The Boer Irreconcilables.

The former Boer generals, De Wet, Botha and Delarey, are about to visit India in order to persuade the Boer irreconcilables there to take the oath of allegiance. Few of these prisoners are now left in the various camps. In Ceylon, for instance, there are only five; and it was recently suggested in India that the time had now come to repatriate them all, and keep them in some form of confinement in South Africa until they took the oath.

Always in Stock.

A chemist was boasting in the company of friends of his well-assorted stock in trade. "There isn't a drug missing," he said.

"Come, now," said one of the bystanders, by way of a joke, "I bet that you don't keep any spirit of contradiction, well stocked as you pretend to be."

"Why not?" replied the chemist, not in the least embarrassed at the unexpected sally. "You shall see for yourself." So saying he left the group and returned in a few minutes leading by the hand—his wife! London Tid-Bits.

A Mulatto Nobility.

The color line cannot be absolutely drawn in the artistocracy of Great Britain, for the announcement of the coming marriage in South Africa of Lady Mary Grey recalls the fact that the third wife of the late and eighth Earl of Stamford is a mulatto, the daughter of a Hottentot cook and laundress in the family of that peer, whom he married after she had borne him two children. Lady Mary takes her place in Burke's Peerage, but John and Frances, the son and daughter borne by Martha Solomon before the earl married her in 1880, although legitimate by the Dutch law, are not so in the estimation of the house of lords, whose committee on privileges determines the succession to peerages.

Wonderful Flight of Birds.

There is conclusive evidence to show that in one unbroken nocturnal flight the European bird known as the northern bluethroat passes from Central Africa to the German sea, a distance of 1,600 miles, making the journey in nine hours. From its winter home in Africa observations have determined that it starts after sunset, arriving at its far northern summer haunts before dawn on the next morning.

The more of a man the saint is the more of a saint the man will be.

When tried by fire, some people, like steel, are hot tempered.

A brotherly boost is often worth a whole lot of sisterly sympathy.

Always found wanting—the beggar.

A thief is one who takes liberties.

You cannot carry a crooked rule along the straight road.

It is only tomorrow's burdens that break the back of today.

In the First Christmastide.

With tirabrel and with tabor, with viol
and with lute,
Bend out of heaven, dear Spirits, across
your frosty hight,
For the crown of every labor, and of
every flower the fruit,
The happy earth inherits, Love being
born to-night!

Over the vast abysses of nothingness and
gloom,
Where the old gods go reeling at the
cry of the new name,
Lean your untold blisses, and make the
midnight bloom
With your throbbing gladness stealing
in a thousand points of flame.

O Angel of all Innocents, your viol make
more sweet,
O Angel of all Lovers, touch tenderly
your lute,
O Angel of all Heroes, your rapturous
tabor beat,
O Angel of all Triumph, sound your tim-
brel's swift pursuit;
For you hear the Voice above you, like
the breath of some strong flute;
"To-night, to-night, Great Love is born,
and joy is absolute!"

Forget, O Voice untiring, Gethsemane's
dark cup,
Foretell not the heart-breaking despair
of Calvary's hight,
For with boundless sweep and gyring all
the universe moves up,
The depth the dark forsaking with this
primal Christmas night!

While sinking at the warning of the clear
and mighty cry,
Shall the evil that is hoary, with the
dooming that was meet,
In the void of night and morning like a
mist dissolve and die,
And death grow into glory now Love
makes Life complete!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in McClure's Magazine.

"There, he is gone, and I won't see him for a whole week," and the brown-eyed, slender young girl on the station platform dabbed a gathering tear from each eyelid with a small wad of handkerchief. Meanwhile the train gathering momentum, sped around a curve carrying out of sight a youth frantically waving his hat at her from the rear platform.

George and Myra had always been inseparable companions; had grown up almost side by side, and gone through school together, and finished off at the academy. "Can't have too much book larnin'," was the comment of the parents of both, and when their school days were over, Myra taught school and George went behind the counter in old man Plumb's grocery store. It was on the cards that they should marry, everybody was willing, and the two loved each other devotedly.

But why should George leave his sweetheart? The truth is, there was a condition attached to their betrothal which George insisted upon: "We must wait, darling, until I can provide a home for you. I must work and save enough money for a small nest for my bride. Will you wait for me, darling?"

