

**SORROW IS BUT FOR A DAY.**

Let us dream—let us sing by the way,  
"Sorrow is but for a day!"  
The world is rolling beneath the blue  
With ever the sweetest of songs for you,  
And answered shall be the prayers we  
pray:  
"Sorrow is but for a day!"

The rivers in music say,  
"Sorrow is but for a day!"  
The hills and the rills the song repeat  
To the listening violets at your feet,  
And the high stars sing on their heaven-  
ly way:  
"Sorrow is but for a day!"

It is but for a day—for a day;  
It will fade—it will vanish away;  
And over the darkest—the thorniest sod,  
We shall reap in the beautiful lilies of  
God.

And the wearisome winters shall blossom  
like May  
"Sorrow is but for a day!"  
—Frank L. Stanton.

**A Thunder Shower.**

THE sun was shining brightly  
when Lucy Manning went down-  
town, and it was oppressively  
hot, but she looked dainty and cool in  
her crisp ruffled lawn and white hat.  
Having bought a few yards of ribbon,  
a shirtwaist, "marked down to half,"  
and an ice-cream soda, she started  
home. The trolley car was almost  
empty and she took a corner seat, near  
the front.

Suddenly the sky grew dark, light-  
ning flashed, thunder roared, and rain  
came down in torrents. The conductor  
struggled nobly with the curtains, but  
before Lucy's were down she was wet  
through. She looked at her gown sor-



"THERE'S THE GLOVE I LOST LAST WINTER."

rowfully; the color was running; it was  
ruined. She minded the gown's plight  
more than her own.

"What a pity," she said to herself; "I  
was sure that it would wash."

Just then a tall, good-looking young  
man appeared at her side.

"Good-morning, Miss Manning," he  
said; "pardon me if I offer you my over-  
coat. You will catch cold in that thin  
gown, I am afraid."

Lucy drew herself up haughtily. "No,  
thank you, I shall do very well as I  
am."

"But I insist," and Lawrence Fulton  
dexterously wrapped the coat around  
her. Then he sat down on the same  
seat, but so far away as to be almost  
in a puddle. Lucy eyed him furtively.

"I don't care if he does get wet,"  
thought she. "Mean thing. I wonder  
how he happened to have his overcoat  
with him this hot day."

Presently her conscience began to  
trouble her. "Mr. Fulton," she said,  
"why don't you sit farther over this  
way? You are in the wet."

"I am perfectly comfortable, Miss  
Manning, thank you."

"That's absurd," answered Lucy.  
"You are almost in a puddle."

"It doesn't matter," said Lawrence.  
"Nothing matters now," he added, half  
under his breath. But Lucy heard him,  
although she gave no sign.

The car sped three blocks, but neither  
of the young people said another word.  
At Superior street Lawrence arose,  
powed, and left the car.

"Goodness," exclaimed Lucy, almost  
aloud, "he has left his overcoat." But  
the car was already at Chicago avenue.

When Lucy arrived at her getting-off  
place the rain had ceased. She emerged  
from the overcoat a much-bedraggled  
object. "I feel like a freak," she said  
to herself, impatiently, as she walked  
two blocks in her wet and spoiled  
finery, with the heavy overcoat on her  
arm. The sun had come out again and  
added to her misery.

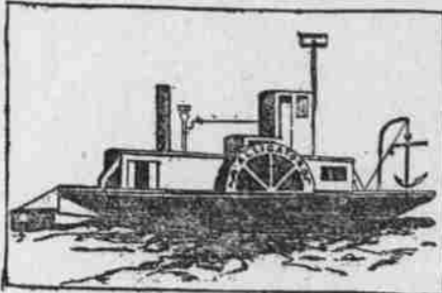
Arrived at home, arrayed in dry gar-  
ments, and, happily, feeling none the  
worse for her wetting, she ruefully  
surveyed the overcoat.

"I suppose I must send it back; he  
will never come for it after last night."

She shook it out, preparatory to fold-  
ing it, and a long white glove fell to the  
floor.

