

IF ONLY THOU ART TRUE.

If only a single rose is left
Why should the summer pine?
A blade of grass in a rocky cleft,
A single star to shine,
—Why should I sorrow if all be lost,
If only thou art mine?

If only a single bluebell gleams
Bright on the barren heath
Still of that flower the summer dreams,
Not of his August wealth,
—Why should I sorrow if thou art mine,
Love, beyond change and death?

If only once on a wintry day
The sun shines forth in the blue,
He gladdens the graves till they laugh
as in May,
And dream of the touch of the dew,
—Why should I sorrow if all be false,
If only thou art true?
—George Barlow.



Caruthers' Ideal

Notwithstanding that relatives, world friends, society, and the world in general had selected Muriel Wyndham as the future Mrs. Jack Caruthers, no intimation of such a possibility had ever come to notice on the part of the two persons most concerned.

Of a truth there was a certain physical resemblance, which may have held its own occult explanation. Brown hair, with glints of red; hazel eyes, heavily lashed, except that the one pair that looked into the other pair had a deeper, darker light, the difference of its own tenderer sex, or, perhaps, a rarer nature.

But Muriel Wyndham—well, Harry did not like her for one thing. Besides there had been some one else. Muriel had been widowed at 19.

When the sound of that terrific explosion in Havana harbor had reverberated through the hearts of men, young Tom Wyndham was one of the first to enroll with the volunteers. There had been a romantic flight to the Gretna Green across the state border.

They had "run away and got married," had promptly confessed, and were as promptly forgiven by over-indulgent parents, as well as the equally indulgent uncle with whom Muriel and her younger brother had always made their home. So when Tom Wyndham steamed away on the special with his regiment, he left behind a wife instead of a sweetheart to wait and watch for his return.

But that was long ago, as youth counts the years, and had it not been for that extremely small person, "The Pocket Edition of Tom Wyndham," as Muriel's uncle called him, Jack might have been able to forget that other. But forever that solidly figure, which his mortal eyes had never beheld, loomed up before his mental vision whenever he thought of Muriel and the gold mine of content that her companionship might mean to him—to some other fellow.

Jack had never been able to explain this peculiar dislike for one so utterly charming and universally well liked as was Muriel Wyndham. Indeed, Harry himself had never expressed it in so many words. Only when Muriel was the subject, a flitting, disagreeable expression of countenance, a bit of skillful innuendo, and a quick change of subject left the intangible impression. And Muriel, too, seemed to prefer to avoid Harry.

Once during the earlier days of his business career, when one of the steps from the foot of the ladder where he had begun to "learn the business," which had led to a junior partnership in the firm of which his father was president, Jack had to serve a certain



The "Pocket Edition Tom Wyndham." length of time "on the road." And it was on the road that Jack had met Annabel Riley.

She lived with her blind father, the old colonel, in a picturesque vine-clad cottage on the outskirts of a small town where Caruthers had one or two "customers," and to "keep the pot boiling" for herself, her aged parent, and Jane, the housekeeper, she taught the village school.

Jack had sought and easily obtained an introduction; had called and made himself as agreeable as he could.

Shortly afterward, having served his apprenticeship on that particular round of the ladder, he left "the road" to become one of the "company."

Of course they "corresponded"—a

desultory exchange of remarks about the weather; had she read such and such a novel? and papa's health. Until one day a letter came—the old colonel had responded to "taps." Jane was going back to her people. "I am all alone in the world," she wrote.

It had been a particularly trying day with Caruthers. In the first place he had met Muriel in the morning, on his way to business, out walking with that "pocket edition," the



Read it by the waning light.

sight of which always irritated him, carrying as it did in its sturdy little body the infinite presence of that other one.

Caruthers could not understand for the life of him what Muriel saw in that boy to be so fond of him.

He received Annabel's letter just before noon, and all the rest of the day he kept the picture of her in his mind as he had first seen her on the shaded streets, with her tender, beloved charges.

"Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," he quoted softly, as he boarded the first train, and some hours later found himself in the little Kentucky hamlet where dwelt his ideal. He brought her back with him, his bride. Her picture face and ingenuitous manners won for her immediate popularity among certain effete ones of his set. Sorry little ideal. Unable to gauge or properly weigh the unaccustomed attentions.

Coming home from his office one evening Caruthers found a note on his dressing table, addressed to himself in the wavering, childish handwriting he knew as his wife's. It read:

"Forgive me, Jack! I never loved you. You took me from the life I hated. I hated everything; I believe I even hated my father, but most of all I hated those children! Harry and I expect to be happy together. Good-by, Annabel."

"Harry!" he whispered; "Harry Williams!"

Like a flash it came to him. The import of William's dislike for Muriel Wyndham. Her avoidance of him.

"It is all my fault," he said, crushing the paper in his hand. "I have betrayed my trust and my trust has been betrayed. I insisted on Muriel's receiving him. I brought him—here!"

Suddenly a queer, ecstatic little cry—a sort of gurgle of joy came from the room beyond. He rushed toward the sound and a moment later emerged with a bundle of something in long, white skirts and topped by a bald little head. It clutched tightly a bottle half filled with milk.

He stopped mechanically and picked up the crumpled note that had fallen on the floor, and spread it out so he could read it again. At the bottom there was scrawled a line he had failed to see the first time:

"I have taken Sarah, the maid with me."

Numbed, dazed, his mind refused to grasp the situation. He raised his eyes dully. The small figure, still hugging its source of sustenance, dropped against his shoulder asleep.

His half-conscious vision halted at a photograph which for some reason Annabel had always kept standing on her desk—Muriel Wyndham.

In the old days Caruthers had always taken his hopes, his ambitions, his griefs, and laid them at the feet of Muriel Wyndham. So, now, as by mere force of habit—certainly there was no illumination in that stricken face—he carefully wrapped the limp

little body in a great fleecy robe and hood which he found on a hook behind the door, and, still with the air of one without will, he turned off the light and went out.

Jack Caruthers walked steadily along in the dusk of the summer's evening, holding closely his precious bundle, until he reached the residence of Muriel's uncle. Muriel herself stood at the gate.

"I—I was expecting Ted," she said by way of explanation. "Do you know he thinks the world of little Tom and Tommy just worships him."

"Muriel! Muriel!" said Caruthers, thickly.

He thrust the crumpled note into her hand and she read it by the waning light.

She stood for a moment, with averted face, irresolute, the evening breeze tossing the lace scarf at her throat, her white gown drifting about her.

"Jack," she said, jerkily, using the parlance of her college boy brother, "you—you got what was coming to you!"

She turned swiftly, making to go into the house, but stopped as suddenly. The floating ends of her scarf had caught on something and checked her flight. She put up her hand to loosen the obstruction and touched something warm and soft—a tiny baby fist, clutching tightly the filmy meshes of lace. A pair of blue eyes—Annabel's eyes, a little rounder, scarcely more infantile in expression—gazed unwinkingly into her own. The tiny fingers clung persistently to her scarf.

She stretched out her arms suddenly, peremptorily.

"Give her to me," she cried in a voice that was still a sob.—Chicago Tribune.

HE REVIEWED THE SERMON.

Sporting Reporter Takes the Place of the Theological Expert.

The theological reporter being out of the city, the sporting editor was sent to church, with instructions to carefully review the sermon that was to be preached by an eminent visiting divine. The sporting editor was up against a hard proposition, but he proceeded to make good as follows:

"The weather was perfect, and the grandstand and bleachers were packed. The Rev. Dr. Blanketyblank was in the box for the Unitarians, and he certainly had everything in the book. When he tackled the New Jerusalem he used the slow ball artistically, but when he warmed up on hades he had speed to burn and whipped them over like a shot. He had swell control, and never lost sight of the plate for a minute, especially after it had been passed around.

