



Thousands of voices, through many years, have been raised in melodious utterance of the beautiful words of "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," but probably never before have these hymns been sung with such a depth of feeling and such a fullness of meaning as during the days following the death of President McKinley.



Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home—

How trustfully he yielded himself to the guiding hand of the Universe! Into the Great Beyond he passed, in the spirit so beautifully expressed by Cardinal Newman's hymn:

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone;

PASSING.

Low in the West the daylight dips, While by the pool the Summer stands, With stain of purple on her lips, And scarlet flowers in her hands.

but when it comes to distilling liquors in underground distilleries and expecting me to be a party to the fraud, I draw the line.

By the way, continued Jack, and Esme could hardly catch his words, for



ESME DISCOVERED A SHELTER.

he was already on the road. "I have ordered back the pipes and stills." "The dickens you have," roared Underwood, as he paced the miserable room.

Briarsmere.

ESME BARTON, as she rode along on her trusty little cob, paid no heed to the weather, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts.

It is a large sum of money to invest in landed property, Miss Esme. "I know," said the girl in her quick, bright way, "but what does that matter? I have ever so much more when that is spent. Besides I happen to know the mortgage will be foreclosed if this money is not paid, and I have other reasons as well."

ROOSEVELT AS A COLLEGE GRADUATE.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Many pictures have been printed of President Roosevelt during the last few years, some as a plain citizen, some as a speaker, some as a cowboy, some as a soldier, and some as President, but in none of these has there been any sign of his rudest adornment except the moustache.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, JR.

CHICAGO PARODY ON DOYLE'S WONDER DETECTIVE.

An Example of His Marvelous Powers of Deduction as They Strike the Modern Newspaper Writer—History of an Exchanged Umbrella.

Sherlock Holmes, Jr., was seated at his desk with his back toward me as I entered.

"Good morning," he said, writing away without turning his head, "that's a fine umbrella you're carrying."

A queer feeling came over me as he spoke. Surely, I thought, this man must be in league with unseen powers. I carried the umbrella under my arm.

"My dear Watson," he said, smiling and swinging around in his chair, "you are unusually dull this morning. Don't you see that I have the mirror over there hung so that no one can enter the door without passing within the range of my vision, even though my back is turned?"

"How am I to return it," I asked, "when I don't know whose it is."

"That should be easy," he said, reaching for it, and unbuttoning the strap that held it neatly folded. Then he half opened it, exclaiming: "As I guessed. Here is a little silver plate with his name on it."

"Holmes," I said, "there is only one man in the world who would ever have thought of doing what you have done. Oh, if I could only deduce as you can. But his name alone is there, you see. It seems to me that we are as far away from him as ever. How are we to find him among the hundreds of thousands of men in this great city?"

"Wait a moment," he replied, as he put on his hat and left the room. In a few minutes he returned, saying: "He lives at 7643 Paradise road; telephone, West 6309."

I had risen as he entered, but I staggered back and fell into a chair again, overcome.

"How do you know all this?" I gasped.

"There is a city directory in the drug store across the street," he calmly replied. "Do you wish to call him up and tell him that you have his umbrella? You can at the same time ask about his blindness."

Almost overcome by the man's uncanny air I permitted him to conduct me across the hall into an office where there was a telephone that he was permitted to use. It was as he had said. The man who owned the umbrella had suddenly gone blind a little while before, but the doctors were going to operate on him and hoped to restore his sight.

When we had returned to the great amateur detective's room I said, almost shrugging: "Now, tell me how you knew he was blind and that he had lost his sight only recently."

He smiled half wearily, half in pity, as he replied: "Ah, my dear Watson, I'm afraid you'll never become much of a deducer. If he could have seen he would never have taken the old umbrella you carry, mistaking it for his own. And men who are long blind develop a delicate sense of feeling that makes it possible for them to know their own by a mere touch. So it was plain that he was blind and that he had not been so long enough to recognize things by feeling them. Don't bother me any more this morning, please. I am working on a very abstruse problem. An Ohio man resigned a public office the other day. I have been commissioned to find out what's the matter with him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SAVED BY HIS WIT.

