

Garret Owen's Little Countess

By LILLIAN BELL

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"Does she not?" cried Josef. "There is the whole of the dispute. Elena has a will of iron, and she has flatly refused to be 'hawked about the country,' as she terms it. My mother and all my aunts go every year to Berlin, Paris and Rome to secure husbands for their daughters, but Elena, the youngest, the baby, would never go. She vows she will never marry, but will devote all her life to charity. This surprises my mother so much that the only time she has been induced to set her foot inside this little pavilion is since you have been our guest."

"Do you think—has your sister said?"—stammered Owen.

"Have you not spoken to her?" asked the count. "Then I will not arouse any false hopes. I will only say that I see a great change in her manner—she was always too cold—and I attribute it to you."

"Then, if I could win her, would I have your sanction?" demanded Owen breathlessly.

"Stop!" said the Pole, coming to the bedside and speaking in a low tone. "If you will enter our family by sharing its dangers, you may count not only on me, but upon the whole family. This sister must know nothing of the affair. Promise that you will not reveal one word without my sanction, and I will even now salute you as my brother."

"I promise!" said Owen solemnly.

The tall Pole stooped and kissed the American on both cheeks.

"Three days later the Countess Syzkiewicz, surrounded by her family, had just been summoned to dinner when Henryk, the driver of the troika which had rescued Garret Owen, entered and, bowing low, approached and whispered a few words in the countess's ear.

Instantly she turned so pale that the others knew that something terrible had happened. They crowded around her, and her tall son knelt at her side, gently stroking her hand.

"What is it, Henryk? What is it, dear mamma?" cried Elena.

"The American, our friend, our guest, has been arrested by the Russian secret police and taken away. God knows where," said the countess in French.

"Arrested?" cried her son. "This is the work of that spy Polinski! He—"

At that moment Polinski entered the room unannounced.

"You will pardon me, madame, for entering unceremoniously. I had expected to be obliged to explain this unfortunate situation, but your son's perspicacity—here he bowed ironically to the count—has saved me the trouble."

"It is true, then," said the count, trembling with rage, "that you are in the service of the secret police and that you have arrested our friend, the young American gentleman?"

Polinski bowed without speaking.

To the surprise of every one, Elena flung herself on her knees beside the countess and buried her face in her mother's lap, her whole slender frame shaking with tearful sobs.

Instantly the eyes of the countess met those of her son in a sudden comprehension, and she softly stroked her daughter's bowed head in silent sympathy.

"Where have they taken him?" asked the count, turning to Polinski.

"I do not know—probably to Vilna."

"Of what is he accused?" asked the countess sternly.

"Of bearing dispatches to your son, Count Josef," said Polinski, with terrible meaning.

At these words the young count's breast heaved, and he clinched his hands to keep from flying at Polinski's throat. Elena half raised her head from her mother's lap, but before she could speak the count tore off his false beard before their eyes and cried out:

"It is false, as you see! M. Owen has no dispatches, for here am I, Josef Syzkiewicz, at your service!"

The servants began to weep, although they understood no French, for they comprehended the calamity of seeing their master cast aside his disguise. Josef turned and dismissed them with a gesture.

"Ah," said Polinski, "that was just what I hoped to cause you to admit. Now you are my prisoner."

"Upon what charge?" asked the countess, with a sternness which was only a mask to conceal her grief from the Russian.

"That he will be told soon enough," answered Polinski.

Josef bit his lip at the insolence, but it would only make matters worse if he struck him, so he kept silent.

"Will you have the goodness to tell me," said Elena haughtily, "how the American gentleman is traveling? He was in no condition to be moved."

"Pardon me, mademoiselle. He was well able, I purposely bandaged his arm tightly to cause him to suffer so that his weakness would permit of his capture."

"And I," cried Elena, with flashing eyes—"I suspected it and loosened them each day as soon as you were gone! Stupid! Did you think I could be deceived—I, who have studied medicine?"

"And practice in Polish?" said Polinski cynically. "Have you not Polish patients and two Polish nurses, and have you not just admitted your self guilty of breaking the law?"

"I do admit!" began Elena proudly, but her sister-in-law clasped her hand over Elena's mouth, while Josef cried out:

"Silence, Elena! Do you wish to be arrested also?"

