

A Real Bird

Her eyes are as brown as the thrush's
Her neck like the swan's downy coat.
Is whiter than snow in its whitest state;
And her voice has the tune of a night-
ingale's throat.

Her hair is as black as a raven's wings
Her grace, even when she is still,
Is that of the eagle which soars high
And every three months there is a mill-
ioner's bill.

She's as proud as a peacock, that rain-
bow-bird,
With dignity about her;
With her feet and two little feet plumed-
toed,
My love would in fact be a com-
mate bird.
—Philadelphia Press.

AUNSEL'S WOOLING

By EVELYN SINGER

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The sunshine seemed unusually
pleasant that bright spring morning.
How good it was to be out! How
the birds were twittering and how busy
the birds were, hopping about from
place to place choosing sites for their
summer cottages. All nature seemed
rejoicing that the long, cold winter
was past.

Old Mrs. St. Leger stood for a mo-
ment in the open doorway, enjoying
it all; then she noticed a bit of vine
which the wind had loosened from
the trellis. She stepped on a chair
and stood on a tiptoe to put the truant
back in its place, when she over-reach-
ed and would have fallen had not the
strong arm of a passerby caught her
and deftly placed her on the veranda
door.

"Lucky thing I happened to be pass-
ing or you would have had a nasty
fall if not a broken limb."
"It was indeed fortunate for me and
I am very grateful to you," she said,
as she looked at the tall form bending
over her.

"What were you trying to do?
Bring me a hammer and some nails
and I'll fix that broken trellis for you.
It's not the handiest thing in the
world for a woman to do that kind
of work."

"Seems as though the place needs
quite a bit of fixing. I guess I'll have
to get a man in for a day or two."
"You're a bit like myself, I see. You
miss your partner and I miss mine.
But you're better off than I am; you're
in your own home, while I've had
to give up mine and live with my
children. None of them want me,
so I have to 'live round' with them.
Do you understand. Stay with this
one a while and then with that,
always a feeling that I'm not wanted
and in the end, a mournful tone
that went into his voice and a shade
across his kind face.

She sighed in sympathy as she
said: "I know, and that's what I'm
crying to. The children say that I
can't stay here another winter. Last
fall I had to sell my cow and through
that winter I killed my own chickens.
I hate to give up my little home
where I've been so comfortable all
these years. This living with the
children takes away the independent
feeling that makes one so contented."

"That it does; I'd rather live on
the street than in a place where I
don't feel as though I belonged."
They sat awhile in silence. The
warm spring sunshine fell on their
locks, whitened by the snows of many
winters; their toll-worn hands lay
limply in their laps. The tabby cat was
taking a nap on the old lady's skirt
and his dog Rover, which followed him
everywhere, lay curled up at his feet.
They had spent useful lives and had
worked hard to a winter of quiet
content, which, alas! seemed to have
slipped from the grasp of each. Her's
was a cheery disposition, however,
and she strove to look at the bright
side.

"Well, I've one more summer in the
old place anyway. My tulips and cro-
cuses are looking fine. Horace used
to say to me, 'Wife, yours are the
best and earliest tulips on the
street.' He loved to look at them
and sit at the south window. Just
around the corner I've a bed of pan-
sies and already the buds are show-
ing."

"You've a clump of daisy-down-dill-
ies, 'sow-ers', he said, catching her
spirit. "I always like those for they
remind me of England and my child-
hood's home."

"Listen, do you hear the bluebirds
in yonder grove? See that inquisitive



A passerby deftly caught her.
"I do believe the same robin
sings in our apple tree every spring."
They sat enjoying the warm
spring sunshine, the balmy air and
the chorus of song from Sir John's little
chickadees. A quiet, restful feeling
seemed to take possession of the old
man who presently said:

"Mrs. St. Leger, this is a pretty and
a most little home; you would hate to
leave it as I did when I came here.
We are both well-to-do. Both have
grown-up children, and both without
a care, or nearly so. Now you need a
man about the place, and I a woman.
I've always liked your looks and be-
lieve we could get along pretty com-
fortably together. What do you think
of getting married? We could both
have a home then and not be shov-
led from pillar to post, or made to feel
that we're in the way," and a great
smile came into his voice while his
eyes sparkled.

