

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

Helen's lips are drifting dust;
Helen is consumed with rust;
All the gallions of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;
Lost was Solomon's purple show;
Restless centuries ago;
Empires died and left no strain—
Babylon, Barbary, and Spain—
Only one thing, undefaced,
Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste,
And the heavens are overturned
Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun,
Sound that lives when sounds are done,
Music that rebukes the birds
Language lovelier than words,
Hue and scent that shame the rose,
Wine no earthly vineyard knows,
Ocean more divinely free
Than Pacific's drainless sea,
Silence stiller than the shore
Swept by Charon's stealthy oar—
Ye who live have learnt it true,
Dear, how long ago we knew!
—Harper's Magazine.

Cradle or Grave.

MRS. ARMSTRONG'S modest little home was ablaze with light. The proud lady was giving a small dance to celebrate her only son's homecoming from college; and Teddy, why, he was the happiest young fellow in the world! And why not? Had he not just emerged from the university with colors flying, and was he not about to ask the girl of his heart to gladden his hearthstone for life?

His mother had said to him during the day: "Don't be too sanguine, Teddy, for Helen has been accepting attentions from Mr. Hawtrey during the last few months, and he is rich and world-weary, and just the sort of man to fascinate a young girl fond of dattery and position."

"Helen loves me, I'm sure," replied confident Ted, "and, besides, she would not sell herself."

"Well, my dear, I hope you are not to be disappointed, but the ways of the girl-of-the-period are beyond me. You remember Mabel Conliffe?"

"Oh, Mabel was a flirt," broke in Ted, "and it was not to be expected that she would marry the man she had led on; but Helen—I only want her word that she'll wait until I've made my future sure. She's true blue!"

As for the young lady herself, she felt sure that Teddy Armstrong would propose that night; and, though she confessed that her heart was in a state of commotion when she thought of him, still it would be awful nice to be Mrs. Bruce Hawtrey and live in the big mansion, have all sorts of luxuries and travel in Europe.

And Mr. Hawtrey. He was a widower, old enough to be Helen's father, and was voted to be something of a cad. "The little Vernon filly," he had remarked, "has lots of go, and a young wife would be a novel plaything, now that my clubs and life in general are getting to be something of a bore."

The guests had all arrived, and everything was very jolly. Helen Vernon, Mr. Hawtrey and Ted were covertly watched by all, as gossip had it that both men were "dead set" on winning the pretty belle of M—.

One rotund dowager leaned toward her neighbor and remarked: "Teddy is so young; and Hawtrey so old that it seems a race between the cradle and the grave," accompanying her words with a mirthless laugh that made the sentimental young matron she addressed, and who hoped that young Armstrong would be victor, nervous.

Hawtrey, who, to do him justice, was not so near the grave as the old gossip implied, took more of Helen's dances than good form allows, and also assumed an air of proprietorship that made the younger man wild. He forgot everything, and resolved, impetuously to have it out with Hawtrey, quite improperly forgetting that the blase gentleman was his mother's guest and entitled to every courtesy. After his rival's second dance with Helen, Teddy approached him and said with a sort of challenge in his voice: "Come upstairs, Hawtrey. I have some capital cognac in my rooms. I'd like your opinion of it."

"Done, my boy," replied the older man suavely.

Scarcely had they reached the rooms when Teddy began hotly: "Now see here, Mr. Hawtrey—"

But he got no farther. Hawtrey placed one hand on the fiery boy's shoulder and observed coolly:

"I know what you would say; but let us not be impolite or hasty. She's mine if she will or she's yours if she will. Go in and win her, if you can. Remember, I'll show you no quarter—'all's fair in love.'"

"But she loves me, she's only dazzled by your money," asserted Ted, with amazing frankness.

"I don't care whom she loves; it is whom she will marry that interests me," answered the older man, with a cool stare.

"By heavens, would you marry a girl that only—"

"I would marry any girl to whom I took a notion, if the mood pleased me. Love is an old-fashioned commodity. Ask Helen, Mr. Armstrong, when you get a chance; I mean to, during this next dance."

Poor Teddy was stunned. His ideals were pure, and he very properly regarded honor, love and respect as a holy trinity. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him.

