More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice live a fountain for me night and day. what are men better than sheep or goats nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they lift not hands of

prayer.

Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every Bound by gold chains about the feet of -Tennyson.



not presumptuous in aspiring to his

beautiful creature, despite all his suc-

In fact, as he walked the floor that

night he began to doubt the measure

of his own accomplishments when

viewed relatively. Why, indeed,

should this glorious creature, upon

whom the luxuries of the world would

sit so well, choose a life of ordinary

domesticity when the treasures of

the world were laid at her feet. After

all his success meant only the priv-

ilege to keep on working hard, tun-

Nieman was to take her to the opera

of the difficulties of nature. He never

could hope for great riches. Indeed,

he never had coveted them. A liberal

increase he was assured of-but pal-

aces and yachts and leisure and travel

and princely luxuries he could hope

for, if at all, only after many years

more of work and then only by chang-

ing his motives and his ideals and his

On the other hand, there was Nie-

man with all his millions inherited

from both his father and his mother,

invested in securities which brought

an income beyond the hope of spend-

ing-he could give her every heart's

desire and permit her to shine as she

was meant to shine. With him she

could become but a part of his life.

and radiate only his achievements.

With Nieman her own world opened

before her. Emmerson admitted this

sions as established facts, and even

in his repentance failed to declare his

love. He showed it plainly enough

and railed to her at his ill-fortune.

She was provokingly inscrutable and

teasingly coquettish. Emmerson was

driven distracted by her and the love

he had felt for the girl sweetheart he

had left seemed puny beside the

great passion he conceived for the

"When are you going to Midas'

"When he asks me-maybe," she

"Are you engaged to him?" he per

"That's rather impudent," she re-

"Well, if you are not, it is all under-

"The Lord knows I don't blame

stood, I reckon," he went on, disre-

garding the danger signals in her

you. What has a poor devil like me

o offer you excepting a decent living

Just then a servant announced Mr.

"You never offered me anything as

Emmerson leaped to his feet and

started toward her. Just then Nieman

entered, tall, cadaverous, his dead-

white complexion accentuated by the

monocle he affected and Miss Ashton

received him warmly, while Emmer-

son sank back into his seat with a

Nieman was to take her to the

opera, so it seemed, and soon they

went, leaving Emmerson still sitting

"Curse the luck. What did she mean?" he muttered. "Have I missed

still another chance? That fellow

looks like he was going to propose to-

He was right. On the way home in

his carriage, Nieman formally laid

himself and the Nieman millions at

When they returned she found Em-

"Well," he said, "I thought I would

wait and learn the worst," he said.

"Yes," she replied demurely, flush

"And when are you to become a

She walked straight up to him and

"Whenever you ask me, you great

Machines Swallow Nickels.

Since the Nevada legislature legalized slot machines there have not

been enough nickels in circulation,

outside of the slot machine bazars, to

buy 5 cents' worth of gum for a six-

ceived hot from the factory by a Reno

looked into his eyes mischievously.

happy bride," he persisted.

merson still there, greatly to her sur-

yet," she said audaciously, as she arose

and a heart full of love?"

and turned toward the door.

Castle?" he asked savagely one day.

woman he found.

replied.

sisted.

eyes.

Nieman.

surly nod.

night."

prise.

"Did he ask you."

goose," she said.

ing deeply.

gloomily in his chair.

to himself with great bitterness.

Manlike he accepted his co

methods.

neling more mountains, baffling more



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When Harry Emmerson came home her he felt the power of her person crowned with success and honor, the ality and began to wonder if he was uppermost thought in his mind was of Helen Ashton. It was not only uppermost, but all-pervading. Sweet as were the anticipations of his parents' pride and joy over his accomplishments, even these were secondary to the welcome he expected to receive from his bothood sweetheart.

To be sure, no formal engagement existed between them, but it had been tacitly understood when he went forth into the world that when he attained a sufficient measure of success he would return and claim her for his own bride.

