

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

Tell the fainting soul in the weary form,
There's a world of the purest bliss,
That is linked as that soul and form are
linked,
By a covered bridge, with this.

Yet, to reach that realm on the other
shore,
We must pass through a transient
gloom.
And must walk unseen, unhelped and
alone,
Through that covered bridge—the tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms,
For the universal fall
Is the outer garb, which the hand of God
Has flung around the soul.

Though the eye is dim, and the bridge
is dark,
And the river it spans is wide,
Yet faith points through to a shining
mount
That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet in the next day's
march
To climb up the golden ridge,
We must all lie down for a one night's
rest,
Inside of that covered bridge.
—Washington Star.

HIS SACRIFICE.

It was a hot, sultry day towards the
last of July. In the front room of
a fashionable boarding-house sat a
young girl of 18.

A few moments later the door swung
open and her brother, a young artist,
entered. He greeted her pleasantly as
he prepared to refresh himself.

"Well, Tris, how have you been to-
day?"

"O, as uncomfortable as ever," she
replied, peevishly.

"Never mind, dear; perhaps we will
have more money another summer."

"Always patience," she replied crossly.
"It's well enough for people to talk
when they have money, but then,
what's the use fussing; I never have
had anything since we came to New
York."

"My dear Tris, I think you are a little
unkind. You know I have tried to give
you everything I could possibly afford.
O, Tris, you mustn't talk so."

"Forgive me, Chauncey. I will try to
do without it."

"That's the girl!" and he smoothed
the pretty hair from the white forehead
and sighed. He wished to see his sister
as well dressed as other girls, but
circumstances forbade; his pictures did
not sell, and he felt the time was fast
approaching when they would have to
leave their pleasant rooms and go to
some other part of the city.

One evening, about three months
later, Chauncey Seldford came home,
looking ill.

Tris was there, but she did not notice
her brother's careworn face, because
she was engaged in making a dress to
be worn a week later at the grand ball
given by Mrs. Charles Carlton, sister of
Lord Percy Carlton.

As he entered the room Tris looked
up.

"Here is something Mrs. Bradbury's
footman gave me. I have not opened
it yet." He tossed it over to her as he
spoke.

"O, Chauncey, an invitation to Gussie
Bradbury's reception a week from to-
day. You will go," she added, looking
up into his face.

"I cannot," he replied. "But if you
really wish to go," as her face fell, "I
can hire a carriage."

"What shall I wear?" she said a mo-
ment later.

"Why, the dress you are making."

"I can't wear that; it's for the ball."

"Then you can stay at home," he re-
plied, humbly, as he left the room.

"What can be the matter with him,"
she thought. "Why, he never spoke a
cross word to me before. O, if I could
marry some rich old man, then Chauncey
would have time and money to study art."

Meanwhile Chauncey had gone to his
little studio, and after shutting the door
threw himself into the armchair and
buried his face in his hands.

That night he had meant to tell
Beatrix that they would have to leave
their rooms and go where they could
live cheaper. Then the invitation to
the reception. He could not go and
could not well let her go.

"It is of no use to fight against pov-
erty," he said, bitterly. "We will al-
ways be poor, and we might as well
live as our means will allow, without
this pretension."

Just then a knock at the door and a
young lady entered.

"Miss Fairfax," he exclaimed in sur-
prise.

"Ah! I have taken you quite un-
awares, have I not?" with a sweet smile
on her face. "But you will certainly
pardon that when I tell you I bring
you work. Mrs. Carlton wishes these
pictures," and she handed him a list.
"That will help you, will it not?"

"You are my good angel, Edythe. If
I could only have a chance to study art
I could make a living."

"It is too bad, Chauncey, but if you
would let me help."

"No, Edythe, I must fight my own
battles without help."

"Well," after a few moments' silence,
"I must go. How is Beatrix?"

"Pretty well," he said with a sigh.
And seeing he was in no mood for talk-
ing she left him.

Chauncey Seldford had given up every-
thing for his sister. She held the first
place in his heart. His love for Edythe
Fairfax was great, but he had put all
thoughts of her he loved away. He
was poor and likely to remain poor all
his life.

