

# My Country

As long ago the force of Asia's hate  
Was turned on Greece because she dared  
To be free.  
So Europe, following the self-same fate,  
Shall hurl her combined armies, soon or late,  
My country, upon thee.

The world moves on in cycles. History,  
Advancing by some hidden law sublime,  
Is re-enacted, as the ages flee;  
For that which once has been again shall  
be, though changed to fit the time.

The monarchs behold with startled eyes  
The growing shadow, casting in eclipse  
Their trade and prestige; fear and envy  
rise;  
And he who asks, hears ominous replies  
Fall from the Future's lips.

For Europe, haughty in ancestral pride,  
With all her mighty armaments of war,  
Till they are used will not be satisfied;  
To crush a rival, all her states allied  
Will gather on thy shore.

She will not brook an equal; will not see  
The marts of commerce pass from her  
control.  
She hates thy newness, hates thy liberty;  
But most she hates thy threatened mastery,  
Thy fleetness to the goal.

Already growl the war-dogs in their lairs;  
Already come the mutterings of storm;  
The next decade in silence she prepares;  
Then, as the trumpet call for action  
blares,  
Her columns swiftly form.

Her hosts unnumbered swarm upon thy  
shore;  
Her navies sprinkle the surrounding  
seas;  
This is the culmination of all war,  
The Armageddon prophesied of yore,  
Preceding lasting peace.

And long the contest wages to and fro,  
And long the clouds hang heavy over  
thee,  
My native land; yet, in the ending, know  
Thou shalt prevail and over thee shall  
glow  
The sun of victory.

Then, as a tempest on a summer day  
Leaves all things purer from its passing  
flood,  
So shall thy stains, corruption and decay,  
Thy filth of greed and guilt be washed  
away  
In that baptism of blood.

Then stronger, better, truer than of yore,  
The flag of freedom over thee unfurled,  
Thou shalt, the people's champion once  
more,  
March onward through the Future's open  
door.  
The leader of the world.

## Forcing a Decision.

BY JAMES NOEL JOHNSON.

Author "A Romulus of Kentucky," Etc. (Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
"Come to think of it," said George Peterson to Will Garrison, as the two stood chatting on the highway, "I heard that you said that one of us was a-goin' to git a bullet-hole in him afore long!"

"Well, now," returned Will thoughtfully, screwing his left eye and digging at his scalp, "hit comes to me that I had jest about sich talk."

"You think we ought to shoot over Tillie Adams, eh?"

"I don't see that we cud shoot over anything more important; do you? I shot ole Jim Stacy over a hog last summer, an' by gum, in my estimation, Tillie Adams is wuth a whole drove o' hogs."

"That is all true," admitted George; "hogs ain't to be mentioned in the same breath with Tillie—no man gits ahead o' me in appreciating her worth—but the question is one o' policy an' good judgment—ort we to kill each other over her?"

"Now, that is a matter to seriously chaw on, I admit. That we both love the gal more nor an ox team cud pull ef they had a down hill shoot on it, is certain. That both wud fling our lives, as worthless rags, at her feet, is ekally shore; but as to whether we'd be doin' the proper thing to do it is a matter to chaw on. But the matter must be settled some way. I believe the one she loves best orter have her, but she won't say. I believe I'm the one."

"An' I feel shore I'm the one."

"An' this shoreness o' both, ye see, is what I've thought wud bring



Spang!

trouble. So I sigger it this way: If both live, an' one gits her, tother wud ruther be dead. With one dead, he's at everlasting peace, an' the other is happy with Tillie. Now, what do you say?"

"I'm a chawin' on the thing."

"Have you got yor pop wuth you?"

"No, but I see you've got two."

"Yes, an' here is a good place. A nice, thick shade yander under that beech to die comfortable under, an' tomorrow is Sunday, an' the new preacher is to preach at High Point, an' the feller that gits his light put out will have a glorious big funeral!"

"I kin jest see Tillie, her bootiful face, like er dew-wet rose, hanging over me right now"

"Hush! Go ter drawin' a picter like that, an' I'll commit suicide to git to be the one to git hung over."

The two men laughed merrily, while at the same time they were unjointing the "pops," casting out old hulls and putting new cartridges into the cylinders.

