

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer show-
ers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves breathe the daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death; an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks the fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad the scene of sun and strife,
Sings now its everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or soul too pure for taint of vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born into the undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome from the same
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread
For all the boundless universe
Is life, there are no dead.

—W. S. McCreary.



Under the Maples.

BY EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

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A youth and a maiden stood under the maples. The youth was holding the maiden's hand, and his eyes and the moonlight were looking down into her upturned face. Her chip hat dangled from its strings, and her hair, yellow as the moonbeams, clung about her neck in riotous ringlets. Her eyes were blue and wistful, but her lips were as silent as the night.

The youth's voice was low and trembled, as though a sob, which he had tried to swallow, was lodged in his throat.

In babyhood these two had played together; in childhood they had wandered, hand in hand, across the violet-dotted fields and along the clover-carpeted lanes. Into each other's hearts they had grown, and to each the future without the other, seemed univiting.

But the youth was about to depart for a far country, and they were standing together under the maples for the last time, perhaps for years—perhaps for ever.

Jason was a sojourner on the border land between youth and manhood. He was ambitious, visionary, perhaps—and the quiet country town seemed to possess no encouraging possibilities.

Stories of vast wealth wrested from the rocks of Alaska had proven fascinating to him and he had determined to seek for riches in the frozen Klondike.

"I will return to you some day, my Princess Mildred," he said, "I will return to you with love in my heart and gold in my hand and will build for you a palace of marble in the midst of a thousand acres."

At this Mildred smiled sadly and glanced up at a star in the heavens.

"That is the North Star, Jason," she said. "Every night I shall look at it



"I Will Return to You, Mildred," with tearful heart as it hangs suspended, like love's undying taper, over the ice-bound northland, whence my love has gone. All other stars change, Jason, but the Polar Star is constant—as constant as my heart."

She pinned a violet on his coat and he kissed her wistful eyes.

Then he said "Good-bye," and she stood quite still and watched his retreating figure as it passed down the road and out of her sight. Thus Jason started on his search for wealth; thus Mildred began her weary waiting.

The brown cottage faced the country road in the edge of the village. It stood in a little cluster of trees, and from the south only the gable and one chimney could be seen through the heavy foliage. On the north a climbing rose bush clung to the pillars of the porch, and the blossoms peeped be-

tween the leaves and through the open door at their likenesses within. A pathway, wandering amid the shadows and the perfume from the porch to the board fence, which stood paintless and gloomy, in front, stopped at the gate where Mildred stood at evenings in the dusk and the twilight.

Beyond the gate, the road stretched, to the right, over the far fields into the wearisome distance; to the left, into the heart of the village, past the four stores, the postoffice, the tavern, the meeting house, and on to the fields again, and the hills, and the woods and the sunset.

As the darkness deepened, the fields grew more and more indistinct to the woman's vision, and the road seemed to end in a mist which grew ever nearer to her.

But through the mist a star shone brightly—the Polar Star. And Mildred watched it with wistful eyes and smiled sadly. "He will return," she said to herself; "he will return to me with love in his heart."

But after two years in the Klondike Jason found himself one morning in a crowd of desperate, disappointed men, who cursed their way aboard



Jason Gazed in Stupid Wonder.

ship and returned to Seattle with tales of hardship, discouragement and failure in their search for the hidden wealth that would not reveal itself to their hungry eyes.

Poisoned by contagion from that baser element in whose company he had been thrown during those two years on the ragged edge of civilization, Jason drowned all recollections of his Princess Mildred and spent the next few months in idle dissipation in the cities on the coast.

Without ambition, hopeless and depondent, he lay, one night, amid the sear and yellow verdure on a vacant lot, gazing upward at the sky. Among the million glittering lights that dotted the azure arch he saw but one—the Polar Star.

Suddenly, like a long, dead memory, there came to him the picture of a girl with wistful eyes and golden curls, standing under the maples, with the moonlight kissing her upturned face.

Fumbling in his pocket, he pulled out a dirty wallet from whence he took a faded violet. He pressed the blossom to his lips, then staggered to his feet and strode away through the night.