"I'm a good deal of truth in
what you say, James Crosby, but—
I wonder if we could get along to-
gether?"
"I'm sure we could if we made
up our minds to do it. I'd be will-

DEATH STILL HAND OF GREAT MASTER OF MUSIC



The last note has been sounded, the
last chord struck in the life of Amer-
ica's greatest orchestra leader. After
an illness of less than two weeks The-
odore Thomas, father of the Chicago
orchestra, and one of the city's most
beloved men, passed away on Jan. 5.
Death waved the baton for the last
movement of his life, and the splendid
tones of his soul were merged with
the divine beyond the grave.

Theodore Thomas' Life Work.
Theodore Thomas, one of the most
eminent figures in the world of music,
was born in Essen, Hanover, Oct. 11,
1835. His father, a violinist, gave him
his first instruction in music, and the
boy made such progress that he made
successful public appearances at the
age of 6. The family immigrated to
America in 1845 and his education was
finished under the direction of private
instructors in New York city. Mr.
Thomas was educated as a violinist
and began his musical career as a per-
former upon that instrument. He was
first violinist in some of the leading
orchestras, and was for several years
a member of chamber music associa-
tions. Mr. Thomas played in the or-
chestras which accompanied Jenny
Lind, Sontag, Mario, Grist and other
singers whose names are upon the roll
of the world's most distinguished and
honored musical artists. He also played
in seasons of Italian grand opera in
which these singers took part, and
often conducted the performances.

After making a decided success as
a player, Mr. Thomas organized an
orchestra for the purpose of giving
symphony concerts. The first of these
was given in Irving hall, New York,
in the early '60s of the nineteenth cen-
tury.
From this time Mr. Thomas was
known almost solely as a conductor,
and made for himself a reputation
that is cosmopolitan. In 1868 Mr.
Thomas interested himself in orches-
tra, and a year or two later engaged

STATE GOVERNOR WORKS HARD.

**New Hampshire Chief Executive Tells
of His Tasks.**
Nahum J. Bacheelder, on retiring
from the office of governor of New
Hampshire, gives out a review of his
administration showing the amount of
work involved in meeting the de-
mands of mental and physical, made
upon the executive of the granite
state. It appears that during his ad-
ministration Gov. Bacheelder has taken
part in 265 public functions, has made
166 formal addresses and has partici-
pated in fifty-five dinners elaborate and
dignified enough to be properly styled
"banquets." In addition to twice as
many less formidable gastronomic
festivities. In the two years he has
traveled, in round numbers, 50,000
miles on railroad trains and steam-
boats, in automobiles and stage
coaches. His range has been from
Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., and
he has traveled more or less hastily
half the states and territories of the
union.

New Elixir of Life.
James W. Buck of Portland, Me.,
is 75 years old and declares that he
feels like a centenarian, was a
caller at the White House the other
day. Mr. Buck says he has a medi-
cine that will keep him alive for
twenty-five years. This is the formu-
la: "I buy one pound of Epsom salts
and add to this five table-spoons of
sulphur and the juice of four lemons,
dissolving the sulphur and
salts in the juice. Then I pour in
about a quart of distilled water or any
other kind of water. I put this away
in a bottle and when I feel a little
poorly I take some for a few days."

Kaiser Liberal with Theatricals.
Approves of the Kaiser's latest per-
formance as a conductor of a new op-
era at a dress rehearsal in Berlin, his
patronage of music is something as
magnificent as are his excursions into
the realms of art, mechanics and
chemistry. "I do not think many Ger-
mans know," said the emperor at a
dinner at Count von Bulow's a few
evenings ago, "that I spent last year
out of my private income \$1,000,000
on operas and theaters."

Gen. Kurupathin a Botanist.
Gen. Kurupathin is an expert in
botany and geography, and he is inter-
ested in the progress made from week
to week in all the sciences. Scientific
periodicals are sent to him in Man-
churia from Russia, France and Ger-
many. As an author he is best known
for his geographical works. Agricul-
tural problems engage much of his
attention.

Veteran Actor in Straits.
Harry Mitchell, said to be the oldest
actor in the profession, recently cele-
brated his sixty-eighth stage anniver-
sary in New York. At one time he
was a star and at present acts as an
"extra super" at a very small pittance.
He began his career with the elder
Booth.

