

When I get rich, oh, many things I'll do:
For all poor folks whose lives are full of care,
Their days, now drear, I'll make so sweet and fair,
They'll know no grief, no sorrow, no despair
When I get rich!

When I get rich the friends I love so dear
Shall know no more those weary, toil-some hours;
I'll light their skies with sunshine, and the showers
Will scatter on their pathway fairest flowers,
When I get rich!

When you get rich! Those friends you loved so well
May not be here, but far beyond the skies,
And never know the hidden love that lies
Within your heart—ah! foolish, vain surmise—
When you get rich!

Wait not till rich, but haste to do it now!
Yes, scatter sunshine—dry the falling tear—
Light up with hope the darkened heart and drear,
That may be near you—oh, ne'er mind the year
When you get rich!
—Freeman's Journal.

HER IDEAL.

HE glanced out of the window at the gleaming avenue, and watched the snow-flakes hurrying to find their places there, only to be relentlessly trodden under foot by passing pedestrians; and then he looked back again to the bright, girlish face opposite him.

"Ideals are all very well in their way," he ventured, lazily. "They afford pleasure, I suppose, to the person indulging in them, undoubted amusement to him who has to hear of them; and, besides this, they have two other advantages, their harmlessness, and their convenient submission to being



"IDEALS ARE VERY WELL IN THEIR WAY," twisted about to suit all circumstances.

She looked at him as he finished speaking, and she smiled at the indignant flash of her eyes.

"Do you not agree with me, Miss Louise?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"You know I do not," she exclaimed, with warmth. "You are only airing some of your wretched cynicisms because you know how I despise them; as for ideals, I believe in them, and do not understand your assertion that they will be twisting about."

"Perhaps I am wrong there; but, to illustrate, I believe most girls have their ideal lover."

He paused.

"Well, go on," she said, coolly. "You don't expect me to answer for more than one girl, do you?"

"Certainly not," he resumed, "but don't they generally declare that, if that paragon neglects to appear on the scene, they will never marry?"

"They may."

"Now do you think this ideal ever comes?"

"Of course I do," she answered, earnestly. "What would life be worth if it did not?"

"Has yours?" he queried, softly.

"I don't see what that has to do with the matter," she retorted, with dignity and pink cheeks. "Let us keep to the subject, please."

"Certainly. Well, granted that some do appear at the proper time and in the proper place, you know that that is the exception. Now for the point of my explanation: It is very easy, is it not, to cause your ideal to undergo a change—gradually, of course—until it becomes a reality in a form less perfect, perhaps, more human than before?"

"Some people may find it so, but not many, I think."

"Wouldn't you?" he asked, quickly.

"Since you insist on being personal, I may as well admit that nothing would induce me to alter my ideal."

"I see there is no use in trying to convert you?"

"Not the slightest."

"The least you can do, then, it seems to me," he continued, "is to introduce the gentleman to me. I am quite ready to listen to a lengthy description."

"Are you so much in need of amusement, then," she asked, reproachfully, "after all my efforts to entertain you?"

"Go on," he commanded, with a wave of his hand. "I am waiting."

"Well, where shall I begin?"

"First, what does he look like?"

"I thought that was a girl's question," she suggested, mischievously. "Really I have not thought much about his personal appearance, except that he must not be handsome. Handsome men are always condescended."

"Miss Louise, excuse a personal question, and one that has nothing whatever to do with the subject, but did you ever hear any one accuse me of being—well, passably good-looking?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied, promptly. "Edith Harland assured me that you were by far the handsomest man at the ball, the other night, and Alice Barnett admires you more than Mr. Courtenay, and you know everybody raves over him; and Marie—"

"That will do. Proceed."

