

THE HURRYING HOURS.

How often the thought comes home to me,
As the moments hurry away,
Of the many things I intend to do
Somehow, some time, some day.
There are promises that have not been kept,
Though I always meant to be true,
But time is too short for all the things
That a body intends to do.

I will answer a letter, or read a book,
I will write a bit of rhyme;
I will do the things that I ought to do—
Some day when I have the time.
So I look beyond, as I hope and plan
For the days that are just ahead,
While the day that is here goes into the grave
With its opportunities dead.

To-day is the only day we have,
Of to-morrow we can't be sure;
To seize the chance as it comes along
Is the way to make it sure.
For every year is a shorter year,
And this is a truth sublime;
A moment misspent is a jewel lost
From the treasury of time.

When Fortune Favors

HE was a big, awkward fellow,
working with some patient skill
in an old-fashioned saw-mill, and
living on the far outskirts of a pretty village.

His home was a gray old farmhouse,
where he dwelt with two maiden aunts,
one of whom was a weak, fragile invalid,
quick-tempered and querulous;
the other was stout and strong in body,
but idiotic and silent. Often he was
tempted to go away—to rush out into
the world and leave the old place to go
to the dogs and the old women to the
workhouse, but a dogged sense of duty
held him, so he stayed and worked on.

One of the handsomest farms in Scott
County had stretched its green fields
about the old house twenty years ago,
but when Ralph Mydack's young wife
died and left her baby boy, the hus-
band, always reticent, had grown posi-
tively gloomy. His two sisters seldom
heard him speak, but one day, when
the little Ralph was 5 years old, his
moody father said, in a strange, stern
way:

"I'm going to sell the farm. You two
girls can live here in the old house, and
I will deposit enough in the bank to
keep you and the boy until I can send



"LAWS SAKES! THAT'S COURTIN', AIN'T IT?"

you some more. I shall go to Australia."
Huldah, the invalid, cried out pite-
ously, but her brother paid no heed;
but Hannah, the idiot, stared stonily
and spoke not.

That day the farm and the mill priv-
ilege on the little river were sold to a
large corporation that had been trying
for some time to buy it, in order to
erect a cotton mill there.

Ralph Mydack came home and pack-
ed his trunk, but his motions were un-
steady, his face pale, and before night
he was sick, very sick.

There was little that two helpless
women could do for him; the farm
hands were dismissed, all but Jared,
who was to take care of the cow; so
they sent him off for the doctor, but
when he returned Ralph Mydack was
dead.

Ten bitter years dragged slowly by.
The little money in the bank was soon
exhausted, and partly on charity, partly
by the few vegetables neighbors
helped them raise in the garden patch,
the two old women and the awkward,
sullen boy lived on.

It was well known that a large sum
of money had been paid to Mr. Mydack
for his farm, but the corporation had
failed immediately after, so nothing
was done about the cotton mills, and
from the hour of payment, when the
legal papers were signed, all trace of
the money disappeared as effectually
as though it had been dropped into the
sea of oblivion.

Lawyers searched the old house,
looked over the few papers that Mr.
Mydack had evidently intended to take
with him, searched his wearing apparel,
and gave up in despair.

Little Ralph grew up a stout, healthy
lad, and when he was 15 he asked some
of the neighbors to help him rig the old
saw-mill anew, that he might saw logs,
and thus eke out his scanty support.

Everybody felt kindly toward him.

THE BRONZE BUTTON

Each day as I walk the busy street and meet the gray-haired men,
Who wear the button made of bronze that tells where they have been,
Their eyes meet mine in glad response to the welcome of my own,
And at once our hearts are warmed by the love that was born in sixty one.

Their step is not so firm and quick as it was long years ago,
When, gun in hand, they marched away with loyal hearts aglow,
But their eyes today have the glint of youth though years have come and gone,
And the same old love that lives in their hearts, that was born in sixty one.

