

THE BROOKLET.

"Oh, silver brooklet, flowing clear,
Forever speeding past me here,
I stand, and ponder on thy flow;
Whence comest thou? Where dost thou
go?"

"From out the rock's deep heart I glide,
O'er flowers and moss my course I guide;
There floats upon my mirror true,
The picture of the heaven's blue.

"So, like a child without a care,
I bound along, I know not where;
He will, I trust, my Leader be,
Who from earth's bosom summoned me."
—Goethe.

Mrs. Luther Wilkins.

THE postmaster smiled a little when he passed out the mail, but Luther Wilkins did not notice. He was trying to remember whether it was a yeast cake or a pound of cheese he had meant to get at the store.

He went out of the postoffice still pondering and ended by forgetting both articles, his attention being diverted by the sight of two boys playing marbles on the sidewalks. This was the first sign of spring Luther had seen, so it was no wonder that his memory played him false.

After he had got home and had eaten his supper he thought of the mail in his overcoat pocket. He brought it to the table and sat down to examine it. There was the weekly county paper, a poultry journal, an agricultural monthly, and last of all a letter.

"Well, now," said Luther, picking it up. "I wonder who's been writing to me. I don't know when I've had a letter."

He looked at it eagerly, held it nearer his eyes, then farther off. He removed his glasses and polished them in nervous haste. After replacing them on his nose he picked up the letter again and scanned it narrowly, then he looked over his glasses as if at some person and said:

"I snum!"
He sank into a reverie, out of which



HE STUDIED THE ENVELOPE WITH RE-NEWED INTEREST.

he roused himself with a start to study the envelope with renewed interest.

"Mrs. Luther Wilkins," he said, "Mrs. Luther Wilkins. And I an old bachelor who never so much as hardly thought of getting married! Mrs. Luther Wilkins, why, where is she? And who is she?"

"Well, I guess I'll see what's in it." He inserted the point of his knife under the corner of the envelope flap, then he hesitated.

"What business have I opening of her letters?" he asked himself. "I never did open other folks' letters, and I guess I won't begin now." He rose to his feet and carrying it to the mantelpiece leaned it up against the clock.

He settled himself to his papers, but thoughts of Mrs. Luther Wilkins kept intruding on what he was reading about patent nest-boxes, and, underrating and the news of the village.

Thereafter during all his waking hours, Mrs. Luther Wilkins was often in his thoughts. She even haunted his dreams at times. He wondered what she was like, and he thought of the kind of woman he would wish her to be, and enjoyed himself very much in imagining how it would seem to have her meet him at the door when he came in from the fields, and how nice it would be not to have to get his own meals.

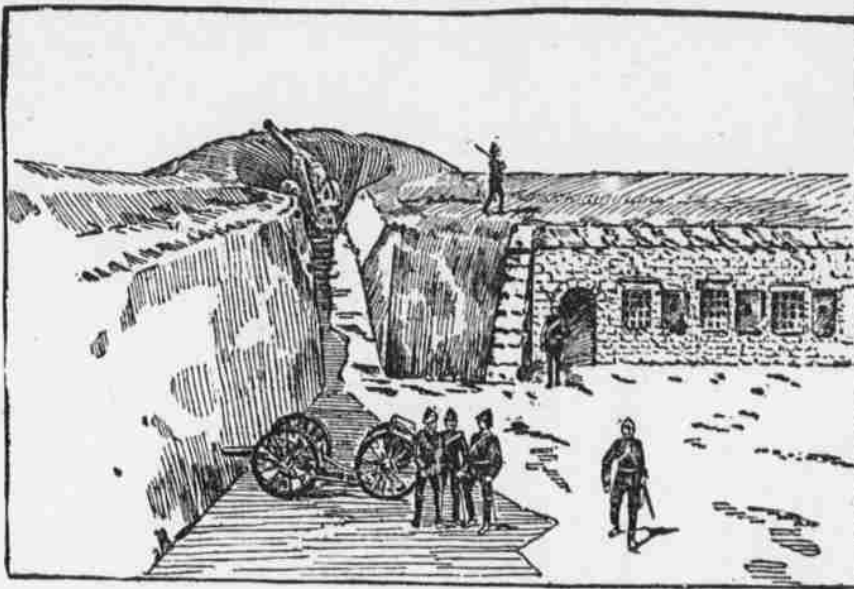
At first he was a little cynical and told himself that the imagining was much more satisfactory than the reality would be, but after awhile he changed his mind, and would sigh heavily when he came into his lonesome house.

