

THE DRAGONS.

Prince Vortigern—so run the ancient tales—
A stronghold sought to build in widest Wales;
But some fell power frustrated each essay,
And nightly wrecked the labors of the day;
Till Merlin came, and bade the builders all,
Beneath the escarp'd and many-bastioned wall,
Dig deep, and lo, two dragons, o'er whose lair
Nothing secure might rise, lay sleeping there.

Search the foundations, you that build a state;
For if the dragon forms of Wrath and Hate
Lie coiled below, and darkly bide their hour,
Fear walks the rampart, Fear ascends the tower,
And let it not content you that they sleep;
Drive them with strong enchantments to the deep.
First of such charms is Perfect Justice; then
Comes the heart's word that conquers beasts and men
No other craft shall serve—no spells but these
Drive the old dragons to the wheeling seas.

—Saturday Review.

Their Growsome Bridesmaid

GEORGE HAYDEN was really no such great villain after all. Put baldly, he had merely flirted with a girl of a lower position in life than his own, and left her. Yet circumstances and the girl had before long made the affair seem a heartless tragedy, and for two miserable years George Hayden had been haunted by it.

There was no doubt that he had made love, generally with gay nonchalance, occasionally with fervor, to Kate Moon, of Mossdyke farm.

It was during that summer when he was off fishing in Devon, and the weather was beyond reproach—except for fishing. The trout would not bite, and Kate Moon was beautiful, tall and black haired, with a complexion of the proverbial Devon milk and roses; a magnificent, passionate, impulsive girl.

It was an artistic pleasure to him to see her coming toward him in her lilac-cotton gown—she always wore lilac-cotton gowns unlike any one else's, full gathered and dainty, with a bordering of palest pink around hem and waist; the effect was one of lavender and roses.

It was when the rector came back after his holiday, bringing with him his sister, his niece and—quite by coincid-



"TELL HER ABOUT ME AND SEE WHAT SHE'LL SAY."

dence—a college friend of Hayden, that mischief began, and it began without delay, for the college friend recognizing Hayden in the village, introduced him to the rectory party, and Hayden promptly fell in love, genuinely this time, with Sybil Dove, the rector's niece.

It did not take Kate Moon long, either, to see her doom.

Hayden, it is true, was a little troubled at first, but that was merely annoyance with himself for the careless way in which he had talked love—"desecrated," he called it—but he did not dream of the manner in which Kate would take it.

No one but Hayden and Kate herself knew of that terrible night of re-primand when the moon shone down on the final meeting in Dalting wood.

By the next night Hayden had left the village; by the next Sunday Kate Moon had left the world; she had drowned herself in the river—the pretty river where the trout had fought shy of Hayden's rod and line.

And Hayden began that terrible two years with the sight of the girl constantly before his eyes, in her lilac gown, with the rose-pink bands about her waist and hem, and with her last words in his ears.

"Tell her about me, and see what she'll say of your love! Tell her, I say, or I'll curse you to your very marriage day!—aye, to your very deathbed; I'll walk and sit and stand between you, and you shall never bide in peace!"

Then what had seemed but a summer's flirtation shocked Hayden as a heartless tragedy, and grew and grew into his life till he became to himself a sort of banned wanderer.

About two years later Hayden met Sybil Dove in Rome, and for the first time the wretched tragedy became less important, and his heart leaped. He could see, too, that Sybil was happy to meet him.

For weeks he sunned himself in joy, and tried to banish Kate. Then one day he faced the ghost and reasoned with himself in a logical, sensible manner, and his state of mind became more normal, and he asked himself why he should not be happy.

Next morning, on the hill, he broke into the first love words he had uttered since he parted with Kate by the Mossdyke stream.

"I love you!" he cried out, as he and Sybil sat resting in the noontide. "Sybil, I can't live without you! I have hungered for you since I first met you two years ago!"

"I love you, too!" she said, simply, when she could find voice. And Hayden held her in his arms for a rapturous moment.

When he glanced up, his arms still about her, a girl was passing along the hill below—a dark-haired girl, in a lilac gown. It was, of course, merely a coincidence.

Hayden shivered and loosed his clasped. The old haunted feeling had returned. He had an impulse to tell Sybil the whole wretched story, but it would be a gloomy beginning to the first hour of his new happiness. Besides which, Mrs. Dove came into sight at the moment.

Those were strange months, those months of engagement. There were hours when both Hayden and Sybil were wildly gay; but again there were hours when a cloud hung over them, when something seemed to be between them, checking their words as if a third person were listening.

