

THAT OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

I have seen a wondrous picture of "that old sweetheart of mine." Of the girl whose soul is fairer than the world's most sacred shrine, And the long months seemed as nothing, for I heard her softly sigh, And once more I was her lover in the happy days gone by.

And I stood there gazing on her as a soul from outer space Gazes through the gates of heaven on an angel's deathless face; All the world around forgotten; all the past a mystic dream; With the old love burning in me and its passion all supreme.

Every nerve within my being seemed a harp string tuned to love, Trembling with the music learned from Israel above, As I stood there in the silence with her fair face close to mine, And my tired spirit longing for the days that were divine.

Slowly faded the ship of evening out into the sea of night; Slowly into darkness faded all save memory's holy light; And the dream of life was ended, but the stars of memory shine Through the soul's wide-open windows on "that old sweetheart of mine."

THE CONSEQUENCE.

THE doctor looked into the woman's brave eyes and slowly pronounced her sentence.

"The operation must take place within a few days or—"

"Or what?"

"It may be too late to operate at all."

"And—I will get through it safely?"

"I hope so."

"You are not sure. You think there is a risk?"

"There is always a risk in every operation," he answered evasively.

"Tell me the truth, doctor; I can bear it."

The old man looked into the desperate eyes and put his hand gently on the woman's shoulder.

"You are a brave woman. I will tell you the truth. This operation will be very serious one—in fact, there is only a chance that you will survive it. But there is a chance, and for the sake of it you must not lose heart."

"Could I wait till next month—just for a few weeks longer? It surely would not make any difference if it was postponed till then?"

"My child," the doctor answered, "if we postponed it for a few weeks, for even one week, you will lose your one chance of recovery. Besides, you will suffer such agony that your life will be unbearable. Let me advise you, and make up your mind to go through it immediately."

"Immediately?"

"Within the next few days. You must go into the hospital to-morrow to be prepared for it."

Then she explained the arrangements he would make for her, and after listening in a dazed, half-stupid fashion, Elizabeth said "good-by" to him, and wearily went out in the cold and darkness of the December evening.

She drove alone in a hansom with tears running down her white cheeks, and her heart rebelling at the cruel hand of Fate that had so unsparringly dealt her this blow. Had she deserved it? Was this trial sent to her because she had set one man upon a pedestal and worshipped him to the exclusion of the whole world? Or was it because she, like a fool, had thrust away with laughing eyes the happiness that had been held out to her, and the gods had guessed it was only a freak, and were punishing her because she insolently played with the best thing they had to give? Six months ago, when David Moore had started to tell her how dear she was to him, she had stopped him with a laugh, and had warned him that it would be wiser to wait till he returned from abroad before he decided that she was the "only woman in the world." She did not know why she had done it; why, when her heart was craving for his love, she had coquetted and warded him off. But right deep down she knew that it was for his own sake, to give him a fair chance of seeing other younger, more beautiful women, before she let him tell her that she was the best of all.

"I'll be back in six months, Elizabeth," he said, holding her hands, tightly, and looking into the sweet gray eyes. "I'll come straight to you. You will listen to me then; you will then believe that I am in earnest." And so he left her.

And now the six months were at an end; for that morning a telegram had come telling her of his arrival in England, and to expect to see him to-night. She had lived every hour of her life in these months for David; everything she did was for his sake—was to please him. And now, when the time had really come, and he would be with her in a few hours, she must gather up her strength and send him away without a word of love, without a sign of regret.

It was because the pain had waned so fiercely through the night that she determined to go to a doctor to beg for something to give her relief, for the time at least. She had gone, and had had her sentence pronounced.

Although he had not actually said so, Elizabeth guessed that even if she did survive the operation she would always be a weak, delicate woman. And in her great love she decided to sacrifice even one hour of joy—she could never bear to be a drag on David, she must send him away again without explaining the reason.

When she arrived at the house where she lived in Kensington, she turned down the lamps under their red shades and told the maid to put more coal on the fire. She decided to postpone her preparations of her illness until after her visitor had gone. She would only have time now to prepare herself for

the scene she must go through with him.

After she had some tea she went to her room. The frock she had chosen to wear was lying on the bed. It was a soft blue silk, and was very simply made. Quickly she put it back into the wardrobe and took down one that was just sufficiently old-fashioned to be dowdy.

"Molly said I look twenty in blue and thirty-five in black," she whispered, as she laid it on the bed.

Then she unfastened her hair. She remembered some one saying, "To part the hair in the center either makes a woman look much older or much younger than she actually is. I think, Elizabeth, that it makes you look much older." Taking up the comb, she carefully made a parting down the center of her head and twisted her hair into a tight knob at the back.

