

THE DAYS GONE BY.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard and the path-
way in the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle
of the quail,
As he piped across the meadow sweet as
any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and
the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over—in
the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet
were tripped
By the honeysuckle tangles where the
water lilies dipped,
And the ripples of the river lipped the
moss along the brink,
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed
cattle came to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of
the truant's wayward cry,
And the splashing of the swimmer, in
the days gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the luster
of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies and Alad-
din's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in
everything.
For life was like a story, holding neither
sob nor sigh
In the golden, olden glory of the days
gone by.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

ON A PARK BENCH.

TOM CHAPMAN sat on a bench
in Lincoln Park, a picture of de-
pendency. Only a few days be-
fore he had been discharged from the
hospital after being invalided home
from the Philippines. His brief soldier
career was over, but he could not re-
turn to his beloved profession, for his
right sleeve hung empty at his side.
Never more could he wield brush or
pencil. He had hoped to do great
things, and others had prophesied them



"WHY, TOM," SHE CRIED.

of him, for he had no little talent, and
before he enlisted his clever sketches
had attracted wide attention. Original
and spirited as they were, he and his
brother artists had regarded them as
only the earnest of what was to come.
"Nothing will come now," he said to
himself, bitterly. "All is ended. At 30
I have practically lived my life. I shall
drag out a miserable existence on a
beggarly pension. Yet were it not for
that pension I should starve. Perhaps
it would be better not to have it,
though. I had rather die than live a
dog's life, with no work to do—nothing
to look forward to."

Tom eyed the passers-by as though in
a dream. He saw weary-looking moth-
ers carrying babies, or trundling baby
carts, with other tots, hardly more than
infants, clinging to their skirts. Bronzed
young men and sunburned
girls sped by on their bicycles; lovers
strolled along, oblivious of everything
but their own happiness; and innumera-
ble other people, in quest of fresh air
and coolness, sauntered idly past.

Presently a young woman, quite dif-
ferent from all the rest, came into
view. She was tall, distinguished-look-
ing, and faultlessly dressed. She start-
ed as she caught sight of the drooping
figure on the bench and turned quickly,
coming impulsively toward him.

"Why, Tom!" she cried, holding out
her hand, "I am so glad to see you.
You have made all your friends proud
of you. How long have you been home?
Why haven't you been to see us? You
know mother never leaves town in
August. It's one of her hobbies that
home is the best place in summer."

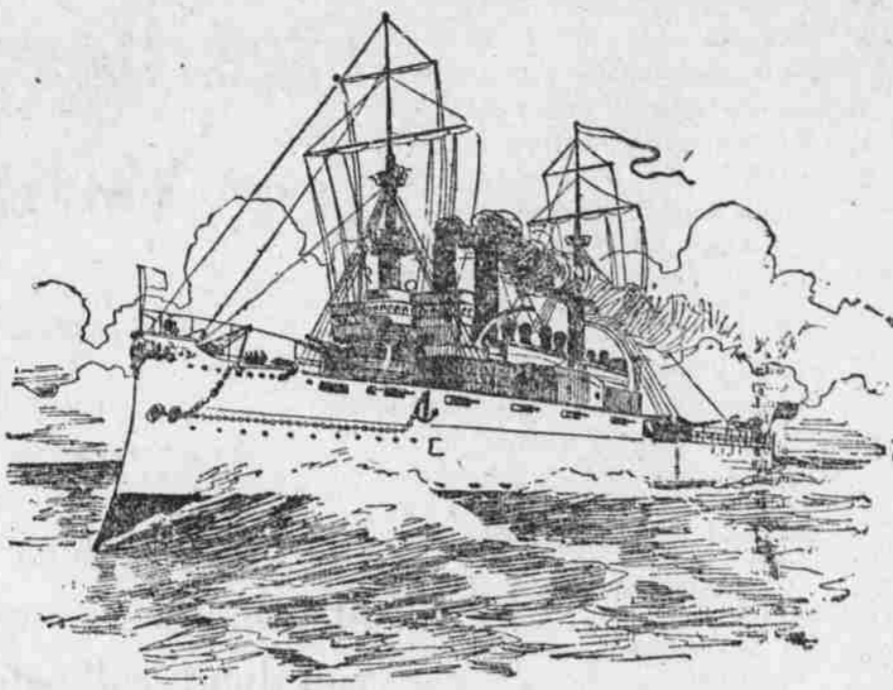
Tom had risen awkwardly and taken
her extended hand. He had not yet
learned to use his left arm gracefully.
He could not speak, although he felt
that she was talking to cover his con-
fusion.

