

STRENGTH.
That I am strong, my friends, oh! pity
me;
Nor think me blessed that I can bear
alone
More than my share of burden without
moan;
More than your praise I need your sym-
pathy.
I am in servitude, while you are free.
Who bids the useless hands to toil or
bring?
What hunter presses hard the broken
wing?
In your soft helplessness is liberty.
And your gift of tears—the sweet
relief.
For all life's woes, the stricken heart's
outcry.
I may not voice the measure of my grief;
The strong their right to weeping must
deny.
But credit me, a deeper pathos lies
Behind the sterile anguish of dry eyes.
—Juliet C. Isham, in Harper's Bazar.

SISTER ROSE

By Helen Forrest Graves.

THE sunshine was steeping all
the meadow lands in gold; the
wild-roses were opening their
pink cups along the course of
the little brook, and a fragrant rain of
daisies and buttercups followed the
"swish" of Harry Hutton's scythe, as
he worked on the hillside.

And little Barbara, perched on the
fence, with her lap full of wild-straw-
berries, watched him, with a sort of
dreamy delight.

Harry Hutton and his sister Bar-
bara were all alone in the world. A
little to the south, half hidden in a
tangle of brooding apple-tree boughs,
could be seen the steep gable-roofs of
the old Hutton farm-house; and more
than one blooming village maiden
wondered that Harold could be con-
tent with only old Betsy to keep
house for him, and little Barbara to
be company in the big, echoing rooms.

"He can marry if he chooses," said
Alice Lee, with a sidelong glance at
the mirror. "He's rich!"

"Yes, if!" said Amy Vokes, saucily.
"But you know he has never seen the
right one."

So there he was, all unfettered by
Love as yet—straight, manly, beauti-
ful to look upon as Apollo's self, with
the glittering scythe swinging through
the high grass, and little Barbara sit-
ting on the fence, with her brown,
gipsy-like face half in shadow.

"It was so nice!" said Barbara, "Oh,
Harry, if you could only have seen it!"

"Nonsense!" said Harry, flinging
down his scythe and leaning up for a
moment against the fence. "A com-
mon traveling circus! I can't think
little Bab, how Uncle Potter ever let
you go to such a place!"

"But the lions!" cried Barbara. "And
the elephants! And the lovely young
lady that rode on the white pony, and
jumped through the garlands of roses!
Oh, Harry, do take me again! Just
once, dear Harry!"

And she threw her arms around his
neck, and pressed her strawberry-
stained lips to his bronzed face.

"They're going to stay in Millville all
summer, Harry," coaxed the elf, "and
Uncle Potter is going to take the chil-
dren once a week, he says!"

Harry resolutely shook his head.

"Not I!" said he. "A circus, indeed!"

And nothing would induce him to
go and see "Mademoiselle Rosita
Raven, the Danseuse and Equestrian
Queen," who formed the most attrac-
tive star of the traveling circus.

"Her very name is enough for me,"
said Harry, with a shrug of his broad,
finely-modeled shoulders. "A painted,
spangled popinjay, risking her life to
make the gaping crowd stare! No, I've
no curiosity at all to see Mademoiselle
Rosita Raven!"

There was a little one-story cot-
tage, however, on the outskirts of the
village—a rudely-built nook, with a
popular reputation of being "haunted,"
and about this time it obtained a
tenant—a dark-browed, soberly-
dressed young woman, who was usu-
ally mending stockings or hearing
lessons for two blue-eyed, golden-tressed
little maids, who played around the
door-stone; and as Harry Hutton,
whose business frequently took him
into the village, rode past the humble
domicile, he looked with a sort of
pleasure upon the moving pictures at
the cottage door, and wondered, vague-
ly, why the little blondes and their
olive-faced young protectress were so
unlike.

"They are like twin daisies," he said,
to himself; "but she is a royal rose. I
wonder who they can be?"