"All's fair in love," you say," he remarked curtly, and strode from the room, saying in a very low voice, as he passed his big mastiff, who was dozing on a rug, "Watch him, Duke!"

The next waltz was half ended when Ted strolled up to Miss Vernon and said, in a tone of mock surprise: "Why, Helen, you of all people to be sitting out a dance!"

The pretty girl blushed and looked a bit annoyed.

"Mr. Hawtrey engaged the number; evidently he has forgotten me," she replied.

"Finish it with me?"

"With pleasure."

Hawtrey did not appear again that evening, and many were the comments because of his strange disappearance; but Teddy looked supremely happy, for the girl of his heart had said "Yes."

The girls chaffed Helen a bit in the dressing room because her rich cava-

FATHER OF THE ADMINISTRATION ANTI-TRUST BILL.



HON. SHELBY M. CULLOM OF ILLINOIS.

THE "father" of the administration anti-trust bill, which embodies the President's ideas, is Hon. Shelby M. Cullom, United States Senator from Illinois. Senator Cullom is author of the measure which provides for amendments to the Sherman law, fixing a penalty for monopolizing any line of business to the detriment of the public, perpetual restraint from carrying on interstate commerce and imposing a fine of \$5,000 on railroad companies which convey articles upon which a monopoly exists.

Senator Cullom is a native of Kentucky and is 73 years old. He was a member of Congress as far back as 1865, was Governor of Illinois from 1876 to 1880 and was elected United States Senator in 1883, serving continuously since then. Prior to this he had seen service in the State Legislature, serving as a member of the Lower House and as Speaker for two sessions. In 1872 he placed Grant in nomination for President.

He had deserted his principal partner; but the young lady did not seem in the least angry; in fact, she appeared, as one pert damsel said, "deadly superior."

After the last guest had gone, Ted bounded upstairs four steps at a time and burst into the room. Duke drew a long breath of relief and removed the earnest regard with which he had been favoring Hawtrey, who had not apparently moved from his chair—had not dared to move, in fact.

"Why, Hawtrey, are you here yet? Every one thought you had gone and wondered why," said the young man, affecting all the surprise possible, while the victorious twinkle played in his eyes.

But Hawtrey was game. He never flinched, but replied in his cool, colorless drawl:

"Really, I did not know I was of so much importance. The truth is that this little book is so interesting, and your brandy so excellent, that I decided not to leave this comfortable spot."

"Hope Duke didn't annoy you?" pointedly from Ted.

"Not in the least. He seems a faithful dog."

"He is."

"Good night, Mr. Armstrong."

"Good night, Mr. Hawtrey."

Soon as the door had closed on Hawtrey, Ted grabbed Duke by the forelegs, and man and dog executed the maddest and merriest dance on record. Then, hugging his dumb slave, Ted cried:

"You watched him all right, didn't you, old boy? Well, you saved my life, perhaps; so lie there on the rug or anywhere and snooze all night. The stable is too good for your dogship after this."

The next day the engagement of Miss Helen Vernon and Mr. Theodore Armstrong was announced, and in the same sheet might be seen a few lines that read: "Mr. Bruce Hawtrey leaves

for New York to-day, en route for Europe."

"Hawtrey told me, Helen," explained Ted, later on, while both were laughing over the incident, "that all's fair in love, so I took him at his word."

"I hated him ever since the day he spoke of me as 'filly,' and was only waiting for a chance to refuse him. I wouldn't have had him, anyway," replied Helen.

"Well, Duke and I weren't taking any chances," laughed the dog's master.—New York News.



Toothache.—Try chloral hydrate one ounce, camphor one ounce, chloroform one fluid ounce, ether one fluid ounce, oil of cloves two fluid ounces, oil of peppermint two fluid ounces, alcohol sufficient to make sixteen fluid ounces. This formula makes one pint and may be reduced as needed.

Fatigue.—Modern physiology attributes more than half of the diseases to which man is heir to fatigue. Physiologists say that excessive fatigue is induced by late hours, immoderate brain work and bad air, and that men fail to recuperate because they make no effort to sleep a sufficient number of hours. Especially is this true in the higher altitudes.

