AN ELIZABETHAN POEM.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she thinks not well of me,
What care I how fair she be!

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe:
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go.
If she be not fair for me,
What care I for whom she be!
—George Wither (1588-1667).

The Convict

It was noon. The dark, gray walls of the old penitentiary were baking in the rays of the burning sun, which fell like searchlights through the little windows into the narrow cells within.

The inside walls, like the outside ones, were cheerless and gray, with nothing to relieve the monotony of their blinds but printed copies of the prison regulations, which consisted only of the things prisoners were not allowed to do.

The work went slowly, and the longing for the outside world, the blue sky and the green fields grew in the hearts of many of the hapless beings behind lock and bars. Nobody felt less like working than the giant prisoner in the second tier of cells, who was feared of the wardens and his fellow prisoners because of his enormous strength and violent temper. Just now he was trying to make a basket, but time and again his hands dropped down into his lap and he listened to the regular knockings on the water pipes, which, like the wireless telegraphy, carried messages from cell to cell.

A smile spread over the face of the giant when he succeeded in putting the letters together to words and the words to sentences. Suddenly the smile disappeared, and in its place came a hard, almost ferocious expression.

Steps were heard outside in the hall. It was the turnkey. The con-

STEPS WERE HEARD OUTSIDE.

vict saw him, so to speak, with his ears, coming down the long hall, broad-shouldered, well-nourished and self-satisfied, carrying his bunch of keys in his hand.

What could he want here this time of the day, when it was the rule never to disturb the convicts? The giant was literally foaming with fury. Was he to be punished once more for some petty violation of the rules? The keepers always knew how to find fault in those they did not like. Nearer and nearer came the steps, and now they stopped outside the door. A thought shot like lightning through the convict's brain. The turnkey was alone. Undoubtedly there was not even a guard in the hall during the quiet noon hour. Behind the loose brick in the wall was a sharp piece of iron, which he had sharpened during the long months he had been confined to the cell.

Outside the sun was shining, the birds were singing and the woods were green. A key turned in the door. The turnkey came in, but in the same moment he fell to the ground as if struck down by lightning. With terrible force the giant had buried the sharp instrument in his temple.

The convict did not even look at his victim. With staring eyes he sneaked down the hall. Every moment he stopped, listened and looked around.

He felt nothing but a great joy at the success of his deed. Now the road to freedom was open, the prison door was open, there was no guard outside.

The giant had now reached the yard. It was as if heaven itself had decided that he should be a free man. Near the wall stood a chopping block and a ladder. He placed the ladder on top of the block, vaulted over the wall and let himself fall down on the outside.

For a moment he laid there absolutely quiet, without moving hand or foot. Had he broken a limb in the fall?

No, he felt plainly that he was unhurt, and he had only one thought—to get away.

He jumped to his feet and ran as fast as his trembling legs would carry him across fields, over hedges and fences, until he reached the woods, panting and exhausted.

Completely tired out, he threw himself down in the grass under a shady beech tree, and, half asleep, looked through the green foliage at the blue sky and the white clouds beyond.

A sinner to whom the gates of heaven had opened could feel no happier than he did.

But only a short hour was given him to enjoy his liberty.

Suddenly he heard a noise of many voices, footsteps and excited signals. He jumped to his feet, picked up a heavy branch lying close to him in the grass, and, brandishing it around his head, he disappeared in the woods.

Too many men were following him, however. Five minutes later the giant lay bound and gagged on the ground, with a rifle bullet in one leg.

He was carried back to the penitentiary in triumph.

The inspector stood in his office behind the rail and looked at him sternly.

The convict, who was now chained hand and foot, cast down his eyes and seemed absolutely broken. He mumbled something to himself, which sounded like an excuse: "Why did he come?"

A shadow of sincere sorrow came into the inspector's face as he answered in an almost inaudible voice: "I sent him to bring you here that I might inform you that you had been pardoned."

Then the murderer was led back to his cell.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

THE TAJ MAHAL SEEN FROM THE GARDENS.

There has recently been hung in the marvelous tomb which Shah Jehan erected to the memory of his wife a lamp which Lord Curzon has presented to this shrine of undying love. Lord Curzon gave it as "a last tribute of respect to the glories of Agra" which rise "like a vision of eternal beauty" in his memory. The illustration depicts much of the beauty of this white wonder, which has been described as possessing the delicacy of an opening rose.

AN INDIAN MURDERER.

His Fearful Punishment by a Primitive Mexican Tribe.

Speaking of primitive law among the Mexican Indians brings to mind a curious case that was told me some years ago in the State of Oaxaca by an old Zapoteca chief who had become a convert to Christianity.

He said that a long while ago an American botanist was traveling through the mountains of Oaxaca studying the rare and beautiful flora of that region. He had with him a mozo from another part of the country.