In himself Hayden could understand the feeling, for even now, spite of argument, spite of happy future, he could not throw off the recollection of Kate Moon and her despair. But the same mood in Sybil he could not understand. Was the drowned girl always to be between them? Hayden groaned.

"Tell her, I say, tell her, or—" In desperation Hayden caught up his hat. "I'll stroll down to the church," he muttered hastily the evening before the wedding, after hours of gloom in which he had seen the dead girl walking between himself and his living bride. "I'll see how the decorations are getting on."

It was a lovely old building of gray stone, far famed for its many windows of stained glass, which in a close line told in rich purples and crimson the story of Joseph and his brethren.

One or two gardeners were busy at the choir stalls; some girls talking in subdued tones were garlanding a pillar. Hayden watched their deftness. Then with a tender impulse he turned his eyes to the altar, where he would kneel to-morrow beside—

A sudden horror clutched him, the blood surged within him and deafened him. Bending at the altar step was a dark-haired figure in a lilac gown with a pink band across the hem.

Hayden groped with his hand, and, clutching a pew door, closed his eyes in a despairing faintness. His bondage was to be relentless.

When he looked again the figure was gone. The girls at the pillar had turned from their work to speak to another. Unseen in his misery, Hayden stole out at the porch, stunned and cold in the sunshine.

Hayden never forgot the night which followed, as he lay, unnerred and hopeless, waiting for his wedding day, and facing in all their details the two years past and the many years to come, from the day when he had played a summer's game with the heart of a girl to all the days when he should live close to the girl he loved, and feel himself a murderer.

Toward morning he began to take a more ordinary view of the matter. This was his wedding day—sunny, happy, glorious. He had been in an excited, unnatural state of mind yesterday. He had brooded so long that his remorse was abnormal.

"The prettiest wedding the village had ever seen," the people said afterward. The pews were packed and a subdued buzz of comment played about Hayden's ears as he waited.

He had not allowed himself much time to kill; but, supported by his best man, he took his place about five minutes before the bride was expected. He determined to throw off useless self-reproaches and do his best in the future.

The brightly colored crowd was an undistinguishable whole to him; but at the end of the aisle was a shaft of brilliant light; it streamed through the porch, and into and through it walked a double line of beauty.

They came on in the sunshine and halted till the end of the lines was inside the door, then they widened the space between them and lined the lower half of the little aisle.

The smile on Hayden's face snapped off as suddenly as if struck by a hand; his features became stiff and

ashen-colored; a roar seemed to be filling the church and hurting his brain, the building itself heaved about him.

But the figure on which his eye had first smilingly rested stood motionless. She stood nearest to him, as first bridesmaid, her back slightly turned, a drooping hat almost hid her features, but she was dark-haired and splendidly poised, and her gown was of lilac with a pink band about the hem; Lilac, among the white gowns beside her!

Then he felt a hand grip his arm firmly. "Keep up, old man, she's coming," some one said.

Then a hush, then a stir filled the church, and between the waiting bridesmaids, shutting from his sight that terrifying form, came Sybil toward him; and chilled, horror-filled, as one in a dream, he stepped to meet her.

"Tell her, I say, tell her—" was in his ears as the marriage service began. A strange vow mingled with Hayden's marriage vows. "Tell her? 'I will,' 'I will,' 'I vow it.'"

There was no lilac gown among the bridesmaids surrounding her when he took her away. He could see no one like Kate Moon.

But he told Sybil all the story as they drove toward their new life, and she listened with flushed, averted cheek.

But when he had finished, and a moment's silence like a concrete block of despair had followed, she turned to him and wept upon his shoulder. And "How you must both have suffered!" were her first sobbing words.

But because she was frightened by the new suffering the telling of the tale had cost him, she did not say that she had known the story all along, and that the silence had been as an avenging ghost between them.

One day, long after, when Hayden and his wife strolled into the old church, he noticed a curious thing.

Sybil had walked toward the chancel while Hayden halted by the door, and as she stood a moment in the aisle he saw her white gown turn to lilac in the sunlight, and a band of rose-color fell across the hem.

For a moment the blood flushed into his face, and all the miserable past rose before him.

Then, as he looked, Sybil moved forward and her gown was white again—and again as she moved it was splashed with color.

Then in swift enlightenment he looked up at the famous windowed story of Joseph and he understood.

