The wreck of the steamship Berlin is the most terrible | disaster that has befallen British shipping since the loss of the Drummond Castle in 1896. The vessel sailed from Harwich at 10 o'clock on the night of February 20, and after a stormy passage she was driven ashore on the North Pier at the Hook of Holland. When she stranded. the Berlin was endeavoring to enter what is known as the New Waterway at the mouth of the River Maas. As soon as the vessel struck she parted amidships, and the fore-part went down with the greater number of the perished in this heartrending calamity.

passengers and crew. The after-part stranded just outside the pier, and 14 survivors clung to the wreckage. Of these 11 were rescued by the superhuman exertions of the lifeboat men, who were directed by Prince Henry of the Netherlands; and the next day, by the splendid heroism of Captain Sperling, a diver who organized an independent rescue party, the wreck was again reached, and the three remaining survivors, all women, were brought ashore. One passenger, Captain Parkinson, was rescued soon after the vessel went ashore. In all, 127 persons

#### TWO PICTURES.

An old farmhouse, with meadows wide, And sweet with clover on each side; A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out The door with woodbine wreathed about And wishes his one thought all day: "Oh, if I could but fly away

From this dull spot, the world to see, How happy, happy, happy, How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din, A man who round the world has been, Who, mid the tumult and the throng, Is thinking, thinking all day long: "Oh, could I only tread once more The field-path to the farmhouse door,

The old, green meadow could I see, How happy, happy, happy, How happy I should be!" -Annie D. Green.

# The Awakening ===of a Soul.

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~~~~~ "You have never been in love, Miss Heath?" The manager tilted back his chair comfortably, rubbed his hands softly together and watched his companion narrowly, a curious light in his keen, black eyes,

"In love?" the girl repeated, softly, reflectively. "No. I have never yet tasted of that bitter-sweet experience.



"THERE IS STILL ONE HOPE FOR YOU." My work will not allow me to think of such worldly things," with a faint smile. "But why do you ask?"

Samuel Chandler laid his handkerchief on his knee, folded it methodically three times, tucked it in his pocket and then said slowly and with great decision: "Because your work makes it so very apparent to me. Your technique is perfect, you have undoubted talent, but your acting lacks soul; you cannot reach and hold an audience breathless, try as you will."

There was a long, painful silence, broken only by the sounds ?com the street below, which were irritatingly audible. When the girl spoke her voice sounded strangely muffled and unnat-

"I understand. After all these years of labor, of self-sacrifice, of weary, hopeless loneliness, I am still a fallure as an actress. You are right-my work lacks soul; I am conscious of it, always, and now I suppose the time has come for me to realize the hopelessness of it all, and give up my loved work forever."

"That is needless." The girl gave a quick, impatient gesture, and her fair white brow wrinkled into a frown. "Why should I go on in this way, day after day and month after month, always aware that I will never attain any real result?"

"There is still one hope for you." "And that?"

"You must go away from here for about three months; away from all these professional associations-far up into the mountains of New Hampshire, And you must meet some man whom it will be possible for you to persuade yourself you are in love with. Better still, if you can really care for him. Make a god out of him-worship him-be jealous of his every look during these months. Then when you return to your work you will very easily forget him. If you will follow my instructions, when you come back to me you will be an actress. Unless you do so, you are utterly impossible."

The girl walked over to the window and tapped nervously against the glass Her eyes were blg and expectant when she turned to her companion again, and there was a wistful little droop to her warm red lips

purple hills in the distance assumed an has been taken from me-just at the air of mystery as they velled them- dawn of our new-found Joy-and 1 am selves with the soft September hazegray, blue, unfathomable and wonderfully fascinating.

The girl shivered and drew her fluffy white shawl closer about her. "The summer is nearly gone," she remarked wistfully, and the man's eyes met hers eagerly, pleading.

"You are really going back to New York next month-away from these glorious mountains, away from our little brook where we have spent so many happy hours, away from me?" She lowered her eyes and plucked

nervously at the soft, moss-covered "It is needless for me to tell you

how happy I have been here with you and how hard it is for me to return to my work-the work I used to love so well." "And now?"

