

SUCCESS.

I built a palace by a troubled sea,
Broad walls of spotless white and tur-
rets tall,
Great colonnades, the towers of mine own
strength,
I did not dream my palace fair could
fall.
But, at the open gate, an angel knelt,
And, sorrow that I knew not of, be-
wailed.
"Come, friend," I cried, "rejoice in my
success."
"I weep," was the reply, "that thou hast
failed."
When months had come and gone, I saw
the walls
Of my poor palace blackened by the
flame,
Its mighty towers in ruins at my feet.
My head was bowed in sorrow and in
shame,
And at its shattered gate I knelt and
wept.
My angel friend now stooped a palm to
press
Upon my brow. She bade me look above.
"Rejoice," she cried, "in this thy first
success."
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**THE WAIF O'
FOLEY'S HEART.**



THROUGH the sighing boughs of cypress forest there came drifting the hum of a million bees set in rhythmic tone and tune. It was the great saw at Foley's mill flashing its merciless disc of steel through the green, sweet heart of the cypress logs. Foley himself sat on a low bench, his swart throat bare, his head leaned against a tree, watching through a narrow rift in his lids the swift, mechanical movements of the men at the saw and the shingle pile. The girl who came up noiselessly behind him thrust her small fingers over his forehead and opened the lids of his eyes.

"Wake up, Dave, and take me out in the boat for a ride in the shade. The house is hotter than a furnace."
"How did you get here?" said Foley, indolently.

"I walked across the logs."
"I wish you wouldn't do that, Lize," said Foley, with a frown. "Some day you'll get on a loose one and go under and the logs will hold you fast."
"I'm sure-footed as a kiddie," laughed Lize, thrusting out a coquettish, slippered foot. "Come on, Dave."

"Oh, it's too warm for such exercise. Ask Langham to go with you. Yonder he comes." Foley looked up in time to see the curious sidewise glance from the girl's eye.

"What did you look at me like that for, Lize?" he said, suddenly.
"Like what?" she said. Without waiting for an answer she tripped to meet Langham.

"Dave is lazy and contrary," she said, pointing her pretty lips. "He says won't you take me down the river for a boat ride?"

Langham lifted his hat to her. His dark eyes glanced from Foley to the girl with a cynical light that melted into something tender as it rested upon Lize's primrose face.

"With pleasure, Mrs. Foley. Good afternoon to you both. Foley, did you ever feel such a heat in the forest?"
"Not often," said Foley, shifting his straw hat over his eyes to shut out the glare. "There'll be a storm, a regular scorcher in a day or two."

"No sign of it now," said Lize, glancing at the yellow sky. Her eyes, in shadow, were a golden brown. When the light flashed into them they were like pools of deep-sea water.

"Where is the boat?" queried Langham.
Foley nodded sleepily toward the landing—a platform of cypress logs.

"Down there," he said. "Lize will show you." Through motionless lids he watched them as they rowed away. His wife blew him a kiss from the tips of her dainty fingers. Far down the blue lake her white dress gleamed like a darting heron under the arched and weeping boughs.

The sun had dropped behind the bluffs of the Mississippi ere the mill shut down for the night, and the men crossed the floating bridge to the other side, where the frail "box" houses constituted the "camp." Two "hands," lingering to light their pipes, were gossiping noisily.

"Foley's gone, I guess. Didn't wait for Lize."
"Foley's a fool. Ketch me sendin' my wife out for boat rides with a fellow like that Langham. City folks don't often hunt out solitary places like this 'em there's a hotter climate behind 'em. Did you see him, how he looked at her?"

"Soft on her, hey?"
"No softer'n she is on him," said the other, shrugging his shoulders. They passed on, oblivious of Foley's white face staring at them from the engine-room.

Had Lize been wise or observant she would have caught the ominous calm in Foley's voice as he laid his hand on her shoulder that night.

"See here, Lize, I've been thinking it don't look exactly right, your going so often with that fellow."
"Indeed!" said Lize, her lips curling. "Gentleman is a better word than fellow, Mr. Foley."

"I don't know," said Foley slowly. "Gentlemen don't fall in love with other men's wives."
"Who said he was in love with me?" Her face grew suddenly white. Foley's hand tightened its grasp.

"You'd better be careful, Lize. I'll have my way in this. I forbid you to go on the lake with Langham again."
"You were the one who sent me! Take your hand off—it hurts! I don't know whether I'll obey such a tyrant or not!"

