

THE ROSE LIGHT LINGERED.

The rose light lingered on the hill, And turned to wine the waters at our feet.

Before her time, the silver moon Crept shyly, all ashamed, into the light.

Yesterday! So the ages roll Unwaved, and yet I learn that thou shouldst know.

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

In a small room in a tenement house in the poorer section of New York sat a young girl, silently weeping.

The physician who had attended Mrs. Atwood during her illness had noticed the beautiful character and refined features of Helen.

Dr. Cutter had attained considerable reputation during his four years of practice, and, being but 26 years of age, his widowed mother predicted for him a brilliant future.

A few weeks later Dr. Cutter was seated in the reception room of the Young Ladies' Seminary of Westport, anxiously awaiting Miss Atwood.

Thus it happened that as a sad-faced young girl sat peering out of a window into a muddy court she saw a handsome, well-dressed lady picking her way along.

After having listened to Helen's pitiful story, Mrs. Cutter proceeded to question the girl as to her future.

"No," answered Helen, "I have no relatives, and mother and I have been in no position to make many friends."

"And is there nothing you can do to earn your own living?" questioned the lady.

"I am afraid not, Mrs. Cutter; I am but 16 years old, and, although mother has always said she wished me to be a teacher, I fear I should make but a poor one."

Then it occurred to the lady to ask if Helen's mother had left any papers, and Helen had brought her an old desk.

After considerable talk it was decided that Mrs. Cutter should write to the principal of a young ladies' seminary in western New York, requesting the admission of Miss Helen Atwood to the school for a two years' course.

Things worked so successfully that in a week's time Dr. Cutter found himself taking a final look at Helen's sweet face.

During the long two years that followed, his heart was gladdened by an occasional letter from Helen, which told of her interest in her studies and friends.

CHRONOLOGY OF CUBA LIBRE.

1898. Battleship Maine blown up in the harbor of Havana, while there on a friendly visit. Feb. 15. Message sent by President McKinley to Congress in regard to blowing up of the Maine, April 11.

Spanish control of Cuba finally relinquished. Last troops left Havana; Tenth infantry, U. S. A., took up quarters in city. Dec. 31.

1899. Provisional government by the United States; work of cleaning, renovating and restoring order.

1900. Ditto, and taking census, preparatory to holding elections.

1901. Cuban constitutional convention assembled, January. Congress passed Platt resolutions providing for American suzerainty. March 2.

1902. Cuban constitutional convention accepted Platt resolutions. June 12. Cuban law promulgated by Gov. Gen. Wood and elections held. Dec. 31.

1903. Delegates elected at popular elections met and chose Gen. Estrada Palma as first President of the republic of Cuba. Feb. 24.

President began preparation for formally turning over government to Cubans. March 24.

American troops gradually withdrawn. March 24-May 19.

Fiestas and general celebration all over island. May 10-19.

Final transfer of government to Cubans. May 20.

The Promise.

"That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when this is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."—Section III., resolutions passed by Congress April 20, 1898.

REALM OF MENELIK.

GREETINGS DEPEND UPON RANK AND TIME OF DAY—HOW POPULATION IS DIVIDED—NO TRAFFIC IN SLAVES IS CARRIED ON IN ABYSSINIA.

"Indet adru!" This is not a curse, but Abyssinian for "Good morning!" The words mean literally, "How have you spent the night?"

"Good afternoon!" would be "Indet watu!" or "watch!" meaning, "How have you spent the morning?"

"Good evening!" "Indet mashu," or "masheh," i. e., "How have you spent the day?"

There is a similar complete series of good-bys for people separating at different times. Two friends parting in the evening, say one going home and the other going to his club.

The Abyssinian calendar is a fearful and wonderful thing. Nearly every day is a saint's day and is known by its proper name and not by its date.

For instance, if you ask an Abyssinian whether a certain thing happened on the 14th of Hadar (the equivalent of our Nov. 23) he will not understand what you mean; but if you say, "Was it on Abunt Argawe (the name for that day) that you stole that sheep?"

The year is divided into twelve months of thirty days each and at the end of the year, to make up the 365 days, are added five days, called "Quagme."

Each year in succession is called Matthews, Markos, Lukos, Johanns, Matthews, Markos and Johanns have each a "Quagme" of five days, but Lukos, or leap year, has a "Quagme" of six days.

The Abyssinian year begins on our Sept. 11 and although, dating as we do from the birth of Christ, they are nearly eight years behind us in time—Sept. 11, 1900, was in their calendar 1st Maskaram, 1893.

The whole population consists of two-fifths soldiers, two-fifths priests and one-fifth merchants, at least as far as the Abyssinians—the dominant race—are concerned.

There is no trade in slaves in Abyssinia, as they can only be procured by the king's order, which has to be shown to the governor of the province, who thereupon gives his sanction.

The slaves, generally boys or girls—the former for outdoor and the latter for indoor work—are purchased from their parents at an average price of \$10 a head.

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EMPRESS IN MARBLE.

Memorial Sarcophagus to Be Placed in the Church at Potsdam.

The memorable sarcophagus of the late Empress Frederick of Germany, which has been modeled in clay by the celebrated artist, Reinhold Begas, is now being reproduced in pure white Carrara marble by Sculptor Albert Geritz.

