Mrs. MAGUIRE'S STRATEGY

By M. Louise Cummins

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RS. MAGUIRE had been absent from her regular duties for several hours to attend a christening. was almost her usual time for leaving when she returned and, dis-

missing the girl who had filled her place, took a survey of the surround-

The waiting room was nearly empty At Mrs. Maguire's feet lay a bundle of rugs and umbrellas near a leather portmanteau.

While she still speculated as to their owner a girl entered with slow, weary step. The rough material of her close ly fitting suit, the heavy shoes and plain sailor hat proclaimed her English nationality. The expression of the wide gray eyes puzzled Mrs. Maguire. "'Tisn't trouble, exactly," she soliloquized while the girl sank into s

Whatever it was, a sudden radiance swept it away. She sprang up. In its turn the flash of joy was killed by

some inner thought. Mrs. Maguire, turning to ascertain the cause of the swift changes, uttered a low "H-m-m" of gratification. "A fine, clane boy," was her mental summary of the tall, advancing figure. The young man took the girl's outstretched hand. "There's another train from the west

due in an hour," he said hurriedly. 'Shall you wait for it?" "I must. There is nothing else for

me to do."

"Do you-may I remain with you?" "I think you had better not." Her chin quivered like a child's. At sight of it the man's square taws were locked. His fingers tightened over hers until the knuckles showed white.

"Anyway-I'll come back." jerked the words out. "If I don't find you here-I know that it is-all right." Mrs. Maguire looked from one white,

tense face to the other. "H-m-m," she thought. "He'll come back, and if he don't find her 'tis all wrong 'twill be for both of them." "If"- The girl slowly raised her eyes. When they reached his, her voice

stopped as if broken. "Ruth!" The words rushed from him. "Why need it be goodby? Why"-

There was no mistaking her expression now. A slow, shamed red rose to her temples. His hand unclasped hers, and, as if it had been her only support, she fell back into the chair. Mrs. Maguire rose and, bringing a glass of water, held it to her lips.

The man threw her a grateful look. "Will you take care of her?" he asked huskily, and Mrs. Maguire nodded. She stooped to pick up the girl's bag-

gage when he turned away. "There's a sofa over there behind that screen," she said quietly.

The girl rose and stumbled after her. With the abandon of utter weariness she threw herself on the horsehair couch. Mrs. Maguire gently stroked the hand nearest to her.

"There now," she said "sure, 'twill all come right, whatever

'tis, with the help of God." "If I might tell you"- Her face worked pitifully in the effort at self control. "Maybe you would know what I ought to do. In all this great country I have not-a woman friend."

"The Lord help ye!" "I came out from England-to b

married." Mrs. Maguire waited, bewilderment growing in her face.

"But if that was himself" - she hazarded at last.

"Oh, no! That was a friend, Dr. Thorburn, whom I met on board ship. His father had been educated abroad and was my dear father's closest

friend at Oxford." Suddenly she sat up, her whole figure stiffening, a slow red dyeing her

"The man I was to marry has failed to meet me or send me word," she said slowly. "Oh, it is a just punishment for al-

lowing myself to be persuaded"- She stopped, choking. "By the man that was to have met

ye?" Mrs. Maguire watched her close-

She raised eyes heavy with shame and pain.

"No; by his mother. For the past year, since my father died, she has given me no peace. She said that the little money I had would give us such a good start in this country; that Philtp's life would be spoiled if I failed to keep my promise. We had grown up together. I supposed that I was in honor bound to come."

Her face was dreary with despair. Mrs. Maguire rose. Removing the girl's hat, she gently laid her head back on the pillow, lifted her feet to the couch and tucked the heavy skirt up around her.

"Take a nice little lie down there now for yerself," she said soothingly. 'Tis worn out ye are, and no wonder, with yer journey and this trouble." Drawing the screen completely round

the couch, she went quietly away. As Mrs. Maguire reached the doorway a young man, scarcely more than a boy, his hat pushed back from a flushed, damp face, came swiftly to ward her through the wide hall be yond.

