THE PAUPERS



DEATH·BE

Tread softly; bow the head-In reverent stience bow! No passing bell doth toll; Yet an immortal soul Stranger, however great, With lowly reverence bow! There's one in that poor shed-One by that paltry bed-Greater than thou. Beneath that beggar's roof, Lo! Death doth keep his state! Enter! No crowds attend-Enter! No guards defend This palace gate. That pavement, damp and cold, No smiling courtiers tread; One stlent woman stands

> No mingling voices sound-An infant wall alone; sob suppressed-again That short deep gasp-and then

Lifting with meager hands

Oh! change-oh! wondrous change! Burst are thy prison bars! This moment there, so low, So agonized-and now Beyond the stars.

Oh! change-stupendous change! There lies the soulless clod! The sun eternal breaks; The new immortal wakes-Wakes with his God.



A Slight Mistake.

BY WILLIAM M'LEOD RAINE. Copyright, 1901, by Dally Story Pub. Co.) Garrison examined the photograph long and earnestly, as the ethics of the situation seemed to require. They're as pretty as peaches, and

as like as two peas. I congratulate you on your taste, old man." "I'm glad you like her looks.

mean her sister for you." Thanks, awfully. By the way, which is the sister? To me they look

as much alike as the two Dromios." Blake flushed. "The ueuce of it is that I don't know Gladys from Nell. They're twins, you know. I met Gladys one summer in the Adirondacks. That was two years ago, and though we became engaged I haven't seen her

"And when did you see the other one last? What's her name-Nell?" asked Garrison.

"I never have seen her. Of course, 've heard a great deal about her from Gladys in her letters. In one way it is just the same as knowing her."

"Oh, yes-exactly. No difference at all," agreed Garrison ironically. "I must say I like your generosity, Jim. It isn't every man would be so free of his sisters-in-law as you are. You show the proper spirit. Considering the extent of your acquaintance with her she probably wouldn't thank you for disposing of her matrimonially, though. Girls are a little odd that way. They like to meet the man they are going to marry before their friends arrange the details at least, that has been my experience with American

"Well, you may guy me all you please, Bob, but I'll bet a hat you are running after her before a week is up. She'll lead you a merry chase, too, if she is anything like her sister," returned the other young man composedly.
Robert Garrison examined the

photograph again, and when he handed it back said dryly:

My friend, I see your finish. When those girls get off the train you won't



A Second Gladys Standing Beside

Him. know one from the other. You'll get rattled and make a mistake sure as shooting. Go slow, my son. It doesn't do to be engaged to a gir! and not recognize her when you see her. I don't know much about the sex, but I think I know that much.'

Blake scoffed. "Oh, I'll know Gladys when I see her. What do you take me for? They are not so much alike as all that, and there is always the ring as a last resort.'

Well, I have known girls to wear gleves, so you need not bank on the he was not so slow after all. A moment

No, you're going to put your foot in it. There's a very pretty dilemma in the situation. It would never do not to show your joy at seeing her, and it wouldn't do to mistake the identity of your lady. I only hope you won't kiss the wrong one. Better telegraph to Chicago and tell your Miss Harrison to wear a red ribbon round her arm. Send it to the depot, and 't will catch her on the train."

With which advice Mr. Bob Garrison got up and danced a cheerful can



A Note and a Sphinx-Like Smile. can on the hearth, after which he took his departure, promising to join his friend next day at the depot.

Unfortunately Blake was of a nervous disposition, and he began to conceive the dreadful results of making a mistake. He told himself the thing was impossible, but it worried him just the same. Two years are two years, and in that time a girl develops into a young woman. Certainly in the hotograph he could not make sure which of the girls was Gladys. Sometimes it seemed to him that the one on the right was undoubtedly she, then again he was just as sure that the other one was his betrothed. He had seen her look exactly like both of them. The more he looked at it the more it seemed to him that the two pair of dancing eyes in the photograph challenged him mockingly for an answer. Finally he threw it down in despair.

'I'm making a mountain out of a molehill," he assured himself. "When see the girls I'll know which is Gladys fast enough. It's just like Bob to try and worry me about it. I'il just fool him this trip."

Nevertheless he found himself wiping the drops of perspiration from his brow at the mere thought of the possibilities.

He did not find the situation any more tolerable next day at the depot. Bob Garrison was on hand, full of badinage and advice as to the best way of getting out of it. He seemed to take it for granted that Blake was going to make a mistake, and by the time the train drew in Jim had allowed himself to be badgered into a condition in which he would hardly have

recognized his own father. Blake saw a vision of loveliness descending the car steps which he recognized at once as Gladys. There could be no doubt about it, and he went forward with radiant face and outstretched hand. She even wore a brooch with a miniature set in it on the belt about her waist which he remembered to have seen before. Jim had always understood that it was not the proper thing to salute a young woman in a public place, but for this one occasion he made an exception. He was going to show Bob Garrison that

later he looked up to see a second Gladys standing beside him with a curious smile on her line. For fust a second doubt crossed his mind, but then he recollected the miniature and smiled complacently. Out went his hand to her in frank brotherly greeting. Presently he became aware of Garrison hovering in the background shaking a fist at him, and introduced him with slight momentary confusion. After which the party gaily drove home in a cab.