"Somehow I dread returning to it. I want to stay here among these hills forever." The man watched her closely for a

few seconds, then he leaned forward with eager, outstretched arms. "Come to me, beloved, I understand." . . . . . . Samuel Chandler adjusted his red tie

to his satisfaction, smoothed his bristly black hair for the twentieth time and smiled approvingly as he noted th reflection in the office mirror. "It is time she was here," he remark

ed anixously, "From her letters I judge my suggestion was just the tonic she needed." The door opened softly, and he went

forward eagerly with outstretched hand. But he uttered a sharp cry when he caught sight of the drawn, white face in the doorway. "You are ill, Miss Heath?"

She shook her head wearlly and smoothed the folds of her black gown. No. not ill, only heartsick."

The sun shone in through the window, gently touching her brow and warm, red lips and changing the loose tendrils of her hair into strands of glistening gold. "Tell me about it," the man urged

gently. She gazed with dull, unseeing ever

around the familiar room, and her lips quivered pitifully. "I followed your advice. I met him is trouble,

"I will do as you advise," she said | -and I loved him. We were very happy, and now he is dead. You were mistaken in me, my soul had been awak-The sun went down, a huge red ball, ened, and I could never toss love aside and the autumn twilight gathered. The once I realized its sweetness. But he

> and be good to me-and I am so lone-She held out her hand to him and he took it in his own tenderiy.

> going to England to live with his

mother. He said she would love me

"You understand?" "I understand," he repeated gravely. -Boston Post.

BISMARCK DREADED HER.

Princess Clementine, Politician and Mother of Two Noted Sons. Princess Clementine, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who died in Vienna not long ago, was widely noted as a politician



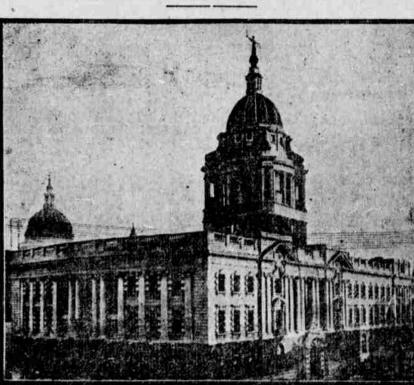
the fame or notoriety of her children. She was the daughter of King Louis Philippe of France and was born in 1817. In 1843 she married Prince Auguste of Saxe-Coburg-Go tha, who dled in 1881. Of

CLEMENTINE, her four children three are widely known-Prince Philip. whose abuse of his wife, daughter of Leopold of Belgium, drove her to an asylum: Prince Ferdinand, who rules over Bulgaria and Princess Clotilde. who has lost much of her great fortune by engaging in wild-cat speculation. King Louis Philippe looked upon Clementine as his favorite child. She had a natural bent toward politics, and Bismarck, who said that she was the only woman he ever dreaded, declared that she was without principle. She was responsible for the placing of her son, Prince Ferdinand, upon the Bulgarian throne. Until the young man was mar-

ried she practically ruled the nation. When Louis Philippe was driven from France Clementine took up her residence in London, where she intrigued for the return of her father and, later, her brothers to Paris, In money matters she showed great ability, and by wise investments greatly increased the large fortune left to her by her father.

About the only thing people borrow, which they are not expected to return,

HISTORIC PRISON OF LONDON VANISHES.



LONDON'S NEW CRIMINAL COURT.

The new central criminal court of London stands on the site of old Newgate prison, which was pulled dewn in 1902. The foundation stone of the new courts was laid in December 4: that year. The building has a frontage of 287 feet to the Old Balley and of 142 feet to Newgate street. The dome is surmounted by a figure of Jestice. The cost of the work was \$1,110,000. The main entrance is close to the ancient place of public execution.

The earliest Newgate primn dates from about 1218, when the portals of the new gate of the city were utilized as a lockup. About two centuries later it was rebuilt by the executors of Sir Richard Whittington, whose statue, with the celebrated cat, stood in a niche. It was des'royed by the great fire of London in 1655. The grimy edifice familiar to Lond ners until a few years ago was erected in 1780, but the new buildings were partly destroyed and greatly damaged during the Gordon riots of that year, when 300 prisoners, felons as well as debtors, were released and let loose upon the public. Lovers of Dickens will recollect the vivid description of this cene in "Barnaby Rudge." It was here that Mrs. Fry read to the poor prisoners, and it was from this building that the notorious Jack Sheppard escayed. After 1887 Newgate gradually fell into disuse as a prison.

