

BORROW IS BUT FOR A DAY.

Let us dream—let us sing by the way,
"Sorrow is but for a day!"
The world is rolling beneath the blue
With ever the sweetest of songs for you,
And answered shall be the prayers we
pray:
"Sorrow is but for a day!"

The rivers in music say,
"Sorrow is but for a day!"
The hills and the rills the song repeat
To the listening violets at your feet,
And the high stars sing on their heav-
enly way:
"Sorrow is but for a day!"

It is but for a day—for a day;
It will fade—it will vanish away;
And over the darkest—the thorniest sod,
We shall reap in the beautiful lilies of
God,
And the wearisome winters shall blossom
like May
"Sorrow is but for a day!"
—Frank L. Stanton.

A Thunder Shower.

THE sun was shining brightly
when Lucy Manning went down-
town, and it was oppressively
hot, but she looked dainty and cool in
her crisp ruffled lawn and white hat.
Having bought a few yards of ribbon,
a shirtwaist, "marked down to half,"
and an ice-cream soda, she started
home. The trolley car was almost
empty and she took a corner seat, near
the front.

Suddenly the sky grew dark, light-
ning flashed, thunder roared, and rain
came down in torrents. The conductor
struggled nobly with the curtains, but
before Lucy's were down she was wet
through. She looked at her gown sor-



"THERE'S THE GLOVE I LOST LAST WINTER."

rowfully; the color was running; it was
ruined. She minded the gown's plight
more than her own.

"What a pity," she said to herself; "I
was sure that it would wash."

Just then a tall, good-looking young
man appeared at her side.

"Good-morning, Miss Manning," he
said; "pardon me if I offer you my over-
coat. You will catch cold in that thin
gown. I am afraid."

Lucy drew herself up haughtily. "No,
thank you, I shall do very well as I
am."

"But I insist," and Lawrence Fulton
dexterously wrapped the coat around
her. Then he sat down on the same
seat, but so far away as to be almost
in a puddle. Lucy eyed him furtively.

"I don't care if he does get wet,"
thought she. "Mean thing. I wonder
how he happened to have his overcoat
with him this hot day."

Presently her conscience began to
trouble her. "Mr. Fulton," she said,
"why don't you sit farther over this
way? You are in the wet."

"I am perfectly comfortable, Miss
Manning, thank you."

"That's absurd," answered Lucy.
"You are almost in a puddle."

"It doesn't matter," said Lawrence.
"Nothing matters now," he added, half
under his breath. But Lucy heard him,
although she gave no sign.

The car sped three blocks, but neither
of the young people said another word.
At Superior street Lawrence arose,
bowed, and left the car.

"Goodness," exclaimed Lucy, almost
aloud, "he has left his overcoat." But
the car was already at Chicago avenue.

When Lucy arrived at her getting-off
place the rain had ceased. She emerged
from the overcoat a much-bedraggled
object. "I feel like a freak," she said
to herself, impatiently, as she walked
two blocks in her wet and spoiled
finery, with the heavy overcoat on her
arm. The sun had come out again and
added to her misery.

Arrived at home, arrayed in dry gar-
ments, and, happily, feeling none the
worse for her wetting, she ruefully
surveyed the overcoat.

"I suppose I must send it back; he
will never come for it after last night."
She shook it out, preparatory to fold-
ing it, and a long white glove fell to
the floor.

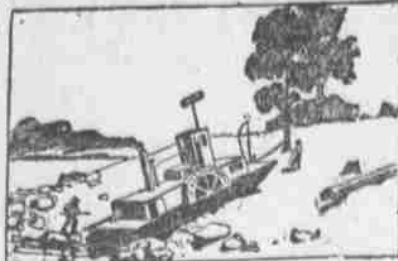
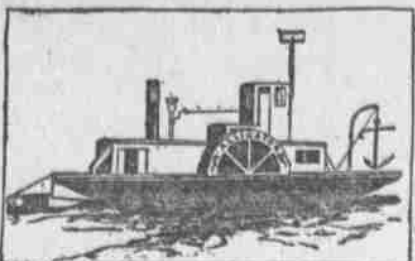
"Why, there's the glove I lost last
winter at the McDonald's dance," Lucy
cried. "Stupid boy, to take it and carry
it around." But her heart softened
a little. "That was the night after he
asked me to marry him. O, we had
such a good time at that dance."