"Forever, George," replied the maiden, looking up into his face with a loving smile and snuggling up closer. "But it will not take that long. You know I have saved a little money out of my school teaching, and you have quite a large sum in Mr. Plumb's hands."

"Ye-e-s," said George with hesitation and with a gloomy look, "but it does not increase fast enough to suit me."

The truth is the money was all gone, all their savings had been swept away. There had been trouble in Myra's family about which she knew little. Her uncle John had been drawn into a scheme, a shady transaction bordering upon a criminal offense. The parties to it disappeared, leaving Uncle John to bear the burden, and to keep him out of prison. Myra's father mortgaged his farm, used up all of Myra's savings and gratefully accepted George's hoard when that young man came forward and offered his all without reserve or condition.

Myra was ignorant of all this, for it had been kept a secret, and as Uncle John had departed for some unknown section of the great West, never letting anyone know his location, George considered his money lost, and that he would have to begin all over again, which meant a postponement of

"There, he is gone."

his marriage to the girl he so dearly loved.

There was his job in Plumb's grocery, and Myra's salary, but his wages were small, without prospect of increase, and Myra's salary as schoolteacher would cease on her marriage.

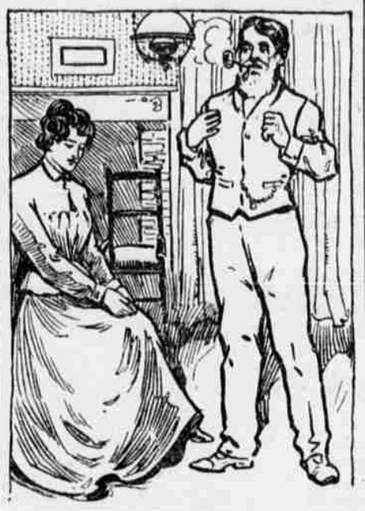
He was to be gone one week only. That was the understanding, and during that week he was to accomplish wonders and lay the foundations for a modest fortune. He had carefully read the newspapers, the columns of which glittered with opportunities to make enormous fortunes out of a small investment. He knew just where to go, and exactly what to do. Everything that glittered was pure gold to him.

The week flew away and no George. Instead, Myra received a letter, her first love letter, one full of protestations of everlasting love, and containing the information that he would be obliged to remain in Chicago another week, as he had something in view which would be lost if he went away from it.

Another week, and still no George. The letter which came in his place was very vague, though as full of love as the first. This did not reassure the girl, and she began to think something besides business was keeping him. Why did he write such incomprehensible things? What did he mean by telling her to have a little patience and he would bring back ten times the money they had worked three years to save? What did he mean by talking about diamond rings, silk dresses, velvet carpets and other extravagant luxuries she had never dreamed of possessing, and did not care about. What in the world was an "automobile" that he talked about paying fifteen thousand dollars for and that would make a mile a minute? She was uneasy and consulted her father.

"Don't you worry, Myra," said the old man after reading the letter. "To be sure, he does write kind of wild like, but he ain't going to do any of them things he mentions. The rush and shine of the city has gone to his brain. He's seen the automobiles and the skyscrapers, perhaps he has bought an interest in the Masonic Temple, they all do it, I've done it myself," and the old man chuckled at the recollection of his green, salad days when he swallowed gold bricks as a turkey does corn. "He didn't have more than fifty dollars with him, and when that's gone he'll have to come home."

This was all the comfort Myra got from her father, and she tried to be satisfied with his assurances that everything would come out all right. But another week followed the others, and this time there was neither George nor a letter. She said little, but thought much, and she made up her mind that she would not permit



"Don't you worry, Myra."

her life's happiness to slip through her hands without making an effort to prevent it.

Leaving the station where she had waited for the train that did not bring George, she walked into Mr. Plumb's store resolutely and cross-examined him.

"Why George and me have settled up our business. He drawed out all the money left in my hands and borrowed all I could spare. I guess he ain't coming home no more unless he brings a carload of money with him. From what he writes I guess he's taking in all the sights and ain't leaving any of 'em out."

Returning home, Myra solemnly walked into the kitchen, where the family were at supper, having given her up, and calmly announced:

"I am going to Chicago to-morrow morning, father, and I'd like to have some money."

"For the land's sake, Myra!" exclaimed her mother anxiously, "What is it? Have you heard bad news from George?"

