LOOKING UPWARD.

O, my beloved, I am sad to-night, Feeling my love less pure than it should be For little thoughts of self steal silently times between thine image and the light, vere there aught more sacred in thy O, were sight my warm woman love, I'd give it

Silence, or sacrifice, or ecstasy Of mystic contemplation's holy flight.

Is there some purer name than Love, that My soul may call thee in her secret prayer? Brother, or Friend, or aught-I do not

care.
So it be dear as that I would forego.
But I should call thee Love again, I Feeling thy kisses on my face and hair!

—Elsa Barker, in Lippincott's.



"Rose Cottage," said Molly Page. "That's it. I could cry when I think it ought to be mine!"

Two girls had dismounted from their bicycles, and stood staring at a long, low, ivy-covered cottage. The hedge inclosing its garden was dotted with wild roses, and the air was alive with sounds of summer.

"Then did old Mr. Harvey tell you he'd leave it to you?" asked the other girl sympathetically.

"Why, many a time! He took a great fancy to me because I used to go and read to him when he was in Westbourne Square, and he was always talking about his cottage in the country. Then he died awfully suddenly, you know, and there was no will; and it's gone, with everything else, to a Philistine of a nephew in Australia. I know he'll want to level it and sow the ground with bush or something! Those clodhopping farmers always take it as a personal insult if there's anything between them and the sky line!" "I suppose it's empty now? I wish

we could see over it, don't you?" said Mary Fordham. "There's a man working in the gar-

den. We might ask, perhaps," said Molly doubtfully.

They propped up their bicycles and walked toward the gate. Molly hesitatingly accosted a blue-shirted back which bent over a rosebud.

"Do you happen to know if there'd be any objection to our seeing over the cottage? I knew the late owner very well."

The back straightened itself instantly, and a bronzed, six-foot individual faced the questioner.

"Not the slightest," he said. His voice was pleasant and cultured, and the crimson rushed into Molly's cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," she faltered, "I thought--The giant's brown eyes twinkled.

He perfectly understood the workings of the mind of this pretty young woman, who was blushing so becomingly.

"I have the key in my pocket," he said, "I'm well-well, gardener caretaker, and hired man, and everything else till Mr. Hamilton arrives. I-the fact is, I worked under him in Australia, and I've come over to see to some of his affairs, and get things a bit straight for him. I'm trying to reduce this place to something like order."

He strode to the end of the garden, picked up a loose short coat from the grass, and thrust his long arm into its sleeves. Then, with an easy "At your service," he led the way toward the

It was a house calculated to delight any woman's heart-a house with long, low rooms, and quaint, unexpected corners and recesses suggesting delightful possibilities in the matter of furnishing.

"Oh!" she gasped, as they stood in a small bare, sunlit apartment of paneled oak with old-fashioned, diamondpaned windows, "how could Mr. Hamilton bear to let this?"

"Well, you see, the whole thing's a bit cramped to a man who's been used to an expanse of twenty square miles or so," said Gerald Wrately,



"Not the slightest," he said.

with a smile. "By the way," he add ed, "you said you knew old Hardy pretty well?"

"Yes," said Molly, "very well." "Queer thing his dying intestate. I was rather interested because the housekeeper at his Westbourne Square house-I've just come from there-had some yarn about a girl to whom this shanty'd been promised. hoped there was nothing in it."

Molly was twisting a dirty blindcord with careful industry.

"Why," she said, "wnen a man dies without a will, stories of that sort invariably crop up, don't they?"

The giant laughed nervously. "I say-I wonder if I might ask you

something. The fact is-you see, Hamilton said I was to furnish this place as soon as possible. He thought it would let better, and I knew nobody here, and a chap hardly likes to undertake that sort of thing without advice. I've got nothing in yet. I'm putting up at the Nag's Head for the present. If-if you could see your way to giving me any suggestions--

"Oh," said Molly, "we-we should be very glad to give you any-welltheoretical help in our powershouldn't we, Mary?"

"Molly," said Aunt Harriet Page, looking up from her embroidery, "I've sent a card to Mr. Hamilton for Wednesday. It seems to me that if we make no advances toward that young man he will think we have some feeling with regard to Rose Cottage. I always told you Molly, that you made a great deal too much of an old man's idle speeches."

Molly flushed with annoyance. "I have got a strong feeling about Rose Cottage, Aunt Harriet; and I don't care what Mr. Hamilton thinks. don't want to meet him!"