"That I do!" cried the little countess, breaking away from her brother's wife. "I wish to be near Garret Owen, for I love him, and if I have to search the world over for him I shall find him! It is through us that he has come into this misfortune, and it is for us to rescue him!"

Although Elena had obtained her mother's permission to attempt a reconciliation with her aunt, Elena, the

Princess Ernoloff, in order to continue the search for Garret Owen, it was with some trepidation that she descended from her sledge and obtained admittance to the magnificent house of the princess in St. Petersburg.

Two months had elapsed since Garret Owen's mysterious arrest, and even the American ambassador had been unable to find him. They had obtained news of him three times, but each time he had been secretly removed and all trace lost.

Elena shivered a little even in her robes as she waited in the glorious room where everything spoke of riches and power and the protection of the mighty. She wondered how she would begin if the princess received her coldly.

Her doubts were soon put at rest, for in a rustle of silks her aunt entered, and, clasping Elena close in her arms, the princess began to weep softly, her tears dropping over the girl's cheeks.

"Oh, my little Elena! My pretty granddaughter! What happy chance brings you under my roof and into arms which have cherished these many years to clasp you! Oh, my child, the baby of the dearest sister in the world, have you ever known how tenderly we have always loved you? We knew that you would come to us some day, Vladimir and I. Oh, you should know my dear husband, Elena! He is such a fine man and so fond of you!"

Elena was so touched by this kindness that she flung her arms around her aunt's neck and burst into tears.

"How ungrateful we have been and how we have misunderstood you!" she sobbed. "Oh, how can you forgive the return of all your lovely presents to me and my mother's coldness?"

"I have nothing to forgive, my darling," cried the princess gayly, though tears stood on her eyelashes. "My sister has the best heart in the world, and it was only because she loves our dear Poland so intensely that she could not pardon my husband's honor from the czar. But, tell me, did none of you ever suspect that a true-hearted Pole so close to our noble czar might influence his great heart to be even more generous to our people? Did you never suspect when a ukase was proclaimed removing taxes and remitting cruel restrictions that they might have been somewhat due to me? But I have no wish to claim any credit for placing our national trials before our beautiful ruler under hearted czarina and through her to the czar. Their kindness will go on long after I am dead and buried, for they are noble rulers. But, tell me, what kind providence brings you here, my precious Elena?"

Still holding her hand, the princess listened in silence to Elena's story. Occasionally she frowned and once passed her hand across her brow.

"It is very difficult," she murmured. "It seems grave, because they have removed him so many times. It almost suggests spite. They have released Josef, yet hold M. Owen. I have met him, a handsome man, with brave eyes and a true heart. My husband only last week spoke to me about selecting an American for the engineering problem of the Volga, and the name of Garret Owen was on the list he made out. Think carefully now. Could this Polinski have any secret reason for wishing to prevent M. Owen from being tried? Does he wish him kept out of the way?"

Elena bent her head in deep thought. "No, I cannot think that he does," she said at last.

"He was not in love with you, was he?"

"In love with me? That spy?" cried Elena, with whitening nostrils.

Her aunt laughed gently and continued patting her hand. "Well, we must set about pulling wires to get him released. If we can only find him Vladimir can have him set free."

"I heard this morning that there were some new prisoners in the fortress of St. Peter and Paul. Can you get me a permit to go there?" asked Elena.

"I have a plan!" cried the princess. "I have promised to take an American lady to see some of the sights of St. Petersburg this afternoon. That will give us an excuse to speak English, and we will go to the fortress."

To their dismay, when they reached the fortress it was too late for their permit to be used. They were able to see the cathedral, but the door of the fortress was closed.

Elena nearly fainted from disappointment. The princess was furious, but she could do nothing. The commandant was not there, and the man was stupid. The American lady was all on fire at the thought that a countryman might be behind those bars, languishing in prison out of spite.

"Have you no signal by which you could call him?" she cried.

Suddenly Elena started.

"Yes, 'Garryowen!' Listen. Oh, hold my hands until I can control my voice! Now!"

Then the little countess lifted up her pale face and with a voice of piercing sweetness she sang "Garryowen," and as the last notes died away there came an answer in a fine baritone, which, however, trembled as if with weakness.

"He is there! He is there!" cried the three women at once. They were all weeping in sympathy.

The princess put a gold piece into the man's hand.

"Bring that prisoner to this door and let us speak with him through the bars!" she cried, with a stamp of her foot.