Blind Man Operates Typewriter.
Grenner W. Rager is a blind ty-
pewriter operator employed in an Indian-
apolis factory. He is rapid and accu-
rate in an unusual degree, and because
of his inability to correct errors has
learned to make very few. Rager lost
his sight two years ago as the result
of a fever.

German's First Titled Dentist.
Countess Helene von Schweinitz
has just passed a most satisfactory ex-
amination in dental surgery. Germany
has many titled practicing lawyers,
physicians and dentists, but this is
the first titled dentist.

LITANY OF DEAD LOVE

A MEMORY OF BOYHOOD

Farewell, the ties are broken
That linked them in the past,
The parting words are spoken,
The first mad, boyish passion
Has spent its fierce delight—
They stand apart in foolish spite,
And part in foolish spite.

Oh, Love, how may they sever
The bond that held them twain?
To quaff the cup of pain,
But the sweet reason of life,
And taste of bitter grief,
How dear will dawn the morrow
When they are once again?

Their love had too much laughter,
And not enough of tears;
Remorse must follow after,
The first mad, boyish passion
Has spent its fierce delight—
They stand apart in foolish spite,
And part in foolish spite.

We never can recapture
Those joys of bygone years,
That first love's godlike rapture,
Lies quenched in haunting fears,
Who sweetest flame will lose her,
Who loses her will gain,
Though Fancy still pursues her,
Her strenuous lover is vain.

The fairness of the flower
Bloomed richly on your face,
For Beauty was your dower,
The bloom of your young face,
Gray eyes that shamed the morning,
Charged with shy, pure disdain,
Flushed with fine, sweet scorn,
As starshine drenched in rain.

Say, Rose, do you remember
The day you sang his rhyme,
As the nightingale in December,
Like some angelic choir,
No thrush's note rose sweeter,
Than your linnets' carol clear,
With music's accidental melody,
That thrilled the spellbound ear.

Fate keyed their hearts together,
Fitted to the self-same tune,
But fickle as a feather,
You changed with every moon.
Sweet was the summer reason of life;
When he and you first met,
Like some angelic choir,
Then he is a traitor yet!

Your lustrous eyes shone brighter
Than stars that gem the Dawn,
Your buoyant step was lighter
Than soft tread of timorous fawn.
Your nose-lip gave a faint smile,
Than foam from wind-swept spray,
Your beauty's rich and rarer
Than the barbing of May.

Time's up for love and laughter,
For soft vows and bridal bliss,
Remorse must follow after,
And chill sorrow's stingy kiss,
They've had their share of pleasure,
They've drained the sweets of life;
Joy gave them hasty measure,
Love's keen lusty strife.

Farewell, the farce is ended,
Love dies when undefended,
Like some angelic choir,
We never can recapture
The fire on Fancy's shrine,
The smoldering fire will dwindle—
That fire we deemed divine,
—JAMES E. KINSELLA,
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Japanese and the Mule

"So the Japanese rice growers are
not willing to tackle that interesting
native institution, the American
mule, without the aid of home folk,"
said an observant man, "and I can
see where they are right about the
matter. The American mule is a long
eared, quick heeled, snapper flinted
mystery, and no man, no matter how
wise he may be, can do anything with
him unless he has special training.
As a matter of fact, the white man in
America is sadly deficient when it
comes to a working knowledge of the
mule. It is a pity that the American
people are so ignorant of the mule,
a creature who can claim anything like
mastery when it comes to the mule. Some-
how there is something in the nature
of the black man and the mule which
makes it easier for them to get along.
Just what it is I do not know. But
even if the black man will have his ups
and downs, and the white man will
have his, I have seen some very in-
teresting instances of this kind, one of
the most amusing being that of an ex-