The letter by the clock, too, began to trouble him. He had a devouring curiosity to see what was in it, and besides it did not seem just right to keep it so long before delivering it.

One evening in June Luther put on his best clothes and walked three miles to see an old schoolmate who had an unmarried cousin living with him. It seemed to him that Eliza Elliott fitted in exactly with his idea of Mrs. Luther Wilkins.

He came home quite early very much disappointed. Eliza wouldn't do at all. He worked doggedly for a month, trying hard not to think of the disquieting subject. It was no use, and toward the end of July it was observed that Luther was becoming very neighborly. He spent his evenings at differ-

A SAMPLE OF BOER FORTIFICATIONS.



INTERIOR OF THE JOHANNESBURG FORT.

Mr. James Hay, formerly president of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines, who recently visited London, stated to an interviewer in Cape Town, some time previously, that when the Boers had their first big defeat they will go to Johannesburg and level it with the ground. To do this Oom Paul's faithful burghers will, of course, have to make use of the fort which for so long a time has presented a threatening front to the unarmed and helpless inhabitants of the town. The fort, by the by, was finished in the middle of the year 1897, and its origin is said to have been due to the ever-to-be-lamented Jameson raid.

The fort occupies a commanding position on top of a hill. It is rectangular in shape, with two bastions at opposing corners. On each bastion is mounted a 23-centimeter quick-firing gun, with two flanking Maxims for enfilade fire. On the side looking toward Barnato Park are four small quick-firing guns. On the opposite side towards Johannesburg is the entrance which traverses the rampart at an angle of 45 degrees. Right and left of this, within the court, are stables. Under the bastion on the right are barracks and a magazine, the corresponding position beneath the other bastion being occupied by officers' rooms and another magazine. Whether these elaborate preparations for the destruction of Johannesburg have been made in vain is at present a nice speculative point. It may be that when the British forces appear before the Gold Reef City Johannesburg of the nineties will be no more.—Illustrated London News.

ent neighbors' houses, he accepted invitations to tea, he went to church regularly and to all Sunday school picnics. And still he could not find a suitable owner for the letter.

"I must be terribly fussy," he sighed. "I've got acquainted with about all the women in town; they're nice women, every one of them, but somehow they don't suit me. I guess I'll have to give up beat."

It was one cold, raw day in early November that Luther sat at a window making clumsy attempts at mending a pair of very ragged socks. Happening to glance across the road he saw a woman out in Hammond's yard. She was busy raking up the fallen autumn leaves.

"Letitia Hammond," Luther commented, "Bill Hammond's sister. We don't see much of her lately. She don't even go to church, there's so many of Bill's children to look after, and Bill's wife is so took up with her clubs and things. It's hard on Letitia, but she never finds a word of fault."

The sock he was mending fell to the floor, and the wooden egg inside it struck with such a loud bang that the cat started in his sleep. Luther did not notice. He was standing at the window staring out.

"That is best which lieth nearest," he said, solemnly. "What a fool I've been."

He found his hat and left the house, almost running across the road. He took the iron rake away from Letitia gently. "That's too hard work for a little thing like you," he said.

Letitia's blue eyes were full of wonder, but she yielded up the rake weakly.

"You'd better go into the house, too," said Luther. "It's cold out here."

No one had been thoughtful of her before for a long time, and Letitia couldn't understand it. When Luther returned the rake she asked him to let her do something for him.

He carried her his best pair of socks. She was horrified at their condition, and mended them in a very artistic manner.

Luther looked at them in wonder and reverence. "I'll never wear 'em," he



"THAT'S TOO HARD WORK FOR A LITTLE THING LIKE YOU," HE SAID.

said, when he was at home again. "I wouldn't have let her do it, only I knew it would make her feel better, and it gave me a chance to see her, too."

He found that it was an easy matter to invent excuses for seeing her, and finally, some time in the winter, he asked her, in fear and trembling, if she would be Mrs. Luther Wilkins.

At first she was afraid it would not be right to abandon her brother's children, but her scruples melted away before the warmth of his eloquence. Then she confessed that she was tired.

