I Am Thy Knight.

am thy knight, and thou hast sent me forth to battle with the demon of despair. To conquer self, and from its ashes bring The phonix of my boyhood's fervid dreams: To live the long, long years and make my life like to the sower as he passes by coattering the grain on rock and fertile field to reap or lose as fate shall will it so.

No favor hast thou sent, as those of old Wore lovingly and closely on their hearts When they went forth to far-off Palestine, But simply for thy word that it is best And for the trust and message sent by thes Do I go on to conquer in the fight Of man the brute against the man divine,

ount me no idle dreamer-most of all For the second s

Here is my hand-and to the world my gage. For as I journey onward in my quest I shall not falter, even where I fail; But having from the strength of thy rare soul Caught some reflection of a light divine, Full-armed am I, and resolute as death To face the ulmost rime of my fact To face the utmost rigor of my fate, To cleave to hope, to hope for happiness To be my better solf as best I can. d so through all the lapses of gray time be a man because I am thy knight. —Ernest McGaffey.



"Shut in?"

"If we can only make the workmen hear before they get away.'

"Do you mean that if we do not we shall be imprisoned here indefinitely?"

The sudden storm raged about the high tower room in which Courad Hummond, bachelor and clubman, and Virginia Redwood, prospective M.D. and missionary to native Hindu women, found themselves, by the crashing to of a ponderous door, unexpectedly in-.carcerated.

The tower belonged to an unfinished country residence, and that country residence-the ubiquitous reporter had already informed the country press that it was to be one of the finest in the country-was the property of Conrad Hammond himself.

An hour before the slanting sun that had been shining out of an unclouded August sky had become abruptly obscured, and the young man, meeting Miss Redwood in one of the long walks she was wont to take for miles outside the sleepy old historic village with her huge blooded mastiff, had offered her the shelter of his tower during the impending storm. Great drops were already descending with an ominous accompaniment of thunder, and Virginia, after a brief hesitancy, had accepted the proffered hospitality, while Hammond, who had been riding, tied his horse to a tree. And this was the result!

tower stood on the farther side The

that his glance questioned her with strange insistence through the dark. Wrapped up in her desire for a useful and worthy career, she had always shown herself supremely indifferent both to her own severe, Diana-like young beauty and to any emotion it might arouse in the men with whom she came in contact. For this man her usual indifference had become accentuated into a latent and irritating sense of antagonism. All the summer, though he had never shown any pursuit of her that could be construed into deliberate courtship, she had been conscious of a silent attention on his part, always centered on herself. She had resented it tacitly, at times with an undefined nervousness which filled her with anger against herself. She was fired with a constant wish to tell him how very poor was the opinion she had of him. Now, as he stood regarding her with folded arms, these indefinite feelings rolled up within her with a complex force that broke at last in articulate words. If only he would not stare so

how thankful she would be! "I don't know quite what you mean," she rejoined, tersely and coldly, upon his last speech. "No one could make this predicament itself anything but unwelcome. It is not a question of personal taste or distaste.'

He laughed a little, shortly.

"Ah! you are begging the question, Miss Redwood." She flushed haughtily.

"I never do that. If you must know

-will know-the truth, I have no respect for your views of life-no. And judge a man by his life," announced this uncompromising young medical student.

"You are severe!"

"I don't think I am unjustly so." Her large eyes flashed upon him in the eepening darkness with indignant learlessness. "I simply have no respect for men who live in luxurious indolence on this toiling, writhing earth, where countless millions work and suffer! Still less for men who cultivate the reputation of Don Juans and Lovelaces.

A silence fell between them. Hammond could no longer distinguish clearly the features of her face. The rain had cooled the air, and with the advent of night a certain chilliness had crept into the bare, high-perched towerroom. Now and again a soughing gust of wind circled the massive stone walls about them and died away in a murmur of trees. At the foot of the tower Virginia's mastiff barked shortly and insistently.

"Poor Don!" murmured the girl, softly.

