

Trusting in God.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His Islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.
—John Greenleaf Whittier.



The haze of the semi-tropics was everywhere, blending the gorgeous tints of hills and valleys in its elusive veil. There were tears in the Mexican's eyes as he sang to his tinkling guitar, and his notes were laden with grief. He looked up from beneath his sombrero, his black eyes showing the clear white beneath.

"What's the matter?" came in a foreign voice, and he glanced up to see the American miner looking down on him. There was something unpleasant in the American's eye that held people aloof and made them speak with restraint when he was near. Raphael stopped playing, covered his face with his hands and sobbed aloud.

"Buck up, friend," the American cried; then added in Spanish, "What's wrong, anyhow?" Raphael grew calmer, looking toward the humble home where his little brothers and sisters were at play.

"Oh, señor," he cried in confiding dejection, "tis the beautiful Senorita Anita. Señor, they have shut her up and I shall never see her any more. I die of love of her."

"No, you don't," muttered the American, turning away to hide a cynical gleam. The dam of Raphael's grief was loosened, and the contents of his soul poured into listening ears. And this was the tale he told: He loved the Senorita Anita—a bewitching damsel far above him—was dying of love for her. Many times they had met on the plaza, and she had glanced shyly from beneath her mantilla and smiled at him—yes, he could swear she smiled. She was beautiful and good as the Holy Mother. He had had no glimpse of her since, except from behind the bars of her window. He could neither eat nor sleep.

The American turned away, while his lips curled unpleasantly. Raphael amused him. He was an exceptional Spaniard. He had scraped together a kind of education for himself, and was something of a genius in music. Under more favorable conditions he might have made a way for himself in the world.

The cynicism faded from the American's eye as he asked where the senorita lived and who her family were.

Anita lay asleep. The moonlight came through the roses at the window and all was still. Suddenly, through the darkness came a single sweet note. The girl sat up to listen. She pushed back her hair and listened again. Her eyes shone, her cheeks flushed and her little heart beat fast. She stole to the window, holding her mantilla close about her chin. Beneath the orange tree stood a man. Her heart fluttered faster, and the hot southern passion shone in her eyes. It was the rich Senor Americano.

"Senorita."

This was going beyond the bounds



Sang to his tinkling guitar.

of the serenading lover, but Anita leaned out and waited.

"Senorita."

"Senor, I am here," whispered the girl, and then drew back coyly.

"Fair one, listen." Then he poured into her ears a tale of love.

"One," said he, "loves the senorita—loves thee unto death—but he cannot marry thee in this country. Will you leave sunny Mexico and go to America with your lover—as his wife?"

She drew back and shivered a little, but the dimples played in her cheeks. Anita must love and be loved, and would make a good, true little wife

for any man who would only love her enough.

"Senor," she leaned far out into the silver night, pulled a rose and threw it down to him. "Senor, when?"

He picked up the flower, kissed it and pressed it to his heart. He was so coldly, artificially Mexican. It frightened and attracted her.

"Now," he answered. "Now, Anita; will you come with me now?"

The realization came to her like a shock. Leave her father and mother? Go with this man? To America. Love and romance were her guiding stars—poor little soul. Yes, she would go.



Stole to the window.

"In two minutes, señor," she whispered.

A victoria sped away from the house.

"Senorita," that was the first word her strange lover had spoken. He now leaned forward in the darkness. "Senorita, are you afraid?"

His gaze was cold and steady. "No—o—o, señor. But why are you so—so still? You do not love me?"

Her voice shook. "Senorita, I have loved many beautiful ladies. I am—bah!"—he seemed to be talking to himself—"tired of it all."

"Tired of love." A cold hand knocked at the door of her heart. The carriage was on a lonely, white country road now.

"Senorita, I cannot—I—er—well, you see, I cannot marry you—I—"

"Holy mother!" the girl cried, crossing herself and feeling for her rosary. "You cannot marry me? Then why did you bring me here?"

"Wait, senorita; do you love me?" She was dazed by the sudden, practical question; then she shuddered and answered: "No, I hate you—I hate you, señor. Oh, take me back to my mother—take me home."

"Have you ever loved any man? Ever truly loved?" he asked without heeding her.

In her heart arose the vision of a pair of faithful, gentle eyes that had sought hers on the plaza, and a form that bent over the guitar at twilight. She burst into tears. "Oh, yes," she moaned. "Raphael, dear Raphael!"

The carriage stopped. The lover climbed out, then leaning on the window ledge, he whispered: "If you are wise, keep still."

And she obeyed. The horse stirred, the coachman dozed, and the time grew long. Then the night quiet was broken by the twangy voice of the American, mingled with the soft tones of her native tongue. The carriage door opened and there before her stood Raphael.

