

Naboth's Vineyard.

My neighbor hath a little field,
Small store of wine its presses yield,
And truly but a slender hoard
Its harvest brings for barn or board.
Yet though a hundred folds are mine,
Fertile with olive, corn, and vine,
Though autumn piles my garner high,
Still for that little field I sigh.
For, ah! methinks no otherwhere
Is any field so good and fair.
Small though it be, 'tis better far
Than all my fruitful vineyards are,
Amid whose plenty sad I pine—
"Ah, would that little field were mine!"

Large knowledge void of peace and rest,
And wealth with pining care possessed—
These by my fertile lands are meant,
That little field is called Content.
—Robertson Trowbridge, in Scribner's.

HEIRESS OF THE SALT MARSHES

By ASHBY DEERING.

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Only after he had spilled a handful of good wheat over the bare plank floor did I understand what the old man had in mind when he would run the grains through his fists, and talk through an hour glass, and like in a slow apologetic monotone about the wealth of the marshes.

I hope no one will think me a sordid person; I speak of his whim because it explains his last wish and his last act. He did not own a foot of the landscape and the shanty was no more than a squatter's claim. But somehow his vague intentions had instilled in my heart a longing, without hope or reason, to inherit the dreary acres of reeds, pools of salt water and piles of sweepings, emptied from grain cars on the Y, and God willing, I shall live on this forgotten estate as long as I may.

It is now perfectly clear that my gentle, sensitive benefactor had thought an heiress would be happier far from here with the love of a worthy bridegroom, who once belonged in a city. He showed this by mute signs when he himself went out from the rule habitation never to come back alive.

For how many years I cannot tell, I sifted the waste of the grain cars that came down from the mills and elevators. Tons and tons of sweepings are run out on this little branch of the railroad and are unloaded by the brakeman with huge shovels. The railroad people call it the dump, but my guardian told me long ago the name of the station is Marsh Mine. He it was who discovered what those placer heaps contained. He invented a sifter and taught me how to separate the dust from the wheat.

At first it was wild play to see the chaff and flour dust flying like fine snow in the wind. I was a little girl then. After a while I came to know it was work, but did not complain. Other poor people found out the mine and worked it for their daily bread and something more besides. But the idea of vast wealth grew upon my aged foster father until he began to talk about turning the sacks of wheat into sacks of pure gold by some mysterious means. This he said he could do, his thin face—pallid as the flour dust—staring at the hour glass he had with his bony hands.

As we sat together by the peat fire in the shanty and waited the long winter evenings for word of a new sliding of cars I would ask the old man many silly questions, but always when he did not wish to speak his mind he was listening to the wind rushing in from the sea over the salt marshes. And his answer was ever the same: "Ah, my little girl, it will be fine tomorrow at the mine."

Afterward the track walker would knock to tell us the cars were due to come down by daybreak. He would seldom enter and seldom stay long, because I think he was afraid the railroad spies would hear he was giving information and have him discharged, though he never said so.

He was a fine fellow for taking the



At first it was wild play.

risk. But whoever heard of employers so selfish, so heartless?

From the track walker I learned all the signals of the trainmen and I could answer them when I saw him far off sounding the rails of the main line and stopping now and then to examine a loosened bolt. But he would not come near the diggings of Marsh Mine in the day. Hundreds of bags of half wheat have the old man and I taken out of the sweepings from the mills, which are many miles away. The work did not stop in any season, wet or dry, warm or drear, since the mills never quit grinding. At last the

old man became too feeble to carry the sacks of wheat on his back to the shanty. All he could do was tie the full sacks with strips of cotton, darn holes in those that were empty and unsafe, and mend the sifters where the wire netting had broken.

Every week a wagon came and took away the golden harvest, which was sold to rich people on the highlands. They fed it to chickens and mixed it in bran for the cows. But I never suspected what price it brought, nor cared to ask. We made the balance into bread and had enough. The old man—no, I will call him a miser—used to say that when the mine had cleared up a hundred times as many sacks as his age, then he would die and I should



We would wave hands to him.

be heiress of the marshes. I set no store by his oft-repeated promise, forgetting how many thousand bushels of grain ore had gone to the make-believe assayer. Still I humored his whim and even said I would marry the nomad of the main line who risked his job so many times to make us wealthy.