He carried several gold pieces sewed in the lining of his jacket. The mozo became aware of that fact, and one day when the botanist got down on his knees to drink at a little spring the mozo cut his head off with a machette, took the gold pieces and fled to the higher sierras.

Not long after the body was found by some Zapoteca Indians who had seen the botanist in former days studying the flowers and plants near their village. They knew that he was a harmless and good man because he loved flowers. All Mexican Indians love flowers. So they took the body to the chief and told him what they had seen and found. "What!" he said. "Shall the kind stranger with the white face who loved flowers and sought not our goods nor insulted our women come to such a dog's death among us and be not avenged?"

He then dispatched four swift Indian runners in different directions with orders not to return without the murderer. After a week's time they returned bearing the malefactor bound in their midst. A council of old men was called, and the case was examined. The guilt of the mozo was proved, as he still had with him the strange pieces of gold.

Then the old chief gave the sentence. It was speedily performed. They led the trembling murderer to the center of the little plaza. There four green stakes were driven in the ground. The murderer was stripped naked and stretched by the wrists and feet in the air among the four stakes, to which he was lashed. Then the Indians made a great heap of unslaked lime under the wretched man's body, and when the heap touched his breast and sides they poured water over it until the scalding steam of the burning lime had cooked all the flesh from the bones. Then they took the bones and threw them into a hole on the mountain side.

And so was the stain of the murdered man's blood covered and vengeance was wrought by the Indians in behalf of "the white stranger who was good and loved flowers."—Mexican Exchange.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

The approaching census will not state how many myriads of married couples are living together just out of the force of habit.

Some women like to make their husbands go to church on Sunday morning just to show their neighbors that they can make 'em.

Women are such artistic dissemblers that a pair of them can waltz together at a manless summer resort hotel and pretend that they enjoy it.

A woman just knows that a doctor must be a crackerjack in his profession if he has fine white teeth and bee-you-tifully kept finger nails.

What no man can understand: How his wife can hide two suits of pajamas in his suit case so that he can't ever find them without a search warrant and a writ of replevin.

The main reason why a woman does not like her husband's bachelor friends is that she knows that they know a heap of things about him that she doesn't know and that they'll never tell her.

When a woman wants to make another woman feel worried about her new dress she says: "It's quite pretty—but do you think it's exactly your color?" Or: "It fits real well—er—in the back, doesn't it?"

You're in pretty bad when your wife (without your ever knowing it) brags to her women cronies that she can make you do anything she wants simply by opening her tear ducts at the psychological moment.

When women themselves write about women's "mystery" and their "intuition" and their other fancied etherealnesses the effect is about as ridiculous as it would be if men were to brag of their biceps and the aquiline contour of their noses.

Caught Bending.

Professor Cube Root's class of geometrical geniuses were receiving instructions. They were first taught that a circle was a thing like this—O. They then learned that a straight line was one without wabbles in it, so ———.

"Now, boys," said Professor Root, "can any of you describe to me what a half circle is like?"

Up shot half a dozen grasping hands.

"Well, Teddy," said Professor Root, "let's hear your definition of a half circle first."

"Please, sir," answered Teddy, "it's a straight line caught bending."—London Express.

Every woman hates the word "female."

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

Life is a serious thing to the man who takes it seriously.

Methuselah died the year of the flood, and it may have been the weather that killed him.

Abundant light transforms all ugliness into beauty.

The young man who has no fixed purpose will soon be "fixed."

Some people would be dumb if they couldn't talk about themselves.

To begin with a great purpose is the first step toward a great career.

This world cannot do much for the man who has all his treasure here.

No man is strong who cannot say no to himself whenever it should be said.

A good appetite and a robust digestion are a very present help in some kinds of trouble.

Some people spend so much time in thinking about the thorns of life that they miss all the roses.

If the Bible emphasizes one thing above another it is the importance of having plenty of backbone.

The man who is praying for the Lord to come will be doing something to help make the devil go.

It won't take a very long prayer to bring fire from heaven when the broken down altars are first built up.

You can depend upon this, that no matter what else the devil may do, he can never separate a child of God from the love of Christ.

THE FIRST ADVENTURE.

Describing his childhood in Kentucky, the late Prof. N. S. Shaler, in the Atlantic Monthly, wrote that the first recollection he had of places outside the home grounds was of the parade ground and the soldiers of a government post near at hand, and above all of the music and the bugle calls. The earliest place of any kind of activity that he could recall was an adventure with the musician who beat the drum of the barrack's band.

"It was my delight to see the band march round the parade ground, and my cherished ambition to have a whack at the drum. So, craftily, stick in hand, I hid behind a boxed tree and managed to get in a stroke, only to be bowled over by the irate drummer. I could not have been more than four years old at the time, yet the delight of that deed stays by me.

