

LOVE'S REINCARNATION.

Dear heart, did we meet long ago,  
And walk and talk together then?  
I think that it must have been so,  
If so, I wonder where or when.  
Oft when you blush or smile for me,  
When your eyes droop before my gaze,  
For one swift breath I seem to see  
Some dim, sweet scene from other days.

A gleam of gold on a stray tress  
Of hair on which the sun has shone,  
A loving touch, a soft caress,  
Or in your voice some minor tone  
Brings back to me, like the sweet chime  
Of silver bells on summer air,  
The memory of a by-gone time  
Of life and loving otherwhere.

I know that I have loved you, dear,  
E'er since I first began to be,  
My heart had missed you many a year,  
When, at the last, you came to me,  
And then I knew that I had met  
The one I sought, and by your side  
I stay with nothing to regret,  
Because my soul is satisfied.

The Moonshiner.

THE general opinion prevailing in the village and mountains that Dan Kirkwood was a notorious moonshiner, and got his money from the proceeds of some carefully hidden distillery, where his abundant crops of corn were converted into illicit whisky, while universal, had no positive ground to go on, except that Dan was undoubtedly a rich man, and no one knew how he got his money.

So rumor had it that not only was Dan captain and ringleader of a band of moonshiners, but that in his early days before he came to the mountains swinging along the high road one day, whistling a marching tune, that he had served his term in the penitentiary as well as the army, for breaking into a bank or burglarizing some rich man's residence. The latter tale was started by Bill Jones, a shifty eyed, lanky fellow, owner of a prosperous country store in the village, whose rancor



STRANGE JUBILATION IN HIS STERN FACE.

against Dan was due to a summary dismissal from Dan's farmhouse, when his visits to see Miriam, Dan's handsome young daughter, a slip of a girl of 15, were resented by her father with fiery indignation.

Dalton Fenwick fell into the pleasing habit of loitering away the morning hours with Miriam on the well shaded porch, while her elderly companion, Mrs. Carter, looked after culinary matters, ever dear to her heart; or in the afternoons of those bright summer days they would stroll through the forest, sit on a rock at the foot of Glen Bruin's falls and discuss matters, ethical, social and others, to the sound of the rush of the waters; or they would drive to some distant hamlet lying in the heart of a lonely valley, coming back at nightfall when the last glory of day had fallen behind the undulating ranges and faint mists veiled the peaks.

There must have been some very special cause which absorbed and occupied Dan Kirkwood those days. His horse would be saddled and brought to the door, and after a hasty breakfast he would ride off, over the same trail through the woods, coming back late in the afternoon, jaded, but with a strange jubilation in his stern face, although he said nothing as to the cause of it, or the reason for his continued absences.

That he rode far was evident from the tired walk and drooping neck of his sorrel when he got back, nor did he visit his mill or farm, the young man in charge of both coming nightly to make his report.

Miriam was surprised, then vaguely uneasy, but was too proudly devoted to her father to have any doubts concerning him or his occupation, nor would she ask any questions, as he did not volunteer to explain.

"We are going on a grand expedition to-morrow, dad. I wish you were not so busy and could go with us," Miriam said, placing a loving hand on her father's shoulder.

"I wish I could, girlie. Where are you going? I suppose Dalton will be along?"

"Oh, yes. We intend to picnic in Black Cave. Dear old Carter has gotten up a famous lunch basket. We will drive there in the four-seated trap, and Joe will come along to look after the horses."

Black Cave, half way up Black Mountain, is a singular and rather startling place to visit.

It runs back from the sharp declivity of a precipitous cliff, which is heavily timbered, and the entrance, small and narrow, is so hemmed in by shrubs and bushes it is only discernible to those who know it, while the towering gran-

"POSTED GROUNDS."



An episode of the hunting season.—Indianapolis Sun.

ite boulder into which the cave runs is overgrown with a century-old forest growth of hemlock and pines.

The drive back would have been glorious only Miriam complained of a headache, and the horses being nettlesome and the road rough, Dalton's close attention was required to avoid any mishap.

It was growing toward dusk, but Dan Kirkwood had not returned.

Bill Jones slouched up the walk to the porch steps.

"Not home yet? I thought not. Well, I'm sorry to bring you bad news, but you've got to hear it sooner or later and I may as well tell you," he said, sitting down on the top step with an affectation of ease badly assumed, while Miriam sprang up and looked down at him with blazing eyes.