"How far off had we better get?" asked George.

"Oh, we-e-ll, say—well—one hundred yards—aid step forward ten steps at each fire."

"That's good—say, who's them comin' in that buggy?"

"Durned ef I don't believe it's Bill Tom Branner an' Tillie."

"That's jest who they is, by gum!"

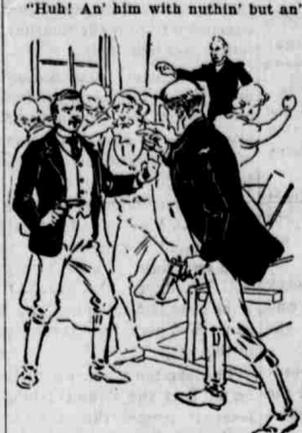
An old topless buggy, drawn by a thin, bay horse rattled up. The occupants, coming opposite, inclined their heads gently, smiled pleasantly and passed on, a foam of dust rising in their wake.

"She smiled at me, George."

"She smiled at me, Bill."

"Say, Bill," laughed George, "wouldn't it be a good 'un on us if Tillie loved that dog dratted rascal wuth her better than she do either of us?"

"Huh! An' him wuth nuthin' but an'



"Boys, don't shoot, for God's sake!"

edication, an' not a hoss to his name! That's 'bout as redickilus as one of us bein' loved by a president's darter."

"Oh, I wuz jest fanning, of co'se, but, come to think, I've hearn o' things jest as onreasonable. Ye see, Tillie has been down to the Bluegrass goin' to school for a year or so, an' thar's no tellin' what sich fool doin's as that will lead a gal to. They are curious critters at the best—gals is. Why, I hearn of a gal once that refused to marry Jesse Underwood, the best pistol shot our Kaintuck hills ever had. Well, suh, she kep an' on actin' the fool till she finally married some poor lawyer that never amounted to nuthin' cep'tin' sumthin' like circuit judge, some foolishness like that. Tell ye, gals is curious."

"Yes, that's so; but we ain't no more time for foolin'. Let's step off."

The men stepped out, took places and confronted each other. They were to count three in concert, then fire.

"One, two, three!"

"Spang!"

A ball passed through a lock of hair above Bill's left ear. He hadn't fired, and for good reason. When he went to cock his revolver the main spring had broken. He had pointed the weapon nevertheless, taking the risk of being killed rather than to explain an accident that George might regard as a purposeful act to avoid the duel.

"We'll have to adjourn this case," sighed George, "until you kin git yer own pop."

"Say, George," returned Bill, handing George the crippled weapon. "I've jest thought we kin settle this matter more satisfactory. Tillie, as well as she appears to love both, mout refuse ter marry the one that kills tother about her. Then we'd be in a nice shape—ne dead and tother wusser. Less fire out which one she really loves best; then let that lucky one give tother all his property to console him a little, and take her."

"That'll be satisfactory to me—if we kin git a bill o' discovery, as the lawyers say, that will wuk."

"Well, I think I've got it. Tomorrow at church me an' you will let on like we git in a fuss, an' pull our pops. Everybody will be excited; the wimmen will yell, an' pirty Tillie will come screamin' out to the one she loves best, an' beg him for her sake to put up his pop."

"The very thing!" exclaimed George slapping a cloud of dust from his right leg.

A great congregation had gathered for Rev. Ball, the celebrated revivalist of Knott county, was to preach, and the report had drawn people as a suck-hole draws chips from a broad territory.

The house being filled, the grounds overflowed. Men and boys covered the turf in front and at the sides, as thickly as bees cling at the side of a gum on a hot morn of July—all ears eagerly poised. Nothing save the electric voice of the speaker, fell upon the vast quiet.

When the preacher began to pitch his tone to the scale of concluding exhortation, Bill and George, as per previous arrangement, came into the crowd from opposite directions. They were radiant in their new clothes, and their new boots announced their entrance through proud measured squeaks. Being the richest young men of the section, their appearance made heads of reverence silently incline and a whisper of admiration ripple through the wide throng.

Quietly the young gallants worked toward each other, and, before the silent company knew they had met, or knew they had occasion for quarrel, a rapid fire of denunciation began between them.

