

THE DEAREST GIFT.

When all the dancing feet are still,
The rose's bloom is shed and spent,
When she has waltzed her happy fill
With Will and Jack and Ted and
Fred,
Tired of the whirl and jollity,
Her lovely eyes weighed down with
sleep,
Then, at the last, she comes to me,
And she is all my own—to keep!

I find her gloves and tie her wrap,
We say our good nights left and right;
Now I'm the to-be-envied chap!
Ah, now, indeed, it is good night!
Of lover's joy let woosers prate;
What could a man ask more in life,
Than this best, dearest gift of fate—
To have a sweetheart for a wife?
—Smart Set.

JOHN'S TEST.

BUT, Millicent, can't you see that
—that I love you as no man
has ever loved before?" The
black eyes glowed with suppressed ar-
dor.

"Inferring that no man ever has
loved poor little Millicent Bigelow
before. And, to tell the truth, John,
that's just what's the matter—that be-
fore a certain definite point in my life
no male creature ever deigned to cast
a glance at my insignificance, that be-
fore Aunt Mary invited me to spend a
month with her in New York and sent
me home with a carload of trunks, con-
taining nothing but wearing apparel
expressly designed and manufactured
by New York and Paris modistes to
set forth and enhance my previously
undiscovered beauty, that before I
came home and lost all my girl friends
out of jealousy for my better clothes,
men were not in the habit of tumbling
all over themselves to tell me twenty
times a day that they loved me."

She smiled provokingly at the look
of genuine astonishment that her sud-
den outburst had brought to the sen-
sitivity lined masculine face before
her.

"And now, you, whom I considered
my best friend, have become as non-
sensual as any of them. It is true you
have said the apparently enticing
words but once, and stumbled over
them at that, by the way, but, con-
sidering that we have just arrived at
the picnic grounds and that presently
I shall ask you to take me out in a
canoe on the lake, and expect you to
ask me to go with you again after
lunch, I doubt not that by the twen-
tieth time you will become as fluent as
the others."

"Millicent, I can't deny that I shall
probably keep on repeating the ques-
tion until I get the one answer that
will satisfy me, but when you accuse
me of wanting to marry you because
you may have more or less worthless
finery on it, it's beyond—"

"John Atwood, I don't know what
you designate as cheap finery, but I
would have you know that this gown,
as well as the boa which adorns my
shoulders, was a special present from
sunnie and imported direct from
Paris." The ruffled feelings sought
consolation in rearranging the fluffy
creation of lace and artificial flowers
that composed the neckwear in ques-
tion.

"You understand what I meant, Mil-
licent. I can't say you don't look nice
in that thing around your neck, but I
liked you just as well in the brown
dress that you used to wear with
brown ribbons, and then you used to
let me put my arms around you."

An indignant shoulder turned in his
direction was the only answer.

"But won't you please hurry and
ask me to take you out on the lake, as
you said you would, before I do the
asking and offend you again."

The putting face, half hidden behind
the white parasol, looked almost as
though about to refuse to go out on
the lake altogether, but John pulled
up a canoe and quietly began arrang-
ing the cushions. When he had fin-
ished, a figure behind a parasol stepped
in and settled down among them.

Nothing was said until they had
proceeded nearly across the lake and
were skirting along the opposite shore.
Then as John was paddling idly,
watching a reflection in the water,
a voice suddenly demanded that he
turn aside and enter an opening that
the shore made at this point and
through which could be seen a small
pool of water thickly studded with
the white blossoms of the water lilies.

Without hesitation John turned the
nose of the canoe in the direction
indicated and paddled to the point
of entering, when he noticed that the
water in the inclosed space was very
shallow and covered a surface of dark-
looking mud.

He stopped progress and waited for
the owner of the voice to observe the
state of affairs, but the voice vouch-
safed nothing but an impatient com-
mand to continue. Then he spoke in a
non-committal voice of the advisabil-
ity of entering where there was in-
sufficient water to allow paddling. But
the flowers gleamed white in the sun-
light and a scornful ripple of laughter
was his answer.

Manlike, he gave in to woman's
whim and pushed the boat into the
midst of the lilies. He reaped a reward
in the lowering of the parasol and a
companionable face smiled upon him
as the owner proceeded to tuck up the
ruffles preparatory to plucking from
the water the brown-stemmed lilies.
But even before the first flower was
obtained the catastrophe happened.