The struggle had been fierce and consuming. Success had not descended upon him like a gentle dove. It does in real life. He had wrested it from an unwilling world by desperate energy, self-abnegating persistence, tireless persistence: With no backing of money or influence the. young engineer had found it very hard to get a foot-hold in the slippery path

It had seemed at first that he never would be given an opportunity to show what he could do. But with iron determination he had forced himself to be thorough with the inconsequential things he was set to do and to wait patiently the opportunity he lutely believed would come to him. Nor was a moment wasted. Every leisure hour was devoted to perfecting himself in all the branches of his profession.

So when the opportunity came he was thoroughly prepared and able to avail himself of it. His performances had startled the engineering world and his resources and mastery of prinles surprised the older engineers Then, of course, opportunities crowded upon him and he rose rapidly, until at last he saw an assured career before him and felt his feet upon the rocks of safety.

Then he turned back to the old town and the friends of his boyhood. Then did he feel that he could go back to Helen and lay his heart and his achievements at her feet. Then did he permit himself to go back and hear the old father say, "Well done," and to see the light of pride beam in his mother's eyes.

Now, all this had taken much time. Ten years had gone by since he left, a lad of 20, to do battle with the world. He had not taken time from his strenuous work to so much as visit the old home. Indeed, he had no desire to do so until he could take wreath. He had corresponded with Helen, but not very regularly, and had kept out of his letters all the tender sentiment he felt, because he felt that she must come to him only as the crown of sucss. Nor did he feel justified in paying court to her until he had proven himself worthy. Now he hastened to her with the consciousness of his deserts and eager for his bliss.

But the absorbed young man had orgotten that the years had brought heir changes and their experiences to ether people as well as to him. What, then, was his surprise and dismay to learn before he had fairly argoesip that Helen Ashton was about rived at the home town the universal to become the bride of Herbert Nei-man, the heir to the Nieman millions. At first he was full of unreasoning anger and rushed off post haste to ccuse her of fickleness and reproach her for broken faith. But she receivhim with such evident cordiality and pleasure and her clear eyes look ad so honestly into his that his pur pose failed.

Besides, it was a very different erson into whose presence he was ed than the laughing, mischievs, vivacious girl of 16 from whom he had parted ten years ago. As she came forward to greet him in the full low of young womanhood, tall, seself-poised and beautiful as a roddess, he felt a shock as from



Received him with such evident cordiality that his purpose failed. a bucket of ice water, and instantly it came to his clear intelligence that while he had been growing in his life she had been growing in hers. He realized also that he had established no claim upon her excepting in his wn consciousness. He saw the in-istice and selfishness of his years of lence and he saw the poetic justice of the losing of the main prize of his efforts, after all, as a result of his

year-old school girl. A keg contain-ing \$1,500 in nickels was recently re-

FLATTERY WORTH THE MONEY. Colored Mammy's Enthusiasm Had

The young man, dressed in his best, was walking along looking pretty well satisfied with himself. Standing near a telegraph pole was an old negro As he approached her she costed him.

"Why, Mistah Tom," she said.
"Good mawin' to yoh." The young man stopped.

"Why, Mistah Tom," the old negress went on, "yoh is sutinly de pixcher uf prettiness. Yoh lookin' swell dis mawnin'. Mah goodness, yoh's de nices' lookin' young man Ah's seed in a month."

The young man was pleased. "Thank you, Aunt Nancy," he said, straightening up a little, "I'm afraid, though, that you're a flatterer." "No, sah, Ah isn't, Mistah Tom. Yoh sughly look delightfil. Ah's

de essence uf swellness.

him. He stopped. She hesitated.

"What is it?" he asked. "Well, sah," came from the old negress, "yoh sutinly is lookin' fine an' lookin' young man es yoh 'ud be City Times.

Beginning to Doubt.

laid aside his country paper. "Every week there is something about exposing some big man who was thought to be perfectly honest, and it's getting so you don't know who to trust."

"Once, and that's what's bothering me now. Yes, I was elected to the legislature once. While I was serving as a member a fellow-member came to me and said that my aunt in Iowa had died and left me \$200, and he paid the money over to me. I had never heard about the aunt, and I don't know how he got the money for me, and I am just beginning to doubt."

