

The Wife, Children and Farm Residence of the Democratic Candidate for President.

With the one exception of Theodore Roosevelt, there | almost every nook and corner of the United States; he to no man in the United States whose face and personality are familiar to more people than are those of William J. Bryan. The marvelous whirtwind campaigns which he conducted after receiving on two occasions the Democratic nomination for the presidency, together with his many lecturing tours and his writings, have made him known throughout the length and breadth of the republic. A poor man and but little known outside his own State, he sprang twelve years ago into the limelight of publicity when he made his famous free silver speech in the Democratic national convention—a speech which made him the presidential nominee of his party. Since that time he has proved himself a marvel of tirelessness on stump and lecture platform. He has visited | idence of the Bryans, near Lincoln. Neb.

has made an extended tour of the world; he has couducted a newspaper, run a farm, lectured and written. And all the time he has retained his hold upon the admiration and confidence of hundreds of thousands of persons.

For these reasons, aside from any interest felt in themselves personally, the members of his family are of more than ordinary interest to the public. In the above engraving we present in the upper row Mrs. Bryan, who was Miss Mary Elizabeth Baird until she married the coming statesman at Perry, Ill., in 1884, W. J. Bryan, Jr., and Miss Grace Bryan. In the lower row are shown Mr. Bryan's elder daughter, Mrs. W. H. Leavitt, wife of a Paris artist of some merit, and the handsome farm res-

LOVE'S THREADS OF GOLD.

In the night she told a story, In the night and all night through, While the moon was in her glory, And the branches dropped with dew.

Twas my life she told, and round it Rose the years as from a deep; In the world's great heart she found i Cradled like a child asleep,

In the night I saw her weaving By the misty moonbeam cold. All the west her shuttle cleaving With a sacred thread of gold.

Ah! she wept me tears of sorrow. Lulling tears so mystic sweet ; Then she wove my last to morrow, And her web lay at my feet.

Of my life she made the story ; I must weep-so soon 'twas told' But your name did lend it glory. And your love its thread of gold! -Jean Ingelow.

His Social Experiment

THE RESERVE THE PROPERTY OF

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"Well, that spotle the evening for me," observed Strong, gloomily fingering a note which said that the grip would prevent a certain young lady from attending the opera that night. "Sorry Gladys is sick-no, confound it if I am! These eleventh hour excuses are getting too frequent. I won't stand I wonder if Elizabeth Miller be mused, continuing his "No. I'll stay at home to-What right has a girl to make a fellow miserable, anyhow? I-come

"And here's your mendin', Mr. How. ard," said the young woman who entared. She addressed him according to in his family before the his parents had given him into an apartment house, where he had found a position for the faithful ser-

"Thank you, Mary," said Strong. without pausing in his wrestling bout with a collar button. "Mary, I have a couple of extra tickets for the theafer to-night. Can't you get Pat to take

"It's always Pat you're tenzin' me about, Mr. Howard, and there ain't a Pat-not for me. I sin't pretty enough and then I'm 35. Sure, it's many a year since I've seen a theater. All our money goes to the doctor. I'd have

"No. Mary; you must not be neglected in that fashion," he said, turning abruptly from the mirror. "Let me be Pat to-night."

"Ob. Mr. Howard, I couldn't-it wouldn't-no, sir. Oh, Mr. Howard, H'a jokin' you are, after all," she exclaimed, as a smile spread over his this and Elizabeth that. She --

"No. Mary. I never was more serious in my life. I am going to give you, Mary McGinnia, the best time of your He. Put on your best bonnet and be ready by a quarter to 8. You live

On Third avenue, 2736, back, three Mants up. But, Mr. Howard-" "No excuses, Mary. Now good-bye.

or we'll both be late." strong's face repeatedly relaxed man to stop. the oddity of the experiment. Its conventionality did not worry him. the wealth and social position of