Mrs. Maguire's eyes fastened on him, her lids narrowing behind their glasses until their grayness between showed keen as points of steel. Probably never before in all the twenty-three years of his weakly, dissipated life had he been measured as that shrewd glance measured him. Ere he had traversed half the intervening distance Mrs. Maguire's lips were closed in a straight line. When he reached her, the vague and vacant look which a Celt can put on or off at will had descended like a veil over her fea-

tures. Was there any one ye was lookin

for, sir?" He threw a glance at the elderly face apparently so lacking in intelli-

"Yes, lady, a young ladg," he re plied impatiently, peering into the Mrs. Maguire turned to aid him

"Confound it!" He ground one heel nto the tiled floor. "If those fellows had not come east when I did and insisted on celebrating my last bacheler evening"-

Politely oblivious of the thickly muttered soliloquy and apparently satisfied that the ladles' waiting room was empty, Mrs. Maguire untied and absorbedly folded a large apron, evidently prepared to depart for the night.

The strings shook in the hands and retied it, her fascinated gaze remaining fixed on the still swinging doors through which her late companion had passed. A gasping breath rose in her throat as she saw them



"Was there any one ye was lookin' for sir?"

rectly to meet him. "Maybe 'tis the worst day's work gerl for ye!"

His eyes contracted. She saw the blood leap to his face.

"Oh, he was here all right enoughthe other fella," she went on. "God ed by the president that he is not exforgive me! Even though she was pected to confine invitations for dinpromised to him, is it let her go with ners in honor of the president and Mrs. that tipsy boy no older than herself Roosevelt to the cabinet circle alone. I would?"

"Where"-"Oh, he's gone!"

He took an impetuous step forward oward the door of the inner room. Holding it partly closed, Mrs. Maruire laid a hand which still shook or er companion's arm.

"Don't ye ever let me be sorry for what I done this night, don't ye!" she pleaded forfully. He took the hand in his. Mrs. Ma-

guire, looking deep into keen blue eyes. saw the same steadfastness with which centuries before his forefathers had faced death when they fought, covenanted and died among their heather clad hills. Her heart grew warm with comfort.

"You need have no fear," he said quietly. "If only my sister had not been away at her summer home, I"-Mrs. Maguire released the strong hand, to which she had clung as to an anchor, and almost pushed him from

"Go for her!" she begged with quick ening breath. "If ye have a sister-a married one-for the love of heaven go for her. And don't ye see the little gerl again till ye've got her with ye!" She was forced to open the door wide to make way for some belated women travelers. His eyes went longingly to the room beyond.

Mrs. Maguire drew him outside. calming her tone to deal with mascune density.

"Don't ye see," she said slowly, "that 'tisn't easy all this is goin' to be for the little gerl-at first? Oh. 'tis the light of yer eyes ye are to wan another, didn't I see that? But 'tisn't with sorra ye nor me'll want her to look back on this day. Man. don't ve fear. She's as sale as it she was it heaven with Maggie Maguire till ye

"Again?" The depot master looked at Mrs. Maguire over his glasses with assumed

"Well, sir, ye see"-"Last time it was a christening; now 'tis a wedding. Evidently these young people can't get along without your

Mrs. Maguire looked her superior fixedly in the eyes for a moment. "Mr. Fletcher, sir," she said at last slowly, "that's the truest word ye ever

The Mountain Monarch.

spoke!"

Unlike the Jungfrau, the Righi or ther European mountains, including esuvius, which have been conquered by the modern engineers and now wear the barness of a railway to or near their summits, Mont Blanc is an absolute monarch, and no mortal nav set the limit of its reign. The Goths and Vandals of old, the armies, the tourists of today or tomorrow may pour down through the Alpine defiles, but Mont Blane through all such changes is monarch still, its snow capped peaks rising far above all else and the avalanches down its sides, more to be feared thatf any of its other dangers, defying the skill and courage of many a climber .-S. E. Hilles in Harper's Weekly.

Cincinnati Enquiser.