She fled into the little parlor and Foley heard the bolt slip in the door.
"Two days of sultry weather burnt the ground in wide, deep cracks along the hickory ridge. Lize pouted and avoided Dave, who watched her with eyes grown sullen and suspicious. But the boat remained tied to its tree, the rope swaying in the water undisturbed. Langham, whose vagrant fancy had led him to fit up a rude hut on the south end of the lake, did not come down to the camp. Foley hoped he would stay away. There was a feeling in the tips of Foley's fingers that could have found rest upon Langham's white throat.

The heavens had grown coppery with clouds that Saturday eve. The billows rolled in thunderous mutterings, and through the cypress trees and came there came the sonorous breath of the storm. The men had left the mill, and Foley, standing midway the unsteady bridge, swept the heavens with his huntsman's glass. He lowered it to watch a snipe in combat with a fellow fowl. A cry broke from his lips; he looked through the glass with an eye keen with fury. It was there that Langham, far down the lake, drew Lize's head upon his breast and their lips met in one passionate caress.

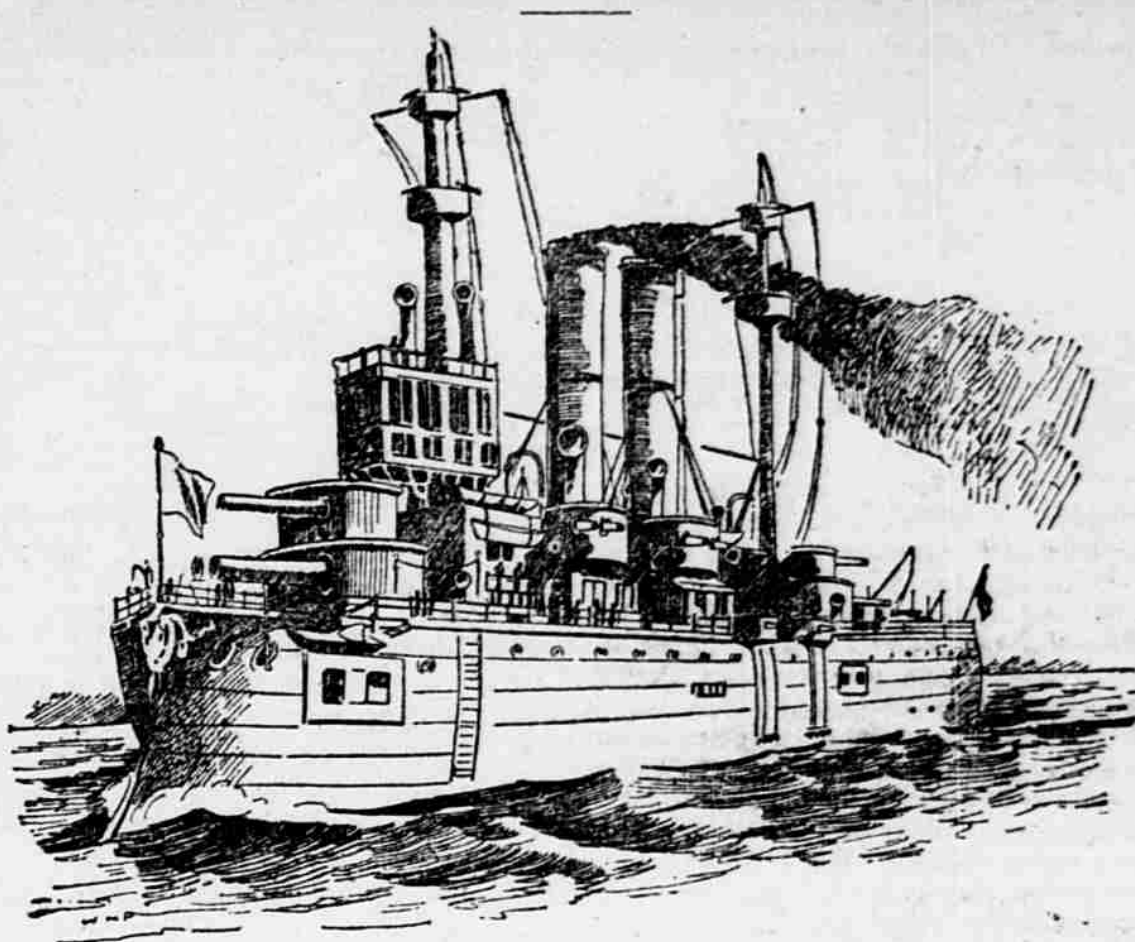
Langham picked up a bit of ribbon that had fallen from her hair. He kissed it with a bitter smile and put it next his heart.
Foley, working like a madman at his trunk, heard a light step upon the little porch. His heart leaped in a sickening throb as Lize crept into the room and stood trembling by the hearth.
"Well?" he said, sternly, through his teeth, "has Langham driven you from him?"
"Dave, Dave! Oh, will you please to let me stay with you? I will not ask to be your wife; only let me say how I did not know I loved you till to-night. You were not like a lover, Dave. You treated me like a child, and I was a woman, who wanted love and sweet words. I hate him! I told him so, and he tried to keep me back, but I had to come to you. I have been wicked—I let him kiss me!"
Her voice died in her throat. Foley caught her by the arms. "I struck you!" he said, hoarsely. "Can you forget that?"
"Oh, yes!" she sobbed, her lips touching his rough hand. Foley caught her in his arms and turned her face toward the lamp. In her eyes he saw the "light that never was on sea or land." In his long, silent kiss the past was buried, and a lovely future dawned for the Waif o' Foley's Heart.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.
Opinion Formed by a Passenger on Potomac River Boat.
"Do you know what the national hymn of this country should be?" inquired a visitor to the capital of a reporter.
The gentleman propounding the question had traveled extensively in foreign lands and has been in all parts of his own country, from Florida to Alaska and between Maine and California.
The reporter studied a little and then answered, "I suppose you mean 'Down Upon the Suwannee River?'"
The visitor rubbed his hands delightedly. "You have struck it exactly," he declared, "and I'll tell you why I am more convinced of it than ever. I went down the Potomac, the other night, on one of the excursion steamers. There was a large crowd aboard, all good-natured and happy at the idea of having an outing. I sized the crowd up going down, and I made up my mind that it was pretty cosmopolitan—containing people from all sections of the country."
"On the return trip I sat with a friend, a native of New Hampshire, and a Northerner throughout. We were on the deck just below the pilot house. After we had ridden a little time some young people began singing. They sang in the old-time favorites, 'Old Black Joe,' 'Dixie,' 'Maryland, My Maryland,' which, by the way, caused some emotion, and other songs, including 'My Bonnie,' 'How Can I Bear to Leave Thee,' and others. Each one caused a few to chime in, but there was no special enthusiasm."
"At last the singers struck up 'Down Upon the Suwannee River.' The effect was magical. In an instant it seemed to me that everybody on the boat, including my reserved companion, had joined in. The plaintive air floated over the water to the Maryland and Virginia shores, and was wafted upward in the starlight. When it was finished there was complete silence for a little time. I am not an emotional man, but I felt my breath catch and the tears came into my eyes."
"My friend put his hand on my knee. 'I always feel a truer patriot when I hear that song,' was all he said."—New York Telegram.

