

## Beyond

Every day that dies,  
With flush and fragrance born of June,  
I know shall more resplendent rise,  
When summer no-oh, nor sun nor moon,  
And every bud on love's low tree,  
Whose gleaming crimson flames and falls,  
In fullest flower I yet shall see,  
High-blooming by the Jasper walls,  
Nay, every sin that dims my days  
And wild regrets that veil the sun,  
Shall fade before those dazzling rays,  
And my long glory be begun!  
Let years come to bless or bruise;  
Thy Heaven, O Lord, I shall not lose!  
—Edna Dean Proctor.



# THE WRONG BEARINGS

BY J. C. PLUMMER

(Copyright 1905 by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Seven days in an open boat on that tropical sea. Seven days of pitiless sun, burning and charring our throats until the miserable pittance of water we had allowed ourselves had irritated rather than satisfied and now that was gone. Seven days of biscuit soaked with sea water, which made our terrible thirst more unbearable, and all around us that peaceful sea. When I thought of the awful storm in which the iris had foundered and looked at the calm ocean I thought of my sister of years ago. She like the sea would have her storms of anger and cry and break her toys and then go to sleep with just such a smile on her face as the sea wore then. It was an odd thought for an old sea dog face to face with death, but then I expect my mind was wandering on account of the thirst and heat. Four of us had leaped in the boat the night the bark went down and there were only two now. One had jumped overboard in delirium and the other was curled up dead in the thwarts one morning. Mr. Pablo, the mate, and I were left to die by thirst if no other way.

"It looks cool down there," croaked the mate, staring into the sea. "No wonder Hans jumped into it."  
"For God's sake, Mr. Pablo, don't get to thinking of that," I cried, for I had a horror of dying alone in that boat. Queer, isn't it, that a man always wants somebody around when he is dying.

"I've thought of it many a time, Bob," said he, "and when I wasn't in a fix like this. I've been tired of living these fifteen years."

He spoke in a calm way, but I thought he was losing his mind and shuddered again at the idea of being alone in the boat.

"I've never spoken of it to a mortal before," he continued, looking down into the water, "and I don't know why I'm going to do it now unless a man don't want too much ballast when he's going to die. I'm a Tynne man and sailed in the North Sea trade. That was fifteen years ago, and I used to look at a small cottage near Newcastle and dream about living there some day with a certain girl. You see you wave where it curls, what a deep blue it is? Well, her eyes were just like that, and blame me if anyone could look into them and lie to her. We were not engaged, but when one night I told her how I loved her and she slipped her hand into mine and I looked into her eyes and didn't want any other answer. God, what a happy night that was!"

"I stood well with the company and had my mate's certificate, so it was only wait for a vacancy and then I'd be first officer and we could marry."

"Just then a fellow named Jack Bates, a distant relative of the family, came to live with them, and he and Bess became as thick as bees. They seemed to have some secret together, and would whisper and talk in a way which made me grit my teeth. Of course I got huffy and stayed away for awhile, but I couldn't stand it and came slinking back like a whipped dog to his owner, only to have another dose of misery. Bess was pleasant to me and civil, but when I began to talk about Bates she'd laugh and be as close as an oyster. She was very dear



"It looks cool down there," croaked the mate.

to me, but many a night when I paced the bridge with a German ocean gale battering my face I cursed her and Bates in my bitterness.

"Things were in this bad shape when just as I came back from a voyage they sent for me from the company's office and in a half hour I was mate of one of the tidiest steamboats that floated on the Tynne. Two months ago I'd made a course for the open country and shouted at the top of my voice to heaven over the joy that was in me and now I was as gloomy as a fog bank. What was the good of living, I asked myself?"

"After I'd thought awhile I made up my mind to go to Bess and tell her of my promotion and ask her flat to marry me. It was no good hanging in the rigging as I was doing, so I started for her house. I had turned a corner when I saw Bess and Bates coming towards me and I stepped back into a doorway so they'd pass me, for it wasn't safe for me to have met Bates the way I was feeling. They were talking and laughing together and went into a jeweler's store near where I was standing. By and by they came out, Bess looking as happy



I gripped him by the shirt and held him back.

as a lark and then a thought came over me that turned my blood to ice. I went into the shop and made out I wanted to buy some jewelry.