Prayer to the Packers

Almighty one who rules the desti-
nities of sheep, cows, pigs, farmers,
chickens and other live stock, please
your ears near the ground and listen
of art.
Eternal and ever growing ones, who
kill, kill, kill and chop and scrape and
slash and can, who fry and boil and
freeze at will; we pray that you con-
fine your boilings and freezings, your
cannings and killing to the tribute we
pay in, nor insist forever on human
sacrifice.
Let the blood you spill be the blood
of beasts and not be the drippings
from corn-husking fingers.
All powerful ones, we do not ask to
see your books, we do not question
as to your rebates, your private cars,
your methods of ruining small butchers.
We do not care what price you
charge for beef, mutton or fresh
meat. We question not the ingredients of
your croquettes, soups or truffles.
But, oh, great ones, please let us
on. We pray you to call off the
market-keepers who at your dictation
tell us our stock when light is "half
fat" and would bring good prices if
heavy. Make them drop their call for
"light handy cattle" when ours are
heavy.
Oh, rich ones, don't continue to steal
our young heifers and our old bulls.
Tell your menials in the yards to
pray you, that when they skin us, as
they ever do, that our hides do not
reach to the bone.
Stop, we pray you, the daily yawn
of "lack of demand" when you, by cor-
ralling the whole works on land and
sea and on lands beyond the sea, are
the world's dominion. Say that you don't
want our stock and we shall more
greatly respect you.
Oh, large, fat and prosperous ones,
our prayer rises before daylight from
a million farms; range men sing it in
the teeth of the blizzard and in storms
of alkali dust. It must be heard or we
perish and with us your power to work
morally. We care not for the price
you charge the consumer, we cannot
afford to eat of your output. Charge
him as much as you like, great peo-
ple, but divide, oh, divide a fraction
of your spoils with us or we perish.—
William Kent, Genoa, Neb.

How Gypsies Sell Horses

It is to be presumed that a day or
so before there could have been found
gypsies who made up the original
bunch of "rustics" had created a
strong undercurrent of interest set-
ting toward the transformed "plug."
The first show of cash came from
among these masquerading farmers,
whose identity lurked only the mid-
night eye and shifty glance with the
true gypsy slant in the corner of it.
And after hours of palaver over many
made-up Hodges who closed the deal,
bought the horse and paid for it in os-
tentatious sovereigns. The genuine
farmer, for whom the bait was cast,
could not withstand this evidence of
a "rare bargain," and was the more
eager now that it had slipped out of
his grasp. Therefore it was not long
before the "fake" buyer was offered a
bonus of a pound to let go of his pur-
chase and let the horse go and get it
and vanished as if on wings.