When one has no money traveling is slow and uncertain. But in January Jason reached Colorado.

Footsore and weary, but with the bright vision of his Princess Mildred before him, he was limping across the foothills. The air was bitterly cold but dry, and not the faintest breeze was stirring. Before him the cold, gray mountains pressed their snow-capped peaks against the cloudless blue.

The sunshine fell with uncommon brilliancy, and the atmosphere was so transparent that objects fifty miles away appeared scarcely as many rods.

Of a sudden he felt a sharp pain on his face as though he had been stung by a bee. Again and again he experienced the painful sensation, although not an insect could be seen. Then he noticed that a mist was swiftly hiding the mountains from his sight. A breeze sprang up and the air became a dazzling mass of scintillating particles like diamond dust.

Jason paused and gazed with frantic, startled eyes. He knew that the dreaded "White Death" was wrapping its chilling shroud around him. He had heard old miners tell of the "White Death" and he knew the glistening fragments in the air were particles of ice so solidly frozen that they reach one's lungs before they melt. He knew that deadly pneumonia invariably claims the luckless traveler who inhales the breath of the "White Death."

But although frantically he gazed around him, there was no habitation visible, no building in which shelter could be sought. He wanted to cry out in his agony, but he dare not open his mouth for fear the ice would fill his lungs. He took a greasy bandana handkerchief from his pocket and tied it across his mouth.

Then to his agonized eyes, there came from out the mist the figure of a girl. The features were those of his Princess Mildred, and she seemed to beckon him. He followed her and she led him to a deep ravine.

Weak and exhausted, he flung himself over the edge and rolled down the bank. The ravine led upward to a chasm in the side of the mountain, from out of which a small stream flowed. Staggering onward, he finally pulled himself into the chasm and found shelter under a projecting ledge.

Piling a quantity of loose bowlders across the entrance, he soon had a snug retreat into which the ice-laden breeze could not enter. Then he lay down to rest.

It was daylight when he awoke and the air was clear. He felt no evil ef-

fects of the storm and was about to continue on his journey when his eye was attracted by a brilliant glitter in the tiny stream. Falling upon his knees, he peered into the crystal water. Directly below him a hollow had been worn in the rock by the current. The bottom of this pocket was lined with gold dust.

Jason gazed in stupid wonder for several moments, then a mist dazed his eyes and a wild exhilaration possessed him. Clambering down the rocks he greedily scraped the gold dust into his handkerchief, and then cautiously withdrew.

A week later he was at work with pick and shovel and pan, searching for the lode from which these particles had been washed. And one evening the light of the setting sun fell upon him, picking great nuggets out of a ledge his pick had penetrated, and laughing hysterically.

And that is how Jason located the famous Princess Mildred Mine.

A man and a woman stood under the maples. The man was holding both of the woman's hands, and his eyes and the moonlight were looking down into her upturned face.

"You have been so long returning, Jason," she said. "And did you find no gold?"

The man tangled his hand in her hair and held it out in the moonlight. "Yes," he answered her, "at last I have found the brightest gold on earth. See, it is dripping through my fingers. You shall have a marble palace in the midst of a thousand acres, my Princess Mildred, and it shall face to the north where the Polar Star hangs forever in the heavens."

The woman plucked a violet and pinned it on his coat, and he kissed her happy eyes.

THEY COURT CAUTIOUSLY.

Lapland Girls Must Have Parental Consent to Marriage.

Getting married among the peoples of the northern nations is by no means the off-hand, hit-or-miss affair which it is with too many people in this blessed country of the free. In Norway before a woman can marry it is necessary, under a law recently passed, that she hold a certificate of housewife ability. She must pass an examination in cooking, knitting, spinning, etc., and get her certificate of proficiency in these branches before she can get her marriage certificate. Also both bride and bridegroom must show evidence that they have been vaccinated properly. In Lapland it is an offense punishable with death to marry a girl without her parents' consent. No elopements in that country! When a pair of lovers apparently have reached that stage of courtship which calls for the official cognizance of "pa" and "ma" the friends of the lovers are invited to meet at a specified place to see the enamored ones run a race. To the girl is allowed in starting the advantage of one-third of the distance, so that it is impossible for the young man to overtake her unless she is willing. If the girl outruns her suitor the affair is ended and she thenceforward is "only a sister" to him. It is a penal offense for the lover to renew his offer of marriage. But if the girl is in the condition of mind of the immortal Barkis, she pretends to meet with some accident—stubs her toe or gets out of breath—and comes to a halt before the course is finished, to be caught by the Lapland swain and live happily ever afterward.