"You did step on my foot!" vociferated George.

"You are a liar," shouted Bill.

"Boys, don't shoot, for Lord's sake!" shouted a score in concert.

The hitherto passive throng, was now in rolling, surging motion. The timid fell to the rear, and the bold tolled madly toward the danger-swirl. The windows of the house became mouths for rapidly expelling wads of color. The doorway was a choked channel for the emission of a feminine flood. Wild shrieks went up, and benches tumbled down. Dogs yelped, and white-faced, wild-eyed women cried: "Oh, where's my baby?" or "Sally" or "Tommie," where are you?"

A rolling commotion of voices on the outside finally killed all distinct expression.

Bill's white-faced sister got to him, and seized him by the arm, but a big, firm hand pushed her back. The constable wedged his way to George, but he fell back limply against propping men, his face gushing blood. The justice of the peace, who commanded peace, found the peace of Bill's paralyzing fist. All was in swirling, roaring confusion when the thunderous voice of the preacher broke above the crowd with the awing power:

"Ef ye ain't got no respect for me, an' the day, an' the Lord, respect yer neighbors who now leave single life for the holy ways of matrimony. I now perform a sarimony. Be ye silent in the face of this awful, sacred ordinance uv heaven's disposition. Jine han's Thomas Benton Brammer and Matilda Jane Susan Ann Adams!"

Silence fell, and so did the spirits of Bill Garrison and George Peterson. They looked up at each other and though agony loaded their slow-chugging hearts, they smiled through sick, feeble lips as though answered thought: "What fools us fellers be!"

**BABYLONIAN EXPLORATIONS.**

Discovery of Great Temple Library of City of Nippur.

Prof. Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania, the Babylonian explorer, has discovered the Great Temple library of the ancient city of Nippur, which was destroyed by the Elumites in the year 228 B. C. For eleven years the professor has been exploring the mounds of ancient Nippur, the city that antedated Babylon by centuries as the capital of Babylonia. Within the past year he has found among those prehistoric ruins the library of the Temple of Nippur. This is the first Babylonian temple library that has ever been discovered, and it contains the oldest and most important records of the earliest civilization of which even an echo has come down to our own age. Already 18,000 volumes have been taken from the ruins, and it is expected that many more thousands will be recovered. Inscribed on clay tablets in the cuneiform characters which the explorations of Nineveh and Egypt have made familiar to archaeological students, these literary works of men who lived 5,000 years before the Christian era began include dictionaries, architectural plans, historical and chronological data, legal and commercial as well as religious literature, that bear witness to the "form and pressure of time" in which Abraham lived. They also show, says Prof. Hilprecht, that ages before the reputed appearance of Adam man was not only existing but that developed a high state of civilization, comparable in all its essential points with that which we ourselves possess.

**America's First Protestant Church.**

The first Protestant church in America was made of the sails of Capt. John Smith's ship hung between the trees at Jamestown, Va. The pulpit was a stump and the congregation sat upon unewn logs during the service until 1611, when a log cabin was erected under the direction of the governor, Sir Thomas Dale. In 1638 a brick structure fifty-six by twenty-eight feet in dimensions, with a tower through which it was entered, eighteen feet square, was built with the most substantial material, as its endurance testifies. It was partially destroyed by fire in 1676, but was restored and occupied until 1723, when the capital was removed to Williamsburg.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Church Yards in Bad Condition.**

Many of the church yards in the Highlands are reported to be in a shocking condition. There has been a scandal in North Harris, where the sanitary authorities have had to step in and prevent the people from burying any more bodies in a small piece of ground, while the churchyard at Morag, another small Highland place, is so full that it is described as simply mounds of human beings. The Highlanders have a great liking for laying their lost ones with those who have gone before and this accounts greatly for the over-crowding. This, of course, applies only to the old parochial cemeteries, as the newer ones are under government control, which stops or is supposed to stop anything like over-crowding.

**King's Ten Maces.**

The King of England has ten maces, which are kept in the Tower of London. They are all of different degrees and all will be used at the coronation. The lords have their own mace and will not allow the house of commons' mace to enter their house. It accompanies the commons to the door of their lordships' house, but it is always left outside.