One day his horse dropped a shoe
in the road. One of the little lassies
ran after him, with it held aloft in
her hand.

"Thank you, my girl," said he, stoop-
ing from his horse to give her a coin.
"Will you tell me what your name
is?"

But the child shook her head, all
dancing with sunny curls.

"Sister Rose don't let us talk to
strangers," said she.

Blood rushed to Harry Hutton's
face; but he smiled, nevertheless.

"Sister Rose is quite right," said he.
"Nevertheless, I am much obliged to
you, my pretty maid!"

And the next time he passed the
cottage, the picture he saw through
the half-closed lattice was pretty be-
yond expression—Sister Rose at her
sewing, the queenly brow half bent,
the black braids drooping on the neck,
and the children reciting their cate-
chism in shrill chorus, to her, chirping
out:

"To get mine own living, and to do
my duty, in that state of life to which
I shall please God to call me!"

"And that is a lesson," the young
man thought, to himself, "which a
great many of us are slow enough to

learn. Sister Rose is bringing up her
little ones in the right way. I wonder
how she came to be living in Pol-
lard's cottage, though?"

So that when, a week after, little
Barbara was nearly drowned by the
upsetting of a boat in the pond below,
and they carried her to Pollard's cot-
tage, the whole thing seemed a curi-
ous coincidence.

"Barbara was sitting up, all wrapped
in blankets in Sister Rose's big rock-
ing-chair, when her brother, who had
been sent for, came hurriedly in.

He raised the hat that shadowed his
pale face when he saw the beautiful
young brunette who was bending over
his little sister.

"I am not intruding, I hope?" he
said, with all chivalrous courtesy.
And she answered.
"Not in the least, sir."

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" cried breath-
less little Barbara, "she has been so
good to me! I was dying, and she
brought me back to life!"

"I think her from the bottom of
my heart!" said Harold Hutton, with
a quiver in his voice.

So the acquaintance begun; and one
month from that hour, Harry Hutton,
the owner of Hutton Farm's broad
acres, the Adonis of the village, the
mark of many a matrimonial schem-
er's flower-garlanded arrow, asked
Sister Rose—whose real name he had
discovered to be Rose Blanchard—to
be his wife.

"I cannot marry, Mr. Hutton," she
said. "I have my brother's two orphan
children to maintain and educate. I
vowed it on his death-bed."

"Nor would I have you break that
vow," said Harry, eagerly. "They
shall become my sacred charge, also.
They shall be brought up, carefully
and tenderly, with my Barbara."

But still she shook her head.

"Mr. Hutton," said she, "we think
differently on many subjects. You
were born to a peaceful competence,
while I have always had to fight my
own way with the world. Our life-
paths lie apart."

"By the sun that shines above us at
this moment," cried Hutton, "they
shall lie together henceforth!"

But she smiled that sad, Madonna-
like smile at his eager enthusiasm.

"You do not know who I am," said
she.

"I know you are an angel!"

"I am Mademoiselle Rosita Raven,
the circus girl," she said, speaking
with a little effort. "The company
leaves Millville next week, and I must
go with them. The children's mother
was a circus girl, also. My brother
saw her, and fell in love with her. He
was a scene-painter of a theatre; and
when they were dead, there were the
children. I had to do something for
them, so I turned 'Equestrienne
Queen,' also. It was not a lofty walk
of life, but it was all I could do, and
I have done my best. I would not let
Barbara tell you who I was, because
I dreaded that you should know. But
it would have been better had her
childish tongue betrayed her, for now
I have to tell it myself."

"Rose—my Rose!"

He advanced boldly, his arms out.
She stood still a second; then uttered
a little sobbing cry, and fled to the
safe shelter of his breast.

"Yours!" she cried—"yours, forever,
if you love me still, now that you
know all! But I had been told that
you spoke disparagingly of me."

