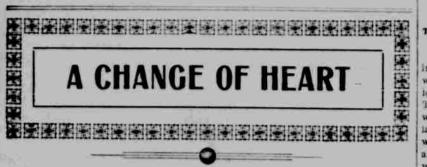
# **TWO PICTURES.**

An old farmhouse with meadows wide, And sweet with clover on each side; A bright eyed boy, who looks from out The door with woodbine wreathed about. And wishes his one thought all day "Ohi if I could only fly away From this dull spot the word to see How happy, happy, happy,

How happy I should be II.

Amid the city's constant dia, A man who round the world has been, Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng. Is thinking, thinking all day long: "Oh! could I only tread once more The field path to the farmhouse door The old green meadow could I see How happy, happy, happy, How happy I should be.

-- Universalist Leader



OLLY GREY was 22, and as a stenographer in a New York haw office the sum of \$18 a week was allotted to her as her share per. For the first time in months he of the world's wealth.

It may have been the vicinity of to which she had become accustomed Wall street, or it may have been pass- without knowing it ing the sub-treasury daily (where all that glitters is sure to be gold), but Molly had the feeling of wealth.

How could it be otherwise when day after day she copied documents that discoursed easily of hundreds of thousands and millions, and deftly tucked certified checks for \$50,000 or \$100,000 into the envelopes of letters that be lights of the new woman's hotel, for gan "Inclosed please find" with uncon- | which she was about to forsake the scious nonchalance?

Imperceptibly her point of view became one with that of the great corporations of whose workings she had dally glimpses, and the time when \$5,-000 would have seemed to her a lordly fortune was blotted out

When it is added that in her native village her love of ideals and her habit of reading and studying had earned her the reputation of being "stuck up." it will be superfluous to add that she was ambitious.

She lived in a busy dream world where, without fully realizing it herself, she was forever preparing for the high station to which she might some day be called.

But her dream of fame was not for herself, but for the man-the man whom the rose-colored future would surely bring and of whom every girl worthy of the name dreams rapturously.

In her absorption she looked right over the heads of the ordinary young men whom fate threw in her path, albeit she did it so sweetly that more than one of these fatuous youths had tried to bring her attention down from the clouds.

Only persisted, and that was

restionaly about her room, trying to essessessessessessesses get interested in something, but and succeeding, his name was announced. In one of the small parlors of the hotel she found him waiting, and his very greeting bespoke a new mastery on his part.

On a chair in the opposite corner a colorless spinster rectined, hungrily reading a love tale. She mt there like a stern object lesson, but Molly no longer needed to be taught.

"I have come to ask you once more," her lover said, in smothered tones, with one eye on the object lesson; "I love you and i want you. My love for you would be no more worthy if I had a million," he went on, almost roughly. 'It's the last time."

Shamed tears rose to her eyes and her hand stole into his.

"Love is the greatest thing," she whispered brokenly .--- Utics Globe.

## FOGS DO MUCH GOOD.

They linve a Great Effect in Supplying Moisture to Plants.

Did you ever think of the fertilizing function of the fog?" asked a man Michael Herbert, was a guest at a dinwho pays much attention to meteoro- per at one of the clubs in Washington borund matters in the New Orleans not many months before his death He Times Democrat. "If you had you was one of the speakers of the evenwould not object so much to the little ing, and was to be followed by Rear inconvenience which we suffer at times Admiral Charles Beresford. "I am to when fogs become very dense. There be followed by a little sailor man," he are a great many persons in the world observed, after an extremely felicitous who look upon a fog as a slimy shest speech in a more serious vein, "at least, of miasma, looking upon its breath as he has been a sailor. I believe he is postflential, believing that it cozes out engaged at present in the plastering upon the earth and humanity nostrums business." There was a little polite that kill, and all that sort of thing. laughter from those who felt sure that There are, to be sure, elements of poi-son in the fog. Fogs are often putrid, ed, believing that the final touch was that in these interesting formations of gaged in cementing the good relations

that is healthful and vitalizing, much Thomas A. Edison believes there is that is absolutely necessary to 1.3 no work so mechanical as the telewell-being of bumanity.

