

WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day. Just two kinds of people, no more, I say. Not the sterner and saint, for his wall is understood. The good are half-bad, and the bad are half-good. Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth. You must first know the state of his conscience and health. Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span. Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man. Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years. Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears. No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean. Are the people who lift, and the people who lean. Wherever you go, you will find the world's two kinds of people. Are always divided in just these two classes. And oddly enough, you will find, too, I mean. There is only one lifter to twenty who leans. In which class are you? Are you easing the load? Of overtaxed litters who toll down the road? Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear Your portion of labor and worry and care? —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Rummage Romance

WHEN energetic Mrs. John Andrews, who had been unanimously elected general manager of the rummage sale, came in the course of her canvassing to Miss Hunter's house, she hesitated at the gate, and finally walked slowly on. But she went only a few steps, then turned abruptly round, walked quickly back, opened the gate with a decided hand, and, without giving herself time to change her mind, stepped firmly up the path and knocked sharply on the door. "Miss Hunter has been let alone longer than is good for anybody," she said to herself. "She used to be real active in church affairs, and there's no reason why she shouldn't be now. It's unchristianlike to let her ostracize herself as she has done of late years."

Miss Almira looked not a little surprised to see Mrs. Andrews, who had



"RELIQUIS OF HAPPIER DAYS."

been one of her intimate friends in former years, standing once more on her doorstep, but she said quite simply and cordially. "Why, Mary, how do you do? It's a long time since you've been to see me."

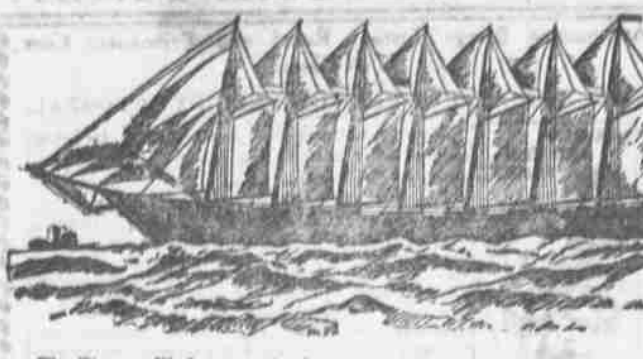
"No longer than since you've been to see me," chimed Mrs. Andrews gently, when she was seated in the cozy dining room. "But we simply can't get along without you any longer, Almira. I've come to get you to help us."

When the explanation of the rummage sale was finished, Miss Hunter sat silent in her chair, gazing reflectively out across the meadows which rolled away to the south. "I do not think I can come to help you sell the things, but I will 'rummage' and send or bring you the spoils. Will that do?"

And Mrs. Andrews was well content with her partial victory. When her visitor had gone, Miss Almira slowly climbed the stairs to her attic and reluctantly opened a trunk which had long been closed. It cost her a pang to look again on these relics of happier days. With reverent fingers she took out one garment after another, examined and laid it aside. Here was a dress of her mother's—no, she could not give them that. Here was the coat her father had worn in the war—every thread of it was dear to the patriotism within her. Here was a dress of her own youth, a delicate sprigged muslin; how well she remembered the first time she had worn it!

"Dear Mira," (so the letter ran), "you must know what I tried to find words to say the last time we met. I couldn't put it as I wanted to then, and I can't now, so I must just tell you that I love you, Mira, darling. I love you and want you to be my wife. Will you? You will think this a bit abrupt, but when the heart would be most eloquent the tongue is silent and the pen refuses to be fluent. Thus it is with my pen to-night. It will write nothing but what has rung in my thoughts a long, long time; Mira, I love you, I love you, I love you, over and over again. Write to me, dear, and tell me, if you can (and oh, I hope you can), that I have not been deceived in thinking you not quite indifferent to me. Yours, for life, death and forever, Caleb Thomas."

THE BIGGEST SAILING VESSEL AFLOAT.



The Thomas W. Lawson, the first seven-masted schooner ever built, the first steel schooner constructed in America, and the biggest sailing vessel afloat, has been launched at the yards of the Fore River Ship and Engine Company at Quincy, Mass. Her cost is \$2,000,000 and her building occupied eight months. She is owned by a syndicate headed by Capt. John G. Crowley, and will be used first in the coastwise coal-carrying trade, and it is expected that later she may be sent to the Philippines.

The Lawson is the first of an entirely new type of schooner; indeed, she might almost be called the pioneer of a new kind of merchantman. She is not only the largest sailing vessel in the world and the first American schooner built of steel, but she is the first sailer to be so equipped with steam as a means of meeting the competition of steam freight-carriers. The crew expense has been cut practically in half by the introduction of engines to manage all the sails, to handle the enormous anchors and to do the stevedore work. She is lighted by electricity, and steered by steam and equipped with a telephone system.