"It was all for the best, though," he said to himself at last, and in unutterable relief he followed his wife and stood again beside her before the altar—Utica Globe.

MEDICINAL VIRTUES OF FISH.

Carp and the Tench Are Valuable as Curatives.

Fishing literature, prior to the days and writings of Isaac Walton, opens up points of interest which are unique, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Not the least interesting are the constant references of the early writers to the medical virtues of fish. Of course, many of the salt and fresh water fishes mentioned by the old writers are not recognized by the writers of to-day, but the freshwater perch, carp, tench and eel are yet recognized, and it is in connection with these fish that some of the quaintest ideas as to their medicinal virtues has prevailed.

In the art of healing the carp plays a respectable part. One old writer speaks of the fat of the carp as being of miraculous powers for the alleviation of "hot rheumatism." The manner of its application was by frequent rubbing on the painful part, and the effect was said to be eminently mollifying and salutary. The triangular bones in the throat of the carp, on being ground to a powder and applied to a wound or bleeding nose, were said to act as styptic. The gall was also said to have been used for sore eyes and "above the eyes," says an old Eucalyptus, "two little bones exist, semi-circular in shape, which are diligently preserved by noble females against the lunatic disease."

The eel has also a respectable medical history. Members of the profession from Galen to the present day recommend it. Hippocrates, however, makes this exception: "This food is forbidden in tabes and diseased spleen." Galen prescribed it in nephritis. The monks of Salerno held the eel in abhorrence. They say, according to Dr. Badham, in their dietetic code, "to live on eels is a sure recipe for spoiling the voice." Pliny also held this opinion, but says also, "singular they are hidden to be to cleanse the humors, either choleric or phlegmatic, likewise, to cure the inflammities of the spleen, and only that they be hurtful to the throat and make a man to lose his voice—they be harmless now."

Facing the Future.

"What is baby's name?" asked the graciously condescending young woman.

"His name is Flyin' Machine Jackson," was the colored mother's reply.

"How did you come to give him such an extraordinary name?"

"Well, you see dat chile takes after his father an' I wanted to give him a name dat were gwine to be appropriate. An' every time anybody mentions 'flyin' machine' dey say it's sumpin' dat positively refuses to work."

—Washington Star.

Can Claim Damage.

In Mexico the family of a dead duelist can claim support from the person who shot him.

The masculine idea of an intellectual woman is the one who is as thin as a match and wears glasses.

OLD FAVORITES

Do They Miss Me at Home?
Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?

'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved one

Were saying, "I wish he was here,"
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam,
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they miss'd me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?

And is there a chord in the music
That's miss'd when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that awakes
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm, azure sky?

And when the "good-nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and wait
For a whisper'd "good-night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round
Them?

That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is miss'd from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

The Spacious Firmament on High,
The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice:
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."
—Joseph Addison.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

Charles E. Norris Cures Consumption by Walking 11,000 Miles.

Three years ago Charles E. Norris of San Francisco was told by physicians that he could not live over three months. One lung, they said, was entirely gone from the ravages of consumption, and the most he could do would be to take to his bed and die as comfortably as possible. But Norris was game. Determined to fight to the last, the intrepid invalid, who could scarcely crawl, took to the road, and along the 11,340 miles he has tramped since then found increasing health, until to-day he is a hale and hearty man.

His case, which has been the subject of inquiry by physicians all over the country, says the New York Herald, is further evidence of the efficacy of the "open air" cure, which they are now recommending. He says that it is better, because it combines with the exercise of a rugged life the cares of striving for existence.

Norris is 43 years old. He had traveled extensively before he started on his consumption tramp. He had worked in many cities. He knew life and men and the knowledge gave him the courage it required to leave San Francisco with but \$1.00 in his pocket and face the fight for life. His wife and daughter were dead, his brothers and sisters scattered, and no one depended upon him. His money had been frittered away on doctors' bills and medicines.

Norris is no ordinary tramp. His clothes are neat. His manners are good. He does not drink or use tobacco. He reads Shakespeare and knows the works of the great poet by heart. In January he called upon President Roosevelt and chatted with him some time about his wanderings, and the president expressed admiration of his grit.

"This was my condition when I started out from 'Frisco August 8, 1901," says Norris. "I weighed 96 pounds, one lung was gone. I had suffered three hemorrhages, the doctors said a fourth would finish me. They gave me three months more of life. I had \$1.00 in my pocket. I was well dressed and I determined to live or die in the open."

