

**JUST COMMON FOLKS,**

If only sweetest bells were rung  
How we should miss the minor chimes  
If only grandest poets sung,  
There'd be no simple little rhymes;  
The modest clinging vine adds grace  
To all the forest's giant oaks,  
And 'mid earth's mighty is a place  
To people with just common folks.

Not they the warriors who shall win  
Upon the battlefield a name  
To sound the awful din;  
Not theirs the painter's deathless fame;  
Not theirs the poet's muse that rings  
The rhythmic gift his soul invokes;  
Theirs but to do the simple things  
That duty gives just common folks.

Fate has not lifted them above  
The level of the human plane;  
They share with men a fellow love  
In touch with pleasure and with pain.  
One great, far-reaching brotherhood,  
With common burdens, common yokes,  
And common wrongs and common good—  
God's army of just common folks.

**An Unconscious Matchmaker.**

Do tell me, old fellow, how on earth it is possible for such a metamorphosis to have taken place. Not a month ago we sat here, two hardened bachelors, determined to remain so to the end of our days, and now I find you transformed into a most devoted husband.

A hearty laugh was the immediate answer to this outburst, and Dr. Trenton, to whom it was addressed, took a puff at his pipe before replying.

"Well, you see, Jim," he said, "I thought it would be fun to surprise you thoroughly for once. But Della shall tell you the story, and you may be surprised to learn that you yourself, unconsciously, I admit, made up the match."

"I suppose it is for penance, Will, that I am to narrate my own mistakes and misdeeds to Mr. Allison. Two months ago I was a stupid little country girl. My eldest brother had sent for me to keep his house. Our parents have been dead many years and I had lived with an aunt. Henry, my brother, had written me that it would be impossible for him to meet me at the depot, and that I should drive to the Tudor Flats, where he was living on the fourth floor. My poor brain was certainly in a whir after my long drive through the noisy streets. When I arrived at the Tudor Flats I walked bravely up the stairs.

"I know you will laugh at me dreadfully, Mr. Allison, but you must remember that I had never before seen so many stairs. In my ignorance I was unaware that the entresol does not count; therefore, when I arrived at a landing where a door was ajar and an old man servant replying to an inquirer the doctor would not be home until 2 o'clock, I naturally concluded that I had reached my journey's end, for my brother also bears the title doctor. To old James' astonishment I walked calmly in, saying:

"The doctor expects me. Please have my luggage sent to."

"But, miss, I don't know," he ventured, "I have the strictest orders never to allow any one to enter my master's study during his absence."

"I am the doctor's sister, and he himself arranged my coming," I answered, condescendingly.

"With that he admitted me, muttering: 'Never heard of a sister,' into the smoky, dusty apartments, which I assumed to be my brother's."

"Much to James' consternation, I set to work and dusted furniture and books, spread a clean cloth on the table, and prepared a lunch (though James informed me 'Master never eats at home') of fresh butter, home-made bread, cheese, ham and apples; then decorated the room with roses and honeysuckle brought from home.

"To pass away the time, I took up a book and began to read. A note fell out of this book. My eyes fell on the first words and my attention was instantly attracted. It was signed Charlie Allison, and read:

"Dear Old Man: So you have decided to install that awful creature in your house, though you acknowledge that all hopes of peace and comfort of your life will be gone. My dear fellow, do be advised and give up this preposterous idea. At any rate, don't be surprised if I cut your acquaintance for the present, and leave you to enjoy the company of Miss Della. Your friend,  
"CHARLIE ALLISON."

"My dear lady," interrupted Charlie, "you don't mean to say—it isn't possible that any misunderstanding arose out of that? My dislike and—"

"I do mean to say so," she replied, laughing; "it was quite possible—indeed, natural—I should assume that those words referred to me. I was at first highly indignant and then began to cry. My resolution was soon formed; I would go away at once and not ever see the heartless brother who had discussed me in such a manner before my rival.

"While repacking my bag I came upon a photograph of myself. A sudden impulse made me write a few words on the back of it and leave it on the table. Then I heard steps outside. It was Henry, I thought. He should not find me there. Seeing the door of a small room open, I slipped in and closed it behind me."