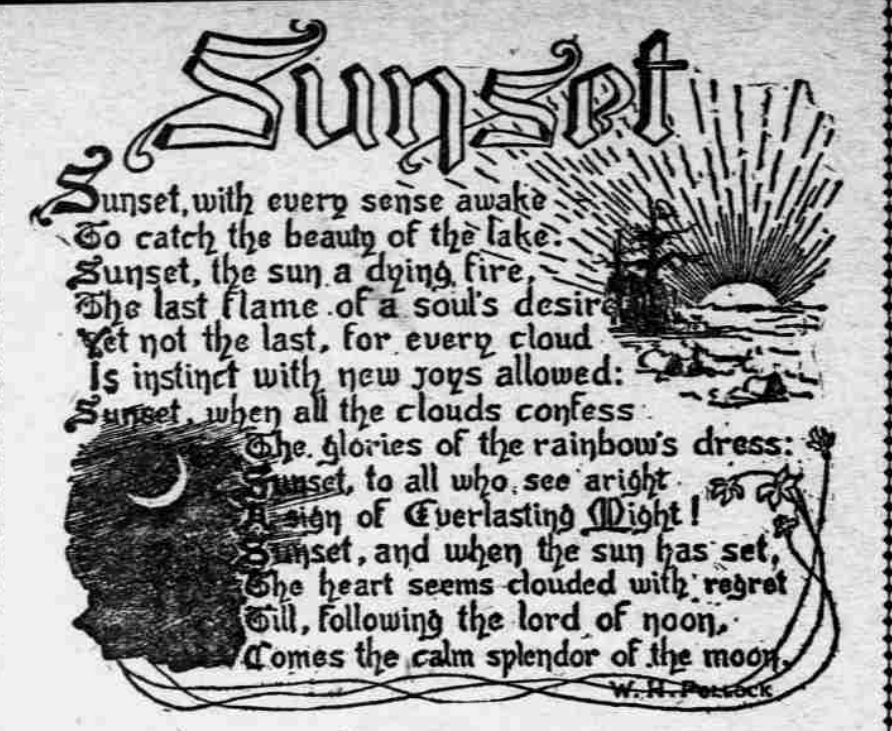
"Well, he must be tall."

"Would six feet two suit you?"

"Oh, no, too tall. Six feet is quite enough for me; and then, I prefer light hair and brown eyes, and—"

"Just then a pair of gray eyes met her own, and she stopped abruptly.

"What is the matter?"



Sunset, with every sense awake
To catch the beauty of the lake.
Sunset, the sun a dying fire,
The last flame of a soul's desire,
Yet not the last, for every cloud
Is instinct with new joys allowed:
Sunset, when all the clouds confess
The glories of the rainbow's dress:
Sunset, to all who see aright
A sign of Everlasting Night!
Sunset, and when the sun has set,
The heart seems clouded with regret
Still, following the lord of noon,
Comes the calm splendor of the moon.
—W. H. Foote

