WORRY'S USELESS BRIDGES.

Where is the thrill of last night's fear?
Where is the stain of last week's tear?
Where is the tooth that ached last year?
Gone where the lost pins go to.
For last night's riddle is all made plain,
The sunshine laughs at the long-past rain,
And the tooth that ached has lost its pain—
That's where our troubles go to.

Where are the clothes that we used to wear?
Where are the burdens we used to bear?
Where is the bald head's curling hair?
Gone where the pins disappear to.
For the style has changed and the clothes are new,
The skies are wearing a brighter hue,
The hair doesn't snarl like it used to do,
And the parting has grown more clear, too.

Where are the bills that our peace distressed?
Where is the pin that the baby "blessed?"
Where are the doves of last year's nest?
Where have the pins all gone to?
On the old bills paid are new ones thrown,
And the baby's at school with her pins outgrown,
And the squabs are running a nest of their own—
You can't bring 'em back if you want to.

We stand the smart of yesterday,
To-day's worse ills we can drive away;
What was and is brings no dismay
For past and present sorrow,
But the burdens that make us groan and sweat,
The troubles that make us fume and fret,
Are the things that haven't happened yet—
The pins we'll find to-morrow.
—Robert J. Burdett.

NEMESIS.

"IT is easy enough to break off with a woman, Jack; don't worry so. She will take it hard for a time, but if you must break her heart sooner or later, save your own out of the wreck if you can. After all, a woman's heart is hard to break. It is 'off with the old love and on with the new' with the whole sex, I find."

"But you don't know the girl, Ben. She is a blamed sight too good for me. She is one of those sweet, refined girls, whose affection absorbs her whole soul, and I know she loves me as few men are ever loved. Every look, word or action tells me it is true, and, though I feel that I have made a mistake, Ben, I cannot tell her so."

"Don't tell her a thing, Jack. That is not the way to manage a woman. Simply disgust her with herself. Stop sending her flowers and knicknacks; don't take her out so much, and when you do, praise up some other woman to her. And, Jack, don't go over so often; tell her you are taking up a new study or working nights. She won't believe you, of course, but that won't matter. Make engagements and fail to keep them, or go over late, or be seized with a desire to return early. Oh, there are a hundred and one ways to aid you. You can tease her a little when she is serious and be serious when she is gay. In fact, differ with her as much as possible without being antagonistic, and find fault and pick to pieces the little arguments she may give in defense. And be as entertainingly disagreeable as you can without really appearing to be so. I will wager that within a month you will be as free as air. The girl will shake you. No woman can stand the pressure. I have tried it, my boy, and I know. My old-time sweetheart, Frances Grayson, is now the wife of a far better man than myself, and the happy mother of a charming boy. Of course she did not name the child for me—but I did not expect it."

"I believe I will try it, old man. But I am fond of the girl in a way, and if you hear of our marriage you can know I lost heart."

"Cheer up, Jack, my boy," said Ben Mallory, wringing his hand. "Love is a lottery, and Cupid is a merry little fellow when you know how to manage him."

Ben Mallory and Jack Downs had known one another but a month, yet in that short time had developed a firm friendship that only the confidence of youth can instill. They were both strangers in the city and brother lawyers in the same firm, which added to their congeniality.

Jack was an only child, adored by his parents, while Ben was one of a large family of two marriages, whose place in his home numerous brothers and sisters usurped. He had been reared by a wealthy uncle of no family, with whom he had lived for years, returning to his own home once a year for a short vacation. For his own people he cared little and seldom spoke of them, not wishing to explain their strained relations. Yet if Ben Mallory ever truly loved a being on earth he loved his sweet little half-sister, Kitty Kempster. She was now at college, and had lately ceased to write to her big, handsome brother as often as was her wont.

Ben had not seen Jack Downs since their talk, though he heard from him now and then from his home, whither he had gone for a rest. "I am taking your advice," he wrote, "but the girl baffles me. I don't know how to take her, and I feel like a confounded brute. I've a mind to make a clean breast of it."

The next letter said: "Ben, I am free. After all, I am not happy. I wish I had been square with the little girl. She let me down hard. Mother has set her heart on my marrying an heiress in town, but of the two the little girl suits me best."

"That fellow is a fool," murmured Ben, as he unfolded a small missive from home. "He loved that girl and didn't know it."

Ben smoothed out the paper and read: "Kitty does not seem happy. The child never complains, but she always loved you, and you might cheer her up a bit.
"MOTHER."

