

THE SUNRISE SONG.

Es you want ter reach de Promise Lan', en git de milk en honey,
You mus' always see de sun rise in de mawnin'.
Es you want ter hear de jiggle er a pocketful er money,
You mus' always see de sun rise in de mawnin'.

Dat de way it go,
Summertime en snow—
You mus' always see de sun rise in de mawnin'.

You got ter be a sower, ef you ever want ter reap—
You got ter see de sunrise in de mawnin'.
You mus' foller whar de lark fly—shake de shackles er yo' sleep—
You mus' always see de sun rise in de mawnin'.

Dat de way it go,
Summertime en snow—
You mus' always see de sun rise in de mawnin'.
—Atlanta Constitution.

LAVINIA'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW



window to let in some fresh air, and looked out.

The wayside was green with Buffalo clover; and in the adjoining vacant lot tall sunflowers lifted their lofty heads, all aglow with golden colors. Lavinia remembered how William, when a child at home, had admired their gorgeous hues. She could now in fancy see his little sunny head peeping up between the tall, green stalks—and his was a sunny disposition, too. The years rolled back for Lavinia to-day, and she briefly went over a mental picture of the past. Each little childish incident was recalled and lovingly dwelt upon. And to-day he was bringing home his wife! But oh, how different from all her plans!—this wife was a stranger.

"If she'll only let me love her!" Lavinia thought. "William'll be good to his wife—he was always a dutiful son. She'll get the best husband in the world—he'll be plum foolish over her, I know! William's that much like his mother—he's an affectionate disposition." And with a deep sigh Lavinia closed the shutters, glanced hastily round the little room, then went down to set the tea-table.

Lavinia's husband had come down to the sitting-room, and was reading the daily paper. But Lavinia, nervous and fidgety, rushed hither and thither, putting the house in order. She watched the clock closely, and now and then expectantly peered out of the window or went to the door. The nearer the time came for the arrival of her son and daughter-in-law the more anxious she became; she had worked herself up to a nervous frenzy.

"Lavinia, do sit down and calm yourself!" impatiently requested her husband, who was by nature the personification of calm, though at last disturbed by her restless movements to and fro through the rooms.

"Be calm! That's just like you, Mr. Higginbottom, to talk about calm in the midst of a storm. How can I be calm, and a new daughter-in-law a-coming that I've never laid eyes on before? Oh, dear, after all my worry and the raising of him—it's come to this; he never said one word when he come to marry. Well, I do hope he'll get a good wife, anyway!"

Lavinia resumed her knitting, but her fingers worked nervously. Suddenly she rose, saying:

"I'd better go and see if Marthy's keeping everything hot," and off she went to the kitchen.

There was a low, rumbling sound of a carriage, and it halted at the door. Then a well-known, husky step upon the porch. The old man quickly rose to his feet. The door was gently opened, and William, with his bride, stepped lightly into the room.

"Father!" and his arms went round the old man's neck; then, "Father," he said, proudly, "I have the happiness of presenting to you—my wife." He dwelt lovingly upon the last word, and the old man noted it and said:

"My dear daughter, this is one of the happiest moments of my life. We welcome you home. We've been looking for a daughter-in-law, and William has rewarded us at last!"

"I hope," the girl said, sweetly, "that I shall not disappoint you."

At this moment Lavinia returned from the kitchen; but she stopped suddenly in the doorway and threw up her hands with a gesture of despair, for, instead of the dainty, meek little Dresden-like figure so indelibly stamped upon her mind all these years, there loomed up before her distorted vision a tall, self-possessed blonde of commanding appearance—indeed, she was almost as tall as William.

So this was the daughter-in-law to whom she had looked forward all these years; the "little" darling whom she was to pet and command, and who was only to love and obey! But William, turning just then, beheld the pale face of his mother, as her eyes were fixed upon the stranger.

"Mother," he said, tentatively, "this is Harriet, my—wife, and your daughter." He smiled joyously.

This brought Lavinia to her senses, and she said, quietly:

"Oh, yes, my son—your—wife! How do you do—Harriet?" and, reaching up

painfully on tiptoe, she pressed a half-bearded kiss upon the girl's reluctant lips. It was an embarrassing moment, but the gentle old man came to the rescue, saying in conciliatory tones:

"Daughter, Lavinia's very nervous, and she's not been well. The sudden announcement of William's marriage has upset her—but Lavinia's always wanted a daughter-in-law!"