"Wall, I voted for a land grab and we carried it by only four majority, and I'm just beginning to doubt if I got enough for my vote. I think if I had held out a few days I'd have had an uncle die, too, and got as much as \$3,000 out of the thing."-Baltimore American.

Method in His Madness.

He had called at a house in the suburbs on business, and as he rose to go he said: "I believe you were in the Lake dis-

trict last summer?" "Yes."

"Catch anything?" "One little perch."

said, indignantly:

tell stories in that bold way? You know we caught over twenty fish weighing five pounds apiece; and that big jack weighed eleven pounds."

to take my word for \$1,000. If I h told him of those fish he would have gone away believing me to be the biggest fibber in the country."-Exchange.

Bound to Be in the Procession. About fifty years ago there lived in Barkersville, one of the suburbs of Bangor, Maine, a man by the name of Seth Rogers, a well-to-do farmer, who owned several fine horses. He had one spare horse that he used to let out to his neighbors to help them with their plowing, harvesting, etc. He would always admonish them to be careful of the horse and not work

Rogers for the use of his horse for a part of the day.

warm day, so be sure and not drive him too fast."

"I am going over to Veazie to attend a funeral," replied Joe. "and I'm bound to keep up with the procession if it kills the horse."

Dreaming and Doing.

ticle by Sarah Bernhardt apply not only to the art students, for whom she wrote it, but with equal aptness to the woman ordering a home or the business girl earning her livelihood

"that the successful ones are those but simply work. They love art, and they toil. They make no speeches. never seek to impress others with the in fact, bother their heads about others or the opinion of others at any time. They work patiently, they work year after year; their work improves little by little, and they wake some day surprised to find themselves successful."

The toiler's day begins to dawn, Its golden morn comes gently on; Yon mountain rises from the night With helmet gilded with its light.

There high appears the morning's glow. While black extends the night below. Where prowl the creatures of the dark. Where still is heard the watchdog's bark.

The clouds that clothe the mountain Begin to fall apart, divide; The day shall follow break of dawn And labor come unto its own.

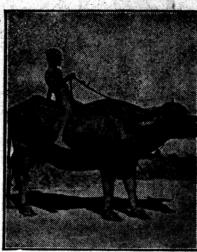
Shall peace not usher in the day; On cloud and crag shall lightning play: Shall thunder's voice the vale awake And wild the storm in fury break.

Shall rather reason's ray serene
With soft effulgence light the scene.
A world where love and labor reign,
With peace on earth, good will to me
—Charles E. Milroy

Under the Eastern Sky

Peculiar Charm of the Orient Felt on the First Landing in Egypt

It is the end of a dream-like week of voyaging over summer seas. The cold fogs of old England, the frozen canals of Holland and the snowcrowned Alps are now but memories of the past. The terraced and vineclad shores of sunny Italy have smiled their last upon us. The fra-grant orange groves of Sicily and the mountainous shores of ancient Crete have melted away into the distant horizon, and the great ship throbs and beats her way ever southward over sunlit waters as smooth as burnished brass. Another evening of stars upon the blue Mediterranean, with the crescent moon reflecting in its waters the symbol of Islam. Another night gently rocked in the dreamland of the deep. Then a glorious sunrise under a warm Oriental sky, and the spell of the mysterious East is upon us. The comes more gentle and balmy as a smell of the tropics is wafted to us



Native on Buffalo.

across the gently rippling waters. Strange felucca-rigged vessels, manned by turbaned Orientals, pass us from time to time, and at last, under the white heat of an African midday, a new continent is sighted. The land of mystery is before us! The Egypt of the Pharaohs! The ancient land of Khem!

The Quays of Alexandria.

