

THE SOUTH WIND.

Wind that sings of the dreamy South
When the pale first blossoms woo the
bee,
Wind that flings from a golden mouth
Tender spray of the summer sea,
Wind that keeps for us light and bloom
That cradles the bird in the tree-top
nest,
Wind that sleeps in the lilac's plume,
Of the winds of heaven we love the
best.

Over the springing wheat-fields pass,
And over the small home gardens far,
Evermore bringing to grain and grass
And the flowers thy breath of blessing
rare,
Give us the cup of thy wine to taste,
O wind of the South, so strong and
fleet!
Never a drop of its joy to waste,
In the days of the springtime coy and
sweet.
—Woman's Home Companion.

A COOL SCOUNDREL

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since and at present isn't able to go out—was looking around for a job, being at the time rather hard up, as you might say. We struck a small country town—I ain't going to give it away by telling where it was or what the name of it was. There was one bank there. The president was a rich old duffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy who used to sweep out and run errands.

The door was chilled iron, about the neatest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steady enough; only stopped when Jim which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside, the watchman toddled by. By and by, when I'd got pretty near enough, I heard Jim—so to speak—whistle again. I stopped, and pretty soon I heard footsteps outside, and I'm blowed if they didn't come right up the bank steps, and I heard a key in the lock. I was so dumfounded when I heard that that you could have slipped the bracelets right on me. I picked up my lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right on to the door, and there was the president. Instead of calling for help, as I supposed he would, he took a step inside the door and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me. I knowed I ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm blest if I could, I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" says he.
"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commenced it and a-trying all the time to collect myself.
"I'm the president of the bank," says he, kinder short; "something the matter with the lock?"

By George, the idea came to me then! "Yes, sir," says I, touching my cap. "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in, and I'm come on to open it for him."
"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he ought to get the lock fixed. Where is he?"

"He's been a-writing letters, and he's gone up to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer."
"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.
"I've got almost through?" says I, "and I didn't want to finish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."

"That's very creditable to you," says he, "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't," he goes on, coming round by the door, "be too particular about avoiding the very suspicion of evil."
"No, sir," says I, kinder modest like.
"What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.
"I don't rightly know yet," says I, "but I rather think it's a little on account of not being oiled enough. These 'ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I am here. I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you—hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"
The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says:
"How do I find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket. "And you see the same name on these letters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose I ought have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:
"You might have got them letters to put up a job on me."
"You're a very honest man," says he,

MICHAEL G. MULHALL, FAMOUS IRISH STATISTICIAN.

Michael G. Mulhall, whose death was recently announced, was perhaps the best known statistician of the present day. Mulhall was born at Killiney, near Dublin, sixty-four years ago, and his career was full of adventure. He was educated in Rome at the Irish College, and he was the pioneer of the English newspaper press in South America, the first paper printed there, in our language, having been the Standard, produced by Mulhall at Buenos Ayres in 1858. In 1878 he returned to England, and proceeded to make his name as the author of "The Progress of the World," "The History of Prices," and the invaluable "Dictionary of Statistics," which finds a place in every reference library. Mulhall was married to a lady whose book, "Between the Amazon and the Andes," placed her among the ranks of ladies who travel well and write well of their travels.



MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

"one among a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your persistence. No, my good fellow, I like it, I like it," and he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Now, here," says he, taking a bundle of his pocket, "is a package of \$10,000 in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to carry these around with him, would he? I bought them in the city yesterday, and I stopped here to-night on my way home to place them in the vault, and I may add that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe keeping. You needn't blush at my praise."

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds.

"Are you satisfied now?" says he. I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was. So I picked up my drill again, and gave him my lantern to hold, so that I could see the door. I heard Jim, as I call him, outside once or twice, and I like to have burst out laughing, thinking how he must be wondering what was going on inside. I worked away, and kept explaining to him what I was a-trying to do. He was very much interested in mechanics, he said, and he knowed as I was a man as was up in my business by the way I went to work. He asked me about what wages I got and how I liked my business and said he took quite a fancy to me. I turned round once in a while and looked at him a-setting up there as solemn as a billed owl, with my dark lantern in his hand, and I'm blamed if I didn't think I should have to holler right out.

I got through the lock pretty soon and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.
"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can lock up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night."