The man scurried away, and presently he came back supporting Garret Owen, who leaned upon him heavily.

"Oh, my darling!" cried Owen, thrusting his long, thin hands through the bars and seizing Elena's.

They kissed each other, these two, while the women wept for sympathy. Tears were rolling down the American's enlaced face.

"I love you! I love you!" he cried, shaking the iron door with his weak hands. "It is all a conspiracy. Polinski's brother, who is a surveyor, wanted to survey!"

"There!" cried the princess. "You are a free man if that is true. My husband can arrange it. Cheer up, my brave nephew; tomorrow you shall dine with us, and then we will discuss the wedding. You shall have my niece and Elena shall have her 'Garryowen' come, Elena, my child, let us hasten to release him!"

But Elena would not come. She refused to leave the fortress, and in this

most unheard-of conduct the American lady backed her up, so that the princess, well high in despite of their obstinacy, was obliged to go to fetch her husband that very day, and the price only grumbled a "little at the delay of his dinner, but at least Owen's release and came home with the princess to fetch them all three. Elena and Garret Owen, the American lady, and so that Owen had no lack of nurses and attentions and kindness at Prince Ernoloff's, and they laughed hugely at the sight of Owen in the stout prince's clothes, but they set the wedding day that very night.

"And as for my poor returned gifts to my goddaughter," cried the princess gayly, "you shall have them all back again for a wedding present."

THE BUSHIDO.

Moral Doctrines of the Samurai That Rule in Japan.

"The bushido," means "the moral doctrine of the samurai," and they are obeyed by all the statesmen, soldiers and scholars of Japan of the present time with as much holy respect as the Christian's reverence for the Bible and its teachings. In Japan Buddhism is the popular religion, but Buddhist teachings are not respected by educated men or soldiers. In fact, most of them are atheists or agnostics, who do not believe in any religion but the doctrines of "the bushido."

"The bushido," for instance, teaches a man or woman to have the courage to perform the hara kiri if he or she commits a serious offense. The spirit of this doctrine is that the offender should kill himself instead of waiting to be executed by the law, which latter is considered in Japan as one of the most cowardly things. "The bushido" also teaches that the life of a Japanese is a gift of the holy mikado, and if the country needs the lives of her people they should be given gladly, for that is only to return to the mikado what they have received from him.

To die on the battlefield is the only key for a Japanese to find his way to his Shinto heaven, and the soldiers who were not killed on the battlefield are considered unfortunate. It is maintained in Japan that if a man gives you a favor or money or pleasure you should return it with more than what was given to you.—Hydatsuro Ohashi in Leslie's Weekly.

Hearing Amid Roar of Machinery.

"People who have worked years in mills and shops develop a peculiarity of hearing that is paradoxical," remarked the manager of a big manufacturing establishment.

"They are deaf at home and wonderfully acute of hearing in the workshop. In a quiet place, where the ordinary tone of voice is distinctly and sharply defined above all other sounds, they have to be almost yelled at by others conversing with them, and yet in the din of a mill they can carry on a conversation where the average person could not hear a shout. Often a visitor comes here to see a friend at work, and while the visitor half the time is unable to hear his own remarks, the worker catches the words without difficulty. Yet if the two were in a room away from the mill it would be the mill employee who would have trouble going ahead with the conversation unless loud speech was resorted to. Away from the clatter of machinery to which his ears have been accustomed for years the mill hand is more or less deaf, but in the midst of the rumble his sense of hearing is very keen. It's odd, but it's a fact."—Philadelphia Record.

The Salt of the Earth.

It was a damp day, when evil spirits held high carnival. Many things went crosswise under the spell of their witchery, but they exercised a particularly baleful influence on the salt, which clung and stuck and, in spite of vigorous shaking and pounding, refused to sift out of the boxes. All the lurchers in a Broadway restaurant found themselves handicapped by this aggregation of reasonable particles. One woman alone solved the problem of salting her food properly. She, after repeated attempts to dislodge a few grains, drew a steel hairpin from behind her hat, cleared the perforations in the top of the shaker, stirred the salt to a powder and proceeded to season her vegetables.

The man opposite sat amazed at this truly feminine expedient for running the universe. Once he seemed on the point of remonstrating, but he thought better of it and went on eating in silence. In fact everybody remained silent except a fat man at a nearby table. He brought his face into alarming proximity to a plate of steaming soup and gurgled softly:

"Well, I'll be darned!"—New York Press.