By the will of the Baroness Nathaniel Rothschild the Paris Conservatoire has just come into possession of a valuable collection of MSS. of the works of Chopin and Auber.

# A LIFE OF HARD SACRIFICE.

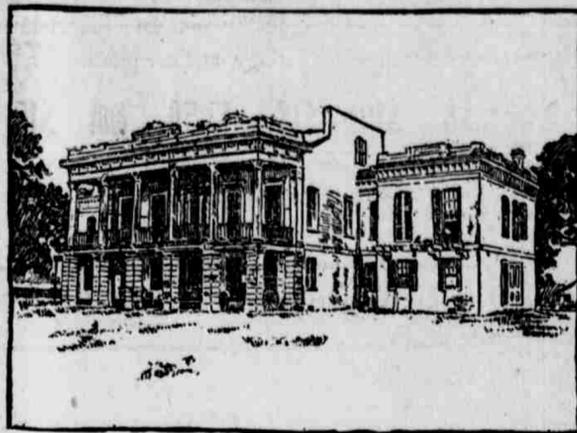
Louisiana's Melancholy Leper Colony on the Banks of the Mississippi.

There is a place behind the levee on the east bank of the Mississippi eighty miles above New Orleans that the river boats pass in the early morning long before the passengers leave their berths, so it is not pointed out as one of the sights of the river. Perhaps it would not be pointed out, anyway, as it could hardly be expected to enhance the attractiveness of the route. The lazy plantation negro, passing it on the river road, "gets a gait on" his mule, because of a superstitious dread, and to those even, who fear only the material, the eerie atmosphere brings a shudder. The character of the place is little known, except to the creoles of Iberville, the parish in which it lies, and to the steamboatmen who bring supplies to it. An uninformed person would suppose it was only one of the several deserted plantations to be seen along the Mississippi, relics of Louisiana's "fo de wuh" glory, though a larger and grander ruin than the others. Such it was until 1894, when put to its present use.

is almost unknown among these unfortunates. They await the inevitable end with a quiet and touching patience, treating each other with unflinching sweetness and tenderness. They are a devoutly religious body. Marriage, of course, is not permitted among them. The children of the settlement were all legally assigned there with one or the other of their parents. Though leprosy is more prevalent among the negroes than among the whites, there are but seven negro inmates of the colony. There has been but one escape from the inclosure; that of a lad who scaled the fence and got safely away. About a month after he had gone the sisters received a letter thanking them for all their kindness and informing them he was on his way to the Sandwich islands, where there was more scope for those of his affliction.

Products of Ireland.

Potatoes have ceased to be the principal root crop of Ireland, if they are



THE LEPER HOME.

It is now a leper colony, the only institution of its kind in the United States.

The identity of those confined at the institution is maintained a profound secret and few outsiders are allowed to enter the place. A permit, by no means easy to obtain, must be presented before a visitor is admitted. The most tragic cases at the institution are two young girls, both of them beautiful, cultured and members of prominent Louisiana families. Not a mark has yet appeared upon the face of either—but they wear gloves, always. When the writer visited the inclosure these girls were sitting in the garden reading to several children and old men. A sister introduced the writer to the girls without mentioning their names. Both talked cheerfully

to be compared with turnips by weight of yield—last year, for example, only about 1,842,000 tons, against 4,426,000 tons of turnips. Nor was the potato acreage, though twice as great as that of the heavier root, nearly the largest given to any crop. That of oats was larger by 450,000 acres. The Irish product of oats was much greater than the Scotch and Welsh put together, and amounted to 504,000,000 bushels, against 73,500,000 bushels raised in England. What has to be deplored nowadays in Irish agriculture is not dependence on a single crop, but a general tendency to a shrinkage in area of all arable land. In spite of an increase of 46,000 acres devoted to mangel wurzel and beet, this shrinkage has been one of the 32 per cent since 1855. The distinctively Irish crop



FRONT VIEW OF A LEPER COTTAGE.

and without reference to their terrible fate. Their cases are, of course, hopeless, all leprosy cases are.