The figure of the empress rests at full length upon the sarcophagus, her head supported by two pillows. The form is enveloped by Greek drapery, the upper part of which only is drawn aside from the head, the face and the bust.

The expression of the features, with their half-open lips, vividly recalls the countenance of the empress to those who know her. From the head, upon which a diadem shines, the hair is drawn down over the bust.

The front of the sarcophagus carries in bas-relief several emblematic and pictorial designs. In the center is a medallion containing a Christ head crowned with thorns.

There are also designs which symbolize the meeting of wife and husband beyond the grave, where they are joined by the son who preceded them into the other world.

The other features of the sarcophagus, says the Boston Herald, resemble those of the memorial modeled by the same artist for the late Emperor Frederick. The only inscription is one which contains the names and the dates, "1840-1901."

MEDICAL USES OF TUNNELS.

Mothers in London Believe the Foul Air a Remedy.

Quite a new use has been found for the two-penny tube and the other underground railways. In addition to being methods of quick locomotion, they are also, in the opinion of many trusting mothers who have little faith in the pharmacopoeia, important sanatoria warranted to cure many of childhood's maladies.

Let us hope the women will not get the idea into their heads that it is a substitute for vaccination, says the London Telegraph. A doctor who was traveling on a railway noticed that a woman in the compartment almost pulled down the window when they entered a tunnel, and held outside a child whom she was carrying.

Formerly the unfailing specific for the last-mentioned disorder was a visit to a gas works, but owing, doubtless, to the advance of science, the underground railway has taken the place of the gaseous system of pathology.

Situated four and a half miles west of Danvers, on the old Goodenough farm, is an old inn, or tavern, that fifty years ago was the stopping place for travelers between Bloomington and Peoria in the days when the stage coach was the only means of public travel.

It is a large, old-fashioned house, in quite good repair, and is now owned and occupied by Mr. Christ Oesch, formerly of Roberts, Ford County. Horses were changed here, and travelers were given food. Meals were served for 12 1/2 cents, which was also the price of a night's lodging.

All travel between Peoria and Bloomington was by stage, unless one had a private vehicle of one's own and cared to make so long a journey, which was not a light thing in those days, nor was it undertaken without due preparation and much consideration.

It is true their pay is only \$5 a year—cash is scarce in Abyssinia—but during peace time they are billeted on the Gallas, a subject race, who are bound to give them all they need.

In addition to this munificent rate of pay, says the London Express, a paternal government provides the new recruit at the outset of his military career with a donkey free. But his rifle the soldier must provide himself, as he must also maintain his donkey.

THE POPPY.

Golden Blossoms that Greeted the California Pioneers.

Far out at sea, gleaming sheets of dazzling gold arrested the gaze of the early explorers of California. Blazing along the Pacific coast, embroidering the green foothills of the snow capped Sierra Madres, transforming acres and acres of treeless plains into royal cloth of gold, millions of flowers of silky texture and color of gold fascinated the Spanish discoverers.

Dream-like in beauty, fascinating from sheer loveliness, spreading its soft undulations over the land, the California poppy bloomed above the richest views and arteries of gold the world has ever known, all unsuspected. A Clree, with powers to please, dazzle and charm by its enchantments, while it allures, lulls and mystifies, this flower of sleep seemed to draw by some occult process from the earth the elixir of gold, unfolding its blossoms of gold as beacons proclaiming: "We are blooming above rich mines of gold."

There is never a mystery about the poppy. It is a weird flower. It is almost sentient, with a life unknown to human kind. "While glory guards

It looks like a poor automobile," complained the prospective customer. "Why, the thing would break down before it ran a mile."

"Yes," agreed the dealer, "but look at the advantage of that. You would not have to walk so far to get home as you would if it would run as far as the others before blowing up."—Baltimore American.

It is too bad that in this craze to beat records a man doesn't try to buy his wife handsomer dresses than her father ever gave her.

"You're not so much," said the man who used the vernacular of the curbstone.

"Well," said the other man, "I fancy I'd have to be much less in order to escape being much more than your much developed lack of muchness."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"They are all talking in Boston about the greatest beauty at their horse show."

"Some out-of-town girl, of course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The less a man has to do the more time he wants to do it in.

WINDS LIKE A WATCH.

In Santa Anna, Cal., is a man who has built for his own use an automobile that is certainly a curiosity. It is built on the Waterbury watch idea.

The machine will run under ordinary circumstances about ten miles on one winding. The inventor does not claim that he has made any great discovery, and does not propose to build machines for the market.

Had to be a Candidate. Apropos of a point he desired to make, Hamilton Mabie told this story at the Aldine Association the evening of an old negro who experienced religion and of his master, whose conversion was punctuated with profanity.

"Look here, George," said the colonel, "tell me about this predestination and the elect. You don't believe your old master is doomed to hell, do you? Don't you think he will go to heaven with the elect?"

Respect and love for the old swearing master did not overcome the newly acquired religion, says the New York Times, but there was cunning and diplomacy in his answer.

"I nevah heabed ob nobody," replied George, "who done got elected who wuz not a candidate."

An Awkward Mistake. A fine stone church was lately built and upon the facade a stone-cutter was ordered to cut the following inscription: "My house shall be called the house of prayer."

He was referred to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur; but he transcribed the whole verse, and the inscription read: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

Hitting Back. "You're not so much," said the man who used the vernacular of the curbstone.

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