NOTED THEOSOPHIST DEAD.

Passing Away in India of Col. Henry Steel Olcott.

Col. Henry Steel Olcott, who, with Madame Blavatsky, founded the Theosophical Society, died recently at his



COL OLCOTT.

was one of the few white men who ever wore the sacred thread of the Brahmin caste. He won this by his work for the revival of Hindoo philosophy. In recognition of his services in this direction one of the

home in Madras, India. Col. Olcott

most learned pundits of India, Taranath Tarka Vachaspeci, the compiler of a Sanskrit dictionary, not only gave him the sacred Brahmin thread, but adopted him into his own gotra-a most unusual honor. Aside from his work as a scholar in Indla, Coi, Olcott nearly thirty years ago started an educational movement in Ceylon for the benefit of the Buddhists, which caused the establishment of 250 schools and three colleges, with 30,000 pupils at the present time. He also founded four free schools for the pariah outcasts, attended last year by nearly 2,000 pupils.

Col. Olcott was born in Orange, N. J., in 1832 and was a graduate of the College of the City of New York. In 1858 he became the agricultural editor of the New York Tribune. During the war he gave up his newspaper work and acted in special capacities for both the Army and Navy Departments, rising to the rank of Colonel. Just after the close of the war he was admitted to the bar and in 1878 was commissioned by the President to report on trade conditions between this country and India.

In 1875, when the theosophical craze had obtained a good foothold in this country, Col. Olcott, who had long been a student of its teachings, was one of the most earnest apostles of the movement here. With Mme, Blavatsky be founded in New York the Theosophical Society, which now has its headquarters in India. He was the author of several works.

### 20000000000000 "THE HEART OF BRUCE." beeverevere

Many a mother has made the discovery that nothing will keep an active child within bounds like an interesting book. The mother of Gen. Lew Wallace found that as soon as the boy could read he was happy with a story, and bethought herself of a long, good one, "The Scottish Chiefs." In his autobiography Gen. Wallace records the fact that at first there was much halting and stumbling; the broad Scotch names refused to be spelled; and not until he realized that the story was about a man who "was actually named after his brother William" did the boy become Interested.

"Then my brother read the wondrous tale, and we debated it early and late. We cried over its sorrowful passages, trembled while the battles were in progress, and were genuine Scots, whether the victory was for or against us.

"Was such pleasure to be bottled up for us alone? We called in our chums. one Robert Evans, and two others, Henderson Rawles and Wesley Harper. The five read the heroic chronicles together, whereupon we turned them into a play.

"Each took a character. On account of his name, my brother's right to the role of Sir William was admitted. "In deadliest earnest we went to war

with the haughty English. We made helmets of pasteboard and swords of seasoned clapboards. The young hazel shoots we wove into shields. "Sad to say, however, at last we lost

the 'heart of Bruce'-a tin can loaded with sand. My brother one day es sayed the part of Douglas. We found the 'Moors' in the bend above the town, under a grove of sturdy water maples. Nothing daunted by their numbers, our leader flung the sacred relic and called on us to follow him. We were winning a splendid victory. The sunflowers strewed the ground.

"Suddenly a great growl arose before We had not time to ask, 'What now?' Out of the thicket rushed the mother of a litter of half-grown pigs. The bristles on her back were as long as the pins on a Georgia conifer, and they all stood erect.

