

FROM SONGS OF TWO.

We thought when Love at last should come
The rose would lose its thorn,
And every lip but Joy's be dumb
When Love, sweet Love, was born;
That never tears should start to rise,
No night o'ertake our morn,
Nor any guests of grief surprise
When Love, sweet Love, was born.

And when he came, O Heart of mine!
And stood within our door,
No joy our dreaming could divine
Was missing from his store.
The thorns shall wound our hearts
again,
But not the fear of yore,
For all the guests of grief and pain
Shall serve him evermore.
—Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

The Cyclone's Mercy

HE heat rolled up in waves from the sun-soaked land into an atmosphere already surcharged with heat. For a number of hours the birds had ceased song and twitter. The sharp chirr of the grasshoppers and the steady click, click of the harvester seemed to voice the misery caused by the stifling air. Not the slightest breeze ruffled the broad expanse of ripened wheat; not a motion except of men, machine and horses. White streaks of lather showed on the horses wherever touched by a strap of leather, and though they lagged miserably at their work the driver was too enervated by the heat to urge them to a livelier gait.

A tall, broad-shouldered young man walked toward the team and held up one hand with a gesture of command. "Take the horses, Mart, and put them in the shadow of the barn; they'll get sunstruck if you don't look out. We'll quit, all of us, until it cools off a little."

He walked slowly toward the house and threw himself down in the shade of the porch. The other men lounged in the shadow of the barn.

"Good thing Jeff Cooper thinks something of his hosses," muttered Mart.



AT HIS FEET LAY HILDA.

"He don't care for anything but what costs him money. No wonder his wife left him."

"Where did she go?" asked one of the men, lazily.

"Nobody knows, unless she went back to her folks."

"What did she go for?" questioned the man again.

"Got tired of workin' like a beast, I guess. All Jeff married her for was to work. She used to milk the cows, take care of the hosses and do most all the chores, then go into the field and work. She drove the team all through harvestin' last summer."

"She was a Swede, wasn't she?"

"Yes; a strong, red-checked young woman, with big blue eyes, and hair just the color of that wheat field down there. A young Swede was workin' for Jeff, and they left about the same time; guess there ain't much doubt—"

"It's a lie!"

The men jumped and turned to look into Jeff Cooper's white angry face. He was trembling, but his voice was cool and steady.

"My wife never left with any man; it was not like her. No better, truer woman ever lived, and any man who fakes to say anything different may answer to me." He clenched a pair of huge fists and looked at Mart, who did not answer for a moment, then he asked—

"What did she go away for, then, and where is she?"

"I don't know; but I know that when I find her she will be as good and pure as a little child."

"Pity you hadn't precalated her a little more when you had her," returned Mart, scornfully. "Most always if a man thinks anything of his wife he don't set her to workin' outdoors, like a man."

"I never wanted her to work outdoors. She liked to tend the horses and drive them, to sit on the harvester and watch the wheat fall. I did everything for her that I could. You thought when you built a mud house for your wife that you had done wonders; I built a frame house for mine, and put a porch on it, when every board in it cost me most a bag of wheat, and that at the railroad twenty miles away."

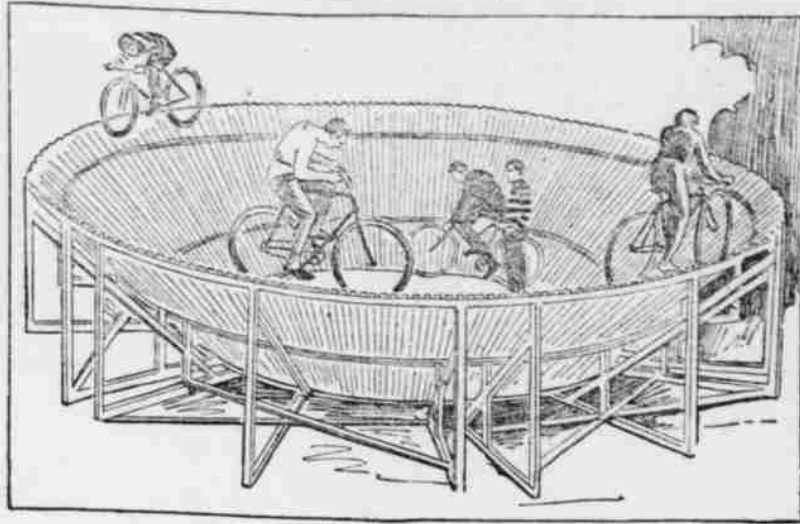
"Look! Look!" interrupted one of the men. "A cyclone!"