Sixteen men, including the captain, the engineers and the cook, will be the seven-master's full complement, while a square-rigger of even less capacity—the Lawson's 8,100 tons—could not get along with fewer than thirty-five or forty hands.

The Thomas W. Lawson measures 403 feet over all, but her steel spike bowsprit is 85 feet long, and from its tip to the end of the aftermost mast is nearly 500 feet. On the water line her length is 358 feet, while her beam measurement is 50 feet, her depth 34 feet 6 inches, and her loaded draft 26 1/2 feet.

she had answered it with words that came straight from her heart, and told him of the love she bore him, and that she would be proud and happy to be his wife. And that was all. He had never written to her again, and when he came back to Brentley he had met as though his letter had never been written and answered.

She raised her head wearily and continued her search. At last she found a coat that had belonged to her brother George (married now and living in a distant state), and several other garments with which she could part, and making them into a parcel sent them with one or two articles of furniture and various other things to the hall where the rummage sale was to be held.

It was on the evening of this bright October day that the sale was to commence. The town had been ransacked from end to end, a little judicious advertising done, all the articles collected and arranged, and now, with a sigh of relief and anticipation, the maids and matrons of Brentley stood and looked a moment on the work of their hands as they went home to snatch a hasty supper before returning for the opening of the sale in the evening.

Among those who dropped in that evening to "see how the women folks were getting along," was Caleb Thomas. He passed down the hall, exchanging a pleasant word with an acquaintance here and there and amusedly inspecting the heterogeneous collection of donations, until he came to a counter presided over by the daughter of an old friend, who laughingly challenged him to pick from her stock in trade the style which suited him best. She had charge of a part of the clothing and merrily exhibited her assortment, commenting zany on each. At last she held up a coat in the style of twenty years ago. "See," she said gleefully. "Miss Almira Hunter sent this in; how old-fashioned it is! One would think it came over in the Mayflower and hadn't seen the light of day since, and, indeed, it must have been laid away for ever so long, for she—"

"I'll take it," interrupted Caleb shortly. "How much is it?" "Fifty cents," was the wandering answer. The girl watched him with perplexed, inquiring eyes as he threw the coat over his arm and made his way straight to the door. She wondered if there was any truth in the gossip she had heard but hardly heeded, which called him an old lover of Miss Hunter's.

Meanwhile Caleb Thomas took his way homeward, the coat pressed tightly to his side. Once in a while he stroked it tenderly, almost timidly—it was something Mira had touched. Arrived at his bachelor home, he spread his purchase on a chair and sat down facing it. Somehow, the sight of something connected with her brought thrills back to him, the old question, "Why?" Why had she never broken her proud silence? With the question still echoing in his heart he took the coat and slowly put it on. It fitted well. He remembered that her brother George had been about his size. He ran his hand over it in an awkward masculine way, patting it abstractedly. Suddenly, near one of the pockets, something rustled. He felt in the pocket, but there was nothing there. Still the rustling continued when he touched that part of the coat. It occurred to him that there must be something between the cloth and the lining, and searching carefully he found a slip and drew out a letter, sealed, stamped, but not postmarked, and addressed to himself in a hand that sent a thrill along every nerve. Slowly and wonderingly he broke the seal and glanced at the date. It was 1882. He rubbed his eyes as if in a dream. What did it mean? Suddenly, like a flash of light, it was all clear to him. Here was the answer to the why, the long-delayed answer to his letter. She had given it to George to post, and George (he was always a careless boy) had slipped it into his pocket and forgotten it, and it had worked its way through the rip and lain for twenty long years between the cloth and lining. And, miracle of miracles! It had at last been delivered to its rightful owner.

He finished the letter, folded it carefully and replaced it in its envelope, but it backed in his pocket. Forgetting that he still wore the old coat, for now his only thought was to get to Mira, he strode out into the night and buried, almost ran, down the village street. There was a light in Miss Hunter's sitting room, where she sat trying to read. But she could not concentrate her thoughts upon her book; they would turn again and again to Caleb Thomas. Suddenly there was a step at the outer door, the latch clicked sharply, and someone stepped toward the inner

DRESS COST \$40,000.

Gown exhibited in Chicago Made for the Czarin, but Rejected. The famous \$40,000 coronation robe made by the ambitious Mme. Barutti, of Paris, for the Czarina of Russia was placed on exhibition in Chicago recently. The robe, which is the finest ever shown in America, and one of the finest ever seen at any time in the world's history, was viewed by thousands of people.

The costly gown is a wonderful creation of gold thread, ermine, white satin and royal purple velvet. Not a jewel was used on it, but \$10,000 worth of gold thread and \$7,000 worth of royal ermine were fashioned into the gown during the two years it took Mme. Barutti to complete it.

