

**HIS GREETING.**

Do you know why the sun is bright to-day?  
Why the flowers are decked in so fair array?  
Why all this wide world is so glad and gay?  
My dearest is coming home!

Did you hear the mockingbird's glad some note?  
Such a world of joy from so small a throat!  
A message to me his carols float—  
My dearest is coming home!

Do you know why the same glad song is mine?  
Why my face is reflecting God's own sunshine?  
Why my being is filled with a joy divine?  
My dearest is coming home!

He is coming home. From the toil and stress,  
Coming to cheer all my loneliness,  
And to list to the love that my lips confess,  
My dearest is coming home!

He is coming home to the arms that wait,  
To clasp him forever, whatever his fate,  
To guard him in high or low estate!  
My dearest is coming home!

**An Unknown Grave**



trade wind having died away, there was not the sound of a leaf stirring in the palm grove.

"We had been sitting like this for about half an hour, when Nora, my wife, just as she was coming out of the door to join us, gave a cry.

"Te Kallbuck! Look at the ship."

"I jumped up and looked, and there, sure enough, was a big ship just showing round the point, and close in, not more than a mile away from the reef.

"For a moment I was a bit scared, remembering that there was not a breath of wind, and yet seeing her moving. Then I remembered the current, and knew that she must have run up to the land from the westward before dark perhaps, and that as soon as the breeze had died away the current, which runs about four knots, had caught her and was now moving her along. I took her to be either a Yankee or a British North American.

"Just as I had asked Rotau to get one of his women to hunt up a boat's crew he sang out: 'Listen, Ted, I hear a boat.'

"In another moment or two I heard it myself plain enough—click, clack, click, clack—and at the same time saw that the ship was heading away from the land.

"I knew the ship was right enough, and could not get into any danger, as the current would take her clear of the land in another hour or so, so we all went to the point to see where the boat was coming.

"As soon as she was within 100 yards of the beach I hailed them to keep a bit to starboard, as there was a big coral bowlder right in front of the spot they were steering for.

"'Aye, aye!' answered the man steering, and he did as I told him. In another minute or two the boat shot up on the beach, and we crowded round them.

"'Stand back, please,' says the officer, speaking in a curious, hurried kind of way, and then I saw that he had a pistol in his left hand, and that the men with him looked white and scared, and seemed to take no notice of us.

"Two of the men jumped out, and then we saw that there was another person in the boat—a woman. She was sitting on the bottom boards, lying against the stern sheets, and seemed to be either asleep or dead. The officer helping them, they lifted her up and out of the boat and carried her ashore. Then the officer turned to me, and I saw that, though he tried to speak quietly, he was in a flurry over something.

"'What's all this?' I said. 'What's the matter? What have you got this pistol in your hand for, and what is the matter with this woman?'

"He put the pistol out of sight pretty quick, and then, speaking so rapidly I could hardly follow him, said that the lady was the captain's wife, and she had been taken ill very suddenly, and her husband, seeing my house so close to, had determined to send her ashore, and see if anything could be done for her.

"'That's—queer,' I said. 'Why didn't he come with her himself? Look here—I don't believe all this. How did he know, even though the house is here, that a white man lives in it? And I want to have a look at the woman's face. She might be dead for all I know.'

"'By this time my wife and one of Rotau's wives had gone up to the woman, and I saw that, although she wasn't dead, she looked very like it, for her eyes were closed and she seemed quite unconscious of all that was going on. She was young—about 25 or so—and was rather pretty.

"'Please take her to your house,' says the officer, 'and as soon as we have towed the ship out of danger the captain will come ashore and see you.'

"'Hold on!' says I, and I grabbed him by the arm. 'Do you mean to say you're going off in this fashion without telling me anything further? Who are you, anyway? What is the ship's name?'

"'He hesitated just a second and then said: 'The Inca Prince, Capt. Broughton. But I can't stay to talk now. The captain himself will tell you about it in the morning.'

"'And then, before I could stop him,

FOUR men were seated upon a trader's veranda at Maduro, one of the Marshall Islands. The night was brilliantly moonlit, and the hull and spars of a little white brig that lay anchored in the lagoon about a mile distant from the trader's house stood out as clearly and distinctly as if she were but 50 yards away from where they sat.