"Lucy, have you heard the news?"
cried a younger sister, bursting into the
room. "Grace Anderson is engaged to
Mr. Worth."

Lucy gasped. "Who told you, Molly?"
"Grace herself. She was here this
morning. I can't stay to talk now. I
want to tell Frances," and the impetu-
ous young lady whisked herself away.

"And to think—to think that I sent
Lawrence away because I thought that
he and Grace were—were too much
together. Sam Worth is Lawrence's

BOAT THAT IS INDEED AMPHIBIOUS.



This is a peculiar boat called "a warping barge" that is in use on British Columbia rivers. Navigation on many of these streams is obstructed by falls and rapids over which it is impossible for a boat to pass. The Alligator crawls around these obstructions in the manner shown in the picture. It is a flat-bottomed craft with a strong winch and cable in the bow. When it is necessary for the boat to make a trip overland the cable is carried out ahead and hitched to a tree, the steam winch is started, and the winding in of the cable pulls the boat ahead.

best friend, and of course he was nice
to Grace. And he wouldn't tell Sam's
secret even to clear himself. O, dear,
dear!"

"Mr. Fulton, ma'am; come for his
coat," said a maid, at the open door.
"I'll see him, Nora."

Lucy gathered the great coat in her
arms and carried it to the drawing-
room.

"Miss Manning," said Lawrence, as
he came forward, "why didn't you send
it down by Nora? It was inexcusable
for me to leave it on your hands, but I
forgot all about it."

"About me, too?" asked Lucy with a
blush.

Lawrence started. "Lucy, what do
you mean?"

"What I said. Did you forget me?"

"My every thought was of you,
Lucy."

"Well, I forgive you, Lawrence. I
don't like quarrels."

Lawrence was wise enough to accept
"forgiveness," and to assume that it
covered last night's offense as well as
to-day's.

By and by Lucy asked curiously,
"How did you happen to be carrying
that heavy coat on this hot day?"

"O, that's easy enough, dear. I was
bringing it home from the office for
mother to pack away in camphor or
something. She asked me to do it way
last April."

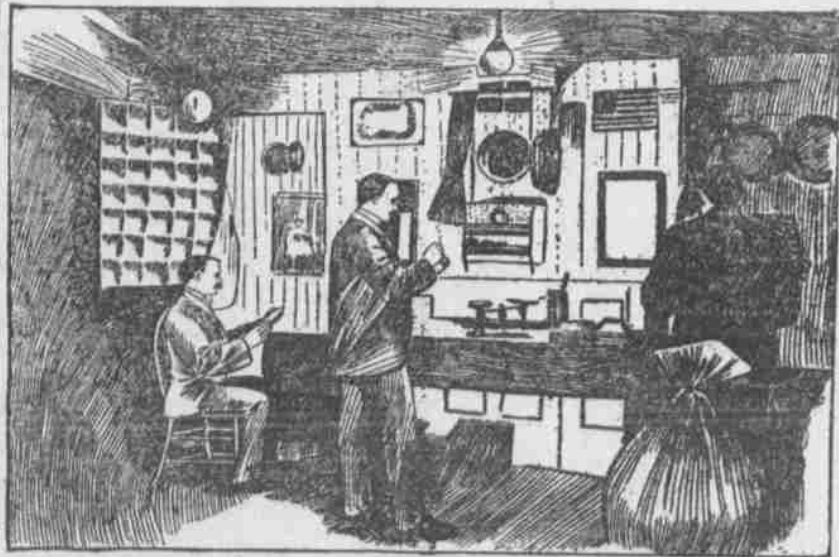
"Just like a man," commented his
fiancee, sagaciously.—Chicago Tribune.

ARE AUTHORIZED BY LAW.

Trade Organizations Have a Legal Standing in New Zealand.