The reflection that the mirror sent back to her made her shudder. Then she put on the dowdy black frock. Ugh! she did look plain and old and commonplace. No man could make love to a woman who looked like that. And of all men, not David Moore, for she knew so well that he liked a woman to be good to look at.

Having finished her strange toilet, she went down to her sitting room, and waited. Fifteen minutes later her visitor came.

Elizabeth saw him start and the surprised look in his eyes as she held out her hand to him and asked coolly how he had enjoyed his trip.

"Are you ill, Elizabeth?" he said, quickly, without answering her, and looking anxiously at the face that had changed almost beyond recognition since he last saw it.

"No, no! Why should I be ill?" "You look so white and—"

"Old," she finished. "Well, I am six months older you must remember since you went away, and I am not the type of woman who wears well."

"Is anything the matter? Are you in trouble?" "What should there be to trouble me? I never do anything but have a good time. I love excitement, and all that sort of thing."

The man looked as if he was not sure he had heard aright.

"No," Elizabeth continued. "I am not really different, but you have been accustomed to fresh young faces lately, and so poor mine seems old and withered in comparison. But please don't waste the time in discussing my appearance. Tell me how you enjoyed your visit."

"Fairly; but I was so anxious to get back to London to see you again that I did not think much about it. You know why I wished to be here by the 15th, Elizabeth?"

She looked as though she was trying to remember.

"Darling," he went on, coming close to her, "you have not forgotten that you said you would listen to me when I returned. You know, without any words, that you are the dearest woman in the world to me, and that I wish you for my wife."

"Your wife!" she echoed, with a sneering laugh. "Thank you, no. I must decline the honor."

"Then," and he dropped her hands and turned away. "I had better go. I was a conceited fool. Forgive me. My love for you has carried me too far."

Even in the half-lit room, Elizabeth's face looked strangely white as she put her hand to her side and leaned back in the cushions.

But she laughed again.

"Ah, it does not matter. You will forget it as readily as I will. And perhaps, after all, it was my own fault. But you must always allow for a woman's changing her affections. It is a woman's way, you know."

"No, I did not know," coldly.

"Why not? She may vary her frocks—why not her affections?"

"For heaven's sake, don't talk like that. You might be a heartless flirt by your tone."

"I hardly think I am that, for your sex does not interest me sufficiently. But I am a woman of the world, and not a silly, love-sick girl."

"I never imagined you to be a silly, love-sick girl, any more than I thought of you as a 'woman of the world,' as you put it. Perhaps it will amuse you to hear that I was foolish enough to

think you were—well, altogether different."

"Yes, it is rather absurd," she answered, driving her nails into her left hand as she stood up and held out her right one to him. "Goodby. There is no need to extend this interview. Besides, I am busy to-night. You will excuse me."

He took her hand and held it tightly, as he looked into the tired gray eyes.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth," he whispered, "what does it all mean? Have you nothing kind to say to me?"

"Yes, forget me as soon as you can. And—you will lose your beauty sleep if you don't go quickly."

He dropped her hand and went out of the house.

Her acting had been a success, too much of a success, for not only had he gone away with the idea that she was indifferent to him, but she had forced him to despise her for her levity. Yet, after all, it was better thus; it would be less difficult for him to cast her out of his heart.

She certainly did look plain. Yet her appearance had not made any difference to him. Ah! that look of concern in his eyes when he asked her if she was ill. Why couldn't she have told him? It would have been so sweet to have had his loving sympathy!

And if her operation was to be as serious, and the result as fatal, as she feared, was there not some way in which she might, before it was too late, wipe out the false impression she had made to-night? She could not bear the thought that he would think bitterly of her—afterward. Surely it would be some comfort to him to know the truth then. Yes, he must be told. She would write a letter and confess all. If she lived, it must be destroyed; if she died, it must be delivered.

"I have sent you away from me," she wrote, "and am now breaking my heart because I will never look into your face again. David, to-night I acted a part to you. I forced myself to be cold and false. I made myself a fright to prevent you telling me of your love. I knew that if you did so I would not have the strength to resist you. I did not want you to guess that I cared. I wanted you to think me a heartless flirt—to despise me—anything, rather than you should regret or have a heart-ache."