be without moisture? Fog is one form night when I was a 'cub' operator in of moisture. It is vapor of water, Cincinnati, I noticed an immense Vegetation gets its nourishment mains, crowd gathering in the street outside and chiefly, not out of the earth, but a newspaper office. I called the attenfrom the nourishing properties of the tion of the other operators to the

water formations of the air, clouds, crowd, and we sent a messenger-boy mists, mins, snows, sleet, fors and so out to find the cause of the excite-A fortnight later, though she did not confess it even to herself, she was reston. Without moisture there could be ment. He returned in a few minutes less and disappointed. This staid, quiet no vegetation. Without vegetation, or and shouted out: "Lincoln's shot!" Inplace, with its endless processions of the properties of vegetation, humanity, stinctively the operators looked from women, so many of whom looked as if I am afraid would be in a bad way, one face to the other to see which life had beaten them to the wall, was So you may now partially understand man had received the news. All the what I mean when I speak of the fer- faces were blank, and every man said Some were tall and thin and subtilizing value of fogs. Trees and plants he had not taken a word about the do not feed altogether through the shooting. 'Look over your file,' said roots which are run into the ground, the boss to the man handling press The leaves cat. They feed on the dell- stuff. For a few moments we waited cate spherical particles which crystal- in suspense, and then the man held up

lize and condense into that misty a sheet of paper containing a short acblanket we call fog. Food is takin count of the attack on the President, through the bark of trees, through The operator had worked so mechaniclimbs and twigs. ally that he had handled the news "Men, you know, feed through the without the slightest knowledge of its

pores of the skin. I may say that trees significance." and plants, and, in fact, vegetation of The recent death of Lord Rowton,

all kinds do the same thing. Moisture Disraell's trusted secretary, and the of the kind that floats in the air or falls executor of his estate, was responsible to the ground when it is heavy enough, for the following explanation of how furnishes the food that is taken in this Mrs. Brydges Willyams came to leave way. Stop for a moment and think her fortune to Lord Beaconsfield: "Dizwhat would happen to vegetation if zy received one morning a letter from all the moisture were suddenly and Mrs. Willyams-whom he did not ty extracted from the atmos-Vegetation would simply with- read his novels with much interest, obere. r and die. It could not live. You see and would like to make his acquaint the air is 70 or 80 percent moisture, ance. She also asked a question which or about this, and its capacity for hold- rendered it necessary for him to aning moisture at any particular time, swer the letter. Unfortunately, the letor in any particular area, depends upter was left in his greatcoat pocket. on the temperature. But this is another and Dizzy did not wear the coat until matter. The fog is a great fertilizer several months after, when he happenand the luscious bone and blood mak- ed to be in the south of England, and ing vegetable served to us on the table in the very town in which Mrs. Willwould not be as robust and healthful yams lived. Coming across the letter if we should withdraw this food from in such circumstances, it occurred to the plants." him to call upon her, and Mrs. Will-

GOOD Short Ctories \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

came in and said;

"'Yes,' said L

"'Got it done so quick?'

since."-Philadelphia Press.

PROMINENT TRAIT OF RACE

Daily Avocations.

" 'Let's go out and look at it."

The late Gustav you Moser, the sucressful German author of comedies, whose name is best remembered in this country in connection with "The Private Secretary," used to show his friends a little crystal urn in which he ordained that his ashes were to rest after his cremation: "From every one of the many laurel wreaths showered on him after the premiere of a new success," so the story goes, "he used to pluck a single leaf, burn it, and lay its ashes in the urn. 'And so, you see, he was wont to say with his sunny smile, 'one of these days I shall really be resting on my laurels.' And so it came about, for his whimsical request was scrupulously observed."

