Oh, the bitterness and burning, Oh, the pathos and the pain-Oh, the endlessness of yearning And the shallowness of learning-Oh, the throbbing of the brain!

Oh, the emptiness of seeming. Oh, the hollowness of pride-Oh, the vanity of scheming And the idleness of areaming-And the misery beside!

Oh, the beauty and the glory, Oh, the majesty of age-Passion cold and tresses hoary-Oh, the sadness of the story, Oh, the turning of the page!

Oh, the glimmer of the candle, Oh, the flickering of the flame-Weary foot and broken scandal-Oh, the worthlessness of Famel

Oh, the folly of regretting. Oh, the glamor of the goal-Oh, the fervor and the fretting And the sweetness of forgetting-

Oh, the laughter and the tears!

Oh, the music and the madness, Oh, the sweetness and the strife-And the sorrow and the sadness And the glory and the giadness In the pageantry of Life! -Thomas Shelley Sutton.

Mr. Salsbury Jenkins' Idea. BY WILLIAM A. OSBORNE.

upon the hotel porch under the fire eyes opened wide with-Fright?--No. of inquisitive glances with an easy with interest. She was gazing innonchalance of manner, which comes tently at some spectacle, Jenkins only with long practice. He was the knew not what. Her expression for tatest arrival. He lit his cigar and an instant gave him pause. Then gazed with an indifferent curiosity he stepped forward, cautiously, rathupon the crowd. Mr. Salsbury Jenk- er than impetuously, as he had inins was an observer-especially of tended. As he did so, he heard fierce women, and he speedily made up his imprecations in one voice, guttural enmind that the girl in the pink dimity | treaties in another. And then he saw girl in the crowd. Having reached this and pounded unmercifully by some been formally introduced - having been formally introduced he improved his opportunity.

A day or two later he sat on the railing looking down upon the girl, as she reclined in an easy chair. She laid down a book, with a sigh. "What do you think of it?" queried

Mr. Jenkins. "Perfectly lovely," returned the girl. "Masterson, the hero, is such a fine fellow-the kind of man who's strong and brave and risks his life for women, and really accomplishes things. I could fall in love with a man like that. I'm tired of the restthe kind who talk all day about books and the theater, the races and golf.

Masterson was so different" Mr. Jenkins winced. For two days he had held forth upon golf and the races, the theater and books. Still, he thought, complacently, or his manly appearance, and he considered that ne would push Masterson, the book's hero, close for second place. But it was up to him now to make an impression-to prove his supremacy. He preferred to eclipse Masterson if possible. To this end he racked his brain.

to him; the more he thought of it then he weakened. the more he liked it-and as he contemplated it, he thought it must end "Ain't yer got yer money's worth! in but one way-with the girl's arms | Stop, Mister! No! no! no! not on the around his neck, like the heroine's beak!" about the neck of Masterson. This his opponent had planted a vigorous read of it in fiction; but it was, he mamber. He followed it by another considered, without precedent in real blow that sent the tramp sprawling. life. It was to place the girl in a The tramp, seizing his chance, scramsituation of apparent danger, from bled to his feet, and scampered which, without danger to himself, he through the underbrush and out of would gloriously rescue her.

It was a great idea and Mr. Jenkins worked it out.

"Well, mister," said the tramp, round his neck. glancing doubtfully at Mr. Jenkins' well-padded shoulder "I'll tell you

"Well, then, I'll go you, mister. I s'pose I could do it on a pinch. All When he recovered his equilibrium right, I'll go you. Only," he added, he found that they had disappeared. you hit me on the beak."

Next evening at sunset the girl set out for her customary walk through the glen. She always went alone. Mr. Salsbury Jenkins had often offered tionally gracious to him at other times, she had acknowledged his suggestion with a glance which, in another person, would have been a



"What do you think of it?" queried Mr. Jenkins.

stony glare. This time he did not offer. He watched her disappear in the woodland path and then he followed her.

The glen was a wild and weird and lonely place, especially after sundown. Mr. Jenkins felt that keenly--but finally he lost her.

