the laugh comes in?"

"I know it does—ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, we are always hearing of those things, and it is unnecessary to say that they make us tired. The bill seems to be \$4.80."

"Yes."

"And you—you—?"

"I'm going to laugh. It's a good joke—capital joke—ha, ha, ha!"

"And you'll have to pay and not kick?" queried the astonished clerk.

"That's it, I'll even—ha, ha, ha!"

The clerk handed him back the change from a five-dollar bill and looked at him in such a way that the customer felt called upon to explain:

"Yes, house all shut up for July, but we left six burners blazing away, and I thought you had me for a cool hundred dollars. Only \$4.80—ha, ha, ha!"

The Irish.

Now a health to the Irish, big-hearted and brave,
From Erin, far over the sea;
Who have left her for aye, braved the wind and the wave
For a home in the land of the free,
And though homeless, perchance, in the land of their birth,
Which, indeed, is the blue ocean's gem,
They want not for homes, for through-out the broad earth
Every home is wide open to them.

Or, deprived of the power, so justly their own,
To rule o'er the fair Emerald Isle,
In the heart of mankind they have found a new throne,
And the scepter they wield is a smile,
And St. Patrick himself, gazing down from above,
Must smile on his day when is seen
How all classes and creeds show their fealty and love
For the Irish by wearing the green.

And if, from their country of thralldom and wrong,
They have brought little gold to invest,
Far better the mirth and the sunshine and song
They have borne to the hearts of the West.
We acknowledge their genius and proud-ness and wit,
That the world would not half be so bright
If these princes of kindness, good humor and wit,
Were to pass like a dream in the night.

When musing alone, looking into the flames,
Counting faces of friends loved the
We marvel to note that the quaint Irish names
Are the ones that outnumber the rest,
So well fitting to them all, to the Fitzes and Maes,
To the Murphys, Moroneys and O's!
To the Mikes and the Patricks, the Jameses and Jacks,
From the land of the shamrock and rose.

—W. L. Sanford in the Galveston News.

Equal to the "Stunt."

Harold celebrated his fifth birthday by attending Sunday school, his first experience. The teacher of the class to which he had been assigned gave to each child a card on which was printed the Apostles' Creed and told each one that she should expect them to memorize it by the following Sunday morning.

Harold, having been given one of the cards, felt so very important to think he had a lesson to learn that on his return from Sunday school he rushed to his mother's room, and, holding the card for her to see, remarked importantly:

"See, mother, what I shall have to learn by next Sunday!"

"My dear child," exclaimed the mother, "you cannot possibly learn it by then!"

"Yes, I can, too," responded Harold.

"Why, I know 'way down to hell now!'"

Cost of Balloons.

Balloons are "in the air" at present, and consequently the cost of those aerial machines is interesting. The size generally favored by "sportsmen" ranges from 27,000 to 45,000 cubic feet, the former costing in "cotton caoutchoutee" \$120, in Chinese silk \$192, and in French silk \$252; and the latter \$220, \$315 and \$384, according to the material used. These prices include the balloon complete and ready to be filled with gas.—London Answers.

Monument to Shelley.

When the project of erecting a monument to the poet Shelley in Italy was discussed, Gabrielle D'Annunzio, Edmund D'Amicis and other prominent Italian men of letters gave their approval. None of them, however, attended the unveiling of the monument at Viareggio recently. The speeches were of a political rather than a literary character. Eighty-one years have elapsed since Shelley was drowned at Viareggio.

Only a Question of Time.

"Our minister always hits it right when he prays for rain."

"Does it always come when he prays for it?"

"Well, no, not exactly; but when he starts in he always prays for it till it comes."

Railway Mileage.

Europe has 4.4 miles of railway for 10,000 people; the United States 25 miles.

GIANTS OF MODERN TIMES.

What Produces Annual Crop of Centes Rushy Material?

The first gazes of the college football teams are not important and at the outset of this season their only unusual interest is due to the curiosity to see what the coaches will do with the new rules.

