UNCONQUERED.

the o'er the city's roofs a storm blown gull.

Driven landward from the sea,
thes against the winds without a lull,

Yet inland farther, ever back

Helpless is tossed with flying rack;
, messenger of constancy to me,
y to see him facing ocean still.

As beaten souls through storm and night

May changeless face the hidden light

heaven sent power and strength of stead-

saven sent power and strength of stead fast will.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Jr., in Youth's Com

#### CLEVER AUNT KATE.

"It ain't no use in a-goin' agin your pa, Jennie-he's had his own way 'round e continual, for more'n thirty years, an' you'll jest hev to give in; no use talkin' at him. 'T only makes him wuss."

Poor little Mrs. Olcott had been acstomed during the whole of her married life to "jest give in," and her only chance of peace was in yielding to her selfishly determined husband and allowing him to carry his point without

Jennie was differently constituted. She inherited her father's strong will, and he had, much to his surprise, suddenly discovered an opposing force in his youngest child.

She had been away from home for arly three years—this pretty, brown haired girl with the determined face and graceful carriage, and the father secretly dmired and almost feared her. A wealthy and childless aunt in the city had besought Jennie to share her home. and Hiram Olcott's pretty daughter, though clinging to the farm, with all its sar memories of childhood and childhood's joys, chose wisely when she yielded to her aunt's request. It was etter, far better for her, for even after her going there were plenty of children to keep the miserly old farmer in a perpetual grumble about money matters.

It was May and the country wore one glad smile, and Jennie hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to her home. assuming very willingly the responsi-bility of housekeeping while her two unmarried sisters attended the wedding of a consin in a distant town.

This morning she was cooking, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows stood beside the kitchen table. In one hand she held an earthen plate while the clip, clip, clip of a fork sounded noisily as she whipped some eggs to a

"Yer sisters hed to marry to suit him," wailed the nervous little woman, "an' you'll hev to, too; ef you don't there be wful fusses, so you'd jes better give

That morning the father had spoken to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he met him as if he were a stranger, while termed a "likely catch." She had expressed her opinion of him in so decided a way as to alarm Mr. Olcott for the safety of his much prized authority.

He was wont to speak of himself as a marvelous example of the patriarch.
"Make 'em mind," he would say. "Keep yer household beneath yer feet; govern m well, an' they'll git along."

Jennie's boldness in opposing his judgment so stupefied him that his anger had not yet had time to blaze forth; but Mrs. Olcott knew it would come, and so after her husband had left the kitchen she aded with the girl to "give in." Jennie had been very thoughtful during the little woman's appeal, but now she was resolved, and it was the Olcott in her nature which spoke. "I wouldn't marry Jordan Moggs though father should threaten to murder me.

The eggs were stiff now, and as she plate down on the table she turned from her mother and busied herself among the ingredients for cake baking which were before her. Jennie was hing as she began softly, "There is ome one in Poole I like very much, mother, and he's coming out here to"-"He needn't mind comin'," said Farmer Olcott grimly as he stepped quietly into the kitchen. His face wore a cunning leer, and his wind reddened cheeks were distorted by the sneering curves of his hard lined mouth. Seating himself on ne of the painted wooden chairs, he drew the bootjack toward him and took off his heavy shoes with a calmness and deliberation which warned Mrs. Olcott that he was thoroughly aroused. The poor little nervous, broken spirited woman had learned that this particularly quiet and inoffensive manner of removing his footgear always preceded a burst of passion.

Hiram Olcott set his cowhide boots by the stove to dry, kicked the jack under the table, and, turning toward his daughter, shouted:

"Don't let me ketch none o' yer city fellers comin' to see you. Ef they do, I'll talk to 'em; not a word now," he growled, shaking his long finger menacingly at Jennie, as she essayed to speak.
"I'm master in my own house, an' you'll not talk till such time as I'm done. You've been away an' kinder forgot how things is run here, but you might as well get broke in now. I tell you I won't hev any city fellers a follerin' you; an' of I ketch yer aunt Kate makin' matches fur you I'll jest fetch you home from bein's fine lady down there an' set you

Before Jennie could speak he had gone ato the dining room, slamming the door

Tears of mortification and rage stood in her brown eyes and hot words leaped to her lips, but as she glanced down at the agonized face of the little woman he bent to kiss the pain drawn lips, surmaring, Never mind, mother dear: I'll be patient for your sake."

"That's a good girl, Jennie," replied Mrs. Olcott, with a sigh of relief, "try and git along peaceable like, an' jest give in for the sake of quiet. Yer pa's get-

would not cost over \$50.

If you and wuss."