The late British ambassador, Sir "Maryel as you will at the negro's penchant for music, it stands out as the most pronounced trait of the race." Issippi. "They love harmony of sound." slimy. But fogs are not made alto-gether of slimy putrescences. On a my joke," said the ambassador, taking moment's reflection we can understand in the situation; "I mean that he is enborn.

the lower atmosphere there is much between England and America." graph operator's. To prove his deduc-"What could we do, where would we tions, he relates this incident: "One dismissed.

> splitting rails in the woods mingles his bor those negroes get as much music as an ordinary drum corps would pro-

> > duce. A few days ago I had my shoes polished in Natchez. I was surprised to Statistics Show Gridiron Is More Dead catch the strains of "There'll Be a Hot. Time in the Old Town To-night' from the swish of the cloth the negro was using, and I discovered that he could listics gathered by the New York faintly produce several other simple World show 124 deaths from prim In a barber-shop a negro boy used a whisk broom on my clothes, and the first thing I knew he was fairly ing with five in this country during sweeping music off my shoulders, Watch for such demonstrations if you do not believe the corectness of the instances I have given. You will soop be convinced."

#### joke, I can tell you, for the factory BITING MAILS IS A DISEASE was a big one and the sidewalk long

But I was giad to get the chance, for Mabis Grows with Indulgence and It it meant that I was to have a show to

get inside the works, and I only needs The head school teacher, who ast at ed a few hours at most to find out how the end of a row of six gtris at a mas the trick was done. It took me four ince, maw one of them take off her hours to get the sidewalk cleared, and gloves as soon as the lights went dows my back was nearly broken when I and the curtain went up. She watched went into the office sgain. The fore When the girl thought her teacher's man looked up from his desk as I attention was concentrated on the stage one of her hands went to be lips.

"Miss Blank," said the chaperon leaning over and speaking so that "And we went out. He looked the everybody seated around her could sidewalk over and said: 'It a a good hear. "I must ask you to stop biting job. 1 didn't thick you could do it. your nails and put your gloves on in-Now, if you look sharp you'll be in mediately."

The other girls tittered, and the partime to catch the noon truin for Baltimore, and "Just tell them that you licular one who had offended did as saw me."" That was a new song in she was told, looking very much he those days, and I have detested it ever miliated.

"Poor child," said a sympathetic woman witting in the row behind.

"I frequently find it necessary is administer a rebuke of this sort is Negro's Love of Music Manifest in His girls with the nall-biting hubit," sald the chaperon to a friend who asked about it. 'All teachers do. A lessos

of that sort is worth ten admonition in private. There is no better way to said Representative Williams of Miss break a pupil of a had habit like biting the nails than to shame her out of it It is innate with them. They excel in I warned Miss Blank before we start music, although it is not developed in ed for the theater that I should rein its higher phases, because they draw bake her if I caught her biting bee from the most ordinary surroundings, mails, and she promised not to do it. A negro woodchopper, a roust about, a When I saw her stenithily drawing of railsplitter, will inject the idea of her gloves I knew what was coming music, the harmony of sounds, into his We have to watch girls with the nail work. Show me a bookkeeper or bank biting habit in church, in the theater, cashier who ever juggles figures in a and everywhere they go in public. If manner to make them suggest music is almost impossible to make them and I'll show you a model of Gabriel's group their gloves on."

A fashionable manicure uptown ad "The conclusion is forced that the vertises to cure nall-biting. He says cold, intensely practical affairs of the has many patrons among girls and up-to-date business man exclude all women.

sentimental feelings. The banker goet -It is an exceptional thing to find a to the opera when he desires music. man who bites his nails," he said to a The broker hears only the monotonous reporter for the Sunday Press. "but ticking of the telegraph instrument I have known of some cases. Nall-The bank clerk is abjured to work si- biting is a disease, the same as lich lently. If he whistles or sings in the ing scalp or anything else. To a corcounting-room he is corrected if not tain extent it is a habit, but the habit develops the disease, which is callied "Note the difference. The negre onychopagie.

