When I get rich!

When I get rich the friends I love so dear Shall know no more those weary, toil-

I'll light their skies with sunshine, and the showers Will scatter on their pathway fairest flowers,

When I get rich!

When you get rich! Those friends you loved so well

May not be here, but far beyond the And never know the hidden love that lies

Within your heart-ah! foolish, vain sur-When you get rich!

Wait not till rich, but haste to do it Yes, scatter sunshine dry the failing

Light up with hope the darkened heart and drear.

That may be near you-oh, ne'er mind

the year When you get rich! -Freeman's Journal,

HER IDEAL.

.......

HE glanced out of the window at the gleaming avenue, and watch-ed the snow-flakes hurrying to find their places there, only to be relentlessly trodden under foot by pass ing pedestrians; and then he looked back again to the bright, girlish face opposite him.

'Ideals are all very well in their way," he ventured, lazily. "They afford pleasure, I suppose, to the person indulging in them, undoubted amuse ment to him who has to hear of them; and, besides this, they have two other advantages, their harmlessness, and their convenient submission to being



"IDEALS ARE VERY WELL IN THEIR WAY." twisted about to suit all circum

She looked at him as he finished speaking, and he smiled at the indig-

nant flash of her eyes. "Do you not agree with me, Miss Louise?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"You know I do not," she exclaimed, with warmth. "You are only airing some of your wretched cynicisms because you know how I despise them; as for ideals, I believe in them, and do not understand your assertion that they will bear twisting about."

"Perhaps I am wrong there; but, to illustrate, I believe most girls have their ideal lover."

He paused. 'Well, go on," she said, coolly. "You don't expect me to answer for more than one girl, do you?"

"Certainly not," he resumed, "but don't they generally declare that, if that paragon neglects to appear on the scene, they will never marry?"

"Now do you think this ideal ever

"Of course I do," she answered, earn-"What would life be worth if it "Has yours?" he queried, softly.

"I don't see what that has to do with the matter," she retorted, with dignity and plnk cheeks. "Let us keep to the subject, please."

"Certainly. Well, granted that some do appear at the proper time and in the proper place, you know that that is the exception. Now for the point of my explanation: It is very easy, is it not, to cause your ideal to undergo a change-gradually, of course-until it becomes a reality in a form less perfect, perhaps, more human than be-

"Some people may find it so, but not many, I think."

"Would not you?" he asked, quickly. "Since you insist on being personal, I may as well admit that nothing would induce me to alter my ideal." "I see there is no use in trying to convert you?"

"Not the slightest." "The least you can do, then, it seems to me," he continued, "is to introduce the gentleman to me. I am quite ready to listen to a lengthy description."

"Are you so much in need of amuse ment, then," she asked, reproachfully, after all my efforts to entertain you? "Go on," he commanded, with a wave of his hand, "I am waiting."

Well, where shall I begin?" "First, what does he look like?" "I thought that was a girl's question," she suggested, mischievously. "Really I have not thought much about

his personal appearance, except that he must not be handsome. Handsome men are always conceited." "Miss Louise, excuse a personal ques

tion, and one that has nothing whatever to do with the subject, but did you ever hear any one accuse me of being-well, passably good-looking?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied, promptly. "Edith Harland assured me that you were by far the handsomest man at the ball, the other night, and Alice Barnett admires you more than Mr. Courtenay, and you know everybody raves over him; and Marie

"That yill do. Proceed." "Well, he must be tail."

"Would six feet two suit you?" "Oh, no, too tall. Six feet is quite enough for me; and then, I prefer light hair and brown eyes, and-" Just then a pair of gray ones met her own, and she stopped abruptly. "What is the matter?"

Sunset, with every sense awake To catch the beauty of the lake. Sunset, the sun a dying fire, The last flame of a soul's desired Is instinct with new joys allowed: the glories of the rainbow's dress: She heart seems clouded with regret oill, following the lord of noon, Comes the calm splendor of the moon, W. H. Possor

......

"Oh, I think you have heard enough." ous scale. He is now raising an en- When the question, "Who is the "Yes, I believe I have; now I want dowment of \$250,000 which will soon greatest living Englishman?" was put you to listen to me for a few minutes. Did you ever guess that in spite of all my talking, I too, had my ideals?"