DANDIES ADOPTING WOMEN'S WEAR.



European dandies are adopting women's wear. Corsets are a case in point. There have been little paragraphs in the London papers every now and then for the last few months touching upon the increasing demand for men's corsets. During a trial in Paris between the partners of a corset firm the defense revealed that one of the branches of their manufacture were men's corsets. The judge having demanded an explanation it was shown that more than 18,000 corsets were made yearly for Frenchmen and 3,000 were shipped to England, principally for army officers. German officers also created quite a demand till a rival Berlin firm offered a cheaper article.

Any Bond street dealer will tell you, without the slightest hesitation, that he employs dozens of workwomen to embroider dainty garments for his male clients. One shop never sends out a garment without embroidered initials and feather stitching on it, and another devotes its energy to decorating the legs of men's socks with silk initials and other needlework.

The illustration for this article is by F. G. Long, the American cartoonist, in London. The corset on the chair, the nightie on the wall, the stock, the embroidery and the make-up appliances are all drawn in exact detail.

ODD HORSE SALE.

Valuable Animal Disposed of by Mistake for Five Dollars.

A famous race horse, for which an offer of \$900 had been refused at the recent Benning meeting, was sold for \$5 the other day at a well-known local auction house, and then sold by the purchaser for \$5. The horse in question belonged to a well-known young society man of Baltimore, who entered the animal at the Benning races.

The horse proved valuable as a fast runner by winning several races. The owner was offered \$900 for the horse, which he refused, saying that he would not take less than \$1,000. He then decided to bring the animal to Baltimore and sell it at public auction at a leading auction stable. After notifying his friends who wished to buy the horse of his intentions the young man brought the racer to Baltimore and left him with his stable boy, instructing him to take the horse to the auction house.

The young man then repaired to the place of auction, where his friends were congregated. In the rain they waited for the appearance of the boy with the steed, but he did not show up until the party had had a wait of about two hours or more. When he did, he did not have the horse with him, but in its place a check for \$9 and a bill of sale. It appears that the boy made a mistake in the name of the auction house and took the horse to the wrong stable, where it was offered for sale, bringing \$5, with a deduction of \$2 for the auctioneer's fee, leaving \$3 for the former owner of the horse. After having a heart-to-heart talk with the boy, in which he expressed himself thoroughly, the horse's first owner went to the auction house where the valuable horse had been sold at such a ridiculously low price. When he arrived he could do no more than obtain the name and address of the man to whom the horse had been sold.

This well-known young man did not succeed in finding the buyer of his horse until the next day, and when he did it was only to find that the horse had been sold by the buyer for a lower price than he had paid for it. The horse had never been in harness, and when the gentleman who bought it harnessed it it kicked up a good deal, but did not become unmanageable until the man had driven it about five miles from town; then the floor was kicked out of the runabout and the harness broken. The purchaser, of course, did not know that the horse had racing qualities, and thought that he had been bunked into buying a horse that looked fully 5 years old, but had not been broken.

When he found himself suddenly sitting in the road, with a broken-up runabout his company and his horse just disappearing in a cloud of dust over a distant hilltop, he can hardly be blamed for not caring whether he ever saw the brute again. However, while thus soliloquizing, a man came down the road in a wagon leading the horse that he had just caught. The purchaser was so thoroughly disgusted with the animal that he sold it to the man in the wagon for \$5.

When asked if he knew the man to whom he had sold the horse he said that he had never seen him before and did not even think he would recognize him if he saw him again.

The young man has been trying to locate his horse for several days, but has not succeeded in doing so as yet.—Baltimore American.

CALIFORNIA OLIVE CULTURE.

The Friars Began It More than a Century and a Half Ago.

F. M. Bisbee, formerly chief engineer of the Tennessee Central railroad, who has just returned from an outing in the Northwest, has been made general manager of the Los Angeles Land and Water Company. This corporation owns 1,500 acres of land near Los Angeles, which seven years ago was planted in olive trees, and now the stockholders have commenced to reap a rich harvest.

"Ours is the most extensive orchard on the coast," said Mr. Bisbee, "and at that we have only begun our operations in that locality. Recently we purchased 3,000 acres additional land that adjoins the orchard from which we are now gathering fruit. Two thousand of these will be planted, and we think we have one of the best revenue-producing properties going."

