EYES.

"She hath two eyes so soft and brown." For tender thought and glances true, Commend me to the eyes of blue. For heaven's wide of sweet surprise Blue eyes! blue eyes!

For regulah snap and sharp attack Commend me to the eyes of black For flercest love where madness lies. Black eyes! black eyes

For grit to stand by what they say, Commend me to the eyes of gray. Their stendfast beam all change defies Gray eyes! gray eyes!

For eyes that smile, and eyes that frown, Commend me to the eyes of brown. The best of each their goods comprise Devotion true within them lies. All rapture sweet beneath the skles, Brown laws byes

Etizabeth Chalmers Martin

A NOVEL COURTSHIP

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"Not any oftener"-Van Story

he thought it better to be strictly hon-

"Sir!" she pouted back, "do

He nodded.

weeks?"

man.

She smiled

mean to say that my ten is unsatisfac

lowered his voice, although this was

cussing the opera. "I shall never be

"What makes you think that?"

able to see you alone," he said

"That's manual labor."

She pouted again

Van Story smiled

if-counting us in?"

Van Story arose.

She flushed slightly.

morrow night at eight."

be there, won't you? Surely?"

"I'll be there," he replied.

"Now, I intended that for a compli-

"Who's going to be there?" he asked.

charge of the affair, you know, be-

cause I really felt I ought to do some

thing this year, and there will be four

others to help—the superintendent, Mr.

Pumpton; the Infants' Bible class

teacher, Mr. Huddle; the assistant or-

gaulst, Mr. Wringer, and Vestryman

Springer-that makes six in all, doesn't

"That's four too many." be said, as

"Yes," she said softly. "But-you'll

Van Story almost shouted to himself in

spent in hoping against hope that the

next time he might stand face to face

with this beautiful girl and tell her

how much he loved her-here, at last

was his chance. He hastily repeated

over the names of the church-trimming

party that he might not forget them.

He would go to the sexton, find their

That individual was at his bome

reading the afternoon paper, which he

put down apologetically as Van Story

"I am from Miss Pinkton show

trimming the church to-morrow night.

"Yes, sir; they will be delivered to

"Yes, sir, I will open the side chancel

"Good. And now will you be a

The sexton called them out from his

record book, and Van Story, armed

with the precious paper, hurried off to

"I want this dictated on plain pe

per," as said to that imperturbable

roung lady, and he gave the following

trimming of the church, which was have taken place to-morrow night,

You will,

Have the greens been ordered?"

"And the church will be open?"

Mr. Wringer and Mr. Springer?"

the nearest hotel typewriter.

addresses, and the rest was easy.

entered.

he held her hand. "Don't you think

will you not? You know the church-

T was three days before Christmas, |don't do this sort of thing very often, So much in love was Van Story do you?" that, as he walked up the avenue, als that it might have had under differ- stopped himself for an instant. Then ous twinkle in her eyes. ent circumstances.

The cool.buoyant air-with a certain est and so he udded-"thun I can help. crispness about it that the ocean al- I hate this sort of thing," he continlows even to the metropolis on occa- ned, looking her frankly in her bluesional winter afternoons-might have eyes, "beenuse you know it's se unbeen hot and sultry and the fact would satisfactory." not have mattered to Van Story.

To a man in love, summer and winter, spring and autumn, lose their va- tory?" riety. Her last look-the radiant, remonsive smile—the slight pressure of the hand-a hidden language of the voice-what are seasons, wars, politics, hardly necessary, as three women on earthquakes, or any other paitry but their right—the left-overs—were disman interests, compared with these?

And yet there was a certain seasonableness in Van Story's thoughts as he walked deliberately along-deliberately, and not with the impatience that ove manifests usually, because he knew that on this particular afternoon Miss Pinkton was not alone.

"Is she ever alone?" he had thought trim the church to-morrow night? to himself gloomily, when he had started out. "I can't talk to her on a walk with people all around, staring at us, you for. If you don't like teas, you surely will enjoy trimming a church and this is about the only chance I have. Oh, for half a day of last sum- That will give you something to do. 1 mer! Thirty minutes in that pavilion would be all I ask for. But what shall to play football, and besides, you look I give her for Christmas? Flowers and strong." books are tame, and yet anything more

While he was engaged in his refle tions, he suddenly came across his old chum Castleton, who was, by the way. ment, and it was horrid of you to turn Miss Pinkton's cousin.

