

IN THE ORCHARD.

Oh! here, beneath this roof of green, I throw me down and dream again...

The wheat waves in the field close by, An apple, ripened ere its time, Drops from the tree, the sun's great eye...

The birds weave to and fro and sing The very songs I would declare, And now and then the branches swing...

The binders, clicking in the wheat, The whistle of a passing train, The distant noises of the street...

To-day! To-day I rest at ease And pick the golden fruits that grow In solitude on twigs of peace...

UNCLE MARTIN'S MONEY.

ROSEVILLE was asleep in the dullness of Sunday afternoon. In Mrs. Maloney's sitting room there was the odor of strong tea...

"It's a perfect shame," she had said. "Uncle Martin has a good deal of money saved up, I am sure..."

"He hasn't it in any bank at Fairbrook," said Mrs. Ryan, "because Pat has asked..."

"Like as not," Mrs. Burns said, "he has it hid in the house somewhere. He's that queer about it, you never can tell..."

Mrs. Maloney looked thoughtfully at the speaker. "I saw him get in with the McGoverners after mass. He was going out to the farm to dinner with them..."

"How much," said Mrs. Maloney, "do you think he might have?" as she drew out a drawer of the old bureau...

"A thousand or so," said Mrs. Burns, from the depth of an old rag bag. "I don't believe it's that much..."

"Do you suppose it is that he really hasn't any, as he says?" said Mrs. Burns. "Pshaw!" said Mrs. Maloney, skeptically...

The next morning, however, Mrs. Maloney was to have more exact knowledge as to the amount of Uncle Martin's money. Her husband, who was the village constable...

"Uncle Martin was just in the store, and he says somebody has stolen his money. He says there were signs of somebody being in his place when he came home yesterday evening..."

"How much does he say he had?" "One hundred and fifty dollars. I would have thought he'd have had more..."

"And then, think," went on her husband, "of the shame on the town. There hasn't been anybody in the jail for more than five years—not since..."

"What's Uncle Martin going to do about it?" "He's gone off to see if he can get some evidence. He has a suspicion who it is; he's going to be gone until this evening, and then he's to let me know..."

A summons from the store came just then, and Mrs. Maloney was, fortunately, left alone. "He must have seen us," she moaned, as she dropped in a chair...

There were tears and gnashing of teeth in the Burns and the Ryan households, but in the end the bitter money was produced and, added to what Mrs. Maloney had saved by odd dressmaking jobs in the village, the



Aduroi Developer.—Aduroi without alkali gives an excellent developer. Water, sulphite of soda and aduroi form the working solution...

Window Transparencies.—Old cast-off negatives can excellently be made use of. A strong fixing soda solution, to which is added an abundant quantity of red prussiate of potassium...

Solution 1.—Red prussiate of potassium, 4.5 g.; distilled water, 50 g. Solution 2.—Green citric oxide of iron ammonia, 12.5 g.; distilled water, 50 g.

Equal parts of Solutions 1 and 2 are mixed. For a few 9x12 plates 30 to 40 c. c. m. sensitizing solution are sufficient.—Photographic Times.

guilty women managed to get the \$150 together. Toward six o'clock Mrs. Maloney slipped into Martin's little house and put the money into the tick...

"That's right, that's right," said her husband. "You might as well have the good of it yourself. You worked hard enough for it..."

Mrs. Maloney choked, and set down the cup of coffee she was drinking, and rose hastily from the table. Uncle Martin looked on sympathetically...

Alas, curiosity is the ancient sin of woman, and it seems to take many lessons to break her of it.—New York News.

Who Has Had His Ups and Downs in Speculation. Jim Keene, the well-known broker, who was recently squeezed to the tune of \$2,000,000 in Wall street, knows the ups and downs of the market...

Underground Station in Paris. An extraordinary piece of engineering is begun by the municipality of Paris, which will keep the Place de l'Opera closed for nearly a year...

Does the Rattler Talk? "What is a rattlesnake's rattle for?" said John Lover, the zoo keeper, in response to a question by a Philadelphia Record man...