"No," said the American, "if you want to go home I'll take you back. If you want to go with your lover, go."

For answer she threw herself into Raphael's arms, and caste and propriety were forgotten in the bliss of a first kiss of love gratified.

"Here's a purse for you and your girl, Raphael. Hope you'll like married life."

He told the driver to drive to the station with the pair, and stood watching them disappear down the white road. Then he took out a cigar, bit off the end and laughed as he said aloud: "I always thought Miles Standish was a fool. Half my mine gone, too. 'The fool and his money are soon parted.' Well, it's the only fun I'll ever get out of it."

Then he went down the road toward the city alone.—San Francisco Call.

HANKS USED SEA WATER.

Very Little Use to Deny the Milk Was Diluted.

Julius Kruttschnitt of San Francisco, the general manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad, recently gave out the largest single order for steel rails that the business world has ever known.

A reporter, in discussing this order with Mr. Kruttschnitt, called it a "daring one."

"No," said the railroad magnate, smiling, "there was nothing daring about it. Daring things are those that have in them something risky, something insecure. For instance, you might term 'daring' the well-known action of Hanks, the milkman, in the millionaire's house."

"Hanks, the milkman?" said the reporter, puzzled.

"Yes, Hanks, the milkman. He, one morning, forgot to water his milk. In the hall of his best customer he remembered this omission. A huge tub of fine, clear water stood on the floor by his side. There was no one to spy on him, and thrice, before the maid brought up the jugs, Hanks diluted his milk with a large measure filled from the tub. Then he served the young woman calmly and went on.

"As he was bellowing down the next area the first customer's footman beckoned to him. He returned, and was ushered into the presence of the customer himself, a millionaire.

"Hanks," said the gentleman, "I prefer hereafter to water my own milk."

"Well, sir," said Hanks, "it's useless to deny the thing, for I suppose you were watching me while—"

"No," said the millionaire. "No one was watching you. But the fact is Hanks, the children are taking medicinal baths, and the tub in the hall was full of sea water."

A Decomposer.
In a beer garden at one of our popular seaside resorts an Irishman sat at a table with a mug of beer at his elbow. Alongside of him stood a large good-natured looking German. The orchestra began the "Coronation March" from "The Prophet." The Teuton's face beamed all over with a smile of pleasure, and by way of making himself agreeable and imparting information to his neighbor he remarked, with a wave of his hand, in the direction of the music:

"Ach, dot was Meyerbeer."

The Celt, whose knowledge of composers was limited, mistook the gesture and made a hasty grab for his beverage, exclaiming at the same time:

"Yez He, yez damned Dutchman, that's my beer!"—Lippincott's.

Output of Petroleum.
It is not yet half a century since Col. Drake discovered petroleum on the waters of Oil Creek, near Titusville, Pa. The total production of crude petroleum from 1859 to 1902—forty-three years—has been no less than 1,165,280,727 barrels. Of this output Pennsylvania and Ohio contributed 53.9 per cent; New York, 24.3 per cent; West Virginia, 11.3 per cent; Indiana, 3.9 per cent; California, 3.6 per cent; Texas, 2.1 per cent, leaving .5 per cent to be supplied by Kansas, Colorado, Louisiana, Illinois, Missouri, Indian Territory, Wyoming, Michigan and Oklahoma.

Cricketer Lives 98 Years.
England's oldest cricketer, Mr. Herbert Jenner-Fust, is dead at the age of 98 years. He played for Eton eighty-two years ago, and for Cambridge university from 1825 to 1827, being captain in the last year. At the age of 93 he bowled for his village eleven and batted for eleven runs. He practiced in Doctors commons till the court was abolished, and then lived as a country squire.

Importance.
The people do not turn to gaze when he goes by; He told denied the joy of praise, No banners fly.
In token of his worth; his name; The busy world has never learned; If death should come tonight to crouch Relentlessly beside his couch The world would roll on unconcerned.

Yet, when his common task is done, Beside his gate There stands an eager little one With arms that wait To clasp themselves around his neck, With pure lips that await his kiss, And though his work may never bring Him fame or wealth, what greater thing May any man achieve than this? —S. E. Kiser.

Singer Goes into Politics.
Tammagno, the Italian operatic tenor, whose imposing physique and tremendous high C will be remembered by many Americans, is a candidate for the Italian parliament. He knows nothing of politics, but will go on the stump as a singer, and in this way hopes to capture enough votes to insure his return.

