AN OLD TIME CANDY PULL

When the wintry stars are winkin' Winkin' at the brink o' night. "An' the pale cold moon is sinkin', Sinkin' slowly out o' sight: Then a blinkin' thro' my glasses, My heart gets swellin' full. An' I mind the lads an' lassies At an old time candy pull.

Thar was Mandy Jones, the Parson's gal Land sakes! how my heart jumps! An' Tommy Brown, as stout a pal As ever took life's thumps: 'An' Betsy Smith an' Jimmony Hill, An' Sam an' Mary Dowd, Whose daddy owned the ol' grist mill-An' lots more of the crowd!

I mind we met at old Dowd's place-His kitchen was the best-An' the music o' the ol' mill race Kept time to quip an' jest; Then when the 'lasses was biled down, I tell you it was fun To pull it to a golden brows Till it was proper done!

Then how we danced the 'Giny Ree, Check full o' snap an' spunk— All hands around now—toe an' heel! Each lassie with a hunk O' yellow 'lasses candy Betwixt her laughin' lips-Es? bedtime! Dear me, Mandy! Don't it beat all how time slips?

TWO WIVES.

"It's grown chilly, hasn't it?" "Oh, yes," said Agnes Lawton, with a sarcastic laugh. Sae was huddling in her dapper street gear before the pennon of crackling flame on her friend's hearth. "It's blown horribly chilly,

Marion-for me!" they are the most piercing personali-"Another quarrel, I suppose, with ties! And why? Because I'm not only your husband?" jealous of him-I'm jealous of you! From your serene heights of perfect

"A quarrel this time that ends everything. I'm going to my mother in Bositon."

"Don't, my dear."

Marion Kingsland spoke thus in tones tranquil and low. She was swaying herself softly in a rocking chair, and she had folded her arms in a leisurely way. She was a large, blonde woman -not handsome, but with a beautiful figure and a face full of sweet gravity. "Oh, you've always said that," replied young Mrs. Lawton, frowning at the fire. "But now I mean to disobey your counsel."

"Very well, Agnes; as you please. Remember I've always said one thing. Your husband loves you devotedly-" "Ah, that's the very point, Marion!

He loves me, but not devotedly. He"and here Mrs. Lawton lowered her face and drew out the next words in a dogged, dragging undertone-"he is not faithful."

The oscillations of Mrs. Kingsland's rocking chair quickened the least little bit. "What husband is?" "Yours."

"Oh, Trent-yes! I wasn't thinking of him." She colored, biting her lips. "What is the present trouble, Agnes? Tell me."

"It's very simple. I found a note in Fred's-I mean Mr. Lawton's-overcoat pocket."

"My dear Agnes, what were you doing there?"

"Doing there?"

'You were spying-jealously spying." said Marion, with her usual calm. "Ad-

way. "Having a gossipy powwow with my wife, ch? You didn't expect to see of ethics unless I miserably err. It is a system talked about, written about, me here at this hour, did you? You and, if at some day it will be actively exploited, on that day everybody who thought I was too much of a poor, hardnow lives will lie, as I firmly believe, working Wall street drudge, didn't in graves whose deepest cut beadstones you? And you were quite right.] have grown undecipherable blurs. The am. new woman may dream her dreams

"Trent," faltered Marion.

and even realize a few of them. But, She had instantly seen that her hus after all, it is still a man's world, and band was a trifle paler than usual, and a man's world for many centuries it that some agitation, which he struggled must remain. Fatima will reap nothto hide, controlled him. His eyes, wan ing by her curiosity except unhappidering quickly yet covertly about the ness. So many of them live and die

room, lit on the overcont. "Ah," he said, "it's here." And then in blissful ignorance. And it is so much better that they should. Men are men, he caught the garment up and thrust a and the leopard does not change his hand into one of its pockets. Meanspots. Why not let well enough alone? while he was talking with speed and A wife can tend and water her jealousy now addressed his wife without looking and her suspicion precisely as if they at her.

were two different specimens of fern "The fact is, Marion, I remembered in a favorite jardiniere. Of course when half way down town in the elemarital neglect, ill treatment, rudeness, vated that I'd left an important busiare all autre chose. But I have often ness letter in this cost. Strayne has taken a thoughtful survey, Agnes, of just told me that he forgot to take the my surroundings. They are very much coat upstairs-stupid fellow-so 1 hurthe same as yours, my dear. We often ried downstairs again to get it-Ah. meet at the same teas, dinners, dances. here's the letter I want!"