The men jumped to their feet. They could hear the distant roar coming nearer and nearer, and all earth and the heavens seemed filled with the gathering fury.

"It's going south of us," said Mart, hopefully.

"There's enough of it coming here. Get the horses into the cellar, quick!" commanded Jeff, running as he spoke to the horses, that stood pulling at their halters, their sensitive ears pricked forward as they sensed the coming tornado. In a moment men and horses were in the cyclone cellar and the

THE THRILLING "CYCLE WHIRL."



The "cycle whirl" is the latest sensation of the bicycle world, says the New York Journal. This apparatus makes it possible to hold bicycle races on the stage of a theater. In fact, there are two pursuit races daily at a New York theater, in which several noted stars of the cycling world take part.

The men whirl around the basin with almost incredible speed. So steep is the track banked that the men appear to defy the laws of gravitation. To the spectators they seem to be riding around a picket fence slightly tilted. In order to cover a mile the cyclist has to make between 125 and 150 laps. When two are going at full speed they present the appearance of two colored streaks flying around with lightning speed.

"Dare Devil" Schreyer of mile-a-minute fame, and King and Samuelson, known as the "bobs" team in the recent six-day bicycle race at New York, are among the men who risk their lives daily giving exhibitions in the "wooden bowl." It takes skill of no mean order to race in this latest evolution of the bicycle track.

CONQUERED THE BAKER.

Elephant Brought His Ill-Natured Friend to Time.

Among the many odd presents received by Queen Victoria was an elephant, which, when a mere baby, was sent to her by an Indian prince. He traveled as a deck passenger on one of the Indian mail steamers from Bombay, and as he had attained but the height of a well-grown calf and was always docile and tractable, he was permitted to have the run of the decks for an hour or two every morning.

By the sailors he was called the "bos'n's mate," owing to the penchant he had for carefully picking up every loose coil of rope that he could find and then throwing it over the side, being, as Jack said, "as bad as a naval lieutenant for keeping the decks tidy."

Among other acquaintances that he formed was that of the ship's baker, whose galley he soon discovered to be the place of origin of all the sweet dainties with which he was feted. Here he took to making a regular morning call, and was generally regaled with a tart piece of cake.

But one morning, when he called and extended his trunk, as usual, the cook happened to be in ill humor, and instead of a cake the elephant received a tap on the trunk from the rolling pin.

The blow was not severe, but the bos'n turned tall and went trumpeting up the deck, where he took a position that enabled him to watch for his assailant.

Before long he saw the baker leave his "shop," and having apparently made up his mind what to do, the bos'n promptly marched down, and with a few vigorous sweeps of his trunk cleared every shelf in the bakery. Loaves, tarts, cakes, patty pans and cake tins lay in a confused heap on the deck. This achieved, he boited like a mischievous schoolboy, and was backed up in disgrace; but when the circumstances became known the popular verdict was in his favor, and he was allowed his liberty as before.

Bos'n was no sooner set free again than he marched down to the baker's, and from that day he never failed to exact his tribute. It was regularly paid, and he and the baker became the best of friends.—Youth's Companion.

ELECTRICITY HASTENS CROPS.

New Jersey Truck Farmer Taps Trolley Wire for Benefit of Garden.

The Bordentown (N. J.) Trolley Company is suing one Michaelis Quentock, a Bohemian truck farmer at New Egypt, for the larceny of its electric current. The circumstances of the theft are so peculiar and interesting and seem to point to results so important as to raise it from a petty crime into a great discovery—provided, of course, the facts are as stated.