She had seemingly almost forgotten the man across the room. But she swered the voice of the woman's husstarted a little, imperceptibly, when band. "Still, when the night is so he spoke again. His face was quite shrouded from her now, and she could but just discern the outlines of his tigure; but she was conscious of a tone in his voice that had never been there before.

that even had I some feeling of a possible liking for you-which is never the case-this scene, the unmanly and ungentlemanly advantage you have taken of my position, would be more than sufficient to kill outright net only such feeling. but the last lingering spark of respect I might have entertained for you in the bargain!"

She paused, and she now for the first time perceived that she was trembling in every limb. Hammond had made no sound--had not stirred in his place. Only after what seemed an interminable pause she heard him move towards the window. When he spoke his voice had changed as much as though it were the voice of another man.

"You are entirely right. I beg your pardon. I acquiesce entirely in the opinion you have formed of me. I have labored under a great delusion. But it is still possible, perhaps, to save you in another way from the consequences of this unfortunate accident." The scattered clouds had broken a little and projected against the pale square of night-light in the window. Virginia could see the vague outlines of his head and shoulders. Suddenly

he seemed to swing himself upward. A sharp pang of undefined terror clutched her.

"What are you going to do?" "Swing myself on the top branches of that tree, and trust to heaven to get to the ground safely from there."

'Mr. Hammond!" She had started forward, her knees quaking under her. "It is not possible that you can be so insane, so foolhardy-"

Her words broke in a low cry. An evanescent ray of moonlight had filtered palely through the clouds, and Virginia saw the mad leap-heard a sharp creaking and snapping of boughs. Then the moonlight disappeared. The clouds closed again over the place where it had been.

Virginia had sunk on her knees.

The next thing of which she had a consciousness was of the bright light from a lantern that had been swung upon her face. Don was licking her hands and face in a canine transport of joy and alarm. Voices resounded around her, and she recognised the kindly accents of a gardener's wife, whose cottage, a mile off, she had frequently passed in her walks.

"It's fainted she has, poor dear! And no wonder! Shut up here in the dark alone, and how do you expect she ever got up here? Mr. Hammond was right then when he said he thought he heard a voice calling for help from the top of the tower as he rode by down by the entrance to the grounds." "It was pretty far off to hear," an-

KING SNAKE AND MOCCASIN. The Little Constrictor's Desperate Fight With a Venomous Ophidian.

The king snake is the wonder of all ophidians. A diminutive specimen, scarcely more than three feet in length. yet the little fellow is so active, so wary, and is endowed with such rare pluck, that, as his name implies, he is truly and unquestionable the king of the family.

I was out after peccaries, or musk hogs, and sat down under a bunch of chaparral near a stream of water, to rest and to eat a bit of lunch. While thus employed I was somewhat startled to see a moccasin come dashing through the grass within a couple of yards of me, and go dashing head over heels, so to speak, splash into the water. After him, like a shot, was an elongated streak of bright green. In he went, too, and then I knew there was fun in store. The water was a sort of pool, without much of an inlet or outlet, and, unless going across sand bly higher and higher, A-snappin' an' a-cracklin' with exhileratin' and rocks or by coming back on shore again, neither combatant could espuncheon floor, An' I kneel down to tonat my shins an' rub cape.

Sure enough, after racing and tearing around in the pool like mad, both An' pursuer and pursued emerged from the opposite side, and proved to be, as I thought, a cottonmouth moccasin and When I set up o' mornin's fer to light the a rather small king snake. The latter was after the other, however, and be-An' then the room gets good an' warm, the kettle starts to bile, fore the big fellow gave up the race or An' mother potters down the stairs an stan's an yewns a while, An sez, "Now, pap, you go an' rouse them could throw himself in an attitude of defense, the king snake was upon him. The sole and entire power of the latter reptile lies in his wonderful constricting abilities. He has no fangs. no poison, nothing to attack or defend old turkey-wing An' stoops an' pulls her stockin's up an' tie himself with save his coils, but these are so marvellously powerful and so An' Towser yawns an' stretches out an' a little shyer When I git up o' mornin's fer to light kitchen fire. terrible in compressing that nothing in the animal or reptile world, according to size, can begin to compare with An' when the boys come trompin' scrouge around an' spat An' kick the dog an' poke the fire him for this especial quality.