"Right at us she dashed, and we forgot the silver case entrusted to us by the redeemed people of Scotland; we ran. Presently Black Douglas and all his peerless chivalry were high on the limbs of trees, and wondering when the feroclous enemy would raise the siege, We reached home by the directest route, but never returned for the 'heart of Bruce.' "

#### Lampy's Aviary. Lampy has recently made several ad-

ditions to his collection of stuffed birds. Among the most valuable are: 1. The Red-Beaked Piff - a rare

specimen-the diet of this bird does not grow in Cambridge. 2. The Receipted Pade-Bill-ex-

tremely rare. 3. The Heartless Deene-a large and imposing-looking bird of the owl fam-

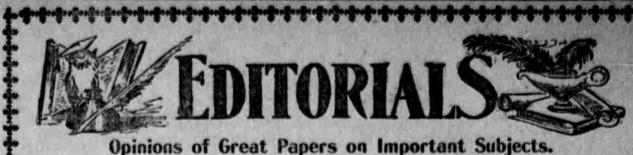
4. The Crimson Heelah-this bird will probably be extinct in a few years, owing to the fact that it comes under the jurisdiction of the Public Nuisance law. 5. The White-Winged Brooks-Spar-

row (religiosum sanctum)-a bird of pray. 6. The Crafftey Foxbird (managerialum candidatum)—also a bird of

7. The Green Frawsh-a small and harmless bird, the common diet of the Foxbird.-Harvard Lampoon.

Not a Bad Guess.

"That quare-looking wagon the boss' son wuz drivin'," said Casey, "is called 'dog-cart.' I wonder w'at fur.' "I dunno,' replied Cassidy, "except that mebbe 'tis bekase they're druv be one mostly."-Philadelphia Press.



NO UNWRITTEN LAW. DGE MARTIN of the Criminal Court of Philadelphia refused to permit evidence in justification of murder. In excluding such testimony he declared that there was no such thing as "the unwritten law." He argued that while at the moment of the commission of the crime, a man might feel

that he had adequate provocation, after the excitement had passed and he had a chance to deliberate on the matter, he could not conscientiously say that the cause was sufficient to warrant his taking human life.

Judge Martin placed the matter just where it should be If "the unwritten law" is to be pleaded, license is ultimately to be indulged in. There is no limit to the variety and degree of adequacy of the causes that may be cited in justification of capital crime. Quickly would we be brought to the conditions that once prevailed in the far West, where even the passing of the lie was regarded as justification for killing. No one wants to go back to those days. As a matter of fact no one can afford to.

If now other judges before whom attempt is made to plead "the unwritten law," will take similar positions, much will be done to discourage murder; for such plea being denied every murderer will be compelled to submit to the written law which recognizes in justification only one plea, that of self-defense. It is the written law that must be sustained if life is protected as it should be.-Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

#### MORE WHOLESOME SPORT.



HROUGHOUT the Middle West, as in other parts of the country, athletic conditions in the high schools, colleges and universities had reached a state of disgraceful and sordid arrogance, when, two years ago, a conference of the governing boards of nine of the leading institutions of the interior took

the matter under consideration. They found high school boys who had been induced to leave school a year or two ahead of time in order to enter some college which was willing to smooth the intellectual pathway in return for athletic services. Professionalism was rife, and not only winked at, but almost openly encouraged; and rivalry was so keen that even middle-aged professors found their relations with professors in other colleges strained by the hostile feeling between the undergraduates. The desire to win, and the hope of making money by winning, had killed the true spirit of sport.

The governing boards of the nine colleges which met to consider the matter took radical steps. Professionalism was prohibited by the most stringent regulations, all contests between certain of the flercest rivals were discontinued, and a uniform date for beginning training in the fall was fixed.

The new rules have now had a year's trial, with the result of clearing the air and establishing college athletics upon a saner and more wholesome footing. A second conference was lately held to consider possi- are distributed.—Kansas City World.

ble changes in the rules. Although great pressure was brought by some of the student bodies, the members of the athletic conference committee stood firm. Only one change was made. The rule fixing a uniform date for beginning practice was rescinded. Even that may be

The colleges of the Middle West, therefore, are to have another year of cleanliness and decency and manliness in sport; another chance to learn that to win is not the main object of ath'etics among gentlemen, but that "the game's the thing."-Youth's Companion.