Trade and labor are organized throughout New Zealand, and as such are recognized and legalized by the state in the act of 1894, says the London Daily Mail. The very title of that act, though not changed, originally ran: "An act to encourage the formation of industrial unions;" and the whole spirit of the movement is that both employers and workmen should form their unions and associations on representative lines under the provisions of the act, and that all questions should be dealt with by the unions and societies up to a certain stage, and then brought to them, and then only, before the boards of conciliation, and ultimately, if necessary, to the arbitration court.

The trade and industrial unions of New Zealand are required to comply with all the ordinary business safeguards which should surround the corporate bodies which they form, and then—but not till then—they are registered by the state and placed in a position to act and be heard in industrial disputes. Penalties are attached to all breaches of the provisions controlling the unions, and in some cases to enforce the award



INTERIOR VIEW OF A SEA POSTOFFICE.

of the court they are heavy, the maximum being £500 for each union, and failing the recovery of this there falls a maximum liability of £10 on each member of it.

The effect of this registration is to make the union and all its members subject to the jurisdiction established by the act, and although the registration may be cancelled on the application of any union, this is done under due safeguards; and no cancellation is permitted during the progress of any conciliation or arbitration proceedings affecting the union which applies. Neither does such cancellation relieve any union or its members from obligations incurred in any previous award of the court. No workman may leave his work, or employer lock out his workmen during a dispute.

TRAINING IN CITIZENSHIP.

Brooklyn School Which Successfully Teaches Both Boys and Girls.

The high school department of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, claims in its catalogue "to fit boys and girls for intelligent citizenship." This is not an idle claim, for beside the ordinary work of high schools the course includes efficient manual training, sensible physical development, with "separate lectures to boys and girls upon personal

habits and hygiene," and also practical work in civics. "This course aims directly and pertinently to equip the citizen with an understanding of the chief social, industrial and financial problems before the public, as well as with a practical knowledge of the operations of government."

Just before election time every year national, State or local tickets are nominated or those of the outside world are adopted. Each classroom is divided into as many parts as there are parties represented in the class, and the parties vie with each other in decorating their sections. The enthusiasm runs high and boys and girls alike take an active interest in all the proceedings. The day before election day the school is closed early and the entire school participates in the election. The school authorities erect Australian voting booths, and inspectors and policemen and justices are appointed, girls as well as boys officiating in all of these capacities, even to being policemen. In a mimic way all the details of an election in the outside world are observed and the result announced to the school. A. M. Garrington, the professor of civics, and the secretary of the school both state that the girls take fully as much interest in the preliminary campaign and in the actual voting as do the boys.—Springfield, Mass., Republican.

POSTOFFICES OF THE SEA.

How Mail Matter Is Taken Care of on the Big Ocean Liners.

A work with which but few persons are familiar is that performed by the men of the postal department of the big ocean liners. Twelve hours for each of six or seven days occupied in passage, they labor on a pitching, tossing vessel in a small space about fifteen feet square and three stories high. Electric lights gleam night and day in the compartment where the postal clerks work, for it is hard enough to decipher the addresses on the foreign mail matter, even in the light of years of experience. The sea postal service is now in its tenth year and is in operation on twelve trans-Atlantic vessels. It has proven such a success and is of so great an advantage in expediting the foreign mails that the government is considering the establishment of the service in other vessels.

The postal clerks are usually located in a small room below the berth deck with low ceilings and narrow berths. In this compartment the separation racks are placed. The compartment of the racks are labeled with the principal cities of the country towards which the vessel is bound, and it is the duty of the postal clerk to have all the mail delivered to the ship upon leaving port ready for distribution when its destina-

tion is reached. On one side of the room is a separation table on which registered packages are sorted and which holds a small pair of scales for weighing them and stamps for marking supplementary mail.

One deck below, reached by a narrow companion way, are the newspaper racks—great iron gridirons with big yawning sacks of canvas suspended beneath. Into these pouches the third and fourth class mail matter is thrown with marvelous precision and rapidity.

