

### THE MESSAGE OF THE LARK.

"Sweetheart—Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"  
Calleth the meadow lark  
Thro' the rose of dawn to me,  
So loud and so sweet—oh, hark!  
How tenderly, liquidly clear,  
Over the meadows, I hear  
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"

And I think of my dearest across the sea—  
The blue, blue sea that holds us apart—  
For there is a message that softly breathes  
Thro' the voice of the lark—  
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"

"Sweetheart—Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"  
Calleth the meadow lark  
Thro' the rose of dawn to me,  
And this is the message—hark!  
My thoughts are lovebirds true  
That wing the smiles to you,  
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"

And I think of my dearest across the sea—  
The sea that cannot hold us apart—  
While this is the message that fondly breathes  
Thro' the voice of the lark—  
"Sweetheart—Sweetheart!"  
—Woman's Home Companion.

### THE CLOVERBURG COMEDY.

NEAR Cloverburg, Ky., lived two very respectable old gentlemen. They owned contiguous blue grass farms, each of generous acreage. Both men were descended from good old Kentucky stock, and both were extremely proud of their unstained and honorable lineage.

Esquire Israel Longacre, who got his title from having been at one time a county magistrate, was about sixty years of age, of round figure and strong constitution.

He carried his years well, and although possessed of a naturally kind heart, was at times subject to violent attacks of cholera, during which periods of temporary insanity he would neither reason himself or listen to the reasoning of others.

He married, late in life, a very estimable lady, and had one daughter—a beautiful and accomplished girl—who, at the time of which I write, was just budding into womanhood.

The squire's wife had died four years previous, and since that time his household affairs had been managed by his only unmarried sister, a lady of uncertain age, spare figure and vivacious temper.

The squire—albeit all people and all things were usually subservient to his will—had a mortal dread of his splinter sister, and a wholesome respect for her sharp tongue.

She had absolute control of household matters, and as the squire never interfered with her arrangements, the pair got along very nicely together.

Both loved the beautiful girl who had grown up to womanhood under their eyes, and the heart of the old squire could always be approached through Nellie, who was the image of her dead mother.

The daughter and her aunt—who rejoiced in the name of Dorothea Longacre—never quarreled, and, taken altogether, the Longacre household machine moved smoothly.

The Longacres' nearest neighbor was Col. Anson Shortrood, who at one period of his life rode at the head of a valiant regiment of militia.

The colonel was a widower of long standing, his excellent spouse having departed this life several years ago, leaving to him, as a legacy, a boy, now grown to manhood, who was named Anson, junior, after his father, and who was a model of industry and sobriety.

The colonel's household goddess was a buxom widow, Mrs. Abigail Sloan, who was related to the head of the household by marriage, being the only sister of his late consort.

The colonel was fifty-five, or thereabouts, was tall, angular and bony, and disposed to be unrelenting and unyielding in disposition.

The colonel and the squire had lived neighbors for thirty years, and up to about six months previous to the occurrence I am about to describe were warm friends.

They fell out over a trifling matter. The colonel owned a fine flock of merino sheep, of which he was very proud. The squire was the possessor of a large mastiff dog, of whose intelligence and good qualities he was always boasting.

One night an animal, supposed to be a sheep-killing dog, broke into the colonel's fold, killed a valuable buck and mangled several ewes.

When the doughty military chieftain discovered his loss he was furious, and stormed in true soldiery style.

"What dog could have done it?" inquired the son, who had been attracted to the spot by his father's storm of words.

"Why, that cur of Squire Longacres," bawled his father. "He shall pay me heavy damages, or I'll have the law on him."

"I don't think—" began the son.

"Well, don't think, then!" bellowed his father. "I'll do the thinking."

"But—"

"Shut up!" roared the colonel, frothing at the mouth.

And young Anson was silent.

The colonel hurried back to the house for his cane, and in a few minutes was striding across the field in the direction of Squire Longacres' mansion.

"What's the matter with your father?" asked buxom Mistress Sloan, as young Anson entered the kitchen, where she was at work, shortly after the departure of his sire.

"He's got 'ne of his ma's spells on," was the answer.

"That's plain to be seen," sniffed the widow. "But what, in goodness's name, has brought it on?"

"A dog broke into the fold last night, killed a fine buck and crippled several ewes."

"For pity's sake! Well, I never! That's enough to make a man mad! Whose dog was it?"

"He thinks it was Squire Longacres'."

"Not Bruno?"

"I believe he has only one dog."

"Well, I, for one, don't think Bruno will kill sheep. I know he will not, and the squire is too neighborly and too wise a man to quarrel with, just on a suspicion like that."