No sooner had the moccasin stopped and turned to defend himself than like lightning his enemy jumped upon him and proceeded to squeeze the life out of his ugly carcass. Tighter and tighter grew the coils, always so arranged that the big one could not strike, and pretty soon the king's body was nearly lost to view so slender had it grown from constriction and so deep was he in the fat flesh of the moccasin. It looked like green cord wound tightly around the latter's body.

At last the moccasin ceased resistance and allowed his body to hang loose and inert. For ten minutes longer did the king snake hold his grasp, than gradually loosened it, but HIS WIFE SUCCESTS A FEW WEEKS AT SARATOGA. always ready to resume his squeezing should his enemy exhibit any signs of

In the Morning.

When I git up o' mornin's fer to light the kitchen fire An' watch the bisze go creepin' up the chim-

roar, A-sendin' out the warmness clair acrost the

An' see the sparks a-flashin' back from mother's shiny pans, My feelin's goes to warblin' like a bluebird on

Fer it's snowin' an' the's lots to do besides the

mornin' chores." An' then she breshes up the hearth with that

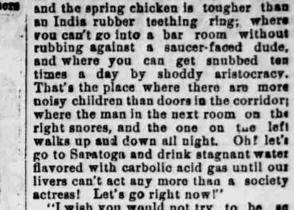
my horny hands

a spire-

kitchen fire.

sleepy boys o'

"The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire."-JER. VII. 18.



in an fron Kettle with a fire under it,

"I wish you would not try to be so sarcastic, Josiah. If you don't like Baratoga we can go to some other summer resort."

"Certainly, Maria, by all means. Let us go to the Moosogalumchuckapaquoddy House, in the backwoods of Maine, and starve to death on canned vegetables of the vintage of '73, while we feed ourselves slowly to the mosquitoes and sand flies. If I am to be eaten up alive by wild animals I'd rather bribe the keeper to let me crawl into the tiger's cage in Central Park and put an end to my sufferings at once."

"The mosquitoes are not so bad as y make ovt. We can go to some as resort, hf you prefer

"I suppose, Mari Harbor, where you a blamed sight east bar land where

The conce-pot s o ned over all the steamin' hot. The sassidges jest brown enough, the fast-table sot. An' mother sez, "Fetch up the pours the coffee out—" My cup runs over with a joy the know about: Fer the blessin's of the Lord to me drawin' nigher When I get up o' mornin's fer to

kitchen fire. Edwin S. Hopkins

MR. HOLGATE'S ID

down on the cat, The coffee-pot's b'iled over an' the



oaken b

got our

miasma.

dump a

life. Finally he uncoiled himself en- But He Vetoes the Plan and Acc

of a sweeping lawn that divided it from the house, in which the sound of the workmen's hammers and saws had just ceased, and to make one's self heard from its windows in the tumult of the elements had become an impossibility. The wind which, suddenly pouring down the winding staircase that led to the tower-room, had violently flung the door, above its last step, in the lock, carried away Hammond's reiterated calls in ineffectual whispers. The lock was provisional and on the side of the stairs only. And when the entire situation dawned on the girl's bewilderment, she put this last question to her companion with a face that had grown a trifle white and rigid.

"The workmen will be back early in the morning of course," replied the latter, endeavoring to speak lightly, but pulling nervously at his moustache the while, "and we can't starve in the interim. Still-'

"Are you certain that the door cannot be broken open?" Virginia inquired, controlling herself forcibly.

"Unfortunately I fear it cannot." He was a man of muscular build. He threw himself against the heavy plank, pushing against it with his shoulders until the veins showed on his forehead. A faint creaking of the wood was the only reward of his efforts.

"Then we must wave our handkershiefs-make some sign!" said the girl, quickly. "Surely some one must see

But even as she spoke she knew that any such attempt would be futile. The house and tower were isolated in the midst of large grounds.

Evening was coming on apace and they were three miles from the village. The thought of the anxiety that would be felt about her in her home added a fresh pang to her alarm. She was a young woman who was exceedingly proud of her self control, of her equanimity in all eventualities of life. But she was conscious now of a distinct sense of painful discomfort. And of all men, to be placed in such an embarrassing position with this man. With this Conrad Hammond for whom she had so very small a measure of consideration or respect, and so large a measure of contemptuous dislike! With this idle man of the world, supposed to be so irresistible to women.