Yes, my love had made his plea—a plea without a plan. And that I know is for love's own sake. But somehow I fancied he watched a little wistfully at times the faces that sped by at the windows of the through express. And now I am afraid it was my anxious gaze down the track at sunset that helped the old man to think some day our track walker would turn his face the other way and we would not see him again.

My benefactor became a watcher as well as I. Often after a day's work we have climbed up into the signal tower by the Y and looked for the solitary figure coming nearer and nearer on the double tracks. Then we would wave hands to him, shout good-night when he approached and passed, and go home together—the old man and I—happy as the wild ducks that fly over the marsh.

"He's a good boy," the old man would say simply.

My heart leaped to thank him, but some thing held my tongue. Perhaps it would only have made the old man brood more deeply over the purpose I was unconscious of.

One day as he limped over the half-frozen ground I remembered that he said, "Ah, my child, it is a terrible thing to be old."

I shall never forget the sadness in that voice or the look in those deep-set eyes.

One other time I have seen him that way; his eyes wide open with a far-away stare, as if trying to see where the snow flakes began their interminable journey.

I am sure it was a sudden great blow to my guardian when he heard the track walker was discharged. He came to tell us how it happened and to say good-by, stopping first at the grain cars on the Y, which he had never done before. My sweetheart is young and brave, so he only laughed. But I had no heart to go on with my sifting. I accompanied him across the marsh to talk it over with the old man.

For the first time in winter the door of the shanty stood wide open, creaking its hinges mournfully on the seaward side. The old man was not within. A half-measure of grain was on the floor and beside it a measure half full of gold and silver coins poured out of a canvas sack; and scattered over the carpetless planks were a few grains of sound wheat.

His foot tracks led off from the lonely path into the lonelier thicket, and

some of the reeds were broken down as if peering through the morbid, whistling growth, while on one of the tallest catails was caught a strip of cotton—such a strip as he used to tie the sifted sacks of wheat—and it was beckoning furiously in the winter blast.

CAST OUT THE "DEVIL."

Peace Finally Secured by Weary Travelers in Korea.

In his new book, "Korea," Mr. Angus Hamilton gives an interesting picture of the land which is now attracting the eyes of the civilized world. Here in his account of a night spent in the village of Wha-ding: "It was impossible to stand; it was impossible to sit; sleep was out of the question. We shook our clothes; we bathed and washed and powdered. Every effort was a torture, and each precaution increased the ironies of the situation. To add to the plagues of this accursed place, we were deafened by the ear-splitting incantations of a sorcerer, who had been hired by the proprietor of the village inn to exorcise a devil that had bewitched him. We wondered afterwards whether this accounted for the ceaseless activity among the vermin. After a futile attempt to come to terms with the magician by bribery and corruption through the medium of my interpreter, it was arranged that one of the grooms should represent the evil spirit. He passed out into the desolation of the night and howled plaintively, while we, having collected the elders and the necromancer, solemnly fired our revolvers into the darkness at the departing spirit. Unfortunately, we did not convince the wizard that the devil had been expelled. It was not until, losing my temper and my reason together, I dropped his gongs and symbols down a well, depositing him in it after them, that we were rid of the agonies of this additional nuisance."

Flowers in the Arctic.

Dr. Schel, the geologist—a member of the last Sverdrup Arctic expedition—recently delivered a lecture before the Geographical Society of Christiania on the vegetable life of Ellesmerland, in 78 to 79 degrees of northern latitude and separated from Greenland by Smith Sound. During the summer tracts of the lowlands are covered with Arctic flowers. A mountain slope of one of the bays was completely covered with the violet-colored flower stalks of the species saxifraga oppositifolia. In the rocks remnants of plants were discovered, the species of which to-day are found in much warmer climates—for instance, in Australia.

Light That Will Not Fail.

They say that they've discovered
A light that will not fail,
That burns a thousand million years
And yet does not grow pale.

They tell us that this substance
Is like the dear old sun,
And we conclude it would be nice
To own a little one.

For then we'd take the meter
Down from the cellar wall,
And turn the horrid gas man out
If ever he should call.

But when we ask the price of
This radium they've found,
They smile and answer pleasantly:
"Four million plunks a pound."
—Answers.

Salmon Are Scarce.