Measurements at the power house of the trolley company showed that there was a loss of current somewhere along the line which could not be accounted for. This loss had continued for some time. Experts were set to work and after much search, discovered that a farmer had ingeniously tapped the wire conveying the current from the power house and was utilizing it to stimulate the growth of vegetables.

There was a network of wires on his truck patch, 300 by 200 feet, on which his radish crop was grown. He had by this means electrified the ground in some way and claims that since stringing his wires he finds that radishes, which previously needed six weeks to come to maturity, could be brought to the marketable condition in fourteen days. This, if true, means that by causing electricity to circulate through the ground three crops may be raised and gathered in the time hitherto required to mature one crop.

This is of first importance, says the New York Times, and if established by investigation it is a discovery which should increase the value of land and reduce the cost of food vegetables. As a discovery it would be worth many fold the value of all the current of the Bordentown Trolley Company.

No Deer.

"Bascom will never be mistaken for a deer."

"No, he's more apt to be mixed up with the modest animal that displays ears in place of antlers."—Washington Star.

HE WAS GETTING POSTED.

Wanted to Learn Something About the Stirring Life of the West.

He had the look of a man who would not give another man a fair show, and it was only a minute after he sat down in the seat beside the cowboy that his nature was fully exposed.

"I suppose you have had some narrow escapes from the Indians?" he queried as a starter.

"Well, yes," was the reply. "It was only two months ago that as I was riding across—"

"And of course you have seen bears in plenty?" interrupted the Easterner.

"Yes, I've seen bears. One day about six weeks ago, as I was looking for stray cattle among the foothills, I—"

"And I have heard that the wolves out there are very savage."

"Wolves? Well, the timber wolves are bad critters to meet when they happen to be hungry. One day last winter, when the snow was about three feet deep, I was making my way across—"

"And is it true about there being so many rattlesnakes out there?" cut in the questioner.

"There's rattlesnakes, of course," replied the cowboy after a puzzled look at the other, "and maybe they are as thick as the papers tell of. Yes, I've seen a heap of 'em myself. I was just thinking of a narrow escape I had last summer. I had got off my cayuse to look for tracks of lost cattle, when—"

"And were you ever in a prairie fire?"

"Prairie fire? Yes, three or four of 'em. It was only last August that as I was loping across a prairie about twenty miles wide that—"

"And how about landslides and avalanches?"

"I've seen 'em both. The biggest landslide I ever saw was two years ago last fall. It was over at Panther mountain. I was within half a mile of the base—"

"Were you ever run over by a stampeding herd of cattle?" interrupted the listener.

"Yes, I was," slowly replied the cowboy, who, says the Detroit Free Press, seemed to be somewhat out of sorts.

"Was it a big herd?"

"About 10,000 steers."

"And of course you were trodden into a shapeless, lifeless mass?"

"Of course."

"That will do—thanks. I've always had considerable curiosity about the West, and I thought I'd post up a little. Much obliged for all your information, and good-day!"

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

The owner of a team in charge of a driver is held in Perkel vs. American Express Company (Mass.), 52 L. R. A. 950, not to be liable for injuries caused by its collision with another on the highway if at the time the driver has departed from the prescribed route for some purpose of his own.

A slot machine seized by police officers under statutory authority for the prevention of crime, which was designed to be used in violation of the gambling laws and incapable of being put to any legitimate use, is held in board of police commissioners vs. Wagner (Md.), 52 L. R. A. 775, not to be recoverable by an action of replein.

Examining physicians who sign a certificate required by statute in order to commit a person to a hospital for dipsomania and inebriates are held in Niven vs. Boland (Mass.), 52 L. R. A. 786, not to be liable to one confined therein without cause, where they act in good faith and without malice, since the privilege attaching to witnesses and to cases of privileged communications attaches to them.

The State, as accuser in a criminal proceeding, does not seek the conviction of one of its citizens unless the evidence shows his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, the Supreme Court of Georgia holds, in the case of Ivey vs. State (39 S. E. Rep. 423); nor will it permit its prosecuting officer to use any unfair means in the trial, or illegal arguments in his address to the jury, to the prejudice of the accused.

