

FOR YOU.

For you, dear heart, the light—
God's smile, whenever you be,
And if he will—the night,
Only the night for me!

For you Love's own dear hand
Of roses, fair and free;
And if you will—no hand
To give a rose to me.

For you Love's dearest bliss
In all the years to be;
And if you will—no kiss
Of any love for me.

Thankful to know you best,
When God your brow adorns
With the sweet roses of His rest,
I thank Him for the thorn!
—Atlanta Constitution.

THAT SIMPLETON.

She entered the dining room of the fashionable hotel, exhaling the subtle odor of violets. She was daintily attired in an azure gown of filmy silk texture, over which masses of soft white lace were artistically arranged. Every eye was upon her as she quietly glided to her place at one of the tables reserved for regular boarders.

She was only talking commonplace; but with such a genius—or was it magnetism?—that every one seemed helpless under its influence, although the women present were evidently not quite in harmony with the situation nor the fragile looking woman of thirty with the child's face.

Yet she always held a crowd of male admirers around her, while the intellectual women who could talk politics, literature, science or art, were quite neglected if she were present.

She always seemed unconscious of either admiration or censure, and though she had the most exquisite taste in dress, there was no apparent vanity in her nature.

"Oh, yes; the Dingley bill, you mean?"
"Yes, that's it. Who introduced it?"
A smile from the women, and the polite and quiet reply:

"Mr. Dingley introduced it; it is named for him."
"Ah, is that so? How nice! Mr. Dingley is an Englishman; I remember now!"

"Fool!" whispered Miss Adams, while Mrs. Smith applied her handkerchief quickly to her mouth and feigned a cough, although she knew her ruse was detected by the look of scorn Mr. Ellis gave her as Mr. Smith again made courteous reply, and then, with charming tact, changed the subject to one more adapted to Mrs. Leslie's capacity.

That night, when the guests were assembled upon the commodious hotel porch, the men, as usual, forming a circle around Mrs. Leslie, the women thus isolated discussed more satirically than ever "the stogie" and her characteristics.



About 100 years ago a queer-looking craft was seen coming down the Ohio river. It consisted of two canoes, with a crew of one man, who said, on landing, that his name was Chapman and his cargo was apples.

He soon had hundreds of little nurseries all over Ohio, and he returned year after year to tend and prune them. New settlers found whole orchards awaiting them, and the trees were carried inland and sold for a bit of clothing or given away outright.

"Johnny Appleseed," as he soon came to be called, never carried a weapon, never took the life of any dumb thing, bore great physical pain without flinching and was trusted and beloved by Indians and white men alike.

Times and places are very potent in connecting widely separated and incongruous events. A monument has just been erected to Appleseed's memory in Mansfield, Ohio, in the beautiful park given to that city by the late Hon. John Sherman.

confagration. Cries of "Where is it?" and only indistinct replies from the distance reached the hotel group, as, keeping as closely together as possible, they were pressed onward with the ever increasing throng.

"The whole Weldon tenement is ablaze! Hurry up, men, and help to get those people out!"
A quicker impulse forward and a nervous shriek from Mrs. Leslie caused the other ladies of the party, regardless of the excitement of the occasion, to utter again critical and disparaging remarks, such as:

"Where is her husband? I wonder."
"Left for Frankfort to-night," came the reply.
"Should think—"

But here their conversation was stopped by the tumult around them, and they were now as near the confagration as the women dared to go, and speechless they watched the brave firemen as they directed the hose on that portion of the building which remained standing.

vent breaking them, thus giving them the name of stogies.
When Miffin Marsh entered the stogie business, he was able to supply the trade by his own work. At the time of his death his factories, employing several dozen expert rollers, and a dozen other plants just as well supplied, were catering to the demand for Wheeling stogies.

"Save the baby!" "Save the baby!" shouted the frantic crowd, and the firemen sprang to their work with renewed energy, but all in vain.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"Do you see that man over yonder? He has just had greatness thrust upon him."
"How so?"
"Why, he's the only public man in the country who when asked to tell what would happen in the new century said he didn't know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Can Get Along.
"Do you think it is desirable for a man to study the dead languages?"
"No, sir," answered Mr. Cumrox, with emphasis. "If queer words are what a young man aspires to, the golf and base-ball reports in any good daily newspaper will supply all his wants."—Washington Star.