Three of the men present were visitors—Ned Packenham, the captain; Harvey, the mate, and Denison, the supercargo of the Indiana. The fourth was the trader himself, a grizzled old wanderer of past 60.

It was long past midnight, and the old trader's numerous half-caste family had turned in to sleep some hours before. It so happened that the old man had just been talking about a stalwart son of his, who had died a few months previously, and Packenham and Denison, to whom the lad had been well known, asked the father where the body had been buried.

"In there," replied the old man, pointing to a small white-walled inclosure about a stone's throw from where we were sitting. "There's a good many graves there now. Let me see. There is Dawney, the skipper of the Maid of Samoa, and three of his crew; Peterson, the Dutchman—him that got a bullet into him for fooling around too much with a pistol in his hand and challenging natives to fight when he was drunk; two or three of my wife's relatives, who wanted to be buried in my boneyard because they thought to make me some return for keeping their families after they were dead; my boy Tom and the white woman."

"White woman?" said the mate of the brig. "Did a white woman die here?"

"I'll tell you all I know, and a very queer yarn it is, too. In those days I was the only white man here. I got on very well with the natives and was doing a big business. There were not many whalers here then, but every ten months or so a vessel came here from Sydney, and I was making money hand over fist.

"The house in which I then lived stood farther away toward the point, in rather a clearer spot than this. You can see the place from here and also see that a house standing in such a position would be visible not only from all parts of the inside berches of the lagoon, but from the sea as well.

"My wife—not the present one, you know—was a Bonin Island half-bred Portuguese woman, and as she generally talked to me in English and had no native ways to speak of, we used to sit outside in the evenings pretty often and watch our kids and the village people dancing and otherwise amusing themselves on the beach.

"Rotau, the head chief of this lagoon, one night told us that a canoe had come from Millil, an island about three days' sail to the leeward of Waller's place, and reported that a ship had passed quite close to their island about a week before.

"After we had sat talking for awhile my wife called the children in and put them to sleep, and Rotau and I and his wives sat outside a bit longer smoking. It was a moonlight night, almost as bright as it is to-night, and the sea was as smooth as a mill pond—so smooth, in fact, that there was not even a break upon the reef, and, the

he jumped back out of my reach into the boat, and the four sailors, two of whom were niggers of some sort, shoved off, and away they went again.

"Well, we carried the woman up to the house and placed her in a chair, and the moment my wife took off the woolen wrapper that covered her head and shoulders she cried out that there was blood running down her neck. And it didn't take me long to discover that the woman was dying from a bullet wound in the back of her head.

"We did all that we possibly could for the poor thing, but she never regained consciousness, and toward sunrise she died quietly. There was nothing about her clothing to show who she was, but she wore rings such as would belong to a woman of some position. That she had been murdered I could not doubt, and perhaps some day, even after all these years, the crime may come to light."

"But what became of the ship?" asked the mate of the Indiana.

"Out of sight by 8 o'clock in the morning. As soon as I saw what was the matter with the woman I knew that we need not expect to see any one from the ship back again."

"I wonder what the true story of that woman's death was?" said Packenham, thoughtfully, as he looked toward the place where she was buried.

"Heaven only knows," answered the old trader. "Whether it was a mutiny and her husband was murdered, or whether the officer who came ashore with her was the captain himself, and her husband as well, I cannot tell. Any way, I have since learned that there never was a ship named the Inca Prince. I've told the story to every ship master I've met since that night, and it was written about a good deal in the English and American newspapers. Then the affair was forgotten, and, like many another such thing, the secret may never come out."—London Chronicle.

**AMERICANS BUY POOR LAND.**

Colonists in Cuba Give Too Much Attention to Low Prices.

It must be remembered that there is some very poor land as well as much very good land in Cuba. In only too many cases the buyers either did not know or did not care about the quality of their purchases if only the price was low enough. Flowery prospectuses, with pictures of beautiful tropical scenes, and luscious fruits, and most extravagant statements as to the profits to be derived from the products of the few acres, were scattered broadcast, especially in the United States. Large commissions were given to canvassers and the work was merely that of unloading worthless acres that cost only \$2 or \$3 on unsophisticated teachers, clerks and railroad men at prices ranging all the way from \$15 or \$20 to \$50 or more per acre.