A trap door in the third floor leads to the cellar of the floating postoffice, one deck lower, and here the bags of mail are deposited when the ship leaves port. As fast as a dozen or so are emptied by the men at the separation table and distributed at the cases, another bunch is hauled up. Thus hour after hour, in fair weather and foul, tell the men who earn their livelihood by facilitating the exchange of news, of business matters and other expressions of the human emotions. It is no inconsiderable position of postal clerk and great experience is necessary to enable one to fill the place properly. The worth of good men is appreciated and the government pays well for service in this line.

The hand that grasps too much holds but little.

BABES TRAVEL WITH TAGS.

Little Ones Often Shipped Across Country Like Pussel Meef.

When the long through train pulled into the Union station with a hissing and roaring of steam and wheels and the army of tired passengers hurriedly departed and hastened for the gates one of the train porters whistled and called to a uniformed attendant who was waiting to carry handbags to the waiting-rooms.

"Oh, Bill," called the porter, "here's a couple of 'tags.' Gimme a hand."

Down the steep steps of the car he helped a tiny boy of 6 years and turned him over to the attendant while he reached up again for a little girl about two years older. They were plainly but neatly dressed and from the lad's coat and the little girl's dress depended upon the breast of each a common shipping tag, which twinkled and fluttered in the breeze. The attendant turned it over to read the directions.

"Davenport via Rock Island," he repeated. "All right, Tom. Is the transportation all right?"

"Fine and daisy," said the porter. "Through from New York. Have to stake them to the bus fare, though, I guess."

"I'll fix that with O'Brien," volunteered the attendant. "He'll haul 'em over to the Rock Island all right."

All this time the two children had been standing patiently waiting to see what would be done next with them, gazing round wonderingly at the big train shed, the hurrying crowds and the panting engines. Taking a hand of each, the attendant led them toward the waiting-rooms and they trotted along as confidently as though they had known him all their brief lives.

"You come right along with me," said the railroad man in a soothing way, "and we'll see about getting something to eat. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, sir," piped both children.

"Well, well, we'll have to fix that up," went on the man in the blue uniform. "Come right along in here," and he turned toward the lunch-room.



LONE CHILD ON A TRIP.

"We've got another dollar yet," said the girl in a motherly way, taking out an old purse from her dress pocket. Beside the long, folded blue tickets was a paper dollar.

"Never you mind about that dollar," said their guide. "You'll probably need that before you get to Davenport."

The little boy had not said a word. He was evidently either in a daze over the whole affair or supremely confident that everything was all right. In the lunch-room half a dozen trainmen were stirring their coffee and a number of passengers were snatching a bite to eat.

"What you got, Bill?" asked a brakeman. "Those your family?"

"No; a couple of kids going to Davenport on tags," said Bill. "Bright-looking youngsters, ain't they?"

They were helped up on the stools and while a waitress set forth a lot of things to eat one of the passengers, a white-haired old gentleman with his wife hanging on his arm, was attracted by the odd-looking tags.

"What are these for?" he asked the train attendant.

"Oh, these children are being sent from New York to Davenport and the folks down East tagged 'em so they wouldn't get lost," explained the railroad man.

"Do you mean that these babes are traveling alone?" demanded the old man.

"Oh, yes. It's quite common," said Bill. "We get 'em every month or so."

"Poor little dears!" exclaimed the motherly old woman, watching the big, round eyes with which the boy observed the preparations for breakfast.

"Where are their parents?" asked the old gentleman.

"Dead, I guess," ventured the trainman. "Anyhow, they're being shipped from an orphan asylum in New York to a farmer in Iowa who adopted 'em. They'll be all right," he added, as he saw the look of concern on the faces of the old couple. "The boys will take care of 'em along the line. You see, most of the boys have got kids of their own and they're in such a business that they never can tell what'll happen to 'em or when it's going to strike, so they have a soft heart for orphans and they keep an eye out for 'em."

By this time the children were diving into the breakfast with a will, and a thought was suggested to the old gentleman, who seemed to be quite worked up over the situation.

"Let me pay for this check," he suggested, putting his hand in his pocket. "Oh, that's all right," said the attendant; "this is on me. It doesn't happen too often, you know, and I can stand it once in a while, 'cause I've got kids of my own. I'll fix 'em up for the bus ride to the other depot, too."