"Impossible," she murmured. "And," he continued, "what is more remarkable, I have found mine."

"Indeed!" "Shall I describe her?" "I would rather not-that is, it isn't necessary."

"No, I don't think it is, but do you believe there is any hope for me?" Her face was on fire, and the hand which held her needle trembled nervously, but he persisted.

"Is there?" he repeated, gently. She raised her head and whispered softly, "Perhaps."

"But, Louise," he protested, "my eves are gray.

"Are they?" she asked, in affected surprise. "And I thought you preferred light hair."

"So I do-for girls."

"I measure six feet two." "You don't look a bit over six feet." "And then, handsome men are so ireadfully conceited."

"Did I ever say I thought you handome?" she retorted.-New York News.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION. That a New York Episcopal Congre-

gation Has Done. The parishioners of the Church of the the founding of this society. The have been confined to a tract two street crosses it, and when it was be the lake had not the manager of the gun in 1827, this section was pretty gas works at Market and Adams street land and the church was looked upon an explosion. as an outpost of what might some day be a part of the city. To-day this locality is filled with splendid residences and great commercial buildings and the march of progress has made it down town instead of being the place where the pioneers used to retire early lest wolf and fox might waylay them after dark.

Ascension Church has been fortunate in its pastors, but five serving it since



bishop of Massachusetts; then Dr. Gregory Thurston, who became bishop detecting the presence of the fish. of Ohlo; John Cotton Smith was third with a 20-year rectorship; Dr. Winchester Donald fourth, and Percy S. Grant the present incumpent, under whom the church has attained its greatest vigor. There are over 1,000 communicants and the donations for church purposes are on an uncommonly gener- look young.

be subscribed.

to aid and establish Episcopal mission low said, "My dad says Lincoln is big churches throughout the country. Un- ger'n 'm all." der Dr. Thurston \$275,000 was contrib- In the Cotton Exchange in Manches of the Ascension.

VETERAN FIRE CHIEF DIES.

Williams, Who Fought the Great Chicago Conflagration.

Robert A. Williams, chief of the Chifour weeks.

Mr. Williams was proud of the fact that he had never missed an important fire in Chicago for more than fifty years. Even during the last few years.

when he was em- Sad, Sad Story of a Twenty-Dollar ployed in the County Treasurer's of-R. A. WILLIAMS. fice, he would slip out whenever he heard of a bad blaze.

Directing the department at the time forward. of the big fire, his report is among the records of the Chicago Historical Society. He was able to tell much about scension, New York, recently cele- it that never found its way into print, brated the seventy-fifth anniversary of It was his opinion that the fire would

DRUGLESS CURE.

Husband's Announcement of His Intentions Worked Wonders.

"John, dear," feebly called the invalid wife, who was supposed to be nearing the end of her earthly career. "Yes, darling," answered the sorrow

ing husband. "What is it?" "When I am gone," she said, "I feel that for the sake of the motherless little ones you should marry again."

"Yes, John, I really do," replied the him. ship of some good woman."

"Do you know, my dear," said the stairs. busband, "that you have lifted a great He felt that his time was coming burden from my mind? Now, there is pretty swift. As she got to the bottom boys are more skillful at roping a steer the way; she has acted rather friendly foozied out. III. Of course, dear, she could never fill claimed, picking the hat off the rack and rugged section at the headwaters your place; but she is young, plump as she reached the ball. "How much?" of John Day River. These Walker and pretty, and I'm sure she would do her best to lessen my grief."

the female whose days were supposed ing it up and running away with it. to be numbered, as she partly raised But his knees shook beneath him, dare install that red-headed, freckle- his forehead. faced, squint-eyed hussey in my shoes I'll-I'll-" And then she fainted. was downstairs.-Chicago News.

Cod Like Cold Water.

A Christiania professor has discover

the kittens at your house?

NOTABLE STRING OF BIG TARPON CAUGHT IN FLORIDA WATERS.