How One West Point Cadet Avoided Being a "Deficient."

"There was an officer in the regular army who is stationed not a hundred miles away from Governor's Island, this very day," said West Pointer yesterday, "who would never have graduated at the academy had it not been for his cool nerve plus his quick wit on a trying occasion."

Twenty odd years ago, when he was at West Point, there was a cadet there who "flunked" in his final examination in his fourth year. He was a popular fellow and his classmates felt sorry for him. They were all to doff the gray for the blue in a few days and the poor fellow—had he had the regulations—would be declared on graduation day "deficient"—the only one out of a class of more than 60.

It so happened that a night or two before graduation day Mr. X—let him be called that—was obliged to be on sentry duty. The officer of the guard that night got a sudden idea into his head; the cadet might be so disheartened that he would be neglectful of his duty. He would test him—see if he had "soldier stuff" in him, even though the odds were against his future.

It was a dark, rainy night. The officer of the guard suddenly came across the cadet's post.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

The click of steel at the same time warned the intruder that the sentry's eyes were upon him—at least, that his quick hearing had detected the stealthy steps on the wet sod. Then came out in a half muffled voice: "Who goes there?"

This was the moment the officer of the guard had fixed in his mind for a test of the cadet's soldierly qualities. The answer came quickly to the sentry's challenge: "Nobody."

To the amazement of the officer, the cadet came to a "right shoulder shift," as it was called in those days, paced by him and said: "All right, my orders are to let nobody pass, major."

The cadet had recognized the officer. His answer, even if not regular in a military sense, was correct, but it was a tough one on the major. The story was so good it could not keep, and it went to Washington.

"To make a long story short," said the West Pointer, "that answer, under the circumstances, won influence enough for that cadet not to leave the academy as 'deficient,' but merely to be put back for another year's chance. Result? He graduated with high honors in the following June and was my commander in the Philippines six months ago."—New York Journal.

In the Harvest Field. Frederic Mistral, the Provençal poet, tells a charming story of the first meeting of his father and mother. Like all romances it has its like in a more ancient legend, suggesting, even to the scene, the ever-beautiful story of Ruth and Boaz. Mistral was born at Maillane, a village at the foot of the Alps. He was the child of a second marriage, contracted when his father was about 55, a marriage of pure romance. This was the meeting of the middle-aged man and the girl who became his wife.

One year, on St. John's day, Maitre Francois Mistral was in the midst of his wheat, which a company of harvesters were reaping. A throng of young girls, gleaming, followed the reapers, and raked up the ears that fell. Maitre Francois, my father, noticed a beautiful girl who remained behind, as if she were ashamed to glean like the others. He drew near, and said to her, "My child, whose daughter are you? What is your name?"

The young girl replied, "I am the daughter of Etienne Poullet, Maitre of Maillane. My name is Delaide."

"What! the daughter of the Maitre of Maillane gleaming?"

"Maitre," she replied, "our family is large, six girls and two boys, and although our father is pretty well-to-do, as you know, when we ask him for clothes he replies, 'Girls, if you want finery, earn it.' And that is why I came to glean."

Six months after this meeting, Maitre Francois asked Maitre Poullet for the hand of Delaide, and of that marriage I was born.

Catching Tigers. Capturing tigers by a novel method is now being adopted in Sumatra, and is proving almost invariably successful. As soon as a tiger's lair has been found, natives are employed to construct a wooden fence nine feet long and four feet wide, a short distance away from it, and in this inclosure is then placed as a bait a dog, which is tied to one of the fence posts. A narrow entrance leads into the inclosure, and there, deftly concealed under earth, leaves and boughs of trees, is placed a strong steel trap, which is so designed that any animal that places its foot on it is certain to be held captive.