"Why, there's the glove I lost last  
winter at the McDonald's dance," Lucy  
cried. "Stupid boy, to take it and car-  
ry it around." But her heart softened  
a little. "That was the night after he

**BOAT THAT IS INDEED AMPHIBIOUS.**



This is a peculiar boat called "a warplag barge" that is in use on British Columbia rivers. Navigation on many of these streams is obstructed by falls and rapids over which it is impossible for a boat to pass. The Alligator crawls around these obstructions in the manner shown in the picture. It is a flat-bottomed craft with a strong winch and cable in the bow. When it is necessary for the boat to make a trip overland the cable is carried out ahead and hitched to a tree, the steam winch is started, and the winding in of the cable pulls the boat ahead.

asked me to marry him. O, we had  
such a good time at that dance."

"Lucy, have you heard the news?"  
cried a younger sister, bursting into the  
room. "Grace Anderson is engaged to  
Mr. Worthy."

Lucy gasped. "Who told you, Molly?"  
"Grace herself. She was here this  
morning. I can't stay to talk now. I  
want to tell Frances," and the impetu-  
ous young lady whisked herself away.

"And to think—to think that I sent  
Lawrence away because I thought that  
he and Grace were—were too much  
together. Sam Worthy is Lawrence's  
best friend, and of course he was nice  
to Grace. And he wouldn't tell Sam's  
secret even to clear himself. O, dear,  
dear!"

"Mr. Fulton, ma'am; come for his  
coat," said a maid, at the open door.

"I'll see him, Nora."

Lucy gathered the great coat in her  
arms and carried it to the drawing-  
room.

"Miss Manning," said Lawrence, as  
he came forward, "why didn't you send  
it down by Nora? It was inexcusable  
for me to leave it on your hands, but I  
forgot all about it."

"About me, too?" asked Lucy with a  
blush.

Lawrence started. "Lucy, what do  
you mean?"

"What I said. Did you forget me?"

"My every thought was of you,  
Lucy."

"Well, I forgive you, Lawrence. I  
don't like quarrels."

Lawrence was wise enough to accept  
"forgiveness," and to assume that it  
covered last night's offense as well as  
to-day's.

By and by Lucy asked curiously,  
"How did you happen to be carrying  
that heavy coat on this hot day?"

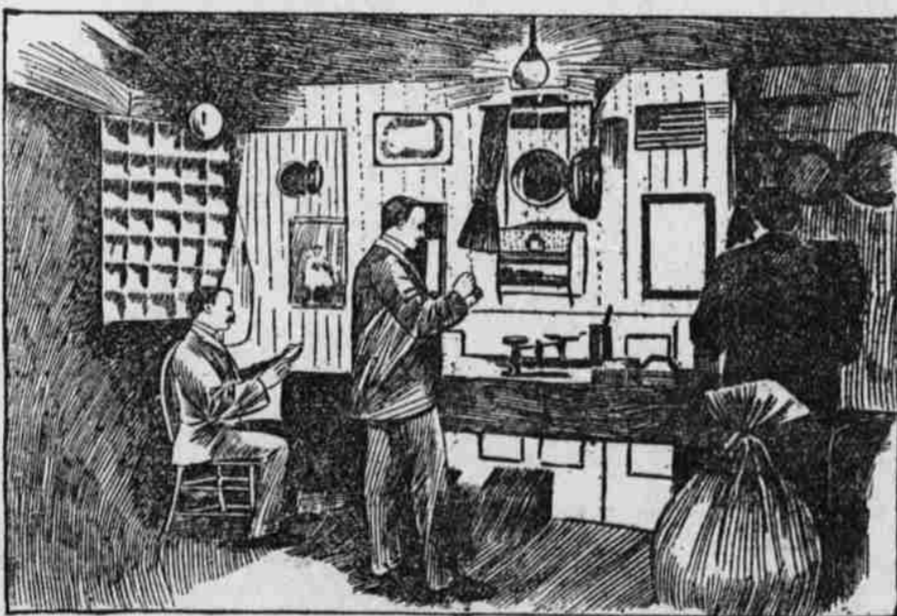
"O, that's easy enough, dear. I was  
bringing it home from the office for  
mother to pack away in camphor or  
something. She asked me to do it way  
last April."

"Just like a man," commented his  
fiancee, sagaciously.—Chicago Tribune.

**POSTOFFICES OF THE SEA.**

How Mail Matter Is Taken Care of on  
the Big Ocean Liners.