Miss Hunt sat down on the bench, as
naturally as though she had come there
for that purpose, and Tom resumed his
seat.

"I must congratulate you, Miss Hunt,
on your good fortune," he said at last.
"I know of no one who deserves better
more than you."

The girl blushed. "Thank you, Tom!
but you didn't answer my question.
Why haven't you been to see us?"

BATTLESHIP ALABAMA, QUEEN OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.



The Alabama is the fastest ship of its
class in the United States navy. Dur-
ing its trial trip off the harbor of Bos-
ton it maintained a speed of seventeen
knots an hour for four continuous
hours.

Length at water line, 368 feet; beam,
23 feet 6 inches.

Displacement, 11,525 tons; indicated
horse power, 10,000.

Armor, nickel steel 4 to 16.5 inches
thick.

Armament, four 13-inch and fourteen
6-inch guns.

Speed developed on trial, 17 knots
continuously for four hours.

Complement, 490 men.

"O, I'm a back number. I had better
learn to keep in the background."

"You, a hero!" exclaimed Elizabeth,
with a shy glance at the empty sleeve.

"I, a useless man, Miss Hunt; without
a profession and almost a beggar."

There was a long silence. Tom looked
on the ground, ashamed of the words
almost wrung from him. Elizabeth
stared fixedly before her, keeping back
tears.

"Tom," she said, with great effort,
"do you remember what you asked me
before you went away?"

"Elizabeth!"

"Do you remember, Tom, and do you
still love me?"

"Good God! Elizabeth. Don't you see
the difference between us now?"

"Do you love me, Tom?"

"Elizabeth, you torture me."

"You must answer, Tom."

Tom looked at her, his soul in his
eyes.

"I love you better than life," he said.
Then he added bitterly: "I forget; my
life is worth too little for me to put it
that way."

"Do—do you—will you—won't you
marry me, Tom?"

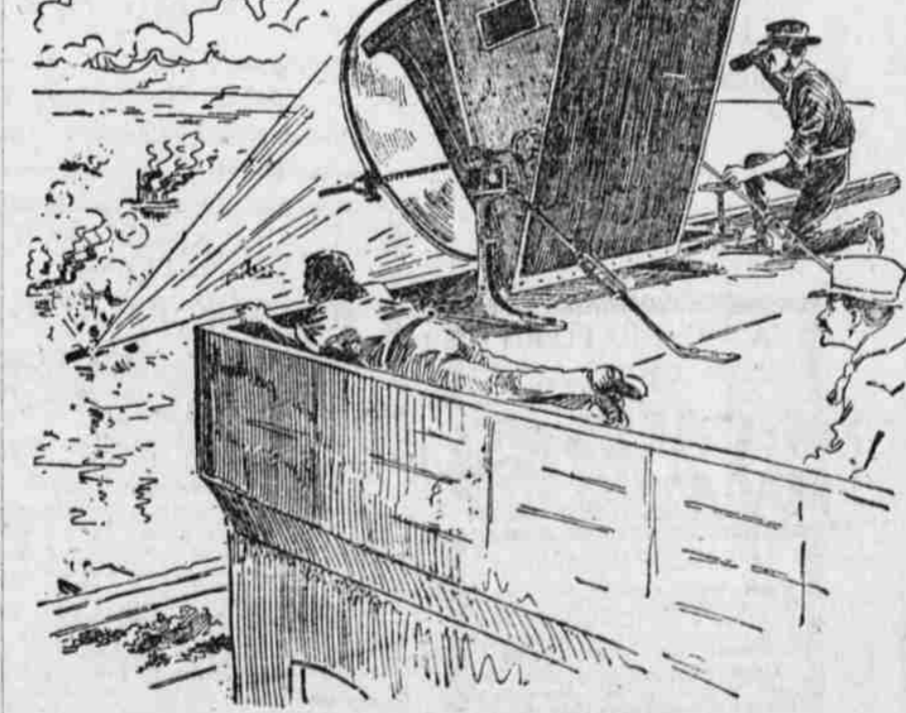
"You love me, then? Is it possible?
It can't be. You are sacrificing your-
self because you pity me, Elizabeth.
Do not tempt me. I am still a man."

