

**THE RETURN.**

O the little old town that I left one day,  
Because it was quiet, still  
Has the name that it had when I went  
away,  
And stands on the same old hill;  
But the ones that were dear in the little  
old town,  
With its one wide street running up and  
down,  
Have ceased to sit on the porches where  
The roses were trained to climb;  
They have ceased to sew and to whittle  
there,  
As they did in the dear old time.

The little old church with its wooden  
sheds  
Still stands as it stood of yore;  
But the ones who knelt and who bowed  
their heads  
Are worshipping there no more!  
And the little old school where I carved  
my name  
On the home-made desk stands just the  
same—  
But the boys who are batting the ball  
to-day  
And the little maids, fair and free,  
Are not the children who used to play  
On the common there with me!

The little old house, so dear, so dear,  
Stands just where it used to stand;  
But not for many and many a year  
Has the latch obeyed her hand—  
The hand in which my hand was laid  
When my first few faltering steps were  
made—  
And in the little old parlor there,  
O'erlooking the little lawn,  
Another sits in her easy chair  
And hears the clock tick on.

O the little old town that I left one day,  
Because it was quiet, still  
Has the name that it had when I went  
away,  
And stands on the same old hill;  
But the friends that I've traveled "back  
home" to see  
Are gone or else are but strangers to me,  
And over the doors of the little old stores  
Are names that I never knew,  
And the dream that was dear of the "old  
home" here  
Can never, alas! come true.  
—Chicago Times-Herald.

**LEONITA.**

AS Gitano walked through the  
lowland grove to meet Leonita  
at the creek he wondered why  
she had grown so different; why she  
no longer would play the games that  
for years they had played together;  
why she now went round by the bridge  
and would not let him assist her across  
the stream.

When he reached the open he saw  
her standing by the road at the top of  
the hill. A horseman who had spoken  
with her rode away, smiling over his  
shoulder. Something tightened in Gitano's  
breast. With firm steps he came to the  
hill top.

"Who was he, 'Nita?"  
"Who but the Corregidor," she answered  
archly.

"What said he?"  
"More than ever another hath said,  
Gitano."

"What then?"  
Leonita turned her face away.

"He said that mine is the beauty of  
the night."

Gitano's eyes flashed at the receding  
horseman.

"Why of the night?" he asked.

"Because," she faltered, "because—  
so said the Corregidor—my brow is the  
moon-touched snow upon the moun-  
tain, and my eyes are the glinting  
stars."

"Said he that? What more?"  
"That my hair is the midnight cloud;  
that my lips—"

She turned a pebble with her dainty  
toe.

"That my lips—" Gitano prompted.

"Are the dew-bright berries of holly  
awaiting the kiss of dawn—so said he,  
the Corregidor."

At the bend of the road the rider  
looked back and raised his glistening  
sombreiro. Leonita waved her supple  
hand and smiled. But when she turned  
again to her companion the smile  
departed from her lips, for the sad-  
ness of his eyes rebuked her heart.

The next day and the next the rider  
came, but Leonita was ever away with  
Gitano in the lowland grove.

Then, as the third day closed, her  
father said to her:

"'Nita, thou art too much with Gitano.  
Let him go his way. Thou art no longer  
a child."

"But, my father, I am happy with  
Gitano."

"So much the worse. Bide thee at  
home. The Corregidor will come  
again."

"The Corregidor?"

"Ay, 'Nita; he hath seen thy beauty."

"What dost thou mean, my father?"

"Only that thy place is here. Let  
Gitano go his way."

Another day the rider came, and  
when he went away Leonita's face  
was in her hands.

"Silly child!" her father said. "Thou  
wilt be the Corregidora—a great lady,  
and ride in thy coach. Is this thy  
gratitude for a father's loving care?"

Gitano came at sundown to learn  
why Leonita had not kept their daily  
tryst. Her father sat with them and  
told Gitano all—that the Corregidor  
had smiled upon her beauty and begged  
her for his bride; that the father's

promise had been given; that the notary  
was to come next morning to seal  
the truth, and that until then Leonita  
was to remain within.

Gitano heard as in a dream. The  
words seemed to come over some vast  
distance—even from some lightless  
world whose fires had flickered out  
ages and ages ago. But as her father  
spoke Leonita weaved a message of  
the thread upon her lap and trembled  
with excited joy to see Gitano read it.  
The moon was low, when a call as of  
a nightbird fell softly through Leonita's  
lattice.