I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning. "Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he, as I swung the door to again.
Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-coming up the street.

"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra lookout to-night."
"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.
"There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank lock and I want you to keep a sharp lookout to-night. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.
"Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools and get ready to go."
I went back to the bank, and it didn't take long to throw open the door and stuff them bonds into the bag. There was some boxes lying around and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we'd had. I looked at my watch and see it was just a quarter past 12. There was an express went through at half past 12. I tucked my tools in the bag on the top of the bonds and walked out to the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you his key."
"That's all right," says the watchman.
"I wouldn't go away very far from the bank," says I.
"No, I won't," says he. "I'll stay right about here all night."

"Good night," says I, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't his right name, you understand—took the 12:30 express, and the best part of the job was we never heard nothing of it.
It never got into the papers.—Argonaut.

ARE AFRAID OF MIRRORS.

Most Wild Animals Take Fright at Their Own Reflections.

A glance at himself in a mirror yesterday frightened Big Ben, the zoo's largest lion, so badly, says the Philadelphia Press, that the keepers in charge feared he would do violence to himself. He was in an angry mood all day and paced restlessly up and down his cage, stopping at the bars and raving at every chance passerby.

The antics of a small boy particularly excited his ire and he raged and stormed as only a big lion can. The lad enjoyed the performance and waited until Ben had finished his tirade,

and then drew a hand mirror from under his coat and held it directly in front of Ben.

The lion looked over and then jumped for the intruder that dared face him in such a fashion, but brought up against the bars with force enough to throw him to the floor. Surprised at the appearance of the invader, he filled the house with his roars. The keepers ran to the cage and endeavored to quiet him, but he continued the uproar until exhausted.

In the meantime the adventurous youth had disappeared and was discovered in front of the wolves' cage trying to excite them in the same way. He was led from the garden and warned to keep away.

About a year ago a serious disturbance at the zoo was due to the flashing of a mirror in front of the lions' den. At that time the lions, with the exception of one or two of the wildest, were kept in one cage. A visitor held a mirror in front of them one afternoon and the beasts were thrown into panic. They fought and dashed at the bars with such violence that it was feared several would die as a result of their frantic struggles. It required the combined efforts of all the keepers for several hours before they could be quieted.

Best Legs in the World.

The most lifelike and serviceable artificial legs in the world are manufactured in America. Enormous quantities of these limbs are shipped to Europe every year.

The first great boom in the artificial-leg business was brought about by the civil war. Since that time railroad and trolley car accidents have kept up an ever increasing demand. Another factor has been the general use of anti-septics. The mortality among those who have their legs amputated is far less than formerly and a large proportion of the survivors become patrons of the wooden-leg factories.

The old-fashioned peg-leg is practically a thing of the past. The modern artificial leg shows a great advance over the old forms. Every improvement has been with the idea of greater simplicity.

The main object of the manufacturers is to improve the fit of the legs. The best models now cost \$100. It costs from \$5 to \$25 a year to keep one of these in order.

Few women wear artificial legs. On the other hand, it is becoming more common to fit limbs to children. Legs are made for children sometimes before they can walk. They are fitted as soon as the child learns to stand and make it possible for it to develop symmetrically.

Sorrow in the House.

There is a tightness in the "help" market of San Francisco. Servant girls have been growing scarce for some months, and at present the stringency has become marked to a dire degree. The surface indications are a falling off of numbers at the employment offices, an absence of response to advertisements for housemaids and a growing tendency among those who are engaged to throw up their places at short notice.

A deeper sign is the standard of the wages of house servants. Twenty-five dollar places now bring thirty dollars, thirty-dollar cooks bring thirty-five or forty dollars, while twenty-dollar housemaids cannot be found. In a number of households where it has been customary to have the housework done by female servants, the mistress, from utter inability to secure one, has been obliged to hire Japanese day labor at a dollar and a half a day. This seems to be the time when the energetic Eastern woman should follow the now proverbial advice and go West.

Long-Lived Birds.

