

LAURELED.

Back from the strenuous wars he comes
out, I, with my cousin, was
He is my son, grown brown, with
strange scarred hands;
The months of blood and death in alien
lands
Are in his face; his boyish will to be
Is four-fold won. I glow and weep to
see
The trodden meadow blackened with
the hands
Of bearded, marching men whom he
commands.
With being rearranged he comes to me.
I, small beside him, try to utter prayers;
I, honored for the laurels that he wears!
God knows, God knows I stand with
empty arms,
And lonesome heart no meed of praises
warms.
I crush the laurel branch. Oh, God, I
miss
The soft-mouthed baby I can never
kiss.
—Bookman.

WHEN FEAR REIGNED

JUST before the civil war broke
out, I, with my cousin, was
in New York. We had many friends
in the city, but being both of an inde-
pendent turn of character, we preferred
living by ourselves, so we looked about
for a boarding-house. The one we hit
upon was situated in the best part of
Fourteenth street, and was a fine
brown stone building, with a most pre-
tentious portico, and a flight of some
two steps up to the entrance door.
Now, to understand what follows, it is
necessary the reader should know the
position of the room we engaged.

As you entered the hall, the reception
parlor, as it was called, lay on your
right hand, and was a very fine room;
at the end of it were two doors which
sided back and led into the room which
we were to occupy. These said doors
were ground glass half way down, with
flowers on it, but so thick as to exclude
any view of what was passing in the
other room, unless you pressed your
face against the glass, and then it
would be but an imperfect vision. Our
apartment was large, and had three
windows, two only half-way down, but
the third, a French one, opening on to
the wooden balcony that ran along the
back of the house, with a flight of steps
down to a piece of ground. Our room
had also another entrance, a door lead-
ing into a little lobby, very convenient
for putting our trunks, dresses, etc., in;
this had again another door into the
hall.

The dining-room was situated in the
basement, on a level with the kitchens,
as were also the servants' bedrooms,
three in number. The house was sev-
eral stories high, and either by chance,
or because the purses of the other
boarders were, like our own, not too
heavy, two or three floors above us
were at present unoccupied, and the
other boarders slept on the top of the
house. Thus we were cut off from the
rest of the community by a lot of
empty rooms; this did not trouble us,
and all went on well for some
weeks, but in the middle of November,
when the season was at its dreariest,
our landlady, who had not the best of
tempers, fell out with her servants,
and they one and all left her at a day's
notice. Now, as everybody knows, do-
mestics in New York are rather diffi-
cult to obtain, so the reader can im-
agine the dismay of the mistress of the
house. For two days we managed in
some way or other; but the boarders
grumbled, and the merchant said he
must leave unless he got his meals
properly; so, driven to her wits' end,
Mrs. Andrews engaged three servants
who applied for her place.

They had only just landed, they said,
to account for their having no charac-
ters, and, with the fear of losing her
boarders, it would not do to be too par-
ticular, and the women, who, by the
way, were all friends, entered on their
duties. My cousin and myself pos-
sessed several articles of fine jewelry;
these things I saw the new housemaid,
the day after her arrival, when tidying
up our room, examining very minutely.
I did not think much of it at the time,
putting it down to curiosity. This
girl's name was Margaret, and I must
say a more unprepossessing-looking
person I have seldom seen; not that
she was ugly, but there was a cunning
light in her gray eyes, which she
never raised to give you a fair, honest
look, and an evil expression in her face
that would have gone against her in
any court of justice; but it was nothing
to me, and, beyond remarking to my
cousin Bertha that the girl was not
pleasant-looking, I dismissed her from
my mind.

The third day after the advent of the
new domestics we went to spend the
day with some friends who lived at
Brooklyn; there the conversation turned
on the number of burglaries, nearly
always attended with murder, that had
lately taken place in New York, said to
be committed by a gang of ruffians
who wore light linen masks, and who
had managed to elude justice. This
description made a great impression on
me; the idea of waking and seeing a
white mask bending over one haunt-
ed me all the way home. We were
too late for anything to eat when we
arrived at our boarding-house, for dinner
was the last meal, and that was
served at seven, now it was nearly ten;
so, feeling rather hungry, we got Marg-
aret to go out and get us some rolls,
made a frugal meal, and then prepared
for bed.

