

THE OTHER FELLOW.

Of all who dwell upon the earth There's none I wish to harm. There's none who, seeing me approach, Need feel the least alarm.

I will not write his name, lest he Should chance to read my rhyme, And learning of his danger, fit To some far distant clime;

Mr. trouble with him first began When we were boys at school, He always won the prizes, and Made me appear the fool;

When college days were o'er, and I To find a job set out, To my disgust I learned that he Knew what I was about;

And then—oh cruellest blow of all!— When love had pierced my heart And I went begging Annie Bell To take away the smart;

Now, tell me, don't you think that I Have cause to hate this man, Who lies in wait at every turn To harm me if he can?



OUTLAWED.

By J. L. Harbour.

THE day after the funeral of Jared Coombs his five orphaned children were sitting around the kitchen stove, trying, as Martha, the eldest, said, to "look the situation in the face."

Martha was sixteen years old; Ann, the next oldest, was fourteen; then there were three little boys—Jerry, Leander and Horace.

Their mother had been dead three years, and their father had been an invalid for two years. He had at one time been a fairly prosperous man, but not within the memory of his children, and he had never said much about his "better days."

The people in the town where the Coombses lived wondered vaguely "what in the world those children would do now," and Martha had lain awake nights trying to solve the same problem. Her mind was made up to one thing—they would all "stick together."

The house of four rooms, in which they lived, was their own, and Martha had exactly twenty-five dollars in the world.

The day after Mr. Coombs' funeral was raw and dull. One of the neighbors had made Martha promise to come to her house for dinner, and bring all of the other children with her.

"Everybody has been so kind," said Martha to her sister and brothers. She had in her lap some papers that she had taken from the tin box in which her father had kept them for years. Most of them were yellow with age, and some of them fell apart at the creases when they were unfolded. Some had seals, and were clearly legal papers; others seemed to be old notes and bills, and there were a good many business letters.

As Mr. Coombs had told Martha that none of the papers were of any value, and had advised her to burn them, she now removed a bit of the kitchen stove and began to drop them, one by one, on the coals. She had burned most of them, when she picked up a folded paper, on the back of which was written in her father's hand:—

"This man I trusted above all others, and my loss of confidence in him grieves me more than the loss of the money he should have paid me. But on what I know to be my death-bed, I forgive Justin Gye all the loss and sorrow he has caused me."

"If there could never hold a grudge against any one," said Martha to herself, as she unfolded the paper. She spread the document out on her knee. It was a promissory note for five thousand dollars, signed by Justin D. Gye. It had no indorsement, and Mr. Coombs had written in red ink across the face of it this single word, "Outlawed."

Martha looked at the date of the note. It was thirty years old. "I wonder who this Justin D. Gye was, and I wonder what 'outlawed' means," said Martha. "I'm going to ask Mr. Marston about it when we go over there to dinner, and I am going to keep this note, because, when I think of it, I don't believe there is another line of poor father's handwriting in the house."

Mr. Marston told Martha that the word "outlawed" written on the note, meant that the money due could not be collected by law, and that a note was worthless after a certain number of years.

"If your father has written 'outlawed' on the note, it is of no value," concluded Mr. Marston.

"But a promise to pay ought to be good at any time," said Martha.

"It ought to be, but unfortunately it isn't good in the written law. The moral law is another matter," said Mr. Marston.

When Martha went back home she took the note from the drawer in which she had placed it, and read it again. A few minutes later she busied herself with some kitchen duties. Her pantry shelves needed clean papers on them. Martha removed the things from the shelves, and took several papers from a bundle Mrs. Marston had given her. She was cutting a strip from a newspaper, when her eye fell on this paragraph:—"Mr. Justin D. Gye, who has within the past five years realized a fortune of fully a million dollars from his investments in Western mines and real estate, proposes to erect a magnificent house on Gaynor Hill."

Martha looked at the title of the

paper and read, the Louisville Courier-Journal, "It's the town where father lived before he and mother were married. I am sure that Justin D. Gye and the man who signed his name to that note are the same. And he is worth a million dollars!"

She took her scissors, and cut out the lines she had read. Then she got an old atlas and looked up the city of Louisville.

"It must be a long distance from here," she said, with a sigh. "If it were only nearer, I do believe I'd go and remind Mr. Gye of his 'promise to pay' and ask him if he thought it had been 'outlawed' in the sight of God."

