

THE WANDERER.

At drowsy dawn I left the Gate—so very long ago,
Whether that home be memory or dream I hardly know.

The cloud-hung visions of the morn were far more real than
Than now are thronging city streets and cries of eager men.

The hours ere yet the sun was high were like eternities,
But now how swift the shadows run, how near the darkness is!

Ah, well! 'Tis aye the happiest day comes swift to even-song;
With merrier comrades never yet did pilgrim pass along.

The paths that widest seem to part still winding turn and meet;
Perchance they do but homeward lead again our wandering feet.

Familiar faces vanish, but the voices vibrate still,
And nothing now seems far away, at the ending of the hill.

To one warm hand alone I cling, as fast the night grows late,
And crave that we may come at last together to the gate.

—Century.



Aunt Salina's Legacy

In the gilded cage above her head moved happily behind its prison bars. The mockingbird that lived in the live oak tree was singing away as merrily as if nothing had happened. Only Miss Salina was wretched. She buried her face in her hands and began to cry softly.

Miss Salina had one regular visitor, Bob Tyrrell, the cleverest young man in the village.

Bob had been a caller on Miss Salina from his boyhood up. He was a genius in his way and loved to drop in and talk birdlore with her. There was no other woman in the town who had Miss Salina's culture. As Bob slipped in at the window on this morning before going down to his work, he caught his old friend in tears.

"Why, Miss Salina," he said, "what has happened? I just ran in to show you this water turkey that I caught down in the cypress swamp. I'm going to have it stuffed for your Easter present."

Miss Salina was too wretched to talk even birds; she immediately opened her heart to Bob.

"Perhaps it won't be so bad after all," said Bob, wondering what on earth she would do with a girl, and thinking how it would break into their, to them, valuable conversations. Bob wasn't fond of girls either; he preferred talking with old people.

That afternoon Miss Salina sat down and indited as pleasant a letter as she could to her niece, inviting her to make her home with her. By return mail came a polite reply in which the niece stated that she would be with her aunt the following Wednesday.

Miss Salina touched up the spare room, and made every preparation for the coming of the stranger. When Wednesday arrived she gathered some red geraniums and placed them in a vase in her niece's room. Somehow she had begun to associate these favorite blossoms of her youth with her present troubles.

The train was on time, and Miss Salina, dressed with more than ordinary care, was at the station to see it slow up. While she was watching the out-comers of one car a hand touched gently her arm and a very soft voice exclaimed, "Is this my aunt Salina?"

Miss Salina turned to greet the guest that she felt was an intruder, and while she gazed her face took on an expression of startled wonder. The girl into whose face she looked was the exact image of her own dead youth. The eyes were Miss Salina's as they were forty years ago. The same rosy mouth that Miss Salina once had, and the even, white teeth, were before her. The straight nose and the pretty rounded cheeks Miss Salina remembered her mirror gave back to her years ago. From under the sailor hat Miss Salina saw glints of red-gold hair, the exact counterpart of that which was once the pride of her youth.

Yes, and there was the dimple in the chin. Miss Salina's face still retained that charming feature. The girl's manner was full of repose, so also was Miss Salina's. Miss Salina wondered if she were dreaming. All the way home she kept wondering. When the girl entered the pretty room that had been prepared for her, a little coo of delight escaped her lips. "Oh, Aunt Salina, these are my favorite flowers," and she bent over to inhale the fragrance of the red geraniums.

When Miss Salina wanted to find her niece she directed her steps to the tiny library room. One day she found her poring over some books on ornithology. "Your collection of stuffed birds, and books on the subject, are my delight," said the girl. "Aunt Salina, I want to give you my white heron specimen, which was sent me by an old friend of mamma's. I see you have none in your collection."

Miss Salina began to wonder when the similarity between her niece and herself would cease.

It was not long before the whole town was talking about the remarkable

likeness between Miss Salina and her great niece.

"Why, she even thinks like her," said Miss Mary Perkins, who in her youth had been a great chum of Miss Salina's. "She looks for all the world as Salina did when John Oldfield used to carry her red geraniums."

Miss Salina soon realized that the coming of her beautiful niece was not less than a godsend. Often they would sit under the live oak tree, and watch the tiny grey great-catchers flitting about them, the girl would speak of her past life, and tell of the hopes and ambitions that filled her heart.

Bob Terrell was a frequent visitor, and Miss Salina, true to her feminine instincts, as she watched her two favorites together, wove them into a romance.

Another year rolled round, and another fair spring morning. Miss Salina knelt upon the green turf before the circular bed and made compact the pulverized earth about the roots of her red geraniums. The postman's whistle sounded in the street, as he passed on to the next house. Miss Salina fell into a dreamy mood. Her face grew as rosy as in the days of her youth. Her eyes took on a softened look. "They are doing better this year than ever before," she said to herself, packing the earth firmly about the roots of the red geraniums.

