

DE ANIMA.
O Soul! where art thou in the watches
still—
Can Slumber's jellies fetter thee at will?
Or are they servants setting captive free
From harbing'ring clay to ride the greater
sea?

Where art thou, then, betwixt the dusk
and dawn—
What hours receives thee ere new day is
born?

Is spark divine, of yet diviner fire,
Ashed in the embers of its earthly pyre?
The sleeping dust is but thy mask dis-
carded,
Lest thy full life by it should be retarded;
The day thy night, the night thy sun
arisen,
And Sleep the opener of the spirit's
prison.

—Harriet Osgood Lunt.

A Pair of Postmen.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

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It was a shock for Kennedy. He had almost completed sorting out the letters to be delivered along his beat when he came on that one addressed to Nora Dillon. He recognized the chirography instantly. He had seen it many times. The letter had been written by Bertram Ryder. Ryder was not only a fellow-postman, but his warmest and most intimate friend. Why, he had not known that Ryder was even acquainted with Nora—the girl whom he had come to love with a passion quite incommensurate with his pay and his prospects.

Not that this latter fact would matter if they really loved each other. So far Kennedy had not dared to put his affection to the test of a declaration. But he had been screwing his courage up to that point for weeks, and—although he was far from being a conceited fellow—he had felt that he was being encouraged by the pretty daughter of the prosperous contractor on Elm avenue.

If only she would come to the door for the mail today! He would watch her—would notice her acceptance of the envelope addressed by Ryder. The thought spurred him to activity. He hastened through with his work as rapidly as possible, and went trudging off on his afternoon delivery, his well-packed bag slung over his shoulder.

The glare of early summer lay hot and yellow on the city streets. Crowds of well-dressed people were coming and going. The laughter of children mingled with the silver dripping of a fountain in a little green square. But Jim Kennedy could only think of one opening door, which framed a straight, young, girlish form in a gay little gown. That was one of the things which had first attracted him to Nora Dillon—the fact that her pretty, bright garments, pink and heliotrope, and azure seemed somehow to suit well her swift, sunny smile and laughing blue eyes.

Kennedy's bag was considerably lighter by the time he turned into Elm street. His heart was beating hard when he reached the comfortable home of the Dillons. He rang the bell, and stood waiting, the letter in his hand. He could hear the light, familiar step he had learned to know and



"A Letter for You."

...for coming along the hall with... and suddenly the door had swung... and she was standing there, fair... in her crisp white gown... about young Nora clearly out... against the soft green... the doorway.

...Nora! He... and stood look-

shoulders—of course that was Bertram Ryder.

He could hear the clear voice of the girl speaking with cordiality.

"Don't you worry, Bert!" she was saying. "You can trust me to arrange affairs so that no one will suspect. What's that? I'm an angel? Oh, no, I'm not." There was a ripple of laughter. "Good-bye. Till Tuesday, then!"

Jim Kennedy turned on his heel, and went home, sick at heart. It was the little maid of all work who opened the door to Jim when next day duty forced him to ring the door bell of the Dillon domicile. And on the day following he found himself waiting there rebellious and miserable, with another letter from Bertram Ryder in his hand. This time, although it was Nora who eagerly opened the door, and stood as if waiting for him to speak, he only lifted his cap formally, handed her the letter, and turned away without a word. And as he strode angrily off, his smouldering jealousy was fanned to fresh flame by the sight of Bertram himself coming jauntily up the street. It was evident that he had received leave of absence, for he was in his best civilian attire, and looked particularly sanguine and joyous.

"Hallo, old fellow!" he cried, and would have stopped Kennedy, but that individual jerked free from the friendly hand laid on his arm, and strode on. Ryder looked after him in dismay, but the next instant he had caught sight of Nora. He sprang up the steps.

"There was no need to send that last letter, but I was afraid they would not let me off. The old man was very kind though, when I explained the situation. Heavens, Nora, what's the matter? You're white as a ghost."

Nora's reply was distinctly feminine. She sank down, and burst into tears.

By the time he had succeeded in wresting from the girl the story of her sorrow, he began to divine the reason of Jim Kennedy's sudden coolness towards himself.

"I'll fix that," he assured her. "Just as soon as this little affair is over—before we even leave town, I'll fix that!"

He was as good as his word. That very evening he hunted up Jim Kennedy sitting moody and dejected in his lodging house.

"Look here, Jim," he said, "things have got into a snarl, and I'm here to untwist them. I was married this afternoon—"

"Married," echoed Jim. He started to his feet as though stung. "Married!"