Mrs. Highup—I gave exactly \$50 for it; but then I paid the modiste \$20 more for her promise to tell everybody that it cost a hundred.—New York Weekly.

"My Dear Niece—Your father needs managing, and I will undertake to do

Cutting. it. I have written to him to come down to the city and advise me about the sale of a piece of property, and you need not least:

Mabel—You forget that the dark is not so kind to me as to you.—West Shore.

the world who ever did nederstand her brother Hiram, and she had planned a clever little ruse to be played on the unsuspecting farmer.

Mr. Bryan, whom Jennie had confessed to her mother she cared a great deal for, was well suited to her. He had not yet declared his love, but it was not unguessed by the shrewd little maiden. To Mrs. Calding, however, he had opened his heart, and she bade him wait a little. She knew how prejudiced her brother was against all arrangements not conducted by himself, and rightly concluded that he might put serious difficulty in the way of the young people. After satisfying herself that the name of Jennie's lover was quite unknown to her brother, she resolved to introduce him as a young man who would be a good match for Jennie, if only the girl could be wise enough to had never met she trusted to his unequaled obstinacy to do the rest.

"I've wanted so much to talk with you about Jennie," said that lady, as she and Hiram sat in her well appointed drawing room the night of the arrival.

"Yes, and I'm willin'. She ought to be settled," said the old man decidedly. "It does not do, Hiram," began Mrs. Calding, watching the hard lined face intently, "to depend on a girl's choice,

"Well, I guess it don't," he interrupted with a sneer

"There is a young man in town who I know admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it." Very quietly, yet with the utmost caution, she made this statement. The old man was interested. "Rich?" he inquired, rubbing his hands gently

together. "Yes," was the answer: then she went on.

"Of course it's so very uncertain. Hiram. You see, Jennie might refuse

to have a word to say to him, and"-"Now, Kate, look here," interrupted the thoroughly excited old man, as he drew his chair nearer hers and emphasized his words with decisive gestures. "ef I like that young man I'll jest take him out home with me, an' I'd like to see Jennie tell him to go, if I'm livin'."

Mrs. Calding was delighted at her success thus far. The next day Mr. Bryan was introduced, and became the old man's ideal of a son-in-law.

On the farmer's return to his home Mr. Bryan accompanied him, having accepted the hearty invitation of his new friend to "jest run out an' take a look around our part of the country.

Jennie had been apprised of Mr. Bry-an's coming, and of the little deception in which she was to play her part. She her father secretly rejoiced at the thought of subduing his proud young daughter.

Mr. Olcott took an early opportunity to enlighten Jennie as to her duty toward his new friend, and with a twinkle in her eye she promised to do her best to please him in the matter.

A week passed. Jennie and Mr. Bryan were very happy. The days were de-lightful ones to them, and the old farmer rubbed his hands at the success of his scheme, and gave his consent to an early marriage with no hesitation.

He often speaks now of his match making. "There's Jennie," he will say. "She'd hev picked up with some empty noddled city chap ef I hadn't jest took her in hand. I brung Bryan out an' told

е парру уоц when he boasts they think with loving of the way on elephants. gratitude of clever Aunt Kate. - Frances Burton Claire in Drake's Magazine.

Charity in the Rockefeller Family.

John D. Rockefeller's method of disposing of charity is described by The Cleveland Plaindealer. It says that the great bulk of his mail is examined by his private secretary, and only the few appeals which impress the latter gentle-man favorably are passed along to Mr. Rockefeller, who takes a stack of them to the breakfast table every morning and distributes them among his children. These members of his family are charged with the duty of opening the letters and consulting their contents. Then each child decides what shall be done with the application, and the decision is written on the envelope and the name signed for reference if need be.

After breakfast, Mr. Rockefeller gathers up the mail and personally inspects each application. He then weighs the case and then acts as his conscience dictates. This dictation is frequently contrary to the decision rendered by his child, but that doesn't end the matter; not at all. The father gathers his children about him and reviews the case, announcing his decisions, and when they conflict with those given by the children he explains the reason for the departure from the recommendation.

Tom Wyly, of Johnsonville, has a most remarkable freak of nature; it is a double female dog pup, about six months old. It has four well developed legs in the proper place. Aside from these there is another well developed leg protruding from near the root of the tail and has grown about half the distance to the ground, at which point two well devel-oped feet began to form and have grown in perfect shape, and both feet now drag on the ground as she walks. She is in perfect health and is a well developed double female, each part of her organism performing in unison its separate functions.—Nashville American.

A Bargain in High Life. Mr. Highup-You said that thing would not cost over \$50.

Rthel-Why, are you so foolish as to be afraid of the dark? I am not in the

AMONG THE HINDOOS.