"You can gain some idea of the extent of an olive yield when I tell you that this year we have shipped from those 7-year-old trees, 1,200 tons of oil and 50,000 gallons of pickles, which are now on the market. And as the trees grow older they bear more heavily. I have seen one little orchard there the trees in which were planted in 1769, almost 140 years ago, and they are today bearing magnificently."

"Few people are aware of it," continued Mr. Bisbee, according to the Nashville News, "but the producing of olives in California was introduced by the friars more than a century and a half ago. In those days, when primitive civilization was first blazing its way along the Pacific slope, the friars conceived the idea of establishing religious posts between Los Angeles and San Francisco just about a day's journey removed from each other. The object was to insure pleasant instead of laborious trips when moving up and down the coast."

"Everybody knows that the friars were good livers. They liked olives and experimented in planting with the pronounced success which is yet apparent."

In the Style.

He was a hard worker, but by effort he had secured several assistants and was having things a little easier. A friend who had not seen him lately called at his office and found him busy as ever.

"Hello, old man," greeted his visitor, "still doing seven men's work?"

"No," responded the industrious one, "I have seven men doing my work."

"Oh," laughed the caller, "so you've organized a trust, too, have you?"

Comfort.

When money is tight it makes itself scarce, but it's somewhat different with men.

Science and Invention.

A white rust is an unexplained "disease" of English and German galvanneal iron that has developed within a year or two.

The largest pendulum ever made is that with which Messrs. Berbet and Flammarion have been demonstrating the earth's rotation in Paris. A lead ball of fifty-six pounds is attached to a fine piano wire about 210 feet long. The oscillation lasts sixteen seconds.

The explosion motor holds the palm for lightness. The best electric motor with its storage battery is stated to weigh nearly one hundred pounds to the horse power, and the Serpollet steam engine, flashing water into steam from a coil boiler, about fourteen pounds. But the Bourdiaux gasoline engine gives a horse power with a weight of only eight pounds.

The new self-luminous mixture of a French chemist, claimed to require only very short exposure to light and to be unusually brilliant and lasting, consists of twenty parts of dehydrated sodium carbonate, five of sodium chloride, one of magnesium sulphate, five hundred of strontium carbonate and 150 of sulphur. The well-mixed materials are kept at a white heat for three hours in a muffle from which the air is carefully excluded.

In his experiments with various vehicles, M. Michelin has found that iron tires require greater motive power than either solid rubber or pneumatic. An electric automobile running at 5 per cent greater speed with pneumatic tires took 18 per cent less power than when fitted with solid rubber tires, and in stopping, the solid tires required an increase of 14 per cent in braking power.

In the singular failure of the old windows of York Cathedral, the glass has lost most of its transparency, and in places has become so perforated that it crumbles at the slightest touch. To stop the "disease" some glass of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries has been removed. It is known that the hardest cement is sometimes disintegrated by chemical action set up by minute organisms, and it is supposed that the destruction of the glass has been due to some fungus.

Owing to the property which aluminum possesses of producing a very high temperature when burned with substances that give off oxygen, it has lately been employed in Berlin for making a new detonator, for firing explosives which do not readily respond to the action of the detonating compositions hitherto used. The aluminum is used in the shape of a powder mixed with the other substances filling the percussion caps or detonators. The sudden high temperature induced by the pulverized aluminum results in a greater mechanical energy than can be produced with compositions not containing aluminum.

The adoption of liquid in place of solid fuel has not taken place so rapidly as some experimenters anticipated. In the opinion of Edwin L. Orde of the British Institution of Mechanical Engineers, the trouble arises from the exclusive use in boiler furnaces of crude oil, which contains a considerable percentage of water, 10 per cent at least; and this destroys the conditions necessary for perfect combustion. It is averred that some of the crude oil shipped from the wells contains as much as 40 per cent of water, and when used on shipboard the constant agitation prevents the separation of this water, which consequently enters the furnaces. The experiments of Dr. Paul show that liquid fuel is capable of giving 50 per cent more efficiency than the best coal.

