ik so secursed by fate, se so utter(y descripte unice heart though unknown, sads unto his own.

mds,—as if with unseen wings, agel touched its quivering strings; An Anged housing the scoop,
And whispers, in its scoop,
"Where hast thou stayed so bong!"
Long follow,

MISS HUNT WENT HOME.

One day Miss Hunt's accustomed Launts knew her no more.

The big policeman on the corner of Printing-House square missed the trim little figure he had come to know as it hurrled by him on her daily rounds; "the boys" in the office suddenly discovered that the quiet serious-faced girl reporter who had often beaten them on news had vanished, and even the city editor, who was not supposed to have an emotion of any sort, suddenly roused to the fact that he had lost one of his most alort and carnest alds and actually experienced a sensation which, in any other human being might have been termed regret.

You Miss Hunt was gone. ' A little note of resignation found its way to the managing editor's desk-an in-definite sort of billet-doux which gave no reason whatever for the girl's sud-

den departure. "Little fool!" said the Awful Man, as he read the note, 'she has made the mistake of her life. Just got on her feet-work attracting attention everywhere-chief delighted with her -and away she goes. I suppose to marry some worthless chap she will have to support."

"Where's little Hunt?" everybody was asking. The office is mighty lonely." said the sporting editor, casting a kindly glance towards a closed desk. "I fancy she's gone back to teaching school," said the dramatic herself away from ma." thought the beauty of the reportorial staff, who funcied Miss Hunt admired his blond

The most plausible reason for Miss Hunt's going away and the one generally accepted was that she had gone back West to marry a cowboy or the owner of a silver mine, and for we ks the exchange man hunted through the columns of marriage notices in the Western papers to see if he could find an announcement of her wedding.

But "little Hunt" had not gone away to be married nor to teach However, she had a reason for going-a reason she kept fast locked in her heart-white she made her plans for departure.

It was one cold, winter night she decided to go. She had been hard at work all day. She had written a new story which had actually made the city editor smile; she had interviewed a dancer who had invented a new terpsichorean wriggle; she had been to the bench show, and had done up the dogs and the dames in great shape and she had "faked" a story for the Sunday paper which was calculated to draw tears from the composi-

Miss Hunt was tired. Nor did it seem to rest her when she found a note on her desk from the editor-inchief telling her that her salary was to be raised.

It was midnight when Miss Hunt let herself into the pretty little apartment she called home flung off her wraps and sat down before the open fire to think. These four or five rooms, furnished in the dainty fashion so loved by girls were very dear to Miss Hunt Every nook and corner, every belonging and furnishing, were a part of her very self. She had labored ceaselessly to have, furnish and keep this home. Her thoughts, her ideas, her individuality were here. The long tramps through all kinds of weather, the struggles, the disappointments, the heartaches were here depicted, and all the triumphs, victories and successes bore their fruition in this tiny home. It was on that divan with its nest of cushions that Miss Hunt flung herself for a rattling good cry the day she lost the interview with a famous and fickle actress. How much it had meant to her, how little to the capricious creature who so coolly broke the engagement she had absolutely guaranteed! There was the piano at which Miss Hunt had poured out all the sacred sorrow of her heart through her fingers. There was the dainty, ribbon-bedecked rattan chair bought with the proceeds of her first assignment-ah! how everything in these rooms spoke to her of the light and shade, the joy and sorrow of her checkered existence in this heartless town where she had struggled and succeeded—in gaining a

But there were many other objects here which spoke as forcibly of another life-a life which seemed far away now to Miss Hunt. In that pile of cushions yonder on the divan was one made of many tiny pieces of silk carefully pieced in old-fashioned shapes. There were stars and 'rising suns" and blocks, joined in quaint and precise manner. That cushion had come one Christmas morning with the inscription, 'Just to let my little girl that mother does not forget her." The picture over the piano!-When Miss Hunt looked at it there came always a big lump in her throat, for it used to hang over her piano in a Western home. The pretty lamp on the table-ah! could she not now see two silvered heads bent close to its light? * * * a pair of thin hands fluttering over the bits or silk, * * * "piecing blocks" for "my little girl"
away in New York * * another
pair * * sinewy, honest, fatherly
hands holding the newspaper Miss Hunt had sent?