During the early days of my residence in Cuba I had the good fortune to travel some distance by rail with a typical representative of the most charming class, the well-to-do Cuban planter. My friend was educated in France, had traveled much in Europe, and had resided for many years in the States. He was thoroughly posted on Cuban agriculture and was keenly alive to any suggestion as to the means by which existing conditions could be improved.

He talked entertainingly and instructively of the country through which we were passing, pointing out with unerring judgment the best cane lands, others that were suitable for tobacco, and still others that were useful only for pasturage. Finally, the character of the country began to change and we came into a region where the scanty vegetation proclaimed only too clearly the poorness of the soil.

"And what," I said, "do you consider this land is good for?"

"This," he said, "so far as I know, is good only to sell to American colonists."—World To-day.

**The Clock Plant.**

There is a plant, a native of Borneo, which is known as the "clock plant." The name is derived from the action of the sun's rays on the leaves, which are three in number, a large one extending forward, with two small ones at the base pointing sideways. These, coming in contact with the rays of the sun, oscillate like the pendulum of a clock, the larger leaf moving upward and downward, going its full length every forty-five minutes, the smaller leaves moving toward the larger, completing the distance forward and backward every forty-five minutes, thus resembling the hour and minute hands of a clock.

**Appropriate Vehicle.**

Mrs. Newrich lived in an expensive and luxurious hotel. She knew that well-appointed equipages of many sorts were to be had, and proposed to show that she knew what was suitable for each occasion.

"Chawles," she said to Mr. Newrich's valet one afternoon, with great dignity, "I am going to return some calls this afternoon, and you may go to the stable and tell them to send up the best cart-de-visit they have."

**A Consoling Thought.**

"They say you are but the servant of the trusts," said the reproving friend.

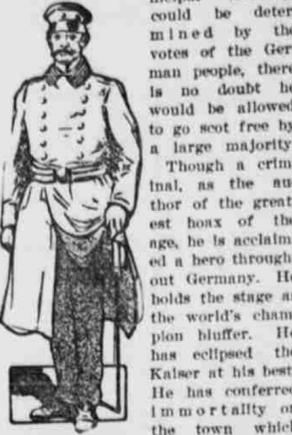
"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "The position has its advantages. Of course, it's more agreeable to be the boss—but after all, the servant isn't the one the grand jury goes after."—Washington Star.

About the hardest thing in this world to handle is a jealous disposition.

**The Great KOEPEINICK HOAX**

All Germany convulsed with laughter over bogus Captain and hood-winked Burgomaster and Town Treasurer.

If the verdict on Wilhelm Voigt, the ex-convict cobbler who captured Koepenick Town Hall and rifled the municipal treasury, could be determined by the votes of the German people, there is no doubt he would be allowed to go scot free by a large majority.



WILHELM VOIGT.

Though a criminal, as the author of the greatest hoax of the age, he is acclaimed a hero throughout Germany. He holds the stage as the world's champion bluffer. He has eclipsed the Kaiser at his best. He has conferred immortality on the town which was the scene of his exploit. He has added a new verb to the dictionary—to koepenick. Except in officialdom, which he so beautifully fooled, the only regret felt in connection with the incident is that he has been caught.

Now that his personality has been revealed to the world, the greater grows the admiration for the colossal audacity which enabled him to carry his plot through successfully. It would be hard to find a man outwardly more ill suited to the role which he played. "Low class" is writ large all over him. It is the fetish of the military uniform which made it possible for such a man to carry out his daring coup. Nowhere else but in Germany could he have succeeded. That is one of the lessons which Germany is taking to heart.

Voigt fully realizes the fame that he has achieved, and not even the prospect of spending the rest of his life in prison lessens his satisfaction. When the idea of his coup first came to him Voigt frequented music halls and other places where military officers resort that he might study them and their ways. The deference with which he observed they were everywhere treated soon convinced him that the uniform counted for vastly more than the man inside of it. He had first thought of raiding one of the Berlin municipalities, but came to the conclusion that in a place where there are so many officers about the risk was a little too great. Then he selected Koepenick, a thriving city of 75,000 inhabitants on the outskirts of the capital, for his exploit.

After donning a discarded uniform of a captain in the First Regiment of infantry guards, which he purchased in a second hand clothing shop, he strolled calmly along a street in the east of Berlin, awaiting the return of a detachment of grenadier guards from the drilling ground to their barracks. True to his calculations, the detachment appeared, consisting of twenty-four men, each carrying a rifle.

