

WHEN YOU WENT AWAY.

'Twas on a day like this, dear Heart,
You went away;
Though spring, a chill was in the air,

Two Alternatives

AND now, Jack, what can I do?
He follows me everywhere, and
he stands around and ogles me
with that detestable 'baby stare' of his,

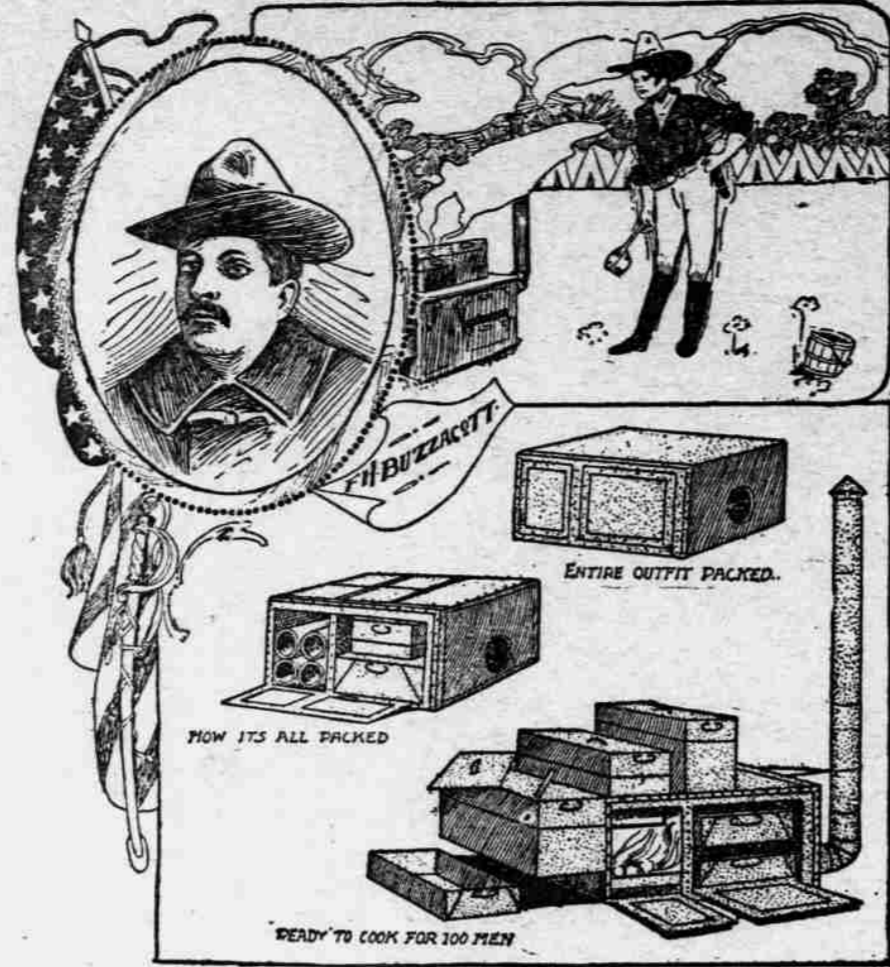


WITH A SWIFT DIVE ORMSBY SEIZED THE REINS.

'Don't be absurd! He doesn't want
any more than other men do.'
'Whew! Your serene conceit is
certainly charming, Essie.'

ARMY PRIVATE GETS RICH

Invented a Cooking Range
and Got \$200,000 Worth
of Government Contracts.



From the position of private in the regular army of the United States at a
salary of \$13 a month to that of government contractor in transactions involving
thousands upon thousands of dollars is a broad leap for a man to take in a few
short years.

A fresh faced young fellow cantered
by on a fine horse and lifted his hat
seriously. A little way beyond he pulled
in the animal, and dismounted as though
he would come back to speak to the
couple at the runabout.

Ormsby had already leaned forward
to seize the reins. He glanced at the
colored man. 'Miss Dingley's parasol
is on the veranda, Jackson,' he said.

Esther's eyes grew luminous. 'And
you dared suggest that I marry him?'
she said, catching her breath.

His astonishment was vastly increased
when a second whirlwind reached him.
Ormsby went at him as though he
was playing football.

Much has been written about the use of women as beasts of burden in
Europe, and photographs have shown them attached to ropes drawing boats on
Holland canals, and sometimes yoked with the animals pulling farm implements.