Suddenly he heard a wild screama woman's scream-her scream. For he braced up and sprinted on ahead, half lives.

Phantom gold which none may handle-

Oh, the sorrows of the soul!

Oh, the loneliness and longing, Oh, the dinging and the donging And the grouping and the thronging At the sepuicher of years!

shouting as he went-he, the deliverer-in a reassuring voice. He Mr. Salsbury Jenkins stepped out She was standing near a tree, her



"Stop, mister! No, no, no! Not on the beak!" manner. For awhile the tramp put

And then-a sublime idea occurred up a real or pretended resistance-

"Don't, don't, mister," he pleaded. sight.

As he did so, the girl, with a cry. sprang forward and threw herself into the man's arms, clinging closely

"Duncan-oh, Duncan!" she cried. "Duncan, my preserver!" The man how it is. I stood up once to have a held her close, and bent down and man knock me down for five dollars- kissed her, not once, but many times. it was John L. what did it. An' he As he did so, Jenkins saw his face, broke me nose. I don't want no more and knew him. It was Kennedyof it. I don't want you to use me Duncan Kennedy, a mining engineer,

rough." Mr. Jenkins reassured kim. a guest at the hotel. For the moment Mr. Jenkins was I'm not much on scaring women, but cvercome. He sank upon the ground. "don't you use me rough, and don't but, hearing the sound of voices on his right, he moved in that direction.

> He came to a small opening. In the middle of it was an old log. On the log sat Kennedy and the

"Dear little girl," the man was sayto go with her, but, although exceping, "next time I'll come with you, instead of meeting you down here." It was the trysting place.

"Darn 'em," said Mr. Salsbury Jenkins to himself, "that's what's brought her down here every night!" He carefully retraced his steps.

.

"Can you tell me," inquired Mr. Salsbury Jenkins later, of the hotel the city?" The clerk looked up. "Six fifty-

five," he replied. Then, seeing who desk. it was. "But, my, you're not going so soon? What's matter? Not afrald of the girls?"

Mr. Salsbury Jenkins was not afraid of the girls, no-but of the girl-that was a different matter. And, then, too, he was a bit apprehensive as regards the tramp. "After ali," sighed Mr. Salsbury

Jenkins, "New York's the place!" "Duncan," said the girl to Kennedy, later, "do you mind, Duncan, if sometimes I call you Masterson." "Call me anything, my darling," returned Kennedy. "I'll come to you

when you call."

Even Millionaires Turned Down. James Dobson, a multimillionaire carpet-maker of Philadelphia, was yet the man of the world of the aver-"among those present" at a coal office there the other day to make application for fuel. He stood in line pared with that of the man who has with a number of others and pleaded lost everything yet has served his for a carload, saying he needed it badbut he pressed on after the girl. Os. ly at his factory. That was his sec- foundation of the state a little strong casionally he caught glimpses of her ond appeal, but he was told to "call er, the life of a common people a lit again in the morning."

Gossips are not to blame if one-half of unspotted rectitude, and in doing an instant it froze his blood. Then the world doesn't know how the other these things has missed personal ad

WHEN SNAKES TAKE FLIGHT

Tramp of Hoofs of Cattle Sure to Send

Them Scurrying Away.

Occasionally a temperate man is found who studies snakes, and one of these is Gen. Milton Moore. The general reads everything he can find bearing upon the habits and habitats of the snake society, and for that reason he was particularly interested in meeting ex-Private Alexander Mahlstrom, Fifth Missouri, who recently returned from South America. "Mahlstrom told me," said Gen.