Castlewood, whom he partien misgivings distilled, dropping into a vacant

tlewood, "for I'm going to take her Mary did in a situation new to her i

nettled. were inclined in that direction, though between two fires at present. But, by tering the foyer. Turning, he saw the way," he added, alming a parting Castlewood and Elizabeth Miller. thrust, "I hear that Count de Migny

He's a clever chap." "Smooth might better describe him.

count? He could not determine.

night with Strong, the luxurious carriage, his evening dress and polished

way be stopped at a florist's. "These violets are for you, Mary, and the roses for another nice young

"Thanks, Mr. Howard, and it's the lady with the beautiful eyes that is sick? Oh, I am so sorry," she ex-

ments last year. She thinks everything



of you, Mr. Howard. I could see that fine looking as her mother, why, you'll

said, coming to her rescue.

beth. These flowers are for Miss Hastings, the girl with the heavy auburn hair," replied Strong amused.

appointedly. "I am so sorry. thought it was-I meant-oh. I don't know what I mean. I'm an old goose, Mr. Howard," she finally exclaimed, much distressed.

quired at the door.

"Why-why-ob, spes petter." strongs put him beyond the sting pited the well-drilled man, recovering Cours to-night, Strong?" drawled returned to the carriage with strange

Strong did not beed the many wondering glances his triends cost in his as had planned to surprise Glady's direction that night, for he was doing with that new play-Man- his best to make it a relietter occam change, but she's sick sion for dary. Moreover, he was have ing a beart-to-heart talk with himself r figured. What Mary said and what | not on the list.

"No offense, old man; knew you Francisco. Guess you've heard Gladys Miss McGinnis; and Mr. Castlewood-

pilled Strong.

"Oh, have your way," drawled Castlewood, departing. Strong was between two fires, and knowing it, resented all the more these insinuations. Which disturbed him more, the thought to Elizabeth or the arrival of the

lady who is ill," he explained.

but where did you see her?"

"At the tea you gave in your spart- Mary

plain, and if she grows up to be as

"But her mother was not there," he

"Oh, yes, she kept saying Elizabeth "But I am not talking about Eliza-

"Oh, I remember her," she said dis-

They were now at the flastings' Throughout dinner at the righ that where Strong has ordered the coach-

leaves, and secrete a viscid fluid.

another story, but when it was over "Oh, don't worry," replied Strong, she sighed as if waking from a beautiful dream.

> "Hello, Strong, got here after all, see," came to bis ears as they were en-

"How are you, Elizabeth?" he inarrived here to-day, en route for San quired. "Miss Miller, let me present speak of him. Keep your eye on him. Miss McGiunis." Castlewood, gazing in wonder, forgot to bow, but Elizabeth greeted Mary cordinity. It was a I know absolutely that he's bogus," re- friend of Strong's. That was sufficient for her. Soon, they passed on. "Oh, Mr. Howard! That's the girl

And you don't care-you---" "I have not said I did not care, of Castlewood's recent marked attention | Mary," be said simply, but earnestly.

with the beautiful eyes," exclaimed

Mary. "Ain't she handsome, though!

"An, oh, Mr. Howard, there is the girl with the auburn hair, too!" she At first Mary was ill at ease that interrupted. "Why, I thought she was the sick one."

manners being strange to her, but his came to his lips, as he followed Mary's well, even though the other might be geniality soon put her at ease. On the gaze. In a moment, he was opposite her and their eyes met.

"Oh, Howard-1-1 thought we-1 him expectantly; so gradually hi thought you were going to the opera," she exclaimed in confusion. "You see, came out, but so carelessly that every the count came and I was so much bet. | one of them recognized the four-blad ter I couldn't disappoint him, as he is here in New York for only one evening. But pardon me-let me present finger. Besides, most of them knew "Yes, she has beautiful eyes, Mary, Mr. Strong-Count de Migny." And he had but one knife. then her eyes wandered haughtly to

"And let me Introduce the Duchesa of Kilkenny-Miss Hastings and Count de Mingy," said Strong gravely, though smiling inwardly. The count's French manners brought forth a low bow.

while Gladys scarcely nodded. "And wasn't that the girl?" asked the mystified Mary when they were in 19 the carriage