The road for a mile was clear, but
where it joined the boulevard beyond
Ormsby knew the runaway would
burst into a tangle of carriage of all
descriptions, and the end would be serious.

He slowed down and in half a block,
and just before the junction with the
boulevard, stopped, as gentle as a lamb.
For a minute they gazed at each other.

Another breath of silence, and then
Esther murmured, 'Well, Jack, dear,
we might try it!'—Homefolks.

Power from an Artesian Well.
A wood-working machine at St. Augustine, Fla., is driven by water flowing
from an artesian well. This is the only instance known of power being derived
from a flowing well.

Some men have the misfortune to always
have a job and greatly envy the
fellows who cannot find work.

RANGE OF THE RAMAPO.

A Wild Region Lying Close to New York City.

Who would believe that within thirty-two
miles of New York city there are
mountain dwellings in a district so wild
and rough that they are inaccessible
even to the feet of ponies; that no produce
can be taken out to nor supplies
brought in from these farms save on the
backs of men; that the people gain their
living by making baskets, wooden
spoons and such light articles as they
can transport on their shoulders; that
even the bodies of the dead cannot be
taken out, but must be buried in the
forest or in the yards of the mountain
cabins? A region where the people are
as primitive in their ways, though not
so lawless in their tendencies, as the
Tennessee mountaineers? It is hard to
believe, but it is true.



BOOK REVIEWS

Mrs. Humphrey Ward enjoys the distinction
of being paid more for her literary
work than any other woman now
living or who ever lived.

Rest, in its ordinary acceptation, is a
comparatively unknown quantity in
Edward Everett Hale's busy life. Few
are the days in the total 365 that
there are more or less interst with work
of some sort or other.

Some one quoted Robert Louis Stevenson
in hearing of Marie Corelli having
said that no one with a family to
support ever ought to attempt to write
unless he has an assured income from
some other source.

There are some pleas so moving that
it would take a heart of stone to resist
them. Squire Patterson is the only
representative of the law in a New
England town, and is therefore the recipient
of constant appeals for the administration
of justice not only from his
neighbors, but from many of the dwellers
on outlying farms.

When we hear of a man performing
a brave action we wonder if the story
is true; we know of so many cowardly
tricks being done every day.

ACTRESS DUSE'S VENETIAN PALACE.



Signora Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, differs from many of her
associates in at least one respect—she does not seek publicity. To be sure, her
managers, especially when she is on an American tour, use every legitimate effort to
keep her before the public, and D'Annunzio's book, which reflected so little credit
upon its author, brought her name into prominence in a somewhat regretful way,
but this was not the fault of the actress. She belongs, in a sense, to the public
when she is on the stage. Her home life is her own. It is not the "home" life
of hotels that Signora Duse is happy in, but rather in the home life of her ancient
palace, on the Grand Canal in Venice. Her palace, which is the center building
of the three buildings shown in the picture, is one of those quaint old structures
which have made Venice an architectural delight. It is not as pretentious as
some of its neighbors, but, nevertheless, through its great age and its architectural
beauties it is one of the show places of Venice. When it was built no one seems
to know. Certain it is that it goes back a century or more, and that it was
occupied by one of the noble families of Venice is established. Here, surrounded
by all the comforts of a practical age, Signora Duse spends the happiest months
of her life. A quiet life it is, apart from the glare of the footlights and the
tinsel of the stage. She entertains, but on a modest scale. Privileged, indeed,
are the few who have access to her delightful home.

AN IGNOMINIOUS RETREAT.

The Determined Woman Met Her Match
in Her Dressmaker.

Most persons who attempt to emancipate
themselves from established custom
have periods of falling back into
the old way again, before reformers.
The real reformers are those who persist.
The New York Tribune tells a
story in which a woman who thought
she had conquered was, after all,
defeated. She considered herself a strong-
minded woman, and had determined
that she would have no more tralling
skirts. She told her dressmaker of her
decision in a tone which seemed to her
not to admit of question or protest;
but she did not know that the dress-
maker, too, was a strong-minded woman,
though in a different way.

'I will not,' she exclaimed, 'bring
home a choice assortment of microbes.'
'But you needn't get a long skirt
soiled,' said the dressmaker. 'You
hold it up, you know.'

'You're very tall,' said the dressmaker,
softly. 'And slender,' she added,
after an effective pause. Her power
lay in the fact that she never became
excited and never gave way. A vision
rose before the woman of her long,
thin, lanky self, clad girlishly in a skirt
that escaped the ground, with a pair
of very substantial feet peeping in and
out, like anything rather than 'little
mice.' But pride came to her aid.