"Not of you, dearest, in particular,"
he exclaimed, with a pang of remorse
—"only of the stupid idea I had formed
of you. For I never had seen you
when I spoke those silly words. And
my self-asserting idocy stands re-
buked before the noble purity of your
true presence."

So Hutton Farm got a mistress, and
little Barbara plays in the sunshine
with the two golden-haired orphan
children.

And Sister Rose grows sweeter and
more beautiful with every day; and
Harold Hutton is firmly convinced
that he is the happiest man in all the
world.—Saturday Night.

ENCOURAGING THRIFT.
A Business Man Who Has Found That It
Pays.

"I always have confidence in people
who save a little money out of their
salaries," said a prominent Western
merchant, "and I do what I can to
encourage habits of thrift. I employ
about seventy-five clerks in my estab-
lishment, to whom I pay weekly sala-
ries ranging from \$10 to \$40. Natu-
rally enough more of them get the for-
mer than the latter amount, but they
are none the less worthy on that ac-
count. In the beginning, when I em-
ployed only two people, I lived prettily
close to them, and I knew how thrift-
less they could be when they were not
encouraged to be otherwise. I have
discharged more clerks for that sort
of thing than for any other cause.
They spent their salaries, large or
small, as might be, in a reckless fash-
ion, and let debt accumulate quite re-
gardless of the rights of creditors. As
my business increased, and with it my
profits and my force of people, I be-
gan to give the matter more study,
and in the end, when I felt able to be
of material assistance in encouraging
thrift and honesty, I proposed a year-
ly recognition of those who would
save something out of their salaries.
It was small at first, but was so suc-
cessful that to-day I haven't a clerk
who has not some kind of a bank ac-
count, and not one who willfully re-
fuses to pay his debt. When we get a
new one who refuses to take advantage
of the opportunities afforded we
let him go at the end of his first year."

"My present plan is to double the
savings of all clerks who receive \$10,
\$12 and \$15 a week; to add twenty-five
per cent. to all who receive from \$15
to \$25, and ten for those over \$25. A
clerk on \$15 a week or under cannot
save much, but as a rule that class of
clerks have no one to maintain but
themselves, and if one cannot save
more than \$25 out his year's labor, it
is rather pleasant for him to get \$25
clear profit. Those who receive the
larger amounts usually have families,
and their savings are not large, but
whatever they are they are comforta-
bly increased. One of my \$1200-a-year
clerks, with a wife and two small chil-
dren, saved \$400 last year, and my
check for a hundred additional was
deposited to his account the day after
New Year. A young woman in
charge of a department at \$800 a year
has almost paid for a nice little cot-
tage in the suburbs out of her extra,
and so the list runs on through every
branch of the business. I make it a
condition that all current obligations
must be met at the end of the year, so
that the savings are actual net profit.
Every year some of the clerks are not
entitled to any extra, but if this is the
result of sickness I assume a part or
all of the doctor's bills. You may say
it costs something for me to do it, and
you are right. But I have the best
class of clerks in the city, and as a re-
sult I have the best class of custom
in the city, and I guess I don't lose
enough by it to necessitate an assign-
ment at an early date," and the mer-
chant smiled with very evident satis-
faction.—Washington Star.

Wouldn't it look better if John Bull
could take his defeats on the turf more
gracefully?

Those immortals who were left out
in the cold should get up a Hall of
Fame of their own.

Every farmer should have an agri-
cultural library, if only for the influ-
ence it would have upon the boys and
girls in increasing their interest in the
farm and the duties upon it.

The most touching contribution to
the aid of Galveston sufferers is \$84,
donated by the inmates of the Dun-
pling poor-house and insane hospital,
Illinois. This sum represents the sacri-
fices of 2500 unfortunates, who gave
up smoking and other small luxuries
to swell the fund.

It is a great pity that every attempt
to propagate the blue joint grass of
the Western prairies is a total failure.
Could it be placed on the list of tame
grasses it would be a most valuable
addition. It will soon disappear entire-
ly from the prairie section of the West,
being unable to hold its own with the
blue grass in the pastures and mead-
ows.