Without knowing it-and, indeed, how could a young woman devoted to such lofty aims in life linger upon thoughts of her personal qualifications? -Miss Redwood had a face most expressive of her inner soul, an eye beam most eloquent of her condition of feeling and mind. Looking at her now her companion in imprisonment said:

"I think I need not tell you how deeply I regret that my carelessness in leaving that door unpropped in this ter-rific wind should have led you into so unpleasant a situation, Miss Redwood. Especially as I cannot but feel you could scarce have met with such a misfortune in the society of anyone who would be more distasteful to you."

The rain had abated and the wind was sinking, but the clouds hung threateningly low, and in these already shortening August days a glimmering greyness was beginning to invade the tower-room. A rough wooden bench used at some time by the workmen and half covered with shavings, occupied one side of the circular room, and on it Virginia had seated herself, her fingers interlocked, her handsome young eyes turned sternly away. Although this Conrad Hammond, whose charms and good looks (and riches) women so liberally extolled, and for whom she personally had always felt such an unaccountable aversion, strangely happy opportunity! At least had had the good taste to take up his stand at the further end of the small room, she was uncomfortably aware

"However scant your own respect may be for a man whom you think of as glorying in the final two epithets you have used. I can prove to you that such a man is capable of greater respect for a good woman, on his side. than you seem willing to credit. I had not intended saying anything to you now. But before we were liberated from this mouse-trap to-morrow it was my determination to offer you my name and hand-to ask you to be my wife."

"And I would have refused both gift and request," answered the girl, slowly and distinctly. "I refuse now. I am not so afraid of what the world may say. My life lines are to lie so far from the scandalous gossips of so-called society that I can afford to be very indifferent to any unjust blight that may be cast upon my name by reason of this miserable accident. As a man of honor you might offer to marry mesuch are the artificial codes of the thing we call social life. But I, as a woman of honor, can marry no man in whatever unfortunate position I may have been placed who does not love me and whom I do not love in return." Her voice trembled.

"And who tells you that I do not "And who tells you that I do not love you?" asked Hammond, in com-pressed accents. She felt him draw a step hearer in the darkness. "That I should speak now is what I never thought never desired. But since one word has been ittered the entire truth may as well follow. I love you. I have loved you exclusively, devotedly, passionately—since the first day I saw you. You have avoided me, heaped contempt upon me. I have but loved you the more. You are the one love of you the more. You are the one love of my life. I have wanted no other woman for my wife. I want you. You may treat me as you will now. The day will come when you willwhen you must-love me. I tell you that-here-this moment. And there will come a time when you will remember my words. I am a man who is not afraid of the truth. When that door crashed to, and I realised the position in which you were unavoidably placed, I said to myself that this might be my opportunity-that you might now be shown what was in my heart, and might consent to marry me. Was this wrong? Will you judge me as harshly for this as for all my other suppositious misdemeanors? Love such as mine for you makes its own law. Do you not realise that? I may have tasted too many of the bitter-sweet fruits of life, but I have never been a base man nor a dissipated one. And now I want to be a better one than I have been; to lead a more useful, a worthier existence. It is you who have inspired this wish. And if you will in time love me, you can make of me what you will."

She had heard him through to the final word, but now her voice broke

upon the last passionate vibration of his with a vibration as passionate.

"And you call yourself an honorable

quiet. . . . But the funny thing is Mr. Hammond didn't stop to see what it was himself, instead of riding on so far as our house."

"He said he wasn't sure, Caleb. Only when he come to think of it he suspected more and more that something might be wrong. But he didn't have time to go back then."

Virginia had aroused herself then, her bewilderment all gong. He had shielded her carefully then to the last! "Heaven be thanked, miss!" exclaimed the gardener's wife. "Are you feeling better? And how did it ever happen, ma'am?" "I will tell you later. Could you get

me home now? I seem to have little strength."