All day she pondered over what she had read. Toward evening she had to go down to one of the village stores. She was passing the railroad station, when an idea suggested itself to her.

"I'll go in and ask the agent if he can tell me how far it is to Louisville, and how much it would cost to go there."

The information she received was discouraging. It would cost at least twenty-five dollars.

"And that is every dollar we have in the world," said Martha. "I'll have to give it up."

But the more she thought about it the less willing she felt to give it up. On the morning of the third day she said to her sister:

"Ann, do you think that you and the little boys could get along without me for two or three days and nights if I got Jane Lewis, the seamstress, to come in and stay nights with you?"

"I'd rather have her than any one else, but where are you going, Martha?"

"I'm going to a place called Louisville on a matter of business," said Martha, with a sense of importance.

She would have liked to keep her going a secret, but this was impossible in a little town like Osborne. By the time she was ready to start, the entire village knew where she was going and with what purpose. The general opinion was that it was "a fool's errand," but Martha was not to be moved.

It took her a day and a night to go to Louisville. She had never been in such a large city, and the hurry and bustle confused her. Some in Osborne had told her to ask a policeman how to find Mr. Gye's house, and when she saw a blue-coated officer at one end of the station platform, she went up to him and said:

"Can you tell me where Mr. Justin D. Gye lives?"

"He lives three or four miles from here, miss, but his place of business isn't more than five minutes' walk."

"I don't think that I want to go to his house. I want to see him on—on business."

"Then you'd better go to his office. Go right up this street until you come to K street. Half a block down that you'll come to a big marble front building. Take the elevator and the elevator boy will show you just where it is."

Martha's timid, forlorn appearance appealed to this big guardian of the law, and showed him to be thus explicit. It was well for Martha that she did not hear him say, as he moved away—

"What can she want with old Gye? If she's on a begging errand, she'd better save her breath."

Martha easily found the marble building, and her heart began to flutter a little when she saw a shining brass plate at the side of the doors with the name Justin D. Gye on it in black letters. Below the plate she read, "Rooms 24 and 25."

She did not take the elevator, but climbed the marble staircase, and at the head of the first flight she found rooms 24 and 25, with Gye's name on both doors.

there were other clerks in a room beyond. A boy in livery came forward and asked her whom she wanted to see.

"Mr. Gye," replied Martha. "He's busy," was the reply. "I could wait," said Martha. "Have you a card to send in?" "No," replied Martha, with a blush. "You'll have to send in your name first."

"My name is Martha Coombs." The boy motioned toward three or four chairs near the door. "You can sit down and wait, and I'll take in your name when Mr. Gye's present caller goes."

Martha waited an hour and a half, during which time she regained her self-possession. Other persons who came in and asked to see Mr. Gye were told to wait, and they, too, sat down in the row of chairs near the door.

At the end of an hour and a half the boy came up to Martha and said: "Mr. Gye says you can come in."

She passed into the private room. A portly, pompous-looking man sat at a rosewood desk. His manner was almost harsh, as he said: "You wanted to see me?" "Yes, sir."

"I am extremely busy and can give you but a few minutes. What do you want?" "I came from Osborne, which is several hundred miles from here, to bring you this."

Martha walked forward and handed Mr. Gye the old, faded, outlawed note. She stood quietly by his desk and watched him as he read it.

"There is something written on the other side, sir," she said quietly, when he had read the note and let it fall. He took it up and read her father's words on the back of the note. His hand trembled and his eyes were cast down when the note again fell to his desk.

Martha fancied that he looked a little pale, and she saw him bite his lip under his gray mustache. He put one hand over his eyes. His other arm fell heavily at his side. There was silence in the room for fully a minute; then, with his hand still before his eyes, he asked, in a husky voice:

"Where did you get this?" "I found it among some old papers of my father's, sir."

"Are you Jared Coombs' daughter?" "Yes, sir."

"And he is living yet?" "No, sir. He died five days ago, and I brought the note to you because I'd died so poor that I have not a dollar for the support of my sister and my three little brothers, and I want to keep them together if I can. I read in a paper about how prosperous you were, sir, and although the note is 'outlawed,' I felt that you might feel willing to pay something on it."

He took his hand from his eyes and offered it to her. "You did right to bring it to me," he said. "Sit down on this chair and tell me about yourself and your father. He was a good man."