"Yes," Strong replied, but he was st-

lent for a long time. "She was so uppish to me." Mary finally ventured, "while Miss Miller treated me as if I was a real lady." "And you are, Mary: a thousand times the lady that some one thinks

"But why did you call me duchess?" "That was a little joke on the bogus count," he replied, his face relax-"That will make both of them home. And you say your father is too ill to work, and you support the famfly? Well, you are a noble girl, and don't half appreciate the way you "I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO THE look after me and my apartments," he said, as he assisted her from the carriage and slipped a \$50 bill into her

she is," he said seriously.

"Thanks, Mr. Howard," she said gratefully, thinking it was ber monthly tip of \$5. "This will help father a lot. Mr. Howard, you're given me the best time I ever had. 1---"

"Tut, tut, Mary, It's been a selfish pleasure with me, I fear. I took you as an experiment and a lucky one it's proven. You have helped me open my eres to the true woman-the woman of my heart. I can never forget that Good night."

\_\_\_\_\_\_ An Unennny Plant. On the shores of Lake Nicaragua is to be found an uncarns product of the vegetable kingdom known among the natives by the expressive name of "the devil's moose." Dunstan, the natural-"How is Miss Hastings?" Strong in- list, discovered it while wandering on the shores of the lake. Attracted by cries of pain and terror from his dog he found the animal held by black sticky bands, which had chafed the skin to the bleeding point. These bands were branches of a newly discovered lunch will be served to us by Charcarnfrorous plant, which has been aptly named the "land octopus." The branches are flexible, black, polished, without

There are a lot of ways to get rich,



JOHNNY BAGGED BIG GAME. Lib le Johnny went a-hunting With his blg pop-gun; Out to shoot the twigs and branches And have lots of fun.

low, behind a trunk, napping, Weary Willie sat. Little Johnny accident'ly Shot the Weary's hat!

Pop! the wad of chewed-up paper Hit with all its might. Weary Willie, waked so sudden, Was a funny sight.

Up he leaped, his wild eyes staring, Hand pressed to his head; "Sure as I'm a living sinner A ball hit here," he said.

'And that bullet, cold and leaden, Lodged right in me brain. Handouts and the freight-train rattle Shall be mine ne'er again!"

Then, with sublime resignation, Dropped he in a heap; Thinking that his wound was fatal; Thus he fell asleep. -Brooklyn Eagle.

BLAKE'S KNIFE TRADE.

"Whole handle and whole blade, or we'll call it no trade," and Blake Wilson held out a closed hand, from between the thumb and forefinger of which showed the very tip of what seemed to be the handle of a fine pen knife. "Come, fellows, who's up for a deal? Bring out your knives, Mind though, I'm not trading for any poor

stuff. This is gilt-edged." But the boys looked at the closed hand with suspicious reserve and yet with a certain longing. They believed they recognized the tip as belonging to a pearl-handled penknife which Blake's uncle had recently given him and which was conceded the fines: knife in school; but they were not absolutely sure, and Blake had a reputation for always getting the best of an exchange. He always carried a stock of trading knives, and some of the very poor ones had handles confusingly like the very good ones.

So they shook their heads, and one of them winked significantly as he drew back from the extended hand. "No, my knife is good enough for me, Blake," he said shortly.

Finally the closed hand circled to Charlie Morgan, one of the later ar-"Whole handle and whole blade, or

we'll call it no trade," came the offer, or rather challenge again. "You scared, too, Chartle? Nothing venture, nothing have in this

world. These fellows don't know a good thing when they see it," Charlie drew a little pearer and hes flated. He was not quite certain that he cared to trade. Like the other boys, he believed the tip belonged to the beautiful knife he had seen dy?" Blake exhibiting the day before; but "Gladys Hastings," involuntarily his own four-blader suited him very

> the more costly. However, the boys were looking at hand went down into his pocket and er in the half inch of tip which rose from between his thumb and fore-

"Don't you trade," whispered one boy, warningly. "Better lookout," admonished anoth

But Blake's eyes were challenging him and Charlie's closed hand went suddenly forward.

