



Lord, when beneath the trees we go,
Where all Thy sweet wild wood-folk
grow,
The buds and boughs seem praying low,
"Remember, Lord, and love us."
By every leaf that springs to birth
To share our plenty, bear our dearth,
Remember, Lord, and love us.
By every dawn, fresh and dear,
Where choiring birds sing round us clear,
Think on Thy mortal wakings here—
Remember, Lord, and love us.
By suns that shine with cruel stress,
By winds that vex us and oppress,
Remember, Lord, and love us.
By springtime days when joy is rife,
By winter nights of storm and strife,
Remember, Lord, and love us.
By all our slow decaying saith
Of doom drawn nearer with each breath,
Think how Thy life went down to death—
Remember, Lord, and love us.

So we have heard their prayal
through
The morning sun, the evening dew—
Wilt Thou not hear us praying, too?
Remember, Lord, and love us.



Won on the Field.

BY HON. W. H. HINRICHSSEN.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
"Where are you going, Sylvia?" said Mrs. Martin, as her daughter, accompanied by Mr. Amos Darling, a tall, elegantly dressed, young man, strolled out of the gate of the ranch house on to the open prairie.
"We are going for a little walk," was the reply.
"I want to speak to you before you go," said Mrs. Martin.
Sylvia returned a few steps to meet her mother.
"Sylvia," said the elder lady, "I see Tom Ruggles coming across the prairie. Don't leave the house."
"I saw him, too," replied Sylvia.
"That's why I am going."
"Sylvia."
"Yes. I am tired of seeing him hang around," and she rejoined her escort.
Mrs. Martin called after them, "Don't go too far, you know the cattle have been ugly lately."
"Very well," answered Sylvia without turning her head.
Mrs. Martin stood at the gate and watched their retreating forms till they passed over the swell of the prairie.
"Good evening, Mrs. Martin," said a hearty voice, and she turned to greet a handsome young man dressed in cowboy costume.
"Why, how do you do, Tom. Won't you come in?"
"Is Sylvia at home?" he asked as he swung from his saddle to the ground.
"She and Mr. Darling went for a walk a while ago. They will be back soon, I hope."
"Which way did they go?" asked he anxiously.
"Over the swell toward the slough," she answered. "But what is the matter?" for Tom sprang in to the saddle and his horse was already flying across the prairie.
Sylvia was the daughter of Major Martin, proprietor of the great Martin ranch, and Tom was the son of Colonel Ruggles of the great Ruggles' ranch, a few miles distant. They had been
"Keep cool and we'll come out all right," friends from childhood and Sylvia thought there was no one like Tom until Mr. Darling appeared.
Mr. Amos Darling was from the east and he was looking for a location, he said. He thought he would like to engage in the cattle business. He brought letters to Major Martin from business friends in the east and was welcome at the ranch where he had made himself at home for several weeks.
Tom's flannel shirt, broad hat, and high heeled boots made a poor showing beside the neatly fitting attire of Mr. Darling, who in addition to being well dressed, could quote poetry and tell stories of European travel. So, in the language of the prairie, Tom "got the sack" when he called at the Martin ranch, and Darling was the "whole thing" with Sylvia.
Even if Tom was miserable, Sylvia was quite happy, and that September afternoon as she and Mr. Darling strolled across the prairie, she felt happier than usual, for her escort had shown a decided inclination to ask a certain question.
"What is that noise?" said Mr. Dar-

ling, breaking upon a recitation in which he was indulging.
They stopped.
"The cattle," gasped Sylvia. "Look." And coming toward them, a mile or more away, was a line of long horns stretching in each direction almost to the horizon.
Mr. Darling's knees shook. He had heard the stories of the viciousness of Texas cattle in a stampede and he realized their danger. He looked around. Not a tree or fence in sight.
"We are lost," said Sylvia. "We cannot get away."
"Let's run," quavered Mr. Darling. "They would soon overtake us," sobbed Sylvia. "We cannot escape."
A shout ringing across the prairie from behind them caused them to turn. A horse urged to its greatest speed was coming down the swell toward them. "Tom," screamed Sylvia. "Come," and she ran to meet him, followed by her companion.
Tom reined in his horse and flung himself from the saddle.
"Quick," said he to Darling. "Up