"Tom, you make it hard. I could not
talk to you this way unless I loved
you," and the girl covered her face with
her hands.

"You are an angel, dear, but I cannot
take advantage of your goodness. You
—young, happy, wealthy—I, mutilated,
with only my pension, my future blighted,
I should be a coward to listen to you."

"I am not happy. I am wretched.
O, why didn't I marry you when I was
poor? But I thought a wife would
hamper you in your art. I believed so
in your future, and would not for
worlds have held you back from suc-
cess."

The man rose from his seat, forcing
himself to be calm. "I must leave you,



BRINGS OLD SOL TO AID IN DEFENSE.

Elizabeth. You tempt me past endur-
ance."

"You are dreadfully unkind, Tom.
It's mean for you to tell me that I am
unnaturally. I can't help it. It's your
fault. What made you make me love
you so?" And stately Miss Hunt burst
into tears, regardless of a hundred spec-
tators.

Utterly aghast, Tom sat down and

endeavored to comfort her. In ten
minutes' time he was her abject slave,
and they had pledged their troth.

As they left the park Elizabeth de-
scended from the heights. "O, Tom!"
she cried suddenly, "what must all
those people have thought of me?"

"Darling," said her happy lover, "did
you never hear of being alone in a
crowd? Each little group was busy
with its own tragedy or comedy."—Chi-
cago Tribune.

CONTROLLING THE SUN'S RAYS.

Seattle Genius Has Patented a Wonder-
ful Device.

Julius Tantrovo is a genius who lives
in Seattle, Wash. The people there call
him professor, because he has patented
a device which he claims will do many
startling things. A few things that the
professor claims his machine is capable
of achieving are the blowing up of war-
ships at unheard-of distances, or the
melting of them while they are fleeing
in desperation for safety, the destroy-
ing of forts and powder magazines
without coming within rifle range of
the place, the burning of a city at any
distance less than nine miles and the
storage of solar heat for domestic and
mechanical uses. The professor makes
no mystery of his methods. All he
uses is a scientific application of the
old burning glass with which small
boys set fire to newspapers. The secret
of his patent lies in the arrangement
of pieces of plate glass so as to concen-
trate the sun's rays in the most effec-
tive manner. He does not use an ordi-
nary lens. His device consists of sev-
eral immense sheets of plate glass so
arranged as to catch a great number
of sun's rays and concentrate them at
a distance. The professor has found a
financial backer in J. C. Sharp, of Salt
Lake City, who is said to be enthusias-
tic over the possibilities of the inven-
tion.

The problem of storing or controlling
solar heat has been worked on by sci-
entists for years and although "Prof."
Tantrovo is the subject of much skepti-

cism and ridicule he may have solved
the first step in the intricate problem.
There must be something individual
and novel about the device or the "pro-
fessor" could not have secured a patent
on it. Should it do one-half what the
"professor" claims, the methods of
modern warfare, transportation, man-
ufacturing and heating would be revolu-
tionized.

THE SMELL OF THE ONION.

It Is Attributable to a Combination of
Sulphur and Hydrogen.

It is interesting to make inquiry into
the cause of this unfortunate quality of
the onion. It is simply due to the pres-
ence in some quantity of another min-
eral matter in the bulb—sulphur. It is
this sulphur that gives the onion its
germ-killing property and makes the
bulb so very useful a medicinal agent
at all times, but especially in the
spring, which used to be—and still is in
many places—the season for taking
brimstone and treacle in old-fashioned
houses before sulphur tablets came into
vogue.