"Whole handle and whole blade of we'll call it no trade," he said, sharp-

Then the knives were exchanged As he received his Charlie's face grew wrathful, but by a strong of fort he remained silent. The knife in his hand was a cheap two-bladed affair which had seen much service But it was a "whole handle and whole blade," and boyish honor forbade him any redress.

"There's good stuff in that knife. Blake was saying. "My Cousin Bob used it two years steady. Now, these four-bladed things are mostly made think a bit. But here we are at your | if every ne of these biades got broke before either of sours. It isn't such a bad trade as you might think from the outside. I--"

But here a sudden warning from the and a few seconds later the other pupils came hurrying in from the playground

As the last one settled into his seat the teacher raised his hand for

Morgan, one of our new scholars, wishes us to spend Friday at his place. for the girls and little boys. The in a bunch, the dogs collected their Spanish emeralds. To-day the expres miles. Friday, you know, is the day strangers by barking and chasing of any source. for our natural history class to con- | them, but not hurting them in the sider pigeons and domestic fowls. That is what gave Charlie the idea of asking us, for there are several this one day we will consider the |-Chicago Tribune whole school a natural history class. and I will give you a talk which will have the advantage of practical illustrations. In the afternoon we will adjourn to the apple orchard, where lie's mother and sisters. There is also a pond and rowboats and a croquet ground. Now, open your books."

During the rest of the day Blake Wilson seemed unusually precocupled Once or twice he glanced carlon but the advice of a fortune-teller is it Charite. When solicel was done of the list.

"LOOK here," he said, gruffly, "do

you count me in on that racket?" "Of course," answered Charlie heart ly, the irritation of the knife transaction already dismissed from his mind; "we are for having a good time and want you in with the rest of us. What makes you ask?"

"Oh, nothing, only I've been think ng over things a little. I'll come, of course. But first I want to trade back inives. No comments. It's all right. there are several more trade backs I'm going to work on the way home Now, let's scud for the gate. If I can't beat trading knives I can beat he lot of you running."-Washington

STONES OR CANDY.

"Well, my little fellow, what are you going to do with those?" asked Mr. Crossley, after watching a small boy pick up three or four of the largest stones that he could find on the

way," answered the boy, readily. "He a guess at their number. threw a whole lot at me."

"But, don't you think it would be better to throw him some of the candy . which you have in your hand?" was he old man's next question. "That would do him more good, and you, too, my son."

Then Mr. Crossley passed on, leavng Neddy to ponder over the question, Which should he throw, stones or candy? The little fellow looked wistfully at both; at the stones, beause he longed to show his skill in striking the enemy, and at the candy, because he longed to eat it all himself-he cared not to use even one for making peace with a boy who had wronged him

But Neddy was a reasonable lad, ally being introduced. and, after thinking over the matter carefully he could not help seeing that Mr. Crossley was right. Yet it was very hard for him to let go of to share his candy with rought Bill teilly. But he did this very thing, and thereby gained a greater victory than he who conquers a vast army By and by Bill Reilly came sulking around the corner, looking this way and that, to discover what had be come of Neddy. Suddenly, from a place of concealment, out popped the

"Have some candy, Bill?" he asked But Bill appeared incredulous, and after assuring himself that Neddy's othed hand contained no stones, walked up closer to him and said; "Jokin', ain't yer?"

some," and Neddy laid half of the ture of the soil permits it to be used. precious candles into his companion's British Australian. dirty hand.