"When I was about five, the musterings for the Mexican war were going on, and the barracks were overfilled, so that considerable hordes of troops were encamped in the open fields which adjoined it. On these fields, then pastures, one of the horse batteries, I believe Ringold's, was for some time drilled.

"I was then exempt from the care of a nurse, and could run about afoot or on a pony. The movements of this command filled my little soul with wonder; there I gained my first sense of the power of men in action, that primitive might of war which impresses the primitive child and the childish man as nothing else does.

"I well remember my longing for the unapproachable splendor of the commander of that battery, who seemed to me a supernatural being. Oddly enough fifteen years thereafter I was in his place, drilling a horse battery on the same field, to find it tedious drudgery, with moments of high life when by chance the work went well."

Use Soap as Economy.

Soap in its modern form seems rather to be an evolution of economy and commercial convenience than an evidence of a great accession to cleanliness. The rich to-day in their homes use unguents, oils, meals and bath powders in preference to it. A lather is not in this age as picturesque as the old method, when a slave poured liquid soap over her mistress from a costly jar before the fair bather stepped down into the water.

A Permanent Thing.

"You have stated," said the badgering lawyer to a witness, "that you were born in 1886. Now you say you were born in 1887. An incriminating discrepancy—though perhaps you may be able to explain it."

"Certainly I can explain it," retorted the witness. "There's no incongruity there. I was born in 1886 and just stayed born. Why, I'm born yet."

Just the Name.

Gunner—That's a fine-looking apartment house over there.

Guyer—Yes, it is occupied by theatrical people. Called a court, too.

Gunner—Ah, something fancy, like "Duke's Court," or "King's Court," I presume?

Guyer—No, it is called "Divorce Court."—Chicago News.

Any Banditti in Our Town?

Whenever numerous troops of banditti, multiplied by success and impunity, publicly defy, instead of eluding, the justice of their country, we may safely infer that the excessive weakness of the government is felt and abased by the lowest ranks of the community.—Edward Gibbon.

Airs assumed by the self-made man are mostly fresh airs.

For The Children

Some Summer Conundrums.

What does Sweet William carry when he goes out walking?—A sugar cane.

What does Black-Eyed Susan use to keep her hair in order?—Cockscomb.

What form of entertainment is common among the flowers?—Hops.

What disease is common to young flowers?—Nettle Rash.

On what does the Wandering Jew rest when tired?—Toadstools.

Which parent made Johnny-jump-up?—His poppy.

What tree always uses the second personal pronoun?—Yew.

What tree is formed by two letters of the alphabet?—L. M. (Elm.)

What tree is the most dapper?—Spruce.

What tree is the sweetest?—Maple.

What tree is the most melancholy?—Weeping Willow.

What tree is proud of being a parent?—Papaw.

What tree is a sorry invalid?—Sycamore.

What tree is used in building materials?—Lime.

What tree keeps one warm in winter?—Fir.

What tree does history make constant use of?—Date.

A Little Girl's Wish.

I wish my hair was like a boy's,
As short as short can be.
For when I stop to tie it back
I miss the game, you see.
—Child's Companion.

Little Watchmen.

Bebe is sure that grandmother's garden is the loveliest garden a boy ever played in. On one side a white picket fence shuts off the garden from the street. In the center is a star-shaped flower-bed, and all the other beds fit in a pattern round this one, separated from it by narrow paths. When Bebe visits grandmother in the summer, he finds the garden a pleasant playground and the flowers delightful playmates.

"Mother," said Bebe one day, "I should like to play in the garden this afternoon."

"Bebe," said mother, "you may play in the garden this afternoon, but do not play too long, for we are going to Aunt Myra's to tea."

"I like to go to Aunt Myra's to tea," said Bebe, "for there is always a little round cake for me to bring home, because I can't eat it at night. How shall I know how long too long is?"

"When the little white blossoms in the bed shaped like a crescent moon open it will be time to come in," said mother.

"I know the moon-shaped bed," said Bebe, "but the little blossoms in it are only buds. I saw them yesterday morning and I saw them this morning all shut tight."

"This afternoon," said mother, "you will see them all open."

Bebe went into the garden to play. First he went to the bed of the sleepy flowers.

"You think because you live in the moon it is always night! Wake up!" said Bebe; but not a flower stirred.

Bebe pushed his way among the flowers that bent half-way over the walks, chatting with their neighbors. He called on the foxglove, coxcomb, lady's delight, larkspur, bouncing bet, sweet william and baby's breath, and then he looked again at the blossoms which were to tell him when to get ready for tea.

"Oh!" said Bebe. "Good afternoon!" for one little flower peered at him from a sleepy, half-open eye.