"When I was in Paris four years voice in a well-blended manner with ago I first learned about the treatment the noise made by the mani. The for it, and at once introduced it in my swing of his voice matches the swing business here. Far from being a harmof the maul, and falls with greatest less habit, resulting only in unsightly force just when the wedge is struck, hands, nall-biting is a prolific cause of The steamboat rouster hauls in a line nervous disorders in girls and women. with a sort of rythm that suggests it requires various forms of treas music, chanting the while. So it is ment, according to the condition and with these fellows. Watch them tamp surroundings of the victim. The best ing the asphult with those heavy irons, time to stop it is in childhood. Parents Observe the precision of their move and school teachers who find children ments. Catch the sounds as the heavy biting their nails should not only se weights fall. If the ear is property verely reprimand them, but punis attuned you will hear the music of the them in a way that will be remember sound and also the rythm of the move ed. In my opinion the teacher you tell ments. Out of this simple manual la about gave the young woman a whole some lesson."---New York Press.

FOOTBALL VERSUS PUGILISM.

ly Than the Prize King.

Which is the more destructive to itse and limb-foot-ball or pugilism? Stafighting since Tom Falkn ed out in England in 1758, the list end the past year. In 1902 the prize ring had 7 victims; in 1901 the number was S, and it was 10 in 1900. For some at these deaths men have gone to prison, but the great majority of the men wh gave the death blow were not even arrested. The figures show conclusive ly that the "sport" of the prize ring is His Idea of the Way Public Affairs brutal and deserves repression. It is hannily not a popular sport in this country, thanks to unfriendly laws.



omitted the little deferential attentions

"He's a nice fellow," her thoughts of

him ran as she busied herself packing

up her belongings that night, "but he'll

Then she fell to wondering how a

man could fail to respond to the beck-

oning ambition, and gradually her

mind turned to other things-the de-

shabby hall room that she had occu-

cled imagined pleasures of living

pied for a year, and where she fan-

never achieve anything much."

would begin to materialize

not what she had dreamed of.

Ransom McComb, the bookkeeper in the office. His unfailing thoughtfulness and consideration had won her sincere liking, though he was keen enough to suspect that the liking was tinged with patronage.

Delicately he tried, from time to time to show her the trend of his feelings. But she treated him always with a frank good will that would not understand, receiving his attentions much as a gracious goddess might have received the adoration of a mortaland with not a whit more conscious ness that anything more than friendship could exist between them.

When, therefore, with the doggedness of a man who knows he is butting his head against a stone wall, he told her in plain words what had long been apparent to every one who knew them, she was not only amazed but a triffe shocked.

Ransom, ordinary man though he might be, had loved her too long and deeply not to understand what she carefully tried to conceal in her guarded but decided refusal

"You needn't be afraid of hurting me," he said bluntly, though his lips were drawn and white, "I know what you mean-know it better really than you know it yourself. You mean that you could never marry a man who is not ambitious-who doesn't at least expect to take the world by storm. whether he ever does it or not!"

Molly flushed the more hotly because she knew his words were true. though she managed, woman-like, to make an incoherent protest.

It was then that the thread of gold that runs through the nature of each one of us came to the surface in Ransom. He took her hands in his, and looking down into her tremulous face said quietly:

"I love you so well that God knows I would give you your dream if I could. But I can only offer you my love, and I hoped that you might find it big enough and deep enough to make you forget ambition.

He bent down and kissed her forehend. Before she recovered herself he was gone

At the thought of facing him at the office next morning she qualled. It pnaccountable discontent with herself. | She feit small and mean, indignantly as she defended herself to her con-

But she as have no fear. There indicate that anything



"I HAVE COME TO ASK YOU ONCE MORE,

dued, others short and stout and resigned. Few appeared to be enjoying the game.