A great, ugly-looking green dragon
fly rose loudly buzzing from the flow-
ers, directly under the side of the
boat, and, perceiving the gentry swaying
fluffiness above the canoe, and per-
haps deceived into thinking it a new
mass of bloom yet unexplored, dived
at once in its direction and succeeded
in alighting with a moment's dispatch
directly under a pink chin, with the
rough wings brushing a dimpled
throat.

It was all over in a minute. A
startled cry of feminine terror, a pan-
ic-stricken spring for the other side of
the canoe, and John found himself
knee-deep in black, silny mud, with a
bedraggled and dripping little figure
weeping hysterically upon his shoulder,
and an overturned canoe within
his reach.

It was then he saw his chance. Mil-

POPE LEO XIII., WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED
THE SILVER JUBILEE OF HIS PONTIFICATE.



Pope Leo XIII., who recently celebrated the silver jubilee of his pontificate, was born at Carpineto, Italy, March 2, 1810. He is the son of Count Louis Pecci and was baptized by the names of Vincenzo and Giacchino. He was ordained in 1837, was made bishop in 1846, proclaimed a cardinal in 1853, and was elected Pope Feb. 20, 1878. He was crowned on March 3 following.

licent, stop your crying. I never saw
a worse looking creature in my life."
A white face of astonishment turned
up to his. "And, for heaven's sake,
take off that black, oozy thing around
your neck." Unconsciously a muddy
fist stole up and dragged off the cling-
ing mass of slime and dropped it with
a shudder.

"Now, Millicent, will you marry
me?" Not till then did the face show
any comprehension of the words being
spoken. Then a flash of color appeared
under the streaks of black and a que-
rulous little sob escaped from the
trembling lips as, burying her face
again on the wet, heaving chest, she
answered, softly, "Yes, John"—Phila-
delphia Item.

BOUGHT MAGIC BONES.

Florida Negroes Seeking Invisibility
Realized that They Were Seen.

"For a good many years," said a
Florida man, who was up this way
recently, "we have been familiar in the
far South with the schemes which de-
signing negroes with the money-mak-
ing instinct have been working upon
their ignorant fellows to coax the coin
from their clothes. I'd hate to say
how many thousands of dollars the
more ignorant negroes of Florida alone
give up every year for concoctions,
manufactured out of nothing worth
while by the crafty negroes, for 'whit-
ening their skins.' Then there are the
multitudinous lotions or ointments or
whatever you call them on sale by
foxy negroes down our way for 'taking
the kink out of woolly hair on negroes'
heads. Colored women, especially the
younger ones, fall victims to this kind
of stuff for all of their spare change,
and there are plenty of young black
bloids who eagerly give up \$5 and even
\$10 for fake contraptions that are al-
leged to be designed to make their
noses aquiline instead of flat."

"But an ancient black schemer was
put away down in Florida not long
ago for springing and successfully
working an entirely new one. The
foxy old ducky made literally thou-
sands of dollars out of his dodge be-
fore he was nailed. He passed the
word around among the ignorant ne-
gro men that he had a consignment of
charms, in the shape of small pieces of
bone, that would come pretty near
making their purchasers bosses of ev-
erything in sight. The owner and
wearer of one of his bone charms, he
announced, would be rendered com-
pletely invisible to human eyes. Well,
you can readily imagine how a charm

like that would take down in a coun-
try where yeller-legged chickens are
thicker'n bees, and where watermel-
ons just pop out of the soil out of
their own volition. The ignorant blacks
fell to those little bone charms all in
a bunch, and they dug up from \$5 to
\$15 apiece for the things at that.

"They absolutely and implicitly be-
lieved that the wearing of the charms
would render them invisible, and for
months the darkies down our way
were attempting to help themselves to
all sorts of things that didn't belong to
them, right in the presence of the own-
ers of the property, and in broad day-
light, under the belief that their charms
screened them from the vision
of men. It took a long time, and not a
little buckshot, to convince them that
their bone charms didn't amount to
much, and then they came to the front
with the story of how they had got
hold of the charms."—Washington
Post.

Railway Company's Logic.

A woman in Belgium whose husband
had lost his life in a railway accident
received from the company 10,000
francs by way of compensation. Short-
ly after she heard of a traveler who
had lost a leg and had been paid 20,000
francs. The widow at once put on her
bonnet and shawl and went to the of-
fice of the company.

"Gentlemen, how is this?" she asked.
"You give 20,000 francs for a leg and
you allowed me only 10,000 francs for
the loss of my husband."