BURNING LIGHTS AT NIGHT.

Many Timid People Think Artificial Light Protects Them.

"A man troubled with insomnia sees a good many phases of the city's night life that are unknown to those on whom the blessings of sleep descend," said the man with the red mustache. "I myself have not known what it is to rest clear through a night for a good many months, and in my peregrinations and star-gazing I have observed many queer things. One of my curious discoveries is that a goodly percentage of New York's population burn a light at night. When I first noticed those faint points of light shining through so many of the windows in the block that backs up to ours I was alarmed, for I thought that every house must shelter three or four invalids, and that made it look as if an epidemic of some kind had struck our part of the city. Indeed, so seriously did I consider the matter that I made it a point to inquire into the health of the neighborhood, and as a reward for my pains I was informed that out of a population of several hundred souls there were not more than a dozen people on the sick list. Upon making a second and more thorough investigation I was surprised to learn that these lights were kept burning by nervous people, who, although perhaps not exactly afraid of the dark, fancied that they could not sleep well in the middle of it. Even in the hot spells a good many shadow-fearing people have clung to the midnight gas jet."—New York Press.

His Perfect Defense.

I heard a rather good story the other day about a conductor who was once brought up before General Manager McNamara on a complaint made by a passenger. The passenger was a woman and her complaint was that the conductor had stared at her. "A woman complains that you rudely stared at her while she was riding on your car," said the general manager. "Says I stared at her?" rejoined the conductor. "How did she know I stared at her?" The judge, who loves a bit of humor, saw the point and told the man to go back to his car.—Albany Press.

Toothsome SALMON

LATEST VICTIM OF GREEDY OCTOPUS

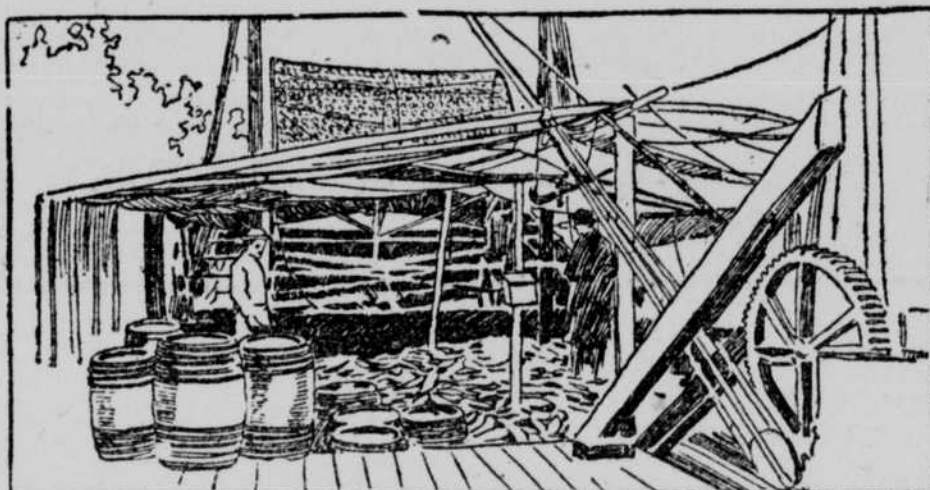
Having successfully floated trusts controlling iron, steel, tobacco, oil, sugar and a score of other things manufactured or produced in the East, the Wall street trustmakers are reaching out for lines of trade which have not yet been pressed into a combination, after the new century fashion. The savory salmon of the Pacific coast, from the Columbia river to Behring Sea, has for years been the object of fierce commercial warfare. With the formation of the Pacific Packing and Navigation company, which was incorporated in New Jersey last week with a capitalization of \$32,000,000, this warfare is ended. Fighting companies to the number of at least fifteen have been merged into the trust and the stockholders have ceased to worry or to cut each other's throat for the possession of markets. Nearly all of the big companies in Alaska and Washington which are not already in the Alaska Packers' association combination have signified their intention of joining the salmon trust. It is estimated that they will pack 1,500,000 cases this year, and that without adding materially to the canneries already in operation the pack can be increased to 2,500,000 cases by next season. Besides the canneries, fish traps, wheels, and trap nets, the trust absorbs a large fleet of steamers and sailing vessels. The Pacific Steam Whaling company has half a dozen large steamers, to say nothing of a score of cannery tugs. Other of the companies operating in Alaska own steamers and large sailing vessels. The Alaska Packers' association, with headquarters at San Francisco and fishing grounds all along the western coast, is the rival of the trust, and a lively competition is expected. J. K. Armsby & Co., who represent the association in New York, say that with the purchase of a big canning plant at Anacortes, which has just been constructed, the Packers' association will put up 50 per cent of the world's supply of salmon this year. A fight between the old and new trust would be interesting, but Wall street men believe it will be avoided. On