"The choir did a good deal of rooting from the players' bench, and occasionally a voice from the bleachers yelled 'Amen!' Although it was an extra inning game, he never let up for a minute, and had the visitors properly hooked up throughout, putting some of them to sleep. If he can only keep up the pace the big league for him next season!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

How We Learn.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life
Blown by the careless wind, across our way.

Great truths are greatly won, not found by chance,
Nor waited on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in hard hours,
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs like harvest from the well-ploughed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

—Bonar.

Young Old People of Today.

People quit growing old at 40 half a century ago. They quit it when they ceased thinking themselves old at 40, ceased dressing old at 40, not to speak of drinking themselves old at 40. The young man of 50 or 60 now wears the natty sack tweeds or serges that his son or grandson wears topped off with a jaunty hat. He goes to baseball, the races; he keeps up with the procession and is all in for a good time in moderation, healthfully. The young woman with him in white or colors, with the gay hat, who has the manners of a youthful, but self-respecting girl of 20 in the last century, is his wife, perhaps a grand mother, but none the less young and happy yet. They feel young, they dress young, they believe themselves young—by the Great Horned Spoon they are young!—Louisville Herald.

As Compared.

Ethel—What do you think of young Softhead?
Mae—Oh, he reminds me of a blotting pad.

Ethel—Indeed! What's the answer?
Mae—He bears the impression of some good things, but lacks the ability to make use of them.

The Largest Tree.

No tree has ever been found larger than the Stilian "chestnut of a 100 horses." It is not less than 304 feet in circumference.

Degree for Women.

In future women will be allowed to take degrees in the University of Dublin.

FIERCE FIGHT WITH SWORDFISH.

Rach Fisherman Wounded Almost to Death in Wild Duel with Wounded Monster of the Sea—He Is Now Recuperating in Hospital.

The next time Christopher Norwaugh goes out after a swordfish he will take care to have the bottom of his dory covered with sheet iron. He has learned his lesson, as, with a smile, he says himself; and he is glad to be living. At present he is lying on a cot in one of the surgical wards of St. Joseph's hospital, with his left leg as rigid as a capstan bar.

Norwaugh is a Danish-American, stocky, blue-eyed and fair-haired. He spent his boyhood on the sea, and naturally enough, when he came to this country seventy years ago, he still looked to the sea for a living. With his family he settled on Block Island. Block Island is noted for its ozonous air and for its fishing. The Block Island amateur is proud to show his brown arms and his string of bluefish, but the Block Island professor shows some pride and pleasure only when he tows in a swordfish.

The swordfish season begins early

his tail he started for the bottom of the sea.

He moved just a second too late. He was not more than three feet below the surface when the Lindsey scudded by, and Capt. Dodge hurled his harpoon with the unerring aim of an old hand.

Splurge!—down went the fish. Whizz!—off reeled the fifty fathoms of line in the cove occupied by Norwaugh.

So the fight began. Ordinarily the blow of the harpoon takes all the pugnacity out of the swordfish, and after a couple of plunges he has no resistance left in him. Then the man in the boat slowly hauls in the line, draws near the fish, and when he is near enough gives the finishing strokes with a long lance. That had always been Norwaugh's experience; and he was rated as one of the best men in the business.

"Now tell me how it happened yourself, if you feel strong enough to," said

Joseph, he came up through the bottom of the boat. Gee!"

And just here the fisherman shook his head as he smiled.

"The sword entered my left leg just above the knee, in the back of the leg, and went obliquely up through the fleshy part of my thigh. In a second it was drawn out again, and the fish disappeared.

"Well, it was very lucky—very lucky, indeed. I had strength enough to make signals of distress and to stuff my cap into the hole in the boat. The blood was just pouring out of the wound. They tell me that the sword of the fish was over three feet long, and that it tore the flesh all off the thigh bone of my left leg. I suppose they know. I know that by the time the catboat came alongside I was fit to faint; and I know that my leg is pretty stiff to-day.