"Ah, old man, whither away? But I think I can guess-" said that dapthe large old-fashioned brick that sets per individual, looking him over half off the avenue. The sexton will have critically. "Well, Dorothy is at home, the ladder, and the greens have all and surrounded by all sorts and condi- been ordered." there. And, by the way, you're want-

"Wanted where? at Miss Pinkton's?" said Van Story-as if he didn't

"Sure," said Castleton. "There's going to be a church trimming to-morrow night, and Dorothy has agreed to take charge of it. She wants you to help she told me to tell you if I saw you."

Who else is going to be there? Castleton took his friend by the arm, and for a moment they both turned and looked over the solid iron palings down on the snow-garnished little grass plot in front of the brown stone dwelling house as if, for one instant, they had mutually agreed to turn their backs on

"Old man," he said affectionately, "I've been thinking about you all the way from Dorothy's, and hoping I should meet you. I suppose if you the exuberance of his new thought really could see Dorothy slone for an Here at last was his opportunity, after hour or so, you'd like it, wouldn't so much waiting-after the long days vou?"

Van Story looked at his friend solemnly

"You know how I feel about that girl, of course," he said, "but this beastly town always stands in my

"I know it. I've been in the same boat myself-simply can't see her stone. People all around-at the theater, in restaurants, and at home brothers and parents and others are always dropping in. Oh, I've been there. But Dorothy's worth having Dorothy's all right. I take a personal interest, rou know, because I've known you both so long, and it just occurred to me that this church-trimming affair might give you an opening."

"I don't see how," replied Van Story There'll be a lot of church fellows door at seven-thirty." there, will there not? The superintendent of the Sunday school, and the kind as to give me the names and adteacher of the young men's Bible class, dresses of Mr. Pumpton, Mr. Huddle,

"Well, you can get her off in a cor ner, can't you-or get rid of the rest of them in some way? Tell them it's postponed-there's your chance, old Christmas cor es but-once a year

-make the most of it." Van Story turned and grasped his

chap." he said. "At any rate, I thank

org, when be arrived at the ton mantion, was agreeably sur-

These four addresses." he said, "at once:" and as he hurried over to his jeweler he exclaimed gleefully to himwif. "At last"

The next evening they walked over to the church together.

"We must be early," she said, as she sat down on the steps leading up to the altar. The pulpit, tail and grim and stately, towered above her shapely head aimost like a benediction. Far above them, the lights in the chande-Her gleamed fitfully

Surely, could there be a better place to love and be loved than in the sacred sanctuary, set within the heating heart of the sordid world and yet so far removed from it? And as she looked up at him, instinctively she felt that in such a place his words must ring true, and that she might trust him. He took her hand.

"Dorothy," he said, "I couldn't have told you how much I loved you before. I wanted your answer all to myself Somehow the sea of city life seemed to shut out the sound of my voice ionged for a quiet country inne, or th great silent ocean. But I could not wait. And here at last we are safe." He put his arm around her. "Ito you ove me?" he said.

Her head dropped silently down on his shoulder. And then followed that blissful moment, a moment that stands out in one's life forever after-the moment of life when love's dream is realized, and to these two it was as if the chorus of unseen saints was chantwas ling their happiness. Suddenly she raisthis fact did not have the same empha- going to add, "than I can help," but ed her head. There was a mischiev-

"You have forgotten something." she said.

"No, I haven't," he replied triumph antly, misunderstanding her, "I have it He produced a flay object that glittered in the dim light and sent out you tiny shafts of lambent fire. -Your Christmas present," he said. Tavo days ahead, none but less real. didn't know what to give you, until I "For me, I mean," he added. He thought of this."

He slipped it on her finger "It is beautiful," she said at last, beautiful.

There was a moment of silence, interrupted by a sound like the chirping of joyful birds. Then she spoke again.

"Well, haven't I been trying to for "When I said you had forgotten something," she said the twinkle coming back to her eyes, "I wasn't think-"If at first you don't succeed, try, try ing of this." She held up the ring adngain. By the way, will you help us miringly. "I was thinking of the others-why, they may be here any min-TEXAS. "I know it, and that's what I want

Van Story caught ber hand in his ince more.

"No," he said smilingly. "You see dear, it was my only chance. I just know you are strong, because you used had to do it. I sent word to all the others-wrote them each a note, you know, that this thing was postponed. "Do I-really? So does a hired until to-morrow night, on account of an important envagement. You didn't mind, did you? It was the truth, wasn't it? I wanted to be alone with you. It was our only chance. Don't it the other way. But you will come, you see it was?"