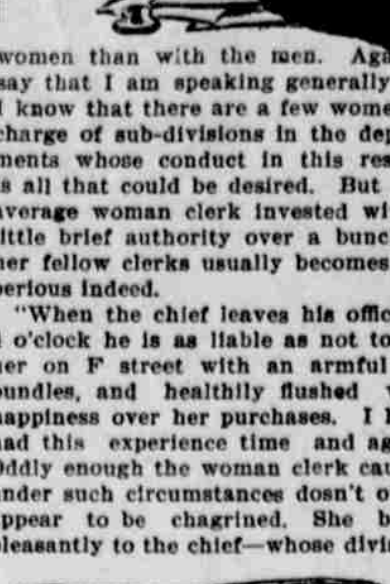


"What is that noise?"
with you," and he helped him into the saddle. Then seizing Sylvia, he lifted her up behind her escort. "Ride for the ranch," he said, "and don't spare the horse. You'll be all right."
"But you, Tom?" screamed Sylvia.
"Never mind me," was the reply, and giving the horse a cut with his whip he started the animal with his double burden bounding across the prairie. Only for a short distance, however, for Sylvia, reaching around her companion, seized the reins and bringing the horse almost to a standstill, slipped to the ground.
"I'll not leave Tom," she cried.
Mr. Darling hesitated for an instant, then loosening the reins, the horse tore across the prairie like mad.
Tom drew his revolver and took aim at his rival but he did not fire. After an instant's hesitation he returned his weapon to his belt and said to Sylvia, who had run up to him.
"Keep cool and we'll come clear."
Their position was a dangerous one but Tom knew his business. They were in a sort of valley between two vast swells of the prairie. At the bottom of this valley ran a "slough," a wide boggy strip of land showing occasional pools of water, but made up mainly of stiff, dry mud, several feet deep, interspersed with tussocks of bunch grass. They were but twenty paces from this slough, and coming toward them on the other side of it was the vast drove of cattle thundering down the hill with a tread that shook the earth.
"Stand behind me," yelled Tom in Sylvia's ear as he took his stand facing the slough and the approaching herd. She obeyed him.
The first line of animals rushed into the slough. Of these but few succeeded in crossing. They sunk to their bodies in the mud. Those behind, urged on by the weight of the herd, tumbled over them in every direction. Soon the slough was bridged by their sinking bodies and the first animal succeeded in getting across almost opposite Tom and Sylvia. Tom's pistol cracked and the animal rolled over, dead. Another and another till the six barrels of his revolver had piled up a barricade of six struggling steers in front of them. Five seconds fitted the empty cylinder with cartridges, and getting closer to the barricade, Tom continued his deadly work.
A dozen dead or dying steers were now piled up in front of them, and the herd, dividing at this point, passed by on either side.
Tom continued shooting at intervals and the gap in which they stood grew wider and wider. Finally the last steer passed by and disappeared over the swell and Tom turned to look at Sylvia.
"We are safe now," he said simply. Sylvia had been very much frightened at first, but she was a prairie girl after all and was now as cool and collected as Tom.
They started to walk to the ranch.
"Say, Tom," said Sylvia, "how did you come to give up your horse to Mr. Darling? If you had just taken me on behind you, we could have escaped easily."
"He would have been killed," said Tom. "I thought you loved him and his death would have broken your heart."
"Love that dude. What can you take me for? You are worth a million of him."
"Sylvia," said Tom, "what made you jump off the horse?"
"Because," said Sylvia, "I preferred to die with you rather than live with anyone else."
Then the cowboys coming from the ranch to look for their dead bodies saw Tom take Sylvia in his arms and cover her face with kisses, in spite of its coating of dust.
Mr. Darling did not remain to the wedding at the Martin ranch. He concluded that he would not like the cattle business.

Does It?