"Gitano!"  
"Nita!"

Cheek to cheek, they whispered from  
their hearts, and in the meeting of  
their lips were sealed pathetic vows  
of love beyond this life.

Then through the sombre avenue of  
silence they came again to view the  
gloomy present.

"And spoke he only of the beauty of  
thy face?" Gitano asked.

"Only of that," she answered.

"I would thou hadst no beauty,  
then."

Before they parted at the lattice  
Leonita begged one last memento of  
his honest love. A lush young vine  
grew in the withered gumtree at the  
bottom of the gorge.

"Bring me a sprig of that, Gitano,  
for remembrance."

And when she took it from him she  
bade him haste to bathe his hands in  
milk. Then Gitano knew the cruel  
nature of the vine.

"No, no! Not that!" he cried.

But the lattice window closed.

In the morning light the father looked  
on Leonita's face and horror paled his  
own.

"'Nita!" he gasped, "is it thee—my  
child?"

"Ay, my father; thy child."

He swayed and closed his eyes.

"Say not so," he moaned. "It can  
not be! My Nina was so beautiful—  
oh, so beautiful!"

In overwhelming grief he sank upon  
the floor and rocked feebly and beat  
his breast.

"O santo Dios! What curse is this?"

Then came another awful thought.

"The Corregidor will never take her  
now!" he cried.

"Why, my father? Doth he love me  
for my face alone?"

But the father only wailed as one  
gone mad:

"The Corregidor! The Corregidor!  
He will not have her now!"

Then came the rider with the notary.

"She was so much a child," the father  
sobbed. "She played with young  
Gitano in the grove. She did not know  
the devil-vine would eat her beauty.  
And yet it hath but spoiled her face  
and not touched her beautiful heart."

"Rustico," said the great Corregidor,  
"thou hast my earnest sympathy.  
Here is a purse of gold."

And with his notary he rode away.

When Gitano with his scalded hands  
smoothed Leonita's hair his tears ex-  
pressed his heart.

"Still thou art beautiful," he said.

"Nay, sweet Gitano, even thou canst  
not say that."

"Hush, my 'Nita! Time is the beauty  
of the day. Thy heart-love is the  
glad, warm sunshine and thy glorious  
soul the rainbow of promise to me."—  
Chicago Times-Herald.

**THE JUDGE'S TURKISH BATH.**

**It Was Very Vigorous, and He Found  
Out Why.**

The Judge had never taken a Turkish  
bath, but he was not feeling his best  
that morning, and it suddenly occurred  
to him to test its vivifying effects, so  
enthusiastically deacanted upon by his  
young friends.

It seemed to the Judge that the rub-  
ber was terribly rough, but fearing to  
expose his inexperience and subject  
himself to ridicule by objecting to the  
regular treatment, he patiently endured  
being punched, pummeled, slapped,  
spanked, whacked and poked until he  
could not stand the torture a moment  
longer.

"Is it—quite—neces-sary—to—make  
me—bla-ack—and—blue—all—over?"  
panted the Judge, as irregularly as  
the rubber dug his fists in more or  
less vigorously.

"Never you mind; I'm fixin' you," re-  
sponded the rubber, redoubling his as-  
saults and grinning diabolically—at  
least so it seemed to the Judge.

"Who (slap, groan) are (thud, groan)  
you?" gasped the Judge, a horrible sus-  
picion dawning in his mind. "Your  
(whack, groan) face (thump, groan)  
does (whack, groan) look (slap, groan)  
fa—thud, groan)—millar" (swish,  
groan).

"Oh, you remember me, do you?"  
growled the rubber sarcastically.

"Well, lash yer old hide, mebbe you'd  
like to send me up for six months again  
for priz-fightin'!"—Harper's Magazine.

**Speed of Carrier Pigeons.**

The average speed of a carrier pigeon  
in calm weather is 1,120 yards a minute.  
With a strong wind in the direc-  
tion of flight some pigeons have made  
1,980 yards a minute.

**Largest Public Debt.**

The public debt of France is the largest  
in the world, and amounts to  
£1,000,000,000.

Contrary to the general rule the  
street-car company finds its hangers-  
on a source of revenue.