Many of them were spinsters, and as she watched their meek ways day by day her curiosity changed to oppression, and that melted into fear. Across her proud young confidence the shadow of a dreadful doubt fell.

Could it be possible, by any chance, that such a fate was in store for her? She shuddered at the thought. It was easy to be proud and self-reliant while she was strong in her faith of his coming-the man who would shield and protect her-at whose fireside she would sit when she was old and gray. But what if she should miss him? What if she should have to journey on to the end without love?

A blank, wordless misery possessed her. She saw now that love was the greatest thing-not ambition. She remembered Ransom McComb's face that night when he told her how much he cared-the bonest, longing eyes-the manly, gentle way in which he had admitted his shortcomings.

A great tenderness filled her. It was the love of a warm, generous-hearted man that he had offered her, and in her arrogance she had scorned it as a thing of small account.

It was in this chastened mood that she seated herself at her desk the next day. Ransom McComb appeared in an entirely new light. Six months had passed since he had asked her to be his wife, and though he had been as kind and thoughtful as ever in his treatment of her in their daily intercourse in the office, something was gone from his manner-something she had scarce-

ly known was there, until she missed

Inadvertently she had begun to watch him closely. There were determined lines about his chin that appealed to her-that meant something. She was studying him one day, with her was not alone timidity, but a certain head slightly on one side and more warmth and interest in her eyes than she was sware of, when he turned suddenly and caught her glance.

A fiash of surprise crossed his face. and hope rushed over him like a warm as nothing in the business-like sails wave. Proudly, but keenly, his eyes nervous movement, she turned away.

yams was so flattered at, as she Beating the Wind.

thought his carrying the letter so long There are several other tracks at shout him, and then calling that she Davos, such as the Clavadel, and the decided on leaving him her fortune! Schutzalp, but more interesting still is That shows how wise it is not to anthe famous "Crosta" run at St. Moritz, swer letters," added Lord Rowton. which is considered to be the most difficult course of its kind in the world.

A SCHEME THAT FAILED.

carefully prepared course in Switzer- Unsuccess/ni Attempt to Discover

land. The run, from live to six feet Competitor's Secret. A group of young men all active in while and 1,300 yards long, with a fail of about 180 yards, is formed in the the world of business, were telling shape of a grove. On either side the hard stories at the Manufacturers' snow is banked up, particular care be- club one evening recently. An elecing taken at the curves, where the trical engineer, still in his early 30's, whose salary is represented by five snow is raked in at various degrees, and the banks thus built up resemble figures, told the following:

the curve of a bicycle track. The en. "I've been up against it more bace, but an adventure I had in New tire run is thus flanked by a wall of hard frozen snow, which at some York in '93, like Aaron's serpent, swalplaces is nearly twenty feet high, lows all the rest. At the time I was Where a road crosses the track, the manager and stockholder to a limited bank is, of course, broken. With the extent in Baltimore. We were operassistance of water and a sharp frost ating under a patent, and things were the track, when thus prepared, is just beginning to come our way when covered with a coating of ice, and the we got word from our salesmen that great "Cresta" is now ready to re- goods similar to ours were being ceive the cager toboggamers who have placed upon the market at a fifure come from all parts of the world. It which we could not meet.

"I got samples of the goods and the is, of course, neither possible nor desirable to make the track in one figures from three different sources straight line; in fact, the great numb r and at once called a meeting of the and the difficulty of the curves form directors. Our patent was worthless the chief attraction of the "Cresta" as a matter of protection, and our to riders as well as spectators.- A only source was secrecy; and, so far Pitcairn Knowles, in Outing. as we were able to do it, our process was kept from prying eyes. But there

### What Capers Are.

and which is undoubtedly the most

was some one who was beating us at The caper of commerce is the our own game. If we could find out nickled flower bud of a shrub that how it was done we could do it ourgrows in waste places of southern seives; if we could'nt, it meant ruin, Europe. Marsellles alone exports about "The next day disguised as a work-\$5000 worth per year to the United man. I went over to New York and States. The business of raising and found the factory without any trouble, preparing capers might well be taken but try as I would I couldn't get up in California, the arid lands of the employment. The foreman said he southwest and some of the southern hadn't work enough to keep his men

Got in tah r Words

An Australian scientist has analyzed meteor which contained traces of gold, showing that the element is not monopolized by the earth.