What induced me I cannot tell, but
for the first time since we had occu-
pied this room I examined the fasten-
ings of the shutters, and found them
very frail. Much to the amusement of
my cousin, looking round the room for
something to place against the window,
my eyes fell on the fireirons, and a
bright thought entered my head; I
would place the shovel against the
fastening of one window, and the tongs
at the other, in such a way that,
should anyone open the windows from
the outside, these things would fall
down with a crash. To the French
window I placed the head of our sofa
bed, thus effectually barricading that.
Bertha was much amused at my pro-
ceedings, but she let me do as I pleased
about it, for she saw I was nervous.
"The fact is, Nettie," she said, "the

MARSHALL FIELD'S DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND.



Captain David Beatty, of the royal navy, was recently privately married in London to the only daughter of Marshall Field of Chicago. Captain Beatty entered the royal navy in 1888 and served in the Sudan campaign in 1898 with the naval brigade under Kitchener. He was mentioned in the dispatches and was decorated with the distinguished service and the Sudan medals. The Khedive bestowed upon him the order of Medjidie. He was wounded in China and invalided home. His promotion has been singularly rapid, but it appears thoroughly deserved. Being only 32 years old, he is one of the youngest captains in the British navy. Captain Beatty is a man of small means. He has little if any thing besides his pay, but if he remains in the navy it is certain that his ability will lead him to attain high rank. He is held in great esteem at the admiralty.

horrible stories we have heard to-day
have alarmed you; but it's all nonsense,
dear, and I have no doubt very much
exaggerated. Having now fortified our
citadel, come to bed." We always left
the gas burning a little all night, so
after attending to that I got into bed,
and fell asleep. I forgot to say the
doors in the reception-room were of
course secured, and also the one out
of the little lobby leading to the hall,
but the one from our room into the
lobby we always left open.

I was awakened by a most terrible
crash, the tongs had fallen down on a
little marble table, on which were the
debris of our evening meal, and the
shutters were open. "Anette," said
Bertha, "get up, child; they are getting
into the room," and she bounded to
the door into the hall and opened it. As
for me, I was paralyzed with fright,
expecting each moment to see a white
mask enter the room; whether the noise
alarmed them, I know not; however,
they did not do so; and Bertha, whose
courage and self-possession never left
her, turned up the gas to its full ex-
tent, and refastened the shutters. "An-
ette," she said, "dress as quickly as you
can," herself setting me the example.

More dead than alive, I did as she de-
sired. All was silent for a little time,
perhaps for ten minutes, although to us
it seemed hours, when we heard the
servants' window open, and a whis-
pered conversation carried on in men's
voices. Another danger menaced us;
they were in the house. As I sat watch-
ing the door from the lobby into the
hall, which Bertha had unlocked, the
idea flashed across my mind that they
would enter from there. "The door!"
I said. Bertha understood me, and flew
to it and fastened it. Not one moment
too soon! for, as she did so, the handle
was turned, and a muttered curse greet-
ed her ear. However, they were not to
be baffled so easily, and thinking, no
doubt, they were all safe, began picking
the lock.

Of course, our only chance lay in
alarms the house. "Scream, Nettie,
as loud as you can," said Bertha, and
she seized the bellrope, pulling it fran-
tically. Fright lent me power, and cer-
tainly the horrible yells in which I in-
dulged were enough to awaken the
dead. The servants ran up after a
time, but we would not open the door
to them. At last the landlady and the
other boarders were aroused, and
knocked at our door, and we let them
in. When Bertha opened the shutters
there was the window up, the pane
just above the fastening cut away. We
told what had happened, and our belief
that there were robbers at that mo-
ment in the servants' room. Margaret
and the cook turned as pale as death
at the remark; and when the two gen-
tlemen went to search the house, they
stood with their back to their chamber
doors, daring them to enter, and they
did not.

All the servants were discharged the
next day, and two weeks after the
whole of New York rang with the story
of one of the most horrible murders
that had ever been committed. One
of the victims was not quite dead when
the crime was discovered, although
she expired a few hours after the fearful
injuries she had received. But she
lived long enough to be the means of
bringing the dread band to justice. A
widow lady, with her two grown-up
daughters, three younger children and
their governess, resided in one of the
new streets uptown; they were com-
fortably off, and the lady, whose name
was Maynard, was in the habit of keep-
ing rather a large sum of money in her
desk.