Plain. Naturally when the Young Person found herself making somebody Such a Good Wife her womanly instinct was started...

Highest Tower in the World. The highest tower in the world, 750 feet high, will be erected at the Central station in New York City.

Jay Gould, with whom he engaged in fighting Western Union with Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph. While they profited in this campaign, he broke with Gould shortly afterwards...

neath it an underground metropolitan railway station of three floors, where the several lines will intersect on the different levels. Metallic flooring will separate the three lines...

Inhabitants of New Mexico believe in a future State. "Once this man saw seven hogs attack a rattlesnake, and while he fought he rattled loud and long..."

On the other hand, declared that Keene had played him a shabby trick. It was at this time that Keene expressed the opinion that Gould was the wickedest man in the world...

Keene had heaped up his profits in cash and was known to have as much as \$9,000,000 in currency when he undertook to corner the wheat market...

As a result of the speculation, the market turned so unfortunately that he entangled himself beyond hope of redemption, and in 1884 failed again.

POPE PIUS X.



GIUSEPPE SARTO—POPE PIUS X.

Born at Riese, Province of Venice, Italy.....June 2, 1835 Educated in the seminaries of Treviso and Padua.....1848-1856 A student at the Sacra Theologia, Rome.....1856-1858 Ordained as a priest.....Sept. 18, 1858 Appointed parish priest at Salzano.....1857 Elected Chancellor of the Bishopric of Treviso.....1875 Appointed Bishop of Mantua.....Nov. 10, 1884 Made a Cardinal Priest.....June 12, 1893 Recognized by Pope Leo as Patriarch of Venice.....June 15, 1893 Elected Pope.....Aug. 4, 1903

The new head of the Catholic Church, Cardinal Joseph Saro, who has taken the title of Pius X, ascends the Papal throne at the same age as his predecessor, Pope Leo XIII. He brings to that exalted office the same noble qualities as those of the departed Pontiff...

The election of Cardinal Saro, since 1893 the patriarch of Venice, was somewhat of a surprise. His name was not prominently mentioned among those who, in the popular estimate, were likely to be chosen...

Cardinal Saro was born at Riese, Province of Venice, June 2, 1835. In 1863 he was created Cardinal and Patriarch of Venice. He has had a wide reputation for his learning, especially in ecclesiastical affairs...

Cardinal Saro belonged to the ecclesiastical congregations of bishops and regulars, sacred rites, indulgences and sacred relics. He enjoyed great popularity in his diocese. He is honored by all for his purity, for the strict uprightness of his life, and for liberal ideas...

Although little is known of the new Pope's political tendencies, he is considered to be one likely to avoid conflicts and to continue the moderate policy of Pope Leo and Cardinal Rampolla. Officials in Rome recall his tactful course in receiving the King and Queen of Italy at Venice...

UTAH CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

A. B. Lewis, who is interested in a \$30,000,000 Enterprise. One of the prominent men in the industrial world, about whom little is said in the East, is State Senator A. B. Lewis...

Lewis, of Utah, who is associated with United States Senator Clark of Montana, in a \$30,000,000 organization for the development of the great coal and iron fields in the southern part of Utah...

large enterprises in the West, particularly in the mining development of his State; and in some of these his success has been made the more striking because of tremendous prejudice and opposition...

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used most—a love call, generally, with which the male snake summons his mate. Military Marriages. A privilege enjoyed by girls who marry officers of the Brigade of Guards is that of being married in the chapel in the enclosure at Wellington Barracks...

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...LIGHT AND SHADE...

NINETTE'S eyes bespoke an approaching storm. "A fair warning again!" she muttered half audibly as she gathered up the cards impatiently to throw for the last time...

"Ah! This is better"—with a smile of satisfaction—"why, here is good luck again! Perhaps, after all, Ceil is true. If I could only understand their language! But he never speaks to her in French. Courage, Ninette! the last cards tell your story. Is it a fair lady or a dark girl who is loved by Ceil? Die!"