Somewhere to-night they had been sitting, old, tired out with the burden and heat of life, alone. They had

and ambitious doughter should have a chance in the world. They had placed no obstacles in her way, had listened patiently when she told them of her intention to go forth and buttle for success. Ah' they had believed in her, followed her with their prayers and never murmured at her long ab-

She remembered her first days in New York when triendiess ignorant and unknown, she had gone about timidly, uncertainly. What a mountall of strength their letters had been! Miss Hunt sighed. She had not writton home as often of late as she could -she had been so busy and when one writes for a living one wearles at the sight of pen and lak. But their letters, breathing love, tender faith and price, had come every week-no failure there. The fountain of parental love had remained pure and fresh and strong.

"We know you are busy," the last letter had said; "we hope you are happy and satisfied. It has occurred to us of late that your letters have a mournful tinge. Remember, daughter, that if you ever weary of your useful life the old home stands always open-yes-longing for you.'

Miss Hunt stirred the blazing fire impatiently. "Let me see," she said to herself—"where is it I have to go to-morrow? The slumming assignment * * * how I dread it * remember, daughter * * * 1

must see those committee women * if you ever weary * * * and then, there's that interview with the woman in the Tombs * * * rible. I was in hopes they would never send me there again the old home stands always openyes, and longing."

Miss Hunt started up with a cry. The old home! Why was she not there with her patient, gentle, lonely father and mother? What was she doing here-here?

"A useful life," they had said. Yes. she had led a useful, honest life. ·I wonder how she could tear | She had been conscientious and painstaking. She had persevered through formidable difficulties and a succession

heart-rending disappointments. She was rewarded now. People were talking of her clever, distinctive, original work. She was quoted, written about, pointed out as one of the brightest newspaper women in town. She had begun to dip into magazine work and one of the most conservative of periodicals had already published articles from her pen.

But oh! life is brief and love is mighty. A great wave of homesickness rolled over the girl as she thought of that little home—open always—yes, longing for her; of those two dear faces ever set patiently towards the East, looking for their sunlight.

What were success, admiration, work, money and independence compared to this sudden rush of feeling that shook her soul? What does it amount to after all?" over and over again she asked her sick heart. 'How little it all means, anyhow!"

"I wish," said the city editor a few days later, "I wish little Hunt had not cleared out. She would be the very one to work up the mystery surroundthe death of that girl. Hang it all! Why did she go away."

Why? Ask that silver-haired couple away out in a little Western home. who would tell you with bated breath and a radiance like the light of heaven on their faces of one evening when, as they sat by their lonely fireside reading over one of their little girl's "pieces," they heard a quick, resolute step ring up the garden walk. Then the latch clicked, the door swung open and self-contained, well-poised, energetic Miss Hunt, who had undauntedly faced every hardship and danger in her literary existence, became as a little child.

For with one big sob she flung herself on her knees between those weary watchers, and the thin, wrinkled hands met over their "little girl's" head.

Miss Hunt had given up journalism for the home that was always open -yes, longing for her."-New York

HEQUALIFIED.

A Little Thing Like That Could Not Disturb Him.

When a man is in deadly earnest about securing employment he will not let such a small obstacle as the lack of a wife stand in the way, at least such is the fact in regard to a certain section foreman on the Columbia and Puget Sound road. He applied for the position to Assistant Superintendent McCabe and his answers to that gentlemans' queries were all satisfactory until the question came:

"Are you married? We want a married man to take the position so that his wife can take care of the section house."

The man acknowledged that he still wandered in the wilderness of celibacy, and Mr. McCabe said in a pecul-

"Well, you can have the job if you get married in time. Hurry up and I'll give you passes for the five-thirty

It was then half-past four, and it seemed pretty short notice, but some men can get through a great deal of business in an hour. Before the time had arrived for the train to leave the applicant returned, accompanied by a blushing bride and said:

Will you "Well, I've got a wife. give me those passes?"

Filled with admiration at the man's readiness of resource Mr. McCabe gave him the passes and the happy couple left on their honeymoon. Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The voyage to Liberia takes thirtyfive days by sailing vessel. In seventy years during which there have been early two hundred immigrations there has not been a case of loss or disaster.

AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR

Women Who Are Entitled to Credit Henrotin, Ashley and Engle and Their

A department of the Columbian Exposition which promises to be of great nterest to a large number of people is the World's Congress Auxiliary. It is proposed by this organization to give leaders in various lines of effort an opportunity to address great audiences during the fair upon those subjects



which have engaged their especial attention. Although Mrs. Potter Palmer is the president of the women's branch of this organization as well as of the Board of Lady Managers, she relegates the labor, authority, and responsibility of her office to the vice-president, ful, and womanly. She belonges to Mrs. Charles Henrotin. Mrs. Henrotin has for years been prominent in social, philanthropic, and club circles in Chicago. She is a native of New Haven, Conn., but was edu- located there has made her well known cated abroad, where she spent not only her girlhood, but her young-womanhood. Before her return to America of the Constitution, there could be no she married Mr. Charles Henrotin, who is prominently connected with com- Texas for the exposition, it was necesmercial interests in Chicago.