A work with which but few persons  
are familiar is that performed by the  
men of the postal department of the  
big ocean liners. Twelve hours for  
each of six or seven days occupied in  
passage, they labor on a pitching, toss-  
ing vessel in a small space about fifteen  
feet square and three stories high.  
Electric lights gleam night and day in  
the compartment where the postal  
clerks work, for it is hard enough to  
decipher the addresses on the foreign mail  
matter, even in the light of years of  
experience. The sea postal service is



INTERIOR VIEW OF A SEA POSTOFFICE.

now in its tenth year and is in operation  
on twelve trans-Atlantic vessels. It  
has proven such a success and is of so  
great an advantage in expediting the  
foreign mails that the government is  
considering the establishment of the  
service in other vessels.

The postal clerks are usually located  
in a small room below the berth deck  
with low ceilings and narrow berths.  
In this compartment the separation  
racks are placed. The compartment of  
the racks are labeled with the principal  
cities of the country towards which the  
vessel is bound, and it is the duty of  
the postal clerk to have all the mail  
delivered to the ship upon leaving port  
ready for distribution when its destina-  
tion is reached. On one side of the  
room is a separation table on which

registered packages are sorted and  
which holds a small pair of scales for  
weighing them and stamps for marking  
supplementary mail.

One deck below, reached by a narrow  
companion way, are the newspaper  
racks—great iron griddons with big  
yawning sacks of canvas suspended be-  
neath. Into these pouches the third  
and fourth class mail matter is thrown  
with marvelous precision and rapidity.

A trap door in the third floor leads to  
the cellar of the floating postoffice, one  
deck lower, and here the bags of mail  
are deposited when the ship leaves port.  
As fast as a dozen or so are emptied by  
the men at the separation table and  
distributed at the cases, another bunch  
is hauled up. Thus hour after hour, in  
fair weather and foul, toil the men who  
earn their livelihood by facilitating the  
exchange of news, of business matters  
and other expressions of the human  
emotions. It is no sinecure to hold the  
position of postal clerk and great ex-  
perience is necessary to enable one to  
fill the place properly. The worth of  
good men is appreciated and the govern-  
ment pays well for service in this  
line.

**ARE AUTHORIZED BY LAW.**

Trades' Organizations Have a Legal  
Standing in New Zealand.

Trade and labor are organized  
throughout New Zealand, and as such  
are recognized and legalized by the  
state in the act of 1894, says the Lon-  
don Daily Mail. The very title of that  
act, though not changed, originally ran:  
"An act to encourage the formation of  
industrial unions;" and the whole spirit  
of the movement is that both employers  
and workmen should form their unions  
and associations on representative lines  
under the provisions of the act, and  
that all questions should be dealt with  
by the unions and societies up to a cer-  
tain stage, and then brought by them,  
and them only, before the boards of  
conciliation, and ultimately, if neces-  
sary, to the arbitration court.

The trade and industrial unions of  
New Zealand are required to comply  
with all the ordinary business safe-  
guards which should surround the cor-  
porate bodies which they form, and then  
—but not till then—they are registered  
by the state and placed in a position to  
act and be heard in industrial disputes.  
Penalties are attached to all breaches of  
the provisions controlling the unions,  
and in some cases to enforce the award  
of the court they are heavy, the maxi-  
mum being £500 for each union, and fail-  
ing the recovery of this there falls a  
maximum liability of £10 on each mem-  
ber of it.

The effect of this registration is to  
make the union and all its members  
subject to the jurisdiction established

by the act, and although the registra-  
tion may be cancelled on the applica-  
tion of any union, this is done under  
due safeguards; and no cancellation is  
permitted during the progress of any  
conciliation or arbitration proceedings  
affecting the union which applies.  
Neither does such cancellation relieve  
any union or its members from obliga-  
tions incurred in any previous award of  
the court. No workman may leave his  
work, or employer lock out his work-  
men during a dispute.

A great deal is said about the notori-  
ous lack of moral courage in men. The  
women are nearly as bad; when a wom-  
an is carrying a package of dry goods,  
and goes into a rival store, she nearly  
always hides it.

**JUST LIKE TWO PEAS.**

American Actress and Irish Mar-  
chioness Like Twins.

It is not often that two persons not  
related by ties of consanguinity are re-  
markable for their resemblance to each  
other, yet there are occasionally such  
phenomena. On a recent visit to Lon-  
don Miss Julia Marlowe, the American  
actress, had the pleasure of meeting  
her double in the person of the mar-  
chioness of Downshires, an Irish lady  
of quality. Feature for feature the  
two were exact counterparts of each  
other, and a stranger to both, meeting  
them together, would avow they were  
twin sisters. It is needless to say that  
both are charming women. They are  
alike in height, weight and coloring.