The "fair lady's card" had turned again, and Ninette burst into a fresh deluge of tears just as the false Ceil swung open the studio door, and, without observing the crouching figure of Ninette, began to whistle a merry air...

"Why, bless my soul, Ninette, I never saw you!" "You have no eyes for me. You would have seen another if she had been here..."

"Another would not have kept so silent, perhaps—and tears, too! Now this is tiresome, when I have had such a turn of good luck. Listen, Ninette, and dry your eyes. My picture—" "Of me?"

"No, no—the great one, 'The Dawn,' will be exhibited. Then if luck comes our way, as is sure to happen, we can be—you know what?"

Ceil drew Ninette to him in affectionate embrace, too clad with his own hope of prosperity to question further the cause of tears. Ninette's

doubts vanished somewhat as the tender avowals of love fell from the lips of the lover. She could not believe him quite false, and yet—why did he not exhibit her portrait in the salon. Could not 'Dawn' have black hair as well as golden, and surely the fair lady was not otherwise more beautiful than she.

Ceil interrupted the unpleasant reverie with, "Ninette, do you know I believe my love for you has made me a better painter! M. de Thales was here this morning and said the warmth and soul of 'The Dawn' were extraordinary..."

The announcement that love for her had added him in putting warmth and soul into the eyes of another woman was not comforting to Ninette, and she broke from his embrace impatiently. Catching up her broad brimmed hat, she dashed out of the studio and shut herself in her own little chamber, which was on the ground floor.

"The little vixen!" laughed Ceil. "I suppose old Gretha gave her a bad breakfast this morning. She did not seem properly pleased with the possibility of your being soon—Ah, Julia! I am glad you have come. The picture is nearly finished—and such good news! De Thales was here this morning and was delighted. Why do you look at the door—are you afraid of ghosts following you in?"

"No, Ceil, but do you know I have a strange feeling of fear sometimes when I see Ninette! She peered at me to-day as I came up the stairs, and her black eyes looked like those of a tiger. Ceil, that girl is dangerous! I hope she isn't fond of you; you know that is easily possible, with these French creatures of impulse..."

"O, that is just like you women," replied lightly that excellent judge of feminine emotion; "always suspicious of another woman's love. Well, I can tell you one thing, Julia; Ninette's love is less dangerous than her hate, although I should not like to trifle with either. But I, who so thoroughly understand Ninette, shall take care that no danger attends her love for me..."

Ninette had crept from her chamber and was listening at the keyhole of the studio with hot breath and angry eyes. How tender his voice! Almost the only English word that Ninette knew was "dear," and she heard him apply it to Julia—the fair-haired. She felt she could burst with jealous passion, but at this moment she heard familiar voices on the steps and several comrades stood before her.

"Good-morning, Nina!" exclaimed the foremost on beholding the model, whom all knew to be a favorite with Ceil, and locking his arm familiarly in hers, they entered the studio, followed by the others.

"Hello, Thorne—just heard of your luck, my boy! Give us a shake of the hand, old chap, before you get too high up in the world to recognize old friends. Let's have a holiday now in celebration. Come out of the studio—after to-morrow you will be too grand for frivolities..."

Julia arose and smiled assent. "Do, Ceil, you work much too hard. It will do you good. Good-morning, gentlemen; good-by, Ceil—Ninette!" The last was an exclamation, not a greeting.

Ninette was glaring from her dark eyes, and Julia involuntarily shuddered as she lifted her rich silken gown and swept down the stairs. "O, if I knew how to speak French I would let the little French demon know she must not stare at me so insolently. Poor Ninette! I hope her love for Ceil will not interfere with his work, but I am the last person in the world who ought to blame her for loving him..."

Carless and free as are only the pleasure-loving American artists who alternate the study of art with that of "La Vie" in the Eden of both, Ceil Thorne and his companions made the cafes in the Latin quarter of Paris ring with their merriment until a late hour, when Ceil returned to his lodging, intoxicated with the thought of the morning. He spent a half hour or so in his studio, and after making a few final arrangements started for his attic bedroom. As he passed the door of Ninette's apartments he wondered if she slept. Then, at a sudden recollection of his hopes and all they meant to him, he broke into a merry whistle and mounted light-heartedly to his own door. His burst of merriment was the last straw.