#### A CHANCE BEFORE PRISON.



HE movement in which several of the municipal judges and other members of the judiciary are taking much interest to encourage guilty people who are first offenders by giving them another chance before committing them to the penitentiary is in the line of thought of the best students of

penology. Too often the prison becomes little less than a school of crime. The doors close behind a man once counted honest and his whole life is affected. There is more than a chance that an act counted criminal may have been the result of peculiar and unusual conditions, or may have been committed without full realization of its effect upon life and character. Kindly words of encouragement and advice may possibly save a man to his family and to society when the penitentiary would make him a confirmed criminal. • • • What the State needs is a citizenship ready to obey the law and to respect the law. The saving of boys and men, of girls and women, that they may contribute something to the welfare and happiness of mankind, is the prime idea. If the new plans result in improvement over present conditions in the punishment of crime they will prove their value many times over.-Chicago Tribune.

#### THE THREE BOXES OF CITIZENSHIP.



I takes a bold man to defy even one woman. Bold indeed is he who op nly defies a million of them. That is what Charles R. Saunders of Boston has done. In speaking against a proposed amendment to the Massachusetts constitution striking the word "male" from the qualifications of voters, he

said: "American freedom depends on the ballot box, the jury box and the cartridge box. Woman suffragists ask complete use of the ballot box, little or no use of the jury box, and entire exemption from use of the cartridge box, on which both the others depend for exist-

The million women of Masachusetts, more than a fourth of whom are spinsters, have views of their own. They have buried the bold Saunders in an avalanche of retorts to the effect that the men do not make complete use of the ballot box, that they dodge jury duty, and that they sometimes hire substitutes when the cartridge boxes

### NOT OVERWORKED.

Young Mrs. Blank, the wife of a new Congressman, as the Washington Post make," broke in the Congressman. "It clearly shows, is peculiarly anxious wouldn't be good taste for a new meanthat her husband shall make no mis- ber to complain." take in the intricacles of Washington "I see. I shan't say a word. But. fficial etiquette. "I don't understand Tom, it, Tom," she began one evening, "Here we've been in Washington nearly a week, and the Speaker hasn't been to see you."

A smile lightened the gloom of the Congressman's countenance. "It is not usual for the Speaker to call on a new member," he explained.

"Why, I thought he was the man who put you on committees," said the wife, anxious not to get mixed on an important question. "He is," said the new member, in

brooding tone. "Well, how can be manage if be doesn't know you?"

"I could go to see him." "Indeed, I wouldn't, Tom!" she exclaimed, with a touch of hauteur. "Take in Paris in 1897. It was large and my advice and don't go near him." The Congressman was stlent; he was

had called and failed to see the Speaker. "He'll get a wrong impression of you," continued his wife. "You ought to let him know right in the beginning

trying to remember how many times he

that you realize your position and its importance." A tortured smile died on the Congressman's face.

"If you let him imagine for a minute that you consider him a bigger man than you are, he'll simply work you to death-there's no telling how many committees he'll put you on." Something like hysteria clutched at the Congressman's throat. He jerked in their natural element is due to a himself out of his chair and rang for

ice water. "You see," his wife said, confidentially, "I've had some experience, and there's no fun in committee work. I've been on supper committees and program committees, and things like that :

but now whenever anything comes up in the club, I'm just a little cool to the president, or I stay away, and then some other woman has to serve." "Betty," said the Congressman, in

constrained tones, "you don't understand the situation." "Oh, yes I do! It's just a habit of yours to say that I don't understand

things." The Congressman threw up a window the raw, wintry air.

"These hotel rooms are stuffy, I admit, but you'll take cold, Tom, doing that, and, besides, I want to say about those committees..." The Congressman drew himself into

the room, closed the window with another bang, and turned to his wife with the air of a long-suffering man. "The committee question has been settled for me," he said. "The Speaker

has finally agreed—or rather promised" -he paused confusedly, "or I might say tendered, me a committeeship music is low in tone, but very sweet which I-I-" he cleared his throat, "have consented to accept. But this is a delicate matter, Betty, and I prefer that you don't discuss it with any one, particularly the ladies and the Con-

gressional people in the hotel." "You can rely upon my discretion,"

said his wife, with dignity. "I was only anxious on your account. Why, only yesterday I heard Mrs. Leader complaining of how overworked her poor husband was, and-"

"That's the very point I wish to

be positively exhausting, like Mr. Lead-The Congressman went to the door and took in the ice water. "No-o. I'm sure not," he said, on his way back.