Get Rid of Vitality Sappers.

Debt is a great force waster, because very few men can be happy in life in debt without worrying or being anxious. If you are so deeply involved that it is impossible to extricate yourself without going through bankruptcy, then take your bitter medicine at once and start again, no matter who criticizes or denounces you. Pay your debt in full afterward when you are able.

Get rid of all vitality sappers. If you have taken an unfortunate step, retrace it if you can. If you have made a mistake, remedy it as far as it is in your power to do so, but when you have done your best let the thing drop forever. Do not drag its skeleton along with you. Never allow what is dead and should be buried to keep bobbing up and draining off your life capital in worry or vain regrets. Do not do anything or touch anything which will lower your vitality.—Orison Swett Madden in Success.

The Blind Man's Ears.

The degree to which the remaining senses can be trained when the sight is lost was illustrated the other morning by two blind men from a home for the blind. The men came from opposite directions, and as they approached each other a man standing on the corner was surprised to hear one of the blind men say: "Hello, Ed. What are you doing out this morning?" When the blind man was asked how he had known the other with a distance of five yards between them he answered: "By the sound of his cane, of course. I can tell at the distance of half a square the tap of the cane of any man in the home."—Philadelphia Record.

People Talked About

CHARLES E. TOWNSEND of Michigan spoke to find himself famous by reason of his name being attached to the most important bill passed by the House of Representatives in the Fifty-eighth congress. The Townsend-Esch bill for regulating railroad freight rates did not become a law because the United States senate balked at it, but it was the most discussed piece of proposed legislation that came up during the congressional session just closed.

Mr. Townsend was serving his first term in the House, but he was placed upon the important committee on interstate and foreign commerce, and when the railroad rate question came up framed a bill on the subject. This was combined with a bill framed by a member from Wisconsin, Mr. Esch, and the resulting measure was reported to the House and passed by the extraordinarily large vote of 326 to 17.

Mr. Townsend was re-elected to the Fifty-ninth congress. He is forty-eight years of age, was born on a farm near Jackson, Mich., and studied at Michigan university. He is married and for the past ten years has practiced law in Jackson.

Senator George C. Perkins of California got his start in life through running steamboats. He landed in the Golden State as a lad of twelve and for several years was employed in a grocery store. He managed to save up \$800. One day he found the ferry-boat which was operated across a neighboring stream stuck on a sand bar. The owner was disheartened and talked of selling out.

"How much would you take for the boat as it lies?" inquired young Perkins.

"A thousand dollars and not a cent less," was the reply.

Perkins drew his \$800 out of the bank, succeeded in borrowing \$200 more, and before sundown the ferry-boat was his. He had to cut away the sand bar by his own labor, but the venture proved successful, and after a time he sold out for \$3,000. Then he bought a store and some years later found himself in a position to purchase the controlling interest in an ocean steamship company.

Senator Perkins tells a story of a scene in a courtroom on the Pacific coast where a man arrested for robbery vehemently asserted his innocence even after he had been convicted by a jury.

"May the Almighty strike me dead on this spot if I am not innocent!" he shouted.

The judge waited for a minute or two; then he said, "Well, prisoner, as Providence has not interfered I will take a hand and sentence you to three years at hard labor."

Senator Samuel Douglas McNery of Louisiana, who, though a Democrat, declared himself a supporter of President Roosevelt's programme for regulating railroad rates, has been twice governor of Louisiana and also chief justice of the Louisiana supreme court.

He is a native of the state, was born in 1837, is a graduate of the United States Naval academy and of the University of Virginia and in the civil war was a Confederate lieutenant under Magruder.

He succeeded N. C. Blanchard in the senate in 1890 and was re-elected in 1902. Senator McNery is very deaf. Recently a correspondent for a New Orleans paper sent his card in to him, and the senator came out into the lobby in response to it.

"Good afternoon," said the correspondent. "Is there any news today?"

"What's that?" asked McNery, putting his hand to his ear.

"Have you any news?"

"Yes," said the senator; "I think I have just one." He reached into his pocket, took out a cigar, handed it to the amazed correspondent and stalked away. When the senator reached his seat he turned to Senator Pettus and said: "What do you think of the nerve of that New Orleans correspondent? Why, he called me away from my work here to get me to give him a cigar!"