"He was, indeed," said Martha, with tears in her eyes. "There were tears, too, in the eyes of the man as she told him of her father's disappointment, and of the poverty in which he had left his children."

"They told me in Osborne," she said in conclusion, "that it would be useless for me to come here with an outlawed note, but I did not think so."

"You were wiser than they," he said gravely, but with a smile. "For I shall pay every dollar of the note, with interest in full, and even this will not atone for my lack of duty in not finding your father and paying the note years ago. I shall see to it that his children shall lack nothing that they need hereafter."

"There was great excitement in Osborne when Martha returned with the news that she and her brothers and sister were to go to Louisville to live in a home of their own."

"There are splendid schools there, and Mr. Gye will be a friend to us. I can't tell you how kind he was, and I can never be thankful enough that I went to him with that outlawed note!"—Waverly Magazine.

Most Daring Publication. A young Parisian woman edits and manages what is no doubt the most daring publication in the world. It is circulated among members of the light-fingered fraternity, the editors being a kleptomaniac of no mean order, and also an inventor of several devices calculated to assist her subscribers in following their craft. Items of interest are solicited, and if useful to "the trade" are liberally paid for.

The paper has no title and is undated and unnumbered. The illustrations of touch gloves, false beards and other novelties are reproductions of black and white drawings made by the editor and contributors.

A Grateful Elephant. In India elephants are as plentiful as horses in Denver. A certain elephant used to pass daily through the market of Ajeer. A kind-hearted woman who kept a stall used to give him a handful of rye. One day the elephant got into a great rage and dashed through the market, scattering the crowd in all directions. Alarmed like the rest the woman took flight, but in her flight left her child behind her. The maddened elephant came up to her baby, stopped in his wild flight, lifted the infant gently with his trunk and laid it safely on a stall in front of a house in the neighborhood.—Denver Post.

All things come to those who go after them, muses Life. Germans are still prejudiced against corn as an article of food, except for cattle and swine; but efforts are being made to overcome this prejudice.

As an evidence that the Mexican Republic is progressing it is only necessary to state that the expenses of that Government are over three times what they were twenty years ago.

The ideal city of the future will be less noisy than the average city of today. Street cries of ear-splitting shrillness and all sorts of tumultuous sounds will be moderated by the next generation.

After eight years of work on the mortality records of 608,300 persons, the actuaries of England and Scotland declare that the average length of human life is increasing. This agrees with the conclusions of the great American companies.

When it is considered that more than 12,000,000 acres of land in the Sahara desert have been redeemed and are now highly productive through irrigation, the water being derived from artesian wells, there should not be much discouragement felt as to the final redemption of the arid and semi-arid lands of the United States.

In Europe, particularly in England, it appears to be recognized as a sort of moral obligation for men to retire from business after accumulating a competence, to give the younger men a chance. In the United States, however, with its boundless opportunities and its mad race for wealth, no such obligation is recognized in any degree.

The Russianization of Finland proceeds apace. It is now reported that the Russian Government will take possession of the custom houses, and make the Finnish tariff and customs system uniform with the Russian. There will be little left of Finnish independence save a memory. But that memory will be forever coupled with that of one of the most deplorable pieces of subjugation in history.

The beginning of national forestry on the public domain will make openings for a great number of sturdy young men who love the open air and the free life of the forest, and who are willing, after the expense of a proper preparation, to work hard and for long hours for small pay. The forest ranger must not expect a large salary, but, on the other hand, he will not need it. He will have little use for a dress coat; will have no opportunity to indulge in riotous living, and his outlay for theatres and street-car fares will be nothing. There will, however, be reasonable promotion within reach of those who prove their fitness. A large number of men will doubtless be required, and at present there are very few of these properly qualified.

Englishmen smile when you ask for a copy of the British constitution. That august document exists only in the imagination, although it is quoted and discussed and appealed to frequently. It is like the ghost of Hamlet's father. It has been and it is and it ever shall be, but it is an intangible thing. The British constitution consists of the precedents established by parliament during the last 600 years—a very complicated and intricate code, which may be changed at any moment in deference to public sentiment or to meet new conditions and emergencies, but never to promote the ambition of men. The voters of England are extremely sensitive and suspicious. They keep good men in parliament, but bad men cannot stay, and are seldom re-elected, writes William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

John W. Bookwalter, of Ohio, has just completed a 2000-mile bicycle trip through Southern Europe, during which he traversed Italy almost from end to end, crossed the Apennines, went over the Saint Gothard range, and wheeled over the mountainous roads of Switzerland. Mr. Bookwalter spent the greater part of his time living among and closely studying the peasantry, and he is thoroughly convinced that a crisis is imminent between the urban and rural populations of the world. In the rise in the price of grain he sees the beginning of a struggle of the agricultural element against the concentration of capital in cities. This movement, he believes, will begin in America, where, he declares, the economic conditions are inferior to those of Germany and France. France, he maintains, is the soundest country in the world, owing to the distribution of wealth between the agrarian and metropolitan classes.