Now, sulphur, when united to hydro-
gen, one of the gases of water, forms
sulphuretted hydrogen, and then be-
comes a foul-smelling, well-nigh a fetid,
compound. The onion, being so juicy,
has a very large percentage of water
in its tissues, and this, combining with
the sulphur, forms the strongly scented
and offensive substance called sul-
phuret of allyle, which is found in all
the alliums. This sulphuret of allyle
mingles more especially with the vola-
tile or aromatic oil of the onion; it is
identical with the malodorous principle
found in asafetida, which is almost the
symbol of all smells that are nasty. The
horse-radish, so much liked with roast
beef for its keen and biting property,
and the ordinary mustard of our tables
both owe their strongly stimulative
properties to this same sulphuret of
allyle, which gives them heat and acrid-
ity, but not an offensive smell, owing
to the different arrangement of the
atoms in their volatile oils.

This brings us to a most curious fact
in nature, that most strangely, yet most
certainly, constructs all vegetable vola-
tile oils in exactly the same way—com-
poses them all whether they are the
aromatic essences of cloves, oranges,
lemons, cinnamon, thyme, rose, ver-
bena, turpentine, or onion, of exactly
the same proportions, which are 88 1/4
of carbon to 11 1/4 of hydrogen, and obtain
all the vast seeming diversities that our
nostrils detect in their scent simply by
a different arrangement of the atoms
in each vegetable oil. Oxygen alters
some of these hydro-carbons; sulphur
others.—Chambers' Journal.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

The right of a city to discharge a
sewer into a tailrace belonging to an
individual, where it runs through a
culvert under a highway, is denied in
Nevis vs. Fitchburg (Mass.), 47 L. R.
A. 312.

A breach of promise of marriage is
held in Sanders vs. Coleman (Va.) 47
L. R. A. 581, to be excused when, with-
out any fault on his part, the prospec-
tive husband has developed a grave
malady of such character that marriage
might endanger his life or health.

The right of a telephone company to
string wires in a highway is held in
Wyant vs. Central Telephone Company
(Mich.) 47 L. R. A. 497, to include the
right to do the necessary trimming of
trees in the highway in a proper man-
ner, without first giving the landowner
an opportunity to do it.

The right of hackmen and private
carriers to solicit business at a depot
without discrimination is sustained in
Godbout vs. St. Paul Union Depot Co.
(Minn.) 47 L. R. A. 532, so far as re-
lates to all points outside the depot,
but the right of the carrier to grant
special and exclusive privileges to sol-
licit such business within the depot is
sustained.

An infant who has bought a bicycle
on the installment plan is held, in Rice
vs. Butler (N. Y.) 47 L. R. A. 303, to
be under obligation to account for its
use and for deterioration in its value
while in his possession, if he rescinds
the purchase. The disaffirmance of a
conveyance by an infant is upheld, in
Bullock vs. Sprowls (Texas) 47 L. R.
A. 326, without restoring the consid-
eration received for the property, when
it is not in his possession or control
upon arriving at full age, but has been
dissipated by him while still a minor.

The rule that the law of the State in
which real estate is situated governs its
descent, alienation and transfer, in-
cluding the capacity of the parties to
conveyances, and their rights thereun-
der, is applied in Walling vs. Christian
& C. Grocery Company (Fla.) 47 L. R.
A. 608, in which a woman who had
been made a free dealer by decree of
a court of another State was held not
to acquire such status in Florida with
respect to the enforcement of her li-
abilities against her separate statutory
property in that State. But a suit in
equity was held proper to reach such
property.

Ice Quarry.

An Alpine glacier near Briancon is
now regularly operated as an ice quar-
ry, the blocks being cut and conveyed
over an overhead cableway to a con-
venient place for shipment by rail to
Paris, there to be used in the cafes and
hotels of the metropolis.

Our Sea Coast.

Uncle Sam's seamen have a long
coast line to defend. It measures 5,715
miles, embracing 2,349 miles on the At-
lantic ocean, 1,556 on the Gulf of Mex-
ico and 1,810 on the Pacific ocean.

It is a rare man who doesn't do fool
things every day.

RESULT OF A FALL.

SAN FRANCISCO ATTORNEY FALLS
FROM PLATFORM OF STREET
CAR—STRICKEN WITH
PARALYSIS.