"Kitty unhappy!" Ben ran his fingers through his straight, black hair and thought hard. "It is some man," he said to himself. "I should like to put my two hands about his ugly throat and choke him, so!" and he crushed the letter in his strong hands, then threw it from him impatiently. "Yes, I will go and cheer up the little girl. Poor little Kit! She is not like other girls."

Two days later Ben sat in Kitty's cozy sitting-room, with the bright firelight shining on her pale little face, and reflecting the tears in her honest gray eyes.

Ben drew her down beside him on a divan. "Tell me about it, little girl," he said.

"There is not much to tell," she whispered, nestling close in his strong, loving arms, as a tired child might do when weary with play.

"I loved him, Ben. O, I did love him so! He was kind and true at first, and then he seemed to grow moody and sullen, and often cruel. I didn't understand at first."

Ben shuddered as a strange feeling of horror crept into his heart.

"Go on, little girl. His voice sounded unsteady.

"Sometimes I would not see him for days, and he got so I could never depend on him, and he never kept his word. He could not kill my love, Ben, though I finally tried to hate him. But he spoiled my life and killed my respect for him, and now I despise him, thoroughly despise him—yet love him still."

Ben's face had lost its gentle expression, and with stern set features he stared at the polished door.

"What is his name, and who is he?" His hard voice startled the girl.

"Jack Downs. I met him at college," answered Kitty.

Ben Mallory sank back among the soft cushions, while a look of pitiable remorse crept into his dark eyes, and the lines in his face deepened, as with age. Kitty crossed the room and gently stirred the coals in the open grate. The dying embers threw a shadow light on Ben's dark face as he watched the girl.

"May God forgive me," he murmured inaudibly. "I have broken the heart of the only creature ever given me to love. Frances, you are avenged."

Steamers for Crushing Ice.

The great and powerful ice-crushing steamers of the lakes are without exception car ferries—that is, they transport whole trains of passengers and freight cars from one terminal of a railway line to the other, thus controlling an important link where bridges would be impracticable.

These ice-challenging ferries ply the straits of Mackinac, the Detroit River and across Lake Erie from the American to the Canadian shore. They are huge steel-shod craft weighing several thousand tons and some of them have cost more than $350,000 each. Fitted with propellers at either end, they crumble the ice by the pressure of their bulk as though its three or four feet were but the thickness of a cardboard.

Whatever else is wanting, adventure is not lacking in the lives of the men who spend the months of snow aboard the majestic monsters which are to the lake tracks what the snowplows are to the railroad lines. A few winters since, with a thermometer ranging from 18 to 30 degrees below zero, one of the car ferries was caught in an immense ice field on Lake Erie and floated around for a few months with a great mass of ice piled mountains high around her. A portion of the crew was, of course, obliged to remain aboard and each day a couple of the men made an attempt—not always successful—to go ashore in order to secure provisions and supplies. Ofttimes this meant a long, dreary trip across the ice, and frequently, when a yawning chasm of dark-hued water intervened between the shore and the edge of the icefield, the foragers were not able to return to their imprisoned comrades for intervals of several days.
—Self-Culture.

Receives a "Flower of Hell."

E. C. Downey, an attorney of Churubusco, Ind., who spent many months in Central America, has recently received from a friend in Guatemala one of the most wonderful species of flowers known to mankind. It is called the "rose of hell" and grows only in the vicinity of Antigua, near the crater of the volcano of Fuego. It is looked upon by the native Indians with a superstitious dread and is named the "rose of hell" because it thrives better near the steaming Fuego than away from it.

The Indians regard the crater of Fuego as the doorway of the infernal regions and this flower as being produced by the evil spirits associated with the demons of the sulphurous clime where the souls of the sinful all go.

The flower is very deadly and when boiled into a liquid and given to any animal death rapidly follows without pain, as quiet and peaceful as sleep. Science does not record another instance where this wonderful flower is found except in Guatemala, and the only place it is found in that country is near the doorway of the famous Fuego volcano. Several universities of this country will send after specimens of the rare flower and use it for experiments and demonstration to the classes in botany.

Gift of Stationery to Soldiers.

A London firm recently sent 100,000 packets of stationery as a gift to South African soldiers.

Sometimes a man starts out to be a social lion and ends by making a goose of himself.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

"Papa," asked Tommie, "is it cowardly to strike something littler than you, that can't defend itself?"

"It is, indeed," replied the father.

"Well, I don't know," reflected Tommie; "I don't see how we could light the gas without striking a match."

Children of Many Nations.

AMERICAN.