back, dog and steelhead salmon. The quinnat is highest in quality, and with the steelhead stands most in favor for the fresh trade. The canneries would use nothing except sockeye could the specie be obtained in sufficient numbers to satisfy their demands. The other varieties are used to complete the pack and form the cheaper grades. The sockeye salmon runs from six to twelve pounds in weight, and is popular with the canneries because of the depth and stability of its color and the firmness of its flesh. The sockeye run is at its height in July and August, and in those months the greater part



WHERE THE SALMON IS CAUGHT—MOUTH OF COLUMBIA RIVER.

of the salmon pack is taken. Every fourth year the run of salmon is much larger than usual, according to the statistics of the last twenty years. The largest run ever known was in 1897, when the fish were taken in such quantities that the canners could not handle more than half the catch. Another phenomenal run is expected this year, according to the four-year scale. On this expectation the salmon trust is depending for a good start. Most of the labor employed in the canneries of Washington and Alaska is Chinese. It is furnished by contractors living in San Francisco, Portland and Seattle. The Chinese are exceedingly expert in every branch of the business, and work



SALMON WHEEL ON A SCOW.

Puget Sound and the rivers flowing into it salmon fishing and canning have been carried on successfully for years. Within the last five years the increase in the number of canneries has been enormous. The canneries are built, as a rule, in the center of the various fishing grounds and vary in size according to the extent of the grounds. Nearly every form of apparatus known to be adapted to salmon fishing has been brought into use. Trap nets were the latest to be introduced, but have become recognized as most effective in salt water, and on them the trust will depend for the greater part of its catch. The nets are hung on heavy frames of permanent construction. They are placed in shallow water along the path taken by the salmon on their way from the sea to the spawning rivers. There are no trap nets in the Straits of Juan de Fuca, because the salmon do not skirt the shores of that channel. The nets are found, however, on the southern end of San Juan Island, in Deception Pass, Canal de Haro, Rosario Strait and various bays in the vicinity. Purse nets, which, like the traps, require considerable outlay for operation, are used further up the sound for the later running species of salmon. The drag seine is used by the individual fisherman, who brings his catch to the nearest cannery in his own boat and sells the fish for a few cents apiece. The phenomenal abundance of salmon, the perfection to which their preparation has been carried and above all the firm hold which the canned product has secured in the markets throughout the world, are the reasons which the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries gives for the wonderful growth and success of the salmon industry. Five species are recognized—the quinnat, sockeye, silver, hump-

with great rapidity. They will work for wages which would hardly support a white man, even if it were possible to secure the amount of white labor necessary in the large canning districts, in view of the temporary nature of the work. Most of the fishing is done by white men, however, and all positions of trust in the canneries are held by them. Many of the Alaskan canneries are outfitted from San Francisco. A month before the season opens a sailing vessel is loaded with supplies, including hundreds of tin cans and the necessary shipping cases. From fifty to a hundred Chinese cannerymen are taken on board, and the ship sails direct to the cannery. Most of the Alas-