With a rattle of chains our anchor goes down, a quarantine boat pulls alongside, manned by a crew of Egyptian sailors in the picturesque garb of the Orient. We resign ourselves and our belongings to the tender mercies of a horde of brigands in turbans, fezzes and flowing skirts, and, presto! We are upon the quays of Alexandria! At last we are in Egypt, the land of the most ancient civilization known to history; the mother of science and architecture and mistress of the ancient world; the Egypt of Moses, of Rameses, of Alexander and of Cleopatra: that Egypt over which Joseph ruled and to which his brethren came for corn; that Egypt whose Pharaoh held the ancient Israelites in bondage and where great Antony fell a captive to the charms of the sorceress queen. Cleopatra. Egypt, the land of our childhood's earliest dreams, is at last

glowing, tangible reality! The journey by rail from Alexandria to Cairo is one of the most interesting experiences imaginable; our way leading through the luxuriant vegetation of the Nile delta, and unfolding a connanorama o Oriental life to our unaccustomed eves. Long. slow-moving trains of camels, loaded with immense bunches of green clover and chicken coops filled with live poultry, are silhouetted. against the distant horizon as they stalk patiently along in single file. Graceful palm forests nod their feathery plumes over native villages of mud huts. Egyptian buffaloes, or water oxen, are seen working in the fields or

baned heads and the flowing beards riding upon the most diminutive of donkeys, and strangely fashioned twowheeled wagons bearing interesting groups of black-robed women with veiled faces, all pass in seemingly endless procession before our wonder ing eyes as we journey down through the biblical land of Goshen from Alexander's ancient capital to the city of the khalifs.

El Masr, as the Arabs call their capital, is the largest city of Africa. and with its superb natural surroundings, its scores of princely palaces, its hundreds of splendid mosques, its imposing citadel and ancient walls, is quite the most enchanting of all the cities of the East.

Cairo, "the many-sided, many-color

Many-Sided Cairo.

ed city of the desert," as it has been aptly called, is the ideal oriental city. and preserves the true spirit of the East. As we ramble through the fascinating and bewildering labyrinth of bazaars; or go tearing through its narrow, crowded streets on the "hurricane deck" of the ubiquitous and inevitable donkey (the "street car of the East") we are carried back in spirit to the days of Haroun Al-Raschid, and all the world of oriental fiction is conjured up by the subtle charm of its dreamy atmosphere. In its older native quarters this "city of the desert" displays delightfully picturesque and purely Arabic characteristics of true oriental architecture, and remains essentially that wondrous city of the "Arabian Nights," which our earliest childhoods's fancy pictured to itself. The most striking features are the immense khans and covered hazaars, the medieval city walls and ancient gates, the mosques with their exquisitely carved and stuccoed minarets, conceded to be the finest in the world, and from whose balconies the sonorous voice of the Muezzin is heard five times a day sounding the Mohammedan call to prayer, the curious winding streets, shaded by carpets and tarpaulins spread from roof to roof as a protection from the mid-day heat, and crowded from wall to wall with towering camels, loaded donkeys, and an indescribable Egyptian population; and lastly, but possibly most characteristic of the greamy, superstitious sentiment of the East, the exquisite lattice-work windows, called "mushrabeyahs," which overhang the narrow streets, permitting the veiled women of the Moslem's household to gaze unseen upon the passing throng; for the law of the prophet commands that the face of a Mohammedan woman must never be uncovered except within the sanctity of the harem.—Los Angeles Times.

Fourteen Terms For Mayor.

Mayor Patrick J. Boyle has been renominated for a fourteenth term as mayor of Newport, R. I. The terms have been consecutive except the year Mayor Boyle was defeated by Frederick Prime Garretson. Last year, in the face of the big pluralities given President Roosevelt and Gov. Utter, he defeated his opponent by a plurality of sixty. At the same time Mrs. Victor Sorchan, sister of Hollis Hunnewell, Jr., was nominated for her third term as a member of the In stormy winter weather Mrs. Sorchan has come from New York to attend the school com mittee meetings. She was unopposed last term by the Republicans.

Verbose Public Documents.