CHICAGO MAN VISITS AN OLD TEMPLE OF THE PAGANS.

Fined for Walking Through the Building with His Shoes On-Interesting Notes of Rambles Through a Strange Conntry-Laughable Incidents.

Blatchford Kavanagh writes from Delhi, India to The Chicago Post about a visit among the Hindoos as follows: I have been to Ahmedabad. It is a small place and almost filled with mosques and temples. The mosques belong to the Mohammedans and the temples to the Hindoos. Most of the mosques are exquisitely carved. In one place there is a window of marble with a tree pierced out of it. The carving is wonderful. think so. Allowing him to believe they These Hindoos are something like the Chinese. They will spend years of their life in carving some little thing. It's beautiful when it's done, but an American wouldn't spend as many days on it

as they do years.

In one Hindoo temple they let us walk all through with our shoes on, and when we got through and came outside we found a great crowd of natives making an uproar. Then we found out what was the matter. We had defiled the temple by going in with our shoes on. Then a man came up and said in English that the temple would have to be all washed out before they could wor-ship in it again, and we had to pay three rupees-about \$1.17 in our money-to have the place washed, so we are not going into any more temples with our shoes on.

THE SACRED LAKE.

We stopped at Ajmere, a small town, for about twenty-four hours. There are some mosques and temples there, but they are not so pretty as those at Ah-medabad. Ajmere is very picturesque on a sunshiny day, but it rained almost all the afternoon very hard. It stopped for about two hours and we drove out to Pushkar lake. This is about seven miles from the city, through a pass. The ascent is about 200 feet. This is the place where the princes come to worship. They each build a small palace to stay in while they are here. The lake is a sacred one, and the Hindoos believe any

one bathing in it will go to heaven.

I wrote you about how the Hindoos burn their dead. Well, I took a photograph with my little camera of the caste of men who take care of dead bodies. It was just after they had burned one up, and I got them to all stand in a row with their white aprons on. They didn't seem to mind it a bit, and stood up as if

they were quite used to it. We left Ajmere about 1 o'clock in the morning and arrived here about 5 in the evening. The sleeping cars are not the same as ours. One car will accommodate eight people. The cars are divided into two compartments, each compartment accommodating four persons. We do not undress, but just take off our coats and lie down for a little while. The cars are a good deal like those in England. Our servant forgot to wake us up until we got into the station.

The train only staid there seven minutes, and you ought to have seen us scramble out of the car. Mr. Getty and I have a couple of suits made alike, and in the scrimmage he got my cost on, and he looked too funny for anything. I rushed out of the car in my shirt sleeves her that she'd got to behave to him. It's with my helmet on, and he was barethe only way to do—jest make 'em mind.

an' they'll git along."

They would not deceive him for any—all right and slept until 9 o'clock. but are going to see a palace.

A DOG STOLE THE SACRED CAKE. I tried to give you a description in one of my former letters of our lazy life on shipboard coming from Suez to Bombay There wasn't much to do but lie around and read books and try to keep cool, and I have often thought of you people in Chicago going around with heavy overcoats and furs, while we were fanning ourselves.

I saw a funny sight at Bombay-a poor man's wedding. The man and his bride paraded around the streets, he with his sword over his shoulder. He was bowlegged, she knockkneed, and what do you think their ages were? He was 32 years old and his bride only 11 years! They were tied together by their garments. They had a ceremony in the street that was very queer. They placed on a stone some peas and a pancake and then bowed before it.

Just as they got through a dog stuck his head through the crowd and made a rush for it. Such a commotion you never saw. Of course he got between the groom's legs, and altogether broke up the ceremony. He got the holy pancake, just the same, and then the groom didn't seem to care for it any more. I langhed until I ached all over.

You will remember I wrote you about the Hindoo musician in Bombay, who played on four different instruments at one time two in his nose and two in his mouth. I took a picture of him one day as he was squatting on the ground play-ing away with all four instruments go-ing at once. The funniest thing about Bombay and all India is that they only have one mail day a week, which is Saturday, and when the mail closes all the shops close also, and the people have a half holiday. While we were in Bom-bay they had a mail day, and everywhere we went we were informed that it was "Raglish mail day."

Prevailing Form for Indian Suicides. The favorite form of suicide in India is drowning, owing to the fact that this method of self-destruction does not in-volve personal mutilation. This form of suicide is resorted to sometimes not only in order to avoid mutilation, but with a view of propitiating the water spirit by an act of self-sacrifice, which has a fascination for some eastern minds.-Lon-

The Same Old Way.

Bunting—Everything is getting so high in price I don't see how we can Mrs. Bunting—Can't we still buy on credit, dear?—Epoch.

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