"That's simply ridiculous!" said Miss Page decisively. "I credited you with more sense. I don't know what's come over you since that absurd holiday with Mary Fordham, Molly."

Somehow, in spite of her professed unwillingness to meet the Philistine from Australia, she found, during the next day or two, that she was quite looking forward to Wednesday's At Home. She was engaged upon that



"Say that again, please!"

particular afternoon in putting the finishing touches to her toilet when Miss Page, in semi-deshabille, hurried into her bedroom.

"Molly," she said. "Oh, you're ready-that's right! Go down at once, will you? He's actually arrived at this hour!"

"Who?" said Molly. "It's only halfpast three."

"Mr. Hamilton. Say that I'm coming in a minute."

For a moment a refusal trembled on Molly's lips, but with a petulant little shoulder-shrug, she walked downstairs and turned the handle of the drawing-rom door.

"Good afternoon, Miss Page," said a cheerful, familiar voice. "I hoped if I arrived early that the fates

"You?" faltered Molly. The room seemed to swim for a moment. "Oh, how do you do? I beg your pardon, but I was told Mr. Hamilton was

"Well-er-yes." Gerald Whately rammed his hands nervously into his trouser pockets. "You see, the fact is-er-I'm Hamilton myself. I didn't exactly say so at Lelham, be-

"What?" cried Molly. She sat bolt upright in her chair, surveying him with a sudden angry light in her eyes. "Say that again, please!"

The visitor said it again. He was manifestly happy.

"I-I won't believe it!" cried Molly. Her quick mind had flashed to her first meeting with the blue-shirted workman. "You-you couldn't be!"

"Well, I am, really-Gerald Whately Hamilton, you know. Miss Fordham found me out the last night at Lelham-caught sight of one of my checks-only I made her swear not to say a word until-until-

"You deliberately deceived me!" flashed Molly.

"Well, remember what the alternaive would have meant! I consider had every excuse." Molly's blushes deepened.

"Very soon," continued Gerald familton, unheedingly, "I began to find that-well, that it just mattered all the world to me whether you fiked due chintz or pink, and all that. Only I wasn't going to tell you so till I got my affairs quite settled-some of them were in a bit of a muddle-and till I came to your aunt's house in my own name. And now-"

"Well," said Molly unyieldingly. "I still want a tenant for Rose Cottage.

'I don't see what I've got to do with that." "The tenant I want would-would just have to take me along with the

place," said Gerald Hamilton, daring-

ly. "I've got so fond of it." Molly's face drooped. "It's rent free," said the broadshouldered, anxious landlord.

Still no reply. "Don't you think that furniture would be awfully wasted on anybody else, Molly?"

Molly raised a hot face which dim-

pled into the suspicion of a smile. "There's-there's something in that," she admitted. And then the clodhopping farmer

held out his arms .- Home Chat. For men and nations, yesterday lives with to-day into to-morrow,-Henry Morley.

EFFECT OF AN APPARITION.

Bellef in Its Genuineness Caused

Mind to Give Way. A college ctory that is often told at Harvard is cited sometimes as showing the effect of an apparition upon the one who beholds it.

The story is of a youth who took it into his wise head to endeavor to convert an infidel companion of his by appearing as a ghost before him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual ghost attire, having previously extracted the ball from a pistol which always lay near the head of his friend's bed.

Upon first awakening and seeing the apparition, Brown, the youth who was to be frightened, very coolly looked his companion, the ghost, in the face and said:

"I know you; this is a good joke; you see I am not alarmed. Now you may vanish."

The ghost stood still. "Go on, now," said Brown. "That is enough. I shall become angry. Get out of here."

Still the ghost did not move. "By --," burst forth Brown, "if you don't get out of here in three minutes I'll show you."

He waited the time stated, deliberately leveled his pistol and fired. When he saw that the immovable figure stood stock still Brown uttered a shrick of fright, became convulsed and soon afterward died.

The very moment he believed it to be a ghost his human nature gave way.

Caprice.

She hung the cage in the window;
"If he goes by," she said,
"He will hear my robin singing,
And when he lifts his head,
I shall be sitting here to sew,
And he will bow to me, I know."

The robin sang a love-sweet song,
The young man raised his head;
The maiden turned away and blushed.
"I am a fool!" she said;
And went on broidering in silk
A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk.

The young man loitered slowly By the house three times that day;
She took her hird from the window;
"He need not look this way."
She sat at her piane long
And sighed and played a death-sad song.

But when the day was done! she said, "I wish that he would come!
Remember, Mary, if he calls
To-night, I'm not at home."
So when he rang, she went—the elf!—
She went and let him in herself.

They sang full long together
Their songs love-sweet, death-sad;
The robin woke from his siumber,
And rang out, clear and glad.
"Now go!" she coldly said; "'tis late;"
And followed him—to latch the gate,

He took the rosebud from her hair, While, "You shall not!" she said;
He closed her hand within his own,
And, while her tongue forbade,
Her will was darkened in the eclipse
Of binding love upon his lips.
—William Dean Howells.

Keep Your Temper.

The unwritten laws both of society and good manners are innumerable, but there is one that we cannot pass over in silence, and that is-never lose your temper.

This applies especially when play-

ing games. Bridge and croquet in particular have much to answer for. Lifelong friendships have been ideals broken and cast to the ground by a wrong lead, and the frown or sigh with which it is greeted; or a bad miss at croquet and the ill-concealed annoyance of one's partner in consequence.

To lose one's temper in private is bad enough, but to do so in public is unpardonable. It is a crime which no hostess can forgive, for it makes all the other guests feel uncomfortable, and disturbs that outward calm which is the essence of all good society.

The First Moving Day.

It was a touching scene. The husband was sitting heavily against the wall, his hair was disheveled and his eyes were staring vacantly at the dreary waste before him. The wife was sobbing disconsolately and toying with a few faded flowers. They were without a home-dispossessed. There were no household effects scattered about; no furniture van backed up to claim a parlor suite that had been purchased on the installment plan; no pitying throng was there to look on-they were alone, homeless, forced to move!

Suddenly the man scratched his head abstractedly and asked: "Say, Eve, what day of the month

is this?" "The first of May, Adam," answered

the weeping woman

New Explosion Motor for Boats. A handy explosion motor for boats, a French invention, is being made in England. Any one taking this "steering propulsor" to a lake, river or the seaside may attach it to any boat he finds there that is within its range of power. A rudder is unnecessary, the boat being steered by varying any other American-a man who the angle the axis of the propeller makes with the keel. As the propeller can be completely turned around a reverse action is given. A successfully applied to a launch, which towed a 300-ton canal barge with a load of 150 tons of sand.

Counterfeit Money Also "Goes."

Mr. Hamilton says the emperor of Korea has great difficulty with his finances, which are increased by the excessive counterfeiting of moneyeven of nickels. To such a pitch has the author, that in Chemulpo quotations are current for (1) government nickels, (2) first-class counterfeits, (3) medium counterfeits, (4) those pass able only after dark

A Destructive Torpedo.

The Austrian torpedo factory at Flume has produced a slender mistance of 3,800 yards.

WEAKNESS OF EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S POSITION.

While the Former Democratic Leader Criticises Bryanism, He Forgets That the Questions He Raises Also Have Been Passed Upon.

Grover Cleveland has declared his belief that there is an opportunity for Democratic success in the coming presidential election.

But the former President names conditions under which that opportunity must be embraced which will not appeal to all the Democrats in the land. He says in the first place that the fighting forces of the Democracy must not be summoned to a third defeat in a strange cause. They must be given the true rallying cry.

Of course he means that Bryanism, in all its phases, must be abandoned. "Obsolete issues and questions no longer challenging popular interest," he says, "should be manfully abandoned." That, of course, applies to the issues raised by Bryan, but in the next breath Mr. Cleveland urges the raising of the issue of tariff reform, and an appeal to the people for economy in the expenditure of public money, as well as an arraignment of the Republicans for having made and broken promises. He would also attack the Republican policy with respect to the Philippines.

But is not Mr. Cleveland toying with obsolete issues himself? Did not the American people put the seal of their disapproval upon tariff reform in 1896? Did they not express their

OLD AND NEW ISSUES to reply in the form of a communication signed by Secretary Moody. The official statement makes short work of the attacks that have been made upon the President for his Mayflower trips. It is to be regretted that an equally convincing reply cannot be made to the criticism of the President's free-pass journeys by rail, notably his free ride on his long Western trip a year ago. When the President travels on the yacht Mayflower, he goes at government expense largely, and that is entirely proper. Why, then, should be not travel at government expense-if he does not pay the traveling bill out of his own pursewhen he tours the country by land? The only reasonable criticism upon Mr. Roosevelt's course is that he accepted the favor of free special trains from private railroad corporations. Congress ought to provide for the cost of Presidential tours, if they can be considered a legitimate charge upon the treasury.-Chicago Tribune.