Blake devoted himself to Miss Gladys with a lover-like ardor which left nothing to be desired. At the house the young ladies left them for a few minutes while they departed for their rooms to make a change of toilet. Luckily for Jim the miniature was still in evidence when they returned, so that he was sure of his betrothed; otherwise, even he was forced to confess, there was not a pin to choose between them. While they had been absent Jim had taken occasion to make some remarks about the sure instinct of love for finding its mate. He assured Garrison that one glance into the eyes of his Gladys had set his doubts at rest entirely, with some more of the same kind of talk. As for Garrison he simply grinned and hoped Jim had made no mistake, because he expected to lay siege to the vacant heart at once.

By what he considered most adroit management Blake succeeded in getting a minute alone with his sweetheart in the hall before he left, but to his surprise he found that young woman somewhat coy. The reason for it he discovered a few minutes later. As they were going down the steps her sister called him back and handed him a note and a sweet, sphinx-like smile. What the note said was this: Dear Jim:

Do you remember once telling me that a woman had no sense of humor, that she could not understand a joke and would not recognize one if she saw it walking down the street? I made up my mind then to play a joke on you that you would never forget. My poor old Jim! How tell it for laughing? You have been making love all night to Nell, whom you have never seen before. Five times you have kissed her to my certain knowledge-poor me, who have had to put up with one meager handshake. I want you to be good friends with my sister, but I think you have gone a little farther tonight than the conventions demand. The miniature? Oh, I lent it to my sister for the occasion! I hope you will appreciate the point of this little joke. I am quite sure that your friend Mr. Garrison will see it. Please call to morrow at three and do not make any mistakes in identity. Good night, dear old stupid Jim!

Your unkissed sweetheart, Gladys Harrison.

THE DREADED BACK DRAFT. One of the Worst Perils That Confront the Firemen.

Next to a dangerous cellar fire guage as the "back draft." This is a sudden veering of the flames, usually caused by the burning away of some portion of the building that gives the fire renewed draft and changes its course completely. The firemen arrive and find the whole second or third floor of a building in flames. Axes in hand, they smash open the doors, and with the hose dash up the stairway. This is all afire, and the flames are rolling above like a red pall. With the engine at work and good pressure on the line, the battle between the two elements-fire and water-begins. Inch by inch the men fight their way up the stairway, now to retreat as the fire gains upon them, and now to advance as it rolls away for a moment. The encouraging words of the commanding officer are heard behind them urging them on: "Now, get in. boys! That's it—get in—get in! Make the next landing! Hit it up boys!" and all the other words of encouragement that he usually gives. They finally reach the landing. They are themselves down the stairs up which they have so gallantly fought their fifty engines could never stay the progress of that awful wave of flame. Many a brave fellow has lost his life in this manner, and very often all the members of a company return with their eyebrows, hair and beard singed off, bearing evidence that they have been "ketched," as they express it, by a less terrible form of this deadly draft.-St. Nicholas.

Eccentric British Magistrate.

Ser Harry Poland, a British magistrate noted for his brilliancy, is careless in his dress. Once his family persuaded him to go to Poole and order a fashionably-cut suit. To the chagrin of the household Sir Harry looked more outlandish in the new clothes than in his old ones. His brother-inlaw went to see Poole about it. "It is not my fault, sir," the tailor assured him. "Every care was taken, but how could we fit a gentleman who would insist upon being measured sitting down?" And the only satisfaction that could be obtained from Sir Harry Poland himself later on was the dry comment: "Well, it's my business, and not yours. I like to be comfortable. I spend three parts of my life sitting down, and I prefer to be measured so."

Figures may not lie, but there is always more or less doubt about the veracity of the figures on a gas meter.



States pavy has been the first to show to the world that Uncle Sam can govern a colony wisely and well. For the space of more than a year he has been absolute ruler over the people of Tutuila, subject only to the control of the far-away administration in Washington. There are five islands under the control of the United States. Tutuila, the largest, has a population of some 4,000, and is of the greatest importance, because it posseses the magnificent harbor of Pago Pago, the finest haven in the south seas. Here all could ride in safety without the slightest crowding, and here we are constructing a magnificent coaling station and pier, at a cost of over \$300,000. Indeed, it is safe to say that if it were not for this harbor the United States | turned to Fiji for example, and setwould never have dreamed of acquiring | tled the matter by allowing the natives an interest in the Samoan group. Manua, with a population of 2,000, comes next, and then there are the smaller islets of Tau, Olesanga and Ofu. .