Bill's face, be said: "'Scuse me, Ned. Why didn't yer chuck stuns back at me? Never mind, I'll never do it agin', and I'll pity him as does- that

is, if Bill Reilly knows it." About ten minutes later, when Mr. rosaley was returning home he found the two boys engaged in friendly conversation. Surmising what had occurred, he laid his hand on Neddy's curly head and inquired: "Weil, my son, which conquered-stones or can-

"Candy," answered Neddy, with a

bright smile. "You see that candy is a better conqueror than stones," added the old gentleman. So are kind words beter than ugly ones. Try to remember that all through life, and you will be a very happy man -Susie A. Grimes, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

CAST UP BY THE SEA. They that go down to the sea in ships learn much of the mysteries of life. From the coast of Africa painting of an old-time sea captain of that town, who long years ago was lost, with all on board his ship in the China seas. The ship sailed front he home port with every prospect of a successful voyage, but she never returned to the home land. Years went by and she was given up as losi; her name was taken from the shipping list, and no news of her came long afterwards a passing reasel pick. ed up off the African coast the por rait of an American sea captain such as the Chinese artists paint, and on the back of the picture was the captain's name and that of the port from which he sailed. The painting was

DOGS PICK MASTER'S SHEEP. While on a walking tour in Scotand on the road to St. Catherine's. we met two shepherds, who, after some conversation, offered to take us a short cut over the moors and show us the clever way in which their dogs

on the hills belonging to different own-"Boys," he said, "I am very much ers. Sitting down on the hillside, the shepherds told their two dogs (in formed an important part. In this Gaelic) to separate the sheep and way the finest emeralds came into a bring their own flocks up to where possession of old Spanish families and we were resting. There were 1,000 as very few had been seen in Europe His father sends the invitation, and sheep or more scattered over the previously to that time, all the best says that conveyances will be sent moor. First rounding them all up stones soon became classed as fine old

flocks belonging to their masters com- by Eduard Zeldenrust. In it the last hundred pigeons on the farm and pactly gathered and brought them in fowls almost without number. For two divisions, one on each side of us.

> SNAKES' BARS. Snakes have no external ears, but

inside the head the ear bones are

very crude. Snakes "hear," however,

by feeling vibration of sound on their delicate scaly covering, and searching for sound vibrations by protruding the wonderfully sensitive tongue which is filled with thousands of microsopic nerves. Their sight is very loom in distinguishing moving objects From "Nature and Science" in St

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The Indians of the United States own about \$35,000,000.

during July and August. Blind women are now employed as operators of private telephone swithboards and for taking dictation on shorthand typewriters.-Popular Mechanics.

Norway is to hold a fisheries and

motorboat exposition at Trondhjem

Maxim Gorky has written a new drama which is about to be published in a St. Petersburg magazine previous to a stage production. It is entitled "The Lowest of the Low," and Is a tragedy of graft.

According to the Novoe Vremya of St. Petersburg, a Norwegian fisherman has fitted up a telephone apparatus "I'm going to throw them at Bill on his boat which enables him to hear Reilly when he comes back this the fish approaching and even to make

> Compensation being refused for a cut tinger, an Hford (Eng.) domestic servant left her situation and wrote to her mistress as follows: "Madam --the cut is worst. The doctor says I have cut the spinal cord of my little finger. If you do not immediately send me 5 shillings a week, I shall insult my Study of weather charts is now gen-

> eral in the elementary schools of Hanover and Schleswig-Holstein with the object of making their value in agri ulture better known. These charts are supplied by telegraph and post to al schools in Germany, but systematic in struction on meteorology is only gradu Jean de Reszke, the famous tenor,

has severed his connection with the Paris Opera-house. De Reszke was ambitious for years to have a voice in which are so tashronated can be not the stones and make a determination the management of the opera-house, and was finally taken in, but after six be our off and arranged ever the tunic months, with the title of singing director, during which time his advice was ignored and no authority given him, he resigned in disgust.

In some parts of Australia the horse is shod with leather, instead of fron. the feet receiving better support; but this novelty is employed only in regions where the ground is permanently covered with grass or fine sand. Though the leather shoe is more expensive than the from shoe the higher price is repaid by the superior advantages. It not impossible the innevation will seen "No, indeed, I want you to have extend to every country where the na

It is a disgrace and a shame that in For a moment both were silent, a city like Los Angeles, populated by Then, as great tears streamed down | December educated Americans, the very name of the town they live in and are but poor Bill Reilly ain't used to sech, proud of and have belped to make should be wife-beaten at their daily hands. Even if late, it is time now to hake a crusade for the official pronunctation which will be followed by every well respecting person with the fear of God and the love of California before his eyes. And that's ever to set and easy to get: Love Angeless. Out West.

