

MEMORIES OF LAST NIGHT.

Across the gray of last night's skies
The stars like white narcissus clung,
And, sweetheart, mirrored in your eyes
The halo of their glory hung.
While far and wide the moonlight
Hung,
And some here, in our world apart,
A moment's sudden music swung—
Last night, sweetheart.

The song below, the stars above,
Escaped but to meet and melt into
A silver symphony of love,
That thrilled our listening senses
through;
And, close within my arms, you knew
The depth of each unspoken thought,
While life for me held only you—
Last night, sweetheart.

And, oh, can there be more than this
Beyond the mystery of the skies?
A heaven sweeter than your kiss?
And Eden dearer than your eyes?
I am not good, nor great, nor wise,
And yet by some strange chance Fate
wrought
I found the way to paradise—
Last night, sweetheart.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HIS FIRST LOVE

A LONELY passenger stood on the promenade deck of the Deutschland and as the great liner cut its way through the stormy waves of the Atlantic. He seemed lost in thought as he stood leaning against the railing gazing at the waves which broke themselves into seething foam against the side of the vessel.

Suddenly a young girl's sweet voice aroused him from his dreams.

"So here you are, doctor! If Miss Hess knew that you prefer listening to the waves instead of to her singing it would be all over between you."

She laughed a delightful silvery laugh and her pretty little face looked teasingly at the doctor, who evidently tried not to meet her eyes. It was a moment before he answered:

"You asked me to-day, Miss Lingen, if it was only longing for my old home which takes me back to Germany after six years in America. At that time I evaded your questions. Now I feel like telling you what drives me back. If you do not think it will be too tiresome to listen to a story, which is probably of no interest to you."

"No, I am sure your story will interest me, doctor," she replied softly.

"It was seven years ago. I had just been graduated from college, and was doing hospital service at Berlin. As I thought myself the son of a wealthy father I enjoyed life in full measure, never thinking of where the money was to come from which I so recklessly spent. One evening I accepted the invitation of a friend to be his guest at a supper in company with some chorus girls from the Thalia Theater.

"One of these, a sweet, quiet girl of 16, attracted my attention because of her dignified behavior, which was in marked contrast to that of the others, who were anything but conventional in their manners. She seemed to me the embodiment of all womanly beauty and virtues. I soon found out that she had gone on the stage only to support her mother, who was an invalid, and that she was anything but happy at the life behind the footlights.

"To make a long story short, I fell deeply in love with her with all the fervor of my 24 years. Then my father died suddenly, and instead of a fortune left nothing but debts. This upset all my plans. I saw that from now on I must rely only upon myself, and to marry a poor girl under these circumstances appeared to be wholly out of the question.

"I would not give up my Paula, however, but told her that we would have to postpone our wedding, and she promised to wait for me. She had left the stage when we became engaged, and now took a position in an office at a miserable salary, while I went to America to seek my fortune.

"In the beginning, we corresponded every three days, and every steamer brought me long letters from her, but in the foreign country my love seemed to wane, and soon I wrote less regularly and at last stopped entirely, though her letters to me told me of her despair at losing me.

"And at last her letters also ceased. She had become convinced of my faithlessness, the tie was broken and I must admit that I felt it as a great relief.

"Then, one evening, about 18 months ago, I was called to the deathbed of a poor young girl who had taken poison because her lover had proved faithless. Never shall I forget the terrible sufferings of that poor creature. When she had died and I went home I felt like a murderer in my own eyes—I, who had behaved in the same outrageous manner to a sweet girl who loved me with all her heart. The memory of Paula followed me everywhere. It almost drove me insane, and now I am on my way back to try to find her."

He had finished his story and the

RIP VAN WINKLE'S LAST SLEEP.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

There have been few actors who have had so large a measure of popularity as that enjoyed by Joseph Jefferson, says the Chicago Daily News. It may be doubted if among them all there has been one whose relations with the public were quite so close and cordial. The sentiment of American theater-goers toward the venerable impersonator of Rip Van Winkle and Bob Acres was much like that of personal friendship, and the news of his death will awaken a feeling akin to that of personal loss. It is a question whether in later years it was the public's admiration for Mr. Jefferson's art or its regard for the man that caused him to be so heartily welcomed in all parts of the country.