In a recent conversation about the gradual weeding out of women clerks from the Federal department in Washington, a veteran chief of an important departmental division, who had two or three women clerks under his direction for more than a quarter of a century, said:
"The women have many virtues as departmental employes. Yet, speaking from long experience and at the same time from a purely personal standpoint, I believe I would almost rather have one male clerk than two female clerks. This sort of preference is felt, if not actually exhibited, by most of the division chiefs in the departments today. However, it would be a mistake to suppose that there is any concerted movement looking to the eradication of women from the departments. Such a thing as that wouldn't be possible. It would be in controversy with the civil service law, which makes no distinction as to sex.
"Many of the women clerks fritter away a great deal of time in primping during office hours. They are not only incessantly parading up and down the halls, on their way to and from the dressing rooms for this purpose, but most of them have complete toilet improving outfits in the drawers of their desks, and some of them spend about as much time gazing at themselves in bits of hand mirrors as they do in performing their office duties. I don't say all of them, mind—but plenty of them. It takes fully half an hour, and often more, for the most of the women clerks to get down to their work after reaching the office in the morning. Then the majority of them knock off from a half to three-quarters of an hour before quitting time for the purpose of making ready for their appearance on the street. This is not so unimportant a matter as it would appear, when you consider the shortness of the office hours—from 9 to 4.
"I have found that it is an unwise proceeding to place a woman clerk over other men and women clerks. A woman clerk imbued with such powers almost invariably develops tyrannical tendencies. She is inclined to 'take it out on the male species' by rubbing it in pretty hard on men clerks placed under her jurisdiction, and she is absolutely merciless to the women under her. She is even more severe with



may at the time be cluttered with a discouraging accumulation of work—and never by any chance makes any allusion to her fib as to the 'illness' which unfitted her for work, but which is of not so serious a character as to keep her from shopping expeditions, or visits to her dressmaker, or even afternoons at the matinee. A man colored that way would look and feel hang-dog. On the morning following such an absence the woman clerk turns up radiant at her desk, and turns in to the chief an all right and regular physician's certificate solemnly setting forth the fact that she had been too sick to perform her duties on the afternoon before. The graceful creature is
"GAZING AT THEMSELVES IN BITS OF HAND MIRRORS."
women than with the men. Again, I say that I am speaking generally, for I know that there are a few women in charge of sub-divisions in the departments whose conduct in this respect is all that could be desired. But the average woman clerk invested with a little brief authority over a bunch of her fellow clerks usually becomes imperious indeed.
"When the chief leaves his office at 4 o'clock he is as liable as not to see her on F street with an armful of bundles, and healthily flushed with happiness over her purchases. I have had this experience time and again. Oddly enough the woman clerk caught under such circumstances doesn't often appear to be chagrined. She bows pleasantly to the chief—whose division

In Burma and other parts of the east elephants are largely employed in the stacking of lumber. Their skill and endurance are almost beyond belief, and if their mahouts, or drivers, treat them kindly they will do almost anything and drop from sheer exhaustion rather than give in. They pile teak in pairs. The two creatures drag the wood to the place where it is to be stacked; then one raises the end of the beam with his trunk and rests the timer on the top of the pile while its mate hitches the other part into its position. When the stack grows too high they lay down logs to stand on and are thus enabled to add a few more stories to the heap.

Selling Skins of Sacrificed Sheep.
When the Sultan of Turkey gets an idea into his head he leaves nothing undone to carry it out. At present his one object is the building of the Hedjaz railway from Damascus to Mecca. As the government has no funds available, every Mussulman has been forced to make voluntary contributions and a very large sum of money has been collected. But it is not sufficient, and a new idea has been evolved to help on the pious work which the railway is thought to be, owing to the fact that it will lessen the troubles of the pilgrims. The 31st of March was Kourzan Bairam, the day on which every pious Mussulman sacrifices one or more sheep, according to his means. The Sultan's project was that all skins of such sheep should be handed over to a special commission, to be sold, and the proceeds given to the railway. The council of ministers approved and official notices were issued to that effect.—Chicago Journal.

Supply of Spurgeon's Sermons.
Mr. Spurgeon has been dead more than nine years, but the weekly publication of his sermons proceeds, and will go on for many years before the supply is exhausted.

GIRL'S SOUL IN A PUPPY.