Panama Company Troubles.
The Panama company is not yet free of its embarrassments in the liquidation of its old convention with the Colombian government. The French treasury has now put forward a claim for the payment of a sum of \$2,720,000 for registration dues on the deeds of the original concession, and the renewal of the same.

Land at the North Pole.
From the known set of the currents in the Arctic ocean and from observations of the tides, R. A. Harris concludes that there may be a tract of land near the North Pole, extending from near the northwest corner of Banks Land or from Prince Patrick island to a point north of New Siberia.

Queen Favors Irish Industry.
Queen Alexandra has given orders that all her linen and tweed gowns for Cowes week should be of Irish manufacture.

HORSE FOND OF TOBACCO.

Remarkable Taste for Weed Displayed by Southern Quadruped.

"One had a fondness for fresh meat; another gobbled up any old thing that came his way, bean soup, potato parings, stale bread, or cooked meat; while the third, a small sorrel mare, actually had developed the tobacco habit."

The owner obtained her in Texas, and says that the mare was one that had been "captured" in the South during the civil war.

"She would carry me fifty miles a day," he continues, "then carry me back the next day if I wanted her to do it. I had her about two days when I found out that she chewed tobacco. She grabbed a small package of fine cut out of my hand, and then stood chewing it, paper and all. Seeing that it had not hurt her I kept her in tobacco, buying the leaf tobacco that all these Mexican stores sold here, then, a large 'hand' of it for a silver dime. That would not have paid the duty on it had any been paid, but the collector had not got here yet. When he did come these men had to stop selling it at any price. I never went near my mare without bringing her tobacco. If she did not get it right away she would begin to shove me with her nose, and kept it up until I gave her the usual chem.

"I rode a horse for four years, my racehorse Charley, which would eat half a peck of peaches as fast as I could remove the stones out of them. The same horse would eat a pound of sugar or candy without even stopping."

—Forest and Stream.

CLAIMS THE FIRST TELEPHONE.
Chicago Man Says the Perfected Instrument in 1875.

Chicago is claimed as the birthplace of the telephone. The instrument was the invention of Henry C. Strong, a journeyman printer and a veteran of the civil war, who had served in the Ninety-third Illinois. Before the war he had learned tele-

graphy in New York city. It was during the war that the possibility of using a closed circuit on a Morse instrument and transmitting sounds of the human voice by it occurred to him. As early as 1872 he interested the chaplain of the regiment, Rev. C. M. Barnes, in his theory.

In 1875 he set up the instrument, which he called "the Goodyear single-coil telegraph sounder," in the rooms of the Howser School of Telegraphy. To the amazement of those present at the experiment, Strong succeeded in securing communication with a station many miles away.

Raising Connecticut Tobacco.
This has been so far a phenomenal year for the tobacco industry in New England—an industry that probably many New Englanders hardly suspect exists nowadays in this part of the country. The beauty of these northern tobacco fields is, however, a familiar spectacle to passengers on the trolley cars between Hartford and Springfield, for the cars run past mile after mile of growing tobacco, worth something like \$300 an acre.

Millions of cigar smokers would perhaps thrill to realize that it was here, something over a century ago, that Mrs. Prout, at her husband's suggestion, rolled leaves of Connecticut tobacco in the first American cigars and peddled them about the villages of Connecticut.

Russians Evade Military Service.
In the town of Yurief, Russia, the wine and spirit stores were recently closed on the occasion of the assembly of the soldiers called upon to join the army by a mobilization order. The apothecaries' establishments, however, remained open, and from these the soldiers obtained quantities of balsam, which they consumed. As a consequence thirteen of their number died, and many more are seriously ill. The journal that gives publicity to the incident states that many soldiers are drinking the poisoned liquid in order that they may escape military service.

Carries a Curse.
A Babylonian door socket of 3800 B. C., which is now at the University

of Pennsylvania, has inscribed upon it a curse upon any one who moves it. As a matter of fact, the moving of the stone is always attended by calamity.

Tradesman Had Long Head.
The statue of Charles I, which now stands in London was sold to a brazier during the commonwealth, with the understanding that it should be broken up. The buyer, however, saw a chance to make money, and buried it instead. To cover his action he made a large number of bronze knives and forks, which were eagerly bought by both royalists and Puritans as souvenirs. When the monarchy was restored to power the statue was dug up again and bought by the government to be placed in its present position, where it has remained since 1671.

Blind Man's Wedding.
A wedding of rather pathetic interest took place at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, Croydon, Eng., recently. The ceremony was conducted by a blind clergyman, while the bridegroom, the organist, and one of the few friends present were also blind.

Lightning Entered Open Door.
Francis Jacques of Westford, Vt., left his stable door open one night, and in the morning found that the first two cows had been killed by lightning while thirteen others next to them were unharmed.