STATIONARY SALMON FISHING WHEEL.

kan canneries are at the mouth of the big rivers, and the ship is able to anchor in a protected harbor. She remains until the catch has been completed and returns with a cargo of canned salmon. It is not expected that the trust will continue this plan of operation, which is rather expensive. Steamers will doubtless be used, and the canneries visited from time to time during the season and relieved of the

compartments are arranged at different elevations. When the apparatus is thrown into the sea the water passes through perforations in the bottom of the cylinder, and, coming in contact with the carbide, generates acetylene gas. The gas is conducted through pipes to a burner attached to each compartment. When the volume of gas in the cylinder decreases hydraulic pressure opens the valve and allows water to enter the next compartment to generate an additional supply of gas. The gas is lighted electrically and 25 seconds after the buoy is thrown into the

LIFE-SAVING AT SEA.

Ref that Carries a Light to Guide the Swimmer.

The latest and oldest of inventions for life-saving at sea is a life belt that carries a light to guide the struggling swimmer to it, and whose lamp is lighter by contact with the sea water. This device is reported from Germany. In the new apparatus a buoy of globular form carries from two to four life belts, and supports a long cylinder of sheet tin, having twelve compartments filled with carbide of calcium. These

pack as it is made. There will be several thousand Washington fishermen who will watch the growth of the salmon trust with a great deal of interest. They are the persons who will be the most affected by the combination. These men, mostly from Sweden and Norway, sell their catch to the different canneries instead of working for wages. The price which they receive for their fish varies from 25 cents to 10 cents, according to the season and the amount of competition between buyers. In seasons of extraordinary runs prices fall as low as six or eight cents. The Washington Indians spend three months of every year at salmon fishing and always sell cheaper than white fishers. The trust will probably succeed in lowering the price paid fishermen by removing competition. The largest canneries acquired by the new trust are at Point Roberts, in Washington, near the British Columbia line. The largest salmon catches are made in this vicinity. It is an ideal place for reef and trap net fishing and well in the line of the sockeye run. In 1855 the United States made a

treaty with the Indians giving them the perpetual right to fish at Point Roberts. The first trap net used in Washington was placed off Cannery Point, the southeast corner of Point Roberts, in 1880, by John Waller. He was followed by fishermen from the Great Lakes, who did much to popularize this form of fishing. Some of the largest traps at Point Roberts are owned by the Alaska Packing association.—Chicago Tribune.

English Fashionable Society Irreligious. It is no uncommon thing to hear from the pulpit or elsewhere a lament over the lowered faith and morals of the upper classes; and, without indulging in any sensational exaggeration, we are driven by the evidence of facts to conclude that such lamentation is justified, says the London Church Times. There is the increase of conjugal infidelity in fashionable society and the callous indifference with which it is viewed. There is the complete secularization of Sunday with its selfish indifference to the rights of those who are thereby deprived of their day of rest. There is a shameless contempt for the ordinances of the church. Quite lately we chanced to notice in the World an account of a fashionable luncheon party, at which a member of the royal family and other "leaders of society" were present. The occasion selected for this entertainment was Good Friday. All these things, together with the flippant and irreverent tone which has come to be the distinguishing mark of the "smart set" are, of course, only the outward signs of the internal withering away of religion. They have become, unfortunately, matters of notoriety. The tone of fashionable society is becoming increasingly irreligious, and the church is directly concerned to evangelize the "classes" no less than the "masses."

A Fortune for the Sponge Inventor. A fortune awaits the man who can find a substitute for sponges. New York dealers are wondering what is to become of their business, for, while the supply is not increasing, the demand

for sponges grows larger every year. Five years ago the price began to go up, and this season's quotations show an advance of 100 per cent over those of 1895 and 1896. Many varieties cost the buyers on the fishing grounds more to-day than they formerly sold for in the local markets.

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