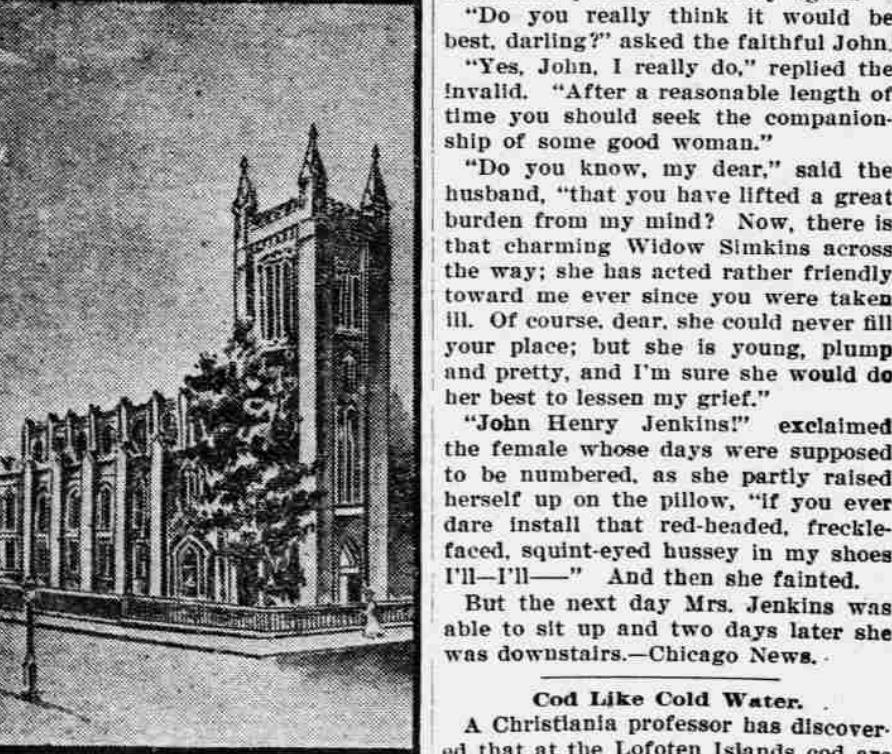
"Oh, I think you have heard enough."
"Yes, I believe I have; now I want you to listen to me for a few minutes. Did you ever guess that in spite of all my talking, I too, had my ideals?"
"Impossible," she murmured.
"And," he continued, "what is more remarkable, I have found mine."
"Indeed?"
"Shall I describe her?"
"I would rather not—that is, it isn't necessary."
"No, I don't think it is, but do you believe there is any hope for me?"
Her face was on fire, and the hand which held her needle trembled nervously, but he persisted.
"Is there?" he repeated, gently.
She raised her head and whispered softly, "Perhaps."
"But, Louise," he protested, "my eyes are gray."
"Are they?" she asked, in affected surprise.
"And I thought you preferred light hair."
"So I do—for girls."
"I measure six feet two."
"You don't look a bit over six feet."
"And then, handsome men are so dreadfully conceited."
"Did I ever say I thought you handsome?" she retorted.—New York News.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.

A New York Episcopal Congregation Has Done.

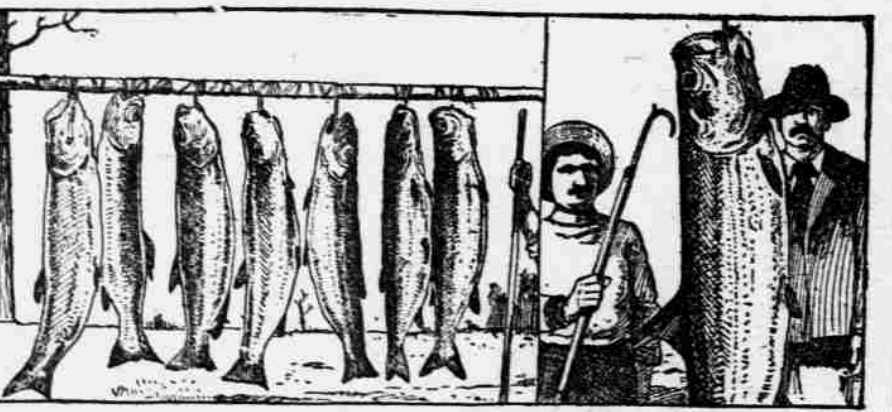
The parishioners of the Church of the Ascension, New York, recently celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of this society. The church is on Fifth avenue, where 10th street crosses it, and when it was begun in 1827, this section was pretty much given over to pasture and timberland and the church was looked upon as an outpost of what might some day be a part of the city. To-day this locality is filled with splendid residences and great commercial buildings and the march of progress has made it down town instead of being the place where the pioneers used to retire early lest wolf and fox might waylay them after dark.

Ascension Church has been fortunate in its pastors, but five serving it since



its establishment. The first was Rev. Manton Eastburn, afterward made bishop of Massachusetts; then Dr. Gregory Thurston, who became bishop of Ohio; John Cotton Smith was third with a 20-year rectorship; Dr. Winchester Donald fourth, and Percy S. Grant the present incumbent, under whom the church has attained its greatest vigor. There are over 1,000 communicants and the donations for church purposes are on an uncommonly generous scale.