"Oh, yes," quickly assented Lavinia: "I've always wanted—a daughter-in-law. But if I'd only known—"

"Yes, I know," the girl said, sympathetically. "I'm so sorry—but William just wouldn't come without me"—with a fond glance at her husband.

"Mother," said William, anxiously, "Harriet is suffering from a headache; I think she had better rest."

"Oh, I'm so sorry for you," Lavinia said, as she led the way upstairs.

They were now in the little room, and Lavinia asked: "Have you a mother?"

"Yes," Harriet replied, "I have the dearest mother in the world, but now," she added, with a gracious smile, "I am doubly blessed." Laying her hand on Lavinia's shoulder, she continued, "For William's mother shall be my mother, too."

Tears came into Lavinia's eyes, and, looking up into Harriet's face, she said, with an almost childish appeal:

"I do want you to love me, and if you will I'll do everything I can to make you happy. Everything I've got belongs to my daughter-in-law, for William, you know, is our only child."

"Yes, mother," Harriet said, affectionately, grasping both Lavinia's hands, "I shall endeavor to be a real true daughter to you, and I want you to love me, too."

Harriet was too ill to come down to the bridal tea, but Lavinia, with her own busy hands, deftly arranged a tempting little supper, and—waiving all proffered assistance from William—carried it up to her daughter-in-law's room, much to her son's delight and satisfaction. Harriet thought she had the kindest mother-in-law in the world, and William knew he had the best mother. But Lavinia felt a strange mingling of sentiment: Had she really found a daughter, or had she only lost her son?

"But, William," she thought, "does seem so happy, and Harriet—well, William's wife ain't so bad, after all, and—she's pretty too!"—Waverly Magazine.

UNDERSEA COLD STORAGE.

English Admiralty Makes an Important Experiment.

Important experiments are being carried out by the naval authorities at Portsmouth dockyard to ascertain to what extent the steaming properties of the Welsh coal used in the British navy are improved by storage in the sea, says the London Chronicle.

Eighteen months ago iron crates, each containing two tons of coal, were sunk in the big basin and at the same time a similar quantity of coal was carefully stored in the open air at the coaling point and sheltered from the weather beneath tarpaulins. At intervals of six months two-ton samples from each storage have been taken out and carefully burned, and the results of the experiments have shown conclusively that by submarine storage of coal its calorific value steadily increases, while by storage in the open air a decided decrease is shown.

At the naval coaling stations in the tropics this decrease in calorific value is very great, the sun's heat drawing all the light volatile oils out of the coal. The admiralty, having satisfied themselves of the storage of coal in the sea, have now directed that experiments be made to ascertain its practicability on a large scale.

The difficulty is that the submerged coal has to be dried before use, to remove the superficial moisture, which otherwise in the close confines of a warship's bunker would soon set up spontaneous combustion. The only method of drying so far attempted is by spreading the coal on iron trays in the open air, a process satisfactory enough for experimental purposes, but not feasible for quantities that amount to thousands of tons.

The Word "Row."

"Row" is one of the many words which are rising to respectability with advancing age. Todd's edition of Johnson's dictionary (1827) denounced it as "a very low expression." Since it appears to have been occasionally written "rouse" about a century ago some have wished to find its origin in the French "roue." Todd identifies it with the older "rouse," a drunken bout, big drinking glass or big drink, in which sense that word several times occurs in Shakespeare. Hamlet observes that "the king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse." "Row" is supposed to be a false singular formed from "rouse," mistaken for a plural, as "pea" for "pease," "sherry" from "sherris," "cherry" from "cheris." But it seems simpler to explain "row" as short for "rowd-dow," an excellent word for noise.

A well known doctor says: "Be thou as pure as snow and as chaste as ice, thou cannot escape calomel."

THE MOTHER OF ART.

The Parthenon, the Noblest Example of Grecian Architecture.