"To-day my doctor told me that I must go under the knife within the next few days. He said that there was a slight chance, but in my heart I know that, if I do live, I will be a weak, stinky woman. But I don't believe there is a chance, so I want to tell you how dear you are to me before it is too late. I love you as only a woman can love a man who represents everything that is good and strong and true to her. For nearly two years I have waited to hear you say what you said to-night. Six months ago I prevented you because I was not quite sure; I thought it would be wiser for you to wait until you returned. I could not realize that the glory of your love should be showered on me. I thought it fair for you to see other women before you offered your life to me."

"David, I want you to understand how desperately hard it was to refuse to listen to you to-night. It was the greatest sacrifice I have ever made in my life, and I prayed for strength to do it. My whole being revolted at the part I set myself to play, although I felt it was best for you—now and afterward. Can you forgive me, David?"

She then rang for her maid, and, after explaining about what was to happen to her, she gave her the letter and said what she wished her to do with it.

No surgeon can ever be quite certain to what length a disease has spread until he starts to use the knife, and oftentimes he finds it more or less serious than he anticipated.

So it was that when Dr. Sanders commenced to operate on Elizabeth Trent he was agreeably surprised to find that, instead of her case being most complicated, it was merely an ordinary one.

"She will be all right now, nurse," the great surgeon said after the operation. "Fortunately, it has not been so serious as we feared. It is a decidedly interesting case, and she will pull through splendidly with careful nursing."

It was two weeks later when Elizabeth asked her maid if she had destroyed the letter she had given to her the eve of the operation.

"Destroy it, Miss Elizabeth?" the woman answered. "I thought you said to post it if you lived."

"Oh, Harmon! You surely have not sent that letter?"

"Yes, Miss Elizabeth, I have. I thought you wanted me to destroy it if anything happened to you, and to post it if you got safely through the operation. I waited until last night to make sure that you did not have a relapse, then I thought it was time."

Before Elizabeth could answer, a nurse came in with a florist's box in her hand and a bright smile on her face.

"This is for you, Miss Trent," she said. "Shall I unfasten it?"

Elizabeth cried out in joyous surprise at the wealth of beautiful flowers with which the box was filled. But her eyes went beyond them to a letter that lay partly hidden in their leaves.

"It is from David," she whispered softly, as she gazed at the dear, familiar handwriting. As she opened it with quick, trembling fingers, the nurse and Harmon quietly went out of the room.

"My darling," Elizabeth read, "I have just received your letter. Only half an hour before, I met Mansfield, and he told me of your illness. I thought he must be mistaken, but he

said his wife had been to see you at the hospital yesterday. My first impulse was to go and beg them to let me see you, but I remembered that you would not care to have me. Feeling deadly miserable, I went back to my rooms, and there found your letter waiting for me. Oh, Elizabeth! It seems too wonderful to be true—that you should love me like that. Why, my dear, you were never more lovable in my eyes than you were that night you looked ill and tired, and I longed to have the right to take care of you and shield you from all annoyances. When I remember the hard things I said I feel that it will take all my life to endeavor to wipe them out. Elizabeth, almost as soon as you read this I will be with you. And then—my atonement will commence."—Black and White.

HOW ZOOS GET WILD ANIMALS

Hait Used by Recruiting Agents and Travelers.

Getting recruits for the zoologica parks is not by any means the easiest thing in the world, though the authorities themselves do not bear much of the trouble in this connection. The work is mainly done by travelers and natives of countries from which the wild beasts come, from whom the various zoological societies of the world buy, except when the purchases are made from professional wild-beast dealers.

Some of the latter employ regular recruiting agents, whom they send out whenever they receive orders which they cannot execute with stock they have in hand. If the park authorities order an African lion of a dealer and the dealer has not a suitable beast on hand recruiting lions in Africa begins at once and continues until a good specimen has been obtained.

The different methods by which the various wild animals are captured in their native state are interesting. Lions are generally caught by being tempted to thrust their heads through nooses or strong cords composed of twisted hides. Pieces of meat are used for bait, but frequently the hunters have many days of hard chasing before the lion can be persuaded to try the noose. When he does the cords are pulled quickly around his throat, stifling him and other stout cords are then bound around his legs. Restoratives are then administered to revive the animal whose efforts to free himself from the noose have brought on exhaustion, and he is carried away and put in a special constructed cage for shipment.

Tigers are more savage than lion and can rarely be captured when full grown. Recruiting is accordingly carried on among the cubs, the parent tigers being killed and the young, left without protectors, being easily caught. The cubs readily accustom themselves to captivity.

Perhaps the most difficult of all wild animals to capture is the giraffe, says the New York Times. In addition to being very rare, giraffes are exceedingly shy and are very swift-footed. There is no special way to capture a giraffe, as almost every way has been tried, and all have been almost equally unsuccessful. The method which has occasionally resulted in a capture is by using a long cord, at each end of which is a round weight. This cord is thrown by the hunter in such a manner as to wind around the animal's legs, either bringing it to the ground or rendering it incapable of escaping before it is made a prisoner. Most of the giraffes in captivity have been caught by chance when young.