Mrs. Henrotin is a student of social

and educational questions, and while holding advanced views on most subjects, is ever and always the refined gentlewoman. She is by no means a visionist, still she is one to whom the motto gentlewoman. She is of the Congress Auxiliary, "Not things, but men; not matter, but mind," would naturally especially appeal. While thoroughly matter-of-fact, she it yet expressly interested in theories, providing they are founded on reliable data, and are looking to practical results. She has always been particularly interested in educational matters, both technically and in a general way, and because of the prospective results in this direction of her present work, she is prosecuting it with the most determined industry and enthusiasm.

Mrs. Mary Kavanaugh Eagle, wife of Governor James P. Eagle of Arkansas, enjoys the distinction of being considered the best parliamentarian of the Board of Lady Managers. Mrs. Eagle is her husband's interested companion in all his undertakings, and it was rally with one accord in all parts when Governor Eagle was Speaker of the State to her standard, has enabled the Arkansas House of Representatives her to carry this work forward with in 1885 that she thoroughly familarized herself with parliamentary usage. In his work as a cotton-planter, in his interests for the upbuilding of the Baptist denomination, of which he is a prominent member in Arkansas, and in the different political canvasses inwhich girls between 12 and 14 years of age. he has engaged, Mrs. Eagle has been her husband's devoted, enthusiastic and able co-worker. Indeed, the per- street and two more for fighting. fect companionship that exists between Mr. and Mrs. Eagle is exceptional. Mrs. Eagle is a native of Ken tucky, and her father, William K. Oldham, was a wealthy stock farmer. She enjoyed the best possible educational advantages and her naturally fine mind has been thoroughly cultured. For years Mrs. Eagle has been a leader in the work of women in the Baptist denomination in Arkansas. For eight years she has been president of the Women's Central Committee on Missions, and is also president of the Women's Mission of that State.

Not only is Mrs. Frances Wells Shep ard a member of the Board of Lady Managers, but she is also the ex-officio member of the State board of eight women who have charge and direction of the exhibitors of work of the women of Illinois. Mrs. Shepard is the wife of Judge Henry Shepard of Chicago, and sight is equally good in each eye. until recently has devoted herself to her home and social duties. She has, however, given much time to the careful study of history, and there are few persons who are her equals in this department of knowledge. Mrs. Shepard is a native of Geneva, New York, and Pa., gives a medal to every person who is the daughter of the late Charles B. does not miss a church or Sunday Stuart, who was at different times school service during the year. Last



State engineer and engineer-in-chief of the United States navy. During the war of the rebellion he was commander of the Fiftleth New York Engineer reg-

However, better than the fact of who Mes. Shepard is, is what she is, tlental, kindly, enthusiastic, warmly a friend, and fearless in the expression and maintenance of her convictions, she is one of the most sincere, admirable, ami-For the Real Work Musdames Ryan abile, and locable women connected

with the world's fair. One of the finest linguists of the Board of Lady Munngers is Mrs. Susan Riley Ashley of Colorado. So thorough is Mrs. Askiey's knowledge of German that she has for some years been presideat of a leading German literary society of Denver. Mrs. Ashley has also been for several years president of the Denver Fortnightly, the foremest club of women in that city. She brings to her work as a member of the board a thorough knowledge of the world's fair held in Vienna in 1873, and also of the Universal exposition of 1889. Her ability to speak French and German with perfect ease enabled her to possess herself of information while at those expositions which would otherwise have been impossible. Mrs Ashley went to Denver with her husband when it was only a village of 2,000 inhabitants, and from that time until the present has been actively identified with the philanthropic, social and literary life of the city. She is also thoroughly conversant with the conditions and resources of the State. That her appointment as a member of the Board of Lady Managers has been appreciated in her State is evidenced by the fact that she has been made a member of the State World's Fair Board and superintendent of the Woman's Department for the State.

Mrs. Rosine Ryan'of Texas is a typical Southern woman-brilliant, resourceone of the oldest and most respected families in the State, and her work in connection with raising funds for the maintenance of the Confederate Home through the State of magnificent distances. As, on account of a provision appropriation by the Legislature of sary to raise the needed amount by individual subscription. The success of this work so far has been due largely to Mrs. Ryan's wise, enthusiastic, and persistent effort. The fact that she is



MRS. SUSAN RILEY ASHLEY. comparative ease.