'Cut it short!' she ordered, sternly.
'I mean,' she added, 'cut it about half
an inch above the ground.'

There was a certain man who thought
the world was growing worse. He was
always harking back to 'the good old
times,' and was sure that the human
race was degenerating. Men, he said,
were all trying to cheat one another;
the strong were crushing the weak.
One day when he was airing his pessimistic
views, the call said to him:
'I charge you hereafter to look carefully
about you, and whenever you see
any man do a worthy deed go to him

and give him praise, or write to him
about it. Whenever you meet a man
whom you regard as worthy to have
lived in the 'good old days' tell him
of your esteem and of the pleasure you
have had in finding one so exalted, and
I desire that you write out an account
of these good deeds for me that I may
share your joy in knowing of it.'

'Have pity on thy servant and release
him from the necessity of complimenting
men upon their worthy deeds, O
my master. And O Son of Mohamed,
I pray thee absolve thy servant from
the duty of reporting to thee all the
good that is going on in the world.'

'Go back to thy work,' said the call.
'I perceive that thou hast learned.'

Tom Reed 'Makes' a Reporter.
'Who made you?' 'Tom Reed.'
Such would be the reply of —, a
clever newspaper man who got himself
established in Washington by a unique
process. Tom Reed, when at the height
of his czarship, lived at the Shoreham,
where he held nearly as great court as
in the House. Among newspaper men
existed intense rivalry in the pursuit
of his favors. One morning he was
huffy. It was 'Not a word' to every
reporter or correspondent, and the
group knew he meant it. A newcomer,
however, made play for a big stake
and won. While his fellows waited on
the stoop to see the speaker enter his
carriage, this youth nestled under
Tom's big wing, whispering at the
door of the vehicle: 'Mr. Speaker, for
God's sake let me get in and ride
around the corner with you! I swear
I won't open my mouth. You haven't
got to notice me at all. If you turn
me down'—he became tragic—'it
would ruin me forever in the estimation
of my colleagues and rivals, but
if they see me riding with you my future
is safe.' 'Get in,' said the czar,
appreciating the situation, and the
gasp of astonishment from the boys
on the stoop as the desperate reporter
took his seat indicated that a new and
important factor in Washington Journalism
had arrived.—New York Press.

Bird-Mad.
Many persons not 'to the manner
born' are embarking on nature study,
to the weariness of their friends. They
sit in parks and fields with opera-
glasses, and see birds that never were
'on sea or land.' And sometimes their
bored friends rebel.

Overreached.
'Yes, Merchant's scheme was to display
his goods in his window with a lot
of mirrors back of them, so that all
the women passing would be sure to
stop and look in.'
'Pretty foxy idea, eh?'
'Yes, but it failed. None of the
women looked at anything but the
mirrors.'—London (Ont.) Advertiser.

Fruit Trees in Germany.
A census has recently been taken of
Germany's fruit trees. There are 809
fruit trees to every square mile of territory
in the German Empire, in the following
proportions: Plum, 332; apple,
251; pear, 119; and cherry, 104. There
are about three trees to every inhabitant.

OLD FAVORITES

My Ain Countree.
I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary
aftenwhiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my
Father's welcome smiling,
I'll ne'er be fu' content until mine een
do see
The golden gates o' heaven, an' my ain
countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-
tinted, fresh, an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my
Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these sounds will be
nearing to me
When I hear the angels singing in my ain
countree.

I've His gude word of promise, that some
gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame
will bring
Wi' 'een an' wi' hearts rinnin' o'er, he
shall see
The King in his beauty, an' our ain
countree.

My sins ha' been many, an' my sorrows
ha' been sair,
But there they'll ne'er mair vex me, ne'er
remembered mair.
Mis bluid hath made me white, His hand
shall dry mine ee,
When He brings me hame at last to my
ain countree.

Like a hairn to its mither, a wee birdie
to its nest;
I wad fain be ganging noo to my Sa-
viour's breast;
For he gathers in His bosom witless,
worthless lambs like me,
And He carries them himsel' to his ain
countree.

He's faithful, that hath promised; He'll
surely come again;
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour
I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready
aye to be
To gang at any moment to my ain
countree.

So I'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my
hame as I wait,
For the sun'in' o' His footfa' this side
the golden gate.
God gie His grace to lika aye wha' listens
noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our
ain countree.
—Mary Lee Demarest.