"Aunt Salina," she glanced up quickly at the sound of Bob's voice, and saw two radiantly happy faces smiling down upon her. "Aunt Salina," repeated Bob, stooping to kiss her on the forehead, and Miss Salina understood. Then she bent over and touched with her lips the petals of a geranium flower.—The Sunny South.

A LAUGH IN TIME.

It Showed the Too Assertive Young Woman Her Shortcoming.

Mrs. Leigh, an American living in the Latin Quarter of Paris with her son, an art student, and her school girl daughter of 13, was entertaining a young countrywoman of hers who had recently come to Europe to study music.

Mrs. Leigh had learned that Louise Andrews was a lonely stranger, and she wished her to feel at home in her little apartment, which was a cheery haven to many of the members of the American student colony in the quarter.

Before the dinner was over she discovered that her guest would not be likely to make many friends. She was too full of opinions formed on impulse, which she expressed uninvited with vehemence and freedom. Mrs. Leigh, a motherly woman full of sympathy for the youthful and inexperienced, cast about in her mind for some gentle way in which to help Louise bring to the surface the softer and more winsome side she felt sure was hidden beneath the somewhat bristling exterior the girl presented.

"Our colleges," said Louise, when Arthur Leigh happened to mention his American alma mater, "do not turn out all-round men. The development is one-sided. The English universities produce the finest men. They are thoroughly trained, cultivated, and equipped for life as the graduates of our colleges never are."

Arthur, astonished at her tactlessness, looked down at his plate gravely, and Mrs. Leigh was about to inquire, a bit pointedly, perhaps, if she had had much opportunity for comparing English and American graduates, when Adelaide, her daughter, began to laugh.

"Why are you amused?" asked Louise, turning toward her with a touch of defiance in her movement. "I am in earnest."

"I know you are," she answered, pleasantly, "and that's what makes me smile."

For an instant there was an awkward silence, and then they all laughed, and Mrs. Leigh said, "Adelaide didn't mean to be severe, Miss Andrews, I'm sure."

"I fear I rather needed severity," answered Louise, with a shy, half-appealing glance of apology at her hostess, very different from her former look of almost aggressive self-possession. "I'm afraid I've been too decided."

Then Mrs. Leigh knew that her young daughter had unconsciously taught the needed lesson, and Louise found encouragement and approbation in the smile of quick understanding the older woman gave her.—Youth's Companion.

Just Pure Nerve.

Awakened by a pounding on his door late last night, John Rukke, a farmer, found two men below, who said they had been hauling a hog past the farm, and that it got away and ran into Rukke's barnyard. They asked Rukke to come and help them catch the hog, which he did, and not until morning did he find that he had helped them to catch one of his own hogs and let them haul it off.—Des Moines News.

Not to Be Expected.

The patriot to ambition clings,
Yet prospers, if he may.
He paves the way to higher things,
But seldom waives the pay.
—Washington Star.

JAPS MAKE "MAGIC CITY." DALNY. A FREE PORT.

Announcement has been made by the Japanese that the "magic city" of Dalny, the companion town of Port Arthur on the Gulf of Poshill, is made a free port—free to the trade of the world. Dalny was called the magic city because it sprung "full panoplied" from the stream of gold that Russia sent into Manchuria to impress her wealth and power on Manchuria, which she had just leased from China.

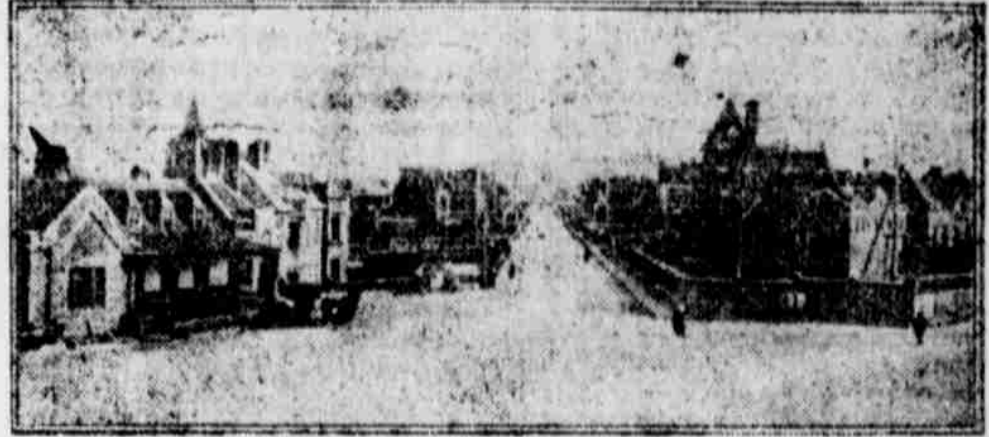
To make it a constant frown upon Japan no expense was spared, and in less than three years a finished city, with broad avenues, substantial and imposing public buildings, with completed electric street railway and lighting system, with miles and miles of handsome store buildings and dwellings, was built, as it were, "to order." The place was strongly fortified, and, as intended, was Russia's eastern outpost. It is said that Russia spent \$75,

fted a merchant tailor to order a suit of clothes. The couple differed as to the material and the manner of making and the wife lost her temper. "Oh, well," said she, turning away, "please yourself; I suppose you are the one who will wear the clothes." "Well," observed the husband meekly, "I didn't suppose you'd want to wear the coat and waistcoat."