In this age of athletics one might think that no people ever showed so much interest in feats of muscular might and skill as those who have perfected football, but modern games, and even the games of the Greeks at Olympia, may have been more than matched by the sports of peoples who are now held in little esteem. A writer on the Canary Islands gives an account of their athletic training which makes even the college giants of to-day seem weak and effeminate.

The Canary Islands were subjected by Spain about the time Columbus discovered America. The conquest was due solely to the superiority of European weapons, and not to better skill and prowess. The native soldiers were trained athletes, developed under a system which held athletic sports an important business, like military drill.

Spanish chronicles have left us accounts of the sports of the islands. From babyhood they were trained to be brisk in self-defense. As soon as they could toddle the children were pelted with mud balls, that they might learn how to protect themselves. When they were boys stones and wooden darts were substituted for the bits of clay.

In this rough school they acquired the rudiments of warfare which enabled them, during their wars with the Spaniards, to catch in their hands the arrows shot from their enemies' cross-bows.

After the conquest of the Canaries a native of the islands was seen at Seville who, for a shilling, let a man throw at him as many stones as he pleased from a distance of eight paces. Without moving his left foot he avoided every stone.

Another native used to defy any one to hurl an orange at him with so great rapidity that he could not catch it. Three men tried this, each with a dozen oranges, and the islander caught every orange. As a further test, he hit his antagonists with each of the oranges.

Plants with white blossoms have a larger proportion of fragrant flowers than any other.

OLD FAVORITES

The Mistletoe Bough.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall, The holly branch shone on the old oak wall; And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay.

And keeping their Christmas holiday, The baron beheld with a father's pride His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride; While she with her bright eyes seemed to be The star of this goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried; "Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll hide!"

And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace The clew to my secret lurking place." Away she ran—and her friends began Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;

And young Lovell cried, "O, where dost thou hide?"

"I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride!"

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,

And they sought her in vain when a week passed away;

In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,

Young Lovell sought wildly—but found her not.

And years flew by, and their grief at last Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;

And when Lovell appeared, the children cried: "See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride!"

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,

Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,

And a skeleton form lay mouldering there

In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!

O, sad was her fate!—in sportive jest She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.

It closed with a spring!—and, dreadful doom,

The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

"Only Waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows

Are a little longer grown,

Only waiting till the glimmer

Of the day's last beam is flown;

Till the night of earth is faded

From the heart, once full of day;

Till the stars of heaven are breaking

Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers

Have the last sheaf gathered home,

For the summer time is faded,

And the autumn winds have come.

Quickly, reapers! gather quickly

The last ripe hours of my heart,

For the bloom of life is withered,

And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels

Open wide the mystic gate,

At whose feet I long have lingered,

Wearied, poor and desolate.

Even now I hear the footsteps,

And their voices far away;

If they call me, I am waiting,

Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows

Are a little longer grown,

Only waiting till the glimmer

Of the day's last beam is flown.

Then from out the gathered darkness,

Holy, deathless stars shall rise,

By whose light my soul shall gladly

Tread its pathway to the skies.

—Frances Laughton Mace.

THE PENALTY OF WEALTH.

Millionaires Whose Lives Are Made Miserable by Cranks and Promoters.

Three men in the Wall street district, New York, receive requests in the course of a year to back schemes the financing of which would break the Bank of England or bankrupt the government of the United States. They are John W. Gates, J. Pierpont Morgan and Edwin Hawley. These proposals run through the whole gamut of human ingenuity, from a new method of scratching matches to the promotion of a South American revolution or the prevention of earthquakes and other seismic disturbances. They pour in by letter and persons from all quarters of the globe.

These things are the penalty of speculative wealth. They are some of the troubles that beset the man who makes his millions with a blare of trumpets and under the glare of limelights.

Mr. Gates has been hounded so by opportunistic persons that he hardly fares set foot in the street. He was unportuned in restaurant after restaurant, until in self-protection he had a dining-room fitted up in his office and here he now takes his luncheon. Mr. Morgan has been forced to adopt the same method.