Her house was broken into by men

with white masks, and the whole of
the family slaughtered with the ex-
ception of the governess, who lived
long enough to tell the story. She had
been left for dead by the monsters,
who decamped after their deed of
blood with all the valuable things they
found. And it appeared that two new
servants Mrs. Maynard had engaged
a few days before were in league with
the robbers, and had assisted them in
the commission of their crimes. The
servants were arrested, and, finding it
was all up with them, the youngest,
who turned out to be no other than our
Margaret, confessed to having been
engaged in no less than fourteen bur-
glaries. The band had several women
in their employ; their part was to get
places, and by that means let the men
into the houses. Moreover, she ac-
knowledged that their motto was
"Dead men tell no tales;" so they gen-
erally added murder to robbery. The
whole band was broken up after that;
but we never forgot the escape we had
had and were most particular after,
while in New York, to have our rooms
upstairs.—New York News.

Biggest Game Preserve.

The largest game preserve in the world
is the continent of Africa, or at
least the greater portion of it—extend-
ing from the twentieth degree of north
latitude down to the northern borders
of Cape Colony and Natal. This great
scheme was made possible by a treaty
co-operation of England, Germany,
France, Belgium, Portugal, Italy and
Spain, by which it is provided that the
hunting and destruction of vultures,
secretary birds, owls, giraffes, gorillas,
chimpanzees, mountain zebras, wild
asses, white-tailed gnus, elands and
the little Liberian hippopotami are ab-
solutely prohibited. Similar protection
is given the young of certain animals,
including the elephant, rhinoceros, hip-
popotamus, antelope, gazelle, ibex and
chevrotain, and to the adults of these
species when accompanied by their
young, says a writer in Field and
Stream. Particular stress is laid on
the protection of young elephants, and
elephant tusks weighing less than twenty
pounds will be confiscated. The eggs
of the ostrich and many other birds are
protected, but those of the crocodile,
python and poisonous snakes are to be
destroyed. Even lions, leopards, hyenas,
harmful monkeys and large birds of
prey may not be slaughtered at the
hunter's will. Hunters are required to
take out licenses, and the number of
animals each may kill is limited. The
use of nets and pitfalls is forbidden,
nor may explosives be used for killing
fish.

The main object of this vast protec-
tive enterprise is economic, to encour-
age the domestication of the elephant,
zebra and ostrich and to husband the
trade in wild animal products, which
was threatened by the rapacity of
market hunters and so-called sports-
men.

Bird Seeks Gaudy Jewels.

A parrot at the Zoo recently annexed
and attempted to swallow £100 worth
of diamonds. The owner's companion
hit the bird so hard that it fell off the
perch and dropped the jewels. The
keeper expostulated, saying that the
cluster was too large to be swallowed.
"I don't care," replied the lady, an
American. "I reckon that cluster is
worth \$500, while that measly bird is
dear at 30 cents. I'm not taking any
chances, thank you." Many a young
lady has been found of the diamonds,
but afraid of the bill.—London Globe.

"Dog on it," a boy says, when invit-

ed to a party, "I hate to be introduced."

FINEST COUNTRY HOUSE IN AMERICA.



Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay are building the most beautiful country
home in America. Nearly 1,000 artisans are at work upon the place amid the
sunny slopes of the headwaters of Hempstead Bay, near Roslyn, L. I. The
country home of the Mackays will resemble in its general lines the renowned
Chateau LaFite. Its walls will be pearl gray stone, on one side of which will
be a distant view of the ocean and on the other a view of the sound. Not far
away are the Wheatley Hills, in which nestle the mansions of a score of well-
known American millionaires. The cost of this superb palace will be about \$5,
000,000. The structure will be of granite, 238 feet long from east to west, and
100 feet wide from north to south. The main entrance consists of three large
doorways and three smaller ones. The house will be furnished very richly, es-
pecially in the apartments which will be occupied by Mrs. Mackay, and the third
story will be fitted gorgeously for the exclusive lodging of visitors. The grounds
will be in keeping with the dignity of the house itself. An army of servants
will be hired to maintain it.

CHICAGO'S FORTUNE-TELLERS.

They Are Said to Gather in Half a Mil-
lion Dollars Per Year.
At low estimate Chicago spends nearly
half a million dollars every year
upon clairvoyants, fortune tellers, palm-
lists, "voodoo doctors," and a long pro-
cession of fakery and confidence folk
who prey upon the gullibility of the
general public. This, simply for fees.
To add to this the long train of addi-
tional expense to which the victims are
put, such as traveling expenses, para-
phernalia, investments that fail to pay,
and kindred ventures, probably \$2,500,
000 would not cover the community
cost.