On account of the depressed condition of the salmon market, many canneries in Alaska will not be operated this year. Other packing companies will go farther north, where they will catch less pink and get more red salmon. Reds are now selling at \$1.25 on the coast, while pinks are very low, the minimum quotations being 50 cents. This is below the cost of production and there is no profit for those companies the bulk of whose packs are pinks. The cause of the unfavorable condition of the market is over-production primarily. An effort has been made to maintain prices, but without avail.

A Good Excuse.

A writer in Lippincott's Magazine tells the following story:

"My cook, an old dork, informed me one morning: 'Miss Annie, I is goin' to be married to-night. Is you got a present for me?'"

"'But, Maria, I said, 'you've got a husband alive and haven't been divorced; it would be bigamy.'"

"'Well, Miss Annie, I don't care; he's done bigotted fust.'"

Gift of Grateful Convict.

Gov. Dockery of Missouri carries a plain walking cane on the handle of which, inlaid in tortoise shell is his full name. "It is a gift from a convict whom I pardoned," said Mr. Dockery in answer to a question. "The man had served seventeen years and I thought that was long enough. He promised to behave himself and he is keeping his word."

Typical Southern Congressman.

With his wide hat, coat of ample skirt and commanding figure, Representative Claude Kitchen of North Carolina is accounted at Washington a fine type of southern congressman. He bears a resemblance to Senator Bailey of Texas sufficiently strong so that a senate doorkeeper recently mistook him for the Texan.

Denver Mayor Loses Relic.

Mayor Wright of Denver has lost an adornment of his office which he valued very highly. It was a nickel-plated horseshoe won by Crescenzo when he made his world's record for a mile. His honor had the shoe hanging on the wall of his office, but it has disappeared and Mr. Wright is waiting to learn just what shape the expected bad luck will take.

HAS ISSUE AT LAST

DEMOCRACY LIFTED FROM THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

Gen. Miles the Discoverer and "Patriotism" the Issue—Surely an Essentially Democratic Doctrine—Under It They Can Claim Everything.

At last an issue for the Democrats! After vainly casting about for months, after fine-combing the recent history of the Republican party, and exploring the ruins of all past national works, the Democrats have finally got an issue. Gen. Nelson A. Miles discovered it. Where, when and how are details not given. Let it suffice that the party has an issue. Now indeed can it have something to talk about, an excuse for holding a convention.

The issue is Patriotism.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles located it, captured it, and sent it under a special delivery stamp to Grand Rapids, Mich. How he ever came to select that town no one can surmise. What with floods, darkness, wrecked homes and deserted factories, Grand Rapids had troubles of its own, but a round, fat burgher, named Doran, gave shelter to the new-born issue and announced it to the world and democracy. Patriotism is the issue. It is essentially, peculiarly, indivisibly and eternally a Democratic doctrine. Sound the bugles for the past! Democracy has an issue.

Gen. Miles read two Fourth of July speeches, five schoolboy orations and William Alden Smith's speech at the flag-raising at Sparta Center before he undertook to introduce the issue, through the medium of Grand Rapids and Burgher Doran. The Miles credentials to Doran and "G. Raps" have the right ring. They ought to get the hand at every period.

Here, for instance, are magic lines:

"The change from oppression to liberty is wrought by violence, but the change from democracy to despotism is quiet, insidious, subtle and fatal."

Whither are we drifting?
The spark which kindled that line was of the same fire which stirred William Jennings Bryan's recent prophecy of the terrible impending conflict between capital and labor.

Indeed we need patriots in this crisis. Patriotism, logically, is the paramount issue.

Old Rome, France and Kokomo were searched by Gen. Miles for powder to shoot the patriotism rocket.

The Democratic party, it is evident, will claim the flag, the declaration of independence, the constitution and the little red schoolhouse.—Chicago Journal.

Railroads in the Philippines.

Secretary Taft recently gave the house committee on insular affairs his views as to railroad construction in the Philippines. They have been modified slightly as the result of the secretary's recent conference at New York with men who probably will put money into roads in the Philippines if they can get a sufficient guarantee.

The bill, drafted by Chairman Cooper of the insular committee after consultation with Secretary Taft and former Secretary Root, authorizes the Philippine government to issue railroad aid bonds to a certain amount or to give a guarantee that capital invested shall yield a minimum of 4 per cent per annum. The secretary now suggests that the Philippine government be authorized to guarantee 5 per cent interest on bonds or stocks, the total liability not to exceed \$1,000,000, but that if that offer be not accepted the local government shall be authorized to issue 5 per cent bonds to an amount not exceeding \$30,000,000 and build the roads itself and operate or lease them.

