

POVERTY.

The people call him rich; his lands stretch very far and very wide; They call him rich, yet there he stands ill-clad and bent and hollow-eyed.

The people call him rich; his gold is piled in many a yellow heap. But he is all alone and old, And when he dies no one will weep.

They call him rich, but where he dwells The floors are bare, the walls are bleak;

They call him rich; he buys and sells, But no fond fingers stroke his cheek.

They call him rich; he does not know The happiness of standing where Sweet winds across the meadows blow And toss the verdant billows there. —Harper's.

Only a Little Singer

NO one knew where Dagley had come from. He turned up one day at the restaurant where I always took lunch, and after standing awkwardly at the door for a few minutes advanced to the table where I was seated.

He began talking to me as though he had known me for years, and although he was making a merry little bluff of being entirely at his ease, embarrassment was written all over his good-natured rural countenance.

It was my vacation time, and as I was a bit bored for amusement, I was immediately interested in Dagley. I offered to show him the town, and, as I expected, he joyfully accepted.

I am sorry to say that Mr. Dagley developed a decided taste for investigating dance halls, beer gardens and like places. But, most of all, he liked to attend all sorts of variety performances. He seemed determined to find something very, very bad.

I took him to a concert hall, and he sat quietly through the performance, merely remarking that it was not half bad. I had expected that he would find it very bad, indeed.

"Seems a pity, though, for all of them nice boys and girls to be going to the bad."

"What boys and girls?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Why, the ones as danced and sung," he replied.

"But they are not bad!" I exclaimed.

"We-I, I was always told they was," was his calm reply.

When Sunday came around I asked him if he did not want to include a visit to one of the fashionable churches in his city experiences. The flowers on the pulpit were always fine, and the music would be worth hearing.

"No, I don't care for the music," and there came into his face a look of hardness and bitterness.

"I used to go to church, but that was before my little girl—"

"Have you lost her?"

"Yes, lost her—five years ago."

"My! Look at that woman!" he exclaimed, as an elegantly attired lady swept past and entered the church.

"Never saw such fine fixings before."

She was a famous singer, the idol of the concert-going public, who, during her short visits to her native city, graciously lent her sweet voice to the church where she had worshipped as a child. When I told Dagley all this he said, the bitterness coming back into his face:

"Oh! She is one of them singing people, is she?"

"Look here," said I. "You ought to be set right in one thing, at least, and I believe that I'll tell you a little story of an experience of my own."

"It was like this: One night I was coming home rather late from the theater. As I turned into my street my attention was attracted to a young girl who stood at the edge of the sidewalk. She was crying bitterly. I was about to pass, when she turned up and looked into my face. She was adorably pretty, and I stopped in answer to the mute appeal in her eyes.

"You are in trouble?"

"Oh, sir," she sobbed. "I have no place to stay to-night. I-I don't know where to go."

"Well, I took her to a lodging house kept by an old lady who, I knew, would care for the girl, and paid for a room for her. She did not seem to be used to that sort of thing, and I could not have done anything else, she was so fair and innocent. Thank God, I found her that night.

"I promised to look in in the morning and see what could be done for her, but I hardly expected to see her again."

"Well, the next morning I was met by the old lady, who told me the girl's story. She had run away from home to go on the operatic stage. It was the same old story of a few months' struggle and failure. Now her money was all gone, and she had been turned out on the street on the night I found her."

"The landlady was a motherly old soul and was quite touched by the girl's story. We arranged that she should stay with her for a few days, and that I was to try to find some employment for her."

"Where is she now?"

"Singing in that church there on the corner. The girl really has a sweet, sympathetic voice, and the choir director was delighted to secure her services."

"Why didn't she go home?"

"Her father told her when she left that he never wanted to see her again."

"Well, wasn't there anybody else she could go to?"

"No. There was a young man she seemed to think a good deal of, but he turned against her, too, when she left."

...THE... ISLE OF PINES

American Utilanders Who Demand that It Be Annexed to Uncle Sam



ISLE OF PINES FARMHOUSE

WHAT is to be the final disposition of the Isles of Pines? According to the decision of Secretary of War Root Cuba is its guardian, but the Islanders, especially the American residents, do not desire any such arrangement and want annexation to the United States.