The old man and his wife looked at each other and she nodded brightly to

babies, although her eyes were shining with tears.

"Well, give them this anyhow," said the old man, slipping a dollar into Bill's hand; "they may need it some place."

"Sure I will," said the attendant, and the old couple hurried away to catch a train, after giving one last look at the little ones solemnly munching their toast.

When the meal was ended the little ones were taken into the ladies' waiting-room and turned over to the matron, another motherly woman, who was used to taking care of little ones traveling with "tags." They were introduced to the washroom and fixed up a bit after their long ride and then as they had a wait of several hours before the other train was due to leave, they slumbered peacefully in a corner of the room behind a screen. Mean-

while Bill had "fixed it" with O'Brien, the bus driver, that they were to be whisked over to the other depot without charge, that there might be no possibility of their getting lost on the streets or street cars, and a few minutes before the Rock Island train was ready to pull out they were turned over to another friendly railroad man, who placed them in the car and called the attention of the conductor and brakeman to them.

"Keep an eye on 'em," said the attendant to the brakeman, and he said he would. So good an eye did he keep on them that before the train left half the people in the car knew the little ones were traveling alone from an orphan asylum to a strange home in the West, and they were loaded down with apples and popcorn and other truck. One woman insisted on renting a pillow for the porter for the little lad; another bought a pictorial magazine for the girl, and by the time the train pulled out the homeless waifs were as comfortable as kind hands and loose change could make them. The brakeman looked on from the door.

"I only hope the kids will be as lucky wherever they land," he said to the trainboy, and then they rolled out for the West.—Chicago Chronicle.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

A policy of insurance against loss or damage by windstorms, cyclones or tornadoes is held, in *Holmes vs. Phoenix Insurance Company* (C. C. A. 8th C.), 47 L. R. A. 308, not to cover damage by hail.

Failure to enact or enforce an ordinance prohibiting the riding of bicycles on sidewalks is held, in *Jones vs. Williamsburg* (Va.), 47 L. R. A. 294, insufficient to make a municipality liable for injury to a person struck by a bicycle ridden on the sidewalk.

A State hospital created for purely government purposes under the exclusive ownership and control of the State is held, in *Malta vs. Eastern State Hospital* (Va.), 47 L. R. A. 577, to be not liable for injury to an inmate by negligence of the persons in charge.

An ordinance making it penal to receive intoxicating liquors into a municipality without paying a specific tax for the privilege of so doing, although the liquors may have been lawfully purchased elsewhere, is held, in *Henderson vs. Heyward* (Ga.), 47 L. R. A. 295, not to be authorized by the general welfare clause in the municipal charter.

A provision in an insurance policy against fire insurance is held, in *United Firemen's Insurance Company vs. Thomas* (C. C. A. 7th C.), 47 L. R. A. 450, sufficient to override any supposed agreement to consent to such other insurance, which is based on the fact that the insurance agent knew of the intention to procure it, where the agent was an insurance broker acting for the insured.

A statute denying the owner of land any recovery for trespass thereon by animals unless he has inclosed the premises by a lawful fence is upheld in *May vs. Poindexter* (Va.), 47 L. R. A. 588, against the contention that it deprives him of property without due process of law. But such a statute is held to be no defense to one who drives his cattle on to another's land because it is not fenced.

Executive officers of the State government are held, in *State ex rel. New Orleans Canal & B. Co. vs. Heard* (La.), 47 L. R. A. 512, to have no right to decline the performance of purely ministerial duties on the ground that the statute imposing them contravenes the Constitution. With this case is a note on the unconstitutionality of a statute as a defense against mandamus to compel its enforcement.

New Way of Killing Rats.

The extermination of rats by the application of a bacteriological process has recently been suggested at the Pasteur Institute of Paris. It is said a microbe has been found which will produce a deadly pestilence when introduced into a population of rats and cause their annihilation, or, at least, make them a negligible quantity. The bacillus in question was derived from field mice suffering from a spontaneous epidemic disease, and by elaborate processes of repeated culture was transmitted through a series of mice and rats. It is reported that in 50 per cent of the experiments there was a complete disappearance of the rats, that in 30 per cent their number greatly decreased, while in 20 per cent the method failed.