My flag of silk I owe to the Jap,
To the Eskimo my sealskin cap,
My palm leaf fan grew on Java's trees,
For crackers and rockets I thank the Chinese,
The Indian's land and my own are one,
Which boy do you think has the most fun?

JAPANESE.

I am a jolly, jolly, little Jap,
Hear my little shoes go clap, clap, clap;
When I go to school I leave them at the door,
Then down I sit on a mat on the floor.
I use these chopsticks when it's time to dine,
A silk gown I wear when I'm dressed up fine.

INDIAN.

An Indian "brave" I surely shall be,
But now I'm a baby tied to a tree.
"Be a good papoose," my mother will say,
"And the birdies will sing to you all day."
Then I watch the clouds in the far blue sky;
I am going to catch one by and by.

AFRICAN.

From a leaf of palm was woven my hat,
I eat my supper on a palm-leaf mat,
The food that I eat the palm trees give,
Now what is my name and where do I live?

Five Cents' Worth of Travel.

We know a bright boy whose great longing is to travel. His parents have no means with which to gratify him in that respect. He occasionally earns a few pennies by selling papers and doing errands. Instead of spending the money foolishly, he carefully treasures it in a small iron box, which he calls his safe. One day, after earning 5 cents, he dropped them into the box in the presence of a companion of about his own age, and exclaimed: "There goes 5 cents' worth of travel!"

"What do you mean?" asked the other boy. "How can you travel on 5 cents?"

"Five cents will carry me a mile and a half on the railroad. I want to see Niagara Falls before I die. I am nearly four hundred miles from them now, but every 5 cents I earn will bring them nearer, and a great many other places that are worth seeing. I know it takes money to travel, but money is money, be it ever so little. If I do not save the little, I shall never have the much."

Some boys squander every year the cost of a coveted trip to some point of interest. Let them remember that every 5 cents saved means a mile and a half of the journey. Small amounts carefully kept will foot up surprising results at the end of the year, and almost every doctor will testify that 5 cents' worth of travel is better for the health of the boy than 5 cents' worth of sweets.—Edward Foster Temple.

The Fastest Growing Lily on Record.

Capt. S. R. Vaughn, of Philadelphia, has a plant that grows at the rate of nine inches every twenty-four hours. This remarkable bit of vegetation is called the "snake lily," and came from Cochin China. When it arrived in America it was simply an ugly looking bulb, resembling a huge Indian turnip. It lay nearly all winter in a dark closet, but with the approach of spring began to manifest signs of life. It was taken from its resting place and put in a peach basket, with nothing about it but some newspapers. Very soon a mottled green stalk pushed out of the bulb, and in a few days had reached a height of eight feet. Of this height the blossom, which was a beautiful dark maroon color, comprised four feet. After the blossom had withered and died the bulb was planted, and from it grew a nest of great umbrella-like leaves, which reached their maturity in July and August. In September the leaves perished and left nothing but a new fat bulb. This was stored away in a dark place, and again in the spring the bulb is brought to light to pass through its time of flower and growth.

Wanted to See Him.

"If you eat any more of that pudding, Tommie, you will see the bogle man to-night."

Tommie (after a moment's thought)—Well, give me some more. I might as well settle my mind about the truth of the story once for all.

BRUIN PRESSED THE BUTTON.

Sylvan Scene Strangely Produced in the Back Woods of Maine.

John H. Lewis, of this city, says the Boston Globe, a photographer, who spends his summers in the region around Moosehead lake, has developed what is probably the only picture ever taken by a black bear, for bruin really did take the picture. He held the camera, focused the thing, and pressed the button. He held the camera wrong side up, however, and his paws must have shaken from the looks of the print.

Last August a party of six friends from Plainfield, N. J., passed a fortnight in camp on the upper west branch, occupying the log cabins at Sears High Landing, so called. In so large a party there was considerable refuse food, and this was dumped about a mile from the camp in the woods. The garbage pile failed to grow, and the campers were at a loss to account for its disappearance. Finally one of the men made up his mind to go to the scene and watch for the animal that came around regularly every day to feed on the crusts of the table. He went to the point one morning and sat in the bushes and waited. Soon he heard a noise, and in a minute or so a big black bear appeared. Then came another, and finally a third. They ate all of the garbage and then went away. The Plainfield man conceived a desire to photograph the animals. He put up a job with the cook, and the next morning a good half bushel of truck was scattered for the benefit of the bears.