"No, mother, I haven't heard anything at all from him, that's why I'm going. It's no use making any objections," she continued hurriedly, as her father was about to speak, "I've made up my mind. I know something is wrong or George would write me. You know what happened to Uncle John?" and she broke into a flood of tears which she had been restraining all day.

"George!" exclaimed a handsome young lady in a surprised, glad voice, grasping the arm of a dejected-looking young man on a street corner, one of many who stood there waiting.

"Myra!" stammered the youth turning suddenly with flushed face and looking into the brimming eyes of the girl he loved. "What are you doing here?"

"I came for you, George. I left everything to come and find you. Come, let us go home. We can take a train in an hour," and she gently pulled at his coat sleeve, but he held back stubbornly.

"No, I won't go back home," said he doggedly. "I've been a fool. It's just as well to tell you, though, then you can say good-bye. Come into the restaurant yonder. We cannot talk in this crowd. They are already gaping at us suspiciously. We can order a cup of coffee and stay as long as we like."

"I expect I'm done for, Myra, and the best thing you can do is to go back home and forget me."

"Never," declared the girl positively. "I came for you and I am going to remain with you."

"Wait until you hear how stupid I have been; you may change your purpose." But Myra shook her head with decision.

"There's nothing to tell, except that I have come for you, and you must go back home with me or I shall stay here with you. If you still love me, George," she hesitated and she blushed rosy red, "we don't have to wait until we have the money for a cottage, we can——" She glanced

"George!"

timidly into his face without finishing the sentence.

"Myra, darling, would you marry me just as I am, without money or prospects?" and George pressed her hand tenderly.

"Of course I would, and I will marry you this moment if you say so. I have left everything to tell you that. I cannot let you leave me again."

So the two young hearts were united and they worked when they had work to do, which was not often, but they encouraged each other, and hoped on without repining. Their greatest worry was their landlady, who treated them like criminals when the rent fell behind a few dollars.

Early that morning they had received notice that on the day after Christmas they would have to vacate, the landlady explaining that she did not have the heart to turn anybody out of the house on that holy day. It was small comfort to them, for it mattered little whether it was Christmas or the day after, they would not be any better off.

Later in the afternoon the two young people sat talking about their future prospects, not forgetting the far-off cottage. Myra placed on the table a loaf of bread, some butterine and a pot of weak tea. "This is our Christmas eve banquet," said she with a merry laugh. "And our last scuttle of coal," declared George, with equal levity. "To-morrow we will find a warm corner in some church and stay in it until we are thrown out, then next day——" "Oh, George, the next day will be the landlady," wailed Myra. "What shall we do?"

At that moment heavy footsteps were heard in the hall, and a thunder-knock sounded on the door.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Myra, "the landlady. She has changed her mind and will put us out to-night."

The door was flung open, and in stumbled two men laden with baskets and bundles, with Mrs. Dwight's motherly form in the rear. With a cry Myra was in her father's arms, and George was wringing his father's hand.

"Now you two women set the table," said he, breaking away from his son and taking charge. "We've come for you, George, and we're all going back home to-night. Them's the orders of both mothers, and they must be obeyed. Uncle John has come back with a mint of money—he's going to marry the widow Mullins—everything has been paid off—he's bought out old Plumb for you, and deposited money for a big, new stock of goods—we're the majority of the school board and are going to put Myra back at a bigger salary—I've bought some Galloways and Jerseys and want you to help on the farm—we're going to run you for sheriff—and—Thunderation! Ain't them women most through setting that table? I'm as hungry as a bear," and the old man paused for breath.

Our Christmas eve banquet.

A happy party at that humble table on that Christmas eve, and a happier party the next day around the Christmas board. Mrs. Dwight was carried along in spite of her protests that she had no clothes, for it was she who had kept track of the young couple, whose parents waited to give them this particular surprise. Even the landlady was in the plot, and wept when her roomers left never to return except in the shape of a good donation every Christmas eve.

Before the next spring had passed, the "cottage" had become a reality.

HIS OVERSIGHT WAS FATAL.

Lord Randolph Churchill's Great Mistake in Overlooking Goshen.

The circumstances connected with the appointment of Mr. Goshen to the exchequer "Sigma," an English author thinks are as dramatic as any that ever occurred in English politics.