Apparently Secretary Taft has learned that a 4 per cent guarantee will not tempt American capital. It would if the roads were to be constructed in this country, but the more remote the place where the capitalist invests his money and the greater his unfamiliarity with local conditions the larger the interest rate he insists on.

It may be that when the Philippine bill becomes a law that the money market will be in such shape that a 5 per cent guarantee will not be attractive. Hence the manifest wisdom of the alternative proposition, which is not in the Cooper bill, that the Philippine government itself may build the roads.

Railroads are imperatively needed. They are the best missionaries in the archipelago. They will serve to civilize, pacify and enrich the people. They will have great strategic value. They will lessen the number of soldiers needed. More than that, they will cheapen greatly the cost of transportation from the interior to the seaboard. Extensive districts where nothing intended for exportation can be raised profitably will become populous and productive.

If authority to build railroads cannot safely be entrusted to the present Philippine government new men should be appointed to whom it can be entrusted. But as a matter of fact the men now in office can be depended on to do the right thing if only they are given a chance to do it. Congress should accept Secretary Taft's revised conclusions.—Chicago Tribune.

Porto Rico's Needs.

Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, has returned from an organizing expedition to Porto Rico, and points a gloomy picture of industrial and economic conditions in the island, which he asserts are worse than under Spanish rule. Those who remember what

Porto Rico was prior to 1898, and what her representation in the Spanish parliament amounted to, will discount Mr. Gompers' conclusion that the United States government has treated the island unfairly, and that what her people chiefly need are representation at Washington and a more complete system of home rule. These things will come in due time; but what Porto Rico requires more than anything else—and it is here that we are at fault if at all—is aid from this country to tide over the distress which inevitably followed the change in her political and commercial relations. Mr. Gompers has probably not overstated the poverty and depression now existing in the island, but the American people, or the government they have provided for the Porto Ricans, cannot justly be blamed for the situation. The remedy must be found chiefly in the enterprise and energy of the insular population, and it may be confidently assumed that whatever aid the United States can give will be extended whenever the way is pointed with sufficient clearness.

Mr. Bacon and Trusts.

Trusts, most Southern statesmen seem to believe, are to be inveighed against in the abstract, but allowed to shelter themselves, when brought to court, under the accommodating mantle of state sovereignty. Mr. Bacon, therefore, would not be too rash in prosecuting combinations in restraint of trade. He announces that on the trust issue also the Democrats "should be conservative, and endeavor in no way to injure legitimate business interests while trying to reach unlawful enterprises."

Mr. Bacon is for a conservative platform because he believes in conservatism. Other Democrats—many of them in Georgia—are for a conservative platform because it may win, not because it is conservative. Whether as a stalking-horse behind which to steal into power or as a serious recasting of Democratic theories, the Bacon program lacks neither courage nor candor. But in attempting to read a genuine conservatism into Democratic beliefs and Democratic practices its author merely demonstrates his own capacity for paradox—his inability to measure the forces behind Democracy or to recognize the historical groundwork on which its achievements as an American party rest.—New York Tribune.

Roosevelt Will Be the Issue.

Colonel Watterson and other Democrats are saying that the Roosevelt administration will be the issue in the campaign of 1904. They are right. The national administration of the day is usually the issue in every presidential canvass. This has been true from the time of the first Adams down to to-day, except during the disintegration in the parties during Monroe's eight years in office. National platforms did not begin to make their appearance until a third of the nineteenth century had expired. There was no need of any platform by a convention in the first Adams' case, even if national conventions had been invented in that day. The alien and sedition laws and the other acts of his term were the issues in the canvass of 1800. The things which the second Adams did, and those that his enemies said he intended to do, were the issues that were talked about in the campaign of 1828, in which Jackson was elected the first time. Jackson himself furnished many issues. So did every other strong president down to this hour.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Canadian Reciprocity.

The movement in favor of reciprocity with Canada will not down. At a late meeting of the Boston Merchants' association it was resolved that we "reaffirm our belief in the wise policy of entering into reciprocal relations with other commercial markets of the world, especially with Canada and Newfoundland, as increased trade with them will add largely to the prosperity of New England, as well as to that of other sections of our country."