"Madam," was the reply, according
to the New York Mail and Express,
"the reason is plain. Twenty thousand
francs won't provide him with a leg,
but for 10,000 francs you can get a hus-
band."

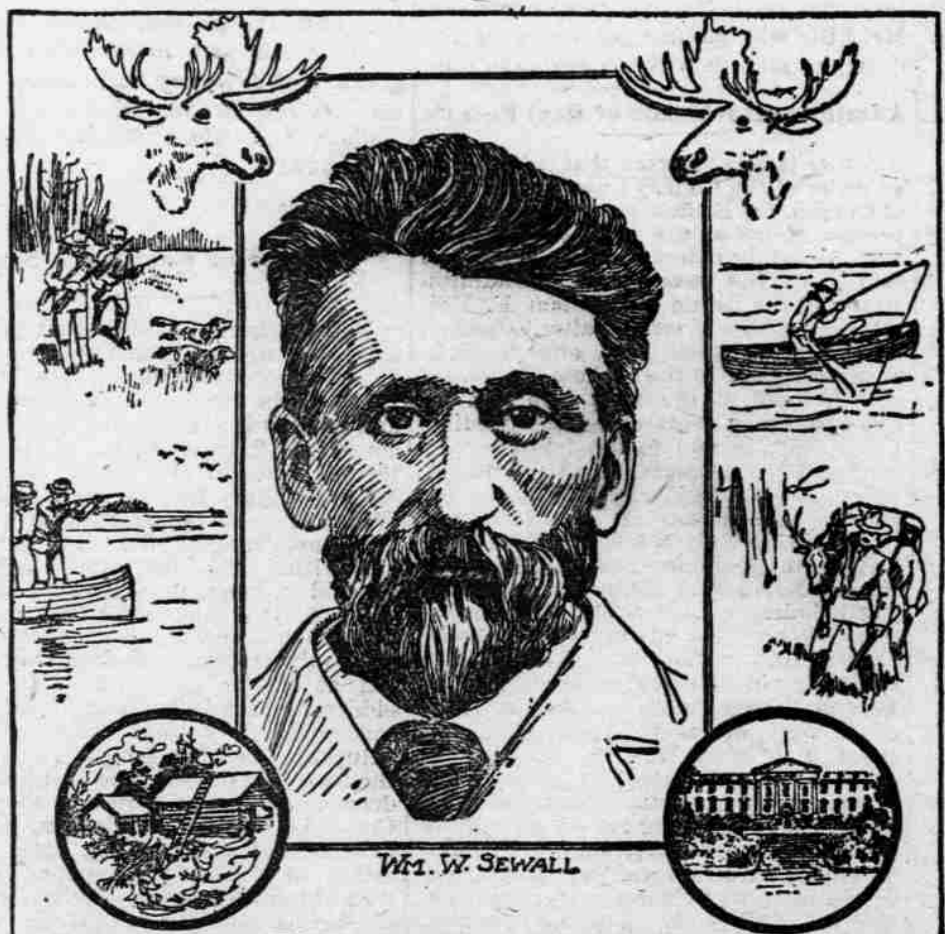
Beautifying Slot Machine.

A beautifying automatic machine is
the latest slot novelty that is now to
be seen in Berlin. The machines are
to be placed in dressing rooms at dancing
halls, in cafes, on railway stations, and
like places where people congregate.
You drop your money in the slot, and
in return you receive powder, eyebrow
pencil, lip pomade, rouge and other ad-
vantages to female beauty. With the aid
of a mirror one's money's worth can
then be satisfactorily used.

The truth is that the long hair found
on a husband's coat doesn't enter as
often into family quarrels as visits
from his wife's kin.

If you accomplish anything, you must
do it in spite of the critics.

BILL SEWALL, THE MAINE GUIDE.



Bill Sewall, the veteran Maine guide, otherwise William Wingate Sewall, his wife and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Fleetwood Pride, of Island Falls, where Bill lives, and two other old friends of President Roosevelt, were recently the guests of President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House. Sewall is a picturesque character and a typical Maine woodsman. He first accompanied President Roosevelt on his hunting expeditions when the latter was a delicate lad of 18. The acquaintance thus formed has developed into a warm friendship.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

DANGERS OF COMBINATION.

By Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott.