This trap is of recent invention, and consists of strong steel plates and equally strong springs. When it is set the plates form a sort of platform, and as soon as the tiger which has been lured thither by the dog sets his foot thereon the springs are released, and the cruel steel grips the leg and holds it fast.

Powerful as a tiger is, he cannot free himself from such bondage, and as those who have set the trap are never far away he is in a short time either killed or securely caged. At the same time the dog is released, and, indeed, he could not be removed from the inclosure as long as the trap was set, since this instrument, strong as it is, nevertheless is so delicate that the pressure even of a dog's foot would release the springs and cause the animal's leg to be crushed in a twinkling.—London Telegraph.

What He Might Do. The custom of preserving the business name of a firm years after the founders have passed away or disappeared finds its reproof in a story related by the New York Evening Post.

A young man who was sent out to canvass leading lawyers in a certain interest entered the office of a firm of great prominence and said: "I should like to see Mr. M."—mentioning the first name of the firm.

"Very sorry, sir, but Mr. M. has been dead three years," was the answer.

"Well, in that case, I should like to see Mr. N."—the second name of the firm.

"Mr. N. retired from the firm over a year ago," said the clerk, with a smile. "Indeed; then may I see Mr. O."—the last name of the three.

"Mr. O." replied the clerk, "sailed last week for Europe, and won't be back for a month yet; is there anything I can do for you?"

"There is," answered the canvasser, with the utmost suavity; "some day, when you have time, you might bring the firm name up to date."

If in Doubt, Work It Out. A Cambridge university professor, who dreams in figures, has done the following arithrocity.

1 times 9 plus 2 equals 11. 12 times 9 plus 3 equals 111. 123 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111. 1234 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111. 12345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111. 123456 times 9 plus 7 equals 1111111. 1234567 times 9 plus 8 equals 11111111. 12345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 111111111.

Traveling Dog Fancler—Do either of you two want a cheerful companion for the winter?—The Tatler.

Advice to Schley. Admiral Schley—Yes, sir; I was at the battle of Santiago and took an active part in it.

The Interviewer—Good gracious, Admiral, you'd better hustle home and read the official naval history of your country.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Views of Niagara. Overheard at Niagara Falls: "It seems a pity to see all this water going to waste," remarked the clerical-looking man, with the white tie. "What god is it?" asked the man with the impressionist nose.—Philadelphia Record.

The Kind. "Writing love letters requires a great mental effort," said Bunting. "Yes, sentimental," added Larkin.

Two Girls. "If ten men should ask you to marry them, what would that be?" "What would it be?" "A tender."

"And if one should ask you, what would that be?" "I don't know; what?" "A wonder."—Life.

Sequitur. De Witt—Yes, my son follows the medical profession. Gabbill—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.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Time, 11:45 p. m. A sound resembling a distant peal of thunder is heard directly overhead.

"What was that?" asked the young man as he started up from the parlor sofa in alarm.

"That?" echoed the fair pride of the household. "Oh, that was only papa dropping a hint."

And hastily gathering the hint into himself the young man carried it out into the gloomy night.

The Difference. Stout Gent—I haven't an appetite for anything.

Lean Gent—An' I ain't got anything for a bloomin' appetite.—Judge.

Politically Speaking. "What we need in politics," said the man of theories, "is a candidate who is not afraid to stand up for his party's principles."

"Yes," replied the practical individual, "but the candidate who knows how to lie for his party's interests seems to hold the winning hand."

Breezy. "Henry," said a young mother to the old-bachelor lodger, "what shall we name the baby? Hubby and I can't agree. We want a name that is appropriate, and odd, and pretty, and that hasn't a horrid nickname to it. Can't you think of one?"

"Humph! I don't have to name babies. I should think you would call that kid Cyclone, though. It's appropriate, at least."

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"Why, when a woman fills her mouth with hairpins a man has the chance to get in a few words."

A Pointed Question. "The pen is mightier than the sword," quoted the man who clings to proverbs. "My dear sir," rejoined the modernist, "it is no longer a question of pens and swords. The debate now is as to whether the typesetting machine is mightier than the Maxim gun."