Andrew Carnegie is very free with his money, but he has for years made it a rule not to sign notes. He says he can pay cash when he has any obligations to settle or wishes to accommodate a friend by a loan. As a witness at the trial of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick in Cleveland he will testify concerning notes which she negotiated at banks on the strength of his supposed signature.

Mr. Carnegie likes to have his little joke as well as any body. Some time ago the members of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain were visiting the United States, and the great steel magnate was with them during their stay in Washington. A local reporter approached a short, well-groomed gentleman wearing the badge of the institution, and the following conversation occurred:

"I beg pardon," said the reporter, "but would you kindly give me your opinion concerning the iron and steel industry of the United States? How does it compare with the progress made in your country?"

"You Americans are wonderful people," responded the visitor. "Do you know, although the members of the institute have not yet seen very much of the work in this country, we are constantly scratching our heads to keep up with you."

The conversation continued in this strain for some moments until the reporter, flushed with the apparent success of his efforts to get an interview, requested the stranger's name. The gentleman handed the inquisitor a card and hurried away. It bore the name "Andrew Carnegie."

President Samuel Spencer of the Southern railway opposes government supervision of railway rates, but says he would like to see rebates abolished. He is credited with knowing more about the details of railway management than any other man in the country, and J. Pierpont Morgan, whose partner he was for some years, reposes great trust in his judgment. Measured by his inches, Mr. Spencer is a small man for a big position. Short, wiry and a bundle of energy, he has come to be considered one of the giants in the world of industry.

Besides being president of the Southern he is the executive head of five other roads and a director in several more. Naturally he is a busy man. When he was in the firm of Morgan, Drexel & Co. he was in much demand for consultation on railway projects. A man with 35,000 acres of coal land to sell, 600,000,000 tons in sight, visited Mr. Morgan's office day after day to strike a bargain and was invariably and at last forced to take what he must see Mr. Spencer. Taking the hint, he called on Mr. Spencer three times a day for three weeks, being always informed by some understrapper that Mr. Spencer was not in. One day he camped beside the door until he saw Mr. Spencer enter the office, then handed in his card. "Mr. Spencer is not in town and"—"Here, boy, you just present that card and tell Samuel Spencer that my time is as valuable as his. I want one minute by the watch and no more. Do you understand, sir?" He was invited to enter. Watch in hand, he stated his business without useless indirection and when the minute was up started out. Mr. Spencer begged him not to be in a hurry and kept him there half an hour talking coal.

Mr. Spencer was born in Georgia fifty-eight years ago and is a graduate both of the University of Georgia and the University of Virginia. He started in railroad engineering as a rodman and worked his way up.

Senator Frederick T. Dubois of Idaho, who has been a prominent figure in the Smoot investigation and is an old time enemy of the Mormons, is one of four brothers, the others being William, Lincoln and Kilbourne, who as boys were nicknamed Will, Link and Kill. The names of the boys, placed according to the order of birth, reads "Will Link Kill Fred." At last reports Fred had not been killed.

The senator is known as a joker. Last summer some one in Idaho gave his baby a dog. It was a mongrel, but the attachment between the child and the puppy was so great that the latter was brought on to Washington. One day the pup followed the senator to the capitol.

"What kind of a dog is that, Dubois?" asked Senator Bailey.

"That? That's a fish hound," Senator Dubois told him. "Why, that's the finest breed of dogs we have in Idaho. Every morning that dog goes down to a trout stream and brings in a trout when we are in Idaho. He never fails."

"He must be a wonderful animal," agreed Senator Burrows.

"Wonderful doesn't half describe that dog," Senator Dubois continued. "Why, one morning we had no fish in the house, and what do you think that dog did? Why, he went out and brought in a can of sardines."

"Papa," said the son of Charles A. Edwards, secretary of the Democratic congressional committee, "why am I a Democrat?"

"Who wants to know?" asked Mr. Edwards suspiciously.

"The teacher," the boy replied.

"Well," said Mr. Edwards, "you tell the teacher you are a Democrat because you possess the God given faculty, after you have been rolled in the dust and kicked and cuffed, of rising and declaring to the world, 'Well, we lost this time, but we will win in 1908.'"

AN EXILE NO LONGER.

Death of Sergius Restored Wealth and Rank to Grand Duke Paul.