President Mellen of the New York, New Haven & Hartford road lately admitted that reciprocal trade relations with Canada would increase the business of the New England states, and whatever increases the business prosperity of those states would improve the general business situation.

We need the lumber, iron, steel and raw material of Canada and the maritime provinces and they need the New England markets for their manufactures.—Boston Globe.

A Suggestion.

The Detroit Tribune claims to have buried much midnight oil in the process of evolving the following brief platform for the Democratic party in the campaign of 1904:

"Whereas, We have hunted from Kalamazoo to Jericho for issues distinctive from those of the Republican party and failed to find any on which all the Democrats can unite except the tariff, which is a chestnut; therefore

"1. Resolved, That we are against the Republican party on general principles.

"2. Damn the Republican party."

Whether or not the party will be satisfied with the preamble and first plank, there is no doubt that the second plank expresses the sentiment of all Democrats.

Viewed from Above.

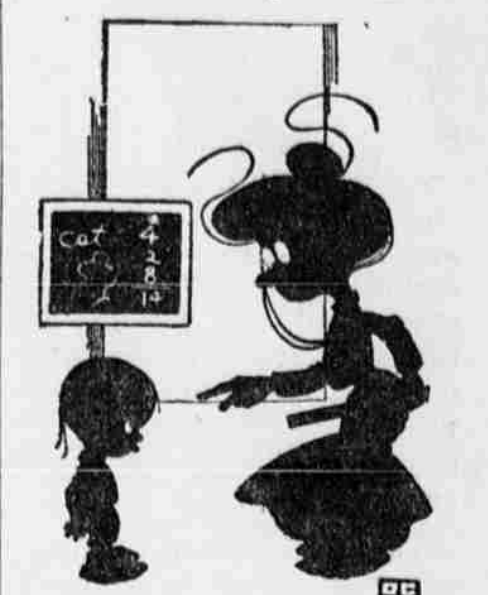
To a man up a tree it looks as though the Democratic party would split open so wide on national politics this year that the former fissures in that ancient structure will look like mere hair lines.—Los Angeles Times.



Something Needed.
"We are about to put a new piano on the market that we are sure will fill a long-felt want," said the manufacturer.
"What will you call it?"
"We shall call it the Cozy Flat Piano."
"Why?"
"Because it's about twice as high as an ordinary piano, but only about half as thick; just right for a cozy flat."

Graphic Description.
Little Margie had been to the dentist's to have a tooth extracted, and this is how she explained the proceedings:
"The man grabbed hold with a pair of big tongs and pulled his best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."—Exchange.

Hard Thoughts.



Teacher—I whipped you for your own good; I really did. Now, tell me what you think about it?
Bobby—If I told you what I think you'd give me another licking.

Poor Mrs. Woodby.

"So you're little Willie Woodby?" said the new minister after Sunday school. "I called to see your mother yesterday, but, unfortunately, she was not at home."

"Oh, yes, she was," replied the boy. "But I guess she took you for the installment man. You look somethin' like him."

A Foolish Move.

"You seem nervous and restless this morning," said Merchant.
"Yes," replied his partner. "I asked Borroughs to drop in to-day and pay me what he owes me."

"Ah! And you're afraid he won't come?"
"I'm afraid he will come and borrow more."

Hopeless.

Lenders—See here! How about that \$10 you owe me? You promised to mail it to me last Friday.

Spenders—Well, I'll tell you. I started to raise it but then I remembered that even if I did scrape it together I didn't have it all scamp. So I couldn't send it.

Jumped the Bill.

"At what hotel did you put up when you were in that town?" asked a casual acquaintance.

"None," replied the deadbeat.

"Didn't stop at a hotel, eh?"
"Oh, yes, I stopped at one, but I didn't put up."

Didn't Need Help.



Dusty—I want work.
Proprietor—What can you do?
Dusty—Nothin'.
Proprietor—Oh! I do that myself.

Then He Kicked.

Glass Eater—The midget said he wanted everything small. The smallest bed, the smallest cups and the smallest chair.

Wild Man—What is he kicking about now?
Glass Eater—The manager gave him the smallest salary.

Wealth.

"Is there much poverty here?" asked the stranger.

"I should say not," replied the Arkansas farmer. "Why, we took rock census last month, an' there was as much as half a shoat for every man in the county."

On the Bathing Beach.

"Judging by Eve's costume," he said thoughtfully, "the Garden of Eden must have been the original seaside resort."