For the sportsman there is certainly something unusual and attractive in this string of fish. They are tarpon that were recently caught off Fort Myers, Fla. The "silver king" on the right weighed 180 pounds, while the smaller "bunch" averaged nearly 100 pounds, each. Alligator shooting as a sport is all right in its way, but the real thrill of the tropics comes when a magnificent silver-finned tarpon at the end of the line leaps out of the water again and again in frantic efforts to free itself from the hook. It is anywhere from 60 to 175 pounds of electricity fighting for life at the end of a line. About every kind of fishing in Florida is with live bait, but the tarpon can be taken in true sportsmanlike style with a fly. A ripple, a cast beyond, a wild rush, a superb leap, a drag of a hundred yards or more of line, and the fight is begun. It is exhaustion that captures it. Punta Gorda and Fort Myers are the great west coast points for this magnificent sport, and all other kinds of Florida game fish

ENGLISHMAN'S WEW OF LINCOLN

An American Greatly Revered by the Masses in England. When our Civil War broke out, the supply of cotton to English mills stop-

ped Hard times followed, and the English working man watched the war with as much auxioty as did any Amerlcan, James E. Holden, who writes "My Story of Abraham Lincoln" in the Outlook, was born in Lancashire during the cotton famine on a day when there was only half a loaf of bread in the house. The wealthy classes, supposing that the North, if victorious, would not give them cotton, were on the side of the South, But the working people were with Lincoln, The Emancipation Proclamation is

the best-known foreign document among the common people of Laucashire to-day. Many boys and girls have been taught it by their parents, who remember the day it was issued, and can repeat it offhand. A government inspector of schools asked a school of twelve hundred Lancashire children:

"Whom do you regard as the greatest man outside of England?"

Hundreds of voices shouted in chorus, "Abraham Lincoln."

and variously answered-Bright, Glad-The congregation has given liberally stone, Thomas Hughes-one little fel-

uted and distributed in this way. All ter is a stand on which is a miniature told over \$3,000,000 has been spent in bale of raw cotton. Behind it is the advancing Episcopalianism in fields inscription: "Part of the first bale of apart from that occupied by the Church free cotton. Shipped from West Virginia to Liverpool, 1885." The story of that bale of cotton

marks a great boliday in England, Lan- antiquary, was composed of all kinds cashire people walked to Liverpool, got a wagon, trimmed it with bunting and flowers, and put on it the bale of cotcago Fire Department at the time of ton, the flags of England and America, the great fire in 1871, died in that city and between them the picture that ap Many of the objects shown, though of England, a very interesting collecafter an illness of her and the world devoid of beauty or artistic value, yet the society of Anti-

Manchester, who preached a sermon followed the fortunes of Roundhead to twenty thousand people on the les- and Royalist through the pages of hissons of civil liberty.

HIS NERVE FAILED HIM.

The man looked hang-dog and guilty. He walked up the steps of his home

There was a furtive, hunted expres-

sion on his face. On his head there was a \$20 Panama, He had paid \$20 for it that afternoon. This is why he looked guilty.

church is on Fifth avenue, where 10th blocks wide from the starting point to life he had been staking himself to lids of the \$2.38 brand. But he had been aching and hungermuch given over to pasture and timber- turned the gas into the sewers to avoid ing for this \$20 top-piece, and in a mo-

ment of recklessness he had bought !t for himself. But as he went up the steps he look ed mighty hang-dog and guilty. He knew that when he broke the

news to his wife there'd be something doing, and quick, at that. It made no difference that he had blown her to a \$32 spring hat only a month or so ago.

He knew that, But he had firmly made up his mind on the way up in the car that he'd "Do you really think it would be boldly tell her that he'd dug \$20 for best, darling?" asked the faithful John, the hat, and take what was coming to

invalid. "After a reasonable length of She was upstairs when he let himme you should seek the companion self in the front door. He braced himself as he heard her descending the

that charming Widow Simkins across of the stairs, however, all of his nerve "Why, what a pretty hat!" she ex-

It was nor or never with bitu. It was the chance of his life to as-"John Henry Jenkins!" exclaimed sert himself and make a stab at pick-

herself up on the pillow, "If you ever and the hot beads began to pour from "Three-'n'-a-half," he replied, weakly, and then he tossed in bed all night But the next day Mrs. Jenkins was trying to dope it out how he'd explain able to sit up and two days later she for the expenditure of the remaining \$16.50 that he'd paid for the Panama

Accident Gave It Origin.