For several years, however, one characteristic feature of the early season has escaped the attention of observers. Every football university reports the arrival of squads of huge recruits as "promising material" for the center of the line.

They come lumbering from the preparatory schools, towering over six feet, weighing from 200 to 250 pounds—young giants who make the earth tremble. The phenomenon suggests, by way of comparison, the increasing height of the American maid to meet the plans and specifications of the colossal "Gibson girl."

These 18-year boys who overtop their elders and spread out in proportion are to be computed in yards, not feet, and the puzzle of it is, where do they come from and why do they grow in such fashion? They are becoming so numerous as to merit a scientific inquiry and either the adaptability of the American race is responding to fill the demand for football material by the ton or the game is being developed to fit the material.

The scientific persons who are experimenting with a discovery which stimulates physical growth should drop their samples of "leicithin" and hasten to the university football fields.—Sporting News.

THE CARE OF LOCOMOTIVES.

Engineers and Firemen Take Pride in Their Machines.

The engineer and fireman who love their vocation display that liking in the care which they lavish upon their locomotive. There are many brazen parts which may be made to shine, many parts of polished steel which are to be kept bright, and enamel parts of which the same may be said. Nine out of ten use more care in the doing of these things than rules call for, and, indeed, this almost affectionate care which they lavish upon their great machines speaks of a genuine pride which they feel, each for his own particular locomotive.

With brass polish, oil and two great pieces of waste, they make the great engine to shine in all its parts, and this with as tender a care as if it were a living thing. The interior of many a cab may be seen to be cleanly kept, in spite of the cinders, soft coal dust and other waste of the road, and not infrequently a picture or two adorns some corner. So does the engineer, seated by the open window, has hand upon the lever of steel which controls the movement of the gleaming rails, feels a genuine pride in the great engine so completely under his guidance.—Newburyport News.

Our Country.

One brother is a rich merchant in the Straits Settlements on the Malay Peninsula. The other brother was, until a few weeks ago, the cook in a cheap restaurant on South Clark street.

The merchant sent to the cook a draft for sufficient money to pay his expenses out to Asia, and the cook gave up his job and has started for his brother's home. The interesting thing about the whole incident, says the Chicago Tribune, is the letter, written by the wealthy merchant, which accompanied the draft.

In the first place the draft was made payable in New York.

"I send you the money in a draft payable in New York," wrote the brother from far-off Asia. "You can go over and get it cashed there. On the way I wish you would stop at Texas and see brother Thomas. I haven't heard from him for two years now and I'd like to know how he's getting along."

Happy Forgetfulness.

You let me hold your hand at will
And gaze into your eyes the while,
Catch your low voice's tender thrill
And bathe me in your welcome smile.

But when, impatient of delay,
I drew still closer, bolder grown—
You turned your blushing cheek away
And bade me let the lips alone.

And later, when in trustful rest,
As one who dreamed or heeded not,
Your lips to mine were softly pressed,
Starting you whispered, "I forgot!"

Strange that oblivion's shrouding gloom
Should crimson to such wealth of bliss!
That Lethe's drop should burst and bloom
And flower in ecstasy—a kiss!

Can lack of thought so softly bring
Such happy glow to lips and eyes?
Is heedlessness so sweet a thing?
Then, sure, 'tis folly to be wise!

Ah! let each instant's joy efface
The instant past, when lips here met
Still smile away each manifold trace,
Still kiss me, love, and still—forget.

And when chill time has ashened o'er
On lips with age's bitter dust,
Then we'll be thoughtful—not before!
Then we'll remember—when we must!
—Philadelphia Press.

Morgan's Quiet Rebuke.

Here is a conversation that Wall street men insist took place between J. Pierpont Morgan and John W. Gates at the time when the latter was doing some remarkably heavy plunging both in the stock market and at the race tracks. Wall street is recalling it just now with much interest.

"Mr. Gates, I wish you wouldn't gamble so openly. It has a bad effect on the market," said Mr. Morgan.