"The first night I slept under a fence, being too weak to reach a farm house a little ways off. For the first three weeks I didn't know what day would be my last. But I did not grow any worse. My cough continued, and the pains between my shoulders did not leave me. If I had stopped, if I had given up, I would have died comfortably in a few weeks. But I set my teeth and went on. At the end of the third week I noticed a slight

improvement. It continued, and before two months had passed I lost my pains and my cough had dwindled to a memory. I was growing well."

Norris' mode of life is very simple. He wanders from place to place as fancy dictates. His long journey in search of health has taken him all over the United States. He was in New York recently, and is now on his way to Buffalo. His cleanliness, straightforward manner and a fund of anecdotes have endeared him to railroad men everywhere. News of his arrival and departure are telegraphed in advance, and he is a welcome guest with all. His usual bed is on a newspaper in the waiting room of some depot, in the winter, or on the platform or baggage truck when warm weather prevails. He says he was never refused food but once, and that was by a minister in Oregon.

Mr. Norris thinks consumption sanitariums are not giving the proper treatment to obtain the best results. He says that in the so-called open air cures he has visited the people are given little or no exercise, but kept quiet, fed on milk and eggs and made fat. He holds that fatness is not healthy; that it is the power of resisting fatigue, of sustaining exertion for an extended period and of being vigorous that constitutes true health.

ODD CANDLE AUCTIONS.

Method Still Employed in a Few English Parishes.

A curious method of sale by auction, which is still observed in one or two places as a matter of ancient custom, but which was once very common, is sale by candle, says the Ashton (England) Reporter. A fragment of candle, an inch or less in length, was lighted as the thing to be sold was put up, and the auctioneers received bids so long as the candle burned. The successful bid was the last made before the flame went out. When the competition was all keen it must have required considerable astuteness and a nice power of discrimination on the part of the salesman to know who spoke last. Mr. Pepps gives a graphic description of the sale of some old hulks in the Thames "by the candle" and remarks that it was pleasant to see how backward men were at first to bid, but when the candle was going out they hawled!

At another admirably sale, conducted by a like method, the same chronicler says that the competition was so sharp that they had much difficulty in telling who cried last. Some curious things besides worn-out old ships were sold by candle. In 1684 it was advertised that two elephants, the one male and the other female, would be "exposed to sale by candle" and that "the price and places where to be seen and sold" were to be notified later by means of printed bills. The price, which was to be so published, was, presumably, the upset price fixed by the vender. One can hardly imagine that the bidding was very lively for the two ponderous creatures or that any prospective buyers, save perhaps an itinerant showman or two, would be likely to attend the sale.

Another unusual sale was advertised in the following year in the London Gazette, where it was announced that there would be "exposed to sale by the candle at the Marine and Carolina coffee house, in Birch Lane * * * all sorts of playing cards, in small lots surveyed by Robert Whitfield, master cardmaker (appointed by approbation of the company of cardmakers for that purpose)." It is curious that the custom of selling by the candle was flourishing recently and perhaps still flourishes in the far east. In the consular report on the trade of Saigon and Cochinchina, issued in 1878, it was stated that certain descriptions of lands were only to be obtained at public sale which were conducted by the candle, the dying out of three lights before a higher bid was made concluding the bargain. The method was probably introduced by the French and brought hence to this country. In a few English parishes the candle method is still employed in the periodical letting of public land to the highest bidder.

Austria's Strenuous Old Emperor.

The venerable Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria sets an example to his subjects in strenuousness of life quite equal to that of our youthful President, says Leslie's Weekly. Winter and summer the Emperor is up at 7 in the morning. At 6 his aids-de-camp have to be ready in case they are wanted, and state business of all kinds is conducted before breakfast. The Emperor seems to be literally devoured it is said, by a sense of duty. Every thing else gives way to it. His majesty at the most trying and even tragic moments of his life has always attended just as usual to the business of the state, and those about him were startled on the day of the funeral of his only son to find the Emperor ready to sign the orders for the day exactly as usual.

The Twins.

When Mrs. Latimer had twins, Papa cried, "Philopena!" And one was plump and one was thin. Could anything be meaner? This did not feaze Pa Latimer. There never was a keener. He named the fat one Fatima And named the lean one Lena. —Albert G. Reeves in Sun.

A Repeater.

Tess—I permitted him to kiss me on condition that he wouldn't mention it to anyone.
Jess—And did he?
Tess—Well—er—he repeated it thr very next minute.
Of course, the real test of a pudding is your inability to sleep after eating it.