headgear.-Washington Post,

d that at the Lofoten Islands cod are Some things that fall under one's obinvariably to be found in waters whose servation every day and are regarded temperature is always between four as commonplace are really somewhat its establishment. The first was Rev. and five degrees above the freezing extraordinary. Among these confetti Mantor Eastburn, afterward made point. Norwegian fishermen now make may be mentioned. The history of conuse of the thermometer as a means of fetti is rather curious. About ten years ago a large printing works in Paris was turning out immense quantities of cal-In every home there are disagreeable endars, through which a small round tasks that are left for one person to hole had to be punched to receive an perform. For instance: Who drowns eyelet for holding the sheets together. A heap of the little circular scraps of Paint will make an old house look paper cut out by the punch accumulatnew, but it won't make an old womar ed on a table and one of the machine men amused himself by scattering a handful of them over a work-girl's hair She immediately snatched up a handful and threw them in his face. Other adapted to sidesaddles or wheeled vegirls followed her example and the first bicles. confetti battle began.

in when it was at its height, and, being of it is level, and when the star go to what the Americans call a "smart "cut out" a horse or cow some lively man," he at once realized that there racing has to be done. The riders are was "money in it." He ordered special apt to be going straight up the mounmuchinery, placed large quantities of tain one minute and straight down the the new article on the market, made a mountain the next or to be hovering fortune and created a new industry, over a precipice. But however it may Paris now supplies nearly every part of chance, the girls are always equal to the civilized world with confett, and the occasion and keep a firm seat. single orders for fifty tons are not un- | The herding and handling of wild common.

Nothing Easier. Mr. and Mrs. Balley, a young couple

housekeeping, and were doing the work of putting the rooms in order themselves.

clock, upon the wall of the dining-"Why is it taking you so long, dear," sked the young wife, "to put up that

clock?" "I can" get it plumb," he replied "Then why don't you send for the plumber?" she asked, in perfect sincerity .- Youth's Companion. .

RELICS OF ROYALTY.



An exhibition lately held in London, estate in Herefordshire passed into the of more than ordinary interest to the hands of Nicholas Bristowe.

his coffin. In a case (lent by the Earl of Ashday. The King's garments were divided amongst his attendants, and these siderable interest, showing how a large Club, were much admired.

Amongst the manuscripts was the

of curious relics of royalty, including of the founder (Henry VI.) granted by paintings of monarchs of Great Britain himself to Eton College, with the Great and Ireland, and their descendants. Seal attached. All the Royal Seals possessed a melancholy, romantle or tion to the society of Antition, too, of English gold and silver they dragged the wagon through the streets to St. George's Square, where tragic interest from the associations coins. Conspicuous among the paint it served as an altar for the Bishop of connected with them. No one who had ings was a very beautiful diptych of Richard II. adoring the Virgin and Child, lent by the Earl of Pembroke. The young, almost effeminate-looking torical romance, or wept over the death King, is kneeling before a vision of the of the unfortunate King, saw without Madonna, who appears surrounded by a thrill the piece of the ribbon of the angels robed like herself in exquisite Garter worn by Charles I. on the scaf- luminous blue, and all wearing the fold, or the bit of the pall that covered Order of the White Hart, which appears also on the King's left shoulder, all, find out who he really is, No one seems able to say with any auwith his shoulders sort of hunched burnham) were some of the undergar- thority by whom it was painted. Much ments worn on the same inelancholy interest was concentrated on the Coronation relics, shown in a large case in one of the galleries. Several are lent fell to the share of John Ashburnham. by the Earl of Ancaster. The helmetthe ancestor of the present earl, who shaped ewer of silver gilt used at the also left a lock of the King's hair. In coronation of Queen Anne was a per-During all of his previous married front of a magnificent portrait of quisite of the first Duke of Ancaster Queen Elizabeth, lent by the Duke of as Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Devoushire, was a case full of pathetic ewer and salver used by George III. interest. At one end were the tiny became the property of the third Duke garments fashloned and beautifully in like fashion, as well as the coronaworked by the same great Queen, when tion robes of George IV. The pens north was then the one at Chestnut Princess Elizabeth, for the child which used by Queen Victoria at her corona. street; south, the Gray's Ferry span. never came to gladden her sad-faced tion and her marriage, were lent by his The boat owners charged as much as sister; and at the other end a little majesty, and one of the arm slings they pleased, often asking and getting tippet of imitation minever, with sad made by her late majesty for the a half-dollar from passengers unwillbrown stains upon it, left there when wounded in the Crimes, but relies of ing to make the long detour to 23d was taken off the neck of poor head- Queen Victoria were not so pientiful street, the nearest highway east of the less Anne Boleyn. Here were shown as might have been expected. The Or- Schuylkill then cut through from South her high heeled shoes, too, together chardson portrait group of the four street to Chestnut. A Jerseyman, with with a rough taggy beaver hat, reddish generations of the royal family, and wife and child, was bent on visiting a in color, with a green ostrich feather one of the best portraits of the King friend with a farm back of the Block-stuck in it, belonging to Henry VIII. —that painted by Mr. A. Stuart Wort-ley almshouse, and was asked at South