Novelettes.

Floral slippers are the correct thing to throw after a bridal pair.

In New York there are 30,000 cash Two dogs were recently arrested in New York for following people in the

In 1800 Philadelphia had nearly 10,-000 more population than New York. The figures were 70,228 and 60,489.

The Russian navy of the present time consists of 192 vessels, of which thirtysix are first-class ships of war.

In almost every school of the mikado's empire it is the custom one day in the autumn to take the pupils out rabbit

A tricycle to be propelled by electricity and to run at the average speed of ten miles an hour has been patented at Washington.

It is computed that 36,000,000 babies are born into the world every year. This is at the rate of seventy a minute, or more than one every second.

It is unusual for a person's eyes to be equally strong. In only three cases out of ten does it happen that the eye-

A scientist has discovered that nearsightedness prevails to a larger extent among blondes than brunettes. This accounts, then, for Germany being the nation of spectacles.

A Presbyterian church in Lancaster, year the sexton carried off all the honors.

A new series of postage stamps has been issued by the republic of San Salvador. All stamps previous to 1892 have been called in, and only the new stamps will be accepted in payment of postage hereafter.

A Little Girl's Strange Death.

Margaret Nolan, 12 years old, of 301 West 140th street, New York, died from injuries received recently in some unknown manner. An autopsy showed that death was due to exhaustion from internal abdominal injuries. The liver was ruptured, causing hemorrhages. There were no external signs of violence on the body except a slight contusion on the stomach.

Population of India.

Whereas the total population of India according to the preliminary results of iment. Her grandfather was Gen. the census published some months Henry Welles of Pennsylvania, and she back, was 284,614,210. further revision a lineal descendant of Thomas and examination of the returns brings Welles, first treasurer of Connecticut out the still larger total of 288,159,692, under the constitution of 1639, and col- or an average density of close upon onial governor in 1655 and 1658. She 188 persons to the square mile.

THE UNDERTAKING IN THE HANDS OF SPECULATORS.

Sounder Dolph Thinks It Should Be Controffed and Maintained by the Kerto He Dertand.

Following the discovery of America early savigators sought to find a waterway through the continent which would afford a shorter route from Europe to India. When the hope of finding such a passage had been abandoned, the construction of a canal for the passage of sea-going vessels from ocean to ocean aeross the lathmus of Darien was suggested,



and the project received from time to people of the principal maritime nations of Europe, and has had the attention of the executive or legislative depart ments of this country during almost every administration.

It seems more than probable that the Panama canal project is impracticable. The construction of the Nicaragua canal is entirely practical. The estimated cost of a canal's construction is her stock in trade. Now the old presses small compared with its importance and value. There is not to-day in the civilized world any other project for the benefit of commerce comparable in importance to it.

By reason of our wealth, population, vast territory, extended coasts on two oceans, extensive coastwise commerce and important commerce by sea between the Pacific coast and the Atlantic ports and the ports of Europe, which must pass around Cape Horn, the United States has a greater interest in this enterprise than any other nation.

of our position and commerce, that no piece agin blind tigers." Upon being foreign nation should be permitted to construct or when constructed to control the canal. A grave mistake was made and a great opportunity lost ween the treaty between Nicaragua and the United States, by which Nicaragua authorized the United States to construct and maintain a canal through her territory, was withdrawn from the consideration of the Senate and failed of ratification.

A company incoporated by Congress and Costa Rica, under which it is engaged in constructing a canal. Without government aid it can only be constructed with the proceeds of stocks and bonds of the company sold in the markets of the world for whatever they will bring.

Whoever controls the stock of the company will, for the time being, control the canal; but whoever owns the bonds will virtually own the canal and will ultimately come into control of it. If the canal is constructed by a private corporation the control of it is liable to pass into the hands of foreigners and the canal may become the pro-

perty of a foreign government. There are grave doubts in my mind whether the enterprise is not of too great magnitude for private enterprise whether the canal can be constructed without government aid. The United States should aid the enterprise.

The canal, once constructed and controlled by the United States, would practically become part of our coast line. It would shorten the distance between our Pacific coast ports and our Atlantic ports and the ports of Europe enormously.

If Congress fails to secure the consummation of this great enterprise and its control by the United States, it will prove itself incompetent to deal with the interest of a great people.

Miss Jessie Botes.