Miss Marlowe is justly considered one  
of the handsomest women on the Am-  
erican stage, while the marchioness of  
Downshires is looked upon as one of  
the most charming members of the  
Irish nobility, and, what is even more  
to her credit, she is a peculiarly sweet  
and accomplished woman. Before her  
marriage she was Miss Hare, grand-  
daughter of the earl of Listowel, and  
by her marriage to the eighth earl of  
Downshires, the Irish beauty, whose



JULIA MARLOWE'S IRISH DOUBLE.

pulchritude in a single season had won  
her widespread fame, became one of  
the richest Irish peeresses, second only  
to her sister, marchioness of Londond-  
erry. Like a genuine daughter of  
Erin, this wealthy and titled woman  
prefers her Irish homes to those her  
husband owns in England, and, true to  
the traditions of her family, she is a  
wonderful horsewoman. Her little 5-  
year-old son, Viscount Hillsborough,  
has been taught to master his horse  
under her own eye, hand and direction.

Coming herself from Irish people, one  
of the marchioness' proudest boasts is  
that her husband's family settled in Ire-  
land as long ago as 1573, and that her  
boys will grow up to be genuine Irish-  
men. Now and then she leaves her  
favorite home in County Down for a  
glimpse of the London season, and she  
is not alone conspicuous in the May-  
fair drawing-rooms for her beauty, but  
also for the fact that she rarely or never  
wears any jewels. With a wealth of  
rich hair and faultless throat and arms,  
this beautiful woman creates a more  
flattering impression without the com-  
monplace pearls, diamonds, etc., than  
her sister peeresses find absolutely nec-  
essary to their pride and good looks.

**WILD MAN ON A MOUNTAIN.**

Our New Island of Tutuila Has a Genu-  
ine Human Curiosity.

In a letter from Civil Engineer E. R.  
Gaylor to his family in St. Louis, dated  
Pago Pago, Island of Tutuila, the fol-  
lowing incident is related:

"Here is a sensation—a real, genuine  
wild man. Twelve years ago three  
Solomon Islanders (cannibals), who  
were brought to Upolu to work on the  
German plantations at Vallele, escaped  
from Upolu, built a rude raft of logs  
and drifted by wind and wave over the  
seventy miles of unknown sea to Tu-  
tuila. Here they lived for a time in a  
mountain retreat. One was shortly  
afterward killed by the Samoans, and  
some time after this happened the re-  
maining two parted company and never  
again met.

"A week ago on a mountain side, over-  
hanging Laulu, in an almost in-  
accessible fastness, a wandering Samo-  
an found a banana patch, a small taro  
field and a rude hut, and caught a  
glimpse of a man as he disappeared up  
the mountain side.

"A party was organized which de-  
stroyed the plants and fired the hut.  
Yesterday a naked man, armed with a  
bow and arrow, tall, sinewy, long-  
haired and blacker than your wildest  
fancy could paint him, stalked into Ana  
and pointed to his mouth, demanding  
food. They brought him over to Pago  
Toga the principal town on the Bay of  
Pago Pago. His face, arms and body  
were finely tattooed in black lines,  
which could hardly be seen against his  
ebony skin. He stood head and should-  
ers above the Samoans and white men,  
who regarded him with the greatest re-  
spect. He is accused of slaying sev-  
eral Samoans who have disappeared in  
late years."

**Swiss Tourists.**

England no longer furnishes the larg-  
est contingent of tourists in Switzer-  
land. The Germans and French both  
surpass the English in numbers.



"Papa, what is the vain pomp and  
glory of this world?" "My son, it's  
the things we preach against when we  
don't succeed in getting them."—Life.

To Hide It: Hewitt—What are you  
raising whiskers for? Jewett—Well,  
I don't mind telling you that I am  
wearing a necktie my wife gave me.—  
Bazar.

"I've got the best of the ould rail-  
way company for once in me loife."  
"How is that, Pat?" "I've got a return  
ticket to London, and" (in a whisper)  
"I ain't coming back."—Tit-Bits.