Beatrix went to the reception. Lord

Percy Carlton she first met there, who,
being much interested in her history,
after a few months of marked atten-
tion, married her.

They went immediately abroad.
Beatrix said before she went that upon
their return Chauncey could go abroad
to study art.

Two years had flown by and not a
line had she written him. At length,
poor and careworn, he took a room in
the slums of the city. What little
sketches he made for a paper barely
kept him alive.

Edythe had tried faithfully to find
him, but had failed.

One day as she was passing through
the slums on an errand of charity, she
happened to glance up at a window and
saw Chauncey Seldford.

She started back as if struck by a
thunderbolt.

"He in this place of all others, the
proud Chauncey, come to this," she
said.

She knocked at the door. An old
woman opened it. Edythe asked to see
Mr. Seldford. After much hawking
with the woman she gained admittance.

Chauncey still sat at the open win-
dow. He did not move as she ap-
proached him. She touched his hand,
but sprang back, as she felt the cold
touch of his hand as it came in contact
with hers.

Beatrix's picture was in the other
hand. He left this world with the one
thought that had always been in his
life, that was his sister, for whom he
had sacrificed all.—Boston Post.

COLD AIR HEALTH.

Winter About the Best Stimulant Peo-
ple Can Have.

Many persons regard the winter sea-
son as an unfortunate visitation. It is
considered both uncomfortable to the
body and harmful to health. This is an
error. Cold is a most potent agent for
the restoration and preservation of nor-
mal activity on the part of the organs of
the human body. It is a wise plan
of providence which gives us a change
of seasons.

The winter cold comes as a tonic to
refresh the injuries done by the enervat-
ing heat of summer. Summer, it is
true, has many wise uses in the matter
of health. It induces outdoor life, rids
the system of poisons through copious
perspiration and through the scorching
rays of sun destroys germ life.

Winter is the great bracer of the sys-
tem. It stimulates activity in every
organ. When cold attacks the surface
of the body the blood is set into more
free circulation as a means of bodily
warmth. It is through the circulation
of the blood that the human anatomy
is kept in a state of repair.

When the food has been digested and
converted into liquid form, it is taken
up by the blood and carried the rounds
of the waste places. When the cold
causes increased circulation it also
brings about more perfect nutrition.

Man's face and hands illustrate how
weather-proof the body becomes when
exposed to air. Continued activity in
circulation on the surface caused by
the air coming in contact with the skin,
tends to nourish and thicken the skin.
Thus man's skin grows thicker in win-
ter just as animals are supplied with a
double coat of fur. The savages who
dwell bareheaded in the open air are
seldom, if ever, known to be afflicted
with bald heads, while, with the civil-
ian who shields his scalp from air, bald-
ness is prevalent.

The Indians who, if not now, in for-
mer days roamed our Western borders,
practically without clothing to shelter
their bodies, became, through long ex-
posure, so inured to cold that it gave
them but little discomfort.—St. Louis
Globe.

Hunting Ostrich Nests.

Although the skin of an ostrich is
worth from forty to one hundred dol-
lars on the spot, the hunter of the desert
usually prefers to search for the
eggs when he has discovered an ostrich
in flight. An English traveler in the
Sahara, Mr. H. B. Tristram, de-
scribes this search.

Once, and once only, I had the good
fortune to take an ostrich's nest, al-
though fresh eggs were not infrequently
brought in by the Arabs. We ob-
served with our telescopes two birds
standing for some time in the same
spot, and were induced to ride toward
them. They rapidly scudded off, but on
intersecting their track we turned back
and retraced it instead of continuing a
vain pursuit.

An ostrich's track is by no means
easy either to follow or to retrace, for
his stride measures, when he is at full
speed, from twenty-two to twenty-
eight feet; and the oblong impression of
two toes at so wide intervals affords
no very evident track to any eyes less
expert than those of a Bedouin hunts-
man.

We retraced the impression to the
spot where we had seen the birds stand-
ing together, and where the sand was
well trodden down. Two Arabs at
once dismounted and began to dig with
their hands, and presently they brought
up four fresh eggs from a depth of
about a foot under the warm sand.

Ostrich-egg omelet we always found
a most welcome addition to our desert
bill of fare, and a convenient and por-
table provision, for from the thickness
of the shell the eggs keep perfectly
sweet and fresh for a fortnight or three
weeks.

A Durable Structure.

Over 300 years ago Sir Francis Drake
built an open aqueduct twenty miles
long to conduct water from the hills of
Dartmoor to Plymouth, England. The
town has just overgrown this supply and
a large reservoir is to be built.

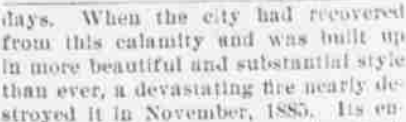
Everything may come to the man
who waits—except another man who
owes him money.

GALVESTON AS IT WAS

BEAUTIFUL AND PROGRESSIVE SOUTHERN CITY.

The Greatest Cotton Port and the
Fifth Commercial City to the United
States—Has Risen Before from the
Fury of Storm, Fire and Flood.

Galveston, previous to the devastat-
ing storm, was one of the most beauti-
ful and progressive cities of the sunny
South. Its history indicates that it has
been one of the most unfortunate. In
1872 the entire eastern portion of the
city was swept away by a tidal wave
which followed a terrific storm that
raged along the Gulf coast for three



ORPHANS' HOME.

days. When the city had recovered
from this calamity and was built up
in more beautiful and substantial style
than ever, a devastating fire nearly de-
stroyed it in November, 1885. Its en-
terprising citizens were not dismayed,
however, and the city was soon rebuilt.
In August, 1893, it was injured com-
mercially to a great extent by the Bra-
zos flood in which rich farming lands
having an area of 1,380,000 acres were
submerged for eight days to a depth of
two to twenty feet. The loss as esti-
mated by the United States Depart-
ment of Agriculture was \$7,414,000.
The city has triumphed over all these
adversities and will doubtless arise
with increased strength from the pres-
ent appalling disaster, for it is the
greatest seaport of the South, being
connected with the entire railway sys-
tem of the United States and Mexico
and having direct lines of steamship
communication with all the great ports
of the world. It is the largest cotton
exporting point in the United States
and among the 127 foreign exporting
points in the country it holds fifth
place. During the year 1898 its exports
increased \$10,500,000 and its export and
import trade is now fully \$100,000,000
a year.

Harbor Improvements.

A leading cause of the city's great
commercial progress during the past
few years is the harbor improvements
made by the national government, in-
volving an expenditure of over \$8,000,-
000. In 1895 the depth of the channel
over the bar was only twenty-one feet.
By the construction of jetties and other
improvements which were finished in
January, 1898, the depth was increased
to twenty-eight feet and is still increas-
ing at the rate of six inches each year
owing to the action of the wind and
tide. This depth of water permits the
largest steamers to load and unload at
the wharves. In addition to being the
country's greatest cotton port, immense
quantities of grain, lumber, live stock
and dairy products are sent through
Galveston. Much of the grain from
Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and the Dako-
tas, which formerly went to Eastern
ports for shipment now goes to Galveston
because the shippers can save in
charges by loading at that port. The
lumber exports in 1898-9 amounted to
\$1,247,014 and in 1899, the port handled
\$200,000 worth of eggs. Its trade in
live stock, dairy products and poultry
has developed rapidly since the harbor
improvements.

Location and Description.

Galveston is situated on the northeast
extremity of Galveston Island at the
mouth of Galveston Bay, the entrance
to which is through the channel be-
tween the city and the southwest point
of the peninsula of Bolivar. The island
is twenty-seven miles long, runs north-
east and southwest, and is from one
and one-half to three and one-half miles
wide. Where the city is built it is one
and one-half miles wide. It is inter-
sected with many small bays and
bordered through its whole length on
the gulf side by a smooth, hard beach,
forming a splendid drive and unsur-
passed bathing. On this beach is the
magnificent Sea Beach Hotel. The
streets of the city are but a few feet
above the level of the bay. They are



MASONIC TEMPLE.