Moore yesterday, "that the snakes in Central America are torpid and stupid to a degree, though some of them are violent enough when disturbed. They often bite the woodfellers there. I never knew them to bite an overland trailer. I crossed the plains thirty years ago, and many times since, in the freighting busireached the spot. The first thing he ness. It was my experience that saw was the girl-he caught sight of the sound of the approach of cat-(Copyright, 1902, by Dally Story Pub, Co.) her through an opening in the leaves. the or buffalo sent the snakes about their business. We lay on the ground where snakes were thick in our absence, but scarce in our presence. A snake must have some sense, and he must reflect that whereas he might put a lone man to flight, he had not a ghost of a show with a herd of cattle or buffalo tramping him. So he runs when he hears the caravans coming. I never knew them to bite a man while I was going over the trail. I recollect at the end of the plazza was the one that his tramp was being beaten at one time running across a rattler. I was riding a mule. He woke up, conclusion he rested not until he had young giant, in the most approved heard the hoof beats and started off. A rattler cannot run straight much better than a Swede turnip can roll straight. He wobbles. This fellow was terrified, for he took off. A quick walk was as fast as he could go. I dismounted, pulled out my cap and ball revolver and began firing at him. The first shot clipped 'lim and made him furious. He hissed and shook his tail with a vengeance. But he heard my mule and headed for tall grass. I think it was my fifth shot that broke his Too Much Water Did Not Appeal to of existunce."-New York Tribune. back. The snake is a coward."-Kansas City Journal.

Along the Way to Meetin'. wondered if the world so wide had heard my heart a-breakin', With Sally walkin' at my side along the

way to meetin'? keepin' time accordin', sayin': "There's no rest for you 'cept t'other side of Jordan!"

I'd tried an' tried to say "the word," with patientest endeavorword that might, or mightn't, make her heart my own forever; somehow, when it reached my lips, it seemed too much to utter, With my poor heart a-keepin' up that

Twuz shore my tribulation day-close by my side to view herthen not give 'em to her! 'twuz like a benediction: "I'm thinkin', John, this meetin' day you're under deep conviction!"

An' then I up an' told her all my heart; so sore afflicted; that's how I stood convicted:

sweeter looks and fonder,
I read my shinin' titles clear to earth- and \$30,000,00 has been added to the -Atlanta Constitution.

Demonstration Too Effective.

had been to a temperance lecture. To the most good. which contained water and a mass yet to be done, however, in our neighof the mixture was that the shoals ion in that immediate vicinity. helplessly in the water.

whisky?"

marked the other.

again drink water with all those horrible things floating about. I would rather drink them dead than alive.'

Mr. Depew's Oversight.

"Is Mr. Depew in?" said a life insurance agent, handing his card to the office attendant. "I'll see, sir," replied the minion,

going into the senator's sanctum. Mr. Depew glanced at the card and shook his head in the negative. Although the upper part of his body was clerk, "what is the next train up to hidden from public view by his desk the senator's legs were plainly visible as he sat with his side toward the

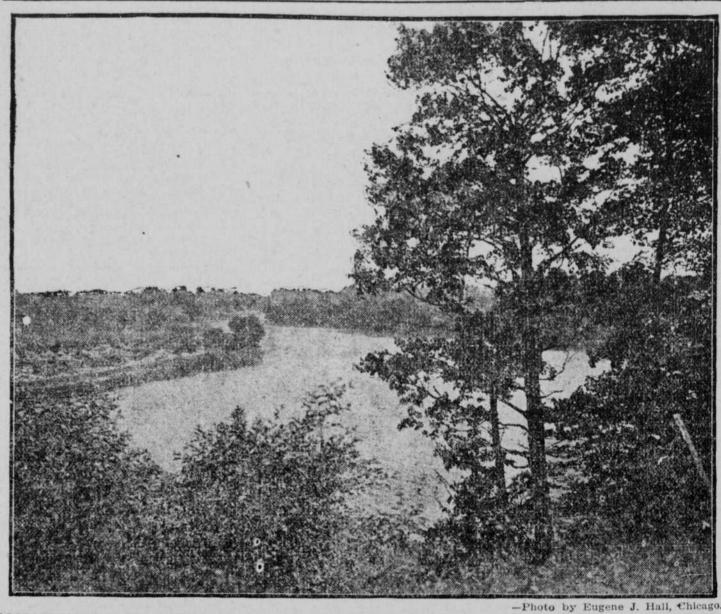
"Mr. Depew is out,' said the at-

tendant. "Well," said the insurance solicitor, glancing through the half-opened door, "I wish you would tell him when he comes in that I think my company would positively refuse to accept him as a first class risk unless he will agree to always take his legs with him when he goes out."