"I was very lucky. The sword tore about all the veins and muscles in my



thigh, but the arteries escaped. How that happened is the miracle. If an artery had been torn, I would probably have bled to death before they could get me back to Block Island. You see, the wicked fish had two chances to kill me, once going in and once coming out. I don't know how I escaped. But you won't find me taking any more chances with a swordfish."—Boston Journal.

WISDOM OF SWISS STATESMEN.

Proved by the Remarkable History of the Country.

Some of the ancient agreements between the little Swiss states were very noteworthy. In 1243 Bern and Fribourg made a covenant which lasted for more than 200 years, by which they agreed that even a war between them should not destroy their agreement, that no war between them should be entered on without a previous attempt at conciliation, and that within fourteen days of the end of any feud all territory conquered and spoils of war must be returned to their owners. Cities which 650 years ago could agree to such terms deserve to live in history! Basle, Schaffhausen and Appenzel a few years later were wise and far-sighted enough to agree "to sit still and seek conciliation" in case of difference between them. Just over 600 years ago the Swiss confederation was founded by the three tiny mountain states, Uri, Schwyz and Nidwalden, which, remaining small and unimportant themselves, have, by the force of the idea of union, drawn to themselves from time to time larger states and powerful cities, till to-day the Swiss nation can, in proportion to its size and population, boast of a prouder history and greater benefits to mankind than any other nation in Europe.

Why He Bought the Image.

A clergyman who was staying at the house of an English workman happened to see an image of the Virgin Mary standing over the mantelpiece, which struck him as incongruous. By way of making talk he asked how it got there. "Well, you see, sir, it came about this way," replied his host. "I was courtin' o' two sisters—Sally and Maria—an' I wasn't just sartin which I was to 'ave. One day, as I wor starin' into a shop window, I saw that 'ere statoot, with 'Ave Maria' underneath it. That came right 'ome to me, so I med up my mind right off to 'ave Maria; an' we was spliced. She bin a reel guide wife to me, an' so I bought the image to keep it in mind."

Force of Habit.

Editor—This is a very singular novel of your friend, Griggsby. He has simply lauded everything in the book from the characters to the breakfast food to the very skies.

Griggsby's Friend—Griggsby cannot help writing like that. He does it unconsciously. You see he used to be a theatrical press agent.

the reporter, sitting by the cot in St. Joseph's hospital.

"Of course I feel strong enough," said Norwaugh, with a smile. "I'd get up if they'd let me. Yes, I'll tell you how it happened."

He stretched himself by taking hold of the iron bars back of his head. Without doubt, if he had exerted himself he could have bent the bars. His exceptional hairiness betokened his exceptional strength. Which partly accounts for his recovery.

"It was a good fair shot that the captain made," he related, "and I went after the fish in a small boat. There were about fifty fathoms of line tied to the harpoon, but not all of the fifty fathoms was reeled out. I should say that when the fish came to the surface for the first time he wasn't much more than two fathoms away.

"I began to haul in the line and to draw up on the fish. As a usual thing, the swordfish is easy enough to take care of. I had taken in hundreds of them, and I had never had any serious trouble before. When you draw up on him you cut him in the fins and gills with your long lance, and usually he gives up the fight just then. He may squirm around a bit, and make you look out for his tail, but that's all.

"Well, before I could haul up very close to this fellow he began to go round the boat. Round and round he went, just as fast as he could swim. I had hard work to keep myself from being tangled up in the line, and, besides, once he came so near the stern of the boat, where I was standing, that his tail flashed by my head. After that I had an idea that he would give me some trouble."

Norwaugh paused to smile. Though powerful, he has a gentle manner and a kind, disarming smile. You'd think that his life was one long, sweet, soft, smooth song.

"After going round about a dozen times he plunged down for the second time. Then, before you could say St.