We still hear the question, "Shall labor be organized?" It must be. Modern conditions cannot exist without such organization. I do not know whether there was a garden of Eden, but I do know that to go back to Adam would be going backward, not forward. The real question before us to-day is, "Shall labor be automatically or democratically organized? Shall thousands of workmen take what the master prescribes and not have a voice in the decision as to the hours of labor, the wages and its conditions? Has not labor a head and arms and legs? When a labor union demands recognition, it may desire a brief display of authority, but at bottom is its declaration of a right to speak in its own behalf. I believe that the demand of labor is right. Labor organizations must be democratic, not autocratic. The object of the great labor organizations is to say itself what shall be its hours of labor, the conditions and the wages. The phenomenon of trades unions is not to be measured by an unreasonable demand of one of them.

There are dangers in great combinations of wealth, and there are dangers in great combinations of labor. What we want is to get rid of the abuse of power and the incompetent use of power when it gets into the hand of the demagogue. Because there are bosses and demagogues in politics we do not propose to abolish political organizations, but rather to rid them of bosses and demagogues.

STATE AID FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

By Dr. Biggs, Bacteriologist, of New York.

I have always felt that much harm has been done by calling tuberculosis a contagious disease. It causes confusion in the lay mind, because the popular conception of a contagious disease is connected with such diseases as scarlet fever and small-pox, in which very limited contact may result in infection. Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the fact that consumptives are a source of danger chiefly through the sputum, and if this were destroyed the most intimate contact with tubercular patients is free from danger.

The frequent occurrence of several cases of pulmonary tuberculosis in a family is to be explained not on the supposition that the disease itself has been inherited, as this is of exceedingly rare occurrence, but that it has been produced after birth by direct transmission from some affected individual. The house which has been occupied by consumptives may have been infected, and if parents are affected their relations with their children are favorable for the transmission by direct contact.

It may be safely estimated that there are at present in New York City 30,000 cases of tuberculosis in a stage of the disease in which it could be easily vanquished by a competent physician. The State is annually spending many millions for the care of the insane, and while this is absolutely necessary for humanitarian reasons I have no hesitation in saying that far greater returns would be obtained from the expenditure of one-fourth the amount on the prevention and cure of tuberculosis. I have no doubt that measures first begun in a small way in this city fifteen years ago have resulted in saving the lives of 20,000 or 30,000 inhabitants.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE TIMID SUITOR.

By Helen Oldfield.

Custom ordains that a man may choose while a woman must wait to be chosen; consequently, it behooves a modest maiden to guard against betraying her preference for any man who has not first openly shown his decided preference for her. Even then, if she is wise, she will be careful; if man's nature to pursue, and he is prone to resent any assumption of his masculine prerogative. The woman who, as the phrase is, runs after the men, is usually the woman from whom men flee, and the quarry whom she eventually captures is in most cases not worth the trouble of pursuit.

Still, there is moderation in all things. Men with proper self-respect object to being snubbed. No gentleman will

LIVES WITH THE PARIAS.

American Millionaire Prefers a Residence Among Outcasts of Japan.

An eminent American alienist, Dr. Barr, records the most peculiar case of mental perversion ever known, he believes, in the history of the world. It is that of an American millionaire, who instead of living in luxury and ease among those of his own kin, has chosen to reside among the outcasts in far-away Japan. Many years ago he was one of the greatest specialists in America and was provided with vast sums of money for the purchase of such instruments and assistance as he needed.

His reputation was very great and he amassed a fortune of over \$10,000,000. Then he took to dissipation, which soon led to his downfall and, though rich and handsome, with cultured and aesthetic tastes, he wandered away from the United States and took up a life of revolting excesses among the "hanins" or gravediggers and social outcasts of Japan.

He caused his body to be tattooed over every inch of its surface and after a time returned to America, exhibiting the work of the oriental tattooists to anyone who would care to look at it. A great dragon, perfectly shaded in every detail, adorned his back, while other designs were scattered over other parts of his body.

He was, however, cut by all his old friends and turned out of all the clubs, and subsequently returned to Japan, where, in the garb of one of the despised "hanins," he wandered about the country with a performing bear and a harem.

His next freak was to hire a squad of Japanese boys, practically buying them outright from their parents. He dressed them in military costume and trained to them an equal number of opposed monkeys, dressed as Chinese soldiers.

Then for his entertainment the Chino-Japanese war was constantly renewed. The contests were bloody and brutal and rewards were offered to the boys to urge them on to further atrocities.

While thus describing the life and doings of this strange specimen of humanity, Dr. Barr has taken the greatest pains to conceal the identity of the man and has so far succeeded.