No one but we who shared the strife of battle camp and field,
Can ever feel the love we bear for those who fought to shield
The nation's life in every real and grandest under the sun,
A loyal love for the stars and stripes that was born in sixty one.

The sight of that button on his breast is as sure and true,
Shows me a comrade dear to all who ever wore the blue,
Who endured the hardships of the march and the fields with blood that ran,
To free the union of a curse that was born in sixty one.

It is that button made of bronze we wear upon the breast,
Is an honor that more precious than any monarch's crest,
The emblem of our nation's first, the hope she leaned upon,
In the awful struggle against her life that began in sixty one.

This badge we wear means much to us, an emblem we love well,
A token of sweet comradeship that shall forever dwell
In every heart that loved the flag, and its duty nobly done,
For the nation's life and union in the strife of sixty one.



and season after season, when the wa-
ter was high, he would work night and
day among the fragrant pine and hem-
lock logs, earning quite an independ-
ence.

It was here that Gertrude Kendennis
found him one day early in June.

He had seen her bright face about
there the year before, but had turned
away from her pleasant words with a
moodiness that was almost rude. For
what had his weary, tollsome life to do
with beauty or kind words?

What, indeed? And yet she would
not let him be. She went every day and
watched, as by a resistless fascination,
that pitiless, great saw tearing its slow
way through the logs making them use-
ful while seeming only to destroy them.

He was 20 years old at last and she
was 19.
She had been fussing about the old
house, making gruel for Aunt Huldah,
and trying to coax a smile on Aunt
Hannah's stolid face, but really only
waiting for Ralph to return from the
village.

He came in soon, and seeing her
standing alone in the clean, poorly fur-
nished room he went straight to her,
and, taking both her hands in his, he
said:

"Now, Gertrude—Miss Kendennis—
you must not come here in this manner.
People are talking of it down in the
village, and if your uncle should hear
of it he would send you to a nunnery
and kill me outright."

"Oh, you do not want me here," she
said, trying to speak playfully, but
with a little moan in her voice.

"I do—I do," he answered, putting his
arm about her, holding her close, and
touching her hair with a quick, caress-
ing motion. "God knows it is worse
than death to send you away, but, my
darling, see the long, weary life
stretching before me. See the work to
be done here and you hovering like some
bright bird just out of reach. Could I
drag you down to share this poor old
nest? No, no, it would not be right. I
have served duty too long to dare de-
sert her now."

"But you are so young," she murmur-
ed, leaning her face on his shoulder;
he could feel her breath against his
cheek.

His heart beat so fast he thought it
would strangle him, and that moment
of rapture paid him for the suffering of
years.

"So young and so ambitious—and
there is the invention down at the mill
I am sure that is going to work well."

"Yes; but I have been to the village
to-day for the last time trying to raise
even \$50 to pay for the patent, and I
can not do it. Nobody has any faith in
it; they think it is a boy's scheme, and
I'm quite discouraged."

"Oh, if I only had my money—"

"Yes, but you have not, my darling;
nor would I touch one penny of it if
you had. No, you must go back to your
relatives. I shall never marry, dear,
but I shall cherish your memory as my
one blessed gift. Now, don't feel
badly—don't."

They were both sobbing together by
this time; she put her arm up around
his neck, and their two tear-wet faces
nestled against each other like two
grieved children.

Aunt Hannah put her white, flabby
face in at the door to say that dinner
was ready, and, seeing the young peo-
ple standing together there, she started
nervously and exclaimed:

"Laws sakes! that's courtin' now,
ain't it?" And as they neither moved
nor spoke she went softly across the
floor and whispered: "Ralphie, boy, are
you goin' to be married?"

"Yes, auntie," answered Gertrude,
"and we want your blessing."

"But you want your money, too, don't
you?"

"Yes, certainly; the marriage por-
tion," said Ralph, bitterly, brushing the
tears from his eyes and trying to face
his lonely life once more.

"Then come upstairs," she laughed
out, in her queer, wild fashion.

"What does she mean?" asked Ger-
trude, wonderingly.

"I do not know," Ralph answered. "I
have not heard her speak so many
words at a time in ten years."

Beckoning them to follow her, she
climbed the worn old stairs up to the
dusty garret, where broken chairs and
long-idle spinning wheels made up the
furniture.

Down behind the big chimney crept
the daft woman and drew out a large,
loose bundle of rags, in which was sly-
ly hidden rolls of strong parchment.

They opened them there in the
changeable light that flitted through the
time-stained window.

There was \$4,000 in gold—the price of
the farm lands. Not a great fortune,
it is true, but a fabulous sum for the
young people, who were married ere
long, to the great wonder of the village
folks.—New York News.

A Cuban Milkman.

"How many cows there are about
the streets!" somebody exclaims, and
then he is calmly informed that the
morning's milk is simply being deliv-
ered. A bunch of cattle and their
driver stop before a house, and the
portero comes out with a cup for the
morning's supply. It is seen then that
the cows are being milked from door
to door by the dairymen, for this is the
way the acute Cuban housewives have
taken to assure for their tables a lac-
teal supply which is entirely fresh and
absolutely pure. Otherwise the gulle-
ling vender might dilute the milk
before delivering it to his customers,
and craftily stir into the watery fluid
the juice of the sweet potato to color
it up to a duly rich and creamy cast.
Even with the cows milked before the
door one must continue to watch the
milkman, for I have even heard of
their having a rubber bag of water con-
cealed under their loose frocks and
connected with a rubber tube running
down the inside of the sleeve, its tip
being concealed in the hollow of the
milking hand. Only a gentle pressure
upon the bag of water within is needed
to thus cause both milk and water to
flow into the cup at the same time.
The milk venders of Italy and India
have also learned their trade to perfec-
tion, for they practice this identical
trick.—Woman's Home Companion.

Opposed to Walking.

Most Chinese mandarins pass the
whole of their lives without taking a
single yard of exercise. The late Nan-
king Viceroy (father of the Marquis
Tseng) was considered a remarkable
character because he always walked
1,000 steps a day in his private garden.
Under no circumstances whatever is a
mandarin ever seen on foot in his own
jurisdiction.

Wise is the man who acts as if he ex-
pected to live a hundred years, but is
prepared to shuffle off to-morrow.

ROMANCE IN A TRIAL.

McKinley Lost His First Case in Court,
but Won a Bride.

President McKinley, as a young at-
torney, lost his first case in the Com-
mon Pleas court of Stark county, as
shown by the records, but he won a
bride. He was elected prosecuting at-
torney during the trial. This case was
first heard before Justice Philip Loew,
of Navarre, Stark county, in 1863. Loew
is a rock-ribbed Democrat. He is still
a Justice of the peace in the village of
Navarre, and has held the office in an
unbroken line all these years.