Before the two worthy people retired definitely for the night, the woman said to her husband:

"I tell you it's been a dreadful shock to Miss Redwood, Caleb. Did you see how strange her eyes looked? so full of pain, like? and white? White as a ghost!"

In the lush freshness of the following June the county house of Conrad Hammond stood bolted. barred, and unfinished. He had been away nearly a year, and work thereupon had been suspended indefinitely. To the letters of his lawyer and agents he had replied, "Leave everything as it is. I don't know when I shall return." For the rest, the sleepy old historic village ceased to wonder and settled again into its somnolent indifference.

The silence of the weed-grown grounds was now so rarely broken by human voice or footfall that the sudden call, "Don! Don! Down sir!" reverbated strangely under the shade of the pathway. At its turning a man had suddenly appeared, and Conrad Hammond and Virgiuia Redwood looked wordlessly, breathlessly into each other's faces.

"I thought you were abroad," stammered the girl. How should she account for her presence here-under the very shadow of the tower in which such words had been spoken the last time she had ever seen him? and what would he think of the hot blood crimsoning her cheek, and the trembling of the hand that held Don in leash?

"And I thought you had gone to India," he said.

"I go next week."

"And you came here-here-once again before leaving?" He had drawn closer to her, and his hungry eyes read her timid ones. "Virginia, are you sure you did not make a mistake that night ten months ago? If I should tell you now what I told you then would you answer as you did? Would you still go to India?"

She had covered her face with her hands. Her words came broken and

"No. I mistook my heart that night. I have known it since. I know it now.'

How a Cat Catches Birds.

A Waterville (Me.) feline has a great labyrinth. fondness for the flesh of birds, and, in order to make her quest for the same successful, employs a stratagem. Evidently 'understanding the fondness for angle worms, she collects a number of the same and buries them in the ground. She then takes her position in a convenient place of ambush and when the birds alight to secure their coveted morsel she springs from her conceclment and pounces upon them. Many a bird thus falls . prey to pussy's shrewdness.

tirely, saw that the moccasin was no no more, turned his back on the scene, and went gliding off through the brush.

In some parts of Texas king snakes are quite numerous. In the lowlands and especially in meadows and river bottoms, they are found in great numbers. Nobody harms them, neither whites nor negroes, and even Mexicans seem to understand their good qualities, for they seldom if ever kill one. When soldiers are in camp and find a great many king snakes in the vicinity, they know it is a good sign, for poisonous snakes will steer clear of that locality, and never visit it while there is one of the royal breed about. -Texas Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Mount Adams' Ice Caves.

Away up 4,000 feet above the Columia river, at the base of Mount Adams. whose symmetrical, cone-like peak is covered with perpetual snow, lies a beautiful little lake surrounded by broad meadows and fed by a stream of gate. purest water, taking its rise in the snow fields ten or twelve miles away. The caves are within a few miles of Trout lake, for so this mountain gem, like hundreds of others in this wonderful country of lakes, is called, for the reason that trout-filled basins are so common that the discoverer, averse to taxing his brain for an original name, has seen fit to dub his find with his first thought. As yet only six large caves have been discovered, but as the whole country gives forth a hollow, reverberating sound to the heel tap of the hybnailed mountain shoe of the visitor, it is highly probable there are many more. One of these ice caves, the largest one, is used by the farmers as a cold storage warehouse for butter and milk, and certainly answers the purpose admirably. The entrance is like into a cistern, and the adventurer lowers himself into the chilly atmosphere by means of a rope. The interior of the cave is composed of one large apartment about eighty feet square. The cave is walled with ice around, above and below; with huge icicles of stalactite and stalagmite formation, obstructing a complete view, as well as forming obstacles to exploration, but affording the most gorgeous pictures in the light of a flaming pitch torch.

The effect is simply indescribable, but at the same time most fascinating, especially when seen on a hot August day. The huge pendants of pure, translucent ice reflect and scintillate the ruddy glow of the torch in a bewildering maze of color and a thousand rays of light. The air is clear, dry cold, even on the hottest day. There is no dampness or moisture; the ice is not melting, but is hard and cold and dry, as in midwinter. A few moments in the cave and one's very blood is chilled, a fact which is as yet. no doubt, the cause of a thorough exploration of the cave never having been made. There are, perhaps, other and adjoining caverns, which very probably open out from the main apartment and form an Icelandic

To Insure Long Life.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says the

"He h Requisite Shade of Tan by Using Wal. painted. where v nut Juice.