A SHAVING GLASS.

The man who shaves himself often finds it difficult to place his mirror where he can get a good light for the work, and without the light it is not an easy task to manipulate the razor to remove the growth of beard from all parts of the face. Perhaps the traveling man has more difficulty in this respect than the one who has his glass suspended in a fixed place in his room, and it is for his use especially that the shaving mirror illustrated here is intended. As the glass and its support can be folded in small compass, and are of light weight, the device will not greatly increase the traveling man's luggage, and its added convenience of the rod is a clamping screw, by the aid of which adjustment of the mirror can be made to bring it to the proper height. When the glass has been placed in position the shaver has only to step in front of a window or artificial light to afford a distinct view of his face and enable him to use the razor with accuracy.

Found Them Hard to Raise.

A great gourmand, who had a passion for shell-fish, inherited a fine estate and a large sum of money. He had been extravagant, and his friends were greatly rejoiced at his legacy. Mr. H. Barry, in "Ivan at Home," tells to what use the money was devoted:

I went to town one day, and soon learned that the prince was in his usual impetuous condition.

"Where has your legacy gone?" I asked.

"Why," he replied, "you know that I am very fond of lobsters, and having a river on my estate, I thought I would try to acclimatize them there; but unfortunately I have spent all the legacy in the attempt without succeeding. I quite forgot the water is not salt."

The best some people can do is to express second-hand opinions.

persist in attentions to any woman who gives him plainly to understand that such attentions are distasteful. Common sense as well as courtesy forbids it. It is only in novels that men insist upon marrying wives who manifest open dislike for them, and who freely avow their aversion upon the housetops.

A clever woman, not inordinately vain, as even clever women sometimes are, can almost invariably distinguish between mere admiration and the warmer feeling which is the root of love. Moreover, admiration frequently blossoms into love if it be gently handled and wisely cultivated. The woman who possesses the sixth sense, which men name tact, will know by intuition just how and when to encourage a diffident admirer; how and where to allow a timid suitor to perceive that she prefers his attentions to those of other men, without advertising that preference to outsiders or disgusting her suitor by her boldness.

ADVANTAGE OF HAVING BROTHERS.

By Marion F. Mowbray.

It is an indisputable fact that the girl who grows up with plenty of brothers has a great advantage in knowing and understanding men when she arrives at years of discretion. What is more important, such a girl is much more companionable to a man. If young men exercise any thought when choosing their sweethearts they cannot do better than select a girl with brothers. The girl who has lacked brothers in her early life does not get used to that untrammelled attitude toward men which is a second nature with the girls who are brought up in a household of boys. Indeed, tomboyism in a young girl is perhaps the best education which she can have in the days of her girlhood.

There is a give-and-take attitude in the girl who has brothers, something more than a possible feeling of comradeship, and the certain knowledge that, because a man pays her some attention, it does not follow that he means marriage, or has "serious intentions," to use the words which old-fashioned mothers apply under such conditions. The girl, on the other hand, who has not had brothers, translates any civility as having an ulterior motive, especially if she is not quite so young as she used to be, and hopes to be married, for we know how often the wish is father to the thought. Then, anxious that the man should not see that she has any such idea, she at once endeavors to hide her thought. To do this, she adopts an unnatural attitude, and, so far from concealing her idea, she shows her hand.

The girl who is brought up with plenty of brothers, some older and some younger than herself, will have a chance to correct the defects of her education. If she has any sense she will learn to avoid these faults. She will insensibly acquire a pleasant, companionable manner with men, and she will know that they do not like stiff, self-conscious young women.

THE LAW OF GOOD TASTE.

By Lady Randolph Churchill.

The chief aims of art in dress should be either the artistic blending of colors, the clever effects that make beautiful the greatest simplicity or the most gorgeous and sumptuous raiment. For instance, what can be more simple than the classical Greek costume, or more magnificent than a Venetian sixteenth century robe? And yet both can impart dignity and grace to the modern wearer. To be perfect, the former requires as much thought, study and taste as the latter. Above all, to be suitably clad is the keynote of the successful twentieth century toilette. Since women have emulated men in the way of sport, and follow them on the moor, in the hunting field, on the golf links, and in the motor car, their dress has naturally become more practical. Any foolish fashion is certain to be short-lived nowadays. The abominable practice of wearing long skirts for the streets is dying out. Pretty as it is to see a summer dress negligently trailed over a smooth lawn jeweled with daisies, the sight of a woman dragging her gown in the street, sweeping up the fifth and collecting millions of microbes, is a revolting spectacle; and yet with a long skirt the only alternative is to hold it up, a practice which induces cramp in the arm, as well as cold fingers in winter, and gives a decidedly ungraceful walk and attitude.