Long, Long Ago.
Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long long ago, long long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long long ago, long long ago.
Now you are come all my grief is re-
moy'd,
Let me forget that so long you have ro'd,
Let me believe that you love as you lo'd,
Long long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long long ago, long long ago?
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would
forget,
Long long ago, long long ago.
Then to all others my smile you prefer'd,
Love when you spoke gave a charm to
each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I
heard,
Long long ago, long ago.

Though by kindness my fond hopes were
rais'd,
Long long ago, long long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been
prais'd,
Long long ago, long long ago;
But by long absence your truth has been
tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long long ago, long ago.

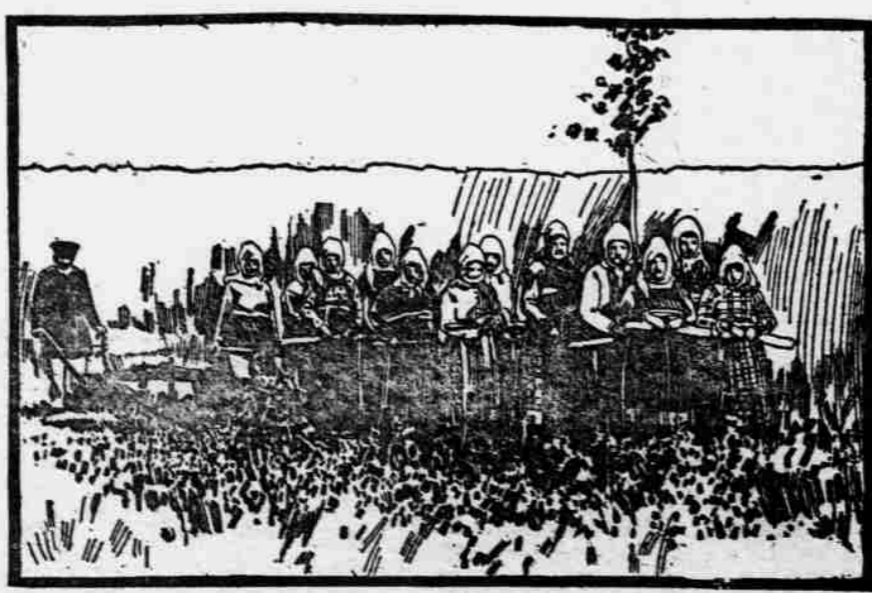
The 'Lounge Game.'
The 'lounge game' has been played
at least once in Brooklyn and twice in
New York; perhaps oftener, but these
are the only cases the police have
heard of. The mode of operation is
like this: A wagon drives up to a
house, and one of the two men in
charge rings the door bell and says:
'We have a sofa here bought by Mr.
A., who ordered it sent up.'

'But Mr. A. has ordered no sofa,'
the lady of the house responds. 'There
is some mistake.'
'Not a bit of it; he bought it and
paid for it, and all we can do is to
leave it.'
The lady is not convinced, but she is
asked to pay nothing, can make no
reasonable demur, so in comes the
lounge, that is usually taken to a second
floor. In a couple of hours, back
come the men. All a mistake; was
meant for another man of the same
name, at the other end of the town.
The furniture is placed again in the
wagon, and carried away. Some time
later the lady of the house misses her
jewelry and other small valuables. She
cannot imagine where they have gone
to. The men with the wagon know.
There was a hollow place in the
lounge, large enough to hold a small
man, and store away a lot of clothing,
knick-knacks and jewelry. The goods
had gone away with the lounge.

Overreached.
'Yes, Merchant's scheme was to display
his goods in his window with a lot
of mirrors back of them, so that all
the women passing would be sure to
stop and look in.'
'Pretty foxy idea, eh?'
'Yes, but it failed. None of the
women looked at anything but the
mirrors.'—London (Ont.) Advertiser.

Grass Houses in Oklahoma.
Among the most interesting features
of Southern Oklahoma are the remains
of the grass houses formerly built by
the Wichita Indians, who, to a certain
extent, keep up their novel mode of ar-
chitecture to the present day.
Gossip never dies; people are still
gossiping about Lord Byron and his
wife, although they never lived in this
country, and have been dead a great
many years.

WOMEN HAUL PLOW ROPE.



When we hear of a man performing
a brave action we wonder if the story
is true; we know of so many cowardly
tricks being done every day.