"The revenue officers have been notified. They must have arrested Kirkwood by this time. He and his gang have a still in Black Cave. They'll be caught red handed. I'm afraid Dan will have to go up. It's a penitentiary offense, you know. He has made piles of money out of it, but it's bad business to fool with the United States government. You'll be well off, even if he is in the pen."

With a hoarse cry Miriam caught up her riding whip from the hall table.

"Get out of here, you cur!" she said, pointing to the gate. "It's a lie and you know it. You are a spy and an informer. Dan will look after you when he gets back."

With a cackle intended to imply indifference Bill retreated from the steps. "I thought you'd cut up rough. Don't like to know where Dad's money came from, do you? Guess they'll bring him home soon."

He was right there, for a squad of revenue officers rode rapidly up to the house, Dan Kirkwood in their midst.

With a low cry Miriam sprang toward him.

"Dad! Dad! It's all a mistake, I know. Tell these men you have nothing to do with it. Send them off!" she cried, her arms around his neck.

Dan's face lit up with a strange look of triumph.

"Come into the house," he said, turning to the men with an air of authority. "Officer, bring your men in, and that fellow, also," he added, pointing scornfully to Bill Jones, who had stopped when they rode up.

While they were dismounting a road cart, driven furiously, pulled up before the steps and Dalton sprang to the ground.

"I wish to speak to this gentleman on a private matter. It will take but a few moments," he said, turning to the officer in command.

"If it's got nothing to do with this business—"

"Nothing whatever."

Dalton drew Dan apart and spoke rapidly and earnestly. Dan's face, in spite of his stern self-control, showed great emotion as he wrung the young man's hand.

They were grouped in a handsome room, Dan's library.

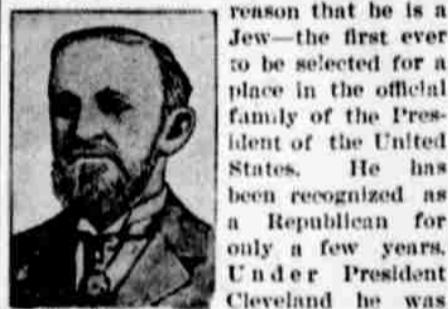
"Gentlemen," Dan said, passing his arm around Miriam, while Mrs. Carter sobbed on a sofa. "You were informed by that cur that I made illicit whisky in Black Cave. That for years I have defrauded the government and grown rich on illicit whisky. You are mistaken. There is a gold mine of considerable extent running back in the mountains from Black Cave. I discovered it, and I've been working it for years. I have legalized my claim. How much I have made out of it is my concern. I kept my secret, not wishing to bring into these mountains a horde of gold-seekers. You may do as you please about it now. Here are my titles. I will sell out and go back to my old home with my daughter as soon as she is married."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

**Cautious to the Limit.**  
Jacks—Townley is an exceedingly cautious man, don't you think?  
Johns—Cautious! Why, he wouldn't pay a compliment without getting a receipt for it.—Yonkers Statesman.

A JEW IN THE CABINET.

Oscar S. Straus to Be Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

The selection of Oscar S. Straus to be Secretary of Commerce and Labor is of more than ordinary interest for the reason that he is a Jew—the first ever to be selected for a place in the official family of the President of the United States. He has been recognized as a Republican for only a few years. Under President Cleveland he was minister to Turkey and President McKinley appointed him to the same place. Even at that time he was considered a gold Democrat, but of late years he has allied himself with the Republican party.



O. S. STRAUS.

Oscar Solomon Straus was born in 1850, son of the late Lazarus Straus, the New York importer. The boy was born in Georgia and remained there till 1865. The war ruined his father, who in that year moved to New York and established a crockery business which became a great success. Oscar graduated from Columbia University, supporting himself while at school by writing for the newspapers. Then he took up the study and practice of law. It was in 1887 that he was appointed minister to Turkey, his knowledge of international law and his natural aptitude for diplomacy making him a success in that position. It was under him that 50 schools and 550 missions were opened and amply protected. All his life he has been a deep student of history and international law and is the author of several works dealing with these subjects. He is president of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, vice president of the National Civic Federation, a director of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum and of several religious and non-sectarian institutions.

Though there has never been a Jew in the cabinet, there have been five elected to the Senate. Judah P. Benjamin was the only one of these who became a leader among his colleagues. He was a sympathizer with the south in the Civil War and was Secretary of State in Jefferson Davis' cabinet. In the House of Representatives there have been about 40 Jews, of whom four are serving at the present time.