French gallantry, of late years said
to be banished from the earth, seems
to have found an abiding place in the
French courts. The judge who res-
cued a distressed American heiress's
millions and restores them to the care
of her anxious family is surely a beau
chevalier, though he does not wear a
sword and take great pleasure to die
for one.

President Jones, of Hobart College,
thinks that too much money is spent
nowadays in furnishing college under-
graduates with envying luxuries
and not enough in paying fair salaries
to college professors. The professors,
he says, are sadly underpaid, but for
the lads whom they teach and who
never pay the cost of the education
they are getting, luxurious clubhouses
are built and furnished, and a manner
of life made possible which is unsuited
to their years, and not conducive to
profitable training.

The latest development of science
provides that ships can go to sea with
frozen ammunition. A method of util-
izing liquefied air on warships has
been discovered which will render the
explosion of a magazine, even when
the ship is in action, almost impossi-
ble. The method is to so place the
liquid air that it will freeze the am-
munition to several hundred degrees
below zero. In that condition it could
not explode, even if a shell should
burst in the magazine. Wonders will
never cease.

Coast defense is the most important
topic dealt with in the annual report
of Chief of Engineers Wilson. He
points out that the war with Spain
had the effect of hastening the work
on the coast defenses to such an extent
that now, ten years after that long-
neglected work was begun in earnest,
he is able to report that fifty per cent.
of the principal harbors of the United
States now have a sufficient number
of heavy guns and mortars in place
to offer an effective defense against
naval attack. Existing projects con-
template the mounting of a great num-
ber of additional guns.

The cost to consumers of the anthracite
coal strike calls attention to the
benefits resulting in England from the
Co-operative Wholesale Society. This
society is a federation of 1048 retail
co-operative societies, representing
1,053,564 individual members. By the
operation of this society consumers
are enabled to supply their wants at a
purely economic cost—that is, not
subject to the penalties of "jobs," com-
bines—the common tricks of trade that
affect prices under general conditions.
During the first thirty years of the
society's existence a profit was real-
ized of \$6,731,725, that went back into
the pockets of the consumers.

Vienna is excited over great jewel
robberies that have deprived some of
her finest dames of their gems. Not
long ago the wife of a nobleman
noticed while at a ball that her dia-
monds did not sparkle with all the
brilliance their cost demanded, and,
looking closely at them, she discovered
that they were not diamonds at all,
but paste gems of the cheapest kind.
She made a great outcry, and all the
other women instinctively looked at
their jewels. The outcry became
general. It seems that all the women
who live in the same quarter of the
city discovered that their jewels had
been taken, and had been replaced by
cheap imitations. The work is sup-
posed to have been done during the
summer months.

Good Roads Notes

NEW YORK wants good roads.
This fact has been demon-
strated in no uncertain way
by the number of petitions
for road improvements which have
been presented since the passage of
the Higbie-Armstrong law. These
petitions were from all parts of the
State, and speedily showed that the
appropriation of \$50,000 for State aid
would not meet half the demand.

In the law are incorporated the
most desirable features of the State
aid laws of other States, while the
objectionable ones have been elimin-
ated.

The following notes of explanation
are by William W. Armstrong, who
introduced and helped to secure the
passage of the law.

The Higbie-Armstrong Good Roads
bill is the result of several years of
hard work and earnest discussion, and
from year to year has been altered
and modified to meet criticism and op-
position. On account of the changes
so made from time to time there
seems to be some confusion about the
provisions of the act which was finally
approved. An intelligent considera-
tion of the subject, therefore, requires
at the outset a brief statement of the
provisions of the law.

The act provides that any board of
supervisors "may" adopt a resolution
declaring that public interest demands
the improvement of a certain piece of
highway not located in a city or vil-
lage, and that upon a petition of the
owners of a majority of the lineal
feet fronting upon such a highway it
"must" adopt such a resolution.