**EUROPE'S EMIGRANTS.**

**When Successful Here They Quickly  
Become Americans.**

I have remarked, for my part, says  
a writer in the Revue Bleue, that the  
Americanization of the European emi-  
grant is the result of success; the man  
who succeeds becomes American with  
a facility truly prodigious, but he who  
fails remains European.

Thus it is that a certain part of Chi-  
cago constitutes a veritable interna-  
tional sink where the French, the  
Swedes, the Germans, the Slavs, the  
Italians, dwell in groups, retaining in  
their misery the distinctive marks of  
their nationality, the language and the  
habits of their races.

On the other hand, the Americaniza-  
tion of the others is perhaps not so  
complete at bottom as it is in appear-  
ance. The future alone can tell. It re-  
mains true, none the less, that in a  
single generation Europe seems to have  
lost all influence over the sons of those  
who have abandoned her to fix them-  
selves in the new world, and who have  
been able to make any position for  
themselves there, however modest.

There is in the air they breathe, in the  
life they live, something which takes  
their youth, their enthusiasm, and in-  
oculates it in some way with all the her-  
editary American possessions and  
ideas. The fact is very curious, and  
certainly, to this degree, it is unique.  
How could it fail to act powerfully on  
the imagination of a people already  
given to believe itself placed above all  
others?

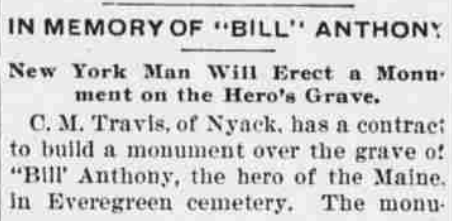
**IN MEMORY OF "BILL" ANTHONY.**

**New York Man Will Erect a Monu-  
ment on the Hero's Grave.**

C. M. Travis, of Nyack, has a contract  
to build a monument over the grave of  
"Bill" Anthony, the hero of the Maine,  
in Evergreen cemetery. The monu-

ment is to be built and erected at the  
expense of a wealthy New York gentle-  
man whose name is withheld.

The monument will be four feet high  
and three feet wide. It will be of gran-  
ite, with rough rock face work. There  
will be carved on it two sprays of oak  
leaves and an anchor. On a raised  
panel will be this inscription: "Sir, I  
have to report that the ship is blown  
up and is sinking;" also the hero's  
name, date of birth and date of death.  
It will be finished in February.—New  
York World.



MONUMENT TO "BILL" ANTHONY.

**The Bit r Bit.**

One day a detective was in an auc-  
tion room where "fake" jewelry was  
being sold. A lot of watches were of-  
fered—cheap, worthless affairs, but got  
up to look like solid gold. They were  
knocked down for two dollars and fif-  
teen cents apiece, and the detective  
noted that they were bought by a con-  
fidence man who had given the police  
a lot of trouble. Two months later the  
detective met him and asked what he  
had done with the watches. The scound-  
rel explained his scheme. He had  
hired a room, put in a desk and a few  
chairs, and made himself up to look  
like an old man. Then he inserted an  
advertisement in various papers, some-  
thing like this: "Found—A solid gold  
watch—Elgin works. Apply," etc. Nearly  
every smart thief in town an-  
swered the advertisement, claimed the  
watch and paid ten dollars for "costs."  
In two days he disposed of his entire  
stock in this way, and about one hun-  
dred smart thieves were fuming over  
their loss.

**CARICATURE OF KIPLING.**



Consumptive Convicts.

It is said by an Alabama newspaper  
that one-half of the pardons issued in  
that State are based on the fact that  
the convict is suffering from consump-  
tion.