She dropped her hands by her side suddenly. The color left her face and then came back again.

"You did that?" she said. could you? How dreadful! Oh, why did you do it? What can I ever to them? You wrote and told them not to come to-nifiht-did you do that?" "Let me see. They've placed me in He caught ber hands again in bis.

Above the stately old church bells in the spire chanted out the hour. "Yes, degrest," he said. "I did it, and I'm glad of it. Nothing can ever

make me sorry. I wrote the whole bunch of 'em not to come.' She raised her half-mournful, half-

"So did I," she said .- Waverley.

RATE MADE BEDS OF MONEY

When the Nest Was Found the Missing Bille Were All Intact.

A short time ago Mrs. Mike Huller, who keeps a grocery on the corner of Eighth and Elm streets, hid away bills for use at a time when necessity or desire required it. She thought of the exuberance of his new thought. thieves, but not of the rodent deerription, and was, therefore, quite particular in selecting a hiding place. A few days later she thought she would take a look at her hidden treas ure, with the view of assuring herself that the money was where she had hidden it, but on going to the place her surprise can easily be imagined

> covered that it was gone. Matters remained in that condition up to a few days ago, when, bearing rat traveling around the house, the idea struck her that rats were the real purloiners of her money. Going to work with a vim she was not long in ripping up two or three planks from floor of one of the rooms of the house and, instituting a close search, was greatly elated to find that redents had actually stolen the money, packed it away and made a cosey bed of it, for there it was before her eyes, Ryery bill was found intact, not a dollar nissing.-Henderson (Ky.) Gleaner.

money ought to have been, she dis-

Rejected with Scora

certain social organization, called the "Young Woman's Club," found itself in difficulties after the lapse of some twenty years. The "young" women were no longer rightly named.

The New York Times says that Willam H. Crane, the actor, was once conulted by some charming girls in regard to the name of their prospective

Their object, they wrote, was the iding of character. They wished t to be suggested in the title, and

in Valparaise all the conductors on rolley cars are women

Persons with blue eyes are rarely affected with color blindness

Sleepers made of earthenware are tsed on some of the railroads in INDAD.

In making the best Persian rug s weaver spends about twenty-three lays over each square foot of surface. Each ear has four bones. The body has about 500 muscles. The human tkull contains thirty bones. The low er limbs contain thirty bones each. Every hair has two ell glands at its The sense of touch is dullest on tase. the back.

The thoroughness in which the agricultual schools of the Western States tre going into the education of farmers is illustrated by the announcement fast the lows State Agricultural Colege has just established a course of nstruction in the slaughtering of live stock. It is a laboratory course, and he young farmers will learn the art by practical instruction. Cevion, according to its recent cen

tos returns, has no fewer than 145 in tabliants over one hundred years of ige. Seventy one of these are males and seventy-four females. Of these forty-three men and fifty-two wome ckimed to be exactly one hundred, while the highest age returned was 129. One hundred is a good round age, and no doubt every indolent octogenarian who could not be bothered to re member the year of his birth put down one hundred to save time

The precious pearl is produced, at least in many cases, by the presence of a minute parasite in the shell-seereting mantle of the pearl oyster and other mollusks from which pearls are btained. A spherical sac forms around the parasite, which becomes a nucleus about which the substance of the gem is gradually built up in concentric layers. Some times the parasite remains at the center of the pearl, and some times it migrates from the sac before t has become hopelessly imprisoned. Reasoning upon these facts, Dr. H. Lyster Jameson, to whose efforts the liscovery of some of them is due, sugcests the possibility of the artificial roduction of marketable pearls by infecting beds of pearl oysters with the particular species of parasites that are known to attack such mollusks with the effects above described.

HOMES OF THE ESKIMOS. Cosy Snow Houses in Which They

Spend Long Winters.