"It is so long that I have had to take

care of other folks, and it will seem like heaven to have some one to take care of me."

So it happened that in a little less than a year the letter to Mrs. Luther Wilkins was given to its rightful owner. "Circumstances over which I had no control have prevented you from getting it before," Luther said.

"Why, it's nothing but an advertisement of some preparation of cereals," she said, when she had opened it.

Luther looked blank.

"I see how it is," she said, after a moment's thought. "They sent to the different grocers for lists of their customers, and then sent these circulars to their wives."

"Let's keep it," said Luther, softly. "If it hadn't been for that—"

"Yes, we'll keep it," said Letitia, blushing.

HOW TO CARE FOR UMBRELLAS.

Hints from a Manufacturer Which May Prolong Their Usefulness.

Manufacturers and jobbers of umbrellas say that there were more umbrellas sold during the past year than for the past five years. Especially is this true in Baltimore of the finer grades of goods, for which the demand has been unusually great. Retailers do a remarkably large holiday trade, and, of course, the manufacturers and jobbers profited by it.

While Baltimore does not rank high as a manufacturing center for umbrellas in point of numbers, its reputation depends on the fine quality of goods made up in this city. It is estimated that over 500 hands are steadily engaged in the manufacture of umbrellas in Baltimore, and that an average of 5,000 complete umbrellas are turned out every week. During some seasons the figures are greater or less, but that is the average production.

Like many other articles of manufacture, the making of umbrellas has been reduced to the assembling of the parts and turning out the complete shelter from the rain. One firm makes the steel tubing which nowadays forms the "stick" of the umbrellas, another turns out the ribs, another the various fancy handles and so on through the list. Silks and other materials for the covers are cut and sewed in the factory, where the other parts are brought by the thousand and put together. To such a degree of perfection has the machinery been brought for making the various parts of an umbrella that it is said that it is actually cheaper to make a new umbrella than to repair an old one. That is to say, that in the time taken by a workman to repair an umbrella he can turn out probably half a dozen new ones complete.

Recent sales show that while Baltimoreans prefer the better qualities of silk covering for umbrellas, they favor natural wood handles or those tipped with pearl for ladies' umbrellas. For men the demand is for the combinations in ivory handles, next to the natural wood sticks and the silver-mounted wood handles.

A manufacturer gives three points about the care of umbrellas which will tend to their lasting longer while in service. In the first place an umbrella should not be tightly rolled and then put in a close cover unless it is desired to have the silk cut to pieces in every fold. Even when lying in stock it is said that tightly rolled silk umbrellas will cut out in a few weeks. The other precaution is to open an umbrella when it has been wet and let dry while spread open. This will prevent the water gathering in the folds and rotting the fabric which forms the covering.—Baltimore Sun.

JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

Their Physical Development is Something Truly Remarkable.

Although the American is willing to concede to the Japanese the possession of a mental capacity almost, if not quite, equaling that of the majority of white races, he is apt to form a somewhat slighting opinion of him as viewed from a physical standpoint. The specimens met with in this country do not tend to convey a favorable impression of their athletic powers. After, however, reading an account of the physical measurements of some of the most prominent Japanese wrestlers, a more respectful attitude regarding the muscular development of these little men will probably be taken. The Jiji Shimpo has recently published a table giving the measurements of six of the foremost Japanese fighters. From this table it is gathered that the most bulky of these modern gladiators weighs at the age of 22 years about 300 pounds height, five and a half feet; girth of chest, fifty-eight inches; lung capacity, 4,450 cubic centimeters; upper arm, eighteen inches.

Another one weighs over 280 pounds; height, six feet five inches; girth of chest, forty-eight inches; lung capacity, 6,000 cubic centimeters; upper arm, sixteen inches. The smallest of these fighting men weighs more than 200 pounds, measures in height five feet seven inches, while in lung capacity he exceeds them all. There are few wrestlers or pugilists in this or any country who attain to these dimensions, and those who have seen some of the best exponents of Japanese wrestling are willing to back them when pitted against the pick of the European or American experts, as it is said that they are as skillful as they are powerful.—Medical Record.

INDIAN JACK.

Last of the Royal Pilchucks Lives Near Snohomish, Wash.