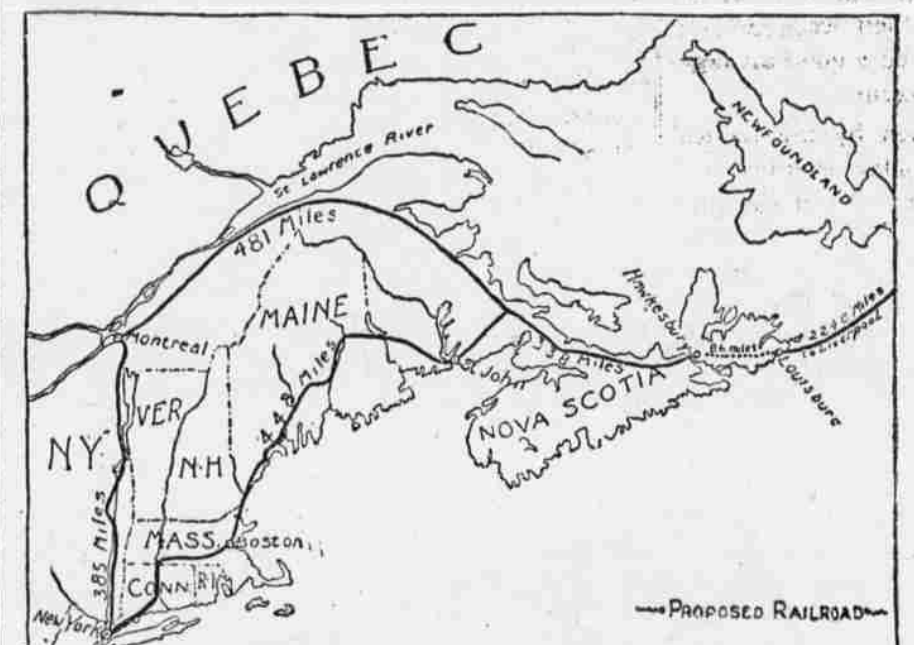
**SHORTER EUROPEAN MAIL TIME.**

**The Scheme Includes Railway to Louis-  
burg, C. B., and a Fast Fleet.**

A scheme which postoffice and rail-  
way authorities have had under consid-  
eration for some years is said to have  
been revived, whereby a fast mail ser-  
vice is to be inaugurated between Lou-  
isburg, Boston and New York, short-  
ening the time between Liverpool and  
New York City by about forty-eight  
hours.

In connection with the railroad project  
a fleet of ocean greyhounds, equal-  
ing in speed such ships as the Oceanic  
and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, is  
to be put into service between the Nova  
Scotia ports and Liverpool. The dis-  
tance from Louisburg to Liverpool is  
given as 2,240 miles. Steamers of the  
speed of the vessels mentioned could  
cover the route in about four days and  
the railroad run to New York via Mon-  
treal would be covered in about forty  
hours, while Boston could be reached  
in about twenty-four hours, or five days  
from Liverpool. If mail can be landed  
in Boston in five days from Liverpool it  
follows that passengers will be attract-  
ed by this route.

The best time from Liverpool to Bos-  
ton now is seven days. Boston receives  
most of her European mail via New  
York and most of it is dispatched that  
way. The consequent rehandling of  
mail at New York causes a delay of  
twelve hours or more, considerable time  
to those anxious to hear from friends or



HOW TO SAVE TWO DAYS ON EUROPEAN MAILS.

shape their business by European ad-  
vice.

The scheme referred to comprehends  
the building of eighty-six miles of rail-  
road from Louisburg to Hawkesbury,  
N. S., from this point an excellent rail-  
road connection may be made to United  
States points. Louisburg is the most  
easterly port in Nova Scotia, and is a  
well-sheltered harbor, which does not  
freeze in winter time.

The distances from Louisburg to New  
York via the Montreal route over the  
Canadian Pacific, as figured by an offi-  
cial of that road, are as follows:

Louisburg to Hawkesbury, 86 miles.

Hawkesbury to St. John, 338 miles.

St. John to Montreal, 481 miles.

Montreal to New York, 385 miles.

Adding the ocean distance from Liv-  
erpool to Louisburg gives a total of  
3,530 miles.

The distances via Boston to New  
York are reckoned as follows:

Louisburg to Hawkesbury, 86 miles.

Hawkesbury to St. John, 338 miles.

St. John to Boston, 448 miles.

Boston to New York, 233 miles.

Adding to this the ocean distance of  
2,240 miles makes a total of 3,345 miles,  
and almost 200 miles in favor of the  
Boston route.

**SMOKED WITH GEN. LUDLOW.**

**The General Furnished the Cigars and  
the Spaniard the Light.**

"Good afternoon, Zheneral Ludlow,"  
and the American military commander  
of the city of Havana lifted his eyes  
from a document he was examining  
and greeted his visitor. The latter was  
an oily, smooth-tongued, plausible  
Spaniard, by name—well, I have  
forgotten it, if ever I did know it, but  
Campos will answer the purpose. Be-  
fore the stranger sat down he extended  
his right hand to the General, saying  
at the same time, "I am so plee-azed  
to see you, Zheneral."