"Let me tell the rest," interrupted the doctor; "I fancied I was dreaming as I became aware of the invitingly spread table; then I noted two covers laid as if for a delightful tete-a-tete, and upon my napkin a photograph of the sweetest face I had ever seen. Listen to what was written under it:

"As I am so ugly; as I destroy your peace and drive away your friends, I

**TWO FOUR BOYS WHO MADE THEIR MARKS IN THE WORLD.**



**MARCUS DALY'S MONEY.**

Capital represented by him	\$100,000,000
His personal wealth	22,000,000
Copper interests represented	75,000,000
First price paid for his copper mine	35,000
His annual wage roll paid	8,000,000
His horses cost	1,000,000
His works of art cost	300,000
His private car cost	40,000
His hotel cost	200,000
His personal living cost per annum	5,000
His annual income was approximately	2,500,000

Marcus Daly graduated from digging potatoes to digging copper and accumulated a fortune of \$50,000,000. Henry Villard rose from reporter to railroad president, became a Napoleon of finance, lost two enormous fortunes, and died a millionaire.



**HENRY VILLARD'S DEEDS.**

Reported the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Reported the first Lincoln campaign. War correspondent, the Civil War. Foreign correspondent of American newspapers. In 1861 owned New York Evening Post and Nation. In 1875 president Oregon Steamship Company. Receiver of Kansas Pacific Railroad Company. Completed in 1883 the Northern Pacific Railroad. President Northern Pacific Railroad Company. President Edison General Electric Company. Chairman in 1880 of the Northern Pacific directory.

**RUSHING INTO THE CITIES.**

Young Men Invite Failure by Essay-ing Untried Fields.

Some published fragments of the new census statistics are very depressing to the old-fashioned, yet very sensible, people who have been hoping that the movement of villagers and country people to the large cities had been checked. What is the meaning of the continuous rush to the cities? The old explanation was that farmers' sons and daughters wearied of work that was never finished; they had heard of city demands for labor and of city wages, payable always in cash and at stated dates. They had also heard of city pleasures, some of which were said to cost nothing, while others were very cheap. But young people do not constitute the whole body of people who are crowding into the cities, for mechanics and artisans of all kinds are in the throng, for in the villages and country districts employment is irregular and pay uncertain. The more aspiring of them hope for the larger opportunities and recognition that the country dares not promise; they know, too, that such of their children as incline to study may become fairly, even highly, educated in the city without special cost to their parents. Of the "seamy" side of city life they know nothing, for their acquaintances who "went to town" have not returned to tell of it; few of them could return if they would. The few who go back to the old homesteads are the men who have succeeded, and in any village such a man in effect resembles a gold-lender—miner from Cape Nome or the Klondike—his example threatens to depopulate the town.

**An Epitaph for Ruskin.**

The London Academy has awarded a prize of one guinea to J. R. Anderson, Lairbeck, Keswick, for the best inscription suitable for the proposed meditation of John Ruskin in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Anderson's epitaph is as follows:

He Taught Us To Hold In Loving Reverence Poor Men and Their Work Great Men and Their Work God and His Work.

In connection with this competition it is interesting to quote what Ruskin himself said on epitaphs: "Take care that some memorial is kept of men who deserve memory in a distinct statement on the stone or brass of their tombs, either that they were true men or rascals—wise men or fools. How beautiful the variety of sepulchral architecture might be, in any extensive place of burial, if the public would meet the small expense of thus expressing its opinions in a very instructive manner, and if some of the tombstones accordingly terminated in fools' caps, and others, instead of crosses and cherubs, bore engravings of cats'-paws-tails as typical of the probable methods of entertainment in the next world of the persons not, it is to be hoped, reposing below."

**Key to the Working-Girl's Success.**

"Whatever vocation the girl wage-worker settles upon she may as well accept the fact, first as last, that slipshod performance and inadequate equipment will win no favor, will not even secure a foothold," writes Margaret E. Sangster in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The ranks are everywhere crowded, and the second-rate work must go to the wall. In most fields the supply is well in excess of the demand, and only the capable, the efficient, the competent and the trustworthy may hope to find their niche. As a grain of satisfaction let it be added that those possessed of these desirable qualities, those who are ready for service and are responsible in their work, are sure to be appreciated and will never cease to be wanted."

**Barter.**

"I should like to subscribe to your paper. Would you be willing to take it out in trade?"  
Country Editor—Guess so; what's your business?  
"I'm the undertaker."—Brooklyn Life.