wide and straight and the residence
quarters are beautiful, abounding in
luxuriant gardens shaded with mag-
nolias and clematis. During the sum-
mer months thousands of pleasure
seekers from all parts of the South go
to Galveston to enjoy the many attrac-
tions of the city and its surroundings.
On the bay, or north side of the city, is
the commercial section, with wharves
stretching along for nearly two miles,
lined with sheds and large storage

houses. In this same portion are three
grain elevators with an aggregate stor-
age capacity of 3,250,000 bushels. The
island from the north side is connected
with the mainland by railroad bridges
and the longest wagon bridge in the
world, nearly two miles in length. On
the south side of the city, beginning
within fifty yards of the medium gulf
tide, the wealthy residential portion of
the city is located and this was the first
part to be struck by the full force of
the recent storm and flood. All of the
eastern end of the city was washed
away and some of the handsomest and
most expensive residences were here
located. There was one home which
alone cost the owner over \$1,000,000.
Among the principal buildings of the
city are, or were, the new custom house
and postoffice, the cotton exchange, the
Court House, the Ball floor school, the
free public library, the Roman Catholic
University of St. Mary, the John Sealey
Hospital and the School of Medicine
of the State University. All the build-
ings of the city were constructed on
substantial and modern lines. The city
had gas and electric light plants, a
water works system valued at \$450,000
and supplied from artesian wells and
a number of first-class hotels. In 1893
the gross city valuations were \$25,000,-
000. The city debt was \$1,750,000 and
the officials had authority to issue \$1,-
500,000 in bonds to raise money for
permanent improvements, and it owned
property to the value of \$1,065,500. The
population, according to the figures given
by the census bureau for 1904, is 37,
789.

History of the City.

The island of Galveston was occupied
by the famous pirate LaBite in 1817
and continued to be his headquarters
until his settlement was broken up in
1821. It is believed by many that
somewhere on the island are buried
treasures of the pirate and many
stories of romance have been woven
about the daring rover and his island
home. The city of Galveston was
founded in 1837. It was the scene of
stirring events during the Civil War.
The Federal forces occupied the city
Oct. 8, 1862, but it was retaken by the
Confederates on Jan. 1, 1863. During



GOVERNMENT BUILDING, GALVESTON.

the past few years the United States
has spent \$332,000 in the construction
and equipment of coast fortifications
near the city.

Bay of Galveston.

The bay of Galveston, the mouth of
which is guarded by the island on
which the city stands as a sentinel, is
a body of water with an area of about
450 square miles. It has an irregular
coast line and branches out into various
arms. It receives the San Jacinto and
Trinity rivers and Buffalo Bayou. Owing
to the island being but little higher
than the bay, inundations have often
been threatened. The bay is quite shal-
low in most parts. Entrance to it is
through the recently constructed deep
water channel and flanking it on either
side are the stone jetties five miles long.

A Bad Case of Lockjaw.



A Whistling People.

The natives of Gomera, one of the
Canary Isles, converse with one an-
other by whistling on their fingers. It
is possible to understand a message a
mile off. Each syllable of a word has
its own peculiar sound. Gomera is cut
up by a number of deep gorges, which
are not bridged over, and as it would
otherwise be impossible for the inhab-
itants on separate sides of a glen to
talk with one another without going
a long way round to meet, they have
hit upon the whistling device as the
best means of communication.

Thought He Was Saving Money.

Hiram—Hurry up, Mandy, an' get
away from this buildin'.
Mandy—What's yer hurry, Hiram?
Hiram (chuckling)—The feller in the
elevator forgot ter collect our fares.—
Truth.

Almost every girl of sixteen has her
mind made up that some day she will
have a son named De Montville, or a
daughter named Geraldine.

About all some men are willing to do
for a living is to breathe regularly.

HISTORIC OLD FORT HAYS.

Noted Spot in Kansas Where Thrill- ing Incidents Occurred.

One of the noted military posts of the
country was Fort Hays, Kan. In 1869
Fort Fletcher was built at the junction
of the North Fork and Big Creek. In
1867 a flood destroyed it, drowned sev-
eral soldiers, and swept away mules,
wagons, tents and barracks. Then Gen.
Phil Sheridan chose a higher site, and
Major Gillis of the Seventh United
States Cavalry directed the building of
the new fort, which was begun at once.
It was named Hays in honor of Gen.
Alexander Hays, who commanded a divi-
sion under Hancock in the Civil War,
and was killed in the Wilderness cam-
paign.

Many noted officers have been sta-
tioned at Fort Hays. Gen. Phil Sheri-
dan was in command in 1868, and pre-
viously to that date Gen. Hancock direct-
ed military affairs in that department.
Gen. Custer made many of his remark-
able Indian campaigns from there.
From 1867 to 1871 his command was
there. Custer was succeeded in 1871
by Col. Oakes with the Sixth Cavalry.
The last officer in command at the post
before its abandonment was Major
John R. Ward of the Eighteenth Infan-
try. Many years before he had been
there with the Tenth colored cavalry.

In connection with Custer, it may be

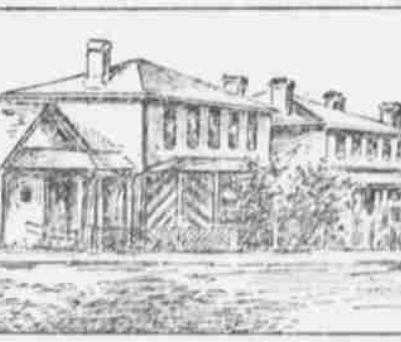


THE ALMS HOUSE AT FORT HAYS.

noted that the last survivor of the
memorable massacre on the Little Big
Horn in 1876 died last April in Chey-
enne, Wyo., when "Billy," the Gener-
al's old war horse, died. "Billy" was
found wandering about on the battle-
field, passed into the possession of Mr.
Thomas F. Talbot, of Cheyenne, was
kindly cared for, and his body lies
buried in the garden of the Talbot resi-
dence, the place being marked by a
stone slab.

After the fort had been built, Hays
City sprang up around it, and in early
years it was an open question whether
Hays City or Dodge City was the
"tougher" place. In 1870 the little place
had thirty-seven saloons, every one a
gambling place, most of them dance
halls. The cowboy and the bluecoat
made things lively in these resorts, for
there was no love lost between them.
One night the cowboys lynched three
colored soldiers. They were hung from
the railroad bridge west of town, and
their dead bodies were found dangling
there the next day.

For years the place was the cowboys'
trading point. The surrounding coun-



OFFICERS' ROW, FORT HAYS.

try was a vast cattle range. On Aug.
25, 1869, Wild Bill (William Hickock)
was elected marshal, and while he was
in command he killed four men. One of
them was a soldier of Custer's Seventh
Regiment, and Mr. Hickock deemed it
judicious to leave town before the ex-
piration of his term of office, he saying
that he had no contract to whip the
whole army.

In August, 1872, Pony Donovan was
arrested on a charge of horse-stealing,
and was confined in the jail in the base-
ment of the court house. One night
some one shot him dead there, and
dred the court house. It burned down,
and all the county records were de-
stroyed. The new court house likewise
burned down. Then another was built
that yet stands.

A "place with a history" is a small
tract of land northwest of Hays City.
It contains the graves of forty-five per-
sons, many of them unknown, who met
violent deaths in various affrays or by
assassination. "Boat Hill" is the name
of this neglected place, chosen because
most of the corpses were buried with
their boots on.

In May, 1867, Lookout stage station,
six miles west of Hays, was raided by
Indians, and four men were killed and
scalped. Later the same year six rail-
road section hands met a like fate near
Victoria, fifteen miles east of Hays.
Another railroad laborer was killed by
Indians, dying with his shovel in his
hands. A contractor living near town
was shot dead by an arrow which
whizzed through a knothole in the side
of his shanty. His widow became crazy
in consequence, and rode about the
country, seeking revenge, a terror to
the superstitious redskins. She got into
print as the "Wild Huntress of the
Plains."

But in 1876 Hays City began to im-
prove. Indians occasionally came to
town, got drunk, and engaged in rows
with citizens or soldiers, but nothing
serious resulted. In 1880 the old fort
was abandoned, and Hays City has de-
veloped into one of the most thriving
little towns of the West, surrounded
by vast wheat fields, the tenanted
buildings of the fort alone reminding
the visitor of the stormy days of the
past. And even they will soon be but
a memory, for an agricultural and nor-

mal college is to be established at
old fort, and the reservation is to
about to be turned into a public park.
The pictures of the army and
cavalry quarters that accompany this
article are from photographs taken
short time ago.

THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY.

The Highest Railway Station in
Europe Cut out of a Rock.

We have only gone about half a
mile when the train stops. We are at the
stock station, the temporary terminus
of the line. The station was opened
only in August, 1898. It is the high-
est railway station in Europe, 7,500
feet above the sea, and 1,900 feet
higher than the mountain station of
Pizzo. But what a station it is! From the
narrow gully-like opening are cut out
the face of the precipice. One of the
leads to a rocky platform on the
side of the bold, towering crag of the
Jungfrau, which here juts out from
the mountain wall. A small box with
glazed windows is the only building
stands in the roadway of the
station, serves as the station master's office,
there is a station master in blue
uniform and bright red cap, with a
white one to assist him. When the
train has progressed further the station
is larger and better equipped, with
waiting rooms cut out of the
rock and a number of bedrooms for
travelers who do not care to go in a
train up to the elevated air of the
higher regions. The tunnel is now
driven beyond Hohstock. The work
of excavation is done by six boring
machines, driven by electric power,
out a number of horizontal bore holes,
and when they have gone deep enough
cartridges of dynamite are fired
them, the boulders and the work
withdrawn to a safe distance, and
fuses are fired by means of an elec-
trical switchboard. Then the debris is
blown away, the sides and roof of the
tunnel are roughly trimmed to shape with
pick and chisel, and the boulders are
hoisted up for another attack. The work
is hard that even with the best work-
men and the best appliances the advance-
ment is slow. There are over six miles of
tunnel yet to be made, besides the
mountain work at the stations and the
lifting of the great vertical shaft for the
elevator at the top, a shaft about
1,000 feet deep. Ten years will see it
finished, says Herr Huber, Gen-
eral of Hohstock, and one has a
view down the valley of Garmisch.
The permanent station about half
mile further on, to be known as
"Grindelwald Gallery," will com-
mence a better prospect. The line
then curves through and round the
mountain to Eiger Station—12,000
feet high. This station will look out
over the fields of ice and snow between
Eiger and the Schreckhorn. The
way will then run under the summit
of the Monch to the Aletsch Garg
Station, in the rocks above the Jung-



Frau Joeh. This station will look
down on the great Aletsch Glacier, the
largest in Europe; and the giant pyramid of
Jungfrau will rise close in front of
you. Beyond the station the line will
go through the sharp, narrow
rock that supports the ice of the
Frau Joeh. It will ascend by a
grade in the heart of the great
rib that juts out eastward from
summit; and it will then curve and
zigzag around the cone, always deep
live rock, ending at last in a
chamber, from which the lift will
work which will carry the train
up the last 250 feet, and from which
will step out upon the summit plat-
form.—Casell.

Precious Stones.

Many of the precious stones
owned by Queen Victoria formerly
longed to Indian princes. The famous
Koh-i-Noor came into her possession
on the annexation of the Punjab in 1849.
One of the rarest gems is a green diamond
of the collection is a green diamond
marvelous beauty. It has never been
set. She owns three crowns. The
artistic one, which was made of
forty years ago, is of gold, literally
covered with diamonds. It is composed
of 2,673 white diamonds and 623 rubies,
besides many smaller stones. This
crown was made by the Queen
a gold band studded with precious
stones. This band is to be seen in
of her earlier portraits. The
crown, which rests in the Tower,
over 100 years old.

The Queen is sentimentally at-
tached to pearls, as is the German Em-
peror who has fine specimens in her
crown; but as she did not wear
enough they lost their color, and had
to be immersed in sea water for several
months before they regained their
luster. This process is not often resorted
to, but it was entirely successful in the
case.

Peculiar Graves in Zululand.

The most curiously decorated graves
in the world are the natives' graves
in Zululand. Some of these mounds
are garnished with the bottles of medicine
used by the departed in their final
illness, and the duration of the illness
guessed by the number of bottles.