To Work Is Honorable. There has existed and still exists to some extent a false sentiment that labor is degrading or belittling. The contrary is true. An ideal condition of soclety can come only when every member of it recognizes that he is bound to exrcise whatever skill or strength or faculty he possesses to its full capacity not selfishly or for the sake of gain | wear slippers. The moment the foot merely, but for his own happiness and is relaxed it expands. Now, of course, development and for the benefit of all. by this is not meant that a woman And there should be no restriction on should wear, foolishly, tight shoes, but any one, either legal or social or a shoe that is a support and a trim fit through essociation, in regard to his ought to preserve the shape and beauty labor or its fruits. If by patient appli- of the foot. cation or natural endowment a men | Children like fun, but they care little possesses more skill than his fellow or for it in books. An uncle on his hands

[Special Correspondence.] The president has practically established a rule that will interest those nand for speechmaking at public gath-

Senator Cullom recently presented to the president a committee of the Union League of Chicago, who came to secure the oratorical services of Secretary Hay on Washington's birthday. Not receiving an affirmative response dent in the matter.

The president frankly informed the their love and congratulations. committee that Mr. Hay's health was aot sufficiently established to warrant him in undertaking at this time labor of the character involved in the invitation of the Union League and said that the secretary should not be asked you?" to undertake it. The president improved the occasion to say that it was his desire that members of the cabinet papa only by marriage, while you're should not be called upon to deliver adjust our mumie by bornation."—Lippincott's should not be called upon to deliver addresses except on occasions where they might properly appear as public offi-

cers. Knocked Out by President.

It is reported that President Roose velt proved his right to the title of exponent of the manly art of boxing by cer in a boxing contest at the White people, "do you think it's wrong to House recently.

Lieutenant Granville R. Fortescue is of Mrs. Roosevelt. President Roosehis liking, and he invited Lieutenant Fortescue to put the gloves on. The young army officer accepted the invitation promptly, and the president and his companion began punching each other with great vigor.

The contest was entirely friendly, impetuously pushed wide again and but the president became so earnest Dr. Thorburn enter. The knowledge in his work that he dealt the army ofthat the young men must have ficer a stiff right hand punch which brushed elbows outside sent the blood landed squarely on the left cheek and n a tide to her heart. She went di- knocked Lieutenant Fortescue down

and out. The blow caused a slight discolora-I ever done I done this night," she tion about the left eye, but the injury said, trembling, "but I saved that little was slight and was a source of much amusement to Lieutenant Fortescue as well as to the president.

Cabinet Dinners.

Each cabinet officer has been inform-The guest list will, as usual, be sent to the president and Mrs. Roosevelt for approval.

The matter of precedence in cabinet dinners will be cast to the winds. Heretofore the secretary of the treasury would not give his dinner for the president and Mrs. Roosevelt until after that of the secretary of state had been held, and the secretary of commerce and labor always was the last to entertain the president. Hereafter these dinners will be held in such order as best suits the convenience of all members of the cabinet. The old custom of limiting invitations to the cabinet circle brought the president face to face with nine dinner parties with the same persons each season.

Proposed Memorial Bridge. General Humphrey, quartermaster general of the army, is a strong advocate of the construction of the propos ed memorial bridge across the Potoms and the improvement of the nationa cemetery at Arlington, Va. Referring

to these subjects in a report to the sec retary of war, he says: "The necessity and value, from a mil itary point of view, of a bridge at this place are most apparent, and therefore it is earnestly recommended that an ap propriation be asked from congress for its construction at or about the terminus of New York avenue and Observatory hill, which bridge when construct ed will not only furnish a direct route to the national cemetery, but also be the means of direct and rapid con munication between the capital and the

important military post of Fort Myer, Va., adjoining the cemetery. Washington's Trees. Two thousand four hundred and seventeen trees were planted on the streets during the past year, and 1,759 trees were removed, leaving the total number of trees now on the streets of the District of Columbia about 88,065, an

increase of only 648 over last year. The appropriation for the parking commission, which is practically all expended in the planting and care of trees, was \$25,000. For the present fiscal year \$30,000 was appropriated. While the commissioners were much gratified at the increase, they believe that a larger amount should be appropriated for this purpose.

District Buildings.

There are at present in the District of Columbia 46,648 brick buildings, 20,961 frame buildings and 14,361 sheds.

The building inspector recommends legislation toward providing a board of examiners to examine and license builders and architects. He also recommends that the present fire escape law be amended. It is the intention of the commissioners to recommend this latter legislation to congress.