His liberal policy: "I believe in tak-  
ing some things for granted." "Yes;  
when you lent me the novel you said  
was so delightful, I noticed the leaves  
were not cut."—Chicago Record.

"My parents may come between us,"  
she faltered. "If they do," he exclam-  
ed, hotly, "they must be pretty small." And  
he pressed her still closer to his  
manly breast.—Philadelphia Record.

His uncalled-for apology: He—You  
told your mother I was sorry for hav-  
ing made an idiot of myself at her din-  
ner-party last night—what did she say?  
She—Oh, she said she noticed nothing  
unusual, George!—Tit-Bits.

"So poor old Mr. Clabite is dead."  
"Yes. But he died happy." "Is that  
so?" "Yes. Almost his last words  
were that at last he was going to a  
place where golf wouldn't be the only  
burning question."—Harper's Monthly.

Recognized Him: Mrs. Casey (read-  
ing war news)—Wan soldier wor mor-  
thal wounded, and his lasht words wor  
"Gimme whisky." Mrs. Dolan (whose  
husband is at the front)—Hivin hilp me  
fatherless children; thot wor Pat.—  
Bazar.

"You say you were in three wars?"  
asked the judge of the colored prisoner.  
"Dat what I said, judge." "Name  
them." "Well sub, I wuz cook fo' de  
sojers in de war wid de Spaniels, en  
den I bin married fo' times."—Atlanta  
Constitution.

First Parrot—Say, that girl has been  
to England since she was here. Sec-  
ond Parrot—What makes you think so?  
First Parrot—Why, she used to say:  
"Polly, want a cracker," and now she  
says: "Polly, want a biscuit."—Indian-  
apolis Journal.

Johnny's current history: The teach-  
er asked the scholars to write a sen-  
tence in which the word "chaste" was  
used. Johnny Wise, who keeps posted  
on current events, wrote: "Aguinaldo  
is the most chaste man there is."—Bal-  
timore American.

Opportunity provided: "It's no won-  
der those Japanese troops cover them-  
selves with glory." "What do you  
mean?" "Why, the other foreign  
commanders are polite enough to let  
them do all the dangerous work."—  
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sallie de Witt—That's Mrs. Alle Mo-  
neigh. She has been married and di-  
vorced five times. Noel Little—How  
remarkable for one so young in appear-  
ance! Her matrimonial reigns must  
have been very short. Sallie de Witt—  
Mere showers!—Brooklyn Life.

No money in it: "This comes from  
making love to the daughter of a gen-  
ius." "What is the trouble, Tom?"  
"Why, her father has just invented a  
parlor-clock that sounds an alarm at 10  
o'clock, turns out the gas, and opens  
the front door by a wire spring."—Chi-  
cago News.

Jackson—See here, Jimson, that con-  
founded dog of yours kept up a contin-  
ual howl under my window till 3 o'clock  
this morning. Jimson (firmly)—It  
wasn't my dog, sir. Jackson—I'm glad  
to hear that, old man, because I hated  
to ask you to bury the body; to whom  
did you sell him?—Life.

A Slim Excuse—A Connecticut girl  
fell from her bicycle and hurt her knee.  
When they examined the injury in the  
drug store they found she had on three  
pairs of stockings—golf, plain white,  
and the every-day sort. No doubt her  
excuse for wearing all that hosiery was  
a thin one.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gratitude: Young Lady—Give me  
one yard of—why, haven't I seen you  
before? Dry-Goods Clerk—Oh, Maud,  
can you have forgotten me? I saved  
your life at the seaside last summer.  
Young Lady (warmly)—Why, of course  
you did! You may give me two yards of  
this ribbon, please.—Boston Journal.

Didn't Follow Directions: Indignant  
patron—You advertise to cure consump-  
tion, don't you? Dr. Quack—Yes, sir;  
I never fail when my instructions are  
followed. Indignant Patron—My son  
took your medicine for a year and then  
died. Dr. Quack—My instructions  
were not followed; I told him to take  
it for two years.—Tit-Bits.

The Chinese minister had just been  
to see the Secretary of State. "What  
was the result of the conference be-  
tween Mr. Wu and Mr. Hay?" asked a  
gentleman. "The general uncertainty  
of Chinese news makes it difficult to  
say," was the answer; "I have not yet  
ascertained whether Mr. Hay got  
woozler or whether Mr. Wu got hazler."  
—Washington Star.