"They'll quarrel, though," said young Anson. "Father has gone over there, mad, and the first word he utters will start the squire."

"It's a great pity," commented Mrs. Sloan.

"That's what I say," assented Anson.

And he walked through the kitchen and sought his own room.

He seated himself at a desk which stood in one corner, and drew toward him pen and paper. After a few minutes' hesitation he dashed off a few lines, read what he had written carefully and placed the sheet in an envelope.

After directing it, he affixed a stamp, and, putting the letter in an inner pocket, left the house by a rear door and walked across the field toward the village.

He dropped the letter in the box at the post office and returned directly home. When he reached there he met his father.

"Anson," said the colonel, sharply, "that scoundrel, Longacre, refuses to pay for the sheep his dog killed, and I'm going to bring suit against him."

"Yes, sir."

"I've noticed lately that you've been paying that girl of his a good deal of attention. I want that stopped."

"Yes, sir."

"If I hear of you being together again, I'll disinherit you. She's as bad as her father, and he's no better than a thief. His sister, Miss Dorothea, is a very clever woman, and the only really decent person about the house."

Mrs. Abigail Sloan, who usually spoke of Miss Dorothea Longacre as that "hatchet-faced old maid," told young Anson that night that she for one did not believe in these neighborly quarrels, and she meant to tell Squire Longacre that she had no hand in the matter, and did not believe his dog killed sheep, the first time she saw him.

At about the same time Squire Longacre was standing on the porch of his house, angrily confronting his daughter Nellie, who had just returned from the village.

"Nell," he said, "that old rascal, Shortrood, has been here, and I expect we'll have a lawsuit. He says my dog Bruno killed his sheep last night, and I told him flatly that if he said my dog killed a sheep he was a liar!"

"Oh, papa," protested Nellie.

"Well, he's an unreasonable old wretch, and I'll give him all the law he wants. His son's no better. And hark ye, girl, if I ever catch you and that young puppy together again I'll break my cane over his back and put you in a—madhouse! Do you hear?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, heed, then!" cried the squire, warningly; and he walked in to supper.

Nellie retired to her room, took a letter from her bosom and read the contents eagerly.

"Dear fellow!" she said, and kissed the sheet which had been penned only a few hours before by young Anson.

Then she went down to supper.

But little was said during the meal. The squire was cross and sulky, and Miss Dorothea was evidently in one of her worst moods.

After the meal she put on her bonnet and threw a light shawl over her bony shoulders.

"Where are you going, Dor?" asked her brother.

"None of your business!" was the sharp answer.

"You needn't be so snappish about it!"

"Snappish!" cried the ancient maid, and she tossed her head. "I should say snappish! A man as unreasonable as you are, talk about people being snappish! Quarreled with one of the nicest men in the county."

"He's a scoundrel!" snarled the squire.

"He's a Christian gentleman!" contradicted Miss Dorothea, "and you ought to go down on your knees to him and ask his pardon."

"I'll see myself! If there's any going down on the knees, let him go down to me. He insulted me in my own house."

"I suppose you'd go down on 'em fast enough if that maneuvering old wretch would ask you!"

"She's a lady!" cried the squire.

"You'd better go tell her so. I'll be news to her, I reckon."

"Perhaps I shall."

"Well, you'd better. A lady! Well, heaven save the mark!"

And, with this spiteful reflection, Miss Dorothea flounced out of the room.

She directed her steps toward a grove of maple trees which marked the boundary line between the farms of the two belligerents.

By a curious coincidence Colonel Shortrood strolled in the same direction at about the same time.

The angular soldier and the maiden lady met. They spoke, and finally walked toward a unfrequented part of the grove, arm in arm.

Shortly after Miss Dorothea left the house the squire stole out the back

way and walked rapidly across a wheat field toward a certain big willow tree which stood on the edge of a pond.

By a singular coincidence Mrs. Abigail Sloan, in the course of her serpentine ramble, reached this same pond.

Seated on a fallen log, she and the representative of county judicial honors were soon engaged in an animated conversation.

While these little scenes were being enacted, pretty Nellie Longacre, in the seclusion of her chamber, wrote the following note, which young Anson Shortrood got out of the post office the next morning:

"Dearest An: You know best. We will attend the Lexington fair, and I'll be ready then. As papa has forbidden me to see you, we must manage our correspondence and interviews very secretly. Will be at the old place Sunday night. Your loving little

"NELLIE."

The Kentucky State fair that year came off at Lexington in October. The colonel, young Anson and the Widow Sloan were there; the squire, his maiden sister and pretty Nellie also attended.