NOTABLE STRING OF BIG TARPON CAUGHT IN FLORIDA WATERS.



For the sportsman there is certainly something unusual and attractive in this string of fish. They are tarpon that were recently caught off Fort Myers, Fla. The "silver king" on the right weighed 180 pounds, while the smaller "hunch" averaged nearly 100 pounds, each. Alligator shooting as a sport is all right in its way, but the real thrill of the tropics comes when a magnificent silver-finned tarpon at the end of the line leaps out of the water again and again in frantic efforts to free itself from the hook. It is anywhere from 60 to 175 pounds of electricity fighting for life at the end of a line. About every other kind of fishing in Florida is with live bait, but the tarpon can be taken in true sportsmanlike style with a fly. A ripple, a cast beyond, a wild rush, a superb leap, a drag of a hundred yards or more of line, and the fight is begun. It is exhaustion that captures it. Punta Gorda and Fort Myers are the best west coast points for this magnificent sport, and all other kinds of Florida game fish abound there.

ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW OF LINCOLN

An American Greatly Revered by the Masses in England.

When our Civil War broke out, the supply of cotton to English mills stopped. Hard times followed, and the English working man watched the war with as much anxiety as did any American. James E. Holden, who writes "My Story of Abraham Lincoln" in the Outlook, was born in Lancashire during the cotton famine on a day when there was only half a loaf of bread in the house. The wealthy classes, supposing that the North, if victorious, would not give them cotton, were on the side of the South. But the working people were with Lincoln. The Emancipation Proclamation is the best-known foreign document among the common people of Lancashire to-day. Many boys and girls have been taught it by their parents, who remember the day it was issued, and can repeat it offhand. A government inspector of schools asked a school of twelve hundred Lancashire children:

"Whom do you regard as the greatest man outside of England?"

Hundreds of voices shouted in chorus, "Abraham Lincoln."

When the question, "Who is the greatest living Englishman?" was put and variously answered—Bright, Gladstone, Thomas Hughes—one little fellow said, "My dad says Lincoln is bigger 'n m all."

In the Cotton Exchange in Manchester is a stand on which is a miniature bale of raw cotton. Behind it is the inscription: "Part of the first bale of free cotton. Shipped from West Virginia to Liverpool, 1865."

The story of that bale of cotton marks a great holiday in England. Lancashire people walked to Liverpool, got a wagon, trimmed it with bunting and flowers, and put on it the bale of cotton, the flags of England and America, and between them the picture that appeals to plain people in all the world—Abraham Lincoln.

They dragged the wagon through the streets to St. George's Square, where it served as an altar for the Bishop of Manchester, who preached a sermon to twenty thousand people on the lessons of civil liberty.

VETERAN FIRE CHIEF DIES.

R. A. Williams, Who Fought the Great Chicago Conflagration.

Robert A. Williams, chief of the Chicago Fire Department at the time of the great fire in 1871, died in that city after an illness of four weeks.

Mr. Williams was proud of the fact that he had never missed an important fire in Chicago for more than fifty years. Even during the last few years, when he was employed in the County Treasurer's office, he would slip out whenever he heard of a bad blaze. Directing the department at the time of the big fire, his report is among the records of the Chicago Historical Society. He was able to tell much about it that never found its way into print. It was his opinion that the fire would have been confined to a tract two blocks wide from the starting point to the lake had not the manager of the gas works at Market and Adams street turned the gas into the sewers to avoid an explosion.

HIS NERVE FAILED HIM.

Sad, Sad Story of a Twenty-Dollar Panama Hat.

The man looked hang-dog and guilty. He walked up the steps of his home with his shoulders sort of hunched forward.

There was a furtive, hunted expression on his face.

On his head there was a \$20 Panama. He had paid \$20 for it that afternoon. This is why he looked guilty.