In ninety-nine instances out of every hundred it would seem that the compiler of a public document had exerted himself to see how many



Natives With Crocodile.

ception of their great horned heads. Upon every hand the creaking, groaning, irrigating machines called "sakkiehs." constantly turned by camels. donkeys or blindfolded oxen, lift the lifegiving waters of the historic stream to irrigate the fields of sugar cane which wave along its banks.

Mist of Unreality.

Chattering crowds of half-naked men and chattering women gather at the various stations along the line, clamoring to sell as "kullehs" of Nile water, oranges, Egyptian bread and the rather questionable delicacy kown as "kababs." Everything is new and strange, and seems enveloped in a mist of unreality-that indefinite mystery which imparts the chief charm to the Orient. Soon the mud-walled houses of Tanta, one of the largest cities of the Delta, are left behind us. On our right loom up in the distance those mighty monuments of a bygone age, the Pyramids of Gizeh, Cheops, Kephren and Menkara, awe-inspiring and unspeakably grand in their solitary sovereignty of the desert.

The shining waters of the Nile wind in and out among the distant palms, and mirror in their surface the fellah villages clinging to the muddy banks, while women with large water jars lanced upon their heads, herds of mels loaded with bales of merchan-

reveling in the waters of the Nile, rest- 1 words he could use in telling his ing entirely submerged with the ex- story. Prolixity, not brevity, is the rule. The result is that nine-tenths of the stuff that is turned out of the government printing office, to burden the mails and litter the desks of congressmen and others, is never read. Indeed a great deal of it never comes out of the wrapper that is put on it at the printing office, but is sent to the garbage pile just as it is received. Busy people have not the time or patience to wade through a thousand pages to get a few kernels of information that might as well as not have been given them in ten pages.-Savannah, Ga., News.

> British Postoffice Savings Banks. The annual report of the British postoffice savings bank for last year shows that the total amount due depositors on Dec. 31 last was over £148,000,000. During the year the cash received from depositors was more than £40,000,000 and the repayments nearly £42,000,000. The inter est accruing during the year was £3, 500,000.

Signs of Life. Terrence McGraw—Oi saw Norah O'Toole lasht night wid a black band on her ar'rum. Faith, an' Oi didn't know she had losht her husband.

Pat McGinnis—Begobs! an' it mush be some other relative, fer Oi joost met her not an hour ago, wid her eye

LARGE AND SMALL PACKAGES

"Maria," he said, as he put his feet | mires a tall woman, but he is such a n the footrest and caressed the meerschaum pipe he was coloring, "do you know that you are a lucky woman?" "O, I am, am I?" she returned eye-

ing him suspiciously. "I suppose you mean that I was fortunate in getting you for a husband?" "No, Maria," he explained, "I do not

consider myself such an extraordinary prize in the matrimonial lottery, but I'm better than none. You'll admit that?"

"Ye-es, a little better." "And you're between 5 feet 10 inches and 5 feet 11 inches, if you're

"O, I'm too tall. You don't like-"I admire tall women," he interrupted, hastily. "All men admire tall women, but I was just thinking, Maria, that they seldom marry them. That's the point, Maria. Just call to mind the old maids you know. Is there

a little woman among them? No, Maria; not one in a thousand. Now, why is it? Can you tell me that? And he puffed his pipe meditatively. "I can," she said coldly.

"Perhaps you'll enlighten me," he suggested.

her easily, Joseph; so small that he can terrorize her; so small that she seems his property rather than his partner. That's the kind of creature man is. Do you understand me, Joseph?" "I do," he said meekly. "But sometimes they are fooled, Jo-

consummate coward that /he won't marry any one near his own size. She

must be so small that he can handle

seph; sometimes one of them gets a woman who is big enough to assert her rights."

"Sometimes one does," he admitted; but sometimes he gets, fooled worse than that, Maria. Sometimes, I am told, he gets a four-foot-six woman who has more pepper and mustard and brimstone in her than a giantess. One can't tell by the size of the package just what it contains, Maria. If one could-"

"Well, if one could-" "Without intending anything personal, Maria—nothing personal at all -I may say that some men would have taken larger packages, and some, Maria-some would have tried smaller ones."