A copy of this resolution is then to
be transmitted to the State Engineer,
who shall first determine whether the
piece of highway indicated is of suf-
ficient public importance to receive
State aid; if so, he shall map the high-
way, cause plans and specifications for
the improvement and an estimate of
the cost to be made, and transmit
copies thereof to the Board of Super-
visors. The Board of Supervisors,
with these facts and figures before
them; "may" then adopt a second res-
olution, declaring that such a highway
shall be improved, or it may refuse
to go any further with the matter if
it so chooses.

This plan was adopted after a most
careful consideration, so as to preserve
the principle of home rule to the coun-
ties of the State; so that no county
could be compelled, if unwilling, to
improve any portion of its highway;
and so that no county should be per-
mitted to do so until it had all the
facts and figures before it.

If a county, therefore, desires merely
to know how much it will cost to im-
prove a certain piece of highway, it
need only adopt the first resolution
and get the plans and estimate the
cost free of charge, without going any
further. If it chooses, after ascer-
taining the cost, to adopt the second
resolution, it may, but it cannot be
compelled to do so.

If, however, the Board of Supervisors
adopts the second resolution, it
must transmit a copy of it to the State
Engineer, who then advertises for bids
for the work. If no responsible bid
is made within his estimate, he must
make a new estimate and transmit it
to the Board of Supervisors; and, if
the Board of Supervisors then adopts
a new resolution, based upon the new
estimate, declaring that nevertheless
such highway shall be improved, the
State Engineer must advertise for bids
as before.

When a responsible bid within his
estimate is made the State Engineer
awards the contract; but if the town
or county desires to do the work itself
it has the preference over all bidders.
This provision enables localities hav-
ing scrapers and other appliances for
improving their roads to utilize them
in doing their own work under this
act, and so keep all the money expend-
ed at home.

Each Board of Supervisors has, un-
der the general highway law, the power
to elect a County Engineer. If it
has elected such an officer the State
Engineer must act through him. If it
has not he must supervise the perfor-
mance of the contract himself.

When the work is completed he must
draw a warrant upon the State Treas-
urer for one-half the cost of the work,
and certify the other half to the Board
of Supervisors, which must levy fifty-
five per cent. of the whole cost of
the work upon the county. The other
fifteen per cent. is payable in one of
two ways, namely: If the Board of
Supervisors adopted the first resolu-
tion for the improvement without a
petition from the adjoining owners, the
Board of Supervisors must levy the
fifteen per cent. upon the town in
which the improved highway is; but if
the first resolution was adopted after
such a petition, the Board of Super-
visors must cause the Town Assessors
to levy the fifteen per cent. upon the
property owners on the improved high-
way.

Such, in brief, is the plan which has
finally been approved by the Legisla-
ture for affording aid in the improve-
ment of rural highways.—New York
Journal.

Value of Good Roads.
It has been figured out in New Jer-
sey that land values tend to rise
thirty per cent. in value wherever
good roads are introduced, irrespective
of other natural benefits. They are
invariably the forerunners of other im-
provements, such as the electric rail-
ways, free mail delivery, increased de-
mand for country residences and so
on. They create far greater social
unity, they spread intelligence, they
give to the isolated citizen a political
significance not otherwise attainable.

STOOD BY HIS BARGAIN.

The Charlot seemed a bit gaudy, but he
was willing to use it.

"It's a hard life," declared the old
circus man, according to the Detroit
Free Press, "and I always say at the
close of every season that I am
through with it. But there is some-
thing in the life, the smell of the saw-
dust ring, the glitter and noise, the
changing scene, that appeals to a man
who has once been in the business, and
it is seldom that one leaves the life
until death steps in. There is a good
deal of humor in the business, too, as
we are brought into contact with all
sorts and conditions of men.