During all of his previous married life he had been staking himself to lids of the \$2.88 brand.

But he had been aching and hungering for this \$20 top-piece, and in a moment of recklessness he had bought it for himself.

But as he went up the steps he looked mighty hang-dog and guilty.

He knew that when he broke the news to his wife there'd be something doing, and quick, at that.

It made no difference that he had blown her to a \$32 spring hat only a month or so ago.

He knew that.

But he had firmly made up his mind on the way up in the car that he'd boldly tell her that he'd dug \$20 for the hat, and take what was coming to him.

She was upstairs when he let himself in the front door. He braced himself as he heard her descending the stairs.

He felt that his time was coming pretty swift. As she got to the bottom of the stairs, however, all of his nerve fozzled out.

"Why, what a pretty hat!" she exclaimed, picking the hat off the rack as she reached the hall. "How much?"

It was nor or never with him.

It was the chance of his life to assert himself and make a stab at picking it up and running away with it.

But his knees shook beneath him, and the hot beads began to pour from his forehead.

"Three-'n'-a-half," he replied, weakly, and then he tossed in bed all night trying to dope it out how he'd explain for the expenditure of the remaining \$16.50 that he'd paid for the Panama headgear.—Washington Post.

DRUGLESS CURE.

Husband's Announcement of His Intentions Worked Wonders.

"John, dear," feebly called the invalid wife, who was supposed to be nearing the end of her earthly career.

"Yes, darling," answered the sorrowing husband. "What is it?"

"When I am gone," she said, "I feel that for the sake of the motherless little ones you should marry again."

"Do you really think it would be best, darling?" asked the faithful John.

"Yes, John, I really do," replied the invalid. "After a reasonable length of time you should seek the companionship of some good woman."

"Do you know, my dear," said the husband, "that you have lifted a great burden from my mind? Now, there is that charming Widow Simkins across the way; she has acted rather friendly toward me ever since you were taken ill. Of course, dear, she could never fill your place; but she is young, plump and pretty, and I'm sure she would do her best to lessen my grief."

"John Henry Jenkins!" exclaimed the female whose days were supposed to be numbered, as she partly raised herself up on the pillow. "If you ever dare install that red-headed, freckle-faced, squint-eyed hussey in my shoes I'll—!" And then she fainted.

But the next day Mrs. Jenkins was able to sit up and two days later she was downstairs.—Chicago News.

COD LIKE COLD WATER.

A Christiania professor has discovered that at the Lofoten Islands cod are invariably to be found in waters whose temperature is always between four and five degrees above the freezing point. Norwegian fishermen now make use of the thermometer as a means of detecting the presence of the fish.

Nothing Easier.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, a young couple recently married, were beginning their housekeeping, and were doing the work of putting the rooms in order themselves.

Mr. Bailey was having some trouble in hanging one of the presents, a fine clock, upon the wall of the dining-room.

"Why is it taking you so long, dear," asked the young wife, "to put up that clock?"

"I can't get it plumb," he replied.

"Then why don't you send for the plumber?" she asked, in perfect sincerity.—Youth's Companion.

RELICS OF ROYALTY.



An exhibition lately held in London, of more than ordinary interest to the antiquary, was composed of all kinds of curious relics of royalty, including paintings of monarchs of Great Britain and Ireland, and their descendants. Many of the objects shown, though devoid of beauty or artistic value, yet possessed a melancholy, romantic or tragic interest from the associations connected with them. No one who had followed the fortunes of Roundhead and Royalist through the pages of historical romance, or wept over the death of the unfortunate King, saw without a thrill the piece of the ribbon of the Garter worn by Charles I. on the scaffold, or the bit of the pall that covered his coffin.