"What did that fellow buy?" I asked, trying to seem careless; "the young man and the girl who just went out?"

"The shopman smirked. "The old story," he said; "a wedding ring, and she had a time finding one to fit her finger. Pretty girl, wasn't she?"

"I went out in a hurry, leaving the man staring after me. My last sail was blown off the yards and I was shipwrecked. It was drag out a life with no good in it or kill myself, and, as I said, Bob, I've often thought of it."

"Well," I said, "did he marry her?" not that I cared a bloomin' bit for a man starving for a drink of water isn't interested in love stories, but I thought as long as he was talking he wouldn't jump overboard.

"I don't know," he answered; "that night I left Newcastle, and as I have no relatives and have never seen a Newcastle paper I've never heard, but of course he did. What did he want a wedding ring for, else?"

"The woman isn't launched that I'd kill myself for or even lose a meal on account of," I said, crossly.

"I've been knocking about the world quite a bit and have seen all sorts," said Mr. Pablo, "but I've never seen eyes like she had and never spoke to a woman since unless I was obliged to. I hated to come to Europe on the Iris, only I had promised the skipper."

He was looking over the port quarter where the blue sky came down into the blue sea.

"Bates is a sailor-man," continued Pablo, "and I've hoped I'd meet him some day. The Lord be good to him if I do. What's that just above the horizon?"

"Why," I screeched, "it's a sail and bearing our way; man, we're saved," and I began to sing, or I expect croak, for my throat was dry as powder.

Pablo said nothing, but kept looking over the sea as if he didn't care a bit of spun yarn if the sail saw us or no, but I yelled, though the vessel was miles away and jerked my arms in the air frantically. The bark bore steadily down on us and presently halted. Then she lowered a boat and took us aboard, for we were too weak to row.

A big broad-shouldered man stood at the gangway and as Pablo set his eyes on him he uttered an awful curse, whipped out his knife and made a lunge at him. I gripped him by the shirt and held him back.

"My God!" exclaimed the man, "if it isn't Tom Holmes or his ghost. Why, where've you been this fifteen years?" "It's damned small matter to you where I've been," growled Pablo, with me hanging on to his shirt tail.

"Maybe not," replied the man, coolly; "but there's a woman in Newcastle who's been waiting fifteen years for a man named Tom Holmes, and I think it's a bloody big matter to her."

"Who's waiting for me?" croaked Pablo.  
"Why, Bess Devon is."  
"What are you talking about?" asked Pablo; "didn't I see you buy the wedding ring for her?"

"If you had had a little patience and let flow off the handle so quick," retorted Bates, "you'd have found out that Bess was helping me to run off with a girl I loved. It was a dead secret and she dared not even tell it to you. I saw you glaring at us when we passed you in Newcastle that evening and when you were missing I guessed at the whole business. Well, Bess is waiting for you, and I don't know how you feel about it."

Mr. Holmes, as I ought to call him, ran to Bates and flung his arms around him and I believed he cried, but I was asking down a tot of grog then and night have been mistaken. At any rate the bark was bound for Liverpool and I never saw a man so anxious to get to port as Mr. Holmes, late Mr. Pablo.

### FOUND IT HARD TO GET REST.

Woman Had Multiplicity of Reasons for Insomnia.

The woman who boasts that she never sleeps well has many reasons at her tongue's end, and nobody dares dispute them. There is one woman in particular who has no family, and spends her life in traveling and visiting. She therefore has an opportunity to test all sorts of places.

"I can't sleep in New York on account of the elevated trains that run within a block of Cousin James' house," she explained to a friend one day, "and in Philadelphia there is an electric light that shines from the corner right on my bedroom wall, and I never wish to have blinds closed."