It is one of the noteworthy features of the veteran actor's long life that throughout his career he clung steadfastly to his own ideas, uninfluenced by passing fads and employing methods as far as possible removed from mere theatricalism. From the beginning, apparently, his acting was marked by a quiet naturalism in which his peculiarly genial temperament and sunny humor found its best chance for expression. Fashions in acting and fashions in playwriting have come and gone, but they left him unchanged. It is a vindication of the real worth of his art and of his own judgment thereof that the last few years found him still charming large audiences in the same great old plays wherein he won his fame.

The deep and widespread regret with which his death has been received is tempered by the consolation that always comes in the contemplation of a long and happy life that has been filled with successful achievement and has exceeded the allotted span of years.

young girl, who had not interrupted him once, remained silent. After a few moments' silence he said softly:

"Have I lost your good opinion, Miss Lingen? Will you now think of me as a heartless scoundrel, who has ruined the life of an innocent girl?"

She looked into his eyes for a moment, and said, evidently deeply touched at what she had just heard:

"No, doctor. As I see how much you suffer now I cannot condemn you. You have made a grave mistake, but I hope that you will not find it too late to make it good again. I wish you luck with all my heart."

The steamer had arrived at Hamburg and the passengers had left for all parts of Europe. By accident, Mrs. Lingen and her daughter spent another day with Dr. Bernhard Waltenrath. They found themselves at the same hotel, as none of them could get a train until the next day.

In the evening the ladies accepted his invitation to visit the theater. On the program the star of the evening appeared under the name of Paula Wildt and it was easy to hear even before the curtain rose that she was a great favorite with the audience. Her name was on everybody's lips and a storm of applause greeted her appearance on the stage.

As she came forward to the footlights, and the light fell on her beautiful girlish face and form an expression of surprise escaped the doctor's lips and when Miss Lingen turned to look at him she saw that he was deadly pale.

"For God's sake, doctor," she whispered, "are you ill?"

But he only took her hand and said in a voice half suppressed with emotion:

"It is she—Paula!"

Ada Lingen turned pale now in her turn and tried to conceal the tears which rose to her eyes.

The curtain went down, but the audience would not stop applauding and called loudly for "Frau Wildt."

Turning to a gentleman near him, Dr. Waltenrath asked:

"Is she then married?"

"Why, of course she is," was the reply; "she married a wealthy merchant five years ago and is the happy mother of two beautiful children."

The doctor commenced to applaud wildly. Ada Lingen sat still, an expression of unspeakable happiness in her pretty, girlish face.

Never had Dr. Waltenrath enjoyed a play as this, and when he later placed

the cloak upon Ada's shoulders, he whispered into her ear:

"How lucky it is not everybody who commits suicide from unhappy love. She did not look as if she was still mourning the loss of her first love."

It is hardly necessary to add that the little party did not separate the next day, and that when the doctor crossed the Atlantic a couple of months later he did not cross alone.

MRS. STEPHEN B. ELKINS.

One of the Most Splendid Types of American Womanhood.

In this land of splendid homes none possesses a greater charm of hospitality, or is more thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by its inmates, than where Senator and Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, make their dwelling.

There are several places which they can properly call "home," the two principal ones being at Washington and at Elkins, W. Va. Elkins is a conspicuous example of the self-made American—money-maker, thinker and worker. He is one of the rich men of the country. His good fortune is not due wholly to his own energy, though that has been the chief factor in his success. He has had the aid of an exceptional wife. Mrs. Elkins has made her home far more attractive to her husband than any club could be. She is possessed of culture and intelligence that make her a congenial companion for a brainy husband. The daughter of a former Senator and a multi-millionaire, Henry G. Davis, there are none of the graces of womanhood she has not acquired. As Hallie Davis she was a popular girl. As Mrs. Elkins she has won many new social laurels. Her country house, Hallehurst, at Elkins, is one of the finest places in the South.

Navy of the Lord.