"Your men must follow me," said Voigt, accosting the corporal. "I have the Kaiser's orders to make an important arrest and need your assistance."

Grumpy and battered though he was, and much too old for a captain, none of the soldiers thought for an instant of challenging the seely uniform of the first guards. They obeyed him like sheep. He marched them to the nearest railway station, whence he took them by train to Koepenick. Arrived at Koepenick he ordered them to fix bayonets and march to the town hall.

Halting at the telephone exchange, Voigt ordered the official in charge to cut off communications with the town hall for the next two hours under penalty of incurring the Kaiser's displeasure. The uniform triumphed again. The trembling official promised implicit obedience.

The chief of the Koepenick police took orders from Voigt without question. The uniform hypnotized him, as it did everybody else. By Voigt's directions he placed a squad of police around the town hall to keep the crowd back, and as proof of his zeal, actually arrested five citizens whose curiosity got the better of their discretion. In his wildest extravaganzas Gilbert never conceived anything more ludicrous than a municipal police force helping a thief to loot the municipal treasury and arresting honest men to make things easier for him.

Now only red tape fettered officialdom which has been held up to ridicule feels sore over the exploit. The fetish of the military uniform has received a deadly blow. The day may come when Germany, freed from the tyranny of a military bureaucracy, may recognize that it owes a debt of gratitude to the cobbler who made the whole world laugh.

Voigt's case has called attention to another form of tyranny which needs reforming in Germany. It is the system of police supervision of ex-convicts. That made it impossible for Voigt to make an honest living. It was, he says, because there was no way open to him by which he could make a decent living honestly that he con-

ceived the idea of effecting a coup which he fondly hoped would bring him enough money to enable him to live without any more work, either honest or dishonest, and wed an old sweet-heart. That the hoary sinner has some good stuff in him which has survived a score of years spent in jails is shown by the fact, attested by the old folk in whose house he was lodging when caught, that he nursed there, with touching devotion, a young girl who was dying of consumption.

**DIFFERENCES OF DIARISTS.**

How Two Public Men Differed in Estimate of Bismarck.

Public men who keep diaries should either see that they are destroyed while there is yet time, or get together frequently to compare notes and agree in their versions of incidents, says the Boston Transcript. Either course would save the historian of the future a world of trouble, the nature of which is indicated by the sharp differences between the late Prince Hohenzollern's explanation of Bismarck's policy and that recorded by Crispien. The former, who was one of Bismarck's successors as German chancellor, wrote in his diary, on the authority of the grand duke of Baden, uncle of the Kaiser, that the imperial distrust of Bismarck was based on a suspicion that he was secretly favoring Russia and laboring to undermine the triple alliance. Crispien, the Italian premier, left a diary, extracts from which the nephew has printed in facsimile to demonstrate that Bismarck was a zealous supporter, not only officially but personally, of the alliance. Crispien wrote while Bismarck's words were fresh in his memory. Bismarck explained that he had endeavored to live in friendship with Russia, but had failed, and urged that in extension of the dreadbund there should be a "grouping" of Austria, Italy and England. Whether we should accept the grand duke's statement, presumably based on the confidences of his nephew, or that of Crispien, in estimating Bismarck, is a puzzle that promises to be prolific of literature.

Bismarck is still an idol with a large proportion of the Germans, who, however, may be deferential enough to the Kaiser to moderate the terms of their defense. Those who have studied him in "a neutral atmosphere" may reconcile the differences between diarists by saying that Bismarck talked one way with one man, and the opposite with another, and that he was pulling wool over Crispien's eyes as he had pulled it over those of Napoleon III. Bismarck was a lion with a great many fox traits in his make-up. Letters and diaries are of great value to the historian, but their product is often small as compared with the amount of labor necessary to reconcile contradictions and extract the residuum of fact. Without them many historical incidents would be cloudy, and it cannot have escaped detection that some of the richest finds have been made in letters which their writers solemnly pledged the recipients to destroy. One of the most luminous documents in the Paston correspondence has a P. S. reading "Burn this letter."

**IS MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN ENGLAND.**



This is Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, the woman to whom King Edward has awarded the palm of beauty of his realm. He recently referred to her as "England's handsomest woman," and that title is expected to cling to her for many years. Lady Beatrice is the wife of General Pole-Carew and daughter of the Marquess of Ormonde.