What the Daisies Learned at School. With their bright faces tied in their tidy white caps, The Daisies went trooping to school. When they spied a young Iris, who cried out, "Perhaps You will help me get out of this pool! For fear I shall find it too cool."

"Now, Iris, we learned but a few days ago." The Daisies replied with regret. "That our great-grandma was a rainbow, and so You ought to be fond of the wet! Besides, it is foolish to fret."

Then the Daisies trooped cheerily on in the sun. While the Iris drew back in the shade; She let the cool stream 'gainst her green garments run, And she tossed her blue plumes as she said, "Just to think that a Daisy can't wade!"—Christian Register.

A very ordinary looking farm horse, harnessed to an old wagon, stood by the curb, and on the board that served for a seat lay a small dog of such mixed blood that no guess could be made as to his breed. As a delivery wagon passed on the opposite side of the street, a large red apple fell off. Before it stopped rolling, the dog bounded across the street, picked it up with his teeth, and with tail wagging, rushed back to the horse. In front of it he stood up on his hind legs, while the horse took the apple from his mouth. As the horse nuzzled the apple he made the peculiar little noise that horses make when petted, and doggie replied with throaty little barks which plainly told what a pleasure it had been to go after that apple. Then he went back to his place on the wagon seat.—Youth's Companion.

Atlanta, Ga., boasts of some ingenious and ambitious boys, since two lads of that place, the older but fourteen and the younger eleven, have designed and constructed a clock that is a wonder of painstaking work. It contains over 300 pieces of wood, all of them cut from boards with a small foot-power scroll-saw, and afterward sand-papered and put together with screws and mullage.

The clock represents a cathedral, from the dome of which a bell peals forth the hours of the day. Inside the building the columns and statuary of a cathedral are reproduced in wood. The clock is fifty-one inches high and twenty-one inches wide at the base, and the contrast in colors is decidedly pretty, the wood used being maple, white holly and walnut.

The figures on the dial were cut from walnut with a pocket-knife, and look attractive on the white holly. Notwithstanding the simplicity of the tools used, the boys have succeeded in producing a timepiece of which they may be justly proud. It represents their leisure time after school hours, for other work was not neglected during its construction.

Harold in the Poultry Business. Harold had long wanted some hens. On his birthday mamma gave him two hens. "If I could," said Harold, "I should like to buy eggs and make nests and have these hens raise chickens. If they would know how. Do you think they would know how, mamma?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," said mamma, "and that is the very reason I gave them to you. I thought you would like to go into the poultry business."

Harold was as pleased as he could be. He fixed nests and gave his hens thirteen eggs apiece.

The hens sat three weeks. Harold tended them a great deal. He would go out to look at them the last thing at night before he went to bed, and the first thing in the morning when he got up, and he fed them and watered them every little while. When the time was up he looked to see them come off with large broods, but they only hatched one chicken apiece.

Harold felt bad, of course, but he tried to make the best of it.

"How glad I am they hatched two!" he said.

The hens were very proud. Harold said he didn't wonder, the chickens were so pretty. They were both yellow and looked exactly alike. Harold said he thought they had very pleasant dispositions. He said he would rather have two sweet-tempered chickens than twenty-six that were disagreeable.

One day something happened. Harold came into the house with his eyes full of tears.

"Mamma," he cried, "the meat-wagon's horse has kicked one of my chickens and killed it accidentally!" Mamma hurried out. It was just as Harold had said.

After that both hens claimed the chicken that was left and clucked and scratched for it in the daytime, and took turns hovering it at night, or so Harold thought. He helped them take care of it, too, and altogether they gave it a very good bringing up.

"It's lucky we didn't have twenty-six chickens," said Harold one day, as he looked at his treasure. "We've had our hands more than full looking after this one!"—Youth's Companion.