Athens, "the mother of arts and eloquence," stands to-day for all that was most glorious in ancient civilization. "The grandeur that was Rome" lay in warlike achievements, and the erection of enormous works in masonry; but "the glory that was Greece" was in the lasting influence of great and unparalleled artistic achievement. Her architecture has stood the test of twenty-five centuries, and the ages have never produced, and probably never will produce, a man or a school that can improve on it in principle.

Rome borrowed it, as she borrowed all the Grecian arts; and the civilized world to-day is as much dependent on it as were the Romans.

No other one achievement of man has had such permanent and far-reaching effect in the improvement of mankind as the Greek school of architecture. Its allied art of sculpture has also remained through the centuries a standard that could not be displaced; and we turn to-day to the chaste marbles of old Athens for our purest inspiration in art as devoutly as did the Romans of old.

Examples of that peerless art are found in the museums of many lands, and, thanks to the gentle touch of time, there still remains in Athens the noblest of all examples of Greek architecture, the Parthenon, or temple of the virgin goddess Athena. Its grand and inspiring form, resisting the elements as if it were as enduring as the hills themselves, stands forth conspicuously on the rocky mount of the Acropolis (or Upper City), around the base of which Athens is built.

Standing at a distance, and looking across the uneven ground of modern excavations, flanked by crumbling ruins, toward the Acropolis, the trav-

decreased the number of her army officers.

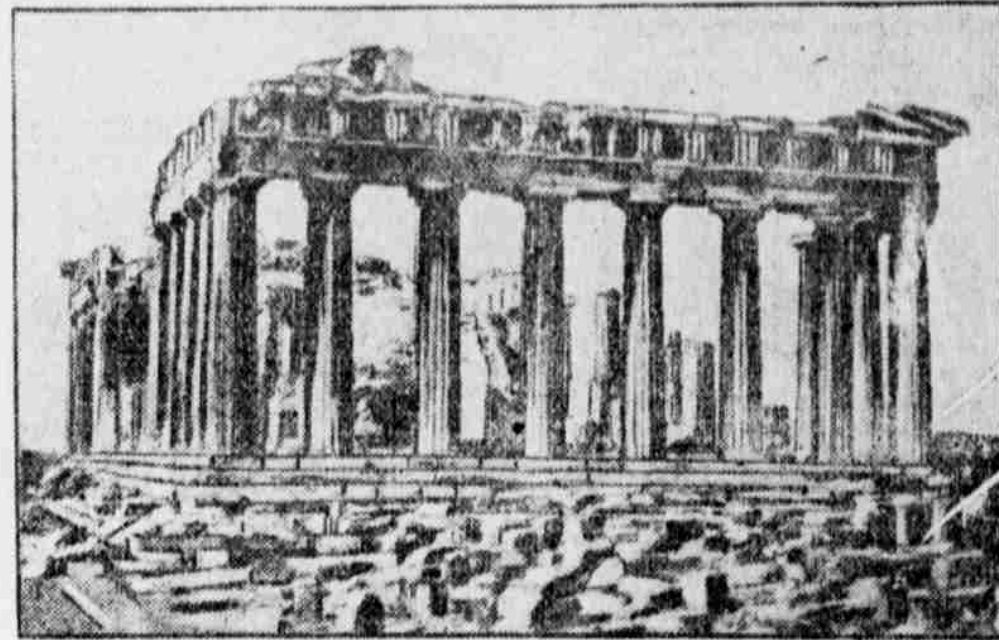
He decided to go to Brazil and try his fortune in a new land. When he reached Rio de Janeiro the people of Acre were in rebellion against Brazil. He offered his services, and for a money consideration promised to pacify the people. Brazil consented and gave him a small steamer, in which, with 32 Spaniards who had sailed with him from Cuba, he started up the Amazon river.

When the party reached Manaus, the capital of the State of Amazonas, the authorities at Rio de Janeiro had changed their minds in regard to the expedition, and he received orders to abandon the project and return to the capital without delay. Galvez had given up everything to undertake the task he had nothing to lose, and he determined to continue his journey to Acre.

When he arrived at the capital of the disturbed country, he found the natives in a state of revolt against both Bolivia and Brazil. He at once announced himself as their protector and very soon gathered an army of about 8,000 natives about him. They unanimously elected him President of Acre, which office he filled for nine months. With his little army he twice defeated the Brazilians and three times defeated the Bolivians. The latter country had an army of 22,000 against him.