FREAKS IN ANIMAL WORLD.

Horses, Owls and Frogs Have Peculiar Natural Defects.

Unlike most animals horses have no eyebrows and hares are minus eyelids. Consequently the eyes of the latter can not be shut and a thin membranous substance covers them when asleep. The eye of the owl is also very peculiar, seeing that it is immovably fixed in its socket and can not stir in any direction. To compensate for this seeming disadvantage it can turn its head almost completely around without moving its body.

If you were to keep a frog's mouth open many minutes it would soon die, as owing to its peculiar construction it can only breathe with the mouth closed. On the other hand, fishes are compelled to keep opening and closing their respiratory organs full play.

A curious fact about the eel is that it has less life in its head than its tail; consequently when killing an eel the fisherman smashes its tail. It also has two hearts. Snakes usually have their teeth in the head, but one variety in Africa, whose principal food is eggs, is provided with a substitute for them in its stomach.—Dundee Advertiser.

**Striking Arguments.**  
"So you object to the whipping post in penologic reform?"  
"Yes, for do we not know that it is the best beaten way which leads to perdition and that the system is more apt to lash a man into fury than to strike him favorably?"—Baltimore American.

MAKING FARCE OF WEDDING.

Senseless and Cruel Customs Better Honored in the Breach.

A wedding episode in which the bride rode to the railway station in a street car rather than make the trip in a carriage ornamented with fluttering white ribbons and pasteboard hearts furnished interesting reading for the Washington public recently. There is a more or less serious side to such incidents which is often overlooked, owing to the fact that the serio-comic villain is likely to be a jolly good fellow who in the veal abandon of his frolicsome animal nature force his stultic personality into the drama in the best of friendly high spirits. And surely the jolly good fellow is all right where he belongs. But when he presumes to make a burlesque of sacred ceremonies and terrorize blushing brides and pallid bridegrooms he becomes, to use a feminine expression appropriate to the subject, a mean, horrid old thing.

In the home circle or among the close friends of "the happy pair" a "little innocent waggery" may not appear unbearably out of place. But waggery as soon as it approaches horse play is objectionable as a feature of wedding festivities. The marriage rite is as holy and as impressive and as beautiful as any associated with what is known as our Christian civilization and the jolly good fellow who interferes with its proper observance is at once changed into a jolly bad yahoo.

The cruelty of the thing is also worth considering. All the feigning love of ceremonial display and careful attention to artistic details is awakened in a bride and of all things in the heavens above or on the earth beneath there is nothing she would rather have per marriage day, even to the most trifling circumstance connected with it. But along comes the jolly good fellow and makes it a source of torment.—Washington Herald.

LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR.



SIR WILLIAM TRELOR.

Sir William P. Treloar, whose inauguration as Lord Mayor of London was marked by a pageant symbolic of the seven centuries of the city's growth, is much interested in charity work. It is expected that his administration will start some excellent movements to relieve the condition of the poor. King Edward sent his customary donation to the little cripples' Christmas fund, which Sir William founded, and expressed his pleasure at its flourishing condition.

A Long Time.

In the service of a certain committee of the Senate, the chairman of which is a Southern Senator, is a certain writer, in addition to the clerk of the committee.

One day the chairman, missing the very capable stenographer, inquired of the clerk where he was.

"He is not here to-day, sir," responded the clerk. "His father is dead."

Some days later the chairman again asked for the missing employee, only to receive the same reply from the clerk: "He is not here to-day, sir. His father is dead."

The chairman said nothing, but looked very interested.

A full week thereafter the head of the committee for the third time inquired as to the whereabouts of the stenographer. In reply the clerk began the usual announcement:

"He is not here to-day, sir. His—"

"Will you kindly advise me," interrupted the chairman, with alarming suavity, "whether that young man intends to stay away from his duties all the time his father is dead?"—Harper's Weekly.

Anticipating Him.

"Katharine," said Bob, as he brought his club chums down to the depot platform, "these are all my friends."

"Glad to meet you, gentlemen," replied the bride sweetly; "and I am so sorry that you are going to be sick."

"Sick?" echoed the crowd in astonishment. "Why should you think we are going to be sick?"

"Oh, because soon after the honeymoon a married man always finds a great many sick friends to sit up with."—Columbus Dispatch.