Army War College. Regarding the improvements in progress at the Washington barracks reservation, General Mackenzie, chief of engineers, says the present limit of cost of the Army War college, \$700,000, will be sufficient, though none too large. Unexpected foundation difficulties were encountered in the buildings for the engineer school. The working season of 1903, General Mackenzie says, was very disastrous so far as market prices of labor and material were concerned, and it was also found impossible to utilize the old buildings to the extent figured on in the original

CARL SCHOFIELD. Slippers. It is said that the woman who wants to have beautiful feet should never

if he chooses to be more industrious be and knees is worth all the written is entitled to the full benefit of it. words of the humorists.-T. P. O'Connor.

There is a certain small lady in Washington who has distinct and origmembers of the cabinet who are in de- inal ideas of her own. Not long ago the governess who presides over the nursery destinies of this young lady and her even younger sister informed them that their parents were soon to celebrate their tenth wedding anniversary, up" for a present. When the auspicious walked solemnly into the room where which a moment later slowly unrolled from Mr. Hay, the committee sought her mother and father were sitting and for the finding of the continuous series. to enlist the good offices of the presi- laid first on one lap and then on the other the small packages that brought

"This," said she to her father, "cost 75 cents, "and this," she added to her mother, "cost a dollar." "But," the mother asked, "you don't love mamma better than papa, do

"Well, mumie, it's this way," ex ed the occasion to say that it was his plained Margy. "You see, papa's our Magazine.

The House of Lords Upheld.

been listening to his mother and the the great questions that are always up marry a deceased wife's sister?"

"I do, my child, I do," replied Mr. the officer in question. He is a cousin Henpeck. "Even if there were no legal complications to be risked, I'd advise velt is gaining flesh at a rate not to trying some other family."-Chicago

At the Fancy Ball,



me was positively insulting. Dolly-Did he stare at you long and insolently?

Polly-No. He gave one glance and then looked at something else.

derstand that you

went to Bill gins to borrow money?" "Yes," answered the amiable but impecunious man.

refused you anything?" "Then why didn't you come to me?" "Well, the truth is you're so easy that there's no sport in it."-Washing-

She (sentimentally)-Would you dare anything for me, dear?

He (passionately)-Anything, dear. She (rapturously)-Oh, what, for in-He hesttated a moment and then-

She (angrily) - How dare you? Brooklyn Life. Something New.

"Of course the novel isn't much, but the heroine is quite a remarkable young person."

"Indeed?" "Oh, quite out of the ordinary. She doesn't once appear in 'a gown of some rather than concealed,' etc."-Philadel- first symptoms are distinctly rheumat-

Feminine Amenities. . Visitor-Your governess seems very

good natured Lady of the House-Yes, poor thing her father lost a lot of money, so I took her as governess for the children. Visitor-Poor, poor thing. Isn't it terrible how unfortunate some people are! -London Punch.

Real Norre. Blinkers-Could you lend me your racing auto for the afternoon, old chap?

Tooter-Why-er-yes. -er-could you lend me the price of a couple of fines or so?-Puck.

Tells Why. Aunt Julia-Why did you break off your engagement with young Huggins? Pretty Niece-Because he got a fool notion in his head that I intended to

Misunderstood. Lawyer (for defense)-Now, tell the jury all you know about those chickens Pete-I don't reckon I will boss. If

marry him.-Baltimore News.

delphia North American. But Lived to Tell It. Upgardson-What on earth used you up like that, old fellow? Been kicked by a mule or run over by an automo-

me in the way of the other.-Chicago

Atom-Both. The one kicked

I did that, I'd go to fail sho' .- Phila-

Tribune. Elder-So you're to be married, eh? I hope you fully realize that it's a serious step. Younger-Well, if I never realize that it was a serious misfor instance, will sometimes make a step I'll be satisfied. - Philadelphia "peck of trouble."-Exchange.

WASHINGTON LETTER HUMOR OF THE HOUR CHOICE MISCELLANY NEW SHORT STORIES

Evolution of the Horse. Thanks to the discoveries of the American naturalists, we possess now an almost complete series of links connecting the small five toed mammal of chine, says the New York Times. the lower eocene rocks with the winners of the Derby. Two or three million years come between the earliest and the tots accordingly began to "save and the latest forms, and the primitive is so unlike the perfected animal that morning arrived Mistress Margaret no one would ever have supposed the one to be derived from the other but subject by the recent researches of Professor Osborn, Professor Ewant and Professor Ridgeway. One of the results of inquiry goes to show that there has been not one line of descent, but at least five, leading to as many varieties. In this tale of developmen the strangest feature is the gradual diminution in the number of toes until we arrive at the present one toed animal. The so called foot of the horse is the single remaining toe, so that, in fact, the animal walks, as the Cambridge Zoology says, on the very points "Say, pa," said little Henry, who had of its finger and toe nails, and it possesses only one finger on each hand (or minister as they had discussed one of forefoot) and one toe on each foot, and yet "next to the wings of a bird the knocking down and out an army offi- for the consideration of the English feet of a horse are the most finished organs of locomotion in the animal kingdom,"-London Telegraph.