PRINCE HENRY'S "CONFESSION."

Lovely Noblewoman, Fishing for a Compliment, Disgusts Him.

A story is now going the rounds of the London clubs concerning Prince Henry of Prussia, who, rumor says, will before long pay another visit to the United States.

A few weeks ago his royal highness paid quite an unofficial visit to England, and during his stay in London was the guest of a certain very wealthy and deservedly popular American millionaire. At dinner one evening Prince Henry happened to sit next to a marvelously beautiful but extremely conceited English woman, who used all her "dangerously winning ways" to please and captivate the popular German prince.

"Oh! your royal highness," softly remarked the society beauty, "I'm so glad you like dear old England and the English people. Now, will your royal highness tell me quite candidly what has impressed you most forcibly—what has given you the greatest pleasure—during your visit to this country? I'm simply longing to have your 'confession' on this point."

Prince Henry, who was genuinely bored by the "beauty's" silly "grub," looked around his host's hospitable table and then, with apparent deep earnestness, replied: "You ask me, Lady —, what has impressed me most forcibly during my short visit to your country. Well, I'll tell you—you shall have my 'confession.'"

The blushing Lady —, naturally expecting some sweet compliment, listened eagerly.

"I have been fascinated with many things since I have been in England," continued the prince, dreamily looking down at his plate, "but what has given me greater pleasure than anything else—what has fascinated me most—has been—I think—your glorious roast beef!"

"Oh! your royal highness!" almost shrieked the shocked and bitterly disappointed Lady — at such a prosaic "confession." "Our roast beef! But surely something else besides our roast beef has impressed you—something else, surely?"

"Yes, Lady —," tenderly replied Prince Henry, according to the New York Tribune, "yes, indeed. I think, next to your English roast beef, I have been most impressed by your English boiled beef!"

BOW-FACING ROWING MECHANISM.

From time to time inventors devote their attention to designing a method of propulsion for rowboats which shall enable the oarsman to face in the direction the boat is being driven, with the purpose of enabling the man handling the oars to steer the boat without the necessity of craning his neck at frequent intervals or taking easily misunderstood orders from another occupant of the boat. The mechanism here illustrated has been designed by Daniel H. Sheen of Peoria, Ill., with the above object in view. The oar itself



SHOWING ONE OAR IN POSITION.

is a straight blade mounted on a curved handle, which, in turn, is pivoted at the end of an arm extending from the horizontal shaft to which the power is applied by means of a short crank at the inner end. In the yoke in which the oar is pivoted is a spring which tends to throw the handle, at right angles to the supporting arm, and in this position it will clear the water in returning after each stroke. In the position of the oar here shown a projection on the handle is engaging a bracket on the side of the boat to bring the oar in position to exert its leverage in the water with the next stroke by throwing the upper end of the handle down against the shafts. To back the boat the end of the handle is clamped fast on the shaft, but normally the spring and bracket alternately exert their influence to throw it into its inoperative and working positions respectively.

About the Human Body.

Some statisticians have been contributing their studies of the human body to a French journal. In its normal condition, he says, the human body contains enough iron to make seven large-sized nails, sufficient fat for the supply of 13 pounds of candles, enough carbon to make 65 gross of lead pencils and enough phosphorus for over 8,000 wax vestas. Or, reduced to another state, the same man possesses the possibilities of supply of 60 cubic meters of gas and sufficient hydrogen to inflate a balloon of a carrying power of 150 pounds.

Pleases the Birds.

A scientist once put an automatic music box on the lawn and spent many hours watching the robins, blue tits and other birds gathering about it. A looking glass put up where the birds can see themselves in it is also very attractive, while a combination of a musical box and a looking glass pleases the birds more than anything else one could put out for their amusement.

Population Is Declining.

It is estimated that the Eskimo population of Alaska, Labrador and Greenland has declined from 30,000 in 1880 to 15,000 at the present time, owing to the thinning out of the seal, walrus, polar bear and other sources of food supply.

No Talent Required.

"Marie Tompkins is going on the stage."
"How did she get the chance?"
"Why, it's in a revival of 'Hamlet,' and anybody is good enough for that."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer