THE RICHES OF LOVE.

Talk about Poverty-nothing it seems; Rich am I ever, with Love and the dreams! Who with my wealth in the world can compareflich in the glory of Jenny's gold hair! Beautiful, down streaming hair that I hold In the hands of me-kissing and loving its gold.

Talk about Poverty-bright the sun streams! Take the world's riches and give me Love dreams! Dreams in the dark skies, and dreams in the fair, The light-the brave splendor of Jenny's gold hairi Earth bath its millions-but nothing like this ; The beautiful hair whose golden ringiets I kiss!

There is no Poverty!-Give me, dear God, Not the gold harvests that color the sod; Not the world's breath, over far oceans blown-But the red lips of Jenny, that lean to my own! And even in death just a joy, like to this: Her gold hair to shadow me-sweet with Love's kissi

-Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THREE IN A GARDEN

of the future.

proud consin.

We parted in anger, and all the

was a mystery in it I could not fath-

them, and love, if it were love, had

dle it. Once I thought it but a whim

test a man of mean birth, as this musi-

cian, that were impossible for my

with head bent and hands clasped be-

hind my back. Then the impulse

the spy. That I should see nothing

that would please me I felt assured.

but I desired to know the worst. So I

walked swiftly to the hedge, and, find-

I have ever been counted a man of

cool brain and quiet temper, but here

was a matter far different to a whis-

horses. There flashed into my mind a

wild impulse to kill this stripling who

that did not enter into my hot head.

The musician drew back, but Cyn-

"Why, cousin, what is this? A

"I pray you to leave us." I said to

ing," she replied, "and unless Master

Herrick also wishes to be rid of

"Nay, nay," stammered the youth.

He would not meet my gaze, but

"Put up your sword, then," quoth

My head was cooling, and I thrust

"The gentleman is evidently more

used to the bow than to the sword." I

said, scornfully, pointing to the violin

lying on the ground. Then I turned

The flowers were bright in the sum-

mer sunshine and I strode about the

garden. All things spoke of beauty

and happiness, and the joy of living.

But in my mind was the picture of my

love in the arms of another and re-

Yet-the chosen lover of the Lady

Cynthia, a boy, a fiddler and a cow-

rd. My thoughts found utterance in

"Tut! These women are mad creat-

not yet recovered from my anger and

"I have thought from your manner-

or, indeed, cousin, from your want of

manner-that you are not pleased with

That left me without a word. For

sone but a blind man could have been

"It is a sad matter when-cousing

You kissed the follow," said I.

speaking harshly, to bide the softness

Her humility vanished at my words

displeased with her as she stood there

before me in the sunlight.

-quarrel." she continued.

the weapon back into its sheath,

on my beel and left them.

turning kiss for kiss.

"Cousin Richard?"

fect to be true.

of my heart.

scorn of womankind,

scornful words.

Cynthia. "Such arguments are poor

"I have a matter to discuss

"Your presence is not of my a

ward them.

"Cynthla?"

you," said I.

logic."

this faced me calmly.

sun addied your brain?"

her, the words coming thickly.

I turned to him sharply.

kept his eyes on the ground.

ing no one behind it, continued my

N the gray stone steps that led | her, perhaps assuming more than my from one smooth lawn to another position warranted, for there was as bought a lower step, the other lingered as I hoped, a complete understanding first time we had visited it. shove, and the clinging gown of white. but of which peeped shoulders yet whiter, outlined the slender figure. The apression on the face under the large at, bent downward by ribbon tied om. No words had passed between sintily beneath the chin, showed rapt attention to the notes of a violin, probeding from behind the closely cropbed bedge.

It was a picture a man might look toon for all a summer's day, and then bot have his fill. But I, from my seat beneath the trees, found no pleasure

"Curse the long-haired fiddling felbw!" I muttered, and began to walk scross the lawn to Cynthia. But even when I stood below her, with my hat soffed, I might have been a man invasible for all the notice I gained.