Rocks and Ideals. He who, having lost one ideal, refuses to give his heart and soul to another and a nobler, is like a man who declines to build a house on the rock because the wind and rain have ruined his house on the sand.—The Congregationalist.

Oh, the gold and purple sunrise is a lovely thing to see. When the radiant east with waking light is glowing, When the happy songsters carol in each dew-bespangled tree, And the rooster his shrill clarion is blowing.

There's a magic fascination in the fast-approaching sun. And the rugged outlined mountain peaks that screen it. There's a glory in a sunrise that will charm the dullest one. Into rapture—so I've heard—I've never seen it.

Virtue, toil and self-denial always bring their own reward. Eighteen hours is too short a day for labor. Man is happiest when working at a job so good and hard. That it couldn't be accomplished by his neighbor. Souls are brightened and ennobled by unflinching industry. And a prize is best enjoyed by those who've won it.

Digging in from dawn till bedtime brings serene felicity. To the digger—so I've heard—I've never done it. —J. J. Montague, in Portland Oregonian.



She—"But why do you want to put my picture in your watch?" Tom—"Because you are a jewel."—Philadelphia Record.

Judge—"Have you formed any opinion on this case?" Wouldbeigh Juror—"No, sir; I haven't mentioned it to my wife."—Smart Set.

"I would not live away." The poet sadly wrote. He went to that day. And some one rocked the boat. —Philadelphia Record.

She—"If I had known what a fool you were I never should have married you." He—"You might have guessed it when I proposed to you."—Philadelphia Record.

Borem—"Scribbler, they tell me, is now quite a literary light. I must call on him." Wigwag—"Even a literary light may be out when you call."—Philadelphia Record.

"What is a fort?" asked a teacher. "A place to put men in," was the answer. "What is a fortress, then?" The answer was prompt: "A place to put women in."—Tit-Bits.

Oh, fortune is a little ball— Or so the canny golfers say. Some lightly lift it over all, And others fizzle day by day. —Washington Star.

She—"Don't let my refusal of your proposal embitter you, Mr. Slinkpins." He—"No, no. After all, it is something to have been even rejected by a girl who owns a \$500 dog."—Detroit Free Press.

General—"Stop that reporter." Aide—"What! Don't you want to have him send home an account of your heroism?" "No. I don't want to be an American hero for a week and a punching-bag for the rest of my life."—Life.

"What is your favorite dish?" inquired Mrs. Frontpaw of the Rev. Longface, the new pastor. She felt sure it was chicken, but it proved not. "Er—the contribution plate," answered the Rev. Longface, absently.—Ohio State Journal.

"A local schoolboy, his examiner tells me, in an exercise-letter the other day, commenced his epistle with, 'Dear Tommy, we was glad to receive your welcome letter telling about the sudden death of your dear father.'"—Glasgow Times.

Nervous Lady Passenger (to deck hand)—"Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mister Sailor?" Deck Hand—"Take a word from an old salt, mum; the weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-mak-in' henquiries about it."—Fun.

"Oh!" gasped the beautiful woman as she fell back, clutching at her heart and permitting the telegram to flutter to the floor. Her fashionable guests rushed forward, crying: "What is it? Has your husband met with an accident?" "No—no," she moaned: "It is from my son-in-law. I am a grand mother."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Just remember," said the man who makes every one suffer when he is uncomfortable, "that irritability is now said to be disease." And also remember," said the man addressed, as he reached for a club, "that some diseases require heroic treatment." Thus it happened that the value of the mind cure was demonstrated and the disease did not develop.—Chicago Post.

Extreme Politeness. "They tell me that Boston has the most polite man in the country," said a merchant. "He was run into by another man on the street, and tipping his hat, said: 'If I ran into you I beg your pardon. If you ran into me, don't mention it! But I have a man that is a daisy. He is our agent in a Northern town, and for some reason or other we failed to remit to him last month. Yesterday he wrote: 'Pardon me for the intrusion, but for fear you may think you have forwarded my usual remittance and are wondering why I do not acknowledge receipt, I humbly beg to apprise you that I have not received it.' Now that man got his money by return mail."—Indianapolis News.

High Lights. Art shows us when nature is artistic, and nature shows us when art is natural. Cultivate a gentle voice; on the other hand, don't mumble. As a rule it is generally foolish people who look wise.

We want all men to be happy, and then we dislike men who seem satisfied with themselves.—Chicago Record-Herald.