On the evening of the second day of the fair, at three several places in the blue grass city, there were three several couples, under cover of the night, drove out of the city by three several roads, which all, however, headed toward the Ohio river.

Everybody has heard of Aberdeen, Ohio, which is of a verity the American "Gretna Green," and most everybody has heard of Squire Massie Beasley, the presiding genius of the little village.

Late on the morning of the night I speak of, a man and woman were ferried across the river from Maysville, and proceeded directly to the squire's house.

A few lusty raps on the door roused his sable assistant, who rejoices in the name of Vulcan—probably because he has assisted in welding so many pairs of hearts together, and he opened the door and admitted them.

There was no light, and he ushered them into a big room which opened directly off the hall.

He was just going for a light when another knock summoned him to the door, and he admitted another couple.

Again he started for the light, and a third knock sounded. He admitted a third couple, and, leaving them all in the big room, he hastened upstairs to arouse the squire.

"Businz ez boominz, boss," he said, when the Great American Matrimonializer jumped out of bed. "Free pa'r uv em, sah!"

"Three!" repeated the magistrate, making a hasty toilet. "Take that lamp down. I'll be there directly."

Vulcan obeyed the order, and when he opened the door of the big room, and the rays of the lamp he carried flooded the apartment, the six people therein contained gave utterance to six quick cries of astonishment.

It was the denouement of the Cloverburg comedy!

Standing in one corner of the room was Colonel Shortrood, on whose arm hung Miss Dorothea Longacre. Facing the military chieftain was Esquire Israel Longacre, whose arm was twined about the waist of buxom Abigail Sloan. In the middle of the apartment stood young Anson Shortrood, holding to his breast 'pretty Nellie Longacre.

After the first cries of astonishment there was a moment's silence, then a tremendous roar of laughter; and then followed such handshaking and kissing, and cries of mutual forgiveness and pledges of eternal love and friendship as probably were never heard or seen before.

Squire Massie Beasley married the three couples, and they went back to Cloverburg together. The lawsuit was dropped, and all parties thereafter lived together in peace and amity.—Saturday Night.

### STOLEN DOG AND REWARD.

What Happened to One of Sir Edwin Landseer's Models.

Sir Edwin Landseer was about to put finishing touches to the portrait of a dog belonging to Lord X., and was expecting a visit from his model, when the owner arrived in a state of great perturbation, without the dog—the animal had been stolen. After talking over the loss with Sir Edwin, the owner decided to leave the matter in the painter's hands, together with a £10 note as a reward for the recovery of the dog. Now, Sir Edwin's acquaintance with the dog fanciers was large, and he summoned to his aid one Jem Smith, who he thought might put him on the right track. He showed the man the picture, and the bank note and promised that if the dog were restored no questions should be asked. Jem Smith said he would do his best, and went his way.

Six weeks later Jem Smith arrived at the studio leading the missing dog by a piece of string. "Is this the dog, Sir Edwin?" There was no need to ask the question, for the animal was the very picture of his portrait. "Here is your £10 note," said the artist, "and I suppose I must ask no questions. But now that the affair is done with, you may just as well tell me all about it." After a moment of hesitation, the man confessed that he himself was the thief. "You! you thundering rascal!" exclaimed Sir Edwin, "then why on earth have you kept us in suspense all this time?" "Well, yer see, guv'nor," was the answer, "I stole the dog, but the gentleman I sold him to kept 'im so jolly close that I hadn't a chance of nicking him again till yesterday, and that's the truth, s'elp me."—London Chronicle.

In order to be sure you are right you must go ahead and find out.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

### IMPROVE THE NEGRO'S CONDITION.

By Ex-President Grover Cleveland.

It is foolish for us to blind our eyes to the fact that more should be done to improve the condition of our negro population. And it should be entirely plain to all of us that the sooner this is undertaken the sooner will a serious duty be discharged and the more surely will we guard ourselves against future trouble and danger. If we are to be just and fair toward our colored fellow citizens, and if they are to be more completely made self respecting, useful and safe members of our body politic, they must be taught to do something more than to hew wood and draw water. The way must be opened for them to engage in something better than menial service, and their interests must be aroused to rewards of intelligent occupation and careful thrift.

I believe that the exigency can only be adequately met through the instrumentality of well equipped manual training and industrial schools, conducted either independently or in connection with ordinary educational institutions. I am convinced that good citizenship, an orderly, contented life and a proper conception of civic virtue and obligations are almost certain to grow out of a fair chance to earn an honest, hopeful livelihood and a satisfied sense of secure protection and considerate treatment.