Then he devoted himself to coloring his pipe, and she was undecided just "I will," she returned. "Man ad- what she ought to do.—Stray Stories.

SEQUOYAH WAS A GENIUS

Sequoyah, for whom it has been sug- | stands, his trading post being Fort ested that the proposed new state be hamed, was a genius of his day, and all Indians have agreed that his name should be perpetuated by giving it to the state, if separate statehood is granted, says the Muskogee (I. T.) correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-

Domocrat. Sequoyah was half German, and his German name was George Guess Ghiest. He was born in the old Cherokee nation, Georgia. He could neither read nor write, yet was the inventor of the Cherokee-American alphabet, and was styled among the Indians as the American. "Cadmus." He was born about 1763, and died in 1844, while in search of a lost band of Cherokee Indians in Mexico. He perfected the alphabet in 1821, and since 1829 books and newspapers have been pubished in the Cherokee language. In 1822 he moved to the new Cherokee nation, Indian Territory, and lived near where the town of Muldrow now

Smith, Ark., some of the old inhabitants of which still remember him. The Cherokee-American alphabet

contains eighty-six characters, and is one of the wonders of the world, considering the fact that its originator was an illiterate Indian. The Indian mind is remarkable for its association of ideas, and the idea of writing by Sequovah's method was at once associated with branding cattle, and to this day the words, writing, printing or branding are expressed in the Cherokee tongue by the same word: "Degah-la-tah-naah." Sequoyah carved the various characters out of the bark of trees, and to this fact 95 per cent of the Cherokees owe their ability to read and write.

The Bible was translated into the Cherokee language and has been the means of teaching Christianity among these Indians. The Cherokee Advocate, established at Tahlequah in 1844, is still in existence, and is the only newspaper of the kind in the world.

WHEN KUROPATKIN WAS SHOT

At this time of the (at least techni- | collarbone; as usual, he was at the brave and able gentleman's behavior during another war than that which has but just come to an end in the Far East—during the war between Russia and Turkey in the late seventies when Kuropatkin served with marked distinction under the redoubtable Skobeleff. Through all of 1877 the younger man displayed most admirable fighting qualities. His tirelessness and ability had gained for him the highest encomiums of his famous superior. Then, on Christmas day, came the chance shot which laid Kuropatkin by for a time, incidentally showing in a new light the

splendid physical bravery of the man. Skobeleff had taken his stand on a rock to survey the valley which when a ball from a Turkish sharp-

cal) disgrace of Gen. Kuropatkin, it side of his commander. The loss to falls distinctly apropos to hear of that the latter seemed irremediable, while the grief of the file troops, when the ill news ran among them, was so keen and real that some actually shed tears as this idolized leader was laid on a stretcher and borne away.

But the rugged steepness of the rocky hillside was too much for the bearers. One of them slipped, and the wounded man was rudely jerked out upon the ground. "I'll go on foot. It's impossible to be carried!" he muttered, his face convulsed with pain. An orderly took him by the arm and started to lead him up the slope, when he, too, slipped and went down, the officer falling on him. Then a rope was tied about Kuropatkin's waist, the ends being passed over the shoulders stretched away from the Lyssoi Hill, of a brawny Cossack, while two soldiers, one on each side, supported the shooter, hidden among the brush be- General-whose military career was low, pierced Kuropatkin's shoulder and thus ended for a time.

WHAT THE MASSEUR LEARNED

Nubia, the birthplace of massage. "I didnt' learn as much as I expected to," he said, "but I got hold of two

movements that will eradicate wrinkles and remove fat in an incredible "Nubia is a queer place. They have so little water there that they never

take baths. The 'masseh,' or kneading-whence our word 'massage'-is the bath's substitute. You strip, lie down and are covered from head to foot with a cream made of mutton fat, musk, sandalwood powder and certain plant juices. Then you are kneaded, you are massaged. I studied the Nuhian movements thoroughly and learned, as I say, two good things.