> Volunteer Chorus Girls. "What chance have I," said a girl to ne recently, "against that?" She half unconsciously glanced down at a shabby shoe and a well worn skirt. She had been "out" for a couple of months. Her savings were all gone, and, though she did not admit it, a little observation could tell that she and hunger were not on unfamiliar terms.

> Certainly the most sanguine of mortals would not back her in a contest for employment against the girl she had pointed to. "That," as she so bitterly called her, had dress, pocket money and a comfortable home from an indulgent father. The only wages she asked from a theatrical manager was to be allowed a chance of gratifying her vanity by posing on a stage. Her dress and appearance were an advertisement of prosperity for any touring company.

Can it be wondered that she and others like her are every day driving trained and hardworking actresses deeper and deeper into the slough of poverty and despair?-T. P.'s Weekly.

Steps Toward the Ideal. The dream of the ages has been of human history there is an organized effort in that direction, dating from The Hague conference and the estabishment of the court of arbitration. The fierce struggle in South Africa with its ghastly death roll and its enormous financial burden, was an object lesson to the English people espe-Polly-The way that man looked at cially and to all civilized nations in general. The present war in the far east has intensified the popular borror of war and is building up a still stronger feeling in favor of peaceful means for settling international disputes. Probably the time is far distant when war will be but a relic of the past, but the nations are traveling the road which leads to its extinction

A cotton picking machine has been "What's the trouble? Have I ever invented by a planter in Georgia in which a current of air is set up in a tube by means of a suitably arranged fan or blower, the same discharging into a receptacle, the suction thus produced serving to remove from the plants the open bolls of cotton which are ready for picking and to convey them through a tubular conduit and then through the blower mechanism into the receptacle. This apparatus is mounted on wheels and is designed to be driven down the rows of cotton plants in the field. As the end of the suction tube passes over the open bolls the cotton is separated from the plant. -American Exporter.

The Scourge of Beriberi. This disease, peculiar to rice eating people, was the enemy of the mikado's army in the war with China, causing the death of nearly 45 per cent of the land forces. Beriberi is a disease that is the result of nonelimination. Uric soft clinging material that accentuated acid accumulates in the blood, and the ic. These are followed by complete paralysis of the extremities. There is lack of sensation and the power of locomotion, and this paralysis continues toward the vital centers until it reaches the heart, and the story is ended .- Nebraska State Journal.

Finest Crown Jewels In the World The late king of Saxony left the richest collection of crown jewels in Europe. One glass case in the "green vanits" at Dreaden contains assorted sets of the most costly gems. In one is nothing but sapphires, in another emeralds, in another rubies, in another diamonds, in another pearls. The lar-Bihiaers-Thanks awruliy. And, say | gest rubles weigh forty-eight and fiftynine carats. The rarest gem is a green diamond weighing forty carats. There are two of Martin Luther's rings and one of Melanchthon's.

Such a blow to the Englishwomen A woman doctor has made the statement in one of their magazines that they are growing plainer. She says that what makes for what beauty there is today is the result of combined efforts of "the coiffeur, the modiste, the dressmaker and the face spe cialist, whereas true beauty," she de clares, "lies in exquisite coloring, luxurlant hair, lustrous eyes and delicately molded features."

"Dear," said the poet's wife, notice ing his abstracted look, "you are wo ried about something." "Well-er-yes," replied the poet. "Tell me. What have you on you mind?"

Nothing Doing.