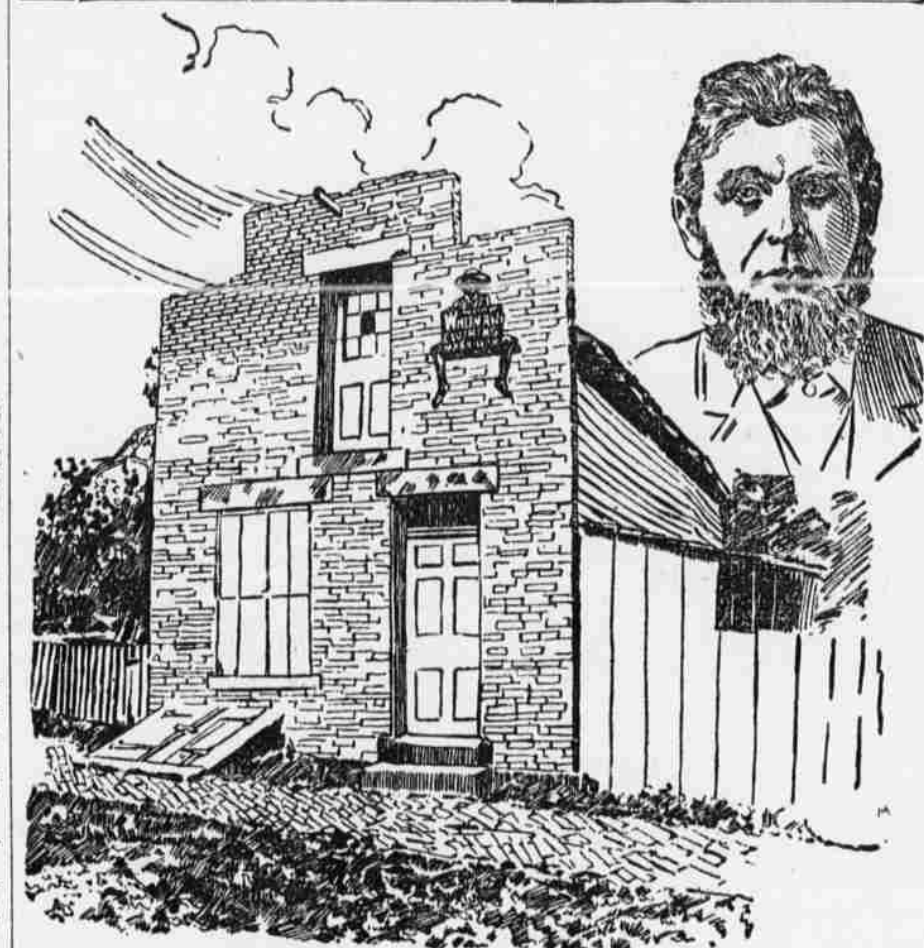
John Rosetter, a farmer of Bethle-
hem township, Stark county, brought
action against Philip Sheets, his ten-
ant, to recover damages of \$213.20. The
farmers had a quarrel over some horse
breaking into a wheat field. The plain-
tiff caused an attachment to be issued
to satisfy his claim, should he win the
suit.

Summons was served on Sheets
March 18, 1863. He demanded a jury
trial. This was granted, and April 6
was fixed as the time to hear the case.
The parties were not ready, and the
case did not come to trial until May 8.
It took three days to hear the evidence
and the arguments. The jury finally

was directly instrumental in stopping
murder occurred in the Winter Palace,
when she heard a slight noise which
indicated the presence of some sub-
ject in the Czar's study. Without be-
traying the slightest anxiety, she beg-
ged her husband to come and speak to
one of the children. He did so. She
locked the door and only gave up the
keys to a party of soldiers, who found
that some one had just escaped through
the window.—Tit-Bits.

A Young Preacher's Triumph.

An interesting incident occurred at
the time of the ordination of Dr. Newell
Dwight Hillis in his first pastorate. Mr.
Hillis had already been examined in
theology and licensed to preach by the
Chicago Presbytery. But the Presby-
tery of Peoria insisted on a second ex-
amination. During the week following
his first sermon the leading clergymen
of that district gathered in his church
and were about to begin the quizzing
process. Hebrew was the first subject
for examination. At the last moment
it was discovered that the Hebrew com-
mittee had forgotten to bring a Hebrew
bible. While the dismay thus occa-
sioned was at its height the young can-
didate—who occupied an embarrassing
seat on the platform before the divines



'SQUIRE LOEW AND HIS COURTHOUSE.

gave judgment for the defendant,
Sheets, amounting to \$136.85. McKin-
ley's client was not satisfied with the
issue of the case and took an appeal.