A railroad company is not liable for damages resulting from an assault and battery inflicted by the station agent upon a person when it appears that the difficulty which gave rise to the beating arose out of a personal quarrel, the Supreme Court of Georgia holds, in the case of Lynch vs. Florida, etc., R. Co. (39 S. E. Rep.), and that the agent, so far as related to his participation therein, was acting upon his individual responsibility and not within the scope of the business of his agency as an employee of the company.

Misrepresented.

Subscriber—You misrepresented me in your paper.

Editor—How so.

Subscriber—Didn't you say I was the happy father of a bouncing boy?

Editor—Yes.

Subscriber—Well, it's a case of twins.

—Ohio State Journal.

Not Going into the Milk Business.

Whyte—I hear that Perkins bought a cow when he was down in Maine.

Brownne—Is that so? Why, where in the world is he going to keep her?

Whyte—He isn't going to keep her. He shot her for a deer.—Somerville Journal.

Handicapped.

"He's no piano player."

"You're wrong, he's a great player."

"A great player? Why, his hair is no longer than mine."—Washington Star.

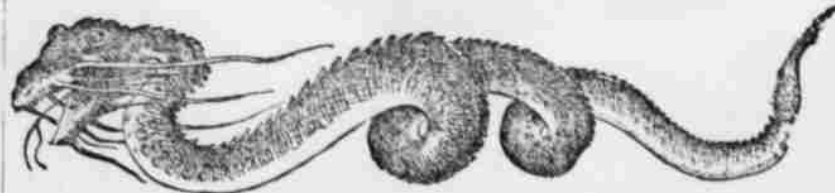
Not a Nov-ity.

"The new Holland submarine boat stayed under water fifteen hours."

"The Spanish fleet did better than that."—Washington Star.

Man was made to mourn and woman was made to furnish the cause.

STRANGE SERPENT SLAIN IN EVERGLADES.



"DRAGON OF THE EVERGLADES," FROM A SKETCH BY AN INDIAN.

AN enormous reptile, more like the mythical dragon than a land serpent, has been killed by a hunter in the lower Everglades. For 100 years it has not only been a tradition among the Seminole Indians, who live in the Florida everglades, that an immense serpent made its home in that region, and they affirm that two Indians had been carried off by the monster.

Recently Rustier Ferrel, one of the boldest and most noted hunters at Okochee, who for twenty years has made the border of the lake and the everglades his home, on one of his periodical expeditions into one of these lonesome wilds noted what he supposed to be the pathway of an immense alligator. For several days he visited the locality for the purpose of killing the saurian, but was unsuccessful in finding him.

Finally he decided to take a stand in a large cypress tree and await the coming of the alligator, taking provisions to last him several days.

For two days he stood on watch, with his rifle ready, but without the desired success. He was becoming discouraged, but determined to give one more day to the effort. On the third day, before he had been on his perch an hour, he was almost paralyzed by what looked to him like an immense serpent gliding along the supposed alligator track. He estimated it to be anywhere from twenty to thirty feet long and fully ten to twelve inches in diameter where the head joined the body and as large around as a barrel ten feet farther back. The snake stopped within easy reach of his gun and raised its head to take a precautionary view of its surroundings. As it did Ferrel opened fire on it, shooting at its head. Taken by surprise, the serpent dashed into the marsh at railroad speed, while Ferrel kept up fire on it until he had emptied the magazine of his rifle, but failed to stop it.

About four days afterward he ventured back into the neighborhood to see how things were, and about a mile from where he first saw the snake he saw a large flock of buzzards and went to see what they were after, and there he found the creature dead and its body so badly torn by the buzzards that it was impossible to save the skin. He however, secured its head and has it now in his home on the Kissimmee river. It is truly a frightful looking object, fully ten inches from jaw to jaw, with ugly, razorlike teeth.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS EXCEL.

Chicago Professor Gives Particulars of Deficiency in European Schools.