Ingratitude makes a tann look like lar minus 99 cents.

states.

### WHAT THE BOSS THOUGHT

## Should Be Managed.

Other men may make the speeches and write the platforms; let me be and does not attract the unfavorable stow the lobs.

Some politicians say: "First my own when they get power they think they in more danger than the pugilist,

they have to look after the welfare of can't do anything but sleep.

and learn the meaning of bluff.

It is all very well to be a "talented sas City Journal.

Warning to Would-Be Suicides. tain waterfalls. So frequent have creatly to the physical development of such occurrences become that police the student body as a whole. The are now constantly stationed in their tenth student's field practice does not neighborhood and large notice boards affect the muscles, heart and lungs of are crected bearing inscriptions in the other nine. The foot-ball game is large letters, of which the following in fact, for nine-tenths of the boys translation is an example: "Do not only a spectacle, and for the real drown yourself here! Intended sulcides largely an occasion of idleness, disc are warned that heaven disapproves pation and demoralization. This is of the utilization of Kegon waterfall sufortunately, too much the character for the purpose. This is certified to of all college sports. Athletic exercise on the best priestly authority and seri- in the gymnasium is one thing, games ous consequences in the hereafter are are usually in character and effect guaranteed. To drown here is also something very different. They do not

This May Explain It. "Why is it that the women are a

"I dunno," replied Mr. Henpeck, "un sidewalk and give me a square meal less the average woman justly considn payment. This appeal reached his ers berself more than a match for any

attention that is given to foot-ball. The One man with a little political swag latter sport seems, however, even more in view outweighs a hundred good objectionable, if account be taken of citizens. He will hustle; they will not, the number and character of the vie tims. The World notes that the foot interests; then the interests of the ball season is barely six weeks in party; then the interest of the people." length, and the number of players in They are soft. My motio is: "First, fully 20 per cent greater than that of my own interest; then my own inter- the pugilists. "These two facts," the est; then my own interest." Why World says, "in consideration of reshould a man fritter away his time! suits, indicate that the percentage is The weakness of my enemies is that against the foot-ball player." He

Facts collected by Professor E. R. the service and the good of the people. Dexter of the University of Illinois The people are dough. The people from sixty American colleges show that in the last ten years out of 210,

Let the young man seeking a polit 334 students 22,766 played foot-ball, ical career study the game of poker and of this number 654 were seriously injured and 114 were killed. In 190 the seriously injured numbered 142 young literary and newspaper man." and 12 were killed. In some years one But there is more satisfaction in own- player is killed or maimed for each ing and bossing a whole bevy of the day of the playing season. In view of sweet creatures. And that is easy. Professor Dexter's figures it is in-Because they will all come to you if possible to assert that the game is you succeed. Power is power .- Kan- maintained in the interest of the ath letic development of students, since is shown that but 10.8 per cent of the students play foot-ball. A form of es-A favorite method of suicide in Ja- ercise in which only about one student pan lately has been to leap over cer- out of ten engages cannot conduce

forbidden by the prefectural authori. always injure seriously the participunts, and this is the most that can be said for them --- Baltimore Sun

> Desertions from th Army. During the official year the army loss per cent of the enlisted men by de sertion, or enough to make six full regiments. Half as many were norably discharged

and a half of srow lay on the ground. As a last report, I asked him if he strongly opposed to polygamy?"

would let me shovel the snow from the Least, and I got the job. It was no man."

poing and would have to discharge tome of them. I was desperate. It ties." was a bitter winter day, and a foot