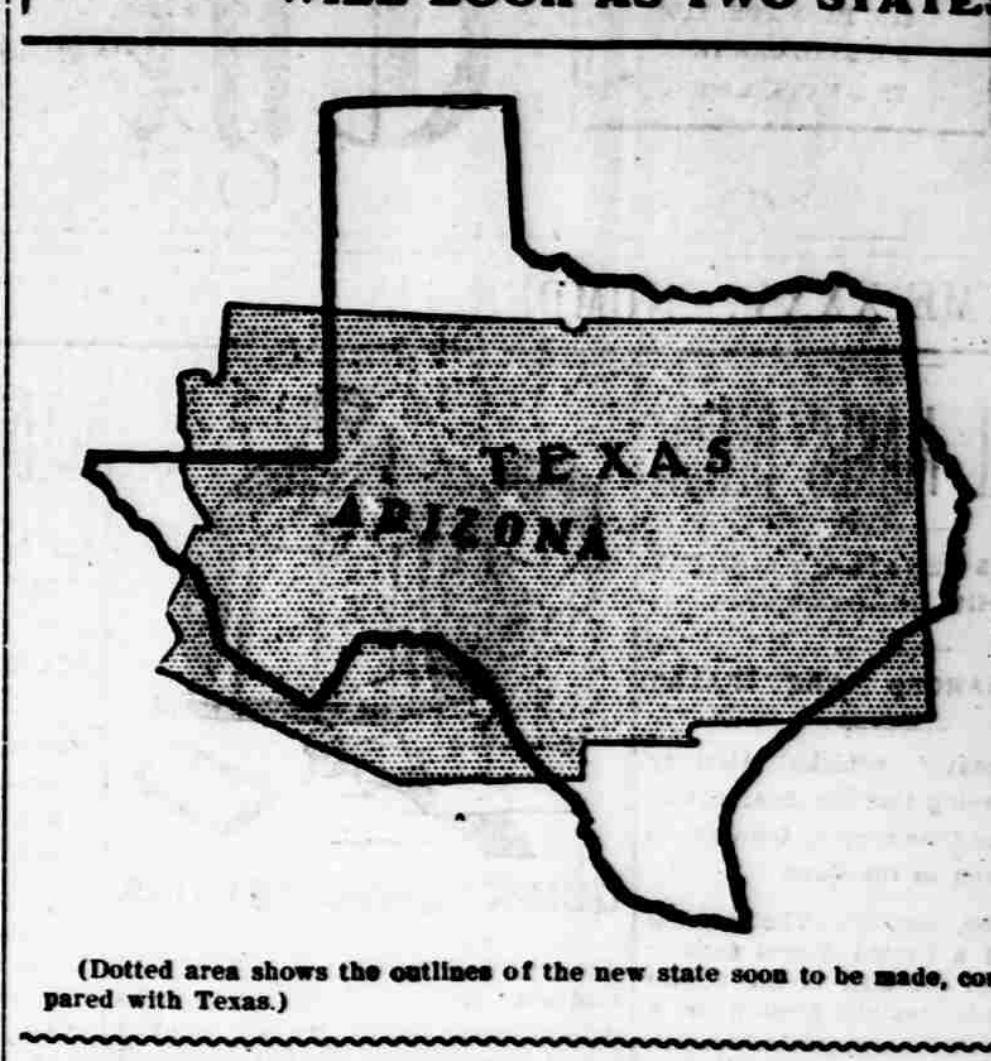
Sign of Coming Death

A large influx of the alalaua, the
famous red fish about which the Ha-
waiian superstition has it that their
appearance denotes the death of a
member of the royal family or some
one occupying a high place, is now
evident in the population among the
Hawaiians on the waterfront.
The schools of alalaua first made
their appearance just a week ago. On
Saturday, Sunday and Monday night
fairly large schools of these fish ap-
peared just prior to the death of the
late Robert Wilcox. With that excep-
tion, the boat boys say that they have
not been seen in the harbor since the
death of Queen Kapili and Prince
Kauilani.—Honolulu Bulletin.

Terrapin in No Hast

Thomas S. Stadden, a prominent
resident of Wadesville, Clarke county,
was in this city recently, says a Win-
chester (Va.) special to the New York
Herald, and brought with him a terrapin
which has a remarkable history.
Just thirty years ago, in 1874, Mr.
Stadden came across the terrapin on
his farm and on the bottom of its shell
inscribed the date. Every time since
then that he has seen the terrapin he
has noted the date on the shell and the
entries are as follows: In 1874, 1875,
1876, 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1884.
On the latter date Mr. Stadden car-
ried the terrapin to a spot near Ste-
phensons, two and one-half miles from
home, and turned it loose. Mr. Stad-
den has always held to the theory that
terrapins and turtles will try to wander
back to the spot of their birth, and so

FOUR TERRITORIES AS THEY WILL LOOK AS TWO STATES



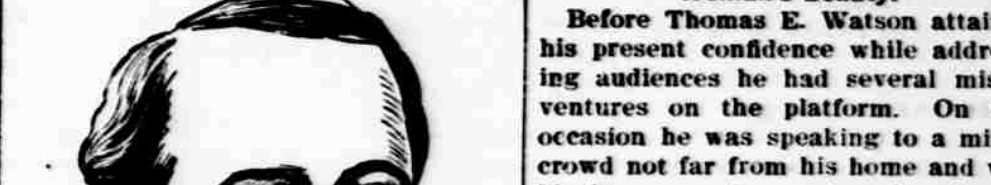
(Dotted area shows the outlines of the new state soon to be made, compared with Texas.)

RECORD FOR SENATE SERVICE.

**Longest Continuous Term Has Been
That of Allison of Iowa.**
With the advent of the new year
and Senator William B. Allison of
Iowa still in his seat, his mind as
fresh, his body as active and his cap-
acity for work as great as ever, he
now holds the record for the longest
continuous service in that august
body. That is more, his present term
does not expire until 1905. And if
his health continues good he will seek
re-election.
Senator Allison's record to this date
is thirty-one years, nine months and
twenty-six days. Until two days ago
the late Senator Morrill held the re-
cord for the longest continuous ser-
vice. While Senator Allison holds the
longest continuous service record, he
has not as yet attained the longest
actual service record, which belongs
to the history of John Sherman.

MYSTERY IN HIS ABSENCE.

**Rich Philadelphian May Have Been a
Victim of Foul Play.**
Owen Kelly, a Philadelphia grocer,
who has disappeared, is believed by
some to have been murdered by the



OWEN KELLY
Clan-na-Gael and by others to have
simply dropped out of sight for a time,
it having been discovered that he was
leading a double life.