One of the things that bothers Mr. Morgan most, although it costs him no money, is the camera with a fiend behind it. If there is one thing he hates more than all others it is being photographed, and he has become an adept in springing from the door of his office building into a coupe and angling the door behind him. It was he who was the recipient of the proposal that he finance a scheme for luring earthquakes impossible. Just after the eruption of Mount Pelée a Frenchman wrote him, most earnestly asking his help and assuring him there were millions of dollars in the plan. Scarcely a day passes but some man writes to him of the unearthing of a priceless painting, disguised by time, but bearing beyond all doubt traces of the work of some dead master. Another class of men whose palms itch for some of the Morgan money are the book agents, not only the inoffensive ones who have editions de luxe to

sell, but the ones who are preparing volumes of biographies of the moneyed men of the country in which the person approached may have his history written up at so many thousand dollars a page. There is also the bibliomaniac, who fastens himself upon Mr. Morgan to dispose of some ancient tome, colored in red by a monk and in yellow by Father Time.

Mr. Gates has had opportunities to place himself in the class with Santos-Dumont as a navigator of the air and to become a second Castro in the formation of a new South American republic. Three men with theories of airships who needed only money to make them fly have offered Mr. Gates a handsome share in ventures, if he would produce the capital for construction.

Mr. Hawley, who was a protege of Collis P. Huntington, has been besieged more by Western promoters because he came from the Pacific coast. Offers of interests in mines in the Western States and in South America, Mexico and Europe have been cast at him as if the whole world were a Klondike and he the first miner on the ground.

THE CITY BOY.

Why He is Generally Left in the Rear by the Country Boy.

That the country is the better place to raise boys is the teaching of all experience. Go over the list of the men who have done things in your city. A large majority of them are country bred. Why?

The boy wherever you find him needs wide spaces for the development of the vital forces that are in him. He instinctively covets elbow room. The boyish swath is a wide one. He is necessarily noisy. He bubbles over for the same reason a tea kettle does. He is full of spontaneity and runs over. In the city he is cribbed, caged and confined. He has little chance to let himself out. What wonder the roundly developed country lad beats him to the goal.

Poor city lad. Here is the picture Secretary Shaw gives of him, in a recent address: "The boy is the most valuable product of society, but in the city he is not fairly treated. He lacks a chance for the free play of his nature. His parents seldom give him a gymnasium or a shop or even a room of his own. They are afraid he will spoil the furniture. It is too expensive to let him do as he pleases. So they give him money and let him go to the streets which are often an open gate to hell." The picture is true.

Poor city lad. There are no wide echoing fields or shady woods where he may wander at his will, giving full play and proper vent to the life forces that run riot in his veins. To him there is no call of the wild. For him there is no company and touch of Nature which the country boy knows and feels.

At home they say of the city boy that he is rude and awkward and destructive. What wonder! The only wonder is he doesn't explode. He is all boy. That's why he is worth raising! Expressions of energy in the boy spell Force. He has in him the making of a man. Why scold him and spoil his temper for being what he is? Why spoil him by trying to make him what he is not?

An unspooled boy—city or country—is about the finest thing on two legs. He is affectionate—under his vest. He is sympathetic if you know how to reach his sympathies. He is honest. And frank. And above all, he stands for fair play. Later on, as a man, he may lose many of these virtues, but as a boy he is admirable.

Give the city boy his chance. Let him go to the country at every opportunity. Let him build a shop in the back yard or in the cellar if he chooses. Give him a room of his own. Of course the room will be topay turvey betimes. Of course. He is not a young gentleman. He is a boy. God bless him. Let him bring his comrades home with him. Let them together romp and raise Cain. Give the city boy a vent. The country-raised boy has beaten the city-raised boy because he has had a better chance.—Des Moines News.

Making a Good Citizen.

A 13-year-old Italian boy lately prepared an essay on the duties of citizenship, for a club in New York. Among the rules which he laid down are the following:

"If I want to be a good citizen I must be true to my country, true to my state and true to my city. If I do not vote I will not be doing my duty. I must have my own judgment to vote for the man I think is best qualified for the office for which he has been nominated. If I don't I won't be doing my duty. I must not let anybody bribe me to vote for a man I think not fitted for an office. It will also be my duty to be industrious and self-supporting, so as not to be a burden and a nuisance to the public. I must pay taxes, so that the government can be maintained and the officers of the government paid, because the government is for my good. When it is necessary I must help to maintain order and always be ready for public service, and in case of war serve my country. I should know the history of my country and be an intelligent reader and close observer of current events."

Russia's Purchases.

Russia bought from the United States in 1903 nearly \$20,000,000 worth of goods, which is double the average for previous years, and sold the United States nearly \$11,000,000 worth, which is an increase of 50 per cent over previous years.

We Give a Man Credit for Being Level-headed if He Isn't Above Our Level.