Despite the great rigors of the Arc fic regions the Eskimos live comfortably enough, considering the state of their civilization, in their igloos, or tnow houses. These, says a writer in Jebovah has triumphed-His people are The World's Work are dome-shaped structures, exposed to the full blast of the north wind, and are hardly distinguishable from the surrounding snow drifts. They are built entirely



PRINCIPAL THE SHOW HOUSE

with a view to keeping out the cold where she could easily find it, \$76 in air, and admirably serve the purposes of their rude but skillful architects. At the entrance stands a large block of snow. This is the door. In the daytime it is pushed aside. At said t is a wn before the opening, which it completely fills, keeping out of the pas age both drifting snow and prowling animals. In order to enter the snow ouse, it is necessary to crawl on "al fours" along a tunnel about 30 feet long. At the end is the storehous when, on placing her hand where the which leads to the living apartments Light is let into the interior through

large, clear sheets of ice. In the center of the living room stands the "kudlik." a saucer shaped thing full of moss and seal oil which serves as a stove by day and both stove and lamp by night. The beds are seal skins piled upon the floor.

Business Woman's Rules. Don't worry. Be courteous to all. Keep your own counse Don't complain about trifles. Be loyal to your employer. Don't ask for vacations. Be business-like, not womanish. Be prompt—a little ahea1 of time

Be peat and attractive trusive, in your person. Take kindly criticism in

which it was intended. Do the very best you can each day and every day, so that when there is a chance for promotion, you will not only be "called, but chosen."

Doctors for Russ Ensein is very short of doctors, here ing only eight for every 100,000 inhab-itants. Great Britain has 189 for the

Many a man is accor

OLD **FAVORITES**

The Chambered Nautiles is the ship of pearl, which, poets Sails the unshadowed main-

The resturous bark that fings on the sweet summer wind its purpled in gulfs enchanted, where the

BIDES. And coral reefs lie bare, Where the cold sea maids their streaming hair

is webs of living gause no more unfur! Wrecked is the ship of pearl! And every chambered cell, Where its dim dreaming life was wont

to dwell. As the fruil tenent shaped his gros shell. Refore thee lies revenled-

ts trised ceiling reut, its sunless crypt unsealed! Year after year beheld the silent toll

That spread his lustrous coil: Still, as the spiral grew, He left the past year's dwelling

Stole with soft step its shining archway through, Built up its idle door,

Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more. Thunks for the heavenly message brought by thee. Child of the wandering sen, Cast from her lan, forlorn'

Thun ever Triton blew from wreathed horn! While on mine car it rings, Phrough the deep caves of thought I

bear a voice that sings :-Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul.

As the swift seasons roll! Leave thy low-vaulted past! Let each new temple, nobler than the inst. Shut thee from heaven with a dome more

Till thou at length art free, Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea Oliver Wendell Holmes

Miriam's Song. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egyp 's dark Ren! Jehovah has triumphed-His people are

Sing! for the pride of the tyrant is broken; His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave-

How valu was their boasting !- the Lord hath but spoken, And charlots and horsemen are sunk

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord! His word was our arrow, His breath

was our sword!

pillar of glory, And all her brave thous

and the loud timbrel o'er Jehovah has triumphed-His pe Thomas Moore

DOMESTIC LIFE IN PANAMA Custome of Daily Life Among the W

a all eyes are now turned on Panama, a picture of the domestic life of Panama, given by a returned traveler, is sure to be of interest. The gentlewomen of Panema ac-

cording to this observer, are, in common with other Colombians, graceful in movement and charming in manner. The bouses of the rich are large and often open on a central court, luxuriant with vince and flowers. Some of these courts are protected by awaings in the sunny hours, and some of them have perfumed fountains which are utilized for baths. But, truth to tell, the Colomblans do not favor much bathing. An American girl was advised that her frequent use of water would ruin her complexion. Her friends daubed their faces and occasionally their necks with a little aguardiente, a sort of cane rum, and dried them with tiny lace-trimmed towels. The rooms do not usually contain much furniture, but are decked with a wealth of tropical flowers of exquisite fragrance. A rare plant of the orchid family bears the Flower of the Holy Ghost. The petals are of an slabaster white, and within them appear a miniature chapel of alabaster, ontaining a dove with drooping wings, the stamens and pistils producing the resemblance to the dove form. Other beautiful orchids abound.

Little uphoistered furniture is used. and the floors are tiled. In the sale, or parlos, is a double row of wicker rocking chairs down the center, and when a bostess receives she and her guests rock continually while they copie and receive strangers cordially. It is customary for a stranger to send cards to those whose acquaintance he desires, and etiquete demands that the recipients of the cards call within a

pread with fine lines and set with ne cut glass and china A dish for invalida la sopa de pan; a raw egg is broken upon a slice of toast and a eef broth is poured over it. A breakfast often consists of several courses; for instance, fruit, peached eggs with stowed temptess and rice; fish, chops con sees, brain omelet; sweet p other regotable and roffee.