During the trial of the case McKin-
ley had become engaged to marry Ida
Saxton, the belle of the town of Can-
ton, and, while the case was pending
between Rosetter and Sheets, McKin-
ley was getting ready for the wedding
tour. He was married in January, 1871.
His interest in this important event of
his life is shown in a letter written a
short time before his marriage to Judge
Ambler, of Salem, Ohio, then congress-
man from the district. The young
Canton attorney sent a letter of in-
quiry to Congressman Ambler at Wash-
ington and informing Mr. Ambler of his
approaching marriage.

The visit of William McKinley and
his bride to the national capital was an
eventful occurrence in the young bride-
groom's life. Another important event
in the life of McKinley that caused him
to delay the case of Rosetter and
Sheets was his canvass for prosecuting
attorney of Stark county. He was
nominated, partly as a joke, for the
county had been strongly Democratic.
The opposing candidate was William
A. Lynch. McKinley won.

Here is another strange thing cluster-
ing about this period of McKinley's
experience. The opposing counsel in
the Rosetter-Sheets case was also this
same William A. Lynch. McKinley
won the election, and his bride; Lynch
won the law case. Two years later
McKinley and Lynch were again op-
posing candidates for prosecuting at-
torney. This was Lynch's turn, and he
defeated McKinley. The presiding
judge in the case, the parties to the
suit, and most of the jurors are dead.
The little house used as a court by Jus-
tice Loew still stands near his grocery
stores and serves as a small store room.

A Watchful Wife.

Twice the dowager Empress of Rus-
sia has saved her husband's life. One
day, when in the Emperor's dressing-
room, she observed that on his dressing
table lay a curious-looking jewel case.
Something about its appearance aroused
her curiosity, and, taking it up, she
became aware that it was extremely
heavy. Without saying a word she
went into her room and placed it care-
fully in a basin of water; then, send-
ing for the prefect of police whose
duties kept him much about the palace,
she begged him to have it examined,
and it was discovered to be one of the
most marvelous infernal machines ever
invented by the ingenuity of man. The
second occasion on which the Empress

and many of his parishioners—came to
the rescue by offering to repeat in the
original the first chapter of Genesis, the
committee meanwhile to follow him
closely and correct any mistakes. He
then began, and recited verse after
verse from beginning to end of the
chapter. Meanwhile the faces of the
committee presented a curious study.
As the young minister modestly con-
cluded and resumed his seat one of the
committee was on his feet instantly,
moving that the Hebrew examination
be ended. The "aye" that followed was
heard a block away. So the examina-
tion went on, to the continued surprise
of the examiners.—Woman's Home
Companion.

Butterfly Consumption Cure.

Frederick R. Knight, of Venice,
Fla., is here to carry on experiments in
an alleged consumption cure. The
basis for the cure is the bodies of dead
butterflies pulverized to a powder.
Knight says that it has long been
known that the fever weed which flour-
ishes in Florida has been a great stimu-
lant for malarial and consumption
cases. The thought occurred to some
one that the peculiarly bright butterfly
that in its first stage lives off the fever
weed might be used instead of the
weed itself. The idea was tested, and
has proved efficacious in many cases.
A company has been formed to manu-
facture the cure.—Denver special to
Chicago Chronicle.

Bound Not to Be Outdone.

When President Kruger was last in
England he received a visit from the
Duke of Abercorn, in the course of
which his grace informed Oom Paul
that he himself had been for years a
member of the British lower house,
and that his father had been lord lieu-
tenant of Ireland. The president evi-
dently considered that his guest's pres-
ent rank was a great rise in life, for
he exclaimed, hastily, "Oh, that is
nothing; my father was only a shep-
herd!"

But an Empty Honor.

A member of Parliament tells a
charming and touching story of the
Queen and Lady Roberts. When Lady
Roberts was at Windsor a few weeks
ago the Queen handed her a small par-
cel, saying: "Here is something that I
have tied up with my own hands, and
that I beg you not to open until you get
home." On her return home Lady Ro-
berts found that the parcel contained
the Victoria Cross won by her dead
son by his gallantry at the first battle
of Colenso.