**Now an Anti-Expansionist.**

A Virginia mountaineer, who had strayed to Richmond on an excursion, and who, as his holiday progressed, became rather hilarious, grew overconfident of his own greatness.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I kin lick any man in Richmond."

No one tried to dispute the assertion, and he tried again.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I kin lick any man in the whole State of Virginia."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a tall, sneaky man from his own part of the State entered the game and gave the boaster a good thrashing.

The mountaineer had a sense of humor. He slowly picked himself and faced the group to which he had boasted.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am now ready to acknowledge that I kivered too much territory in that last statement."

—Baltimore Sun.

**Penalty?**

Redd—I see in Germany the Kaiser's chief chauffeur must motor through life under the imposing title of "oberhofwagenfuhrer."

Greene—What's the matter? Had he been speeding?—Yonkers Statesman.

**OLD Favorites**

When the Frost is on the Pumpkin and the Fodder's in the Shock;  
And you hear the Krowck and Gobble of the struttin' Turkey-cock;  
And the clackin' of the guinea, and the cluckin' of the hens,  
And the rooster hallylooyers as is in toos on the fence;  
Oh, it's then's the time a feller is wakin' in' at his best,  
As he leaves the house barnyard, and goes out to feed the stock,  
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's somethin' kind o' herry like about the atmosphere,  
When the heat of summer's over, and the coolin' fall is here—  
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the tree,  
And the humble of the hummin' birds, and buzzin' of the bees;  
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze  
Of a crisp and sunny mornin' of the early autumn days  
Is a pictur' that a painter has the makin' in' to mock—  
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rassel of the rattle of the corn,  
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves of golden as the morn;  
The stubble in the furrows—kindly like some-like, but still  
A-preachin' sermons to us of the harvest they grewed to fill;  
The strawstack in the meadow, and the reaper in the shed;  
The horses in they's stalls bein'—clover overhead!

Oh, it sets my heart a-clinkin' like the tickin' of a clock,  
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

**MANY CIGARETTES IMPORTED.**

Made by Greeks of Greek Tobacco. They Are Called Egyptians.

A controversy which has been going on in Europe, and especially in England, as to the rival merits of Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes seems likely to be settled by a report of a disinterested but observant American journalist.

Though the United States is the great cigarette-producing nation of the world, there are imported into this country every year more than \$10,000,000 worth of foreign-made cigarettes, some Turkish and some Egyptian.

Turkey is a large tobacco-producing country, yielding 50,000 tons of tobacco every year, and the "nits" it is well known, are a nation of smokers. The amount of tobacco raised in Egypt is inconsiderable, and yet Egyptian cigarettes are imported into this country in considerable amounts every year.

The explanation of the matter, as offered by the American journal in Athens, is simple. It seems that the Greek tobacco crop last year was the largest Greece ever harvested—about 200,000,000 pounds. A brand of Greek tobacco is used for Egyptian cigarettes.

Why, it is asked, Egyptian? The answer is that Egyptian cigarettes are made by Greeks because cigarette-making is too expensive in Greece, where it is a government monopoly. Thus the business has gone over to Egypt. The most famous cigarette makers of Egypt are Greeks.

A very large business in cigarette-making has been established in Alexandria, and it is in the hands of Greeks, who import their tobacco from their own country and in turn ship it to foreign countries, England and the United States being the chief markets for Egyptian cigarettes, which are, in fact, Greek cigarettes, those bearing the title Turkish being imported from Turkey direct.

**The Courteous Corporal.**

A native postman on the Gold Coast of West Africa went in bathing, says the Country Gentleman, and then wrote the following letter to his postmaster:

Dear Master—I have the pleasure to regret to inform you that when I go bath this morning a billow has blown my trousers. Dear Master, how can I go on duty with only one trouser? If I get lost where am I? Kind write me Accra that they send me one more trouser so I catch him and go duty.

Good day, Sir, my Lord, how are you?  
Your loving corporal,  
J. ADDIE.

**Quick Reparator.**

Miss Elsa—You are certainly postman. You pass me and never look at me.  
Baron—Ah, mademoiselle, if I had looked at you I never could have been seduced by.—Translated from Transatlantic Tales from Flickeude Blatter.