COW GIRLS OF OREGON.

Eight girls do almost all the work of a big cattle ranch in Oregon. No cowterprising daughters of William Walker, whose home is in the picturesque girls are noted as dare-devil riders, who can conquer the wildest horses. with excitement, and they have been

practically raised in the saddle. Their costumes are picturesque and practical, mostly of duck and buck- blossoms this winter, and I wouldn't Pa. They have been credited with skin, with plain calleo skirts. Their canyas coats are more often tied to the for anything." back of the saddle than worn. They So she and the calls started. How prove to the contrary. An orator ride astride, as every one has to do in they fared is told in these paragraphs that rough region. The country is not from her first letter home



The Walker horses and cattle have a The head of the establishment came very extensive range, but very little car window!"

stock is very hard on their saddle horses, so that they are constantly breaking in new ones to ride. Before their colts are a year old the Walker recently married, were beginning their girls lasso and brand them on the range, and then allow them to run wild until they are 3 years old, when the girls get them up and saddle and con-Mr. Balley was having some trouble quer them. It is wild work, but the in hanging one of the presents, a fine plucky young women do it to perfection, and have never even been burt at it. It is no simple matter to break and train one of these horses. They in the West.

backward with intent to crush their France is buying large quantities of kid riders. Yet for daring and skill in from this country.

seasoned mountaineers, and dead shots with the rifles they always carry across them far out on the range, they can sight. curl up in their saddle blankets and get a good night's sleep on mother earth. Carrying Coals to Newcastle.

When the woman who loves flowers went to California to spend the win- phia Times. The horse was one of the first sights ter, she insisted on taking along her that caused their baby eyes to kindle pet calla, says the Troy Times. "I never thought so much of a plant as I do of that calla," she replied to her husband's objections. "It will be full of miss seeing them and smelling them small sense of humor, but this anec-

"As to that calls, it was the greatest

shadow taking care of it. By the time

I got to California I was sick and tired of it. But I remembered the com- sunshine has ever shone upon me." fort the blossoms would be when they came. "When I got up on the morning of impression, was about to continue his the last day I looked out of the car harangue, when a big Amish man in window, and may I never see nome the rear of the hall interrupted:

again if the train wasn't running through a field of callas so big that I couldn't see its limits! I just sat down and had a good cry! "To think that an ordinarily sensible

A Mountain-Climber. At a reception of the Authors' Club

in New York the guest of honor was Sir Martin Conway, the explorer and mountain climber. One man who did not know the guest asked another: "Who is here to-night?"

"Sir Martin Conway."

"Conway? Who is he? I can't place "The mountain climber." "Oh, yes! But what is he doing in

New York?" "Merely traveling from climb elimb." American Leather the Best

American kid leathers are growing in avor abroad, especially in Australia. Recently one of the largest morocco manufacturers in Lynn, Mass., made a self and could only say: shipment to that country of 3,500 dozen skins, which shipment is said to be the hanging out of your pocket." are as wild as any animals to be found largest ever made from there for for. eign parts. It is not so very long ago playful suspicion, and hurriedly thrust-They kick and strike and "buck" and when the best kid shoes were made ing his handkerchief back into his lunge, and throw themselves over from skins imported from France. Now

FOUNDLINGS IN DEMAND.

Not Enough of the Little Castaways to

Brighten Lonely Homes. It is surprising to discover what a rushing mall-order business for babies could be transacted. Inquiries for babies come to the State Charities Assoclation and the Guild from all over the country. Recently the Mayor of a flourishing Massachusetts city wrote for a baby, inclosing plans and specifications for the same, which included "blue eyes, light hair, girl, anywhere from 15 months to 2 years old."