"In Boston my friends live on a street through which the milk carts come very early."

"In Washington, at the Duncans', there's a dog, and he's liable to bark at any time, so I keep expecting to hear him, even when he doesn't."

In Buffalo, at Henry's, there's a cuckoo clock that keeps waking me up. When I'm with the Salsburys I just lie and listen to the sea booming and splashing all night long. And at dear Anna's, of course, there are babies."

"I should think you'd love to go out to the Hendersons'," said the sympathetic friend. "Right in the woods, and no farm animals, like hens, or anything to disturb you."

"The Hendersons!" and the sufferer from insomnia raised her eyes to heaven. "My dear, I tried it once, and the quiet was so fearful! I never closed my eyes till daylight!"—Youth's Companion.

### Causes for Stupidity in Children.

The teacher should be a close observer of his pupils, and should know when they are falling in bodily stamina as well as when they are not keeping up their scholarship record.

Many children have defective eyesight, and suffer for want of properly adjusted glasses. Their astigmatism, myopia, or some other error of refraction, does not cause serious discomfort until the eye strain required to accommodate the vision for close work brings on headache, irritability of temper and digestive disorders, which so often perplex even the physician, who fails to look in the right direction for the causes of these disorders.

Often little consideration is shown the stupid members of a class. The dull boy or girl is always expected to be at the foot, yet the cause of the dullness may be only natural timidity due to imperfect hearing, mouth-breathing, the result of enlarged tonsils, nasal catarrh, or growths in the nose, all of which conditions can easily be relieved. The health would be more vigorous, and the normal activity of the brain would be manifested in increased ability to acquire knowledge.

### How Monkeys Sleep.

"Look at them," said the keeper softly. "A pretty sight, isn't it?" The rays of the lantern did not awaken the multitude of monkeys asleep in the great cage. They lay in a hundred attitudes. Here a slumbering mother held her slumbering baby in her arms; there a formidable male lay by himself in a cleared space; a fat monkey in a corner snored. Not one of these monkeys slept on his back.

"Do you see?" said the keeper. "They lie on their sides, on their stomachs, every which way, but there isn't one a-lying on his back. There never is. No monkey ever was found sleeping on his back. Sometimes as I consider their intelligence and their manifold virtues it seems to me that the fact that monkeys never sleep on their backs is the chief difference between them and human beings."

### A Dream of Opulence.

Were I a multimillionaire  
I'd have a lot of things;  
My pomp and splendor should compare  
With earth's most potent kings.  
I'd build a score of churches great  
In which I seldom kneel;  
I'd own a forested estate  
Where shade I never felt.

I'd have a pay roll full of names  
Of folks I never knew,  
And pictures set in massive frames  
Which I would seldom view.  
I'd build great palaces with rooms  
Where I might walk alone,  
And splendid gardens rich with blooms  
Which died to me unknown.

A lot of colleges I'd rear  
Whose precepts I'd not heed;  
And libraries both far and near,  
With books I'd never read.  
Awake or dreaming night and day,  
I'd nurse my golden store,  
Where others worked eight hours a day  
I'd toll the twenty-four.

—Washington Star.

### Lese Majesty a Heinous Crime.

One hundred and twenty-five paragraphs of the German statute book are devoted to detailing how fine or imprisonment may be incurred by that most heinous of crimes, lese majesty. Words or action, private or public, are liable to be challenged, and there is nothing—in law—to prevent one or two people talking together denouncing the other for speaking disrespectfully of the wielder of the mailed fist.

## MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT HOME AFTER LONG EASTERN TOUR



Miss Alice Roosevelt set foot on American soil at San Francisco, Oct. 23, after a long tour in the far East. She arrived on the steamer Siberia from Japan. E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, was also on board. To the friends who greeted her Miss Alice told wonderful tales of the sights she witnessed in the orient, of the gifts heaped upon her by dusky

monarchs, of her visit to the empress of China, of the "proposal" made to her by the much-married sultan of Sulu, and of her experiences in the Philippines. But she declared that she was delighted to get back to her native land, and that the attractions of America were not approached by the strange scenes in the comic opera countries she had visited.