Singular Belief of a California Woman Recently Bereaved.
Mrs. M. E. Halpruner of Alameda, Cal., believes that the soul of her dead daughter, Lillian May Halpruner, dwells in the body of a little spitz dog she possesses.
"I treat the dog as I would my own child," says the mother with confident affection, and she gives reasons for her faith. A year ago, on her daughter's birthday, she had been told a snow-white spitz pup was to be given her by a neighbor. The white puppy ran away from Mrs. Halpruner. In its stead darted out and nestled to her a golden haired puppy. At once I saw my daughter's gestures duplicated by the dog, and, believer in reincarnation that I am, I knew Lillian's soul had come back to be near me. The soul of my daughter had entered the body of my golden spitz dog, Earl of Glen-gower, and I treat him as I would my child." At night this dog sleeps on a silk-covered down pillow beside his owner's bed. "He puts his little paws together for a few minutes in prayer just as Lillian did," declared Mrs. Halpruner. "Then he stretches his limbs with just her motions, rolls his head from side to side, and with a child's happy sigh goes to sleep. Yes, I know that my darling's soul dwells in his body."—St. Louis Republic.

Repairing Bric-a-Brac.

A small sign in a second-story window in Sixth avenue advises us that a young woman within the modest apartment is a "repairer of bric-a-brac." One who knows her tells me that she makes an excellent living gluing together the broken parts of vases, antique furniture, articles of vertu, plate, china and all kinds of rare and valuable trash with which rooms are supposed to be ornamented. In these days when women insist upon working where could they find more agreeable labor than repairing bric-a-brac? They become artists. The fascination of mending old clothes seems to have departed, and in its place comes the delight of patching pottery. The field, however, is limited. The young woman of Sixth avenue mended a vase that had been broken into over 700 pieces, and actually improved its antiquity.—New York Press.

Steam Out of Date.

H. G. Wells, the novelist, predicts that we shall presently tire of steam. He wonders that we have put up with the locomotive so long. It is a cumbersome mass of metal that runs on rails because it is too heavy for roads; and we are still content to be dragged behind it in stuffy and vibrating boxes called railway carriages. Some day we shall all travel by motor car, which will call for us at our own doors, and speed along a great broad highway, or on a special track, with no more rails and cuttings, no more embankments and tunnels.—London Illustrated News.

Mississippi's Small Vote.

Mississippi has a total population of over 1,500,000 and yet the total vote of the state last November was under 60,000.

Steps are to be taken to form a commercial museum in Madrid.



KENTUCKY NATURAL BRIDGE THAT SUPPORTS BIG TREES.

The accompanying picture from a photograph forwarded to the Scientific American by Cabell Breckinridge, C. E., of Danville, Ky., shows an interesting example of a so-called natural bridge. This "bridge" is situated in Whitley county, Kentucky, about four miles west of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad. Geographically, it represents the upper part of the lower coal measure of this section. The opening has a span of about 37 feet, and the height, from spring to crown, is 10 feet; the thickness of the arch at the crown is about 9 inches. As is shown in the illustration, several trees are growing upon the arch.
"The tropics which he calls 'Thirteen Stories,' says that in his South American journeyings he one day rode to see a village where, report hinted, some valuable old books had been preserved. He adds: I got lost and passed the night in a small clearing where a fat and handsome roan horse was tied. On seeing me the animal broke his picket rope, ran furiously round me for or five times in circles, and then advancing put his nostrils close to the nostrils of my horse and seemed to talk to him. His owner, an old Paraguayan, told me that the creature had been with him far into the interior and for a year had never seen another horse. 'But,' said he, 'God has given every animal speech after its kind, and he is glad to see your horse. No doubt he is asking him the news.' During the night I cannot say exactly what the two horses talked about; but in the morning my host rode with me a league upon the way, and when we parted, his horse reared once or twice and plunged. It was a farewell.
"Game with Ancestral Photographs."
A curious sort of Lenten diversion that has been tried up town consists of a game played with ancestral photographs instead of cards. The players bring with them all the old photographs they can get, and then decide which of the collection are the ugliest. These are the trump cards and take the tricks. Each of the other photo-

R. B. Cunningham Graham, the author of those traveling experiences in