Saffron is a favorito Savering oup. Chicken or game ples contain a variety of vegetables, hard-bolled oggs and other ingredients. A comme among the poor is a stew called size red beans. Rice cooked in lard with a littile tasado, dried beef, for a reliab ts a tidbit among the lower The fiesh of the iguans, a op land lizard, is regarded as a delicary and is said to resemble chicken. The natives slit the sides of living ignames and take from them strings of eggs se large as plums. They hang these eggs in the sun and dry them for future consumption.

The huts of the poor are of le with bamboo platted sides and mud filled chinks. The windows bave wee en shutters, but no giass. Bleepin piaces are bamboo benches with hide thrown over them, or hammerks woven by the women. Gourds of various shapes and sizes do duty for dishes spoons and unives. Chairs and benches are hollowed logs of wood. But the peons get their living easily and enjoy life well. They delight in music and dancing, and women as well as men are smokers. Cock fighting is a favorite amusement.

The peasant women are usualty barefooted and bareheaded, with mantillas for special occasions. Their dress is a short skirt and bodice, or an ample, frilled low-necked garment called n pollers. Even the poorer classes are bedecked with lewelry. The pearls of the gulf are very fine, and the jewelers of Panima make beautiful necklaces. bracelets, etc., of finest gold threads, toto which pearls are woven. Womes of the upper classes take little exercise From thy dead lips a clearer note is born in the open air. When a family is is mourning the women frequently remain within doors for months behind closed blinds.

> MISSOURI EDITOR ON DECEIT. Says It Is Praciced Almost Exchasively by Men and Mules.

Deceit often undermines the fabric of the home, and it also sometimes disconnects a man from a good horse and leaves a jaded, wind-broken, stump-sucking steed in its stead.

Deceit is practiced almost exclusive ly by men and mutes. Men are extremely deceitful, and occasionally a woman is found who is handy at pulling the Angora goat hair over the eyes, while a mule will maintain sleepy, doclie attitude for months and months for the blessed privilege of kicking its driver into the next town ship.

The 'possum is very deceitful except when parboiled, baked down and surrounded by sweet petatoes.

People say that a girl says no when she means yes, but married men have not found it that way.

Some men are so deceltful that they lie to their wives, lie to their offspring, lie to the editor, lie to the preacher, and even lie to the candle date after they have the hog-faced dollar in the apertures of their trousers.

There are men in Missouri who are so deceitful that they try to deceive Who shall return to tell Egypt the story themselves. They reason that a dus Of those she sent forth in the bour of | headache and the dark brown taste is simply a pleasant specimen of inne enjoyment. Such men, if they are ever fortunate enough to get in halling distance of the pearly gates, will try to

paim themselves off as class leaders. If there is anything that brings more woe and misery into the world than deception, Noah Webster has overlooked it in his unabridged. Yet we go right along deceiving our wives, our neighbors and their wives, ourselves and our posterity, and if it was possible would palm of a deception on the Go Who made us and will save us, if we can drop our infernal deception.

Deception is the rat trap catches the entire human family and then turns right around and puts a nice piece of fresh cheese on the trig ger in an effort to catch the man who made the trap. Beware of the base deceiver, and be

careful that you don't stumble and fall over yourself.—Nevada (Mo.) Poss

What He Got.

Skimpton-I said to my wife, just efore Christmas, and insisted upon it, that it was my belief that in select ing holiday presents one should choose the useful instead of the merely erns mental

Bimpton-A commendable

Skimpton-That utility should be regarded above the simply beautiful es pleasing. Bimpte -- Sound doctrine, I'm sure.

Skimpton-That in gift-making one should consider future as well as pres ent needs.

Bimpton-I don't see how anything could be truer. Skimpton-But I've changed

Bimpton-What!

Skimptos-Changed my mind. canted. Taken it all back. Bimpton-Incredible! Some street reason there must have been, then, the

such a change! Skimpton-There was. My wife made me a present of a snow shove and a lawn mower.-Chicago Ocean.

The Doctor Took IL "My!" exclaimed the doctor; "you've hardly any pulse to-day!" "Well, don't you remember, doct

replied the patient, "you took it was you were here yesterday?" Soundings Over Pive Miles Doop The deepest depression in the earth-ascertained by sounding, is five and quarter miles; the greatest heigh

Don't you hate to have a little des

the peak of Mount Everest, Sve a three-fourthe miles.