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed his wife,

### affectionately. THREE CURIOUS WATCHES.

One of Ivory-Another Plays Tune -Canrina's 7-Ounce Marvel.

A man in Switzerland has just made a watch entirely of ivory obtained from an old billiard ball. Works, hands and case are all the same material. And yet it keeps very good time.

The first phonograph watch was made heavy, but was regarded as a great curiosity nevertheless. Now, however, watches that speak the hour in place of chiming them are not at all uncorn-

They are, says the House Beautiful, still somewhat bulky, as compared with the best ordinary modern chronomoters. although not so much so but that they can be easily carried in an ordinary

waistcoat pocket. Beneath the crystal back of a valuable chronometer owned by an English tradesman six tiny gold and silver fish with ruby eyes are seen, apparently swimming about in real water. The fish, infinitely small, are beautifully modeled, and the effect of movement combination of hair springs with a background of quicksilver,

Far more wonderful, because of its small size, is the watch owned by the Czarina of Russia, originally presented to the Empress Elizabeth on her coronation.

At the back is inset an exquisitely beautiful little model of the Holy Sepulchre, over which is seen standing, stern and motionless, a Practorian guard,

This is viewed through the crystal of the case. On opening it the imitation stones roll away from the mouth of the miniature vault, the sentry kneels reverently, angels appear at opposite sides of the opening, and at the same time there is played, softly and sweetly, with a loud bang and leaned out into the music of one of the sacred Easter songs beloved by all the orthodox Rus-

> The watch weighs only seven ounces but the maker is said to have worked at it almost uninterruptedly nine years. One of the most treasured ornaments | changed." of a London star of burlesque is an exquisitely pretty little blouse watch, which plays a couple of selections from "The Belle of New York." The watch is keyless so far as its ordinary mechanism is concerned, but a tiny key has to be used to start it playing. The and clear.

## Ancient Proverb.

"Every little bit helps," said the ops.-Harvard Lampoon.



An ostrich yields about three pounds of feathers a year.

Judge Charles T. Woodard, lately appointed to the Maine Supreme Court, ever had a nicture taken. Some statistician has discovered that

the average woman carries forty to sixty miles of hair on her head. The Bank of England employs about 1,000 people, pays \$1,250,000 yearly in wages and \$175,000 yearly in pensions. The island of Java is losing its supremacy as a coffee producer. The crop

produced in Sumatra now almos equals it. Grenoble, France, probably manufactures more ladies' kid gloves than any other place in the world. Paris, Chau-

mont and Miliau are also largely engaged in this industry. All the paper for the millions of postage stamps used in the United States s manufactured at Mechanic Falls, Me. Once a month the firm receives a requisition for 1,000,000 sheets of the paper.

and each sheet will make 361 stamps. A consignment of extraordinarily fine diamonds has reached London from a new mine in the Orange River colony. The mine in question is called the Robert Victor, and is situated at Boshoff, a few miles across the border from

Kimberley. In the year 1814 the Thames froze and the English channel was for a time impassable because of icebergs. The coldest European winter on record was that of 1708-1709. It began early in October. In 1740 also the cold was so intense that birds fell dead to the ground. A. G. Wise, secretary of the St.

Helena committee in London, states that since the withdrawal of the troops, which has reduced the Island to a state of bankruptcy, the only occupation of the inhabitants of St. Helena is catching rats. The government pays 2 cents each for them. At the final meeting, on Feb. 7, of

the Waterloo and City Rallway Company (tube), London, which has been taken over by the London and Southwestern, the chairman mentioned that since the railway was completed, in 1898, It had carried 41,000,000 passengers without an accident.

## A "Touching" Story.

The young lady who had sat for a crayon portrait was not altegether pleased with the result. "It looks like me, of course," she said, inspecting it doubtfully, "and yet I think there are some things about it that ought to be

She suggested that the eyes should have rather more of an upward look, that the right hand should be a little less prominent, that the hair should be made more wavy, and that certain changes ought to be made in the drap-

"That would require a great deal of retouching," said the artist, "and I should have to charge you about ten dollars additional."

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, with a horse, as the owner took out the huge pout. "I shall have to give it up. Papa mouthpiece and substituted a smaller wouldn't stand my 'retouching' him to that extent."