The only hope of genuine tariff reform is in the party that has a just detestation of the spoliatory Dingley act, and not in the party that sings its praises with the superstitious belief that it is the main source of the country's prosperity. - Philadelphia

Democrats hate and detest the Dingapproval of the Philippine policy in carries, and that the absolute repeal

Clear and Definite.

That this candid statement reflects the Democratic view and intention regarding the tariff there is no room for doubt. It is well to know where we stand and what to expect. Tariff reform, as construed by the general body of Democrats, means precisely what the Record says. It means that ley act and the protection which it

THE REGULAR QUADRENNIAL SQUAWK.



1900? Is it not possible that Mr. of that act would be one of the first Cleveland is as much of a back number as Mr. Bryan is in his way? Of course, this is a question for Democrats to decide, and they will

have to meet it.-Cleveland Leader.

The Man Who Knows. "A petition asking the two great po-

litical parties to promise the Filipino people that they will ultimately be given their independence has been circulated. The Democratic party will, of course, grant what the petition asks. I sincerely hope the Republican party will not be led into any such declaration. * * * The time for decision cannot arise for several generations. A people 90 per cent of whom are still in a state of gross ignorance, and all of whom have been for 400 years denied any experience of self-government at all, cannot be made over in a decade. The hope of success of our work in the Philippines is tranquility of the public mind and a condition of public attention in which the conservative, peaceful and educated members of the community are able to give their best efforts and sympathy to the present work of improving the existing government .-Secretary Taft to the Hamilton club."

After the experience of 1900 it seems incredible that any considerable number of Americans should again enter into a conspiracy to destroy the conditions on which a stable government has been built up in the Philippines, and yet that there is such a conspiracy is shown by Secretary Taft's warning. His advice may therefore be well considered. It is a common sense view from a man who knows more of the Philippines than stands higher in the estimation of the Filipinos than any other American.

It comes from a man who remained in the Philippines a year after he twelve-horsepower propulsor has been | was assigned to duty in this country, on petition of the Filipino people. It comes from a man who received the highest testimonials of regard and affection from the Filipinos, whose government he had organized and conducted.

Secretary Taft speaks, not in hostility to the Filipinos, not as one prejudiced against them, but as one who knows them and who is interestthis condition of affairs attained, says | ed in their present progress and their future welfare. He is the man who knows .- Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Mayflower Question.

The intensely picayunish aspect of the criticism of the occasional use of the converted yacht Mayflower by the President should have kept it out of the list of campaign issues. But the sile twenty-three feet in length which Democratic minority leader diguified House, and the President has seen fit | the clearing house.

steps in legislative procedure to be taken after the Democratic party should have obtained full control of national affairs. After that? Another specimen of Democratic tariff making of the sort that was inflicted upon the country in 1894. Tariff reform ten years later will need no new definition. It remains always the same, always hostile to the principle and policy of protection, always ruinous to business, always destructive of prosperity. This year the Democratic par ty will once more solemnly consecrate itself to tariff reform, and the country will know precisely what to anticipate as the result of a Democratic victory at the polls next November. The issue is made clear and definite by the Record. Thanks!

Big Export Totals.

The statistics of the exports of domestic products, including breadstuffs, live stock, provisions, raw cotton and mineral oils, for the eight months up to Feb. 29, show that the factors of production on which the United States has always relied for a large share of its foreign trade are still doing their work. The exports of bread stuffs by themselves are the lowest for six years, and show a steady and rather unsatisfactory decrease since 1899. But the gain in other respects -particularly live stock, cotton and mineral oils-more than counterbalances this loss, and makes a total of \$606,730,956, or \$8,000,000 more than the total for 1901, which has heretofore been the banner year in this respect. This gain is somewhat neutralized by the decrease in exports of manufactures not statistically reported in the bulletin before us. But the grand totals still leave a comfortable margin in our favor from our foreign trade.

Democratic Party Temporizes.

The Republican party is the party of protection and believes in maintaining proper tariff safeguards. The Democratic party contains a large free trade element and would if it dared commit itself bodily to free trade. But it still has enough wisdom to realize that such a course would be political suicide, so it temporizes .- Troy Times.

Stupendous Figures.