From a colored family in Pittsburg was received a request for "a boy anywhere under 2 years, not black. Must be light colored."

From as far west as Denver and as far south as Alabama come the requests, and if investigation proves the parties to be really responsible the foundling does his first traveling. Unless the child is legally adopted it is always under the supervision of the organization that indentured it. Rarely does it happen, however, that the child is taken away, even if it is not legally adopted. Legal adoption is an expensive affair for parents of moderate means—the class that usually obtain the children and the formality of drawing up the necessary papers is often omitted. But the foundling is to the satisfaction of its foster parents regularly adopted and treated as such.

Only one instance is on record where a child was returned as unsatisfactory. That was when a woman, angered by the visit of one of the State Charities agents, who called to make inquiries as to the care that was being taken of the child, resented the investigation and sent back the infant.

That the foundling never quite gives up the hope of discovering who his real confirmation of all gifts and charters parents were is shown in many a pathetle incident in the office of Mrs. Dunphy, the superintendent on Randall's Island, where the records of New York foundlings for the past twenty years have been kept by her.

Often a man, sometimes prosperous looking, oftener with the stamp of the toller upon him, will ask to see the books of the infant hospital for a certain year. Running his finger down the page of entries, he will pause at a name and ask if there is any record of parental inquiry after the infant's admission to the hospital.

It is the foundling come back, with the haunting hope that he may, after

But the foundling never does find out. And so, even if he rise to be Governor or manufacturing magnate, he is, beyond everything else, pathetic to the end.-Ainslee's Magazine.

He Was All Right.

About twenty years ago, when the bridge across the Schuylkill at South street was closed some weeks for repairs, owners of rowboats reaped a harvest ferrying passengers from one side to the other. The nearest bridge ley almshouse, and was asked at South Attached to these was a note of con- ley, and lent by the Junior Cariton street \$1.50 for ferriage. He refused to pay it, and declared he'd wade across-that the Schuylkill was "not

so deep." horse breaking the Walker girls have "Take Zeke's hand," he said to his few superiors. Furthermore, they are wife, "and I'll take yours, and we'll

They removed their shoes and startthe pommels of their heavy stock sad- ed. When the water lapped his neck, dies. They are thoroughly at home in he turned, and found it reaching to lifs the mountains, and if night overtakes wife's chin, while Zeke was not in

> "Where is the boy, Sarah?" he asked his wife. "He's all right Jeth." she replied I've got hold of his hand."-Philadel-

> > He Knew.

The members of the Amish, a peculiar religious sect, mostly agriculturists, are very numerous in Lancaster County, dote of a recent political campaign will sought to impress a gathering near Paradise, in that county, with his logic, bringing himself down to the level of bother. I almost wore myself to a his listeners by a claim of rural birth. "Why, I was raised between two hills of corn," he declared, "and God's

> For a moment there was a pause, and the politician, fancying he had made an

"A pumpkin-I know what he mean."

Autos in Sahara.

Just as the locomotive has taken all the poetry out of ordinary land jourwoman should cart a twenty-pound pot neying, so now the automobile is trying and illy more than three thousand to usurp the place of the romantic miles just because she wanted to see "ship of the desert." The French govit in bloom, and then find millions of ernment is experimenting with gasoline the same lilies growing wild! It was autos in the Sahara, for carrying the enough to make an angel weep! I just mails and supplies between the differtook that calls and threw it out of the ent oases, et ceters.

A camel will go several days without water, but should have it every day. About 100 mlles is his "radius of action," as they say of a warship. But a gasoline auto can go 500 miles without a renewal of supplies. The desert makes good automobile traveling and 20 miles an hour is accomplished. The Sahara has never been fully explored, and France hopes to yet make a good deal of this forsaken region.

Necessary Precaution.

Samuel Foote, the English actor, was one day invited for a few moments into a club where he was a stranger. Left alone a minute, he did not seem quite

Lord Carmarthen, wishing to relieve his embarrassment, went up to speak to him, but became embarrassed him-

"Mr. Foote, your handkerchief to Whereupon Foote, looking round with

pocket, replied:

"Thank you, my lord, thank you; you know the company better than I do."