Quite a Patriarch.

Age is a matter which seems dependent on one's point of view. A New Yorker imprisoned in a "tonorial studio" fell victim to the garrulosity of the "artist" executioner, and was informed that the latter, recently married, was about to set forth on a visit to the old country. "I suppose you'll take your wife along," suggested the victim, hopelessly. "No, sir, I'm not going for pleasure this time. I want to see my father before he dies." "Isn't he well?" "Oh, he's well enough; he's never can tell what may happen. He's getting along in years." "How old is he?" "Forty-nine."

"Took It" Literally.

Once upon a time a very nervous man called on his physician and asked him for medical advice.

"Take a tonic, and dismiss from your mind all that tends to worry you," said the doctor.

Several months afterward the patient received a bill from the physician asking him to remit \$18, and answered it thus:

"Dear doctor, I have taken a tonic and your advice. Your bill tends to worry me, and so I dismiss it from my mind."

Moral—Advice sometimes defeats its giver.—Medical Talk.

A Back-Handed Compliment.

Cinderella had just put on the crystal slipper. "Do you think it makes my foot look smaller?" she asked, with charming naivete.

"Perhaps," replied the prince; "but I can see right through it."

Disconcerted by this back-handed compliment, the poor girl blushed, but as colonial buckles and open-work stockings had not yet arrived she had to be content with her undeceptive footgear.—Judge.

Not Well Received.

Ida—Why are you peering, dear?

May—Why, Harry said he believed he could learn to love me.

Ida—I don't see anything awful in that.

May—Yes; the idea of him having to learn.

Some marriages are failures because the woman in the case is suspicious and some are failures because she isn't.

When a man compliments a woman she isn't satisfied unless she can induce him to repeat it at least seven times.

NEGROES GROW RICH FAST.

Many of Those Living in the Creek Nation Are Well-to-Do.

It is not in the South that the richest negroes are found, although many in that region have amassed a goodly store of property since the war. Doubtless the wealthiest community of colored people in the world is found among the Creek Indians in Indian Territory. There are about 7,000 of them, and they are worth on an average \$3,000 each. The wealth of the more industrious foots up ever higher, certain individuals being the owners of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 worth of land each.

These negroes are the descendants of slaves of the Creek tribe of Indians and are known as Creek negroes. They are entitled to a share in the division of Creek Indian lands, also a part of the trust funds. Together the 7,000 negroes own 22,000,000 acres of land. And yet their education is far from complete. Their social environments are crude in the extreme and progress goes slowly amid their huts and fields. Unlike the other Indians of the rich five civilized tribes, the Creeks insisted upon freeing their slaves to give them an equal share in their lands and money. At that time there were few slaves, but the number grew through descendants, until now fully 7,000 have laid successful claim to a "head right" on the Creek rolls of citizenship. They have their own representatives in the Creek Indian Legislature, their own schools and their own churches. Everything bids fair to make them the model community of negroes in the United States when Indian territory is recovering from the tangle wilderness of reconstruction, its laws made uniform and itself a State of the Union.

There is little culture among the Creek negroes. They have a social set all their own, to which not even the Indians are invited. Their characteristics are in a great measure different from the negro of the South or the North. It is a mixture of both, with additional peculiarities.

Like the Indians, these negroes have their dances in the open, which have come to be a sort of religion with them. And, following in the footsteps of the Southern Negro, they have barbecues, "possum hunts" and the like. As a Northern type of the negro they are more industrious and independent of the whites, know how to work hard and save their money, and, like the type from the city, are well dressed—gaudily, but at the same time wearing expensive clothes.

These 7,000 Creek negroes live in a tract of rich land called the Canadian River bottoms, and Okmulgee is their town and trading point. Okmulgee is the capital of the Creek Indian nation, and has been for years a negro town. Recently, however, white people flocked in and have taken possession. The negroes are starting their own towns along the branch of the Frisco Railroad.

Notwithstanding that many of these Creek negroes are industrious, there are some among them who rent out their estates and lounge in idleness about the railway stations. It is a common sight to see a 500-acre tract of rich land in the Canadian bottoms being tillled by a white man. Invariably, upon inquiry as to his landlord, he will refer to the negro owner in no complimentary terms. Meanwhile one enjoying himself eating turkey and "possum in a neighboring village."