"Good day, Cousin Cynthia," said L The music from behind the bedge bobbed and wailed yet louder. I mybelf could have fancied a tune with house and garden were the heart. more spirit; something to stir a man's blood-to fill him with the wild mad- Cynthia, and by her side the boy mubess of the charge-aye, or even a cousing song to suit the passage of the ground and his hands clasping hers. lagon. But it was evidently to the hate of my cousin, for she still stood her, and she returned the kiss, distening, and took no notice of my mintation.

"It is a fair morning," said I, at length, thinking she was not aware thing bullet or the thunder of charging of my presence, and seeking to attract her notice.

"Your voice is not in harmony with these sweet strains, cousin," she re- sire. That the deed was unlikely to me away. plied, not favoring me with even so further my wooing was an argument much as a look.

"In truth, a crying child would suit them better," I retorted.

Cynthia deigned no reply, but drew sside as I ascended the steps and stood

abreast of her. You treat me barshly, cousin," said

"I did not bid you come."

"Will you go up with me?" I inguired, pointing to the lawn above us. "Nay, I am going down."

"To him," I added, bitterly, So, indeed, go down."

Cynthia laughed merrily, "A witty cousin." she cried. "But possessing little courtesy, as, indeed, I found last night."

"ladeed, but you did, cousin; you

"I was angered, and did not pick my

bicked the most unpleasant." 'Perhaps I had occasion." "Perhaps? Or net? It is of little

consequence," exclaimed Cynthia, raising her white shoulders with a great show of indifference. "Good morning. She held out her band to me and I

touched it lightly with my lips. Then the ran down the steps, and began to gross the lawn below.

I have heard it said, and by those who should know, that none moved with more grace than my cousin Cynthis. And I, as I stoon motionless on the steps, gazing after her, was suddenly filled with a very passion of love and longing. I would go after herthrow myself at her feet, and beg her to give me back her love, which but a day since I had thought was mine. But as my pride and my love fought within me. Conthia had reached the bedge whence came the music. I fan cied she half turned her head toward me; certainly she paused a moment. I ran down the steps.

But then she vanished behind the bedge; and immediately the music ceased. I turned away full of anger and sespula though as yet I failed to realize how that which had happened were possible, and how my dream of h ppiness had been shattered in an bour. For on the previous evening there had been dancing in the great house that stood in the midst of the garden, and I, as a favored suiter, had brany times claimed the hand of the Lady Cynthia. It is true it had been granted me, and my friends had still no reason to believe but that I was in possession of her heart. But I knew differently, for though her hand was In mine, her eye sought continually the face of a young stripling, a member of the company of musicians hired to play while we danced. At first I printrusted my eyes, refusing to believe such a thing. Few were more proud than my cousin, and it seemed aulble that she of the highest it the jand, could smile on a mere fiddler from the court. But a lover's eyes are k; and the truth, bideous though were, forced itself upon me. Then, for yourself, Cousin Richard."

repetition of the quarrel of the previous night. So I answered quietly, seeking to know the truth, and to ablile Fair openly snubbed their youthful the result as a man should

no excuse for sorrow and anger?"

"Perhaps, Dick," she said softly. Then I was conquered. I threw my, children of all nations. self at her feet, crying that I level her. The grown-up spectators watched But she stood quietly, and when I up a truce. found no more words (they were ever | The Visayans came first to the wont to fall me) she looked down at grounds. They took possession of a me and said smiling:

I sprang to my feet, for a moment minutes in trooped the half-naked hating where I had loved. But before Moros and Negrito boys. Inside of I could speak Cynthia held out her three minutes the latter had full possession of the swings, as far as the hands to me, crying:

"Nay, you misunderstand me. I dil Visayans were concerned. Not a Visaystood Cynthia. One foot had yet no formal bond between us, only, cled by a wooden sent. It was not the much less a Negrito, who is the most

> "Are you still very angry with me Dick?" asked Cynthia, when we wert the grounds brought out the contrast night I had tossed sleepless. There seated.

> > mournfully.

come swiftly, with but a look to kinto try my love; but to choose for the

For a few minutes I paced the lawn read. Why had she come to me, I they got back to their parents .- St discarded and angry lover, with the Louis Globe Democrat. kisses of another and more favored seized me to follow Cynthia, and play suitor fresh on her lips? And greater wonder still, why did she stay with me, and speak to me in this manner! Either her heart was hard, and taking pleasure in my pain, or else there was some mystery in the matter. Yet I steps to a belt of trees that formed could but believe my eyes, and they part of the great park of which the had seen her kiss him.

Presently, as no sound came from the other side of the tree, I moved In the shadow of the trees stood slightly, and bent my body so that I could see the graceful curve of her sician, his fiddle lying neglected on the white neck and a rosebud pestling it Then, as I watched, I saw him kiss her dark bair. Then suddenly she turned her head and met my gaze.

"Why do you look at me, Cousir Richard, if you are so angry with me? But perhaps there is hate in your eyes. Is there bute in your eyes Cousin Richard?"

For answer I moved toward her, but stood between me and my heart's deshe held out her hands as if to pust

"Nay, nay," she cried, "it is not safe to have an angry man who hater It was her name I cried as I ran to- me too near "

'You know that I do not hate you,' I naswered.

"I would see for myself, Look at me zgain, Dick."

Obediently I turned my head, and sword drawn before a lad;? Has the she doing likewise for a moment, we gazed into each other's eyes. Ther she turned from me again, and salt gravely shaking her head. "Nay, I think I need have no fear

You may come round a little-just a little more-Dick."

And then I had the advantage, fo my arm slipped round her waist se that she could not run away, and with the air of a master (as, indeed, a mat is when he holds his love in his arms demanded that she should tell me the answer to the riddle.

"There was once," she began, as she told some tale of the fairles, "a and took it home. Passing it in at the poor girl who worked for her bread door, his wife was convinced and ad-She was foster sister to one who could mitted him.-Cleveland Disputch to have given her all she needed, but it Chicago Inter-Ocean. her pride she would have none of it Her only talent was in music, so sh clued a company of musicians, and because none but men might play with them in public places, she donnes man's attire. But it led her into sac trouble, for one day a gallant gentle man would have slain her because she met ber sister secretly, that their friendship might not lead to the dis covery of her disquise, and because that sister kissed her."

"But why did you not tell me this before?" I cried, amuzed at the story "Your words were bard just night deserving punishment, and I though

Cruthia paused and looked up a cres, and it is foolish to have aught to me roguishly do with them. There is plenty of "Yes?" I inquired. work for a man-and a sword-to do

closer to my side. in the world, and brave companions "I thought that if I were to have with whom to live. The fiddless for you for a husband, I had best trait the women. The men for the fight you to be a good one."-Haroid Ohl and the wine cup. That is life for

A Gratutions Propert

The words came softly and sweetly A Philadelphia commercial traveler to my ears. I turned sharply and who was stranded in a Georgia village found Cynthia standing behind me. sat on the perch of the small inn, pa Her hands were clasped before ber. tiently exaiting the announcement o and her head bent-a picture of bashdinner. At noon, says the Philadelphia ful hamility a little, I thought, too per-Press, a darky appeared at the door and rang a big hand bell. "Well?" I inquired shortly, being

Immediately the "coop" dog, which had been asleep in the sunshine awoke, raised his nose toward the sky and howled lond and delerously, The darky stopped ringing the bel

and scowled at the dog "Yo' shet up!" he shonted. don' hafts ent dis dinnar! 'Sides whar's yo' mannahs, dawg?"

Doctors seem to have four guesses The liver, kidneys, stomach and heart If they miss on all four they can stil nok wise and recommend a change o

The average man thous that while be does not personally know the presi "Why not?" she cried. "What right | and other distinguished men, the have you to spy on me? I will kiss know of him."

whorg I like so you need have no fear BAVAGES AT FA'R AS SNOBS

Now, I had determined to have no Social Distinction Among Untamed Tribes of the Philippines

The Visayan children at the World's comrades of the Philippine reserva-"I ask your pardon for my hasty tion, the igorrotes, the Moros and the words," I said. "But'a few weeks ago Negritos, at the model playgrounds you made me believe that my suit was the other afternoon. The action of not distasteful. Now, in a moment, the Visayan juvenile contingent was you cast me off for another. Have I the sensation of the Sunday outing which Mrs. Ruth Hirschfield, the hostess of the playgrounds, gave to the

and would die for her, and all the the little drama with great interest, sweet mad speeches that lovers make, but no one offered to interfere or patch

e and said smiling:
"The sun is warm, and I fear—" were having great sport. After a few

but suggest that under the great out an child could get within fifty feet of tree we might converse with more them. They simply turned up their comfort, and "—(here she smiled at me, noses and walked away. Not a word with less chance of being overlooked." Again my anger left me at het It was the old caste prejudice in the

words, and we crossed the lawn into Islands transplanted to America. At the cool shade of the trees. One of home a Visayan never iningles on them, a mighty oak, had its trunk cir equal terms with an Igorrote or Moro, despised of all.

Two American boys who were or between democratic America and the "How can I be pleased?" I returned Filipino caste system. The two boys played with the Igo rotes and the Ne-Then we mest sit apart, not being gritos alike, and had a jolly time. friends," she said, and glided round There were fifteen natious representthe seat so that her back was toward ed, and among the others there seen. me and the trunk of the tree between ed to be no drawing of the color line But the Visayans held aloof. Had So we sat in silence, while I pender they done otherwise they would probed on the riddle that was so hard it ably had a whipping in store when

HAD TO SHOW HIS WHISKERS.

Cleveland Mau's Wife Locked Him Out After They West Shorn.

When Herman Flick, a prosperous greeer at Wilson and Payne avenues, parted with his thirty-five-year-old whiskers the other evening he almost lost his home.

Flick lives at 168 Hoadley street, and is family is grown up, for he has seen sixty years. For thirty-five years of his time Flick and his whiskers have never parted. They were proud. breezy, luxuriant whiskers, too, of the Jerry Simpson alfalfa-not the common garden variety. For years the customers of the big grocery knew the proprietor by his whiskers.

A few neighbors dated Flick to divorce these whisters

"You wouldn't care!" said one. "What do you bet I won't?" said "Well, \$10."

"Where's the money?"

The cush was made up and the party went over to a barber shop. There were a few sulp-sulps of the shears. the scraping of a cazon and buck's face was whisherless.

That night a smooth-faced, younglooking man turned into the yard of luS Hoadley street and rang the bell. The door opened cautiously and a wo man looked out.

"What do you want?" she asked. "I want to come in." "Who are you?"

"I am Herman. Don't you know

Bang went the door, click went the key in the lock.

Flick tried to argue. It was no use So he ambied back, woke the barber, gathered up the late crop of alfalfa,

THE PACBLEM SOLVED.



Now, professor, if I abould get a cound of radium and put it into a inse tube, and pince that inside ar leon tank, what would be-Wait a minute. Let us take the

roblem up section by section. If you should get a pound of radium you wouldn't have enough money left to buy a glass fulse "-Chleage Telbune.

"Do you know the only frishman who ever committed smede?" asked W. B. Pollard, "You know it is said that Irishmen never commit suicide ed when the argument was advanced in a crowd of that nationality he was to unstrung that he decided to show his opponents that trishmen do some times commit a rush act. He accordjugly disappeared, and the man who employed him started a search. When he got to the barn he looked up toward the rafters and saw his man hanging with a rope around his waist. " What are you up to, Pat?" b

asked. "'Of'm hanging meself, begobs," the Irishman replied

". Why don't you put it around your " Faith Of did, but Of couldn't braythe,' was the unsmilling reply of

the man from the Emerald Isle."-Louisville Courier-Journal. What has become of the old fashion

Popular Science.

The sounds emitted by telegraph and telephone wires have been a subject neither monument agent nor insurance of study by F. Bock, who claims to adjuster, promoter of a widows' stock have made it possible to forecast local weather conditions one or more days ahead from the humming. Observations are made at 11 a. m. and 6 p. m.