The Moberly, Mo., Democrat tells of a negro exhorter who shouted: "Come up en fine de army of de Lohd." "Is done jined," replied one of the congregation. "Whar'd yoh jine?" asked the exhorter. "In de Baptis' church," "Why, chile," said the exhorter, "yoh ain't in de army; yoh's in de navy."

The little red radishes in a dish of cracked ice look almost good enough to eat.

HISTORIC GROUND.

THE CROW INDIAN RESERVATION IN MONTANA.

Great Tract Which Is to Be Thrown Open to Settlement by the Whites, Contains the Battlefield Upon Which Custer Fell—A Rich Region.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are 473,000,000 acres of vacant unappropriated land, excluding Alaska, open for settlement, pressure is constantly being brought to bear upon Congress for the opening of lands hitherto set aside for the Indians. One reservation after another is being thrown up to settlement, the aboriginal occupants being given farms in severalty if they desire to live the lives of white men, or being compelled to take circumscribed quarters if they wish to live the tribal or blanket life. Last year the greatest reservation opening was that of the Rosebud, in South Dakota. This summer two reservations will be thrown open to a certainty—the Crow, in Southern Montana, and the Uintah, in Eastern Utah. To these will probably be added the Wind River or Shoshone reservation, in Wyoming. All these reservations offer vast opportunities to the white man. The Uintah and Wind River reservations are rich in minerals, but to the genuine homeseeker—the man who wishes to carve his fortune with no other instrument than the plow—the Crow reservation will make the most effective appeal.

A Rich Region.

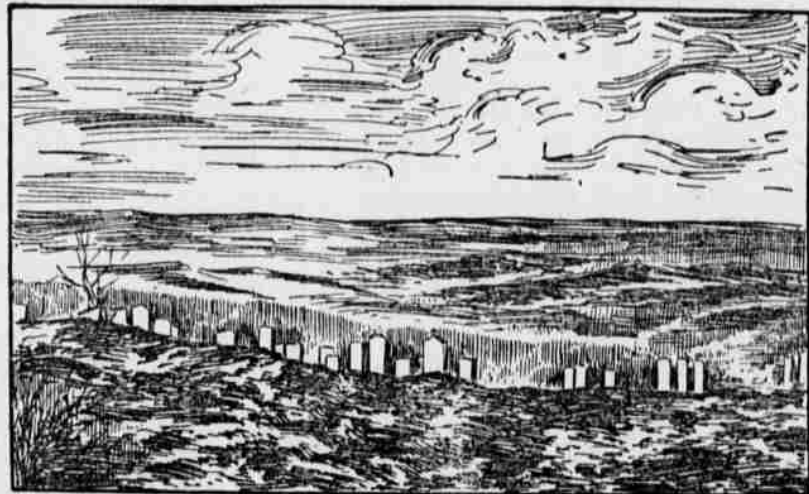
The Crow reservation is just over the northern boundary of Wyoming, in Montana. It is one of the greatest reservations in the country, and has long been coveted by the white man. The Brush-Alliance branch of the Bur-

der will be used for grazing purposes. Thus the individual who draws a homestead will be doubly lucky, for not only will he have 160 acres of as fine agricultural land as there is in the West, but he will also have the privilege of using a vast acreage of grazing ground which cannot be irrigated, but which is rich in succulent grasses and which has been used as a pony range by the Crows for generations. The main canal to irrigate the homesteads will be taken from the Big Horn, and the supply of water is inexhaustible. The proceeds of the sale of the land will be used by the Crows to benefit their own lands and herds.

On Historic Ground.

The homesteader who settles in the Crow reservation will find himself in historic ground. The chief place of interest on the reservation is Custer battlefield, at Crow Agency. The Custer monument can be seen from the railroad trains, on top of a knoll, about six miles from the station. It was here that the redoubtable Rain-in-the-Face and other Sioux chieftains overwhelmed Custer's detachment of 270 brave men, leaving not one to tell the story. White headstones are scattered about the monument on both slopes of the hill, showing exactly where the men lay when their bodies were found. Near at hand are many other headstones, as Custer field has been turned into a national cemetery, and here are buried the victims of the Fetterman massacre and many others who lost their lives on the plains fighting for the flag. The field will always remain one of the most interesting spots in America. Only four miles away is Reno's battlefield, where one may yet see the bones of the horses used as breastworks by the troopers who, according to many military critics, should have come to Custer's aid.