According to an old saying, it is an ill wind which blows nobody any good. The assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius proved in one way good fortune for his brother, the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, youngest son of the late Czar Alexander II, and uncle of the present emperor. By a decree of Czar Alexander I, members of the Russian imperial family who marry without the consent of the emperor forfeit their rights of succession to the throne. This imposes a heavy load of responsibility upon the monarch as to the late affairs of his male relatives.

The czar's uncle, Paul, has given him no end of trouble. Tall, handsome and rich, but epileptic and dissipated, he has been the hero of several elopements. His first wife was the Princess Alexandra of Greece, whom he drove to an early grave, some say to suicide. After her death he ran away from Venice with the young sister of a distinguished court lady. Casting her off, he eloped from Paris to Monte Carlo with the wife of the Count de la Rive, a noted and beautiful poetess. She deserted him. He returned to Russia and

was sent on a diplomatic mission to Berlin, where he proceeded to fall in love with the wife of an ambassador. Another elopement followed, ending in the suicide of the woman. On his next return to St. Petersburg he became infatuated with the Baroness Piskotoff, the most beautiful woman at court and a friend of the czarina. After a scene at a ball, to which the lady wore some splendid diamonds which the Grand Duke Paul had received as a bequest from his mother, the late empress, the Baron Piskotoff obtained a divorce from his wife. She afterward married the grand duke, who thereupon was exiled and deprived of rank and titles. The tragic death of Sergius moved the czar to suspend this sentence, permit his uncle to attend the funeral of Sergius and resume his rank, titles and estates.

ALEXIS NICHOLAIEVITCH.

Heir to Throne of All the Russias, an Infant With Titles Galore.

If ever little Alexis Nicholaievitch comes to sit on the now tottering throne of his father and rule as czar of all the Russias he will be known as Alexis II. It is said the nihilists have marked him for slaughter. His birth on Aug. 12 was hailed with joy throughout Russia. A salute of 101 guns was fired announcing it. When but twenty-four hours old he was made honorary colonel of the Finland guards. Before he is a year old he will have been decorated with many titles of church and state.

When the czarowitz was christened on Aug. 24 the church bells rang throughout Russia, the czar issued a manifesto announcing numerous reforms, not many of which have since been carried out, and the christening itself was a scene of unwonted splendor.

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Lions Like Lavender Water.

The old theory of animal liking for scents denied them any share in such pleasures unless they suggested the presence of their food or prey. But such a reason can hardly be alleged for a lion's liking for lavender water. The writer, wishing to test for himself the reported fondness of many animals for perfumes, paid a series of visits to the zoological garden provided with bottles of scent and a packet of cotton wool and there tried some harmless experiments which apparently gave great satisfaction to many of the inhabitants. Lavender water was the favorite scent, and most of the lions and leopards showed unqualified pleasure when the scent was poured on the wool and put into their cages.—Spectator.

One Exception.

President Luther of Trinity college, at Hartford, Conn., preached one Sunday when he was a professor in college on the story of Esther. He concluded with the words, "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai," and every one was pleased. Then as the irony appealed to him he added in a lower voice, "Except Haman."

Gems In Verse

On the Plains.
The sun sinks low,
The golden glow
Falls slanting o'er the tawny plain;
A gentle breeze
From far-off seas
Blows gently o'er the wagon train;
A mellow beauty softly reigns—
'Tis sunset on the western plains.

The twinkling stars
Through the azure haze
Look down upon the darkened plain;
The coyote's cry
And night wind's sigh
Are blended in a long refrain;
A mystic, wild enchantment reigns—
'Tis sunset on the western plains.

Long rays of light
Dispel the night
As slanting sunbeams span the plain;
Wild flowers fair
Perfume the air,
While westward winds the wagon train.

The god of day in glory reigns—
'Tis sunrise on the western plains.
—Louis F. Callahan in Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Hulk on the Shore.

Broken, dismantled and stark,
Rotting and waiting the end,
I am moored in a harbor where death and the dark
In limitless shadows blend.
My keel is buried in sand,
My timbers creak in the wind;
How long for the weight of the master's hand,
On the wheel, as we sailed to the Ind!

Oh, to point by the Southern Cross,
Or to follow the northern star,
To fly a race with the albatross
To the lands that lie afar!
Oh, to ride from crest to crest,
In the teeth of a merrily gale,
While the sun's flashes show the sea's unrest,
And the cheeks of men turn pale!