"Nothing. That's what worries me. Exchange. Liquid Quarts. Willie-Pa, how many quarts does it take to make a peck? Pa-It all depends, my son. Less than one quart,

Advance of Medical Science. The late Postmaster General Henry Payne had a friend in Milwaukee who is a physician and owns an X ray ma "The doctor," said the late postmas ter general, in relating the story, "was interrupted one day by the hurrled en-

trance of a young man. 'Doctor,' said he, 'I have swallowed my diamond pin I wish an examination made.

"The doctor was not enthusiastic, for



"REG PARDON." OBSERVED THE DOCTOR. bill. However, the examination was made, but it revealed no sign of the

"'I am sure that I swallowed it,' pro tested the youth haughtily. "As a plausible explanation the doc tor suggested innocently: "The rays reveal only solids. Perhaps the diamond was paste.'

" 'I did not come here to be insulted," retorted the youth. " 'Likely you came to pay that little bill,' encouraged the physician.

"'I'd pay you now if I had the mon ey with me,' said the caller. 'Beg pardon,' observed the doctor suavely, 'the X rays located a coin in your vest pocket which will at least

pay for this examination.' "The bills which encircled the silver dollar were sufficient to wipe out the the ideal time when nations shall learn | entire debt, and the young man left, war no longer. For the first time in cursing the advance made in medical science."

> Light Meal In the Evening A Georgian tells this story of the late Alexander Stephens, says the Nash-

ville Banner: "Mr. Stephens was slated for a joint debate with Rance Wright during a presidential campaign. Wright by way of a tale said that Stephens had said he could eat him (Wright) for breakfast, Ben Hill for dinner and Bob

Toombs for supper. "Mr. Stephens possessed very little storage room in his stomach, and when it came his turn to reply he said that he denied that he had made any such assertion. 'If I contemplated any such feast,' said Mr. Stephens, 'I certainly would have changed the order. I would have taken Ben Hill for breakfast, Bob Toombs for dinner and my friend Rance Wright for supper. My mother taught me from early infancy to eat a light supper, and so I would have top-

ped off with Wright.' "The answer completely snuffed out the good impression Colonel Wright

With Charity For All. Miss Lola La Follette, the daughter of the governor of Wisconsin, has gone on the professional stage. A Madison woman said of her the other day: "Miss La Follette has a ready and

rather caustic wit. "At a meeting that we held here fo charitable purpose Miss La Follette was one of those who passed through

the audience with plates for contributions. "A rich miser sat in a rear seat alone, and when Miss La Follette extended

her plate to him he said grimly: "'I have nothing-nothing." "The young girl knew the man was wealthy, and, with a little smile, she

sald:

tion, you know, is for the poor."-Baltimore Herald.

" Take something, then. This collec-

Premier Belfour has his pleasant sallies with members of parliament now and then John Morley took him to task some months ago for lax attendance in the

house of commons. Mr. Balfour depled that there was any distnctination on his part to attend the sittings or to listen to the debates. On the contrary, he declared, some of the moments of greatest repose that he could snatch from a somewhat strensous and laborious official career were those spent on the treasury bench listening to his oratorical friends.-New York Times.

Too Slow. John Barber of the Pittsburg Stock Exchange tells of a hustling young solicitor for a New York publishing house. The youth was vainly trying to sell a set of books to a Philadelphia bank cashier and at last got so excited he accused the cashler of being slower

than molasses in January. "You people here can't even ea snatls!" he said. "Why not?" asked the cashier.

"You can't catch them!"-New York Little Amzi (who has an inquiring

mind)-Uncle Tim, I saw the word in

the newspaper. What is the "curriculum" of a college? Uncle Timrod (promptly)-Curriculum, eh? that's what them ere mop headed college students comb their hair with .-Exchange.

Prediction Fulfilled. Farmer Whisetree-Bill Perkins' Dan has got a political job. Farmer Medders-Gosh, I alless said that feller 'd grow up ter be a lonfer!-Puck

Gems In Verse

An Autumn Leaf. I'm a gay and pretty fellow, Decked in gold and red and yellow. when Dame Nature holds her court. See me dance upon the breezes—
Oh, the naughty breeze that teases. Shakes and tumbles, whirls and squeez Laughs and calls it sport!

And the sunbeams try to kiss me! Ah! I'm sly. They often miss me. But I cannot bear to grieve them, So I let them right away. Oh, such fun, you couldn't guess it, And no words could e'er express it, All on an autumn day -Harry E. Fosdick

Nobody's Dog. Have you feasted today, old fellow?