The accompanying portrait is of Jessie Boies, the eldest daughter of the Governor of Iowa. Miss Boles has lately reached her 19th year, and is



gifted with many accomplishments. As her distinguished father has been mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency it is not impossible that Miss Boies may at some day become mistress of the White House at Washington.

Making Hangman's Ropes.

There is in St. Louis a firm of rope makers and dealers, doing business on North Main street, that has a side line manufacture and preparation of hang- blacker than the blackest midnight.

worked seved and denied thermothes FAIR OF THE WORLD is also able to claim other distinguished NICARAGUAN CANAL man's ropes. The firm sells as many as many locuries so that their bright price of the rope, with the noose ready for use, is \$5. The repeater hand made and of heap, and one of the employes of the firm's North St. Louis represents ties the knot. A few weeks since the aberiff of Madison county, 23, bad a man to hang at Edwardsville. He erament of the twitted States - Benefits | bought a rope that he thought would answer the purpose. The tring of the knot be found, however, to be a more difficult matter than be imagined, and he went to St. Louis to have the noose made. The ropemaker charged him \$2.50 for tying the knot.

The Dish-Blash and Watnet-

A river of size in Indiana is known as the Wabash. A wild mountain stream in the Tabconics, Mass., comes down through a wonderful gorge in a series of chasms and cascades, and continues as a charming stream between the Alander and Cedar mountains and so through the village of Copake Iron Works, Harlem railroad New York, and is visited by hundreds, if not by thousands of people yearly, and is known as Bash-Bish. What is the true Indian meaning of the terms Bash-Bish-and Wabash? What the connection in which two streams so far apart, and very unlike, are united by half their etymology? Were those Eastern and Western Indians giving kindred names, kindred people?

A WOMAN EDITOR.

She Has Built up a Paper Out of "Nothing." Ellen Dortch, editor of the Carnsvills

Tribune, is a brave and brainy Southern woman who successfully manages a fearless paper, advocating the right time earnest consideration by the and condemning the wrong according to her best judgment, regardless of the commendation of friends, the opposition of enemies. When she took the editor's chair, a hand press of uncertain age, 150 pounds of long primer, mostly in "pi," a few cases of worn advertising type, and a subscription book whose credit column had been conscientiously neglected, were and worn type are replaced by new and improved ones, the circulation of the paper has increased to thousands, and the energetic, spirited woman who has been typo, editor, and business manager, who has solicited advertising and canvassed the district for subscribers, because she wasn't able to hire any one to do it for her, has the satisfaction of knowing that success has come without once lowering the banner of her conviction.

One of her most amusing experiences was an encounter with an old hunter who invaded her sanctum, gun in hand, So great is our interest, on account in quest of the "feller that writ the



told that the writer stood before him he shifted his gun uneasily from one shoulder to the other and shuffled out without making known his business. That evening a warlike message writ ten in red ink, found its way to the editor's desk: "That pece you writ agin blind tigers is a lie but seein' as you be a gal I kant fite you. git someman to fite fur you an' i will show him Jerome Bonaparte Napoleon Swiper ain't no koward."

Had a Narrow Escape.

As Miss Carrie Kirchner of Rondout, N. Y., was walking out the other evening she neard the report of a pistol and felt something strike her. She saw three boys by a gate and exclaimed: "Are you trying to kill me?" The boys scampered away and she walked home. On her arrival there a 24-caliber revolver bullet was found imbedded in a ball of cotton yarn she had carried. She was walking with two younger sisters, and in order that they might take her arms, held her hands to her breast. When the bullet struck her, her right hand, in which was the yarn, was resting on her left breast, and thus her life was saved.

Killed a Mountain Lion.

Dr. French, a seventy-year-old restdent of Alama, killed a mountain lion one day last week at the Tule ranch in the pineries, says the San Diego Sun. The lion had crawled into a pig-pen through a small hole, and after feasting on two shoats was too big to get out through the hole. Thus he was an easy prey to the doctor, who gave him a hypodermic injection of bird shot in order to see him perform. He performed to the entire satisfaction of his tormentor. The doctor administered a 44-caliber pill, which put him to sleep. The animal had immense craws, and measured six feet from tip to tip.

Prehistoric Hatchets.

A specimen of prehistoric hatchets of peculiar form was exhibited by M. Villanova, of Piera, at the meeting of the French association. About 200 of them had been found at Eleho. They were simple emblems of images of a hatchet, made of a thin blade of metal, ornamented on both sides from one end to the other, and without edges.

It is said that if the earth's atmosphere extended to a height of 700 miles the sun's heat and rays could never penetrate it, and we would freeze to that it does not advertise. It is the death while wrapped in darkness