"To-morrow," she thought, "I will not forget that I have helped you to put warmth and soul into her eyes! You think you shall find fame to-morrow, and that the fair-haired, cold-hearted girl will help you to rejoice; but you do not know Ninette!"

Springing from her couch, she felt for matches, but could find none. "No matter," she said. "I know the esel well. Have I not watched him bending over it as though he loved the canvas itself? Die! you should have exhibited Ninette!" Noiselessly, vindictively, she groped her way along the dark passage into the studio. Not even a moonbeam to assist her feet over the cold stone floor. "Ha—the esel!"—she gave a little cry of pain as her tender foot came in contact with the sharp edge. Then, seizing a wet brush, with delicious joy she drew it again and again across the picture, smearing beyond recognition every corner of the canvas. "There!" she said as she threw down the brush and started to leave the studio. "There! Mlle. Yellow Hair—I hate golden hair—at least, I should hate it if Ceil had not golden hair..."



THE GREAT ONE, "THE DAWN."

The thought of Ceil's fair hair, which she had so often covered with ardent kisses, recalled her to a moment of sudden reproach. What had she done? She, who pretended to love Ceil, had destroyed the result of a whole half-year's toil and his hope of fortune, and perhaps—yes, that selfish "perhaps" swept over her with overwhelming force, and the little criminal crept back to her chamber, threw herself upon her couch, and there remained till her restless slumber was disturbed by the sound of Ceil's footsteps entering the studio.

"She awoke with a start. He was walking towards the esel. She dared not go to him; she would wait till the first outburst of his passion had passed. For a long time there was absolute silence in the studio. At last, unable to bear the suspense, she timidly opened the studio door and looked in. All trace of the defiant insolence which made her so bewitching had vanished, and she sat submissively, awaiting the volley of reproach which she so richly deserved. Instead of this, Ceil smiled at beholding her and advanced to meet her, and she felt half afraid..."

"Ah, there you are, ma chere. Come and see what some villainous hand has done..." "No, no," answered Ninette, still questioning his sanity. "I cannot look upon it. O, Ceil, you have driven me mad with jealousy!"

"Jealousy, ma chere? What on earth are you talking about? Do you not believe that I love you fondly and devotedly—"

"Stop! You call me 'dear.' Ceil, answer me this—do you love the fair Julia who sits for 'The Dawn'?" "Love her—of course I do—but not as I love you..."

"There, you confess! I will not share your love with her. I was sorry I did it, but now I am glad—glad! You would be famous with her portrait and she would be glad with you. Is it not so? You dare not deny it!"

"Why, Ninette, how strangely you talk! Would she not be an unnatural woman not to be glad of her brother's success?" "Brother?" almost shrieked Ninette. "Brother? She is your sister, Ceil?" "My dear child, do you mean to tell me you have not known that?"

"Why have you never told me that before?" "Why, Ninette, I never dreamed that you did not know it. Every one else knows it, and you have never spoken of this before..."

"No, I could not bear to speak of her, and I heard nothing of your talk—I do not understand your English talk. And now—O, Ceil! Ceil! the picture—the villainous hand—" "O, yes! to be sure; I nearly forgot the picture with your wild talk. I say, Ninette, what a good thing 'The Dawn' had been removed from the esel!"

Ninette burst into a loud laugh. "Removed? Say it again, Ceil! It was removed, and it was not her picture that I—O, what would you have done?" Then the painter realized for the first time what she had intended to do.

"You little vixen!" he said seriously, "did you do it, and did you mean to spoil 'The Dawn'? Ah, Ninette, you are really too bad!" "But she was not listening. She knew how to make her peace with him.—Chicago Tribune.

Certain of One Thing. "Does you b'lieve de devil rides a white boss?" "Dunno. But I knows dis much: Whatever boss he rides will sho' git dar."—Atlanta Constitution.

When anyone complains a great deal of boys, it is a bad sign.