This interesting situation is the result of the recent Spanish-American war. At the end of the conflict Spain relinquished her ancient sovereignty to the island, and the nations wondered as to its fate. Some said it would come into the possession of the United States; others seemed to regard it as geographically a part of Cuba. The island was omitted from the properly constituted boundaries of Cuba by the Platt amendment, which was ratified by Cuba, and its disposition was left to future adjustment by treaty between the United States and Cuba.

Leading statesmen in Cuba have all along taken the view that the de facto government of the Isle of Pines is only temporary, and that until its nationality is determined it should pay taxes to Cuba, as a part of the Province of Havana. The determination of Cuba to tax the inhabitants of the Isle of Pines brought the situation to a crisis. The 300 Americans who live on the island became defiant. They went to the alcalde, or mayor, of the principal city, and said that they would use force if necessary to prevent a tax levy by Cuba. They insisted that the country should belong to the United States, and as soon as the American flag floated over them they would pay their taxes to Uncle Sam; but never to any one else.

In its independence from governmental control, the Isle of Pines has been simply true to its traditions. For more than two centuries after Columbus discovered it this piece of the world was the home of fleets of pirates, who preyed on the commerce of the Atlantic as far north as the Carolinas and to the southward as far as Rio Janeiro.

The population of the Isle of Pines is distinct from that of Cuba, and is a mixture of the native Indian, the invading Spaniard and the negro slave. Before the advent of the Spaniard the aborigines were divided into two classes, one owning the lands, and cultivating them by means of negro slaves, and the other a shiftless, totally savage race, which subsisted on raw fish and fruits, and wandered naked up and down the coasts.

The Isle of Pines is about the size of Rhode Island. It has many valuable woods and extensive quarries of marble.

"I don't suppose she cares anything for him now?"

"Yes, she does. There! She is coming now."

Dagley glanced up at the girl; then he turned very white, and uttered the word "Jennie" very softly.

With a glad cry the girl sprang forward. "Oh, John, oh, John!" she sobbed. "Do you want me again?"

"Didn't I come after you?"

"And—and, father?"

"He's a-waitin' for you down at the farm." —Indianapolis Sun.

\$15,000,000 FOR A FAD.

Whitney Would Expend That Sum to Win the English Derby.

William C. Whitney, the father of the modern American navy, is willing to give up \$15,000,000 for the realization of an ambition for which the average American would not call a row of pins. "I would give half of my fortune," said Mr. Whitney to a friend recently, "to be able to breed, develop and own the winner of the English Derby. To do that is with me to-day the pinnacle of hope, the summit of happiness." As Mr. Whitney's fortune



WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

is estimated at \$30,000,000, his statement means that to carry off the Derby he would spend \$15,000,000, or enough to build and equip three of the greatest battleships in Uncle Sam's navy.

Mr. Whitney's interest in the turf is comparatively recent. He did not turn to this sport until after he had finished making money, and he has achieved pretty fair results. He owns one of the finest stock farms in the world and some of the greatest aristocrats of the turf. At the head of the establishment is the lordly Hamburg, for which he paid \$40,000, and he gave \$30,000 for Jean Berand. Among the brood mares are a dozen of the finest that money could procure.

On his winter and training quarters at Wheatley Hills, L. I., Mr. Whitney laid out \$100,000, and the training quarters which he maintains at Aiken, S. C., cost nearly as much.

Once Mr. Whitney won the English Derby, but it was a hired horse, Volodyovski, and a Russian animal at that. His ambition is to win the prize with an American mount and one of his own raisings.

Turkeys' eggs take twenty-eight days to hatch.

BLUSHING IS A DISEASE.

It Is Due to Various Causes, but Yields to Medical Treatment.