The Greek National Dress.
The Greek national dress, which is not really Greek at all, but Albanian, is going out of use except among the shepherds and the people of the mountains. But though it is discarded for everyday use, the Greeks are fond of their old picturesque costumes, and nearly every man and woman who can afford to do so keeps a suit of the former type to wear upon family fete days, half au sérieux, half as a fancy costume. Greek children ordinarily wear much the same clothes as do American boys and girls at school and about the streets of the larger towns, but are put into the Albanian kilts now and then—perhaps just as much against their wills as it is against the grain of little tots at home to submit to Lord Fauntleroy "fixings."
The Albanian dress is very pretty up on a boy of from 4 to 10 years. The dark rosy face of the Greek child looks out winningly from under the drooping red fez, with its long blue or gold tassel. The little blue or yellow jacket, sleeveless and shaped like a zouave, is covered with embroidery, and is worn open in front to show the white shirt with full flaring sleeves. About the waist comes a leather girdle, heavily embroidered, and with a great pouch called a "banderole," into which men stick pistols and knives, but which does just as well for the small boys' marbles. Below the waist falls a short white cotton kilt, known as a "fustanella." There are also short white breeches, high red gaiters and red shoes which turn up at the points and have tassels on the toes. A little boy in this sort of rig looks like a cherub bandit out of a comic opera—an effect which is of course quite fascinating.—Philadelphia Press.

The "Earthquake" Coat.
The "earthquake" coat is the latest thing invented. Once enveloped in this extraordinary garment a man may laugh at earthquakes. It really consists of two coats, one over the other, the space between them being thickly padded. On each side are ten pockets for the carrying of provisions. The idea of the coat is to prevent the wearer being injured by any falling object.

KENTUCKY, MOST POWERFUL BATTLE SHIP IN THE WORLD.