The appendement that the Hayward's Health Horticultural Society was prepared to pay a penny for every queen wasp brought to the summer show has coused the secretary to be in undated with waste from all parts of England. Some of the scalers have requested that the money they consider due them should be forwarded by to turn post. The secretary, however wishes it to be understood by semiers that only persons living within the radius of the show will be paid for toeir wasps. - Lendon Standard.

" It is enrious," remarked the grower on the corner, 'that there is no fruit in here travelled to Scarboro, Me, the the world which people are such pour more enrious is that they do their last to spell them after they buy them. The first thing a woman does with a canta one is to stick it into the ice los Now, cantalogues, like most of our ruit, are picked a trifle green, and when they come from the great's they should be put out in the sun for a whole lay, turning them over every few hours and then putting them into the ice box at night." - New York Sun.

While some children were recently feeding the swans at the lake a pigeon allighted quite close to them and one of the boys attempted to capture it, but it flew off over the lake toward a swan and apparently was about to settle on its back, instead of which it closed its the Scarboro sea captain, master of wings quite naturally and dropped into he lost vessel that had left the har-like water close in front of the swan bor as many years ago. - Kennebec | and commenced to struggle. The swan went to assist it, put its hearh under the water and lifted the drowning pigeon into the air. The latter ther made almost a circuit of the lake, eventnally resting on the island.-London

"Fine old Spanish emerales" is a phrase which means something quite' different from what it seems to imply. There never was an emerald mined in There were three flocks of sheep Spain, but after the conquest of Peru the conquerors brought some great quantities of loot, of which emeralds rest of us will walk, as it is only two lown sheep together, driving away the sion still applies to the best emeralds

A letter written by Count Grzymala, who was an ardent admirer of Chopin. Within an hour they had the two has just been made public in London moments of Chopin are thus referred to: "A few hours before he died he asked Mme. Potoka to sing some melodies by Rossini and Bellini, and this she did with sobs in her voice. Listen ing to her voice he passed away. Speaking of the funeral the writer with the ink in general use to-day will says: "Mozart's requiem and his own funeral march were performed with the assistance of Lablache, Viardot and the concert society. It was characteristic of the times that the artists should have asked 2,000 francs for this last tribute to Chopin. One would have thought that pride would have kept them from selling their gifts on such an occasion,"

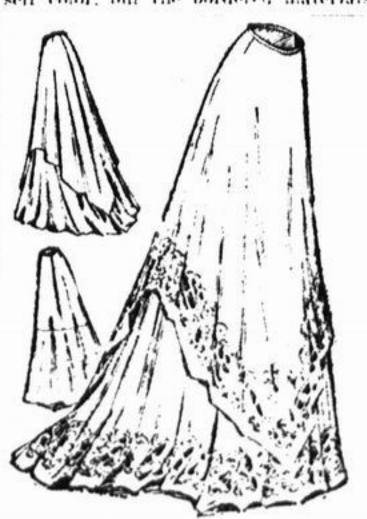
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PALLONS

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

less than 20,000 of the million mark. No horses are to be seen on the farms in Bolivia, bullocks or oxen being universally employed. Luther Burbank, the horticultural

The population of Bombay is within

wizard, is going to introduce his spineless cactus to the deserts of Nevada. It is estimated that the total amount of coal in North China, where are most of the coal fields is 650,000,000,000 tons. One-fifth of the world's surface is

Chemists say that papers written be illegible in twenty-seven years.

uninhabitable by the white man be-

cause of the presence of malaria.

The first record of coal is about 300 years before the Christian era. Coal was used as fuel in Europe as early as

The Colorado fox runs faster than any other living animal, and the cheetah, or hunting leopard, holds second