For generations the Crows have clung to the lands on which they are now located. Occasionally they were



BATTLEFIELD OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

lington Railroad, connecting with the Northern Pacific, extends entirely through the reservation. There is a southward branch of the Burlington, at Toluca, extending to Cody, from which one can make a delightful journey through the reservation by the new "side door route" to Yellowstone Park. Travelers who journey through the reservation by trail are astounded at the fertility of the scene that meets their eyes. Under the magic touch of irrigation, rich farms dot the landscape of bare, brown hills. But for the teepees that raise their smoke-browned tops on either side of the track, and the Indians who are seen riding or

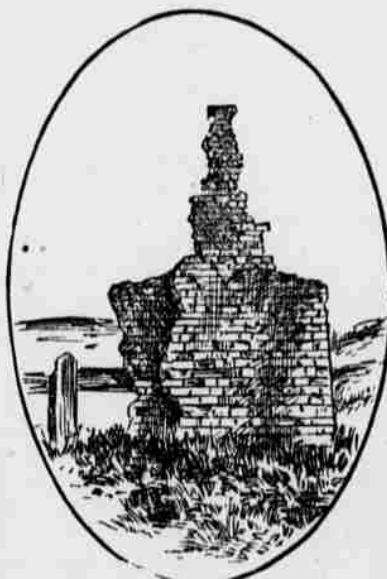
driven off by the warlike Sioux or Cheyennes, but always they came back. In the days of the fur traders they were friendly to the white men, and have been so in the years that have followed. In fact, there has been no Indian tribe so consistently at friendship with the white people as the Crows. They might have progressed more had they not been so friendly, for it is a lamentable fact that the white men who have come most in contact with the Indian have not always been the ones fitted to do the red man the most good. To-day there are only about 1,500 members of this once mighty tribe. They are struggling to learn the white man's ways as best they can. Earnest, sincere white men are working among them, and good results will certainly follow.

Women Dance for Mouse.

At exactly 9:45 o'clock Thursday morning a little brown mouse stole out from the main corridor of the Missouri-Lincoln Trust building at Seventh and Olive streets and took a short constitutional of about twenty-five feet west in Olive, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In the course of that innocent jaunt he frightened so many women that a feminine panic ensued and so much screaming and scampering about was done that the mouse started back for the more masculine calm of the Missouri-Lincoln Trust building.

As he gained the entrance, however, a large and formidable-looking woman expelled him, and with a wild shriek and a frenzied grasping of the skirts, began executing such a remarkable dance on the sill of the big skyscraper that the mouse lost his head and scurried clear across Olive street.

Arriving at the curb on the south side, he passed under a carriage from which two women were alighting and emerged on the sidewalk simultaneously with them. At once they set up an outcry and circled around on the pavement in a dismayed minuet such as has never before been seen in St. Louis. By this time a big crowd had gathered, and the laughter of men and boys mingled with the shrieking and screaming of women and girls. The uproar became so appalling to the mouse that finally, reckless of consequences, he precipitated himself through an open grating into a cellar and has not been seen since. His unusual and uncommon experience while in quest of a little fresh air lasted just five minutes.



MASSACRE MONUMENT.

driving along the roads, one might imagine he was pursuing his way through a peaceful and prosperous Western agricultural community. Most of the farms are leased by white men, as the Indian owners are not yet sufficiently skilled in the white man's methods to be a success as agriculturists. But these farms in the valley of the Big Horn show that the Crow reservation can be made to blossom as the rose when once it is dominated by the white man's touch.

For over a year the government has had surveyors at work in the northern half of the Crow reservation, making surveys. Not all of the reservation will be thrown open. The Crows have ceded 1,150,000 acres to the government, and this is the portion to be taken up by the white men. The land lies along the valley of the Big Horn, and it is estimated that about 300,000 acres can be cultivated. The remain-