True Success in Life.

There are scores of living men who might be mentioned who have attained to all that goes to make up success as it is commonly estimated, says the San Francisco Chronicle. They have wealth, social and political influence and popularity; they have everything that heart can wish, and age sort would not for a moment admit that his success is to be comcountry as a patriot, has made the tle sweeter and happier, has given te his family and his friends an example vancement and pleasure.

ST. JOSEPH RIVER, MICHIGAN.



WHY IT DIDN'T SUIT HIM.

the Man From Maryland.

They were seated at a round table in the biggest room in the Maryland club, the glasses in front of them newly primed, the smoke from their sigars curling upward, while they listened to the yarns of the man from seemed to time my every step-jest Arizona. He had told them stories of hunting, of mining, of train robperies and the like, and now he was holding forth on the wonders of irri-

"No one," said he, "can properly appreciate the wonders it has worked n the central part of our state, where the desert has been literally made to blossom as the rose.' More than 125,000 acres in the Salt river valley alone now bloom with palms, alfalfa, To pull the wild flowers by the way, an trees, orange groves and other follage, while grass and growing crops of But, sudden come this word from her- grain, vegetables and the like cover the fields where a few years ago not a vestige of green was to be seen on the burning sand of the great desert.

"Three large cities, one the capital idea was not entirely original—he had blow upon that already fractured I loved her more than all the world— of the state, have sprung up; two railroads have been built into the district An' then, as close she come to me, with to carry away the surplus product, wealth of this great country of ours. All this has been accomplished by irrigation, by bringing water in ditches Two maiden sisters of mature years and distributing it where it will do

On the way home, when nearing a world. I know of no better place in "Mary, will you go in and get some the effect of his suggestion.

"That's sholy interestin'-mighty on a pension. "Some whisky!" astonishingly re. interestin'," mused the Eastern Shore man, as he tossed off the contents of "Yes, dear, for I really can never his glass, "but I cain't say that I'd stamp is inclosed with it.

cyah to live in a country, suh, whar watah is regyarded as the mainstay

Result of Expansion.

It is not to be denied that this expansion of our knowledge of the world is a sequence of our victories in the Spanish war. Whether trade follows the flag, certainly knowledge does. What the geography is doing for the schoolboy, the newspapers and magazines are doing for the adult. "Nature will be reported," says Emerson, and certainly never was this so true as to-day. A hundred agencies pense of great creative art. But an played no intention of retreat. epoch of large wealth has been usually and valuable that the peoples of the earth will have reached a sympathetic understanding through the widest knowledge.-Century Magazine.

Morgue Keeper a Humorist.

One of the queerest of French authors, Clovis Pierre, died this week. He was a poet whose talent would demonstrate the disastrous effect of "To accomplish this we have ex- have received recognition doubtless alcohol upon life, the lecturer had pended \$3,000,000 and dug hundreds even if the contrast between his vopoured a portion of whisky into a glass of miles of ditches. There is much cation and his avocation had not tickled the fancy of the Parisians. He of lively animalculae of different un- borhood, it being estimated that no lived and wrote his poetry at the sightly shapes and sizes. The result less than 400,000 acres await reclma- morgue, of which he was registrar. He was a merry soul who found most of ugly looking fishes were soon be "The venture has proved immensely of his inspiration in the corpses in an immense success at a concert in reft of life and were seen floating profitable, too, and our farmers are his care and who used to describe perhaps the most prosperous in the himself as the manager of a big hotel well known to Paris, which was a saloon one sister remarked to the this country for capital seeking in- quiet place of rest for travelers from vestment." And he paused to note all countries. He dwelt at the morgue for thirty-two years before he retired a corse lay she"-with thrilling ex-

Poetry may bring returns-if a

THEY WOULD NOT RETREAT.