It used to be believed that the ravens lived longer than any other species of birds, and it was said that their age frequently exceeded a century. Recent studies of the subject indicate that no authentic instance of a raven surpassing seventy years of age is on record. But parrots have been known to live one hundred years. One lost its memory at 60 and its sight at 90. There is a record of a golden eagle which died at the age of 118 years. Another golden eagle was kept in the Tower of London for ninety years. A third died at Vienna aged 104 years. Geese and swans are tenacious of life, and extraordinary accounts exist of the great age that they have attained. Buffon and other authorities have credited them with 80 and 100 years of life.

The average woman puts off acknowledging her wedding presents as long as possible, knowing that the donors expect the acknowledgment to contain an invitation to visit her.

ON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

WHERE ROBINSON AND HIS MAN FRIDAY LIVED.

Boston Man's Visit to the Little Dot on the Map of the Pacific Ocean Made Famous by the Charming Tea of Alexander De Foe.

John Burns, of Boston, has been on a journey to Juan Fernandez, the famous island home of Robinson Crusoe. He saw many of the places on the island that were frequented by Alexander Selkirk, and where he fortified himself against real and imaginary enemies.

Mr. Burns took several pictures of the more notable places and strolled about the island, even climbing the high mountains. It is a rockribbed, rather desolate possession of the Chilean Government, 400 miles off the Chilean coast.

"There is a good little harbor on the west side of the strange island," said Mr. Burns, "and it is here that the prosperous and contented inhabitants are located. The colony consists of eighty Germans and some natives of Chile, ruled by Alfred Holt, who is Governor of Juan Fernandez, and receives \$100 a month.

"The bay is pretty and alive with lobsters, mackerel, and yellowtail. The yellowtail are from one to two feet long, and, like the mackerel, are fine eating. As for the lobsters, I do not believe there are any finer ones anywhere. There is a small cannery on the island, where some of the fish are put up for shipment. A schooner comes in every twenty days from Valparaiso and gets some of the fish and lobsters, and also, when required, takes away some of the wild game. Beyond the visits of this craft the island is as lonely as when De Foe wrote of it, or when it was the resort of the Spanish buccaners.

"I visited the large cave where Robinson Crusoe made himself safe from savage barbarians, as he supposed, when he discovered the footprints of Friday in the sands. The cave runs back into the mountains for at least fifty feet. It does not start from the water, but has its mouth somewhat inland. It is largely grown over with bright green leaves and is attractive even to this day. There are other smaller caves near at hand.

"The island is covered with wild goats, wild donkeys, and wild pigs. The natives, odd to relate, catch the goats in the same way that it is reported that Selkirk did.

"The only fruit that I saw there were the fig and the guinea. The fig trees are numerous and grow from fifteen to thirty feet high. I think that almost any kind of fruit would flourish there.

"Altogether the island is a strange little principality, eighteen miles long and six wide, with mountains reaching to a height of 3,000 feet. It is pretty well watered, and is greener and more attractive every way than I had expected to find it. The harbor and the little colony on the shore are very picturesque. The water is as blue as indigo most of the time, and this, combined with a clear sky and soft air, and the singing of birds, makes it a unique place, and altogether one particularly fitted for the hero of the distant island, who became the theme of De Foe's pen."

PAUL JONES AND THE DUCHESS.

Great Captain Was Not to Be Outdone in French Courtesy.

The Duchess of Chartres was an enthusiast in the cause of American liberty, and a warm friend of its great naval champion, Paul Jones, whom she nicknamed the "Untitled Knight of the Sea." The Duchess was a royal Princess and a very great lady, and Captain Jones was a sailor, self-educated, and the son of a Scotch gardener, but in the exchange of gifts and compliments which, according to the custom of the day in France, attended their friendship he was not to be outdone.

At a luncheon which she gave just before he sailed from France in the Ranger, on that famous cruise of his which carried the war to the very shores of Britain, it was the good fortune of Paul Jones to share in a conversation touching a French naval engagement in which the grandfather of the Duchess had borne a conspicuous part, and to defend and explain his maneuvers on that occasion—showing a knowledge of every ship and every captain engaged, and winning on the spot the ardent personal adherence of Mme. de Chartres.

At the close of the feast she presented to him a valuable watch which had been her grandfather's. Taken by surprise, the American captain nevertheless accepted it with a grace that charmed the courtly company, promising in return, if fortune favored him, he would some day "lay an English frigate at her feet."