The snall's sense of smell has been located in the horns by some observ ers, but authorities quite as good bave regarded this conclusion as incorrect. M. Young, who has been making experiments to settle the matter, now claims to have proven that the snall's nose is distributed over the entire body.

The new motor forge of the United States army is a vehicle 121/2 feet long. driven by a 24 horsepower gasoline engine, and carrying on for traveling 300 miles at 10 to 12 miles an hour. It is fitted with a small machine shop. blacksmith's shop and saddler's shop, while it carries spare parts likely to be needed by a light battery on the march. An auxiliary engine on one side operates a dynamo, lathe and grindstone.

The deplorable summer waste of child life, especially in crowded cities. calls for scientific attention. A recent medical writer claims that the epidemic diarrhea that proves so fatal may be avoided by the following precautions: (1) Clean milk nipples. (2) Clean towns, with effective sewage removal, dust collection and disposal and street watering. (3) Clean homes. with attention to food utensils, covering food from dust and flies, and personal habits, and (4) destruction or exclusion of flies.

The brief operations of the wireless telegraph service undertaken for the London Times at the seat of the Russo-Japanese war, and ended by the interference of the Japanese government, throw much light on the detective powers of wireless telegraphy. In this case the DeForest system was employed. The land station was at Weihaiwei, with a must 170 feet high. The mast on the telegraph ship was 90 feet bigh. Both Russian and Japanese messages were received by the operator, who could easily recognize the difference in the systems employed. He could tell if a Russian ship was at sea by listening to the answering messages from shore. He could also tell whether the Japanese messages were transmitted from a relay base, or whether the fleet itself was at sea.

The question whether America or Europe has the swifter railroad trains is one the answer to which varies from time to time with the progress of events. According to a comparison of Scientific American, the English and it appears that we have no trains running long distances comparable in speed with many in England and France. There are 35 French trains English trains that are equally fast. Our two fast trains, It is true, go longer distances and are much heavier, but they have proportionally larger engines.

WIVES WITH CONSCIENCES.

Instances of Little Women Who Influence Crafty Politicians.

Very bad men, it seems, may have brought home every week by the trust and fidelity which wives show to husbands accused or convicted of serions crimes. When no one else has tle woman can exert it-can bring into have been overlaid by years of undetected wrongdoing. It is the supposition nowadays that when a boodier deeds it is because his wife insisted

Which suggests that a bad man who place, or he would neither have sought ned that "ethical dualism" which Thomas Lawson is illustrating with such unction in the protugonists of his romantic "Frenzied Finance."

It is a shock to preconceived notions to realize that a hard-faced, cold-eyed promoter, politician or labor leader, who will unload worthless stock on a friend and sell out a city or trade union for a moderate consideration. may get the rejutation of a model husband inside his own home and command the absolute trust of its mistress. As the world knows, the husband and wife he is all that he should not, and she is all that she should be Of course, it is not salutary that she should embody the conscience which he has divorced from his own breast. But it is well that it has not been expelled altogether; for through her it may get a chance to vindicate itself .-New York Mail.

Ort neal Bean a Yard Long. A certain species of bean in China and Japan grows a yard long. Efforts to introduce it into this country have MEST SCRAP BOOKS

at Scheme for the Consolation of Widows and Orphans.

Among the strange callers at a nouse of mourning, people to when casual death is a profit, there is one visitor of a totally new kind. He is company, nor, in fact, any of the old conventional types. He usually requests an interview with the head of the family, says the New York Post.

"Madam, I am sorry to trouble you so soon after your great bereavement but the matter requires prompt action and doubtless it will be a solace to you in later years."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Why, madam, our firm has already sent you a letter or two in reference to the matter. Of course, in the stress of sorrow .-- Ah, I see you recollect -an enduring memento of your level one, an album containing the many and interesting newspaper accounts of your bushand's hongrable career."

"He was not a public character," the widow may object.