Birds Show a Deep Sea.

Frank Chapman, of the New York Museum of Natural History, has been writing about the birds of England, which he finds more numerous but of fewer species than those of this country. Curiously enough only one of hundreds of varieties is common to both countries.

A writer in the London Outlook points out that no birds cross deep, even if narrow, seas. The Madagascar straits are impassable to birds, though the north seas are a high-way for them. Godwits pass from the Nile to the shores of Norfolk, though neigh-



A GENERAL VIEW OF DALNY.

000,000 in three years to build Dalny.

The Chinese village Tallenwan, on the bay of that name, was selected and an imperial decree proclaimed July 30, 1890, ordered the building of a city designed to be the comfortable residence of 100,000 inhabitants. The work was begun under the direction of Witte, then minister of finance. In February, 1903, the city was ready for occupancy. Houses, lots, and business places were sold and Dalny began its career. A little over a year later the Japs entered the city victors. The Russians had blown up the docks and caused \$3,000,000 damage in all. This has all been repaired since by the Japs.

boring islands in an archipelago may show no common stock.

All birds, with the possible exception of the sparrow, are stirred to movement by different causes—wind, weather, food, the bullying of parent and other birds. Birds of prey drive off their young. Martins love familiar eaves; successive ravens have built on the same ledge for centuries.

The longer passages are only made over shallow seas that once were land, and when once a journey is made the memory is strong enough to urge a repetition. The change of home then becomes not a fashion but an inherited habit.

UTAH'S NATURAL BRIDGES.

A Series of Three Across the White River Canyon.

Comparatively few persons are aware that in southeastern Utah are three immense natural bridges—arches so enormous that they make the world-famed natural bridge of Virginia seem insignificant.

It was not until 1896 that an authentic account of these bridges was brought to the outer world by a white man who had penetrated the lonely and desolate White River Canyon. Reports of immense natural arches had been brought by the Indians, but they were little heeded, it being thought that the imaginations of the red men had been

Model Sickness.

The pretty girl had told the artist that she had posed before, and on the strength of that statement she got a job. She hadn't held the post ten minutes before she turned deadly white and sank to the floor.

"Model sickness," said the experienced artist, after she had gone. "I knew she was lying, for the first time always get it. It is as well-defined a complaint as seasickness, and has to be treated the same way. It is a form of nausea, and is caused as much by the nervous strain the new model is always under as by the unusual experience of standing in one position. I have had big, strong men, even negroes, go the same way. It is



ONE OF UTAH'S NATURAL BRIDGES.

running riot. It was thus that the first reports of Yellowstone National Park were received, when Jim Bridger, the second white man to enter the park, told of seeing geysers and hot springs. But in 1895 Emery Knowles decided there must be something in the reports and started on a trip of investigation. He came back with a wonderful story of the three great natural bridges, and his report fired others with a desire to see these wonders for themselves.

The White River Canyon in places is 400 feet deep. The first of the natural bridges is the Caroline, which is 322 feet high and has a span of 250 feet. The second is four miles beyond and is called the Augusta. It is the largest, having a height of 348 feet and a span of 320 feet, the third is the Edwin, which is the smallest but most perfect. It has a height of 121 feet and a span of 205 feet. The width on top is 30 feet. The Augusta is fully three times as large as the natural bridge of Virginia, which has been made famous in every school reader through its association with the name of George Washington. The smallest of the Utah bridges would make the Virginia bridge seem pigmy-like in comparison. All three of the Utah bridges are of unique formation. Each arch is distinctly different from any other.

something every artist has to make allowances for, and only practice can cure a model, though I know old models who still suffer from it, especially if they are in an awkward pose."

How Tillman Lost His Eye.

Most people know that Senator Tillman has lost an eye, but few are aware how he sustained the injury. Although his brothers were old enough Benjamin was a school boy of 15 when the Civil War began. He knew that at 16 he must join the Confederate forces, and his brothers wrote back from the field entreating him to get as much education as possible, because the war might last so long that he would never again be able to go to school. Even at night young Tillman would continue his studies, frequently carrying a lighted pine knot into the woods and lying down with his books beside it. He was a lank, tall, silent boy, dictatorial and brusque, but a natural student. The heat of the pine torch injured his left eye and a plunge in cold water brought on a tumor that destroyed it. It was the two years' illness following this mishap that prevented the youth from serving in arms against the Union.

Married women shouldn't have such a hard time. A man has a lot of things to manage, but a woman has nothing to manage except a husband. And usually a husband is easy.

Breeches Left Out of Count.
A man accompanied by his wife vis-