"The principal actor was, of course, Lord Randolph Churchill, who, intoxicated with his rapid advancement, had resolved to try his strength with no less a personage than the prime minister himself. 'L'audace, l'audace, toujours, l'audace,' was his maxim, and for a moment it looked as if the game were going in his favor, when he suddenly played a card which proved his ruin. That is to say, having, as he thought, reckoned with every contingency, he resigned office, making certain he was indispensable to the government, who would be compelled to supplicate him to return on his own terms. But just as the great Liverpool wheat 'cornerer' omitted from his exhaustive calculations one remote area, so it had never occurred to Lord Randolph that a successor to him might be found outside the ranks of the conservative party. His resignation was accepted, but he only regarded that as a matter of form, and waited, first in surprise, then in something like consternation, for Lord Salisbury's humble petition to him to resume office. Day after day passed and nothing came—not a messenger, not a note, not a syllable of any description. What did it all mean? Could it be possible that he was a 'negligible quantity,' and that they were going to do without him, after all? A paragraph in the Times soon enlightened him. Taking up the paper at breakfast, the announcement met his eye that Mr. Goshen had been offered and accepted the post of chancellor of the exchequer, lately resigned by Lord Randolph Churchill. 'By God,' he is reported to have exclaimed, dropping the newspaper, 'I had forgotten Goshen!'"

JUDGE AT A DISADVANTAGE.

Good Reason Why He Knew Nothing About the Subject.

A certain judge, living in the upper part of New York, while trying a case, listened with pain and displeasure to the testimony of a colored woman who was describing how she had whipped one of her offspring. She enlarged on the harrowing details until the judge stopped her.

"Do you mean to tell me that you were cruel enough to punish your son like that?" he demanded.

"Ob co'se I did, yoh honoh," she replied.

"How dare you be so brutal?"

The colored woman looked at him in fine contempt for a moment, then asked, slowly:

"Look a-heah, jedge, was yoh ever de father ob a wuthless mulatter boy?"

The judge almost fell from the bench.

"Ef yoh ain't," continued the negress, "then you don't know nuffin' about de case!"—Harper's Weekly.

The Pope's Democracy.

The following story of the pope is told in the Italian papers: A deputation of the monks of some order had obtained an interview with him. According to the etiquette of the vatican, only cardinals are allowed to sit in the pope's presence, and an invitation from him to do so is deemed equivalent to the promise of a cardinalate. Pope Pius X. is a plain man, utterly indifferent to the etiquette of the papal court. He, therefore, begged the monks to take seats. They hardly knew whether they could venture to do so, and while they stood hesitating he said to them: "You do not, I suppose, expect me to draw your chairs forward for you?"—New York Tribune.

Husband Was Not In.

"Husband in?" asked the gas collector, cheerfully.

"No," answered the woman, "he isn't at home."

"Expecting him soon?" asked the collector.

"Well," the woman replied, thoughtfully, "I don't know exactly; I've been lookin' for him seventeen years, and he hasn't turned up yet. You travel about a good deal, and if you see a man who looks as though he'd make me a pretty good husband, tell him I'm still awaitin' and send him along."

Use for Toes.

Who says we have no use for toes in this
enlightened day,
For who has never felt their need when
winter skies were gray,
And shown it by the way he groped
around in fear and dread,
Until his hosiery was roped and donned
within the bed?

Beneath that pile of cover warm in winter time man quakes
At thoughts of getting up to dress, with
gooseflesh, chill and aches,
And as he cautiously feels out, and feeling, finds his hose,
Who says a man is not elate at being
born with toes?

—Dallas News.

Where Beauty Lingers.

A poetess asks: "Oh, where does beauty linger?" We think that we are breaking no confidence when we reply that in these artistic times it generally lingers on the toilet table until the girl puts it on with a brush and a powder puff.

Perfect Politeness.

The acme of politeness has probably been reached by a mine manager in Natal, who has placed this notice at the mouth of the pit: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

A Down-Grader.

His purse was low, his honor scant,
He did all sorts of things he
shouldn't; He was, in truth, a mendi-
cant, And what is more, amend he
wouldn't.

The saddest thing in life is to have nothing to live for.

you plan for tomorrow is uncertain. What you do today is certain; what

People who belong to the "upper crust" are often the shortest.

Physicians no longer bleed their pa- on her dress.

A day without a good deed leaves you in debt.

W. N. U., Omaha. No. 51—1903.

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