The New York clearing house has begun its second half century of existence. The business for the fifty years recently ended foots up to \$1. 507.811.260,380 in exchanges, and \$71, 635,947,268 in balances. These are stupendous figures, and are due largely to about forty years of protection can be discharged accurately a dis- the matter by some remarks in the during the half century existence of

Did You Ever?

Did you ever know a woman go to buy a pair of shoes
That didn't tell the shopman that she wanted number "twos"
And you've seen the wily "sorter" over shelves and boxes pore
And select with fiendish chuckle a large, wide sized number four.

Then this "innocent" in callco secured
the proffered seat
And commenced to take her "arties"
from a pair of well grown feet;
At the sight of which the "sorter" gazed
around in awe and fright.
But was called back to his senses when
she said, "They're rather tight."

Said "the fault lay in the instep"—and she thought it mighty odd
That they didn't keep assortments that were just a trifle broad.
Then again he opes his boxes and before the damsel put—
A generous, large size number five, in which she crushed her foot.

Then bestows upon the "sorter" as he bundles up the shoes
A smile-for he's the only man that ever gave her "twos,"
But as the door behind her swings she does not hear the laugh;
For he gave her all she asked for-by a double and a half.

-H. T. Eckert, in Philadelphia Press.

Horse 28 Years Old at Work.

There is a horse in the town of Boydton, Va., known as Morgan, which is older than most of its inhabitants. He was foaled in the month of April, in the year 1876, in the county of Mecklenburg.

Morgan has no claims to aristocracy, and his pedigree is not recorded in the books, but for more than twenty years he has been a faithful collector of taxes, his master being the treasurer of the county to the 1st of January last.

Though Morgan is 28 years of age, he has until now performed all the duties of any horse. He has received no favors because of age, and has met every engagement in the time, and when not engaged in collecting taxes he was the favorite driving horse of the ladies and children of the family. and in addition hauled his own bed-

ding and wood for the winter. Mr. Wells, Morgan's master, thinks his horse's long life and fitness for service is due to methodical attention and treatment; that he discovered the exact quantity of food, particularly grain, necessary to keep him in the best condition .- Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Mastodon Tooth in Tennessee. A magnificent and perfect mastodon tooth was unearthed at the Tennessee

Marble company's property near Concord a few days ago, and was brought to Knoxville, where it has created considerable curiosity. The tooth was found in making a dam for the operation of a hydraulic ram. The tooth is a fossil, but identically like the original tooth. It shows every indenture and surface condition of a real tooth. It is about seven inches in length across the crown and about four inches wide. The roots are perfect, except where broken off near The broken places show points. the hollow part of the tooth. It is thought that the tooth is the only part of the mastodon to be found at the place, the tooth being probably

Handless Fiddler.

ville (Tenn.) Journal.

carried to the place by water.-Knox-

Frank Clawson is the name of a singular fiddler of Atlanta, who is without hands. Many years ago he was caught in a blizzard and his arms frozen so badly that both hands were amputated at the wrists. For a long time the violin was silent and he supposed that his fiddling days were over. He decided, however, to experiment, and, being a mechanical genius. he made a contrivance of heavy wire which would enable him to wield the bow. The fingering was more difficult but by long practice he trained the stump of his left hand to make the necessary shifts from one string to another and the varying positions. With the violin held in place by his chin and knees and with the help of his fingerless arms, Clawson manages to play his old-time selections with nearly as much skill as he formerly did.

Odd Carving.

A newly imported statuette of a priest carved in one piece of fvory shows how remarkable the Japanese are and what a wonderful patience they have. The priest is bearing in his right hand a staff, to which is bound a lotus bulb, while in the open palm of the left hand he holds a miniature figure of himself, exact as to detail.

Every hair of his head and every detail of the body and drapery are perfect. The flowing robes are as thin as paper. One can almost see under the finger nails; the arms show as far as the elbow, inside of the loose sleeves, evidencing the wonderful skill of the carver and how carefully he must have done his work to prevent the delicate ivory from breaking to pieces under his tools.

Cliff of Natural Glass. A cliff of natural glass can be seen

in Yellowstone Park, Wyoming. It is half a mile long and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and ninety feet high, the material of which It consists being as good glass as that artificially manufactured. The dense glass which forms the base is from seventy-five to one hundred feet thick, while the upper portion, having suffered and survived many ages of wind and rain, has naturally worn much thinner. Of course, the color of the cliff is not that of natural glasstransparent and white-but is mostly black and some places mottled and streaked with brownish red and shades of olive green and brown.