### PRESENT TIME IS THE BEST.

Refutation of Nonsense About the "Good Old Days."

Sir Edward Fry, a scholar and a gentleman of the old school, has been lecturing in London before the Birbeck college on the passing of the good old times when life was so much more joyous, and a venerable gentleman of Brooklyn writes to the New York Times to state his own recollection of "the good old days." This correspondent is about the same age as Sir Edward, but he does not lament the passing of the times which the British gentleman recalls with so much regret. And why?

These are some of the significant reasons why the gentleman of Brooklyn does not mourn the "good old days." He recalls that when he was a lad he was present at the trial of a body of workmen in an iron foundry who were convicted of conspiracy and imprisoned for having struck for higher wages. He remembers that in those days the great majority of mechanics could not read or write, that the lowest priced newspaper cost 6 cents, and was entirely beyond the reach of the working people if they had been able to read it. In those "rare old, fair old golden days" there was little life, he says, for the workers but days of hopeless drudgery, relieved by nights of drunkenness. The gentleman's conclusion is that the best days are the present days, for the great mass of mankind.

### IDEAS IN JAPANESE CARTOONS.

Artists Severe on Negotiators of the Peace Treaty.

Some of the Japanese papers printed immediately after the news of the acceptance of the peace terms became known contain illustrations depicting the prevailing sentiment. In the Hochi Shimbun (Tokyo) of Sept. 4 there is one entitled "The End of the Game," in which Baron Rosen and M. Witte, the latter with his tongue out, are seen holding opposite ends of a string which they are pulling tightly, strangling Baron Komura, while President Roosevelt sits near by, with a severe aspect, playing on the samisen, the Japanese guitar.

At Yokohama the Boyeki of Sept. 3 has a cartoon representing Baron Komura on a scaffold painting the rising sun black, his official colleagues helping him. Count Katsura, the prime minister, has his portrait surrounded by skeleton heads of Japanese soldiers killed in the war on the one side and the angry faces of the populace on the other.

In the Hochi Shimbun of Sept. 5 Baron Komura's portrait is shown flanked by two grotesque figures, that on the left with a long iron instrument covered with spikes, and the other with a Samurai sword. The two figures signify that he should have his tongue torn out.

### Monkey With Spectacles.

In the Breslau Zoological Gardens there is a spider monkey which was operated upon for cataract and now wears glasses. For more than a year after it was received at the zoo it was very healthy and lively, then it became very quiet, ceased to play, and crouched in a corner. It was examined and found to be suffering from cataract, so was immediately taken to the eye hospital and operated upon. In less than a month it was fitted with a pair of spectacles, which it wears with becoming gravity.

### KEEPING THE "WIRES" CLEAR.

Device to Prevent Air Messages From Interfering.

In order to prevent wireless messages from interfering with one another, endeavors have been made to send electrical waves only in one direction, as luminous signals are given off from a concave mirror. Prof. Braun has been engaged in experiments of this kind, and in a lecture before the Strasburg University Association of Electricians and Naturalists he announced that these experiments had come to successful conclusion. Prof. Braun's methods are based on the fact that three antennae arranged in the angles of a regular triangle are excited by waves of the same periodicity, but of different phases. The inventor states that one of the three antennae begins vibrating by 1-250,000 of a second earlier or later than the two others, this difference in time being kept up, according to experiments, with an accuracy of about one second in three years. This will result in different radiation according to the difference of the space, and by simply inverting a crank the direction of maximum effects can be shifted by 60 or 120 degrees.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### Spectacle of the Lobbyist.