Near Snohomish, Wash., lives "Indian Jack" in calm content. When he dies the Pilchuck Tribe will be extinct, but he watches the passing of day after day without a sigh of regret for the past glories of his race or the firm



LAST OF THE ROYAL PILCHUCKS.

leadership he once held over his people. He bears no hatred for the white men, but, on the contrary, has taken a deep interest in their affairs, and his keen speeches have often helped to turn the tide of public events. In his old age he has found the philosopher's stone of true happiness. "I am the most contented of men," he said recently, "because I long ago made up my mind it was 'no use crying for spilt milk,' as you white men say." That is the philosophy which has allowed him to be come old. He never worries.

Have to Take Her Word.



"What's your age?"
"Thirty years, sir."
"Thirty years? Well, well! Can you produce documents to show that you are no older?"
"No, sir. You see the church where I was baptized was burned, with all the church records, in 1848!"—Der Floh.

Indians Take to Mineral Water.

Mineral waters have come to take a very prominent place in national beverages, especially in the case of those who are suffering more or less from physical derangements. In this country the Indians practiced bathing in the heated waters and drinking them long before they taught to the whites the benefits of many springs now famous. It is within the memory of many inhabitants of this country how the red man came annually to encamp at Manitou and other healing springs in the Rockies.

A bachelor says that marriage and the colic both double people up, but, fortunately, the colic is only temporary.

PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

American Woman Who Originated the Maine Hospital Ship Idea.

Mrs. Blow, a former Chicago and Colorado woman, originated the Maine hospital ship idea for the British, and not long since was formally presented to Queen Victoria at the expressed wish of her majesty. Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Ronalds of New York were received at the same time. Mrs. Blow is the daughter of Col. R. E. Goodell, the Colorado mining man. She was born in Joliet, Ill., and spent part of her girlhood in Springfield and Chicago. Most of her education was received abroad in the convents of Paris and Dresden. She took a finishing



MRS. BLOW.

course at the Convent of the Visitation in Georgetown, D. C., one of the fashionable schools in that aristocratic suburb of Washington. After this Mrs. Blow was again taken abroad, and on her return the family went to Leadville, where Col. Goodell had gone the previous year and became interested in mining. It was in Leadville that Miss Jennie Goodell met and married Mr. A. A. Blow, a civil engineer, then manager of the Silver Cord Mining Co. Three years ago Mr. Blow was offered the position of manager of the interests of one of the richest English syndicates in South Africa. Mr. and Mrs. Blow were given a beautiful home in the midst of beautiful gardens by the company, where Mrs. Blow won a reputation for herself as a charming hostess. She created quite a sensation with a unique luncheon she gave to President Steyn of the Orange Free State, and his staff. In a large chamber of the mine, 1,200 feet below the surface, she served an elaborate lunch to forty guests. The room, the roof of which was seventy-five feet high, was lighted brilliantly with electricity and handsomely decorated for the occasion.—Chicago Tribune.

JOHN BUNYAN'S TOMB.

Last Resting Place of the Famous Author of the Pilgrim's Progress.

Few books, except the Bible, have gone through so many editions as the Pilgrim's Progress, written by John Bunyan. It was written while the author was in Bedford jail, England, suffering for liberty of conscience. Bunyan in his early life was a tinker, then a soldier, later becoming a Baptist and



TOMB OF JOHN BUNYAN.

a preacher. While in jail, where he spent twelve years, he supported his wife and children by making tagged laces. After his release he resumed preaching and continued it until his death in London in 1688.

He was buried in Bunhill Fields burying ground, which was opened as a suburban cemetery in 1635. Here are buried some famous personages in their day, including the novelist, Daniel Defoe; George Fox, founder of the Quakers, and the mother of John Wesley. Our illustration shows Bunyan's tomb at the present time.

London's Ancient Records.

The county council of London, as the successor of the Metropolitan board of works, is custodian of a number of valuable documents bearing upon the local history of the metropolis. Included in the collection are many volumes of minutes of the commissioners of sewers dating back to the reign of Henry VIII., together with papers and deeds relating to important buildings such as Northumberland House, which formerly stood at Charing Cross. These interesting documents have hitherto been inaccessible to the public, but the council has now decided to publish a selection of them in volume.

Writer's cramp is more likely to be found in the stomach than in the wrist.

Some men are so busy trying to avoid work that they have no time to earn bread for their families.