The camera man loaded and cocked his machine, sought a favorite spot and waited. He had not waited long before two bears lumbered out of the woods and went to work cleaning up the potato peelings, bacon rinds, etc. The man watched the brutes for a while, and then, slipping from behind a tree, tiptoed toward the animals, holding the camera in such a position that he could press the button when the bears saw him approaching. When within twenty feet of the animals they scented him and turned in his direction.

The New Jersey man forgot what he was there for. He dropped the camera and lit out for camp. When he returned he was accompanied by all the guides and their rifles. The bears were gone, but the camera was lying on the ground, not where he left it, but a dozen feet or more away.

The machine showed plainly the marks of the claws of the bear, and that an exposure had been made. It was generally thought that the dropping of the camera had done the trick, but the film, when developed by Mr. Lewis a few days ago, showed a wood scene that could have been taken only from quite an elevation.

Traveling German Students.

German students are returning to the medieval notion of wandering about the world. The modern Goliards, however, are personally conducted and know beforehand precisely what their journeys will cost them. Last year they visited Italy; this spring 1,500 of them will go to Constantinople and to Asia Minor. On the way they will fraternize with the Roumanian university students, who are preparing a big "fruhschoppen" for them in Bucharest.

Couldn't Just Remember.

"Do you see this string around my finger?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it a shoe lace or a corset lace?"

"Looks like a black corset lace, sir."

"Then it's a corset she wants me to get her. She tied it around my finger this morning and told me to either bring home a pair of shoes or a corset, I can't remember which. But now you have solved the question."

Greater London.

The population of greater London is more than six and a half millions, of which but four and a half millions are accredited to inner London, and about two millions to the outer ring. The whole area is equal to a circle having a radius of nearly fifteen miles.

Large bodies move slowly—also small bodies when called to get up in the morning.

Encouragement after censure is the sun after a shower.

Georgie's Gab

Ma Gets Pa's Advice.

Nite Before Last when paw Come Home maw says to Him:

"Paw, I got suthin I want you to Tell me."

"Well," paw says: "Speel away. I don't Spose they are ennything I Can't tell You all about."

"Two gurls wants to work Here," maw Says, "and I wisht you'd Tell me which one to Hire. One's a Swede gurl and one's a Ninglish gurl. Whitch one would you take?"

"How Do I no," says paw, "When I ain't seen them? You ot to no which is the Best."

"Thay Seem about the Same," maw says.

"Well sposen we Flip a Penny," says paw. "Tales fer the Swede gurl and Heds fer the other one."

"No," maw says, "I think that's Disgraisfull. You got to Tell me which you'd Talk."

So purty soon Thay Come Back and paw He Looked out through the crack from Behind the Door at Them while Thay was Talkin' to maw, and when maw came in paw says:

"I guess you Better take the Inglish gurl."

Last nite paw Come Home Purty Tired and when we Got Set Down at the Table maw Rung the Bell and in come the Sweed gurl.

Paw He looks at Her a minit and when she went out He Says to Maw:

"I Bet I no what you'd Do if I Told you to Go and Jump in the Lake."

"What?" maw ast.

"You'd go away some Whair and Climb a Tree," paw says, and then He made a Swipe at a Fly what was Buzzen around and hocked over the vinagar Bottel. It was a Sad Site.—Chicago Times-Herald.

FIRES GOLD BULLETS.

How a Boer Warrior Is Avenging the Death of His Sons.

A Paris paper publishes an entertaining story of a man named Van Bosboom, who is fighting with the Boers. He is said never to have missed a buck, a Kaffir, or a wild ostrich since he was 16 years of age and he is now 55. Van Bosboom has taken a notable part in all the wars waged by the Transvaal, both against the natives and the English, and has always scored heavily as a deadly marksman. Ever calm and phlegmatic, the most exciting moments have never disturbed the steadiness of his nerve.

Shortly after hostilities began in the present war, Van Bosboom was told that his only two sons had been killed in one of the early engagements. He at once went to his old friend, the President, and demanded to be appointed to the rank he had held in 1880 and subsequently.

"Have you still your famous rifle with which you did such great shooting against the Matabele?" asked the President.

"Yes," replied Van Bosboom.

"Then you will need cartridges," said the President, "and those you shall have."

"No, President," answered Van Bosboom. "I have plenty of cartridges. I have made some for myself. Then, drawing close to Kruger, he whispered something in his ear. It must have been astonishing, for "Oom Paul" let his pipe drop from his mouth, and all the world knows how Kruger clings to his pipe.

As he bade the President good-by, the famous marksman said with a chuckle: "As it's that they come after, it's just as well to let them have it."