The profession of lobbying makes men inexpressibly coarse, disgustingly sly and discouragingly pessimistic on the subject of human character. No man can be a lobbyist without being all things to all men. With the religious humbug he must affect a sanctimonious demeanor. With the rake he must be ready to exchange lascivious jests and puerile stories. With the dull, pragmatic purist he must be the sly, sleek hypocrite until he lands his thick-witted victim. All these activities are severe enough upon the character of the lobbyist, but when he knows that they are perhaps only preliminary to cash payment it is scarcely to be wondered at that the professional lobbyist becomes a sickening reptilian spectacle in the eyes of honest men.—Minneapolis Journal.

### Gold in Madagascar.

Consul Hunt of Tamatave writes that there are bright prospects of gold being found in fairly large quantities in Madagascar. He says the exports of gold in 1903 and 1904 amounted to 4,211 and 5,423 pounds, respectively. The gold output of 1905 was 5,521.5 pounds, valued at \$1,477,500. Quite a large number of persons are prospecting for gold, but most of them are men who have had little experience in prospecting. What is needed is experts. Gold dirt has been found that yields \$34.70 per metric ton (2,200 pounds). Gold-bearing reefs and alluvial deposits have been found in various parts of the island. Some have attracted a great deal of attention.

### Smoking Extraordinary.

The Spaniards are the most expert smokers in the world. A native takes a heavy pull at his cigarette, inhales the smoke, takes up a wine skin or bottle, pours half a pint down his throat, holding the vessel a foot from his mouth without spilling a drop, and then with a sigh of satisfaction closes his eyes and exhales the smoke from his nose and mouth in clouds. He will also inhale the smoke, converse for a few minutes in a natural manner, and then blow out the smoke.

### TO BE TRIED IN WASHINGTON.

Supreme Court Decision in the Case of Alleged Conspirator.

The supreme court of the United States has decided that State Senator George E. Green of New York must go to Washington for trial on the charge of conspiring with George W. Beavers and others to defraud the government in the purchase of supplies for the postoffice department.



The decision of the circuit court for the northern district of New York was confirmed.

### WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL GUN.

Composition of the 16-inch Breech-loading Rifle.

Describing the making of the most powerful gun in the world, Day Allen Willey says, in "The Technical World Magazine:"

"Technically this great 'peacemaker' is called a 16-inch breech loading rifle. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that the '16 inches' refers to the diameter of the bore, of the calibre. In fact, this is so large that a man of ordinary size can crawl inside the muzzle without difficulty. A better idea of the gun can be gained when it is stated that the forgings for the tube and jacket weigh no less than 184 tons. The tube itself is 49 1/2 feet in length, and, as the gun is of the built-up type favored by artillery officers of the present day, it is reinforced at the base by the jacket, which was shrunk into position. The tube is further strengthened by four sets of hoops, which really make it of four thicknesses of metal between the centre of the tube and the breech."

### BROWNSON NOW REAR ADMIRAL

Well-Known Naval Officer Advanced a Step in the Service.

Willard H. Brownson, one of the best known naval officers in the service has been promoted to the rank of rear admiral. For several years he was superintendent of the naval



REAR ADMIRAL W. H. BROWNSON

academy at Annapolis. Rear Admiral Brownson is now in command of the powerful armored cruiser squadron which consists of the West Virginia (flagship), Colorado, Maryland and Pennsylvania. He brought President Roosevelt back from New Orleans on the flagship.

### Rockefeller Would Play Violin.

John D. Rockefeller, denied the solace of teaching a bible class because of his physical condition, is learning to play the violin. He is said to be making considerable progress, though as yet he is the rawest kind of an amateur. He was rather discouraged the other day when a friend told him of Victor Herbert's advice as to learning to master the "cello": "Simplest thing in the world. All you have to do is buy your 'cello, secure a competent instructor and then practice about eight hours a day for three years."

### MacLaren Talks of Life Work.

Ian MacLaren is retiring from the Congregational ministry. Those who have felt the charm of his work as an author will be interested in his conclusions concerning his work and its methods, deduced from the ripe experience of his long public career. "If I were beginning instead of closing my career," he said, "I would be careful about three things in particular: I should preach shorter sermons; I should be more attentive to my English, and I should preach more comfortingly."