Mr. and Mrs. Holgate were sitting at the breakfast table, in their comfortable home in Harlem.

"What's the matter with you, Maria? Why don't you eat?" asked Josiah Hol-

"Oh, I am feeling very much debilitatad. I think, Josiah, that I need a change of scene," said Mrs. Holgate, feebly.

"Eh!" exclaimed Joslah, letting his ower jaw drop down suddenly, after the manner of one of those new-fangled folding beds.

"I am far from weil, Josiah." "What are you driving at, Maria?"

"I think we will have to go to some

watering place."

"Watering place!" howled Josiah. dropping his fork and shoveling a spoonful of salt into his coffee in his excitement, "watering place! So that's what you meant when you said that you were far from well. Why don't you go to a horse-trough, or down on Wall street, if a watering place is what you are after?"

"I expected you would raise the usual row, but I can't help it. My health is all gone, and it would do you good, Josiah, to spend the summer vacation at some quiet place."

"I don't think it would, Maria. I've let myself be dragged out of town several times, and I know all about it. It takes a poor, broken-down woman to stand the wear and tear of a summer vacation. If I was as strong as I used to be, I might risk taking a vacation, but I'm so weak I'm afraid I'd not pull through. Besides, there is the expense. When people start out to spend the summer, I notice the money is spent long before the summer. There is a place called Economy, somewhere in Pennsylvania, but it's not a watering

place.'

churn a where th poison iv pulled fro that's whe to do for there, by "Then le New Hamps "Where it that you can where you a develop just back home. but the meat baled hav. short of froze the diet at where the onl

dinner is the you have to go for a pump drink. That's principally useful dence of there h eggs for breakfas casion. Where y feative bull-frog, facility consists pr suckers from the Marie, I've got a p

"Well, Josiah, 1 "You really don' vegetables, salt por boards and be bitt more than I do. V. to forfeit the respect by going off during th the servants close the tell everybody we are will live in the back pa and every few days we Manhattan Beach, or up to any of the hundred within easy reach of No is a good enough summe With a dime's worth of will acquire the regulati and thus we will deceive "That, Josiah, is the

wanted to get out of stay right here in New Y ourselves,-Alex E. Suceet, ings.

Monstrous Power of Se

From experiments made at Bell Rock and Skerr houses on the coast of Scotla found that while the force breakers on the side of the Ge ocean may be taken at about a to a half to every square foot of ex surface, the Atlantic side throws ers with double that force, or tous to the square foot; thus a, st of only two square yards sust blow from a heavy Atlantic b this year a he days and n ing out bl of three as if in so over Over wash after wate

direct

The ave.

man and take such an occasion as this to drive me to bay? You say such words to me now-now-when I am constrained to listen to anything you .nay choose to utter? Is this a time to force a love you have justly divined would be distasteful on a girl so defenceless against intrusion as I am at this instant? But you have already strangely happy opportunity! At least you are candid in unmasking your soul and your views, Mr. Hammond! Let me be equally candid and assure you

In the town of La Grasse, France. where the making of perfumes is a great business, phthisis is unknown.

estimau first thing to be done to insure a long was mo life is some years i efore birth to adin the svertise for a couple of parents both & SIDE GLANCE AT THE PORTER COSTS A grounder belonging to long-lived families. E+-DOLLAR. been rolle G pecially let the mother come of a race "The expense is really not so great in which octogenarians and nonagenbut that we can afford a few weeks at This is qui arians are very common phenomena. Baratoga." 1890, show. There are practical difficulties in fol-"Want to go there, and change your was the w lowing out this suggestion, but possidress four times a day, do you? If you coast for 1. cast a side glance at the porter it's a dollar, and if you stub your toe, cr sneeze, it's two and a half. Nice place, bl ythe forethought of your progenitors, or that concurrence of circumstances which we call accident, may have arheart for a ranged this for you. where you get fresh butter that is made