Had a snift of some meat or a bone?

Were you generously fed upon gravy and

By some one who called you his own?

Your ribs, sir! How plainly they're show ing! Your legs seem uncertain and weak! Have you scarched every street for a morsel to eat? Are you just a town dog, sir? Come, speak!

Has any one patted your head, sir,

Or noted your great, sunken eye? Have your unkempt ears heard any kind, gentle word From some human friend passing by,

Or have folks just kicked you aside, sir? Why, you're trembling now, where you stand! Have they struck you so much that you quake at my touch And cower at sight of my hand?

It's the way of the world, poor old fellow Just a struggle for bread or a bone. And some of us know how you feel when you go To your bed in the alley, alone!

Were you sleek and well cared for and handsome Friends would feed you and love you at sight, But it's different, sir, with a poor, luck-Just a dog around town! There, good

-Salt Lake Herald. The Passing of Summer. Red scarlet is the chestnut moor

The east wind pipes a gathering tune, The year is come to afternoon, And summer's dead. Along the empty cornfields soon Her funeral flowers shall be strewn, And deep in valley, high on dune,

Tones sadder than the pigeon's croos Shall wall her glories ap The maple mourns in flaming red Her passing, and the asters spread Carpets where blue and purple we Whereon her fleeing shoot may tread

As she goes hurrying after June They shall not coffin her in lead Nor build a grave vault overhead of marbles and gray granite hewn; But she shall lie in grassy bed With walls and roof of roses red— Our summer dead.

-Nora Chesson in Lady's Realm

THE COLOR OF SNOW.

Although It Appears White, It Is Science, while it gets at the marrow and essence of things, upsets many pretty delusions and fancies. We have been taught from childhood that snow is white, and the impression conveyed

to our brains through the medium of sight appears to settle the question beyoud the possibility of a doubt, yet, though the judgment of our senses is to the contrary, it can be scientifically demonstrated that its true color is blue. It is a faint and delicate cerulean tint to be sure, but decided enough to make the scientific declaration that snow is blue one that is positive and irrefuta-

It is a well known fact that pure water in small quantities is perfectly transparent. In large masses it is distinctly blue. Snow is simply the crystals of pure water. The reflection from these is that of all the colors of the rainbow or prism, but by uniting before they reach the eye cause snow to appear to be white. "But," you will say, "the single crystal also appears to be white." This is true beyond question, the reason being that that which appears to be a single crystal is in reality a multitude of microscopic threads, prisms, lines and dots.

In spite of their apparent great diversity in form and shape, which may vary from hairlike crystals to perfect stars of beautiful, delicate and intricate designs, they may be said to be absolutely uniform in original delineation, that of the hexagonal prism. The primitive form is that of a straight needle of ice, radiating from a central nucleus, always at symmetrical distances and at angles of either 60 or 120 degrees. What may on casual examination be taken for exceptions to this rule are the little disks which occasionally fall. These on close examination proved to be six sided planes, the angle still being 120 degrees.

WINDMILLS.

Europe Got Them From the East Through the Crusaders.

It is supposed that the crusaders

brought the idea of using the wind to

grind corn or raise water back with them from the east. Early writers record their widespread employment in Europe in the welfth century. Beckmann gives an instance of one at Pipewell abbey, Northamptonshire, in 1143, and we also read of one, about 1190, at Haberdon, in Suffolk. Another early instance of an English windmill is that in which Richard, earl of Cornwall, took refuge

after the battle of Lewes in 1264. In

the famous song connected with that

event the "sayles" of the "mulne" are mentioned, showing that it really was The oldest windmill in Belgium and probably the oldest in Europe, the historic "Grand Moulin de Silly," was totally destroyed by the great storm at the end of January, 1900, after a continuous existence since the eleventh century. It is said to have been built by Otto von Trazegnies, the crusading lord of Silly, in 1011.-London Stand-

ard. Discontent. The peacock heard the nightingale

singing. "That seems easy to do," said the big bird. "I'll see if I can't sing as well

clans!"-Chicago Tribune,

At the dismal squawk that followed moment later every living thing within hearing distance fled in terror. "Curses on my fatal gift of beauty!" exclaimed the peacock. "Why wasn't I made plain, like all the great musi-