"Have you had a pleasant nap, sleepy-head?" asked Bebe of another flower, which was beginning to stretch its petals. Then, as he watched, he saw the blossoms slowly, slowly open, one after another, and he knew it was time to go into the house to get ready for tea at Aunt Myra's, where there is always a little round cake for a boy to take home.

"Why did they sleep so long and wake so late, mother?" asked Bebe.

"All last night they watched in the garden until the morning glories came on duty bright and early in the morning," said mother. "All day to-day they slept, until four o'clock this afternoon. Because they always wake at four o'clock they are called four o'clocks, and they are the little night-watchmen of the garden."—Youth's Companion.

Jamie's Bath.

It was Jamie's bath night. He had several each week and he hated them all. On this particular night, once started, he soaked and splashed in the tub for a full half hour, then his mother haled him forth. He came out of the room in his pajamas with his face all streaked and dirty as it was when he went in.

"Mercy!" cried his mother, "I thought you took a bath!"

"So I did!" answered Jamie scornfully. "A bully one!"

"But your face is black!" said his mother.

"Oh!" Jamie smiled understandingly. "My face is all right. I have to wash that in the morning, bath or no bath. You don't s'pose I'm going to waste time bathing my face! I always begin just below my ears and work down on my arms and legs; but I always leave my face and hands—those ends I 'tend to in the morning."

A WITTY PREACHER.

The Rev. Hugh Peters, who from 1636 to 1641 was settled in Salem, Massachusetts, combined his duties as a minister of religion with the business of trading so successfully that he was spoken of in the colony as "the father of our commerce and the founder of our trade." He was also a man of so much humor that after his death a collection of his witty or humorous sayings was published in book form. It is interesting to recall that the Rev. Mr. Peters was executed as a regicide. He was not directly implicated in the death of Charles I, but was accused of encouraging the soldiers to cry out for the blood of the King, whom he had likened to Barabbas.

Mr. Peters had preached one morning for two hours. The sands in the hour glass had run out. He observed it, and turning it over, said to his hearers, "Come, let us have another glass!"

Preaching on devils entering into swine, he said that the miracle illustrated three English proverbs:

One. That the devil will rather play at small game than sit out.

Two. That those must needs go forward whom the devil drives.

Three. That at last he brought his hogs to a fair market.

It was a favorite saying of Peters that in Christendom there were neither scholars enough, gentlemen enough, nor Jews enough; for, said he, if there were more scholars there would not be so many pluralists in the church; if there were more gentry, so many born would not be reckoned among them; if there were more Jews, so many Christians would not practice usury.

Once he preached, "Beware, young men, of the three W's—wine, women and tobacco. Now tobacco, you will say, does not begin with a W. But what is tobacco but a weed?"

Discoursing one day on the advantages Christians had in having the gospel preached to them—"Verily," said he, "the Word hath a free passage amongst you, for it goes in at one ear and out at the other."

Again, from the pulpit: "England will never prosper till one hundred and fifty are taken away." The explanation is LLL—Lords, Lawyers and Levites.

Preaching on the subject of duties, Peters said, "Observe the three fools in the gospel, who, being bid to the wedding supper, every one had his excuse:

"One. He that had hired a farm and must go and see it. Had he not been a fool, he would have seen it before hiring it.

"Two. He that had bought a yoke of oxen and must go try them. He also was a fool, because he did not try them before he bought them.

"Three. He that married a wife, and without complement said he could not come. He, too, was a fool, for he showed that one woman drew him away more than a whole yoke of oxen did the former."

One rainy day Oliver Cromwell offered Peters his great coat.

"No, thank you," replied his chaplain, "I would not be in your coat for a thousand pounds."

Comfort in Sod Houses.

If you read that a family lives in a sod house you may conclude that poverty compels it, but this is not true on the Canadian prairies, where sod houses are the advance agent of prosperity.

The homesteader who obtains a slice of that rich wheat land doesn't wait to build a regular house before starting to grab riches from the soil. Even if he were minded to build he would have difficulty in doing it, for there is no lumber handy. So it is better to wait until the locomotive catches up.

If you start out from any of the towns which are springing up almost overnight in the fertile stretches of Saskatchewan or Alberta you will strike first well-ordered farms and substantial houses, but if you get away ten miles or more the sod houses will begin to appear, the New York Sun says.

It is not unusual to see signs of luxury about these sod houses. They are comfortable abiding places, cool in summer and warm in winter.

Onions Cure Nervousness.

Onions are almost the best nervine known. No medicine, it is claimed, is so useful in cases of nervous prostration, and there is nothing else that will relieve so quickly and tone up a wornout system. Onions are helpful in all cases of coughs, colds and influenza, and if eaten regularly are very good for the complexion.

Some men never realize what constitutional liars they are until they are compelled to make an unusual effort to tell the truth.