It was a daring boast, but in A. C. Buell's recent biography of Paul Jones it is related how he kept it. Within two years occurred the marvelous victory of the Bon Homme Richard over the Serapis, concerning which the victor wrote the Duchess a letter, ending: "The enemy surrendered at 35 minutes past 10 p. m., by your watch, which I consult only to fix the moment of victory."

That was a phrase to delight a society that reveled in pretty phrases, and the Duchess was amply satisfied. When Paul Jones reached Paris she gave a grand banquet in his honor. Just before it ended he reminded her of her gift and his promise. A servant was sent to his room and returned with a long leather case, which the Duchess took amid the exclamations and eager curiosity of the company.

"Your royal highness perceives the

impossibility of keeping my promise in kind," explained the Knight of the Sea, smiling. "The English frigate proved to be a forty-four on two decks, and she is now at Lorient with French colors flying. The best I can do toward keeping my word of two years ago is to place in your dainty hands the sword surrendered to me by one of the bravest of men—the sword of Captain the Hon. Richard Pearson of his Britannic majesty's late ship, the Serapis."—Youth's Companion.

THE WORLD'S RICHEST MAN.

Alfred Beit, Whose Fortune Exceeds \$1,000,000,000.

Rumors from London say that an American lady is to marry the richest man in the world. The lady is Mrs. Adolf Landenburg, widow of a New York banker who was drowned at sea a few years ago, and who is said to be one of the most beautiful women in metropolitan society. Her private fortune amounts to about \$500,000. She is tall and stately, is fond of fox hunting and is a superb horsewoman. She has spent much time in London, where she met her affianced, Alfred Beit, a German.

Mr. Beit's wealth is said to exceed ten hundred millions. He is the brains and the biggest part of the diamond trust, and is the principal owner of the famous De Beers diamond mines at Kimberley and of the gold mines further north. He is a partner of Cecil Rhodes, but that astute Englishman is only an incident in the diamond line when compared with Beit. Rhodes



MRS. LANDENBURG.



ALFRED BEIT.

was a late comer, and the ingenious German had all but completed the work of organization when Cecil put in his appearance at Kimberley.

Mr. Beit is 47 years old. His father was a well-to-do merchant in Hamburg twenty-five years ago, and Alfred was a clerk in the concern. About that time the South African excitement began to grow important, and the Hamburg merchant was asked for large credits by business men near the diamond fields. Alfred Beit was then 22, shrewd, capable, cautious, and precocious. His father sent him out to South Africa to investigate the general state of business there and determine whether the trade demanded the credits and whether the credits were good.

Young Beit saw and appreciated the situation. He began by buying up the scattered and conflicting claims. To accomplish this work he was liberally backed by his father and his father's friends in Germany. The result was the great De Beers Company, which for many years has paid 5 1/2 per cent on its bonds and from 20 to 40 per cent on its stock. It is capitalized at \$40,000,000. Next came the gold discoveries, and here, too, Beit was the first organizer in the field.

Mr. Beit is the poorest-looking rich man on earth. His clothes are so very plain as to be almost shabby. He never discusses his trade with outsiders, but beneath his mild and apparently diffident exterior is a capacity for business unsurpassed by that of any man in the great commercial countries of Christendom. His wealth has been estimated at \$1,000,000,000, but this takes no account of the few barrels of diamonds he keeps stowed away for fear of lowering prices.

He Would Not Be Beaten.

"Talking about extraordinary things," said one first-class passenger to another on an Atlantic liner, "I once swallowed the contents of eighteen eggs at a sitting. That takes some beating."

"Which I can give it," returned the other. "On one occasion, let me tell you, I got outside the inner meaning of no less than twenty-four eggs, sir; think of that!"

"Ah! I know—I had a sort of presentiment that you would beat me if I told my tale first. But are you sure of those twenty-four eggs? I may not have heard you quite distinctly. It's a lot, you know."

"Yes; and I did it, fairly and squarely. Twenty-four hens' eggs at a single sitting."

"Oh, I see," said the man who had spoken first, and he said it in the manner of one who has solved an incomprehensibility, "hens' eggs! I thought you meant ostriches' eggs, the same as the eighteen I swallowed!"—Modern Society.

Ready to Start.

A lecturer in a California town had in his audience a lank young man who drank in every word with flattering avidity, and whose eyes bulged with delight at the pictures thrown on the screen.