According to the city directory, there
are nearly 100 professional clairvoy-
ants in Chicago. At least fifty more
than are listed as such practice the
"art." There are 100 fortune-tellers,
perhaps seventy-five palmists, and an
unknown number of kindred folk who
live by their wits on these general
lines.

A popular and successful clairvoyant,
who can locate gold mines for his fol-
lowers, has a gold mine of his own. He
may take in \$250 to \$300 a week. Others
much less fortunate may be reasonably
content to make both ends meet. In
general, figuring fifty-two weeks to the
year, Chicago's tribute to these seers
may be figured out about as follows:
150 clairvoyants at \$20 a week. \$150,000
100 fortune tellers at \$10 a week. 50,000
90 palmists at \$15 a week. 75,000
Miscellaneous fakirs. 150,000

Total. \$435,000
This is almost as much as the general
public gives to charity, and is only a
fraction of the money that in other
ways is wasted upon these people who
affect to be able to read the future.
That they do not and cannot read the
future may be proved by the caller over
the threshold before he has stepped in-
side.

When the reporter rang the bell of a
West Side house behind whose door—

AN OLDISH MAN—BROWN HAIR—HAZEL EYES



MIDDLE-AGED MAN—STOUT—NOT EXACTLY HANDSOME



A VOODOO WOMAN.

according to an advertisement—was a
clairvoyant "ordained to do what she
does and whose marvelous achieve-
ments are demonstrated in your pres-
ence while you look, listen, and won-
der." The door opened about four
inches, and the face of a stout, com-
monplace-looking woman peered out as
if she was suspicious of a collector or
constable, or perhaps somebody who
wanted to kill cockroaches.

"Good-morning," said the caller. "I
didn't know if you were ready, but I've
come over to ask you about it."
"About what?" and the door closed
another inch.
"You know," insisted the caller,
"about clairvoyancy, trances, and that
sort of thing."
"I don't know anything about it,"
said the voice; "who are you, anyhow?"
"What! You don't even know who I
am? I thought you were a clairvoy-
ant—"

But the door had closed with a sud-
den jar and the caller was outside of
it, staring at the porcelain name-plate
on the door.

Yet, according to this woman's adver-
tisement, "the greatest mysteries of
life will be revealed," business troubles
will be unraveled, love affairs will be
straightened out and made smooth,
your enemies will be named and plac-
ated, and life generally will be made
merry as a marriage bed. Incidentally,
too, she "locates lost and stolen arti-
cles, mines," etc.—whatever "etc." may
mean in the context. At the same time,
by actual proof, she does not know a
book agent from a customer until the
caller has explained; and then the book
agent might lie to her successfully.

Legend of a Spring.

Swimming about in a large marble-
lined tank in a small church just out-
side Constantinople are to be seen a
number of fishes, brown on one side
and white on the other. These, it is
said, are the descendants of the ones
that gave the name "Balnkli" (place
of fishes) to the church. The legend is
as follows: At the time of the invasion
of Constantinople by the Turks, a monk
was cooking fish near a spring of
water, where the little church now
stands, when a messenger rode up in
haste, announcing "The city is taken!"
Discrediting the story, the monk de-
clared that he would sooner believe
that the half-cooked fish before him
would jump back into the water. As
he spoke, the fish, so the story goes,
did actually leap from the pan into the
spring. Ever since that time the wa-

ters have been regarded as curative,
and once every year pilgrimages are
made to it by sufferers from various
ailments.

YANKEE LAD IS A FIGHTER.

Boots, a Waif from America, in the
Field with the Boers.
Thomas F. Millard, the war corre-
spondent, tells the New York Sun the
following story of Boots, a 12-year-old
Yankee, whom he met fighting with
the Boers, and who may be still dodg-
ing bullets and lyddite shells. Said Mr.
Millard:

"His real name is William Young,
but in the laagers he is known by the
sobriquet of Boots. I think he came
by his title honestly enough, for he
drags about a huge pair of legging
boots many sizes too large, and orna-
mented with enormous brass spurs.
"Boots is a midget of 12—or at least
he gives that as his age, though he
doesn't look it by three years.
"Boots was born in the United States.
When very young he remembers being
taken to England, whence he came to
South Africa. His parents are long
since dead, and since their death Wil-
liam, having no other relations that he
knew of, has rustled for himself.