The girl who blushes is not necessarily modest; she is the victim of a disease of the nerves and requires the attendance of a skillful physician. At least, this is the declaration of a prominent Vienna scientist, and since the Dr. Lorenz craze any new idea that comes from Vienna must have something in it. The man of science in question, who is vouched for as both learned and eminent, avers that blushing should be treated like any other nervous disease, and that in many cases it is hereditary. One of his patients (a man) told the doctor that the fear of blushing, kept alive by the jocular taunts of his friends, had caused him such depressions of spirits that he had several times been on the verge of suicide.

Another patient (a society woman) suffered seriously from nervous prostration in consequence of the teasing of her friends, who made her blush just "for the fun of it." A colleague told the doctor of one of his patients who was driven mad by blushing. Her mental condition was greatly improved by her transfer from a chamber papered in red and furnished in mahogany to a green room with oak furniture. This woman is again in society, but is subject to occasional attacks of blushing that affect her mentally at the sight of red dresses, red ribbons or anything in red. He has discovered that those addicted to blushing suffer less in summer than in the cold months, and that summer is the best time of the year in which to be treated for the annoying disease. —Chicago Chronicle.

Famous Marquand Rug.

Thirty-eight thousand dollars was the price paid for a Persian rug at the auction sale in New York of the art collections of the late Henry G. Marquand. The rug was woven in the fifteenth century as a gift from the Pasha of Persia to the Sultan of Turkey, for the record held by Mr. Marquand showed that it had been found among the effects of the Sultan Abdul Aziz after his death.

Aside from the marvelous color and texture, which is over five hundred knots to the square inch, the feature of the rug is that the inscriptions throughout its border, as well as arabesques in the medallions of the design, are woven in silver thread.

It is a companion piece for the famous carpet owned by the Prince Alexis Lobanow Rostowsky, which was shown in the Vienna Museum's exhibition in 1880. The Rostowsky rug was supposed to be without a parallel in the world, but this carpet, the most highly valued among the textile treasures of Mr. Marquand, contains positive internal evidence that it was made upon the same looms and in the same period, and doubtless for the same purpose as that of Prince Lobanow, which also passed into the possession of its present owner directly from the Seraglio in Constantinople. So far as can be ascertained this carpet is the highest class oriental fabric now in existence in this country.

What Bothers Him.

"Dis ole worl' is bright enough," says Brother Dickey, "ter blaze de pathway ter de next; but de trouble is, de next worl' is blazin' fer some er us most uncomfortable already!" —Atlanta Constitution.

The number of times a man actually runs off with a woman is surprisingly small, considering how many he has in his mind.

ST. PAUL CHURCH NOW A WAREHOUSE

The fact that it had served as a place of worship for fifty-four years did not save the oldest church in St. Paul from falling into the despoiler's hands and being converted into such a place as once urged the Master to rid the temple of the money changers and to say: "Make not my Father's house an house of merchandise." It is already doing duty as a furniture warehouse and bids fair to continue so for years to come.

In 1849 the church was erected by the Methodists of the village, and until



OLD CHURCH, NOW A WAREHOUSE.

1875 it remained the principal sanctuary of the sect. Benjamin F. Hoyt occupied the pulpit as its first pastor. He was not a minister and attended to his worldly duties along with his religious matters.

The church was built with the first batch of bricks made in the State of Minnesota and was used at various times as a place for the getting of the "Almighty dollar." At one time even it was used as a drilling hall for the militia. There is hardly any doubt that the edifice has been accorded its last chance of ever being again sacred to the uses for which it was intended.

QUEER STORIES

Cats and other beasts of prey reflect fifty times as much light from their eyes as human beings.

In Belgium there are no extensive forests or timber lands, and wood for all purposes must be imported.

The river span of the Brooklyn bridge is 1,595 feet long; the Forth bridge has two river spans, each 1,710 feet long.

Of the 8,500 rural free delivery routes in operation June 30 last Iowa led with 771. The other States having the largest number of routes were: Ohio 741, Illinois 706, Indiana 654. The average number of pieces of mail handled on each of the routes each day was 132.