As the evening wore on, the lecturer got into the habit of looking at this entranced listener, and after a while had almost the feeling that the lecture was intended for him alone.

This evidently was the idea which possessed the lank young man as well, for when the lecturer said: "And now I will ask you to go with me two miles into the jungle," he sprang to his feet.

"Anywhere you say, mister," he shouted, with kindling eyes, "if you can just hold on long enough for me to cut home and get my gun!"

When you get a new job you always try for a time to please, and work hard and intelligently. Why don't you keep it up?

RHEUMATISM

Caused by an Impure Condition of the Blood—How It May Be Permanently Cured.

From the Mirror, Manchester, N. H.

Although rheumatism is one of the most painful and dangerous of the many troubles which afflict mankind, it can be permanently cured if a proper course of treatment is taken. The real cause of rheumatism is the presence of acid in the blood and the only cure is to purify, nourish and strengthen this vital fluid. The best specific yet discovered for this purpose is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the number of cures they have effected in cases of this stubborn disease is wonderful. Mrs. S. D. Loveland, of No. 133 West Hancock street, Manchester, N. H., was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by the use of this remedy. She says:

"Several years ago one of my knees was injured by a fall. About the first of June, 1897, rheumatism set in and at last got so bad that I could not bend my knee. It was very painful and I was unable to move about. I tried various remedies, but not one of them relieved me in any way.

"In the latter part of August, nearly three months after the pain and stiffness began, a friend, Mrs. Rothwell, of Everett, Mass., told me of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I willingly gave them a trial and experienced relief in a few days. I continued until I had taken three boxes and was able to bend the knee and go up and down stairs without difficulty. I have since taken the pills a number of times for other troubles and always with good results. 'I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People many times. I have not learned with what effect they were taken, excepting in the case of two of my relatives and a young woman living in my family, each of whom was greatly benefited. I feel that I cannot say too much in favor of the pills.'

Signed, MRS. S. D. LOVELAND, Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of February, 1901.

JOHN G. LANE, Notary Public. At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price, 50 cents per box; six boxes, \$2.50.

Offered a Small Figure.

A few days since a popular attorney called upon another member of the profession and asked his opinion upon a certain point of law. The lawyer to whom the question was addressed drew himself up and said: "I see, orally got paid for what I know." The questioner drew a half dollar from his pocket, handed it to the other and coolly remarked: "Tell me all you know and give me the change."

It Clouded Her Serenity.

"Yes, sir, my wife is a truly good woman. I know of but one thing that has disturbed her mind since she joined the church, last month."
"Some question in theology?"
"Not exactly. It was more serious than that. She was riled because a woman on the next street, who owes her an invitation, failed to ask her to a Dutch lunch."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The First Rule.

New Boarder—Can I get my meals on time?
Landlady—No; you will have to pay in advance.—Harlem Life.

Unusually Lucky.

Wigg—Is he lucky?
Warg—Lucky! I should say so. He says he can always light his pipe with his last match.—Cleveland Leader.

Out of Order.

"Why didn't they permit Grump to speak at the citizens' franchise meeting?"
"His liver was out of order."

Pitting Them.

Caller—Where is your mamma, Ethel?
Ethel (who has been watching the preparation of cherry pie)—Why, she's out in the kitchen unbuttoning a lot of cherries.

Standing in His Own Light.

"I'll never give you up, Miss Perkins—never!"
"That's it, Mr. Hopkins, I'd be afraid to marry such a determined, obstinate man as you!"

On the Train.

When a traveler in the Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany, wants to send a telegram while he is in the train, he writes the message on a postcard with the request that it be wired, puts on a stamp, and drops it into the train letter box. At the next station the box is cleared and the message sent out.

The Man and the Microbe.

At this point in the fable the Man marveled greatly in that he had not met the Microbe long since.
"In what guise have you traveled, pray?" asked the Man.

"Why, for the most part in the guise of a man who didn't boil the drinking water!" replied the Microbe, candidly. Of course, hygienic science was destined to change all this.

Definition.

"What do you mean when you allude to our friend as a hypocritical person?"

"A hypocritical person," answered Senator Sorghum, "is one who subjects things to unreasonable tests. He is the sort of a man who will take a speech that has made a hit and sit calmly down and try to parse it."