After some months of campaigning, Galvez contracted the tropical disease, called beri-beri, which caused his limbs to swell. Being obliged, therefore, to leave the country, he capitulated to the Brazilian troops, receiving about 2,000,000 francs in money and the promise of about 250 seringales of rubber land, which was equivalent to nearly \$8,000.

Galvez went to Europe, where he was, after a short time, entirely cured of the disease. Returning to Rio de Janeiro, he tried to claim his 250 seringales of rubber lands, but his demands



RUINS OF THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.

eler feels that here he views a prospect sacred to all mankind.

Here, when all northern Europe was yet immersed in barbarism, and Rome was but emerging from pagan darkness into the light of comparative education, was the seat of western learning. The near nations of Asia had a civilization of their own, but one that could never serve to lift Europe from her low condition; while the life and arts of the far east were scarce known. Greece alone of the western nations shone radiant for her high achievements in the arts, and of Greece the Acropolis of Athens was the heart, the soul, the sanctuary.

Of the several splendid temples erected in the Acropolis the Parthenon is the only one that remains to-day—even though a ruin—without having been razed or restored. The smaller buildings, like the temple of Nike, that now stand near it (on the left in the view given here), would have been lost to the present age but for the painstaking labors of archaeologists who dug out their stones from encumbering earth and erected them again, in whole or part, on their former sites.

The Parthenon, which dates from 438 B. C., and is described in guide books as "the most perfect monument of ancient art, and even in ruins an imposing and soul-stirring object," excelled all the other buildings of the Acropolis in the brilliancy of its colored and plastic embellishments, the latter executed by Phidias. The building is 228 feet long and 101 feet wide. It originally had sixty-two large and thirty-six smaller columns, the height of the larger columns being 34 1/4 feet. The material is marble.

The figure of the goddess which was worshiped in the Parthenon was 39 feet high. Ivory was used for the parts unclothed and solid gold for the dress and ornaments.

AS IN OLDEN TIMES.

A Spanish Adventurer Carves Out a Fortune with His Sword.

Senor Luis Galvez Rodriguez de Arias, who was President of the republic of Acre, the disputed territory on the borders of Bolivia and Brazil, from July, 1899, to May, 1900, is now a resident of Mexico City. Senor Galvez was an officer in the Spanish army in the war between Spain and the United States. At the close of the war he was dropped from the service when Spain

were not heeded. He was told he would have to go to Manaus to have his claim honored. When he reached Manaus he was seized and put in prison, but managed to escape and make his way by foot to Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana. He still holds his claims against Brazil for his rubber lands, but the chances are slim of his ever receiving anything from that government.

The Young Man's Bonds.

A young bond salesman for a New York house interviewed the late Marshall Field in the spring of 1905 with a view to selling him a number of Pennsylvania Railroad guaranteed bonds, yielding a little less than 4 per cent. "Young man," said Mr. Field, "you are only wasting my time and yours, I like your bonds. When the trustees of my estate come to investing the interest on my investment I hope they will buy that kind of bonds, but I am a business man and do not care to put a large part of my surplus in a fully developed property any more than I should care to buy out a business enterprise that seemed to me to have reached the limit of its growth, no matter how solid it might be. Your bonds are too good for me." Mr. Field, it will be noted, invested his surplus on the same principle upon which he built up his business, namely, to put the money where it has a chance to grow.—World's Work.

Suspicious Fervor.

"Well, brother," said the deacon, "that was a fine prayer you made last night."

"Thank you, deacon. I am very glad to hear you say so."

"Yes, it was a splendid prayer, long and fervent. And, say, what have you been doing anyway? You can confide in me with the utmost confidence. I wouldn't betray you for anything in the world."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How It Happened.

Insurance Examiner—This applicant you brought here seems to be on the verge of delirium tremens!

Insurance Agent—Oh, that's all right! I've had to keep him drunk for over two weeks in order to get him here at all!—Puck.

"My Wandering Boy To-night."

"How does poor Rounder's widow feel?"

"Still uncertain of his whereabouts."—Boston Transcript.