Shock to the System Brings on Nervous
Prostration—How a Cure Was
Affected.

Volumes might be written in praise
of a popular remedy for the creating of
rich, new blood and the up-building
of a worn out body, but it is doubtful
if anything half so convincing could be
demonstrated as is done by the inter-
esting story related by Mr. Edward T.
Dudley, a practicing attorney for 25
years in San Francisco, with offices at
83 City Hall avenue. Twelve years
ago, when 39 years of age, Mr. Dudley
lost his balance while standing upon
the rear platform of a street car, caus-
ing him to fall, striking the ground
with the back of his head, which
brought on a feeling of numbness and
eventually paralysis, loss of memory
and strength which, however, has
yielded to proper treatment as explain-
ed by him hereafter.

Feeling thankful for the good done
him and realizing many others are in
a similar condition, Mr. Dudley volun-
tarily tells of the benefits in his own
way which is given without color or
embellishment as follows:

"After the fall from the car I passed
it by as an accident that had left no
apparent ill effects; yet a few weeks
later, in endeavoring to get on a car, I
found I could not raise my foot. From
this time paralysis began in my feet
and in time my lower limbs became
numb. I became pale as a ghost and
it brought on a bloodless condition of
my system. From being a strong,
healthy man of 180 pounds, I was re-
duced to 145 pounds, and my doctor
told my wife that it was only a ques-
tion of time when I should have to take
to my bed. My wife asked if I was
going to die, and he said, 'No, but the
chances are that he will lie on the flat
of his back for 20 years.' I thought I
would fool him. Medicines prescribed
by the doctors and taken by me did no
good, and my system was so drained,
my blood so impoverished and I was
so debilitated that at the time I started
to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for
Pale People, if I fell down I could not
possibly get up again unassisted. I
could scarcely walk a block. Now I
can walk three or four miles without
fatigue and as you see, can lift my
leg and am altogether a different man
—and all from eight or nine boxes of
Dr. Williams' Pills. About three
years ago I saw Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills advertised in a San Francisco
paper and decided to try them, and
from what I have told you of my con-
dition, you can imagine how weak and
pale I was.

"After trying Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills, I could see in a very short time
that I was picking up color and my
health and general system was much
improved. I did not change my diet,
nor did I take any other medicine, and
I can assert that as a blood maker and
builder up of the system, they are in-
valuable, as my increase in weight
from 145 to 185 pounds I can lay to
nothing else than Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills.

"I have recommended them to hun-
dreds whose blood was impoverished,
whose system was run down and who
needed building up, and shall continue
to do so, as I believe they are the best
medicine in the world for that pur-
pose."

Signed, EDWARD T. DUDLEY.
Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 10th day of July, 1900.

JUSTIN GATES, Notary Public,
In and for the city and county of San
Francisco, state of California.

All the elements necessary to give
new life and richness to the blood and
restore shattered nerves are contained,
in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills for Pale People. They are
also a specific for troubles peculiar to
females such as suppressions, irregular-
ities and all forms of weakness. They
build up the blood and restore the glow
of health to pale and sallow cheeks.
In men they effect a radical cure in all
cases arising from mental worry, over
work or excesses of whatever nature.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in
boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a
box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be
had of all druggists or direct by mail
from Dr. Williams Medicine Company,
Schenectady, N. Y.

Quarantine in Nevada.
Reno, Nev., Sept. 22.—Dr. J. E.
Cohn, quarantine officer for California,
and Dr. M. P. Matthews, secretary of
the state board of health, of California,
are here to inspect all westbound trains
to guard against the possible introduc-
tion of smallpox in their state. Small-
pox is said to be very prevalent in
Green River, Wyo., and several cases
have developed in the eastern part of
the state.

Leather Trust Reduces Expenses.
New York, Sept. 22.—At a recent
meeting of the directors of the Ameri-
can Hide & Leather Company, it was
decided to reduce operating expenses
by about \$150,000 a year. Today it
was announced that 23 accountants
employed in the local auditing depart-
ment had been discharged and that the
department had been moved to Chicago.