"Yes, to Cicely Barstow, as nice a girl as ever drew breath. We've been as good as engaged for a year, but her father objected to the wedding as she has some money in her own right he wanted to hold on to. My cousin, Nora Dillon, has helped us out by giving Cicely my letters which went under cover to Nora—at least the few last ones I had to send that way, as the old people were becoming suspicious. By the way, Nora is feeling pretty badly on account of your manner to her lately. Suppose you go up to the house and explain—"

Jim grabbed his friend's hand, and wrung it energetically.

"I will—right off. Congratulations, Bert! Good luck to you—and my best wishes to Mrs. Ryder!"

Then a beaming-faced young man hurriedly furnished up his toilet, and made his way to Elm street at a pace which would undoubtedly have won him first prize in a sprinting contest!

Women Taking Elevator Cure.

In New York now women are taking the "elevator cure" as the proper spring tonic. An elevator man in the tall Battery Park building was trying to explain the other day how popular the treatment was getting to be. "Three out of every four women who ride in this car," he said, "are taking the 'elevator cure.' How does it cure? And what? Search me. The motion is supposed to have a beneficial effect on the circulation of the blood or something. Some of the men try it, too, but the women have it the worst. Whenever a stranger comes up to me and asks for a fictitious person I know they are after the ride and nothing else. Some of the sharp ones generally pick out a name in the directory before they enter the car. They never go into an office, however, and always take the next car down. When you consider there are four elevators here and then count the number of big office buildings south of the postoffice, you will see a woman can ride around all morning and never hit the same elevator man twice. But we know them."

Where Slavery Is Profited.

According to correspondence issued by the London foreign office, 98 per cent of the slaves of Zanzibar and Pemba prefer to remain slaves. Fewer slaves applied for freedom in 1900 than in 1899, because the British commissioners over, most of the slaves know they are not likely to gain much present advantage, seeing that those who were thrown at their own resources have a difficult time to make a living. The masters have been kinder since the slave legislation was enacted and seek to make their service more attractive.

General Robert Hodgson.

General Harris C. Hobart has resigned from the Milwaukee public library board after a service of twenty-five years. General Hobart is now in his eighty-ninth year. He was one of the union prisoners who tumbled their way out of Libby prison at Richmond during the war of the rebellion and was twice democratic candidate for governor of Wisconsin, the first time in 1869 and later in 1885.

In the war of love who dies con-



The police of Paris are likely to be kept busy if they attempt to arrest every "cabby" in the gay city who utters an oath or who talks insultingly to his fare. The myriad "cabbies" of Paris are in a class by themselves. As a rule they hire their cabs and horses by the day from one of the great companies which control the business, paying a fixed sum as rental, and making all they take in above that figure. Most of them wear the livery of the company from which they rent, and their vehicles are painted to correspond. These liveries are most often light in color, and the cabs of the City Cab company, the largest in Paris, are painted in imitation of wicker work. The cabby wears a high hat, made of rubber composition, and a sort of cross between sabots and shoes, with wooden soles and leather uppers. In his hat the smart Paris cabby wears a cockade of some bright colors.

The regular fare in Paris is a franc

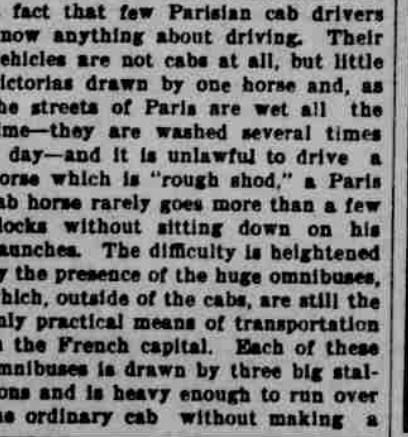


A PARIS COCHERE.

—30 cents—for a course, about a mile. By the hour a Paris cab costs fifty cents. In addition to this fare it is the custom to pay the drivers a tip of one sou—which equals a cent—on each franc of his legal fare. If he has earned a fare of five francs, for instance, he expects a tip of five sous in addition.

If the Paris cabby has an idea that his fare is an American he does his best to get more. When offered his regular fare, with the customary tip added, he is likely to throw it on the ground and spit on it, at the same time rolling off a string of expletives which would warrant his arrest on suspicion.