Life in the settlement is by no means as terrible for the most of the lepers as one might suppose. Many of them are perfectly able to do a good day's work, but no labor is required of them. What work they do is done of their own free will. Many of them take a great pride in their gardens. For recreation the liveliest of them play croquet and even lawn tennis; while those who are partly incapacitated carve wooden ornaments and crochet. They have all sorts of indoor games, and friends keep them supplied with reading matter. Complaining, petulance or rebellion against their fate

of flax has lost ground since 1870 to the extent of nearly 75 per cent. Land either becomes meadow, or more largely, goes out of cultivation. In these circumstances it is gratifying to see that a rally to flax last year was rewarded by an exceptionally fine harvest. As compared with the year before, the area given to it was 35 per cent greater, and the yield 42 per cent greater. Much more than as much honey was also produced as the average weight for ten years back.

Scotland's Friend, the Salmon.

It has been said that more laws have been passed for the protection of the salmon than for that of any other living creature save man himself, says a

## HOW A HORSE STEALS HIS COMRADE'S OATS.

There is a clever postoffice horse in Brooklyn which for some time past has been getting double rations, and will probably continue to do so until the postoffice men discover his trick. From the substitution at the corner of Ninth street and Fifth avenue are sent out a number of mail collecting carts through the surrounding district. When the horses drawing these carts come

in they are driven up in front of the station to stand until it is time for another collection. While thus standing they are fed. On the curb in front of each horse is placed a bag of oats. None of the horses are tied, for standing is a part of their business.

This is when the horse with a double appetite has his opportunity to perform a skillful maneuver at each meal. He waits until all the rations are distributed, then, paying no attention to his own allotment, he begins slowly to back. Slowly but surely he backs into the horse below him, which in turn

Dundee newspaper. But, then to Scotland the salmon is worth a good deal. The rental of the Tay alone runs to over £20,000 a year. Indeed, the amount paid to Scotland lairds for the privilege of catching the salmon, and his lesser kinsman, the trout, is believed to be considerably over £100,000 a year. And the benefit to Scotland does not end here. Sportsmen must live. They usually live well, and have to pay well.

## NECKLACE OF NUGGETS GIVEN TO A DUCHESS.

In commemoration of her visit to the West Australian court of the Glas-



gow exhibition the Duchess of Fife has been presented with a necklace of virgin gold nuggets. The necklace, which was presented by H. W. Venn, president of the royal commission of Western Australia for the Glasgow exhibition, is inclosed in a sandalwood casket inlaid with Australian woods. The nuggets are of flake gold and to the necklace is added a pendant of gold-veined crystal. The inscription on the box runs: "Presented to H. R. H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, on behalf of the government of Western Australia, by the West Australian royal commission to the Glasgow International exhibition, 1901, as a souvenir of the exhibition, and of the visit of her royal highness to the West Australian court on May 3, 1901."

## LADDER WITH A PLATFORM IS INVENTED FOR WOMEN.

That the ordinary stepladder is neither safe nor convenient for women



can readily be seen, and for this reason a new ladder has been invented.

Its merit lies in the fact that it is provided with a platform and a balustrade, the platform opening automatically as soon as the ladder is placed in position, and a fall being rendered impossible by the balustrade which surrounds the platform. Furthermore, this ladder can be fitted with a large table board on which can be placed kitchen utensils or other articles necessary for cleaning purposes. If windows have to be washed or walls to be cleaned the work can be done with perfect safety and convenience.

In other respects the ladder is constructed in the ordinary manner, and it is so light that it can easily be transported from place to place.

The Button-Hook Has Vanished.

What has become of the button-hook? Once upon a time every other man you met would have a button-hook on his key-ring, and few careful chaps would have one in some handy place in his desk for emergencies. That was because men were wearing button shoes. But that day is past and the button-hook has vanished, presumably because button shoes are no longer popular.—Washington Star.

pushes back further and further until in a few moments the clever horse in front who started the backward procession is standing in the place of his neighbor in the rear with his head at the animal's feedbag. Then he begins to eat ravenously, finishes his neighbor's oats as soon as possible, and steps nimbly back to his own place, eats his own oats, and settles contentedly for a stand-up nap with a well-fed air of placid innocence.

But the horse at the end of the line suffers. That is no affair of the clever inventor of the scheme, however.