"The Nubians are a handsome and queer race. They hunt elephants with the sword. A hunter steals upon a liness thoroughly."

The masseur had just returned from , dozing elephant and slashes him in the back of the leg, ten inches above the hoof. This cut severs the artery and the elephant bleeds to death.

"They cook meat on hot stones. First they build a fire, then they put big stones on it, and when the stones are hot enough they clean them of ashes and embers carefully and throw on the meat. This is a better way of cooking than the broil, for it preserves all the meat juices. But greenhorns don't know what kind of stones to use. Most kinds, heated, explode.

"The Nubians are shapely and handsome. They never wrinkle, they never get fat, their skins are smooth and fine. They impute these graces to the "masséh'—the massage—that they take regularly three or four times a week. Every masseur ought to go to Nubia if he wants to learn his bus-

MADE HIS TRIBUTE BROADER

United States, Vice President Wheeler was guest of honor at the New England agricultural fair at Worcester. Upon his arrival he was brought to the agricultural grounds in a carriage with Senator George F. Hoar and his brother, Judge E. R. Hoar.

In the crowd that surged about the carriage to get a sight of the vice president there was a farmer from Sutton, who had been indulging in the flowing bowl until he was in trim to his brother, Judge Hoar." approach the president himself. The farmer had great respect for Senator Hoar, and was more interested in seeing him that any other member of the party. He had seen many pictures of the senator, but never the original. The carriage stopped near the Sut- time.

During the administration of Ruth | ton man, and, pushing his way to the erford B. Hayes, president of the side, he extended his hand to the man sitting next to him, and in his most polished manner said: "Senator Hoar, it is one of the proudest moments of my life to have the honor of shaking hands with you. I am one of your farmer constituents, and am free to confess that I look upon you, sir, as the ablest man in the ration."

The man to whom the eloquence was addressed smiled and said: "I am glad to meet you, sir, but, unfortunately, I am not the senator, but The farmer braced himself a second

and then gave the hand of the judge another shake, as he said: "Sir, you

are a darned sight smarter man." Senator Hoar and Vice Preside Wheeler and convulsions about that

DYING IN LIFE'S HARNESS

Hold! for his toil is over—no more labor for him;
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim;
See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the head—Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;
After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load—waiting only to die.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile.
What is the symbol? Only death—why should we cease to smile
At death for a beast of burden? On, through the busy street
That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet.

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will?

Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?

The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless hearts of men

That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor and sleep—and then—

Then for the prize!—A crowd in the street of ever-echoing tread—

The toiler crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness—dead!

—John Boyle O'Rellly.

Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts and straps— Fell, did the burden killed him; one of the day's mishaps—

blind pride.

More than this, as he talked with hank.

"Hello, Aunt Nancy," he said.

mighty proud ter know you. You's

The young man smiled and began to move away. "Say, Mistah Tom," she called after

Ah was jist thinkin' dat es good mighty glad ter loan a poah ole niggah woman er quahtah."-Kansas

"It beats all about this political corruntion," said the old farmer as he "Were you ever in politics your-

self?" was asked.

"To doubt what?"

"Go fishing?" "Yes."

"Ha, ha, ha! That's what I expected. Well, good-night." When the caller had gone the wife "Richard, how can you sit there and

"My dear wife," returned the husband, soothingly, "you don't know human nature. That man is now willing

him too hard. One morning Joe Clark applied to

"Yes, you can have him." said Rogers, "but it is going to be a pretty

"Those who dream do not do. Those who do have no time to dream." These epigrams from a recent ar-

out of the home. "It seems to me," she continues. who never think at all about success certainty of their own success; never,

Labor's Dawn.

The light that tips you mountain's crest Portends the age of darkness past; That gloomy night shall lose its sway; The world of toil shall have its day.

dise, patriarchal Egyptians with tur- in mournin'.-Judge.

Only a fallen horse stretched out these on the road.

Stretched in the broken shafts and crushed by the heavy load; Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goad-work to be beast to rise.

One of the passing wonders marking the city road—a toller dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile.

What is the symbol? Only death—why