A Difference.
The person (on a visit)—And how long do you pray at night, my boy?
The Boy—Winter or summer?

Puzzling.
Dickerman—There's one thing that puzzles me.
Rawley—And, pray, what is that?
Dickerman—How it happens that the new woman is generally not a very young one.—Boston Transcript.

The Corned Philosopher.
"There is nothing a woman more enjoys," said the Corned philosopher, "than monkeying at making something out of something it ought not to be made out of."—Indianapolis Press.

Quick Exit.
"Mr. Lew told me that he was a Yale man. Do you know what class he was graduated from?"
"From the sophomore class."—Harlem Life.

Accommodating Old Man.
He—I asked your father's consent by telephone.
She—What was his answer?
He—He said: "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."—Harvard Lampoon.

A Valuable Dog.
Friend—Magnificent dog that.
Mr. Suburb—Yes, he's a splendid watchdog. Paid \$500 for him.
Friend—Well, he's worth it—splendid animal! Splendid! Finest I ever saw! But, by the way, what's this other dog for? He's a mere mongrel! Fact is, he's a common cur.
Mr. Suburb—Y—e—s. I had to get him to prevent the thoroughbred from being stolen.

The One Concerned.
The Bride (three times widow)—That Dicky Small is one of the most impertinent men I ever saw. Why, Alfred, just after the ceremony he came up and wished me many happy returns.
The Groom (after figuring on it a minute)—I guess it's up to me to go out and smash his head or go and take out a life insurance policy.—Denver News.

Good Advice.
Willie Sonnet—In what magazine would you advise me to publish poems to give them the highest position?
Editor—The powder magazine.

A Great Surprise.
Jack Huggard—Miss Pechy's father made a surprising statement to me last night.
Dick Daneser—That so? What was it?
Jack Huggard—He sneaked into the parlor and cried: "Aha! That's the time I caught you kissing my daughter!"—Philadelphia Press.

His Glorious Record.
"Let me see, Colonel," she said in her sweetest manner, "where was it you won your spurs?"
"at Cape May," he replied.
"at Cape May?" she echoed. "Why, there never was a battle at Cape May."
"No," he admitted, "but there were three grass widows in the house when I stayed there last summer, and I got away from the whole crowd."

An American Sign in Egypt.
"American Bazar," in huge letters over a shop in Alexandria, Egypt, attracted the attention of an American. Curious to know what kind of goods might be for sale, he entered and asked the proprietor if he were an American. In French came the answer:

"Yes, I am an American."
"From what part of America?"
"Buenos Aires."
"Do you keep American goods for sale?"
"Yes, certainly, I have American goods."

"What kind of goods?"
Whereupon the shopkeeper from a shelf an article which he handed to the visitor with the remark, "These are the only American goods we have at present."

"The American goods" consisted of a single fountain pen!—New York Evening Sun.

Landlords in Holland.
In Holland no landlord has the power of raising the rent or of evicting a tenant.

A Section's Shrine.
"Pauline has one side of her boudoir devoted to photographs of her last beau."
"Bo many dead?"
"No; married."

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PRELUDE TO FORTUNE.

Mikey—Chimney's got a pair of skates for Christmas, an' a red pencil, an' a one-bladed knife, an' 'five cents' worth of gum an' a bean shooter, an' a pair of suspenders, an'—
Terrence—Gee! Some fellows seem ter be born wit' a silver spoon in their mouth!—Puck.

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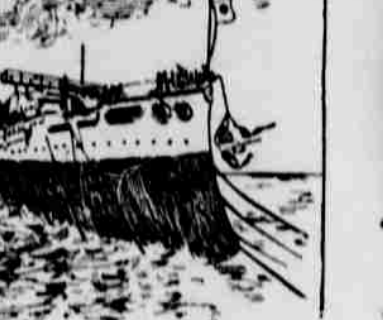
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GREATEST OF BATTLESHIPS.

Japan's New War Vessel is the Most Powerful Afloat.
The Victors, Sons & Maxim shipyard at Barrow, England, was the scene recently of the launching of the new Japanese battleship Mikasa, the largest of such craft in the world.