THE new United States battle ship Kentucky will be the most powerful war boat in the navy. The Kentucky is one of four sister ships, all of which will soon be finished. The Kentucky bears on her forward and after deck a double turret. Each of these turrets carries two thirteen-inch guns. No European power has placed on the deck of a war ship any gun more than twelve inches. Thus can the Kentucky strike a blow with which the power of no other ship can compare. A single blow of this kind would disable, if not sink, the strongest ship of battle afloat. From bow and stern the Kentucky can fire simultaneously a thirteen-inch gun. The Kentucky will draw only twenty-five feet of water, three feet less than the lightest boats now on the sea. She will be able to sail into all the harbors, and can be docked with less difficulty than the three other boats now building. The "waist-fire" consists of fourteen five-inch quick-firing guns and the second batteries will be composed of twenty six-pounder rapid-firing, six one-pounder and four machine guns. Two military tops, mounting guns, complete the ship's armament, which is far heavier than that of any ship of the Kentucky's displacement in the world. No war ship can deliver more metal at a broadside than can the Kentucky, and none will have the ready concentration of fire. The feature of the Kentucky is the form of her turrets, which is quite new. There is a large saving in weight, which gives the boat more room for heavy armament and more powerful machinery for propulsion. She will carry 1,210 tons of coal, which will enable her to steam 6,000 miles at the rate of ten knots an hour.

GIRL USHERS A SUCCESS.

Trenton, N. J., Pastor Introduces Them in His Church.

Because the members of his church were negligent in attending Sunday service and still more so in contributing to the support of himself and the church, Rev. Maurice Penfield Fikes, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Trenton, N. J., decided to try an innovation to attract people to hear him preach and their nickels and dimes from their unwilling pockets. He introduced pretty girls as ushers and is more than pleased with the results of the first experiment. Mr. Fikes had the sagacity to make announcement of the fact that the young women would show young folks to their seats and take up the collection. He was careful, too, to pick out six of the prettiest girls in his flock, so the church had more young men in its pews than had ever before been seen there. Every seat in the church was filled long before services were begun, and it was necessary to get chairs in the aisles. As ushers the girls were a grand success, but their best services was given when the time came to take up the collection. The innovation doesn't meet with the approval of the other preachers, who say that when people are drawn to a

that the wizards of the scalpel may save their lives. Joseph Davenne, a Frenchman, was in such a condition when he allowed the doctors to clean his heart. He had long been a sufferer from fatty degeneration of that organ. He knew he could not live much longer when he took the chance the scientists proposed. They cut Joseph's ribs apart, showing the lungs, with all their fine, shining membranes. These were thrust aside and four swiftly moving hands were busily engaged in scraping the fat from the sides of the heart. The entire process covered only a few moments. But it was enough. The man was dead. The surgeons engaged sent a full account of the affair to a medical journal. The law did not hold them to account because Davenne had left a paper stating that the experiment was tried at his own request.

Paper Making in Corea.

The best quality of paper used in China and Japan is made in Corea. The Coreans gather the bark of the broussonetia padhyrifera tree in the spring. They soak the bark in lye made from wood ashes and water, beating the bark until it becomes a soft pulp. They then remove the pulp to large bamboo frames, spreading it very thin, and let it dry in the sun. When dry they cut

MARRIAGE NOT IN HER MIND.

A Mistake Made by a Studious Girl Caused Much Laughter.

An informal afternoon banquet was recently arranged by the graduating class of a local institution of learning. The girls, of which there were a number, formed as usual a vision of loveliness, while the young man, as sometimes happens, were permitted to call attention to it. Amid the merry clink of glasses, and while strong lemonade and root beer flowed like water, story after story was told, retold and laughed at. The best practical jokes of the year were rehearsed. The merriment of the whole crowd was directed by one unhappy allusion after another on every one in turn. The man who had received the highest average and was to deliver the valedictory persisted in talking seriously, but was choked off early in the proceedings. Nobody wanted to listen to how he won the prize or how near he came to losing it. The school year was over, and they were all thinking of something else. Occasionally there would be a lull in the hilarity to allow the regular program to find its way through the entertainment.

First a tall girl got up to read a poem which she had composed for the occasion. She compared the class to a tree. The young ladies were the buds and the boys the limbs. She was followed by an equally short young man, who had written a class history. He prefaced this by a lengthy essay, entitled, "What Makes History?" to which a mischievous girl added in an undertone, "so tiresome."

Next one of the professors got up to explain the functions of criticism. He gave practical illustration of his remarks he applied them to the valedictor. These he criticised thoroughly, but as he had been on the committee of arrangements he found them all excellent.