### WORK OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By David S. Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University.

The twentieth century will be strenuous, complex and democratic. Strenuous it must be, as we can all see. Our century has a host of things to do—bold things, noble things, tedious things, difficult things, enduring things.

More than any of the others, the twentieth century will be democratic. The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century was that of the reality of external things. That of the twentieth century will be this axiom in geometry: "The straightest line is the shortest distance between two points." If something needs doing, do it; the more plainly, directly, honestly, the better.

Democracy does not mean equality—just the reverse of this. It means individual responsibility, equality before the law, of course, equality of opportunity, but no other equality save that won by faithful service. The social system that bids men rise must also let them fall if they cannot maintain themselves. To become the right man means the dismissal of the wrong.

The weak, the incompetent, the untrained, the dissipated find no growing place in the century which is coming. It will have no place for the unskilled laborer. A bucket of water and a basket of coal will do all that the unskilled laborer can do if we have skilled men for their direction. The unskilled laborer is no product of democracy. He exists in spite of democracy.

The lawyers of the future will not be pleaders before juries. They will save their clients from need of a judge or jury. In every civilized nation the lawyers must be the lawgivers. The sword has given place to the green bag. The demand of the twentieth century will be that the

statutes coincide with equity. This condition educated lawyers can bring about.

In politics the demand for serious service must grow. As we have to do with wise men and clean men, statesmen instead of vote manipulators, we shall feel more and more the need for them. We shall demand not only men who can lead in action, but men who can prevent unwise action. Often the policy which seems most attractive to the majority is full of danger for the future. We need men who can face popular opinion and if need be to face it down.

The need of the teacher will not grow less as the century goes on. The history of the future is written in the schools of to-day, and the reform which gives us better schools is the greatest of reforms. Free should the scholar be—free and brave, and to such as these the twentieth century will bring the reward of the scholar.

The twentieth century will mark an epoch in the history of religion. Some say idly that religion is losing her hold in these strenuous days. But she is not. She is simply changing her grip. The religion of this century will be more practical, more real. It will deal with the days of the week as well as with the Sabbath. It will be as potent in the markets of trade as in the walls of a cathedral, for man's religion is his working hypothesis of life, not of life in some future world, but of life right here to-day, the only day we have in which to build a life.

### STRIKES HELP WORKINGMAN'S CONDITION.

By Bishop Potter, of New York.

I believe in strikes, shocking as the statement may seem. I believe in the conservative value of the organizations from which the strikes come. The condition of the working man was never improved until in reply to the demands of a labor organization itself or by the interposition of persons not interested as capitalists or laborers. The real value of the labor organization is that it appears to be the only method by which the great interests which serve themselves best by exacting most can be obliged to yield some consideration to those over whom they have control.

### DEMOCRACY OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University.

State schools are, so far as mental training and the acquisition of knowledge go, vastly superior to either church schools or private schools. Private and church schools tend to breed caste and division among the children of the community. The public school, on the other hand, is the mirror of the republic. In the public schools of a town you have the purest democracy in the world. When we look at hard facts, we see that it is folly to blame the schools for defects of blood, lapses of virtue and blight of character, which neither our laws nor our policy requires the schools to combat. You must blame the church, you must blame the offenders, you must blame yourselves, when your children become the victims of intemperance, vice or impiety.

### INSECT TRAP FOR NIGHT USE.

An Inexpensive Method for Killing Insects That Fly.

The Government Bureau of Statistics is authority for a statement containing figures reaching into the hundreds of millions of dollars as indicating the expenditure applied directly to fighting the insects and worms which damage the cotton, wheat, corn and other crops which form such a substantial part of our revenues. A large portion of this



FLAME ATTRACTS PESTS.

amount, no doubt, goes for the introduction of new ideas which have been devised to aid in the work of destroying these pests, and perhaps this latest trap, the invention of a Kentuckian, will receive a share of attention and serve its purpose in many a field. The inventor takes advantage of the well-known propensity of insects to fly toward a light, the flame in this instance being mounted within a metallic casing, to which entrance is gained through four funnels pointing in different directions. Once within the hood, the insect soon falls to the reservoir beneath, wherein a quantity of insecticide has been placed to complete the destruction of those which escape the actual contact with the flame. Mention is also made of the fumes rising from the liquid and impregnating the atmosphere around the flame to overcome the insects and cause them to fall into the liquid.

New Cure for Kleptomania.