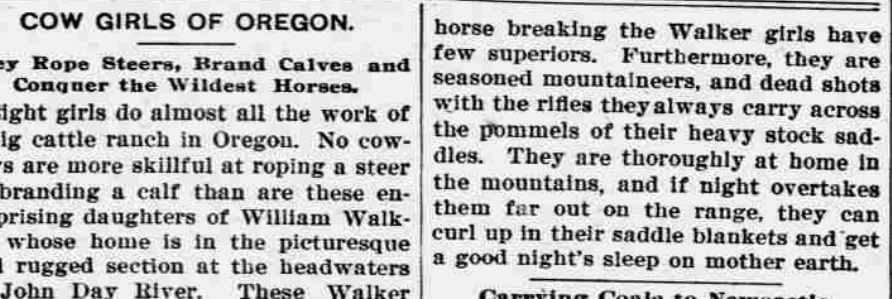
In a case (lent by the Earl of Ashburnham) were some of the undergarments worn on the same melancholy day. The King's garments were divided amongst his attendants, and these fell to the share of John Ashburnham, the ancestor of the present earl, who also left a lock of the King's hair. In front of a magnificent portrait of Queen Elizabeth, lent by the Duke of Devonshire, was a case full of pathetic interest. At one end were the tiny garments fashioned and beautifully worked by the same great Queen, when Princess Elizabeth, for the child which never came to gladden her sad-faced sister; and at the other end a little dippet of imitation miniver, with sad brown stains upon it, left there when it was taken off the neck of poor headless Anne Boleyn. Here were shown her high heeled shoes, too, together with a rough taggy beaver hat, reddish in color, with a green ostrich feather stuck in it, belonging to Henry VIII. Attached to these was a note of considerable interest, showing how a large

COW GIRLS OF OREGON.

They Rope Steers, Brand Calves and Conquer the Wildest Horses.

Eight girls do almost all the work of a big cattle ranch in Oregon. No cowboys are more skillful at roping a steer or branding a calf than are these enterprising daughters of William Walker, whose home is in the picturesque and rugged section at the headwaters of John Day River. These Walker girls are noted as dare-devil riders, who can conquer the wildest horses. The horse was one of the first sights that caused their baby eyes to kindle with excitement, and they have been practically raised in the saddle.

Their costumes are picturesque and practical, mostly of duck and buckskin, with plain calico skirts. Their canvas coats are more often tied to the back of the saddle than worn. They ride astride, as every one has to do in that rough region. The country is not



ONE OF THE COW GIRLS.

adapted to sidesaddles or wheeled vehicles.

The Walker horses and cattle have a very extensive range, but very little of it is level, and when the girls go "cut out" a horse or cow some lively racing has to be done. The riders are apt to be going straight up the mountain one minute and straight down the mountain the next or to be hovering over a precipice. But however it may chance, the girls are always equal to the occasion and keep a firm seat.

The herding and handling of wild stock is very hard on their saddle horses, so that they are constantly breaking in new ones to ride. Before their colts are a year old the Walker girls lasso and brand them on the range, and then allow them to run wild until they are 3 years old, when the girls get them up and saddle and conquer them. It is wild work, but the plucky young women do it to perfection, and have never been hurt at it. It is no simple matter to break and train one of these horses. They are as wild as any animals to be found in the West.

They kick and strike and "buck" and lunge, and throw themselves over backward with intent to crush their riders. Yet for daring and skill in

FOUNDINGS IN DEMAND.

Not Enough of the Little Castaways to Brighton Lonely Homes.

It is surprising to discover what a rushing mail-order business for babies could be transacted. Inquiries for babies come to the State Charities Association and the Guild from all over the country. Recently the Mayor of a flourishing Massachusetts city wrote for a baby, inclosing plans and specifications for the same, which included "blue eyes, light hair, girl, anywhere from 15 months to 2 years old."

From a colored family in Pittsburgh was received a request for "a boy anywhere under 2 years, not black. Must be light colored."

From as far west as Denver and as far south as Alabama come the requests, and if investigation proves the parties to be really responsible, the founding does his first traveling. Unless the child is legally adopted, it is always under the supervision of the organization that indentured it. Rarely does it happen, however, that the child is taken away, even if it is not legally adopted. Legal adoption is an expensive affair for parents of moderate means—the class that usually obtain the children—and the formality of drawing up the necessary papers is often omitted. But the founding is of the satisfaction of its foster parents regularly adopted and treated as such.