Objects to "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
Wilbur N. Roe of Columbus, Ohio,
is writing to Governor McKinley ask-
ing them to recommend the passage
of laws forbidding theaters to produce
the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr.
Roe objects to the play because, he
says, it misrepresents the people of
the south, and he says that every
state should pass such a law, so that
while some speakers in one hall are
talking of the emancipation of sectional
hatred in the United States in the
next hall there may not be a company
teaching the people that Uncle Tom
was killed in the south because he
was good. His protest is based on
his political and not on the artistic
idea.

Cheats Popular in England.
A London weekly says of the an-
nouncement that Ambassador Choate,
so long the representative of this
country in government, has been sol-
icited to recommend the passage
of laws forbidding theaters to produce
the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr.
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was good. His protest is based on
his political and not on the artistic
idea.

Meaning Made Plain.
Maj. Gen. Corbin tells the following
with reference to the militia of the
territory of a northern state taking part
in the recent maneuvers at Manassas:
The guardsman was one day making
heroic efforts to get away with his
first ration of army beef. A fellow
soldier walking near him stopped to
watch, with some "chatter," the at-
tempt of the northerner to masticate
the meat. "What's the matter, Bill?"
asked he. "Oh, nothing much," was
the sullen reply. Then, disgustedly
regarding a piece of beef that he
held in his hand, the Yankee added:
"Now, I know what people mean
when they talk about the sins of
war."

Missouri Farmers for Mexico.
Leslie Marmaduke, representing a
syndicate of St. Louis capitalists, has
selected a site for a large colony of
Missouri farmers on the Mexican ter-
ritory, eighty miles north of Tampico,
Mexico. Mr. Elshart, an engineer of
St. Louis, is now making a survey of
the land preparatory to locating the
colonists. Mr. Marmaduke is a mem-
ber of the well-known Missouri family
of that name, which is most numer-
ously represented in Saline county.
He is a brother of the late Gov. Ju-
s. Marmaduke. Another brother, H.
Marmaduke, commanded the fleet
of the Colombian government in one
of the rebellions in that country.

English "Mark Twain."
The Madstone, England, board of
guardians was recently astonished to
receive a request for a pair of spec-
tacles from "Mark Twain." The clerk
explained that the writer of the letter
was not the famous author of "The
Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer
Finn," but a pauper inmate of the
workhouse. Probably no other person
in the world bears the name adopted
by Mr. Clemens from a Mississippi
steamboat phrase.

Love and Teaching Incompatible.
Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh of the
University of Pennsylvania has been
uttering incendiary sentiments. In an
address at the Lycoming county insti-
tute he gave this scandalous advice
to the male teachers: "You cannot run
a school and a girl at the same time
and do justice to both. Do your court-
ing during vacation."

Many Visit Big Steamship.
The Great Northern railway's huge
steamship Minnesota made a sensa-
tion in San Francisco, being visited by
thousands of people.

Rogers a Giant of Finance.
T. W. Rogers for years has been the
real master of the most stupendous
monopoly in history—the Standard Oil
company. To-day this man, who be-
gan as a newboy in New Bedford,
Mass., is regarded as the most power-
ful agent in the money mills of the
world. He rarely appears on the
stage, his place being held by some
other man, but when he has chosen to
court the limelight other actors have
to content themselves with subsidi-
ary roles. He is president of a great
many corporations of the first impor-
tance.

Blackstone the Great Essential.
"What is the best course of study
to become a successful lawyer?"
asked a law student of Senator P. C.
Knox. "Blackstone," answered the senator.
"Know Blackstone's law and you
know the point of familiarity."
In his student days I copied
every word in Blackstone in long
hand three times. I do not know how
often I have read my Blackstone
through and through."

Girl Writes Prize Essay.
Miss Doris Clark has been awarded
the gold medal provided by the Mon-
tana state board of education for an
essay submitted by a public school
student of the state on the sub-
ject of "Pioneer Day." Miss Clark has
done more or less writing since she
was 13 years old, some of her later
work having met with considerable
favor.

Canal Cuts Distance.
By Cape Horn the distance between
New York and San Francisco is about
14,000 miles. The Panama canal will
cut this to something less than
5,000 miles.