A Quiet Tip. "Oh—er—pardon me, Miss Maudie, but at what age do you think women should marry? You know the papers are discussing the question."

"At about my age, I think, Mr. Timid," she replied, sweetly.

No Preferred Payments. "Is your daughter learning to play by note?" "Certainly not," answered Mrs. Cunnor, a little indignantly. "We pay cash for every lesson. The idea!"—Washington Star.

Fishing Luck. Little Willie—I bin' fishin', maw! Mother—Nonsense! Little Willie—Deed I hav', maw! I caught all our goldfish with a pinhook.—Ohio State Journal.

Crushing. "I never was so humiliated in my life as much as I was in New York!" exclaimed Meandering Mike. "What happened?" inquired Plodding Pete. "De prosecutin' attorney accused me o' bein' as unprincipled as de policeman that arrested me."—Washington Star.

The Metamorphosis of Hog. "You can talk all you want to about your queer names, but I've got one that caps them all," said a well-known railroad man who just returned from a trip in the southern part of the State. "This man's name is Thing, and he's a preacher, too. He is called Every Thing. Any thing and sometimes any old thing, but he bears it all with a patient shrug."

"The way he got his name is rather amusing. He lives near Zumbrota, in Goodhue County. When he was a youth and his name was handed to him it was 'Hog'—yes, spelled the same way, and also pronounced that way. After he engaged upon his ministerial duties he did not care to be called a hog, so he asked that his name be changed. He applied to the District Court, and the judge asked him what name he preferred. He replied, saying anything would do. Therefore, they gave him the name of Thing, and it is his for keeps. He is the pastor of a pretty little white church, with green blinds, and everyone that knows him says he is a good Thing."—Duluth News-Tribune.

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"Either that young fellow down there with his girl is a liar or I'm nothing," remarked the adventurous caterpillar as he proceeded to lower himself on his silken thread.

"What do you mean?" inquired the tree toad.

"I just heard him tell her that nothing, she might be sure, would ever come between them."—Philadelphia Press.

Breezy Undertaking. Blinks—I hear you are about to start a new paper. What are you going to call it?

Jinks—I had thought seriously of calling it the Bugle.

Blinks—Good! Just the thing if you have fully made up your mind to blow yourself.

Exactness. First Summer Girl—Oh! I broke off the engagement! He was so unreasonable!

Second Summer Girl—Indeed! First Summer Girl—Oh, yes! Why, he objected on my going to a moonlight drive with another man!—Puck.

Circumstances Alter Cases. Mrs. Dorcas—What does your husband do during the summer?

Mrs. Gayboy—That depends on whether I stay at home or go away to the country.—Judge.

Several Meals Behind. "Is it true," asked the benevolent lady, "that you often have to go without a meal?"

"It is, ma'am," replied Tattered Thompson. "This breakfast you have given me was due on the morning of May 7, 1889."—Leslie's Weekly.

A Male Owner. Jake—Here's an advertisement in the paper for that dog you found. The man wot owns him offers a reward.

Jim—How dy'e know it's a man? Jake—Th' paper says "no questions asked."—New York Weekly.

Two Views. Castleton (to Dashaway)—What do you think of it? Here's Clubberly, who I have always thought was a friend of mine, actually asking me to lend him \$25.

Clubberly (later, to Dashaway)—What do you think of it? Here's Castleton, who I have always thought was a friend of mine, actually refusing to lend me \$25.

Of Perfidy Proof Positive. She—Untrue to you, Arthur! How dare you. What proof have you?

He—You are again wearing that shirt-waist that Bobby Gillum admired so much last week.

A Scandal Spoiled. Miss Sharpe—Mrs. Gay is always delighted every time her husband goes away on a business trip.

Miss Gaussep—Aha! Do you know I thought there was something wrong—Miss Sharpe—Yes, you see, he always takes her with him.—Philadelphia Press.

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