Of the islands and their inhabitants Commander Tilley writes:



CHIEF OF TUTUILA.

a kindly, gentle, simple-minded race, and it was only due to the lack of good government that they developed warlike tendencies. The first thing I did was to disarm the natives. They gave up their guns readily enough without compensation. I considered that the best way to govern these people was to let them govern themselves. The Samoans are still in the patriarchal state; the head of each household is supreme ruler of his own little family, and these chiefs, in turn, form a nothing is more dreaded by the men council which governs each village. than what is known in their own lan- Each town is practically independent of the other, though there is a parlia ment, or fono, for every district, which, however, used to do little more than talk. My aim was to modify this system so as to adopt the plan which has proved so successful in Fiji, of appointing native chiefs as local magis

trates, or governors, in each district. The great trouble was the superabundance of material available. Nearly every other man was a chief, and, naturally, they all sought the coveted positions. There was no question about the head chief, Mauga. He was undoubtedly the man of highest rank in Tutuila, but the minor chiefs allseemed to have equal claims to precedence. However, after an exhaustive genealogical research, we got the right men selected, and the natives themselves elected them magistrates. Then we held a general council and very sensibly the natives began to institute their own reforms.

There were many injurious customs, which had existed from time immemoon the floor with the fire. It rolls rial, which could only be abolished by toward them, an impenetrable wall of general consent. Chief among these fire—the deadly back draft! Their was the practice of going on malangas. only chance of escape is to throw or large picnic parties. A whole vilthemselves upon their faces, in hope lage would suddenly make up its mind that it may roll over them, or to hurl to take a wandering holiday. All work would be dropped and the merry party would start on its travels. With the way. Better a broken leg or arm than Samoans the virtue of hospitality is death by roasting, and the water of developed to an excessive degree, and it was the bounden duty of each villoge to lavishly entertain the visitors. Dances were held, all the pigs were killed and fun and feasting were the order of the day. This went on as long as the supplies lasted, and when the resources of one village gave out the tourists moved on to the next. Of course, when the visitors returned to their homes this boundless hospitality very small, and is not likely to increase had to be reciprocated, so that there was always a malanga going on some-

This system led to a shameful waste of food and induced improvident habits. If a village had nothing to eat, it would go somewhere else and get food. If, however, provisions were plentiful, others would come and eat with them. Thus, no one ever thought of laying up stores for the morrow, and if there was a general failure of the crops the natives often suffered severely from lack of food. The first council decided unanimously to prohibit malangas, and the custom was dropped at once, for the natives are wonderfully law abiding and obedient.

As the Samoans are naturally a virtuens people, I have left their marital customs undisturbed, except that it is now necessary to get a certificate of permission from the native governor before the ceremony. Then the couple are free either to go to a missionary | yet.

Commander Tilley of the United and have a religious service or to ge united in the old-fashioned native way, fa'a Samoa. Of course I have not interfered in any way with the religious belief of the people. Missionaries go on with their work of evangelizing and educating just as before the annexation. The London Missionary Society has by far the largest number of converts; in fact, in a religious sense, it dominates the group. The society. which teaches an absolutely unsectarian form of Christian worship, has churches and schools all over the island, and a new high school for girls the war ships belonging to Uncle Sam has just been completed at Leone at a cost of over \$10,000 .-The taxation question was a serious

problem at first, for Samoans, like most other people, naturally object to be taxed by others. Here again I to tax themselves for their own benefit. Money was needed to defray the expenses of administration, and the native councils assessed each village at what they considered a fair amount. No money is asked for, but each dis-The natives of Tutuila are naturally trict must make and deliver so many the cocoanut, which is the chief native \$7,500, which is sufficient to defray the

modest expenses of our administration. Manua, the other pricipal island over which I have charge, is some 60 miles from Tutuila, so that it is more rarely visited. I have pursued the same policy there, with slight modifications to suit the peculiar character of the people. The Manuans, being so isolated, have some strange customs, unknown to the rest of Samoa. They used to have a queen, whom they regarded with the greatest awe and reverence. They worshiped her so highly, indeed, that she was never allowed to leave her house, and was guarded closely day and night. The poor girl naturally fell ill under such treatment, and one night, a few years ago, the house caught fire and she was suffocated. Naturally, there were no other candidates for the vacant crown, and, when I took charge Manua was getting along as best she could without a monarch. I appointed a king, who, of course, is in reality only a high chief, subject to

HOW TO TELL BOGUS MONEY. An Easy Matter When Certain Rules Are Borne in Mied.