We know the same set-the smart set, I Marion saw, if her friend did not see, the gleam of a lilac tinted envelope as suppose one would call it-and most of it was swept into a breast pocket of the our men friends are married, like ourselves. And I've repeatedly asked myovercoat which adorned the person of self, judging as much by what they Mr. Trent Kingsland.

don't say as by what they do say, if a And this gentleman, a little flushed after his late pallor, said a few words vast amount of family torture may not be avoided by the simple process of Fatima refraining from all interferof genial farewell to Agnes, made a few buoyant waves of the hand toward his wife and gracefully disappeared.

Here Agnes sprang from her seat by The two women looked at one anthe fire and looked tearfully, impetuother in silence. ously round the tasteful sitting-room of

"Marion," said Agnes, in a voice vibrant with feeling, "ae came back to get that letter. And he was very concerned about it, was he not?" you are talking generalities, but to me "Very."

Agnes hastened to her friend's side. 'Marion, do you mean that you'll never say a word to him, even now?" "No. I shall never say a word to him.

even now." Agnes looked steadily at the floor, as if in deep meditation. Then she caught one of Marion's hands in both of her own

"But will suffer."

"Yes, I shall-suffer." "And-give-no-sign?"

"And give no sign."

Agnes stooped and kissed the hand she was holding. After a slight interval she said somewhat brokenly: "Marion, I-I don't think I'll take the 3 o'clock train to Boston after all."-Collier's Weekly.

Close Shooting.

An Englishman who lived many rears in Africa says that it is now several years since he ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. His wife was sitting in the house near the open door, the children were playing about her, and he was without not far away, busy with a wagon

Suddenly, he says, though it was midday, an enormous lion appeared at a short distance, slowly advanced, and laid himself quietly down in the shade upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, frozen with fear, remained motionless in her place. The children took refuge in her lap, and the cry they uttered attracting my attention, 1 hastened toward the door. My astonishment and horror may be imagined when I found the entrance barred in such a



"HE "Himno Cubanos" is the national anthem of the Cubans; the war song that inspires the patriot with the resolution "to do or die"; that urges him on to glorious victory or to, in his own eyes and those of his people, a more glorious death. . Its stirring notes and words, voiced by many a freeman's throat, have been the preinde to the onsweep for freedom that struck terror into the souls of the hated Spaniards. Like other songs that have been the companion and the inspiration of freedom's childhood days, the origin of this is yet in obscurity. The tune dates back many years, to the time when the spirit of liberty-newly awakened, and yet half-smothered in the patriotic Cuban breast-first began to voice itself in wordless but meaning melody. Furtively breathed at first by some venturesome liberty lover, its notes awakened responsive echoes in many a breath which cherished like feelings and linked in everlasting fraternal bonds hearts that before hardly dared to think aloud the thoughts suggested by the melody. Soon words were fitted and sung to the music. They could have no spirit other than that of the melody. The tune was carried from place to place throughout eastern Cuba, and though the words often varied the theme never. "To arms! Not for glory, but to break the chains of tyranny!" was ever the burden, whether sung in the hills of Santiago or the plains of Puerto Principe.

The exact time of the origin of the tune, or who was the author, is not known. A grateful and free posterity may find him out and link his name to the song as a fitting monument to his genius. Long before the declaration for freedom at Yara in 1868 by Cespedes and his bold Bayamese compatriots the tune, with the words substantially as given above, were familiar to every lover of freedom about Bayamo and the neighboring towns. It was taken up by the army and sung throughout the "ten years' war." Wherever they went they carried it with them. It signalized triumph or solaced defent. It led the triumphal march into the towns and villages wrested from the oppressors, and it infused new life into the drooping spirits defeated by the outnumbering foe. Never put in print, but soon all Cuba knew it and sung it. It was then the "Himno Bayames"-the "Bayamese Hymn"; now it is the "Himno Cubanos." The song, brought from the cradle-side of Cuban freedom-Bayamo-by the band of brave men who first drew for the cause, found an echo in every free Cuban heart, and has been adopted by the Nation.