"When this war began William en-
spoused the cause of the Boers and joined
the Irish brigade under Colonel
Blake. The men who formed this ad-
venturous corps took a fancy to the
waif and made him one of them. So
it was that Boots saw all the bloody
battles of the Natal campaign—Dun-
de, Newcastle, Nicholson's Nek, the
Platrand, and the many fights along
the Tugela. Armed with two water
bottles, the midget would enter a fight,
and more than once has a wounded
brigadier, on finding a cooling drink
placed in his parched lips, looked up
to discover Boots. If the fire were too hot
to permit his wounded comrades being
removed to a place of safety the boy
would remain to attend them until the
battle was over or night fell.

Smith—What was the cause of the
fire?
Brown—There was a woman's rights
meeting, and—
Smith—Ah, I see—natural gas explo-
sion.
Squire.
De Witt—Yes, my son follows the
medical profession.
Gabbil—With his black clothes and
white lawn tie, he looks more like a
minister than a doctor.
De Witt—I didn't say he was a doctor.
He's an undertaker.—Philadelphia
Press.

Realistic School.

"You said you were going to marry
an artist, and now you're engaged to a
dentist."
"Well, isn't he an artist. He draws
from real life."—Fun.

Warm Weather Arrangements.

"Do you take your cook away with
you in the summer?"
"No, oh, no; we can't afford to go to
the kind of place that would satisfy
her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rank and File Needed.

Filipino General—"You'll have to come
along with us. We are going to surren-
der."
Filipino Private—"Can't you do it
without me?"
Filipino General—"Confound you, how
would it look for forty generals to sur-
render without any army?"—Chicago
Tribune.

May Kill Him Yet.

"Why, man, you're almost well! What
do you mean by saying you haven't
reached the crisis?"
"I mean, if you want to know, that
the doctor hasn't sent in his bill yet."—
Philadelphia Bulletin.

Willing to Suffer.

Girl—Are you a lover of music, pro-
fessor?
Professor—Yes, I am; but it does not
make any difference. Just go on and
play away.—Heltere Welt.

Something Wrong.

He—I see a new family has moved in
next door.
She—Yes, they moved in to-day.
He—What sort of furniture have
they?
She—I didn't notice.
He—Goodness, dear! What's the mat-
ter? Have you been sick?—Philadelphia
Press.

At Commencement.

"That girl who received all the flow-
ers must have taken first-class honors."
"On the contrary, she barely passed
the examinations."
"Who is that plainly dressed insignif-
icant-looking little maid over in one cor-
ner of the stage?"
"She is the first honor graduate."

In Chicago.

"Mrs. Wabash looks like such a lov-
able woman."
"Lovable! I should say she was lov-
able! That's her long suit. She's had
five husbands in seven years!"—Cleve-
land Plain Dealer.

C-h-a-o-s.

"C-h-a-o-s," spelled 4-year-old Margie
slowly; "now I wonder what that
means?"
"Oh," replied her 6-year-old brother,
with an air of superior knowledge, "it
means a great big pile of nothing and
no place to put it."

Shocking Idea.

Philadelphian—Do you mean to say
you eat snails?
New-Yorker—Certainly. They are a
great delicacy. Don't you?
Philadelphian—Heavens, no! It would
seem like cannibalism.—Chicago Trib-
une.

Wise Pirate.

First Pirate—Captain, that ship in
the distance is loaded down with for-
eign noblemen on their way to Amer-
ica.
Captain—Don't meddle with her.
We'll lay for er coming back; she'll
have more money than.—New York
Journal.

Every Woman's Friend.

Every woman's friend of some dress-
maker that she ought to charge her
only half price because she gave her
her start.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases
of Human Nature Graphically Por-
trayed by Eminent Word Artists of
Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"High, there!" called the valley to the
hill. "What makes you so stuck up?"
"Probably the fact that you are at
my foot," replied the hill.
"Huh!" rejoined the valley. "That re-
minds me of your resemblance to a
Philadelphia maid."
"Because why?" queried the hill.
"Because you are mostly foot," re-
plied the valley.
Then the hill-side and subsided.

Naturally.

Joax—There is one disagreeable fea-
ture about those lake excursions to St.
Joe.
Hoax—What is that?
Joax—Every time a man boards the
boat it makes him cross.—Chicago
News.

Explodes.



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fire?
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meeting, and—
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seem like cannibalism.—Chicago Trib-
une.

What He Needed.
Dudeleigh—I say, barbab, I'd like
some—aw—hair westorn foh me
mustache, doncher know?
Barber—Excuse me, sir, but I think
it's hair originator you want.

An Expedient.

"Didn't you have trouble in getting so
many antiques?"
"Dear, me, no—I had them made to
order."

Esse and Chic.