On Her New Dress.

"Here, waiter, you have charged for three consommés instead of two." "Yes, sir; there is one I spilled on madame's dress."—*Journal Amusant*.

While women admire truth in a man, they are not pleased with the truthfulness that leads him to admit that he has been in love before.

There is a kind of a woman that every man hates at sight.

BABOON AS A SOLDIER.

Man-Like Animal the Pet of a British Regiment in South Africa.

During the war in South Africa, an amusing and boulevard Parisian came and went about a regiment of British troops, and even gorillas to fight the Boers. France seized on the story with avidity, for it pointed at once to a pleasing and a satisfying ferocity.

The entire story grew out of the fact that one British regiment, the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles, really did have attached to it an animal baboon as the official pet of the soldiers. He had been caught on the Frasersburg road, and Sergeant Pennington took him under his personal charge. It was not long before the man-like animal had made himself at home, and after the first engagement he took positive delight in the sound of artillery fire. When the troops were ordered to the Vaal River, General Warren rode up to the officers of the D. R. C. V.'s and demanded, in hot rage, why, in the name of the God of War he must by leaving the wagon with the monkeys in charge of a monkey. Investigation showed that the conveying soldier had missed the road, and that the



JOCKO EMPHATICALLY CANTERS.

boon, who had stuck to the wagon, was working bravely, picking up the kits as they rolled off and holding fast to movable articles that were banging up and down wildly, as the wagon jolted along the rocky road.

Not long afterward the monkey was playing with the men in the Maxim detachment when the Boers attacked fiercely. A terrible fire was poured on them, and the colonel and several men fell mortally wounded. Jocko, instead of scampering away, initiated the action of the survivors and sought cover. He found it behind an upturned leather bucket, and remained there showing no fear, but taking infinite pains to keep out of the way of projectiles.

This exploit made him a popular favorite with the entire army corps, and the men even excused him when they discovered, during an arduous march in heat and dust, that Jocko had found out how to unscrew the stoppers of the canteens, and that he had drunk or wasted almost all the water of the regiment.

POPULATION OF THE CAPITALS.

A Decrease, as at Albany, Since the Last Census Not the Rule.

The population of the capital cities of two States, New York and Nebraska, is less at present, according to the census reports, than ten years ago. Albany's present population, 94,000, shows a decline of 772 compared with 1890, and Lincoln's present population, 49,900, shows a decline of 14,985. This fact has suggested that State capitals throughout the United States may have declined in population—such is not the case. Thus Providence, the capital of Rhode Island, has gained 23 per cent in population during the last ten years; Hartford, Conn., has increased from 53,000 to nearly 80,000, or 50 per cent; Trenton, N. J., has increased from 37,000 to 73,000, a gain of 27 per cent, and Columbus, Ohio, increased from 88,000 to 125,000, a gain of 42 per cent.

In fact, considering that the capitals of American States have been fixed chiefly with reference to their geographical situation and without reference to their facilities for business communication with other places, it is surprising that American capitals should show so large an increase this year. Thus Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, almost exclusively dependent upon railroad connections, has increased from 105,000 to nearly 170,000 population in ten years, a gain of more than 50 per cent, and 6 per cent greater than Cleveland's and 50 per cent greater than Cincinnati's. Des Moines, the capital of Iowa, has increased in ten years 24 per cent in population. Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, has increased 50 per cent. Denver, the capital of Colorado, shows a gain of 25 per cent; St. Paul, Minn., a gain of 23 per cent, and Salt Lake City, Utah, of 19 per cent. Richmond and Nashville, the capitals of Virginia and Tennessee, show a considerable gain in population, and Topeka, the capital of Kansas, shows 8 per cent increase.

Though census figures indicate some falling off in the population of that State, Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, has gained more proportionately during the last ten years than Jersey City.—*New York Sun*.

Norway a Healthy Country.

The only European country which has a lower death rate than England is Norway.

Many a man keeps his neighbor honest by locking his door.