From Cape Maisi to Cape San Antonio it may be heard, not only timing the martial movements of the patriot army as they fly at the foe, but from the herder on the hill, the plowman on the plain, the belle at the ball and the housewife at the daily drudge. Its full-voiced notes discover every Cuban gathering, and its whistled strains cheer the lonely way of the solitary traveler, though to be heard by the Spaniard is to be accused as a traitor and doomed to death.

MRS. RUSSELL A. ALGER. LEAGUE'S NEW PRESIDENT. providing for the transportation of blweles as baggage, was enacted in New A Leader in Society and in Philan-thropic Work. Isaac B. Potter Recently Elected Head York a year ago. Mr. Potter is an oraof American Wheelmen. tor of ability, a parliamentarian of Mrs. Russell A. Alger, wife of the Isanc B. Potter, who was elected great force, an excellent financier and President of the League of American new Secretary of War in the McKinley an adept politician. He resides in Wheelmen, has been prominent in the Cabinet, is well known in Detroit for Brooklyn in a palatial home, which he her amiability and goodness of heart. cycling world for many years. His acrecently constructed to harbor a pleas-She is a hostess of charming manner, cession to the highest office of the ant little woman, who six months ago wide hospitality and innate grace that wheeling organization is, in the estimabeguiled him from the ranks of bachtion of most cyclists, a fitting tribute makes every one of her guests feel perelorhood. If Mr. Potter's previous ento his efforts to procure for blcyclists fectly at home while under her roof. ergetic record is a criterion the league, In the ball-room or in her own home what they most desire-good roads. So under his guidance, may be expected to Mrs. Alger always makes her presence hard has he struggled for improved thrive during his reign as its President, felt. The Algers have been foremost in highways that he became universally Great Ice Avalanche. Detroit society and the functions at the known as "Good Roads" Potter. Five A mass of ice comprising 4,000,000 years ago he established an office in Alger house have been pronounced the

"You're crueler than usual, Marion. I was a fool to come here. Mamma will sympathize, however. I shall take the 8 o'clock train for Boston." "Was the note very dreadful?"

"Oh, it told its own story. And, as you're aware, this is not the first time_'

"That you've gone through your husband's pockets? I know. And the signature?"

"Initials."

"I see. And a very violent quarrel followed."

"The most violent we have ever had. And the last we shall ever have.'

Marion Kingsland stopped rocking. "Agnes," she said, breaking a pause, "I don't know a husband who in public is more respectful, more attentive, more positively gallant to his wife than yours."

"In public!" bristled the other. "What does that mean?"

"It means a great deal more than many a wife gets-many a wife of our acquaintance whom I've heard you openly pity in my hearing. Now answer me frankly. Might not that letter which you found and read have implied a fliritation, a passing sentiment, rather than the very lurid and scandalous interpretation you put upon it. I say, might it not? Think for a moment before you answer."

Agnes tossed her head, decked in a tiny bonnet of tangled pansies.

"Well, perhaps," she presently conceded, with distinct reluctance.

"Perhaps," repeated Marion. "Now that is at least an admission. It puts Frederick in a more pardonable light. But it does not excuse you from being most rashly indiscreet."

"Oh," fumed Agnes, "I do so detest that kind of philosophy!"

"We women can cultivate none that is sounder." "We women, Marion! How would you feel, pray, if your Trent-"

"Never mind my Trent, dear. Let us talk generalities for a few minutes. There's hardly a household that hasn't its Bluebeard's chamber."

"Except yours. And so you can afford-"

"Generalities, please, Agnes, just for a little while. There are Fatimas who do pry, and there are Fatimas who don't. The latter have by far the best time of it-that is, when their Bluebeards treat them fondly and courteonsly. Discretion is a wonderful safeguard to conjugal contentment. The moral obligation with men should be as strong as it is with women. I freely grant you that. But society does not grant it and in the lives of our great-great-great-graudchildren it will

Marion went forward and took the note from her friend's grasp with uncharacteristic speed. She was pale already, but she grew paler as she

ence with Bluebeard's key bunch."