"The doors are open when I do things," replied Mr. Gates in his usual bluff fashion.

"Doors were made to shut, Mr. Gates," was Mr. Morgan's quiet reply, as they separated.—New York Times.

The Janitor Philosopher.

"Size does not always count," said the janitor philosopher. "Thor is more seen through keyholes than through the biggest windows in the wur-ruld."



"I hope you will not consider this an inopportune moment, but you know it has long been my one wish to make you my wife."

Lord Cartleigh had tossed his cigarette over the side a moment before, and his face took on that look of earnestness which most men, be they lord or layman, are apt to feel during that period when they are supremely conscious of themselves.

"Now, Bertie," said his companion, looking at him archly, "please don't get serious. It's too warm."

They were alone on the deck of the yacht—her father's boat. It was twilight in Newport harbor.

"Why shouldn't I be serious? Maybe it is common for a man to fall in love with a woman—but, surely, my dear girl, it is a serious matter to fall in love with a woman like you."

She tapped her foot impatiently on the deck.

"Now, Bertie," she said, "let's be fair with each other. You are a real nice boy, and I like you. I even like you for yourself alone. It isn't your fault that you were born in a station that requires an annual expenditure of a hundred thousand or so to be comfortable, and that you don't happen to have it. If you married a poor girl you'd be a fool. You'd make her unhappy, and it wouldn't do. So you naturally do what is expected of you."

"But I tell you I love you."

"Of course you do—but before you permit yourself this little indulgence you looked up papa in the mercantile register. Munston & Co. bankers and brokers, Broad street. Branch offices in London, Paris and Berlin. Capital anything over ten millions. Marriageable daughter—Octavia. Can be secured by right party, and so forth, and so forth. Now, didn't you?"

Lord Cartleigh got up and took a turn on the deck. He watched his moustache nervously. A launch, returning with the latest afternoon papers, glided up to the side. The man placed them on the table and went forward. Then Cartleigh said:

"It's deucedly cruel of you to put it that way. I may be a product of my set, as you say. But I'm a better sort than that. I'm not a cad, you know."

She put her hand on his arm.

"Of course you're not," she said. "Really, Bertie, you're all sorts of good things. But—read this."

He took up the paper she handed

him with an air of abstraction, but as he looked at the startling headline his florid face turned pale in its excitement.

"What!" he exclaimed. "What's this? Munston & Co. fails, assets nominal, liabilities unknown."

The paper dropped from his hand. "Is that true?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. Mamma told me last week. She's been in town all this time—and it's so uncomfortable in town just now—trying to stave it off. Staving it off, you know, is an Americanism, not exactly slang, but near it. Pray, pardon me for it. Mamma wanted to give me time. Considerate of her, wasn't it?"

"Time—for what?"

She looked at him quizzically.

"Bertie," she said, "you are awfully dull and stupid—but, then, that's an Englishman's privilege. Don't you understand? Mamma wanted to give me time before the announcement in the papers to—"

"To—"

It was his turn to smile—rather grimly.

"Well, why didn't you? You had opportunity enough. Why, here I have been begging you every night for a week to be my wife."

"I know it. But I thought it was so mean to get you into such a scrape, and then leave you to get out of it the best way you could after you had found out about the failure. Beside, I—"

He turned and caught her hands in his. It was dark enough now for them not to be clearly seen from the other decks.

"Octavia," he said "Whatever motive may have prompted me in the beginning, can't you see now that I love you? I don't care if you haven't a penny in the world. It makes no difference. I still want you to be my wife, now, more than ever. Won't you believe me now?"

She withdrew her hand slowly and smiled at him sadly, yet with a genuine trace of tenderness.

"Bertie," she said "I believed you all along. But it's out of the question. Maybe some day—"

"But why now now? Now! Haven't I proved that I loved you?"

She turned again and faced him, as she rose to go down into the cabin—perhaps for the last time.

"You stupid boy," she said, "don't you see that just now papa and I can't afford it?"