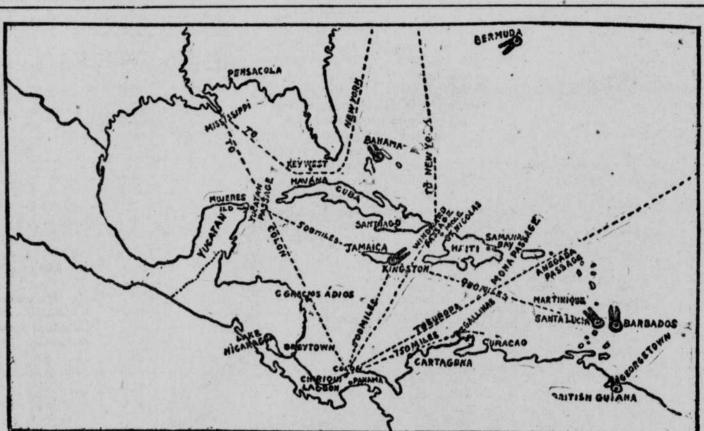
Horse Battery Kept on Firing Al-

though Constructively Dead. Among the amusing features of the recent mimic war one incident is recounted by Adjt. Gen. Thomas Barry, chief of staff, as one of the most unusual conflicts in the history of war. Among the points defended by the army was a signal station on Montauk Point. Here was stationed a horse battery, intended to cover the signal corps and also to be able to withdraw in case of serious attack. This latter duty was not fully comprehended by -mainly commerce, invention, travel, the gallant artillerymen. Accordingbenevolence and disaster-are conspir- ly, when the Kearsarge, the Alabama, ing to bring in touch all the nations of | the Brooklyn, the Olympia and all the the world and to demand the fullest other big ships of the fleet sailed up knowledge of all by each. There are and opened their batteries on the sigthose who think that this absorbing | nal station, bringing into play every interest in the actualities of material | gun, from the 13-inch to the rapid-fire events is being cultivated at the ex- ones, the defenders of the shore dis-

Wheeling their two small cannon the precursor of a period of great art. into point blank range, they returned When this period comes, perhaps the | the fire of the combined fleet. Faster result will be all the more significant | and faster came the shots of the horse artillery. Theoretically they were annihilated; practically, they were only spurred to still greater activity. Not until the umpires signaled them to stop firing, and later informed them that they were all dead, did the brave gunners pause. Not since the day of the Matanzas mule has so unequal a fight been waged so successfully.

A Grewsome Coincidence. Few in the musical world forget the shock caused a few years back by the tragic death of the famous contralto. Mme. Patey. The vocalist had created the provinces, and in response to a vociferous encore returned to the platform and sang the pathetic Scottish ballad of "The Banks of Allan Water." Mme. Patey gave the last line-"There pression, walked from the platform, and straightway fell dead! The grewsome coincidence was much commented on at the time.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FORTS IN WESTERN WATERS.



tifications indicates her purpose to rewhich their situation gives to her possessions in the Caribbean sea or borcarrying out this policy is the creation of two entirely new batteries defending the approach to Port Royal, the naval station on the Island of Ja-

In Kingston harhor Jamaica pos- the sand spit and opposite the city of | mand the harbor proper.

Great Britain's latest augmentation | sessec one of the best harbors in the | Kingston, the naval station is located. of her already strong West Indian for- West Indies. It is practically land- There are already four forts commandtain the full strategic advantage large a fleet as Great Britain will ever the point close by the naval station, dering upon it. Her present effort in and narrow, the southern shore being sels approaching the harbor from the formed by a narrow sand spit, which eastward. approaches the western shore to with-

locked and capable of sheltering as ing the entrance. One is situated on De able to spare for service in that the zone of its fire covering the chanpart of the world. The harbor is long | nel which must be used by all yes

The newest of the present batteries in a distance about equal to the Naris on the opposite side of the entrance and so located that its guns enfilade On the harbor side of the point of the channel. The other two forts com-