"Oh, Marion," she cried, "you tell me

married happiness, the wife of a man

who worships you, as all the world knows, who is a model of every virtue

under the sun and who probably never

looks at a woman without thinking how

far she falls below you, his ideal, it is

easy enough to preach discretion and

circumspection. You have the key to

all your apartments. You're a Fatima

with a Bluebeard who doesn't know

the meaning of a locked door." Here

Agnes laughed in a sort of hysteric way

and pointed to a near chair. "That's one of his overcoats now." While

speaking she slipped across the room

and lifted a mass of dark broadcloth,

"Why, yes," said Marion, raising her

quiet brows in surprise. "He came

back this morning after leaving for

downtown and ordered a thicker one of

Strayne because of the changed weath-

er. Strayne must have left it there. He's a good servant enough, but he has

Agnes, with another odd laugh, thrust

her hand into one of the pockets.

"You've no fear of finding anything,

you irritatingly happy Marion. You

Suddenly she paused. She had drawn

forth a lilac tinted envelope which had

been raggedly torn open at one of its

"A woman's hand, Marion." she ex-

claimed, "or I've never seen one! And

the date of arrival four days back. It

smells of violets too. Well, really!"

holding it aloft.

his careless moods."

are

sides.

"Agnes!"

her friend.

scanned the superscription and then raised the envelope to her nostrils. She loved her husband intensely and knew that he returned her love. Not the slightest incident of her life had she ever kept concealed from him, and she had always felt confident that on his own side there was a like absolution of confidence and candor. It stabbed her to the soul as she thought now that no forgetfulness had prevented him from telling her of this note. They led fashionable lives, but they led them together. For all that they might sometimes pass hours apart, their constant intimacy and comradery were beyond dispute,

For a few seconds she stood perfectly still holding the letter. Then she went to the overcoat which Agnes had just replaced upon the chair and slipped the letter back into one of its side pockets. She was a woman who had always been held to possess no common share of self-command. She justified this belief now.

"Bluebeard's chamber," she said, with a smile, but it was a smile quite dim and joyless. And then she raised one finger and put it against her lips in a gesure that not only symboled silence, but enjoined it.

Agnes watched her in astonishment. She knew that there was never any pose about her friend; that what Marion seriously did and said were done and said from a sincerity at daggers drawn with sham.

"And you'll never even ask him whom it's from?" Agnes exclaimed. "Never."

"But you suspect-"

"No matter what I suspect-"

"And you'll never let him know you saw it and didn't open it?"

"Never." "But this thing, Marion, will come between you and him. It may ruin your future happiness."

"That can't be helped. If it's what I think it is"-here her placid voice broke a little-"then letting him know would do more harm than good."

"But perhaps it is the merest triffe after all," said Agnes, she herself now generously turning consoler despite her own sorrows; "some request for financial aid or a loan of money from some woman whom we both know."

"Perhaps," returned Marion musingly. And then it passed through her mind: "He would have told me if it had been that. He tells me everything -or so till now I've believed."

"Ah, good morning, Agnos," a voice not practically employ any such system | suddenly said in the half-open door- | quart.

manner.

The lion had not seen me, and I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, and to the window of my chamber, in which I knew my loaded gun was standing.

By a happy chance I had set it in a corner close by the window, so that I could reach it from the outside, and, still more fortunately, the door of the room was open so that I could see the whole danger of the scene.

There was no time to think, for the lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. I called softly to the mother not to be afraid, and then fired. The ball passed directly over my boy's head and lodged in the forehead of the Hon immediately above the eyes, and stretched him on the ground.

There was an instant of fearful suspense. Then I fired again; but the second bullet was thrown away, for his majesty never stirred after the first shot, and I leaped over his prostrate body to clasp my wife and children in my arms.

Only Three Monarchs Crowned. The magnificent and costly prepara-

tions now going on at Moscow and elsewhere for the approaching coronation of the czar and czarina recall to mind the fact that very few European sovereigns have gone through the ancient ceremonies which constitute a "duly anointed king." With the exception of Queen Victoria, the Emperor King of Austria, Bohemia and Hungary, and King Oscar of Sweden, no other reigning monarch has been consecrated by religious rite. In the case of the King of Italy there were obvious reasons why the services of the church should have been dispensed with. It is less intelligible that so Catholic a king as Carlos of Portugal should have been content to take the oath in the cortes and attend a "Te Deum" only in the cathedral. A mere oath, too, sufficed for the establishment of King George upon the somewhat rickety Hellenic a large part of his private fortune in

throne. The crowns of Holand and Spain, of course, are, so to speak, in commission, As to the kalser, he did not even care to go through the formality observed by increase Mr. Potter's energy toward a his grandfather, who put the crown upon his own head, but deemed it enough mation of his pet desire. He has accomto make a solemn declaration at the plished much good, and it was largely opening of the imperial parliament .-London letter.