Only one instance is on record where a child was returned as unsatisfactory. That was when a woman, angered by the visit of one of the State Charities agents, who called to make inquiries as to the care that was being taken of the child, resented the investigation and sent back the infant.

That the founding never quite gives up the hope of discovering who his real parents were is shown in many a pathetic incident in the office of Mrs. Dunphy, the superintendent on Randall's Island, where the records of New York foundlings for the past twenty years have been kept by her.

Often a man, sometimes prosperous looking, oftener with the stamp of the toiler upon him, will ask to see the books of the infant hospital for a certain year. Running his finger down the page of entries, he will pause at a name and ask if there is any record of parental inquiry after the infant's admission to the hospital.

It is the founding come back, with the haunting hope that he may, after all, find out who he really is.

But the founding never does find out. And so, even if he rise to be Governor or manufacturing magnate, he is, beyond everything else, pathetic to the end.—Ainslee's Magazine.

He Was All Right.

About twenty years ago when the bridge across the Schuylkill at South street was closed some weeks for repairs, owners of rowboats reaped a harvest ferrying passengers from one side to the other. The nearest bridge north was then the one at Chestnut street; south, the Gray's Ferry span. The boat owners charged as much as they pleased, often asking and getting a half-dollar from passengers unwilling to make the long detour to 23d street, the nearest highway east of the Schuylkill then cut through from South street to Chestnut. A Jerseyman, with wife and child, was bent on visiting a friend with a farm back of the Blockley almshouse, and was asked at South street \$1.50 for ferriage. He refused to pay it, and declared he'd wade across—that the Schuylkill was "not so deep."

"Take Zeke's hand," he said to his wife, "and I'll take yours, and we'll get across in no time."

They removed their shoes and started. When the water lapped his neck, he turned, and found it reaching to his wife's chin, while Zeke was not in sight.

"Where is the boy, Sarah?" he asked his wife.

"He's all right, Jeth," she replied. "I've got hold of his hand."—Philadelphia Times.

He Knew.

The members of the Amish, a peculiar religious sect, mostly agriculturists, are very numerous in Lancaster County, Pa. They have been credited with small sense of humor, but this anecdote of a recent political campaign will prove to the contrary. An orator sought to impress a gathering near Paradise, in that county, with his logic, bracing himself down to the level of his listeners by a claim of rural birth.

"Why, I was raised between two hills of corn," he declared, "and God's sunshine has ever shone upon me."

For a moment there was a pause, and the politician, fancying he had made an impression, was about to continue his harangue, when a big Amish man in the rear of the hall interrupted:

"A pumpkin—I know what he mean."

Autos in Sahara.

Just as the locomotive has taken all the poetry out of ordinary land journeying, so now the automobile is trying to usurp the place of the romantic "ship of the desert." The French government is experimenting with gasoline autos in the Sahara, for carrying the mails and supplies between the different oases, et cetera.

A camel will go several days without water, but should have it every day. About 100 miles is his "radius of action," as they say of a warship. But a gasoline auto can go 500 miles without a renewal of supplies. The desert makes good automobile traveling and 20 miles an hour is accomplished. The Sahara has never been fully explored, and France hopes to yet make a good deal of this forsaken region.

Necessary Precaution.

Samuel Foote, the English actor, was one day invited for a few moments into a club where he was a stranger. Left alone a minute, he did not seem quite at ease.

Lord Carmarthen, wishing to relieve his embarrassment, went up to speak to him, but became embarrassed himself and could only say:

"Mr. Foote, your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket."

Whereupon Foote, looking round with playful suspicion, and hurriedly thrusting his handkerchief back into his pocket, replied:

"Thank you, my lord, thank you; you know the company better than I do."