"My dear madam, the notices show the contrary. I assure you that we an prepare a very neat and extensive book of press elippings. It will be elegant. It will be quite correct; a last ing source of pride and joy to your family. I may say that the best fami-

"But only newspaper notices?"

"Not at all, madam. We appreciate and respect, therefore embody in our album or serapbook all mementoes pertaining to this sacred subject. That s, letters from friends, business, letterheads, locks of hair, souvenirs of birthplace, medals, diplomas, insignias of benevolent and secret societies and lodges, photographs and everything that indicates the honors gained by the deceased."

'My husband asked for a fine monument and I have ordered it," replied a widow recently at such a stage of the negotiations, "but I do not think !

could afford an album." "We have them at every price," answered the visitor triumphantly. "For \$5 we will furnish you a neat book of clippings, or for \$10 a handsomely bound volume. Of course, we have them to cost hundreds of dollars. The widow of Senator - ordered one at \$300, but the cheaper ones are no

less comforting as essential tokens," "Please excuse me to day, sir. Perhaps I will send you my order next

week. "Oh, that is impossible. I said prompt action was necessary. You see the obituaries and eulogies of your husband are appearing in the current press and a few days' delay might pr> vent any one from making a complete

collection of them." It is a hard-hearted widow who will not yield to these deft persuasions, esschedules for this year, made by the pecially since the cost of the plous memento is on a sliding scale. To French trains are at present decidedly some of them it seems as if a new ahead of our own. With the exception of the Empire State Express, which and seltiment had been opened by averages 54.5 miles on hour, and the the mortnary scrapbook. It is a nov-Ewentieth Century Limited, 50 miles. elty, and it is an fait. It is a monuwood, or perchance the costly funeral urn upon the mantel. Mounted coffic plates may do for the old-fashioned scheduled to run at an average speed and cardboard replicas for the meof 55 miles an hour or more, and 53 chante class, but a mourner of standing assuredly needs the desideratura of the Senator's widow. It may be some skeptical relict desires to know in just how and what esteem her lord was held by the community as shown in the newspaper notices; woman's curiosity accounts for many things.

All by Yourself. Therefore, remember that all the good you accomplish is going to come very good wives. This inference is out of yourself. You cannot borrow it and you cannot make it out of that which has been poured into you by education or otherwise. All that you receive is only a certain quantity of any apparent influence for good over knowledge, acquired by education, exvulgar, corrupt men, their conduct perience or other training, which will shows that some timid, inoffensive lit- have a certain influence upon what comes out of yourself as your own. active play the better impulses that It is the inherent capacity to perform with your own benin which will make you what you become, and not the mere transmission of that which you has made a clean breast of his mis- have acquired. Your knowledge, the & fore, is of little avail until you make it inherently a part of yourself through mental assimilation and uffigation. is responsive to the appeals of a good | The clearer you comprehend these wife is not so bad as he is supposed things, the more readily you can make to be. He had some merit in the first use of them as against the process of mere acquirement with a vague monor have been able to secure such a tive that in some way or other what behancet. While he has turned his you acquire may be of benefit, or that prelatory side toward the world, he corrigonment will be the force that has shown himself at his own fire-ide makes your talent effective. Some equipped with a full complement of have goes through experience without the domestic virtues. He has exempli- acquiring it, and many a min who has reserved an education has not got any meaning he allowed it to be a thing apart from his personally and it slipped away.- Electrical Review.

All Arranged to Advance. Tess-They say if you walk downstairs backward with a lighted candle in your hand the first man you meet will be the one you marry. I'm going to lev that on Hallowe'en.

Jess-So am I. It must be done on the stroke of 8 o'clock.

Tess-Oh! You don't have to do it at any particular hour. Jess-Yes, I do. I told Jack Hansom to call promptly at 8 o'clock .-

Philadelphia Press. Easly Satisfied. Hostess-What part of the chickes will you have Willie Willie-Either half. I'm not partie

ular,-Detroit Free Press. The wives of Methodist preachers who have to move only once in five years, may not be rich or powerful, but they are a year ahead of the wife of