Before a man is allowed to drive a cab in Paris he is supposed to pass an examination conducted by the municipal authorities. At the same time it is a fact that few Parisian cab drivers know anything about driving. Their vehicles are not cabs at all, but little victorias drawn by one horse and, as the streets of Paris are wet all the time—they are washed several times a day—and it is unlawful to drive a horse which is "rough shod," a Paris cab horse rarely goes more than a few blocks without sitting down on his haunches. The difficulty is heightened by the presence of the huge omnibuses, which, outside of the cabs, are still the only practical means of transportation in the French capital. Each of these omnibuses is drawn by three big stallions and is heavy enough to run over the ordinary cab without making a



A JAPANESE JINRIKISHA.

walk for any distance in the English metropolis is a confession of bad form. For two miles the fare for either a "keb" or a four-wheeler is a shilling—25 cents—or "two and six pence an hour. With a shilling fare the London cabby expects a tip of "tuppence" or, with two and six, a tip of sixpence. If his passenger hands out the legal fare, with the regular tip added, the cabby will take it for granted that his fare "knows the ropes," and will touch his hat with a polite thank you, sir." But if he is overpaid by a single penny he at once jumps to the conclusion that he has been driving an American millionaire, and will immediately demand a still larger sum.

In St. Petersburg the droshkies are usually driven by peasants, who come in with their speedy little horses from the surrounding country and rent their vehicles and harnesses by the day. Often the same droshki will be under lease to two men at the same time, one of them running it at night and the other in the day time. A Russian cabby will charge as much for a drive as he thinks he can get, but he is usually good natured and rarely abusive. He is also usually kind to his horse. Sometimes he sleeps in his droshki at night, thus saving the expense of other lodging, and picks up his meals along the streets. In Japan and along the Chinese coast the jinrikisha takes the place of the civilized cabby. With the jinrikisha the owner and proprietor acts at the same time as horse, and pulls the light two-wheeled cart along the narrow streets at a rate which is sufficiently fast for the comfort of the passenger. A jinrikisha, man and all,

ENGLISH CABBIES.

may be hired for a few cents an hour, the exact amount depending upon the familiarity of the jinrikisha man with the ways of civilization.

ab wheels brings forth a flood of fluent French profanity.

Outside the fortifications of Paris the legal rates do not apply, and the cabby is allowed to collect as much as he can get. There are one or two interesting suburbs just beyond the limits, and the Paris cabby likes nothing better than to get an American fare



A RUSSIAN DROSKY.

to one of these points, where he is free to exert all his powers of blasphemy. So rare is a decent driver among the cabmen of Paris that when an even average reinsman is found his fortunate employer is likely to take him with him wherever he goes. Thus the great actor, Coquelin, brought his French coachman with him to Chicago, and boasted that he was a wonder because he had not had his wheel taken off more than once or twice in a year or two.

In Vienna the conditions are practically the same as in Paris, with the difference that no man who can possibly afford it will take a cab in the Austrian capital unless it is drawn by two horses.

In London the cabby is again multitudinous and necessary. But for the great buses, the few tramways and electric lines in the suburbs and the more recent "tuppenny tube" the Londoner depends chiefly on the "keb," and to



FOLDING HAMMOCK AND ROCKING CHAIR.

end. As a person sits down the chair will tilt into its proper position and provide a comfortable seat.

The Petticoat for Slenderness.

In these days it is the ambition of most women to look as slight as possible. A great help to this end is a petticoat of silk stockinet, which fits the figure like a skin from waist to knee. These skirts are furnished with detachable frills of silk, which button on the stockinet portion, and give from knee to ankle the fussy, frilly effect demanded by fashion. Many women who pride themselves on their slim figures decline to be burdened with superfluous skirts, and with satin knickerbockers no other petticoat is needed but the loose silk lining which is a feature of the ordinary skirt. Nevertheless, two smart models for petticoats are very sluring. One for evening wear is of white glace silk, edged with three pinked-out frills, and draped with a deep flounce of ecru point d'esprit net, run with satin ribbon and tied at intervals with rosettes of the same. For morning wear with tailor gowns a petticoat of glace silk, bordered with one deep godet flounce and strapped with silk to match, is quite the right thing.

New York a Financial Center.

The concentration of banking capital partially explains the amazing record made by the New York clearing house recently in comparison with records made elsewhere in the United States. As, for instance, in one financial center, one of the most important outside of New York, the clearings for the month of April aggregated \$250,000,000, and this was looked upon as a wonderful record, and so it is, standing by itself, and yet the clearings of the associated banks of New York have been averaging as much as this every day for the past three or four months, and some days have been twice as much.—Holland in Philadelphia Press.

Two Lives Compared.

A curious fact is revealed by the Peerage with regard to the earl of Leicester. He and his father married, and exactly 100 years lie between the dates of the two ceremonies. Each man had two wives, and the present earl is a son of his father's second marriage.

Wife Was a "Be-Fain."

When asked by his wife for money to buy some flour, a resident of a western town handed her a \$10 bill. She refused to give him any change, saying that she was a member of the Buffaloes. The husband had her arrested, but the local justice dismissed the case.

He that is rich need not live sparingly, and he that can live sparingly need not be rich.

Grief for a dead wife and a troublesome guest continue to the threshold, and there are at rest.