As the afternoon wore away, however, every one became more thoughtful. They began to discuss their plans for the future. The young men didn't seem to have any plans, so they sat and listened. One of the fair graduates was going abroad, another to study art. Another felt she was destined for a musical career, a fourth wanted to engage in church work. Finally they came to a rather studious girl, who was perhaps the senior of the class. It was the impression that she was going to continue her studies as a post graduate. When asked what she intended to do during the coming year she replied: "I'm going to get a fellow." Here something stuck in her throat, and, although it seemed an almost infinitesimal space of time, the whole company was in roars of laughter before she could add "ship."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Drifting for Six Years.

After a career unparalleled in the history of maritime affairs, the derelict schooner Wyeer G. Sargent, abandoned at sea on March 31, 1891, in latitude 34-42, longitude 74-40, while bound for Philadelphia with a cargo of lumber—her crew being rescued by the schooner T. E. Thompson—after battling with the storms of the Atlantic for nearly six years, has drifted ashore on the uninhabited island of Conception, one of the most dangerous of the Bahamas, and there will end her days. She is shattered and covered with barnacles. Her cargo of lumber long ago has been emptied into the sea through her capsizing, but her stout hull is still held together as firmly as the day on which she was launched at Sedgwick, Me., in 1881.

This most remarkable career just ended has for years past attracted the attention of shipping men all over the world, as her erratic courses about the Atlantic were for months most accurately plotted on the pilot charts issued by the Hydrographic Department at Washington. Her drift was, indeed, more singular than that of the famous old schooner W. L. White, which, although abandoned in the same locality, drifted ashore ten months afterward at the Hebrides Islands, off the north-west coast of Scotland.

The Sargent, in about three months from the date of her abandonment, reached the center of the North Atlantic. Here she drifted about in a most peculiar and erratic manner for some time, until Oct. 12, 1892, when she got into the Sargasso Sea, and experienced shipmasters do not doubt that in this sea she remained until carried out of its influence by unusually fierce easterly gales last winter.

The theory is that the Sargent, after being freed from the Sargasso Sea, came down to the southward and westward with the trade winds and currents, as did several other derelicts.

The Sargent was over 300 tons register, and was built in Sedgwick, Me., sixteen years ago. She was 131 feet long, 31½ feet beam, and 11½ feet deep. Her cargo consisted of about 350,000 feet of lumber.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Guileless Thief.

A story is told about a clever spaniel that took a feather duster from his owner's house, and while playing with it tore out all the feathers. The dog, after being shown the featherless handle, was given a whipping. He disappeared and about an hour afterward, walked bravely into the house with a new duster in his mouth and meekly deposited the brush at the feet of his mistress. By the mark on it she saw that the dog had stolen it from a neighboring store.

The Old Man's Idea.

"Paw, they didn't have any three-ring circuses when you was a boy, did they?"
"No. The shows were so good that one ring was enough."—Indianapolis Journal.

More than half the time when a woman betrays a secret some man is at the bottom of it.



GIRLS PASS THE BOX IN CHURCH.

church simply for the privilege of looking upon a bevy of pretty girls there is no lasting good to be expected from it. But Mr. Fikes says that he believes in getting people into his church and he doesn't care how he does it, so long as the means are legitimate and honest. It took a long time to take up the collection, but when it was over and the money counted there was nearly \$300 to add to the treasury of the church. Previous to the boxes going around Mr. Fikes announced that the Lord loves a cheerful giver. "Give freely and cheerfully," he said, "and the Lord, as well as these good girls, will appreciate it." Then the pretty ushers started out for the money. And they got it. Men who had always been very careful to select pennies for the contribution box recklessly tossed in quarters and half dollars that day, and not one went away from the church without the cheering assurance that the smile he got from the girl who took his money was the sweetest of them all.

Cleaning a Man's Heart.

Every day we hear of some wonderful doing by the doctors. So strange are the achievements at times that people apparently sick unto death will take all sorts of chances in the hopes

the pulp in squares and press it with their feet. The paper is very tough as the fibres of the wood are not broken, but beaten soft. All this work is done by hand. Poorer qualities of paper are made in the same way from the scraps of wood.—Earth and Man.

The Minister's Salary.

Deacon Skinfint—We've failed again this year, Mr. Domine. Can't raise half your salary.
Good minister—No matter. I have had myself appointed a missionary to the heathen, and will soon be in the pay of the Board of Missions.

Deacon Skinfint—Air ye goin' to Africa?
Good minister—No; I shall stay right here.—New York Weekly.

Wanted an Heirloom.

Clerk—I wouldn't like to cut this piece of lace just for one yard, madam; and, besides, that isn't enough to trim anything.
Shopper—Oh, I didn't want it for trimming; but it's so nice to have a piece of lace about the house as an heirloom, you know.—Puck.

Any girl who raves over a foot-ball player would prove to be foud of gritty gooseberry pie.