Amelia's Age. Ada-I notice Amelia has dated her letter 1890.

reached 1897 yet .- Yonkers Statesman,

One hundred spoonfuls make one

New York for the purpose of spreading the gospel of better roads. Through his efforts tons of literature have been circulated in every quarter of the United States. They fairly shrieked good roads. Thousands of draft horses in New York had their bodies ornamented with protective shields and theirs eyes canopied with canvas hoods. On the shields and hoods the device, "We want good roads" appeared. Three years ago Mr. Potter started the Good Roads Magazine. He expended



the book, and only ceased its publication when directed to do so by the body of which he is now the chief executive, The book died, but its death served to more active campaign for the consumthrough his efforts that the American League of Good Roads was formed. He is an officer of that organization, and in its councils is highly regarded. For two years Mr. Potter has been chief consul of the New York division. Under his aggressive direction the division has experienced a wonderful growth, and by his efforts principally, aided by his associates, the Armstrong law, pro-

cubic feet broke away on the 11th of September, 1896, from the lower part of the Altels Glacier on the Gemmi Pass, in Switzerland. With the velocity acquired in its descent this river of ice rushed across the pasturage and up the western slope of the valley to a height of 1,300 feet along the rocky wall of the Weissflugrat. Not being able to completely surmount this barrier, the main mass came surging back-like a vast · seawave recoiling from the cliffs-with such force that some of it returned to a height of 100 feet up the eastern side. Isolated blocks

of ice were hurled clear over the ridge into the adjoining valley. This aval anche was preceded by a terrific blast of wind, which swept away chalets, trees, men and cattle, as though they had been feathers. These sudden avalanches of ice or snow form one of the special dangers of Alpine climbing.

"Hail Columbia's" First Rendition "Hail Columbia" was written in 1798 by Joseph Hopkinson, when Congress, in session at Philadelphia, was debat ing what attitude to assume in the struggle between France and England. Party feeling ran high, and the air was surcharged with patriotic enthusiasm. A young actor in the city, who was about to have a benefit, came to Hop kinson in despair and said that twenty boxes remained unsold, and it looked as tunate in life's struggle are seldom if the proposed benefit would prove a seen. failure. If Hopkinson would write him a patriotic song, adapted to the tune of "The President's Masch," then popular, it would save the day. The following afternoon the song was ready; it was duly advertised, the nouse was

packed, and, in wild enthusiasm, the song was encored and re-encored .- 1.adies' Home Journal.

Free Libraries in Gotham.

New York's appropriation for free libraries has been increased this year from \$63,000 to \$96,000.

Rice Enters. Rice constitutes the chief article of diet of more than 250,000,000 people in British India.



best and most elaborate in Detroit. Mrs. Alger will find a congenial field for her social proclivities in Washington, where, as wife of the Minister of War, she will find ample expansion for her social nature. Mrs. Alger, while duly appreciating the value of society and its pleasures, is anything but ostentatious. She enjoys pleasant associations, and makes no secret of her pleasure in that respect. At the same time she is not unconscious of the fact that there is suffering in the world, and she is charitable to a fault. Mrs. Alger's face is familiar to the suffering poor, and she is a well-known figure in certain sections of the city where the for-

Curious Marriage Custom.

A very peculiar custom is prevalent in Lithuania. On the occasion of the celebration of a marriage the mother of the bride, in the presence of numerous witnesses, administers to her daughter a vigorous box on the ears, In case of dispute between the husband and wife at any later period this blow may be cited as a plea for divorce, she contending that she was constrained to enter the bonds of matrimony by physical force.

Ohio Will Have to Hump.

The same man was elected in Willlamsburg, Maine, the other day, without opposition, to seven different offices.

Amy-Yes; she won't admit that she's