Talking of counterfeiters puts me in mind of one, a notorious rascal, who was caught not long ago in this city while at his nefarious trade," said the ex-treasury official to the Washington Star, "The paper money this man produced was absolutely perfect in every detail but one thing, and it seems strange that a man of his knowledge and experience of the art of counterfeiting should not have known it." Here the treasury official took a \$1 bill from his pocket. It was new and crisp and he pointed out a diminutive letter C on the right under the bill's number and another down in the other corner, "Now," he continued, "I don't suppose there are ten men in a hundred outside the treasury department who knows that these seemingly unnecessary letters are on United States bills. And even if they had noticed them I am willing to bet that not one of them could tell what they signify." Handing another bill to the reporter, the ex-treasury man asked him to read the last four figures. They were 5321. The treasury man said almost instantly, "The letter on that bill is B," which was correct. Half a dozen other bills were produced and when the treasury man was told the last four figures of their numbers he was able to tell with lightning rapidity what letter would be found on each bill. In each case the letter was either A, B, C or D. "The explanation is simple," said he. "If you take the last four figures of the number on any bill, no matter what its denomination, and divide pounds of copra, the dried kernel of | them by four you will have a remainder of 0, 1, 2, or 3. If the remainder is product. Formerly the natives could zero the letter on the bill will be A. only get a cent a pound from the trad- If it is 1 the letter will be B. If it is ers for their copra, but I have sold it 2 the letter will be C and if it is 3 the by tender for nearly two cents. In letter will be D. This is one of the this way we raise a revenue of about | many precautions taken by the government against counterfeiters. You can tell instantly whether a bill is bad or good by making that test. I wouldn't give a 5 cent piece for a \$1,000 bill, no matter how perfect it seemed, if its little letters did not correspond with the remainder obtained by dividing the last four figures of its number by four."

HELEN FORSYTH'S ODD WAISTBELT SOLD.

A magnificent specimen of New Zealand greenstone, which is extremely rare nowadays, was sold last week at Messrs. Debenham & Storr's auction-rooms in London. The stone, which is fashioned into a waistbelt, was the property of the late Helen Forsyth and was sold for \$500. It is set in gold and the greenstone is decorated with grotesque figures of Maori deities. Some of the panels are set



with brilliants, forming monograms and allegorical figures of birds. The waistbelt was a present to Miss Forsythe and was highly prized by her. Its original cost is said to have been \$5,000. It was about the last of her effects to be sold.

Stock Exchange Slang. We have a pretty assortment of

siang on the New York Stock Exchange, but it is not a marker to that which is current in what Londoners call their "house." The legalized gambling institution in Capel Court has many odd nicknames for securities. "Berwicks" are shares of the Nothwestern Railway, "smelts" are English and Australian copper shares. "pots" are shares of the North Staffordshire Railway: "muttons" are the Turkish loan of 1865, partly secured by the sheep tax; "Morgans" are the French 6 per cents, floated by that firm; "Singapores" are the British Indian Extension telegraph shares, "Yorks" are Great Northern Railway shares, "Leeds" are shares of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, "Dovers" are Southeastern Railway shares, "Brums" are London and Northwestern Railway shares, "Cohens" are the Turkish loan of 1869, floated by the firm of that name; "dogs" are shares of the Newfoundland telegraph.-Victor Smith in New York Press.

Man Has a Right to Spit.

The laws and rules against expectorating in public places, as street cars. ferry boats, waiting rooms, etc., are becoming more and more widespread. But a New York judge has made a rule which will either send the anti-spitting ordinances into "innocuous desuetude" or create an unprecedented demand for cuspidors. The judge referred to discharged three men haled before him on the charge of spitting on the floor of a ferry boat. He said to the officer who made the arrest; 'What's the use of arresting these men? You know we will have to discharge them whenever there is no accommodation such as a cuspidor. Men have to spit, and if cuspidors are not provided they have to spit elsewhere."

The French olive-growers have to reckon more and more with the competition of the olive-growers of Tunis.



A PATRIOTIC TUTUILAN BELLE. my control, but the natives are quite satisfied, and have now abandoned the custom of imprisoning their ruler.

The white population of the group is much, as there are few opportunities for commercial development. Though the soil is very rich, the country is too mountainous for cultivation, and there are no large level areas suitable for plantations. The only native industry is the production of copra, which is purchased by the traders or exchanged for European goods.

Franklin's Tomb Is Simple.

The vestry of Christ church in Philadelphia, replying to the many suggestions for memorial tablets at the grave of Benjamin Franklin, says: "It may not be generally known that the grave of Franklin, though simple, is what he mself, in his will, dictated it to be. The church has for past years maintained a policy of keeping the historic spot as it is."

There is a vast coal supply in Australia, which is almost unworked as