After several unsuccessful attempts and three years labor, the unparalleled feat of cutting a ring out of a single diamond has been accomplished by the patience and skill of Mr. Antoine, one of the best-known lapidaries of Antwerp. The ring is about three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

In case both President and Vice President die or become incapable of acting, the Secretary of State becomes President, if eligible; after him, the line of succession runs through the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney General, the Postmaster General, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture.

It has often been urged that man could not travel at a much greater speed than sixty miles an hour, as no driver could stand the strain upon the nerves. An experienced engineer has, however, it is said, declared that when a man is running his engine at a mile a minute he has reached the limit of mental strain, and an extra half-mile a minute could not add to his task. Further, the same authority gives the reassuring information that, if a train going at a rate of one hundred miles an hour were wrecked, the consequences would be no worse than if the speed had been sixty miles.

Sounded Like It.



Mr. Howell—What's all that screaming in the parlor?

Mrs. Howell—Carrie is singing till Charley comes, just to kill time.

Mr. Howell—Time seems to die hard.

If an old maid loves children, and gets as high as \$40 a month, every merchant she meets sells her something.

Shortly after a married woman inherits money from her kin, her husband embarks on some new business enterprise.

Boys And Girls

Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Trick Candies.
"The trick cigar has its counterpart in confectionery," said a candy manufacturer the other day. "The callow youth who delights in giving explosive cigars to his man friends demands something similar for the candy-consuming sex, and we have to meet the demand."

"The possibilities of a cream chocolate or a piece of nougat are limited, but we have a few contrivances. We make of a very hard candy an imitation of a tooth with a gold crown, and hide it in a cream chocolate. You can imagine the rest—a party of women munching candy, one of them discovering something hard, and finding a gold-crowned tooth loose in her mouth!"

"Similarly, we imitate a bone collar button in a hard white candy, hide a candy shoe button in a piece of nougat, put a bit of cork in a caramel, or fill a candied cherry with red pepper. So long as the sanity experts don't weed out these alleged jokes the candy man has to put up these trick candies for them."

Do It Now.
"What shall I do now?"

Do that thing you intend to do by and by, and can do now just as well.

Don't put it off.

"I must write a letter to John."

Do it now.

"I agreed to see Mrs. Smith about the social."

Do it now.

"I am going to ask John to sign the anti-cigarette pledge."

Do it now.

"I shall make a bookcase."

Do it now.

"I intend to gather all my books and have my own library."

Do it now.

"I am going to do something."

Do it now.

Do not let a moment fly.

Do it now.

Do not say, "Just by and by."

Do it now.

If you would be strong and true,

If success would come to you,

If you have a thing to do,

Do it now.—Pluck.

Baking Day.

It begins on Saturday morning, And we have the greatest fun, When mother and Biddy and baby and I Go to baking, every one!

It's mother that makes the puddings, And Biddy that makes the bread, And rolls out the twisted doughnuts Or cookies, sometimes, instead.

They give me the crust left over, For it's always the pies I make, And in his cradle the baby crows, And helps by patting a cake.

—Youth's Companion.

Legend of the Cowslip.

The goddess Bertha, or Friga, of the northern mythology on one occasion allured a child to follow her to a doorway in a rocky hill by a bunch of cowslips. When the key flower touched it, it opened, and the child passed with its supernatural guide from room to room of the enchanted castle rock, filled with vases containing great stores of gold and jewels, and covered over with cowslips. The child was allowed to help itself from the gold and jewels, but in coming away it had to replace the cowslip coverings, otherwise a black dog would rush out and worry her. Mythologists are accustomed to interpret this legend as a personification of the return of spring each year; and certainly no fairer key than the golden cowslip could be used by nature to unlock the kingdom of heaven or earth and scatter her floral jewels over the earth.—Teachings of Plant Life.

Passports in Russia.

In Russia a child 10 years old cannot go away from home to school without a passport. Nor can common servants and peasants go away from where they live without one. A gentleman residing in Moscow or St. Petersburg cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police. The porters of all houses are compelled to make returns of the arrival and departure of strangers, and for every one of the above passports a charge of some kind is made.

How to Play with Pins.