A few years back a West End shopkeeper, prompted by some remarks in Truth as to the best punishment for kleptomania woman shoplifters, wrote to inform me that he had adopted the plan of giving every woman detected in purloining articles in his shop the option of being summarily birched by the manager or prosecuted by the ordinary process of law. The same correspondent now writes to report the result of his operations in this direction up to the present time. In all, he says, twenty women have accepted the ordeal of the birch, in addition to two young girls of foreign nationality, who, in consideration of their tender years, were treated to a milder form of chastisement. I am not, of course, in a position to guarantee the accuracy of this information; I own, indeed, to

### THREE MEN WHO HAVE MADE THEMSELVES WEALTHY AT FARMING IN THE SOUTHWEST.

ONE of the most successful millionaire farmers in the West is David Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo., who has made \$1,000,000 in farming, and who actually owns the largest farm in the world. Rankin has 23,000 acres under his personal supervision, all of which is under cultivation. He began farming with a colt which his father gave him when a lad. He traded the colt for a pair of oxen and with them tilled eighty acres of rented land, until he had accumulated enough to buy a small tract. He had been living in Illinois, but thought better of Missouri as a farming country. So for \$8 an acre he bought great tracts of ground, adding to his fields as the income of the other fields would permit, until he had surrounded himself in thirty years with 23,000 acres, all of which is sown to crops every year. He employs 200 men on the farm. He has 700 teams, and in good seasons he makes \$100,000 clear money. He buys 8,000 to 10,000 head of steers every year and feeds them. He keeps these cattle, not in pastures, but in clean stables and lots, where they are fed from the products of his fields until he is ready to ship to the markets.

Take the Forsha ranch, in Kansas, for instance, where another system is carried on entirely. Mr. Forsha is a believer in the raising of alfalfa, and he has 15,000 acres sown to that. He also raises and feeds cattle for the markets, but he never raises cereals. He has a mill on his ranch, and he buys the wheat from other farmers, makes it into flour, but he raises little wheat himself. He makes from \$10 to \$100 net profit an acre from the alfalfa, and the fields in the fall and winter furnish pasture for his herds. Forsha began ranching and farming in Kansas only a few years ago. Today he is worth several hundred thousand dollars.

John Stewart began farming in Kansas without a dollar. He was working in a real estate office as a salesman. He bought some homesteaders' rights to deserted quarter sections for a mere pittance. A boom came, and in three years he was worth \$8,000. Then he went to Sumner County, Kansas, and began ranching and raising wheat. To-day Sumner County produces 8,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, and holds the world's record in quantity for its size. Stewart bought additional land every year there was a drouth, thereby getting it at a reduction. He has made a large fortune in less than thirty years.

a suspicion—I hope unfounded—that my correspondent is "getting at me" with a view of inspiring wholesome terror in the hearts of women of dishonest proclivities who do their shopping in the West End. But as that is a desirable end, I have no objection to co-operating in it to this extent. It may perhaps be useful if I mention at the same time that, according to my shopkeeping friend, his management is a very muscular woman and her weapon a formidable one. Perhaps some of the shopkeepers of Selby may feel inclined to give a trial to this castigator cure for kleptomania.

### MEXICAN ARMY.

Will Soon Number 200,000 Perfectly Equipped Soldiers.

Mexico, which next to the United States, is the most orderly and stable of all the American republics, is pursuing a policy of military expansion which seems likely to develop a highly efficient system of national defense. It is the desire of President Diaz that within two years the Mexican government shall be able on short notice to mobilize an army of 200,000 thoroughly trained and perfectly equipped soldiers. To make this result possible more than 300,000 boys and young men are now receiving regular daily military instruction in 11,000 public schools of Mexico, and the army will be recruited from their number. This program for the creation of a

greater Mexican army is supplemented with plans for a larger naval establishment, two vessels for which are now under construction at the Crescent shipyard, Elizabethtown, N. J. In this development of her military resources Mexico is following the natural policy of enlightened nations. It is believed in some quarters that the integrity of Mexican institutions will be severely tested when President Diaz retires from office, and that a strong government, including an effective military establishment, will be needed to protect the republic against serious internal disorder. It is possibly with a view of providing for such an emergency that the present movement for a large and trustworthy army has been instituted.—Army and Navy Journal.

### Municipal Ownership in England.

A comprehensive return of the financial workings of the "public utilities" undertakings in British towns and cities has just been given to the public through a government board. It covers the four years ended March, 1902. The principal undertakings carried on by the 299 corporations were: Markets, 223; waterworks, 193; cemeteries, 143; baths, 138; electricity, 102; gasworks, 97; tramways, 45; harbors, 43. The aggregate net profits were \$23,417,522.

Fresh men usually tell stale stories.