**Guards on European Royalty.**

Every royal palace in Europe has its special private police, who, in one guise or another, are always on the lookout for suspicious persons.

**English Public Buildings.**

The public buildings of England alone are valued at a sum approaching \$1,250,000,000.

**A woman is never so proud as when her boy voluntarily asks for a fork with which to eat his pie.**

**DESTROY BIG TREES.**

**CALIFORNIA GIANTS ARE RUTHLESSLY CUT DOWN.**

Necessary Waste of Lumbering Mammoths Over Fifty Per Cent—Forestry Department Demands That Efforts Be Made to Save Few Remaining Groves.

Gifford Pinchot, United States forester, has issued a pamphlet concerning the big trees of California which has created no little comment through its endeavors to state clearly and emphatically the necessity for the preservation of the California mammoths. The writer protests against the rate at which the big trees are being destroyed by private owners, pointing out clearly that the chances of a renewal of the wonder growths are to be little considered.

"Most of the scattered groves of big trees are privately owned and, therefore, in danger of destruction," he



**FALLING A BIG TREE.**

writes, "Lumbering is rapidly sweeping them off; forty mills and logging companies are now at work wholly or in part upon big tree timber. The southern groves show some reproduction, through which there is hope of perpetuating these groves. In the northern groves the species hardly holds its own."

In introducing a history of the big trees, with facts concerning each of the groves now existing, the writer says: "At the present time the only grove thoroughly safe from destruction is the Mariposa and this is far from being the most interesting. Most of the other groves are either in process of or in danger of being logged. The very finest of all, the Calaveras grove, with the biggest and tallest trees, the most uncontaminated surroundings and prac-



**LOGGING RAILROAD IN A BIG TREE FOREST.**

tically all the literary and scientific associations of the species connected with it, has been purchased recently by a lumberman, who came into full possession on the 1st of April, 1900.

"The Sequoia and General Grant National parks, which are supposed to embrace and give security to a large part of the remaining big trees, are eaten into by a sawmill each and by private timbering claims amounting to a total of 1,172,870 acres. The rest of the scanty patches of big trees are in a fair way to disappear—in Calaveras, Tuolumne, Fresno and Tulare counties, they are now disappearing—by the ax. In brief, the majority of the big trees of California, certainly the best of them, are owned by people who have every right and in many cases every intention, to cut them into lumber."

**Scientific Value of Big Trees.**

Further along these same lines the value of the big tree is thus considered: "The big trees are unique in the world—the grandest, the oldest, the most majestically graceful trees—and if it were not enough to be all this, they are among the scarcest of known tree species and have the extreme scientific value of being the best living representatives of a former geologic age. They are trees which have come down to us through the vicissitudes of many centuries solely because of their superb qualifications. The bark of the big tree is often two feet thick and almost non-combustible. The oldest specimens felled are still sound at the heart and fungus is an enemy unknown to it. Yet with all these means of maintenance the big trees have apparently not increased their range since the glacial epoch. They have only just managed to hold their own on a little strip of country where the climate is locally favorable."

**King Oscar Was His Host.**

A story illustrating the simple bonhomie of the King of Sweden and Norway is told by M. Gaston Bonnier, the botanist. M. Bonnier was botanizing near Stockholm, when he met a stranger similarly occupied. The two botanists fraternized, and M. Bonnier suggested that they should lunch together at an inn.

"No; come home and lunch with me instead," said the stranger; and he led the way to the palace and opened the gate.

M. Bonnier was naturally astonished, but his new acquaintance was most apologetic.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I happen to be the king of this country, and this is the only place I've got to entertain anybody in." So they went in and lunched, and talked botany together all the afternoon.

**Florida Tobacco.**

Florida, according to local papers, is becoming one of the great tobacco-producing States, and the product has been pronounced in some respects equal to that of Cuba. Sumatra wrapper tobacco raised in Florida recently took the prize at the Paris exposition over the world.

**A Matter of Taste.**

"Beg pardon," said the postal clerk who had sold her the stamps, "but you don't have to put a 5-cent stamp on a letter for Canada."

"I know," said she, "but the shade just matches my envelope, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

When people say they will do anything in the world for you, they mean about as much as a candidate when he says his ambition is to serve his country and his countrymen.