Stick pin—Place a pincushion on a table or a chair at the far end of the room and give each player a pin. Each player is blindfolded in turn and told to stick his pin in the cushion. As he is bandaged at the end of the room most distant from the pin cushion and is not guided in any way toward the goal, this will prove to be no easy matter.

Pin point—For this game use a basket of apples, bananas, peanuts or bon-

bons. The starting point is marked by the basket and the goal by a book or anything that happens to be handy. See that each person present has a clean, new pin. Every player has three minutes in which to get apples or other trophies out of the basket and run around the room with them. The fruit is, of course, speared and held on the pin. The young person who in three minutes' time lands most apples at the goal is winner in the contest.

Easily Accounted For.

One morning when little Willie, four years old, went out on the walk, he found it covered with sleet. About the first step he slipped and fell down, and went back into the house crying.

"Why, what is the matter, Willie?" asked mamma.

"Oh, I stepped on the ice and the slick side was up."

Healthfully Occupied.

When Wesley was about three years old, a friend who had not seen him for some time greeted him with:

"Well, Wesley, what have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"Been growin'," was the rather unexpected answer.

Wanted to "Realize."

Three-year-old Julia wanted to write Santa Claus to bring her a "shoot gun." When asked what she wanted it for she said:

"I want to shoot one of papa's cattle and get the money out of it, for papa says there is money in cattle."

In Good Company.

"Isn't it a shame, Abe?" asked his father. "You are the second year in one class."

"Shame!" said Abe; "my teacher is twelve years already in the same class, and nobody thinks it's a shame!"

Critically Exact.

"James," said mamma, apprehensively, "have you ever heard Hugh use any bad words?"

"No'm," answered the little fellow. Then, "Well, yes, I did, too, mamma. The other day he said git for got."

TO TEACH BOYS ON SHIPBOARD.

Not Merely Navigation but Full Commercial Course.

Lieutenant Commander C. H. Harlow, United States navy, representing the Nautical Preparatory School, has signed a contract for the construction of the ship Young America by the Perth Amboy Shipbuilding and Engineering Company. Commander Harlow is president of the school, G. H. Elswald, formerly a lieutenant in the navy, is general manager, and C. H. Howland, a naval academy graduate, is secretary and treasurer.

The Young America is to be of 3,000 tons displacement and 276 feet long over all. It will be a full-rigged ship on the old frigate lines, with auxiliary steam power, and will have a spar-deck, a main or school deck, a berth deck, an orlop deck and hold. The hull will be divided into five watertight compartments.

The school is designed to give an opportunity to 250 young men to secure a thorough course preparatory to going to college or embarking in business, on a safe, comfortable ship, instead of on land. There will be a corps of twenty-five instructors, and the executive officer of the ship will be an officer of the United States navy, detailed for the service under the provisions of the United States navigation laws. As far as practicable, all the officers will be United States Naval Academy graduates. The actual work of the ship will be done by a crew of seamen, mechanics and servants, and the cadets will not be required to assist.

In addition to the usual preparatory course of schools, says the New York Times, the students in the nautical school will be thoroughly drilled in seamanship and navigation. The ship will be governed by the discipline and regulations of the navy. The complete four years' course will include cruises to every maritime country of the world, involving an itinerary of over 100,000 miles. Opportunity will be given for direct observation of the commercial customs and commercial relations of various nations, supplemented by lectures and a course of readings in economics and commercial law.

Rear Admiral S. B. Luce, United States navy, is chairman of the Board of Trustees. The other members are: L. C. Weir, S. M. Felton, R. M. Thompson, J. W. Miller, William F. King, William McAdoo, the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Dickey, and Robert S. Sloan.

Cutting Bar Iron by Dynamite.

The dexterity that men acquire in the control of powerful agencies is exemplified in the varied uses to which mining engineers put the high explosives which they are constantly handling. One of the uses of dynamite which is most surprising to a lay mind is that by which the saw and cold chisel have been done away with in the handling of bar iron. When an engineer wants a piece of bar iron or steel of a certain length for any purposes about the mine, he does not stop now to cut it through with saw or chisel. A dynamite cap does the work in a jiffy.

Poverty keeps many a man from making a fool of himself.