When the Creeks freed their negroes in 1864 the two fraternized for a time, and even intermarried, but that has all passed now. In accordance with the terms granting their freedom, the Creek negroes are allowed a voice in the tribal government, and so they have their own members in the Council, have their own schools and all that; but the Creek Indian feels above the Creek negro and refuses to associate with him.

VICTIM OF WOMAN'S WHIMS.

The Fate of a Hungry Composer on a Fashion Paper.

He was a tramp compositor down on his luck and he had not had a square meal for a fortnight.

In desperation he applied for work on a fashion magazine and was taken on as a "sub." The copy with which he was furnished read something like this:

"Terrapin green with garnitures of lemon white lace and champagne colored velvet constituted the lovely gown on our cover page."

"Brown bread is a fashionable color in crepe, and harmonizes well with butter colored lace."

"A gown of tomato red was delightfully contrasted with lettuce green velvet and oyster white applique."

"Vegetable silk braid is one of the new trimmings."

"A charming breakfast gown is shown in beet red cashmere."

"Egg blue and melon green are delightful new tints."

"Claret silk makes a charming waist. All shades of brown are popular, including chocolate, butternut, chestnut and hazel and the biscuit shades are also prominent."

"A coffee colored dinner gown had sleeves of cream mousseline in soufflé style."

"Prune color promises to have a great run."

"Apricot, orange and banana are the newest shades of yellow."

"Almond white galloon appears on a wine colored broadcloth gown, and motifs of pistache velvet were introduced for contrast. Crushed strawberry has given way to the grape shades, and mulberry to bon-bon pink."

"Tobacco is one of the most becoming shades of brown."

His fellow printers noticed that he acted strangely and groaned at times, but before they became aware of the seriousness of the case he fell to the floor and expired. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "Acute dyspepsia, superinduced by overeating."

New York Sun.

Enforced Athletics.

"Joe is a great walker."

"Indeed? How long has he been walking?"

"Lemme see. I believe the twins are 5 months old."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The female bookkeeper is entitled to the title of countess.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK.

The World's Life.—Christ is the world's life.—Rev. F. E. Taylor, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

True Means.—The religious element is the true means of settling disputes.—Archbishop Ryan, Roman Catholic, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Nation.—The nation will always be just as good and as safe as the individuals composing it.—Rev. P. Barr, New Bedford, Mass.

As the Master Bids.—If one love God as the Master bids he can grasp every hand offered in the same love.—Rev. Dr. Byrd, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga.

Downward.—The man who continues downward only accelerates his own movement, and return becomes more and more difficult.—Rev. J. C. Smith, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Outward Visage.—The kind of life one leads even leaves its marks upon the outward visage. The body we wear is self's externalization.—Rev. R. M. Black, Episcopal, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Deathless Hope.—Christ emancipated the soul from the thralldom of self and sin, and supplied us with energy for victory by girding us with the might of deathless hope.—Rev. J. D. Freeman, Baptist, Toronto, Canada.

Good of Humanity.—It is good to feel the heart beat stronger in anticipation of some object when that object embraces not alone our little selves but the great good of humanity.—Rev. Dr. Bisbee, Universalist, Boston, Mass.

Church Stronger.—The church is stronger to-day than ever before, and what gives the church its present power is the fact that it has proved to be the greatest agency under God for the elevation of the race.—Rev. C. J. Hall, Denver, Colo.

Fundamental Thing.—If the spirit of honor and righteousness is not present among men we cannot expect the laws to work well, for the fundamental thing is the kind of men behind the laws.—Rev. F. Phalen, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

For Eternity.—It is well to live for to-day, but he who lives his best for to-day lives also for eternity. Heredity is a fact that reaches further than we think. A Christian father sends his religion down to generations.—Rev. Dr. Burrell, New York.

In the Best Sense.—A man may be great in many senses, but he cannot be great in the best sense unless he recognizes somewhat of the divine in his own life and regards himself as being led by the Almighty.—Rev. Dr. Wrigley, Episcopal, Brooklyn, N. Y.