Of an Unostentatious Turn.

"Is that all the work you can do in a day?" asked the discontented employer.

"Well, suh," answered Erastus Pinkley, "I s'pose I could do mo', but I never was much of a hand foh showin' off."—Washington Star.

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Black Walnut Goes to Germany.

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**The MONEY SPENDERS**  
MOST NOTORIOUS SPENDTHRIFTS OF ALL AGES INSIGNIFICANT IN COMPARISON WITH COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE WHO IN FOUR YEARS SQUANDERED \$8,000,000

Count Boni de Castellane has squandered \$8,000,000 in four years. Half of the millions were the Gould millions and the other half belonged to trusting tradesmen. Notwithstanding the ill-timed boasting of Pliny, Seneca and Juvenal, now principally read by college boys against their will, of the ability of the royal money spenders in their time, the Count de Castellane appears to deserve the palm as the king of spendthrifts. Starting out to vie with Apuleius who, upon the statement of the ancient writers mentioned, squandered \$4,000,000 on riotous living, he has surpassed Lucullus, who "at one meal devoured a whole estate."

Although the late Jay Gould is credited with having left an estate of \$75,000,000 in rapidly increasing investments, the dowry Anna Gould brought to the French nobleman was only \$3,000,000. This was regarded as ample, considering the fact that it was practically \$3,000,000 more than the Count was accustomed to enjoy. Under the French law the husband has full control over the income of his wife, so that at a stroke of the pen the poor Count had millions to spend.

Wisdom does not appear to have guided any expenditure of which the Count has been guilty. He put his wife's whole dowry into a town house in Paris, modeled after the Little Trianon. Then there is a country house which cost another half million. A yacht cost \$200,000 and a yacht cannot be kept in commission for nothing, nor a crew paid with "I. O. U.'s." His attempt to become a politician cost another \$400,000.

But the enumeration of his follies is by no means concluded. Boni is fond of entertaining. Most of the entertaining was of a character responsible for leading him into court as a defendant in a suit for divorce. Yet it was not at all equal to the extravagant way in which he provided entertainment for royal guests. He gave a bear hunt for the Grand Duke Boris of Russia. This

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ISAAC AT ST. PETERSBURG.



The Cathedral of St. Isaac at the Russian capital, is not only one of the most imposing churches in St. Petersburg, but it is also a somewhat reduced replica of St. Peter's at Rome. It has all the dignity of the Roman model, and its proportions are rather more successful. The interior of the Russian temple in nowise resembles the great basilica of the Piazza di San Pietro. It is far more splendid in its ornamentation and abounds in color and gold. It was begun in 1819 and was under construction for thirty-six years. It is certainly one of the best examples of neo-classic architecture in Europe.

Marvelous, Quaint and Curious.



**Tower of Thundering Winds.**  
The Great Wall is certainly a wonderful monument of ancient times; but it is almost the only one that we read of in China, except a famous Temple, or Tower, partly in ruins, which stands on an eminence in the neighborhood of Hang-chow-foo. It is called the "Tower of the Thundering Winds" and is supposed to have been built about 2,000 years ago.

**Black Walnut Goes to Germany.**  
Black walnut is produced in this country at an annual rate of about 33,

000,000 feet. The larger portion of it now comes from Southwestern Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory, although there is some scattering growth still picked up in Indiana, Ohio, Tennessee and West Virginia. The most considerable stand of the wood remaining east of the Mississippi river is on the upper waters of the Guyandotte river in West Virginia. The home demand for black walnut lumber is only for comparatively small quantities. Its use is largely confined to gun stocks, novelties, electric work, etc. The chief demand for walnut comes from Germany, and Hamburg is the commercial center of the market.—Southwest Magazine.

**Sure of Her Facts.**  
A small girl was fascinated by the tale of the "Three Bears," as told her by a visiting nurse. Every time the nurse came she was asked to repeat it. In "The Queen's Poor" the nurse tells of the child's opinion.

Noticing that during the almost daily recital the little girl kept her eyes on a picture of some boys playing football, I wondered what connection there was in her mind between the two, and finally I asked her, "What are bears?"

With the level tones of a person perfectly sure of her facts, she replied, "Bears is boys."

When a girl wants to see her Beloved to-night, and learns that she can't see him till to-morrow night, the day of judgment doesn't seem to be half as far off.

From the viewpoint of a sensible person imitation is the most disgusting form of flattery.