While his well-lubricated tongue and  
right palm were thus engaged momen-  
tarily, Campos' left was playing its  
little part. The Spaniard had cunningly  
reached over Ludlow's desk with  
that member, and as he took his seat  
and it was withdrawn the officer's  
sharp, quick eye noted that a fifty-  
dollar bill was lying under his nose. He  
divined instantly the purpose of Cam-  
pos' visit, and almost as quickly made  
up his mind what to do. Without ap-  
pearing to have seen the currency sug-  
gling so close in his inside pocket that  
it might have jumped into it, he as-  
sumed a pleasant, debonaire manner,  
and inquired: "Well, senior, what can  
I do for you to-day?"

Campos already was beginning to  
think he had won his game. His eyes  
sparkled, his face lit up with a happy  
smile, and in his most courteous tone  
he said:

"Well, Zheneral, I would like to get  
a franchise—a co-neshon, you know."

"Oh, yes," replied Ludlow, apparent-

ly entering into the spirit of the other,  
"and, of course, you expect to pay for  
it?"

"Yes, yes," returned Campos with an  
eagerness he could not conceal. "I'll  
pay for it—something," and then he  
fixed his eyes on the fifty-dollar bill  
lying on the desk. He looked at it so  
steadfastly that Ludlow scarcely  
could restrain a smile, and for fear of  
embarrassing the visitor he, too, look-  
ed down, and for the first time appear-  
ed to see it. Then, as though on the  
impulse of the moment, and in order  
to show Campos that he understood  
and was appreciative, he inquired:

"Do you smoke, senior?"

"Yes, Zheneral," Campos answered,  
thinking, too, that things were coming  
his way in great shape, "I smoke zome  
time."

"Have a cigar," and Ludlow handed  
over a box of fine Havanas. "These are  
said to be excellent."

Campos took one; so did Ludlow. The  
American then picked up the fifty, and  
as he rolled it idly into a long, thin  
taper, he remarked: "Senior, I like  
these, and like all kinds of money.  
Have a light."

Ludlow struck a match, and as  
Campos made ready to receive it the  
officer lit the fifty-dollar paper and  
handed it to his caller. "Yes, I like this  
paper money," continued the Ameri-  
can, nonchalantly. "It makes such con-  
venient cigar lighters."

Campos' hand trembled as he lit his

**Real Case of "She" in Africa.**

Everybody has read Rider Haggard's  
famous novel "She." The main figure  
of the story certainly lived and died in  
the Transvaal, according to an English  
writer, and not so many years ago,  
either. "She" was really Majaji. Only  
a few years ago there was a native dis-  
turbance up north, beyond the Zout-  
pansberg range of mountains, in what  
was known as Majaji's country. Com-  
mandant Henning Pretorius, an old  
Boer, and a descendant of President  
Pretorius, after whom Pretoria was  
called, went up to quell the uprising.

The natives have a legendary Queen  
Majaji, who has really been dead for  
years and years, but they pretend, and  
partially believe themselves, that she is  
still alive, and dwelling in a cave in the  
mountains, whence she reigns over  
them, and issues her behests through  
the medicine (mount) men.

Pretorius demanded to see their  
queen. The Induna (chief) of the na-  
tives replied: "Show us your govern-  
ment and we will show you Majaji."

The natives speak of her with awe,  
and refer to "the-wishes-of-She-in-a-  
cave."

**Arctic Explorer a Boni'ac.**

Dr. Nansen has settled down as a  
Norwegian squire and sportsman; and  
is now a member of the great land  
owning class. His possessions, which  
cost a considerable sum, lie on the bor-  
ders of Telemarken, to the south of  
Lynkopl, one of the highest summits  
of that district. He has become owner  
of a large hotel, which was built some  
years ago for summer tourists, but will  
now serve as his private residence. He  
has also acquired a number of sur-  
rounding farms and fields.

If two brothers who don't speak to  
each other are members of the same  
same church, do they refer to each  
other as "Brother" in church fashion?

A boy's first lesson at school is that  
his slate and lead pencil are not good  
to eat.