HANDS OF FAMOUS MEN.

Bronze Casts of Those of Lincoln and First Duke of Wellington.

The hands of Lincoln were taken by Leonard W. Volk of Chicago in Springfield, Ill., on the Sunday following Lincoln's nomination in 1860. The

swollen muscles shown in the casts were caused by nearly thirty hours of handshaking when the new presidential candidate received the congratulations of a multitude. The orig-

inal casts of bronze are at the National museum. The only bronze cast in the Hutton collection is of the hands of Duke Arthur Wellesley of Wellington. They are crossed in an attitude of peace, and, so far as known, there is no other copy of them in America.

Opalized Shark in New South Wales.
Since they were first discovered the famous opal fields at White Cliffs, New South Wales, have yielded many curious fossils, particularly those of prehistoric marine life.

But the latest discovery is a most extraordinary one, and will prove of the deepest interest to the scientific world. It is that of a fossilized, or rather opalized, member of the shark family, which was found on Block No. 9, at a depth of 35 feet from the surface. The Sydney press states that the specimen measures 3 feet 6 inches from the snout to the tip of the tail. The body is in seven sections (the head and shoulder portion is 18 inches; each section is 6 inches in length).

The deeply indented eye sockets show very plainly, "and thin veins of purple opal encircle the fish from tip to tip." At the mouth these veins make an oblong and clearly defined course, though the continuity is occasionally broken. No particulars as to weight are given, but as the fossil has been sent to London, these and other matters of interest will soon be determined.

Probable Grave of "Oom Paul."
The probable last resting-place of ex-President Kruger: The family grave at Pretoria. Mrs. Kruger is

buried beneath the stone on the right. The other graves are those of relatives.

Fatal Fall on Scythe.
The disturbance of a hornet's nest led to the death of William Forbes of Stewarton, N. H., in an unusual way, the other day. Mr. Forbes was mowing with a scythe when he struck a hornet's nest. In defending himself from the insects he dropped his scythe and was about to step out of the way, when he tripped and fell. The blade of the scythe passed entirely through his body and he died almost instantly.

Soldier's "Growing Machine."
The Second regiment, Massachusetts volunteer infantry, postponed the election for second lieutenant until George E. Burr, a popular sergeant, could add half an inch to his height to meet the prescribed measurements, and then it elected another man.

Build Their Own Waterfall.
Colorado Citizens to Make Improvement on Nature.

In Colorado nature has given the people no Niagaras to harness so as to get electricity for power and lighting purposes, but a little thing like that does not faze the energetic Westerners. They are going to build

themselves some artificial Niagaras. The first is now in course of construction.

As an engineering feat it has decidedly novel features. Two or three rivers are to be lifted bodily, go to speak, from their beds and transferred to canals, which will feed an immense reservoir. From this reservoir the water will be carried through another canal and dropped through great pipes over the edge of a precipice 1,000 feet high. The power house in which the electricity will be generated will be situated at the foot of the precipice. Ultimately it will have a capacity of about 40,000 horse power.

The site is twenty-four miles from Silverton, in Southern Colorado. The initial cost of the undertaking will approximate \$1,000,000, while the ultimate plan will involve an expenditure of about \$3,000,000.

Precipice Over Which Converted Torment is to Fall, Through a Steel Stack 997 Feet High, Upon Power Wheels That Will Convert Its Energy Into Electricity.

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BOY IS A PUZZLE.

Youth in England Converses Only in Unknown Language.

Chelsea workhouse harbors a boy, fair skinned and light haired, whose nationality has, up to the present, completely baffled the officials.

Previously to being sent to the workhouse the lad was charged at the Westminster police court with wandering without visible means of subsistence, and it was then stated that during the week he was under remand he did not utter a word, and, although he was spoken to in six different languages, he showed no sign of recognition.

It has since been found that the lad can speak, but his speech is stranger than his silence. The jabber of a monkey is more intelligible.

Several written questions were put to him yesterday. Underneath the words, "What is your name and age?" he wrote without hesitation, "Tentyrut Wateuk, fourteen." Thus he appeared to understand English.

"What country were you born in?" The lad at once wrote "Hirlulnyints."

"How do you like scrubbing?"—(the occupation the boy had just been engaged in. "Derat sentk," was the written reply.

He was then asked, again in writing, "Would you like a penny?" His answer was brief: "Tellyny."

His identity shows every prospect of remaining a riddle. He has been seen by medical men and by linguists, but hitherto it has been impossible to account for him in any way. Since his case has appeared in the papers numberless people have called who say they have lost boys of about his age.—London correspondence, Philadelphia North American.

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