Realizing the Bald Truth

Perhaps it was a sort of accident that first suggested the thing to him. At first he refused to believe it. He declared that it was an optical illusion or the result of having overstrained his nerves by smoking sixteen strong cigars at the club that night, when his habit was to smoke only a dozen, or thirteen at the most. There was a mistake, somewhere, at all events.

And yet, when he looked into the mirror again and again, it was still there, and it seemed to grow larger and more glaringly visible at each succeeding survey. It was emphatic, insistent, importunate—not to be drowned.

Still he would not accept this evidence; he could not, for it was too unreasonable a thing to be so.

Ah, a happy thought!

He might be asleep and dreaming it all. This gave him double assurance that his mental and physical conditions were not normal. He jabbed his knuckles into the tender ravine behind the lower lobe of his ear to satisfy himself that he really was sleeping.

Heavens! He was wide awake! Then it must be true; and yet—how could it be?

There was only one chance left, one sole hope, and that one he clutched at as an asphyxiating person is popularly supposed to clutch at a sample from the remains of last year's thrashing.

The sense of sight was merely circumstantial evidence; touch must be prima facie, and he hesitated before putting it to this test.

Finally, with stoic and well-nigh heroic daring he went to last resort.

It was true—great heavens!—it was true beyond peradventure!

The spot was as sleek as a billiard ball.

To be sure it was a very small spot, but there was not a capillary vestige remaining, and he realized at last that what he accidentally had discovered in his looking glass was not an illusion—it was the bald truth; and, as he withdrew his hand from the blank space top-rearward of his cranium the idea came to him that it was about time he was getting married.

Not for Russell Sage

"Nearly every man who knows Mr. Russell Sage can tell a story about some kind of a financial transaction of his; but the stories in which Mr. Sage puts down a cent and takes up anything less are rare. This story is one of disappointment," says Collier's Weekly.

"One day, a young man of Mr. Sage's acquaintance—in fact, the grandson of an old friend of other days—approached him on the subject of a loan of \$10 for two weeks and—got it. He promised faithfully to return the money at a stated hour, and the promise was as faithfully kept. Mr. Sage had very little to say when he gave up the \$10 and quite as little when he got it back.

"A week or ten days later, the young man came to see him again, and this time asked him for \$100, making all sorts of representations of what he would do with it. Mr. Sage refused

to ante. The young man was surprised, not to say pained.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you know I'll pay it all right. Didn't I say I'd have that ten for you on Monday, and wasn't I there to the minute with it?"

"Mr. Sage beamed softly on the grandson of his old friend.

"My boy," he said, with no trace of unkindness in his tone, "you disappointed me once and I don't want you to do it again."

"I beg your pardon, I did not," argued the youth. "I said I would pay you back and I did."

"Yes, yes, my boy," purred Mr. Sage. "You paid back the ten, and I never expected you would. Now if I let you have a hundred I should expect you to pay it back and you wouldn't. One disappointment at my time of life is enough, my boy. Good morning."

Young Professor.

The appointment of Mr. Alexander W. Mair to the Greek chair at Edinburgh, in succession to Prof. Butcher, has excited some criticism, inasmuch as the new professor is only twenty-eight years old; but he had a most distinguished career at Aberdeen and at Cambridge, he is a highly accomplished scholar, and has acted as lecturer and assistant professor of Greek at Aberdeen and latterly at Edinburgh with conspicuous success.

The Reasoning Child.

It was in a public school the other day that a class in spelling was going over a lesson in words of two syllables.

One of the words was "mummy." "Children," said the teacher, "how many of you know the meaning of the word 'mummy'?" After a long silence one little girl raised her hand.

"Well, Maggie?"

"It means yer mother."

The teacher pointed out her mistake, and explained fully the meaning of the word. Presently the word "poppy" had to be spelled.

"Who knows what 'poppy' means?" asked the teacher.

The same little girl raised her hand, this time brimful of confidence.

"Well, what's the answer, Maggie?" "It means a man mummy," replied the child.