QUEER STORIES

The wives of Siamese noblemen have their hair cut in pompadour style. It is usually about 1 1/2 inches in length, and sticks out straight, like the hairs in a blacking brush.

It is estimated that between the ages of twenty and thirty a man loses on an average only 5 1/2 days a year from illness, but between fifty and sixty he loses twenty days yearly.

The canaries of Germany excel all other canaries as singers. One has been known to continue a single thrill for a minute and a quarter, with twenty changes of notes in it.

The globe of the eye is moved by six muscles. The wrist contains eight bones, the palm five, the fingers fourteen. The roots of the hair penetrate the skin about one-twelfth of an inch. Hair is very strong. A single hair will bear a weight of about 1,150 grains.

The dwarf trees which the Japanese so skillfully produce are becoming popular in Europe for the construction of miniature landscapes, etc. It may be a fine art to produce an oak or apple tree five hundred years old and only two feet high, yet to Occidental ideas it appears a sort of torture. A race so skilled in the use of paper and colors could produce artificial trees which would have quite as much appearance of life and serve every ornamental purpose quite as well.

A recent chemical examination of the black deposit, resembling boiler scale, that has formed to a thickness of three-quarters of an inch under the coping of the balustrade surrounding the "Stone Gallery" at the base of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, reveals the curious fact that it is essentially a calcium sulfate collected from the air. In two centuries the smoke and gases from London chimneys have charged the rains with sufficient sulphurous and sulphuric acids to cover the stone with a deposit that strikingly resembles calcareous tufa. It is thickest on the under side of the copings because of the dripping of the rain.

The scientific culture of potatoes is nowhere practiced as in Germany. In that country, states Consul General Mason, dozens of skillful and experienced growers give their whole time and energy to the propagation of improved varieties, and the conditions of soil, exposure or purpose for which each is best suited are well understood. Certain varieties excel for food, others for starch and dextrine, others for alcohol, and yet others for stock feeding. Many of the best sorts are new, but not more than twenty varieties are included in the crop of practical growers, although about one hundred are listed by dealers, and as many as five hundred were catalogued as long ago as 1863.

The United States geological survey says that the most powerful river in New England is the Androscoggin. Yet the surprise abates when the facts are recounted. There are nine or ten developed water powers along the river, and it appears that they furnish total power equal to seventy-three thousand horses. The falls at Brunswick yield 7,700 horse power; at Lisbon Falls, 1,925; at Lewiston, 12,600; at Livermore Falls, 3,000; at Otis Falls, 8,000; at Jay's, 3,700; at Peterson's Rips, 6,000. At Rumford Falls there is a potential of thirty thousand horse power, when the resources at that place are fully developed, and that is altogether the greatest water power in New England.

JAPANESE GOD OF WAR.

Troops Pay Respect Each Year to Memory of slain Comrades.

Hachimam is the Japanese god of war and his temple is on Isurugaoka hill and has large torii in front of it, huge gates of stone shaped like the Greek letter pi. There is also an ichu tree some twenty feet in circumference and upward of 1,000 years old—that is a couple of centuries older than the temple itself, says the Montreal Family Herald. In spirit Hachimam is present also at the great Shinto temple at Kanda, Tokio, the capital of Japan.

Here, to this day, the troops stationed at the Tokio barracks come on the 6th, 7th and 8th of May and the 6th, 7th and 8th of November to pay their respects to the memory of the soldiers who fell in battle in the Sago and Satsuma rebellions and in the war with China. Company by company they march up and present arms before the great hall, empty of all furniture except a mirror and a few chairs. The ceremony is beautiful in its solemnity and one can easily believe that the spirits of the departed are really present to receive the reverence of their brothers in arms, who have not yet passed to the land of ghosts. It is a ceremony, too, that appeals to the popular mind, as the crowds on Kulan hill bear ample testimony, when the days for the arrival of the troops have come. It is not a mournful crowd, nor is it a noisy crowd.

Japanese crowds, as a rule, are neither mournful nor riotous. It is a lean and decorous crowd, one that has gathered to witness and in a way to take part in a service that is both military and religious. The ceremony of saluting before the temple appeals to the whole people, who agree with the sentiment that those who died in battle died nobly, and who rejoice that the army to which those who fell belonged maintains for them undying regard.

Japan's Military Service.

In Japan every male citizen between the ages of seventeen and forty owes military service.