Then off he went to the front, with his rifle, his Bible, and the regulation thirty days' provisions. Whenever the opposing forces came within sight his method of action was always the same. He would cautiously approach the advancing English until he found convenient cover within rifle range. Then, stretching himself at full length, he would study the enemy's force until he marked a young man whose appearance and bearing showed him to be an officer. Upon this figure the deadly rifle was brought to bear; then, as the sharp crack rang out and the young officer fell dead, the burgher would leap to his feet, shout "Chamberlain," and then drop flat again. Once more his program would be carefully carried out, and when the second officer fell Van Bosboom would carefully retire to safe cover, read a psalm, and sit smoking his pipe until the close of day.

In memory of his two sons the rifle was fired only twice in each fight, but always with fatal effect. When the dead were collected it was always easy to identify Van Bosboom's victims, for lodged in their heart or brains, instead of the usual two ounces of lead which form the Martini bullet, was to be found a bullet made of two ounces of gold. People then understood old Kruger's surprise and the enigmatical words Van Bosboom had used when bidding the President good-by.

The Savage Bachelor.

"There is one thing I would like to know," said the Savage Bachelor.

"Is that possible?" asked the Sweet Young Thing, with some acerbity; this occurring at the breakfast hour, when lovely woman is at her unsweetest.

"Yes. I want to know why nearly all these women who have distinguished themselves by a display of brains look so much like men?"—Indianapolis Press.

Elephant Trainers Killed.

During the last twelve months at least a dozen elephant trainers have been killed—more than have been killed in ten years previous.

You can't take a trick with the trump of fame.

THIS MAN WAS BEYOND

Chicago Railroader Tells How Ring Tried to Bribe Him.

A group of men high in the world of Chicago were seated of the clubs the other night and chatting. The conversation rally, had drifted to railway and experiences of days when many years younger, and some tales of adventure or experience nected with the business had lated. Finally the youngest of the group turned to the had not yet contributed to the anecdote, and remarked:

"It's your turn now, Mr. D— is the most stirring incident railway experience?"

Mr. D— puffed his cigar ly while mentally he took a tive survey of the years. Then slowly:

"I'll tell you, and it's a story never told before. It's when two checks—one for $50,000, in blank, which I was told myself. During the days of regime in New York I was with the N. Y. and Z. road, greatest railway corporation jacent State. I was a young was private secretary to the of the road, and he had fidence in me. It became ns to extend our terminal New York City, and the the matter entirely in my to New York,' he said, 'stay is necessary, keep your cret as possible, and when determined upon the location tent of the dockage you sary close the deal, and

"This was a pretty big for a young man, and it put mettle. To cut my story two months in New York quired what I was sent for. Avenue Hotel was my and almost the first day of there I made the acquaintance jovial, handsome fellow of own age, and we became He knew I was with the road and frequently would conversation to it, but talk freely about the road a word about my business York.

"The day on which I for the property I went in spirits, only to find ing up and down the turbed manner. 'I want to once,' he remarked, and my room. As soon as closed he turned to me.

"'You've decided to such property,' he said,

"His manner and the with my business he me, but before I could continued:

"'That's all right. about your business here. It change the location If you'll do it and and such wharves I offer you this,' and he check for $50,000 of the Tweed ring.

"I handed him coldly remarked: 'You wrong man. I'll bid you

"'Wait a minute,' abashed. 'Every price.' He pulled took from it said: 'Fill it in to

"I had to was simply getting angry I I finally convinced to be bribed and he went away, that the Tweed ring tions on the dock me to take, the X. Y. and Z. if we had located have cleared they had the and a large sum

"And that's ence I can recall," said conclusion, "and sire to give myself cago Inter Ocean.

A Smiting Conscience.

"Madame," began the "do you remember last promised to clean the yard?"

"Yes, and then sneaked doing it," retorted the wife.

"But I came back, madam through a July sun to When I reached your had vanished; but you the scythe and cut the

"And you sneaked off

"But me conscience why I tramped through to finish the job."

Duration of a Wink.

A German scientist has trouble to calculate the tion of a wink, in order just what the phrase "in of an eye" means. He occupies four-tenths of a eyelid descends in one-tenth ond, stays down thirteen a second, and rises again hundredths.

Paris Ragpickers.

The ragpickers of Paris, ber of something like make their living by picking bish put out from houses, agitated over new boxes, be used to hold the rubbish cannot be opened except men who carry it away.

There are a good many keepers: housekeepers run all over the house, and fleas into everything.