She is over 400 feet long and her displacement will be about 15,000 tons. Her engines are 15,000 horse-power, and she will have a coal capacity of 1,400 tons which will allow of her traveling about 9,000 miles at a speed of ten knots before replenishing her bunkers. Four twelve-inch breech-loading guns are mounted in pairs, forward and aft, and there are fourteen in the armored citadel.



LAUNCH OF THE MIKASA.

As the vessel slid down the ways into the water a large globe of colored papers suspended from her bows, according to Japanese custom, opened and liberated a dozen pigeons. This is the Japanese equivalent of breaking a bottle of wine across the bows of a ship. Speaking at the luncheon which followed the launch, the Japanese minister remarked that the Mikasa might at some future time be fighting side by side with a British fleet, but he was sure she would never be found in antagonism.

American Poets Long-Lived.
With Some Exceptions, Our Bardic Hards Have Reached the Altiplano Age.

A most striking fact is the longevity of our poets. The typical American poet—when one thinks of it and notices the faces that look down from his library walls—is found to be an aged, hoary man, says Oscar Lovell Teague in the Forum.

Of the eight poets pictured on the frontispiece, six are gray-beards and incline to baldness and of the black-haired heads, Lanier lived to be 39 and Poe to be 40. No American poet has had the advantage of John Keats of dying young with still enough accomplished to be compared with Shakespeare on the ground of his promise.

Many fair hopes centered in Cora Fabri, Anne Aldrich and Winifred Howells, the youngest of the sisterhood to lay down their pens; but their work was too incomplete to give prophecy of their maturity. Joseph Rodman Drake at 25, Stephen Crane at 29, James Berry Benet at 30 and Francis Brooks at 31 had hardly begun their true poetic career. Probably our literature sustained its greatest loss in the death of Richard Hovey, who was destined to accomplish great works and to win high renown; at 36 he was just prepared for bold adventure. Timrod and Emma Lazarus had fulfilled much of their promise at 38. Edward Taylor, whose premature deaths were much lamented, had yet time at 46 and 53 to accomplish not a little well rounded and well-proportioned work. Langfellow, Lowell, Whitman, Story and Halleck occupied the 70th; Emerson reached the 80th mark; while Froeuner, Whittier, Holmes and Bryant passed it. Dana lived on into the 90th.

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"The whole Weldon tenement is ablaze! Hurry up, men, and help to get those people out!"
A quicker impulse forward and a nervous shriek from Mrs. Leslie caused the other ladies of the party, regardless of the excitement of the occasion, to utter again critical and disparaging remarks, such as:

"Where is her husband? I wonder."
"Left for Frankfort to-night," came the reply.
"Should think—"

But here their conversation was stopped by the tumult around them, and they were now as near the confagration as the women dared to go, and speechless they watched the brave firemen as they directed the hose on that portion of the building which remained standing.

vent breaking them, thus giving them the name of stogies.
When Miffin Marsh entered the stogie business, he was able to supply the trade by his own work. At the time of his death his factories, employing several dozen expert rollers, and a dozen other plants just as well supplied, were catering to the demand for Wheeling stogies.

"Save the baby!" "Save the baby!" shouted the frantic crowd, and the firemen sprang to their work with renewed energy, but all in vain.

MADE THE FIRST STOGIE.
Wheeling Man's Manufacture of a Cheap Cigar Brought a Fortune.
By the death of Miffin Marsh, the veteran Wheeling, W. Va., stogie manufacturer, was removed one of the most unique figures in the history of the city. He gave to Wheeling the impetus that placed its name high in the list of large cigar and stogie-making centers. Shortly after Marsh came to Wheeling he entered the cigar manufacturing trade.

In 1856 he was impressed with the need of a cheaper smoke than was then on the market. The 6-cent cigar was the lowest-priced article made then in this country. Marsh invented and manufactured a smoke, rolling it into the long, familiar shapes now assumed by all species of the stogie family. This was in the days when the stage coach was the only mode of travel between the East and Wheeling. The stage-coach drivers were among the first to test and appreciate the merits of the stogie. They carried them in their long "stogie" topped boots to pre-

Women are better qualified for making tongue sandwiches than the sterner sex.

Weight is the bull's eye on the target at which all humanity aims.



The person (