The American schoolboy is two inches taller than the average European schoolboy of a like age, writes Prof. Watt, of Chicago. I am positive of this declaration after a tour of inspection of the various schools of Europe, and I place the usefulness of the instruction imparted, from an educational and a hygienic point of view, as follows: First, the United States; second, England; third, Germany, closely followed by France and Russia.

There is a great difference in the school systems, but in two ways is this more noticeable, viz., inspection of school work and its results. The system of inspection abroad has been developed to such an extent that it is more of a science than an ordinary routine, as in this country. The inspector spends at least a day a month in each room, making copious notes of both teachers' and pupils' work, criticising in open class the deficient studies and commending those that are satisfactory.

I am willing to concede that it is possible to be more definite abroad than at home, owing to more specific aims in

main in school, because we are an educated people, while in Europe no common boys attend the secondary schools. Only those who are in training for professional careers and who are supposed to be specially well endowed mentally enter those schools at all. Again, the matter of fitting a pupil so that he is able to step into an office as soon as he is out of the high school is not considered abroad as it is here. Little or no attention is devoted to what we call commercial training, such as shorthand, typewriting and commercial law. This instruction is only obtained by a European student in a college course.

The same openness of mind so noticeable in the American youth is totally lacking in the foreign student, and he is held to the facts in his books until he has no breadth of range. He spends much less time in the open air and takes less exhilarating exercise than our boys. Add to this the scientific ventilation of our classrooms, the dash of our methods, shorter hours of instruction, more cheerful methods, periods of relaxation more frequent, and it is no wonder our boys grow two inches taller than the foreign boys when taken age for age.

AMERICA. ENGLAND. GERMANY. FRANCE.

the minds of both the educators and text-book writers. Text books are rarely changed abroad, and a student is taught rather to grasp and retain detailed information than look for it in himself. Blinders, as it were, are placed on his eyes, so that he is unable to look aside. Certainly these schools are more advanced in theory than ours, but we surely excel them from a practical side. We aim to impart a theoretical and practical education combined, and more nearly to procure the acme of usefulness in after years. Then, too, the natural tendency of the American youth to apply knowledge as soon as acquired is a superiority that greatly aids the teacher to attain results. Probably, and most likely, the lack of the foreign student of this essential is on account of the system of supervision and restriction that obtain abroad. It is almost a crime for a junior clerk to suggest an improvement to the manager of a corporation and likewise it is considered very bad for a student to advance any ideas in class.

Any one of the foreign schools is better equipped, more expensive to maintain and better fitted to exert an influence in the student body than ours, but the medieval practice of restrictions places them beyond the pale of our work. Omitting the English schools, any one of the others has a distinct advantage over our schools from the fact that reading and spelling are mastered in three years, because words are spelled as spoken. Many of our pupils are unable to read English after ten years' steady application. Arithmetic is much easier abroad, because the tables are founded on the decimal system, like our money, and require very little memorizing. It is conceded that a boy coming out of the preparatory school on the continent is about two years ahead of our boy of the same age who is graduating from our high school. While this is true, our boy has done at least three years more work in mastering the reading, spelling and grammar of our difficult language with its barbarous spelling and numerous irregularities of grammar.

Then, too, our high schools take in all classes of boys who can afford to re-

A Question of Need.

"What have you done with all the money I gave you for campaign purposes?" asked Senator Sorghum.

"I have put it where it was needed," answered the agent.

"That's what I thought," was the disconsolate answer. "Before I can rely on getting it all placed I suppose I've got to wait until you get more than you need."—Washington Star.

She Wouldn't.

"Be mine!" he cried.

But she wouldn't, for she was an heiress and knew that he looked upon her as a gold mine.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Every time a girl fails to get a letter from her steady she looks upon the mail carrier with suspicion, and, rather than think the steady has grown cold, she concludes the mail carrier has stolen the letter.

If you do not receive a bottle of elderberry wine occasionally as a present, you have no friends who are really old-fashioned.

Too many people do what they should do and then expect credit for it.