**HE DIDN'T BUY A SAW.**

It Bounded Easy When His Wife Popped It—Was Different in the

When the man with the red mustache started down the stairs his wife the door and called him back.

"Donald," she said, "I want to go into a hardware store to-day to buy a saw. Don't forget it, please. You one being."

Being an accommodating person man with the red mustache saw get it. He chose the luncheon the most opportune time for making simple purchase. He was in humor and smiled blandly who went bustling into the store and "I want a saw, please."

The clerk who had come forward wait on him had a merry twinkling eye, and the twinkling overflooded question and spread all over it in dimples.

"What kind of a saw?" he asked. The prospective purchaser he perceived what an intricate business buying of a saw really is.

"Why," said he, "I don't know a saw. Any kind will do, I suppose."

The clerk signed. "If you only what you want to use it for, I could advise you," he suggested.

"What I want to use it for?" the man with the red mustache said. "I want to saw, of course. At least folks do."

"Saw what?" asked the clerk. "I don't know," admitted the plussed shopper.

The clerk brightened up again led the way to the rear of the store. "I will show you a few of the different varieties of saws we have on hand," he said. "Observation and selection of their uses and prices may aid you in making a decision. Here you see a few of the different varieties. It is made of highly tempered steel and will saw iron, copper, lead and other metals. It is small in size and sells for \$2 to \$2.50, according to style of the handle, which comes beechwood and oak, the latter being more expensive. Is that the kind of you want?"

The man with the red mustache sorely perplexed. "No," said he, "I don't think so. We have no metal our house to work on, that I know of."

"Perhaps you would like a saw?" suggested the clerk. "See those is of hardly so high a grade. I could let you have a good one for \$1.00. But you're not a butcher?"

The man who wanted a saw saw his head mournfully and the clerk smiled.

"There is a regular kitchen saw general utility purposes, which cost you only 50 cents. How does strike you? No? Then here's the netmaker's saw. I can give you a good one for \$3. Then I have over plumbers' saws, the fine delicate used by all manner of artificers, the ordinary wood saws which will you anywhere from 50 cents to \$4 that back room we have still other saws—the two-man ten foot buzz saws and circular saws. If want to pay a big price you'd better take one of the latter. I'll give you good one for \$50. Would you like to them?"

The man with the red mustache led about him wonderingly.

"No, thank you," he said. "I had dreamed that there were so many different kinds of saws. I guess I will take any till I find out just what I want."

The clerk bowed affably. "I regret being unable to make a sale," he said, "but I really think that the whole plan."—New York Sun.

**Our Overfurnished Homes.**

"More simplicity in our homes would make our lives simpler," writes Edward Bok, in a plea for the exercise better taste in furnishing our homes, the Ladies' Home Journal. "Many we would live fuller lives because they would have more time. As it is, hundreds of women of all positions in are to-day the slaves of their homes and what they have crowded into the Comfort is essential to our happiness. But with comfort we should stop. We are on the safe side. But we get beyond. Not one-tenth of the things that we think are essential to our best living are really so. In fact, we should be an infinitely happier and healthier people if the nine-tenths we taken out of our lives. It is astonishing how much we can do without, and be thousand times the better for it. As it doesn't require much to test this gospel of wisdom. We need only to be natural—to get back to our real, inner selves. Then we are simple. It is only because we have got away from the simple and the natural that so many of our homes are cluttered up as they are and our lives full of little things that are not worth the while. We have bet the knee to show, to display, and we have lowered ourselves with the trivial and the useless; and filling our lives with the poison of artificiality and the unnatural, we have pushed the Real, the Natural, the Simple, the Beautiful—the best and most lasting things out of our lives."

**Heavy Penalties for Selling Whisky.**

Charles Steinbink, who was convicted at St. John, Kan., on forty-nine counts of selling whisky in violation of the prohibitory law, was fined \$4,000 and sentenced to forty-nine months in jail. As he cannot pay his fine he will if the sentence is carried out, have to serve it out in jail at the rate of 50 cents a day, making his total sentence practically thirty years and nine months.

**A Hospitable Shoemaker has a card in his window reading: "Any man, woman or child can have fits in this shop."**

A tailor is justified in giving his customers fits occasionally.