"I am reminded of a funny thing
that happened to me a good many
years ago when such a thing as moving
a circus by rail was not thought of.
It was part of my work at that time
to drive our great \$10,000 chariot, not
only in the parade, but between towns
as well. What little sleep I got I had
to catch here and there on my seat
while we were on our way to another
town. One night my doze turned into
a sound sleep, and when I awoke I dis-
covered that the team, left without a
driver, had turned into a farmyard,
and come to a stop before a haystack,
where they were quietly eating. While
I was rubbing my eyes and trying to
grasp the situation the old man who
owned the hay came out where I was
and walked around the chariot and
looked it over with a critical eye.

"Well," said I, with a grin, "what
do you think of it?"

"Gosh," said he, "ain't hit jes' a
trifle bit gaudy?"

"Well, what do you expect?" said
I, indignantly, at this implied reflec-
tion upon the great moral show that
I represented.

"Well, I suppose hit is all right,"
answered the old man, doubtfully, as
he looked it over once more. "I
ordered hit, and I'll stand by my bar-
gain. Hit seems ter me that hit is
jes' a bit loud. But I suppose hit ain't
used to city ways."

"It was now my turn to be surprised,
and I was about to ask him what he
was driving at, when he added that I
might as well unhitch, as the funeral,
wouldn't be until two in the after-
noon.

"Then there were explanations all
around. It seems that the old man's
wife had died, and he had sent to the
nearest city for a funeral car, and had
mistaken our great \$10,000 chariot for
it. There had been a good deal of
rivalry in the neighborhood in regard
to funerals, and the old man had made
up his mind to outshine them all, and
I think he was disappointed in the end
when he discovered that he had been
mistaken."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A good conscience is to the soul
what health is to the body. It pre-
serves a constant ease and serenity
within us, and more than counterbalances
all the calamities and afflictions which
can possibly befall us.

To meditate daily, to pray daily,
seems a means indispensable for
breaking this surface crust of formal-
ity, habit, routine, which hides the
living springs of wisdom.

Never be discouraged by trifles. If
a spider breaks his thread twenty
times, he will mend it as many. Per-
severance and patience will accom-
plish wonders.

To commiserate is something more
than to give, for money is external to
a man's self, but he who bestows
compassion communicates his own
soul.

Despise not any man, and do not
spurn anything. For there is no man
that hath not his hour, nor is there
anything that hath not its place.

Mere ideals, unsecured by deeds, are
like unframed pictures. They do not
long retain their freshness and whole-
ness and beauty.

Generosity, to deserve the name,
comprises the desire and the effort to
benefit others without reference to
self.

The loveliest things in life are but
shadows, and they come and go, and
change and fade away as rapidly.

An avowal of poverty is a disgrace
to no man; to make no effort to escape
from it is indeed disgraceful.

In friendship, as in love, we are
often happier through our ignorance
than our knowledge.

Nothing can be further apart than
true humility and servility.

Cuban English.
Many of the visiting Cuban teachers
during their stay in this country
picked up a few words and phrases of
English, the meaning of which they
hardly understood. Near the University
of Pennsylvania a coal cart driver,
who was standing beside his team,
started a conversation with a stout
Cuban, Senor, says the Philadelphia
Record.

"So you're a Cuban, are you?" he
asked.

"Sure," was the rather slangy reply.
"You like this country?"

"All right."

"Were you born in Cuba?"

"Sure."

"How old are you?"

"All right."

This ended the conversation, as the
coalcart driver apparently felt that
his well-meant efforts were not ade-
quately rewarded.

The Polite Physician.
A lady of literary fame once re-
quested Dr. Reil, the celebrated medi-
cal writer, to call at her house. "Be
sure you recollect the address," she
said as she quitted the room. "No. 1
Chesterfield street." "Madam," said
the doctor, "I am too great an admirer
of politeness not to remember Chester-
field, and I fear, too selfish ever to
forget Number One."—Argonaut.