The history of the robe is so interesting as its folds are luxurious. Royalty never wore the gown, although it was made for the Czarin, but without her knowledge. When the old Czar of Russia died, Mme. Barutti announced that she had been commissioned to make the robe for the Czarin. She hastened to carry out her plans. After many months she began showing the gown to her creditors, who were harassing her, for she owed more than \$100,000 francs. Ambitious to become the royal dressmaker for all the houses of Europe and hoping thus to recoup her lost fortunes and clear up her credit, Mme. Barutti convinced her tradesmen her day was coming and secured further credit from them.

The time arrived, however, when she saw the robe would not grace the coronation, and Mme. Barutti went to the room where the gown was displayed and hid herself. The gown and all she owned were sold at auction, and finally came into the possession of a New York firm.

The great mantle, twenty-seven feet long, is the main part of the gown. It is of royal purple velvet, trimmed with white satin ribbons and a wealth of gold thread, and lined with 1,500 royal ermine skins. The gown proper is decollete, of double thickness of white satin. The train extends 100 inches from the waist, and is bordered with a gold fringe two inches wide. Every detail of the wonderful robe is elaborately wrought. The scattered gold decorations and scroll work, the rich laces and heavy satin make it a modiste's dream.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A NOTED EDUCATOR.

Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, Who Died Recently in California. The recent death in California of Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, formerly president of the University of Wisconsin, removed one of the most gifted and progressive educators in the United States. Dr. Adams had been ill for several months and death came as a relief. His death was due to Bright's disease.

Charles Kendall Adams was born in Vermont in 1835, and was reared in a family where intellectual strength was more conspicuous than worldly wealth. He entered the public schools at Derby, Vt., but at the age of 20, when his parents removed to Iowa, he was still undecided whether his life work would be as a student or a factor in the commercial world. At 21 he definitely determined to fit himself for college, and in the summer of 1856 began to study Latin and Greek at Denmark Academy under the instruction of Rev. H. K. Edson. In September, 1857, he was admitted to the University of Michigan, and literally, so far as finances were concerned, worked his way through that college.

He became interested in historical studies and took a post-graduate course in that line. At the same time he became assistant librarian of the university and had charge of one of the lower classes in history. It was 1864 before he began to reap a reward for his labors. He then received an appointment as instructor of history and Latin, and a year later he became an assistant professor. When Prof. White resigned in 1867 to take the presidency of the Cornell University, Adams became a full professor of history of the University of Michigan, and found his reputation for scholarship made.

Other universities and colleges sought him, but he remained with the University of Michigan until called to the presidency of Cornell, a position which he held for seven years. At Cornell he devoted himself largely to consolidating and reorganizing many departments, with such success that the teaching staff rose from 54 to 135 and the students enrolled from 173 to 1,500. On January 17, 1883, Prof. Adams was inaugurated president of the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and held that position until last year, when falling health compelled his resignation. In degrees he received that of LL. D. from the University of Chicago in 1878 and from Harvard in 1888.

Prof. Adams was the author of France, Democracy and Monarchy in Decease, which attracted much attention, and was translated into German. He was a capital organizer, strong-willed and purposeful. He gave the University of Wisconsin a national education and increased its business strength manifold. Besides his contributions to American and foreign reviews he wrote Representative British Orations and a number of historical contributions to current literature.

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PROFESSIONAL PRAYER.

The Odd Business of an Old Negro in New Orleans. "In one of the more unique quarters of New Orleans I have found one of the most unique characters I ever saw, in an old negro washerwoman," said a man who has lately taken up his residence in one of the more popular avenues of the city, and she seems to be proceeding along original lines in the main purpose of her life. Washing clothes seems to be a mere incident to the general plan she carries out. She is an interesting old character, and can quote copiously from the Bible. This seems to be a hobby with her. She has some kind of construction to put on every line she quotes, too. She can tell you just exactly what it means from her way of looking at it. But this is not the point I had in mind.

"Several days ago I got into conversation with the old woman, and she asked me if I didn't have some family washing to give her. I told her I did not, but encouraged the conversation, as I have a fondness for the negro of the ante-bellum type. Finally she threw a quotation from the Bible at me, and it was followed by another, and still another, and so on. 'Say, boss,' she said after a while, 'does you ever have anybody to do any prayin' for you?' I told her I did not, and, becoming more interested in the old woman, I got her to unfold her whole scheme to me. She did it without any sort of hesitation.

"She is a professional prayer, and makes no small sum out of it from what she told me. She told me she was praying once a week for the lady next door, who had employed her to pray for her husband to quit drinking, although he is a very light drinker, to my own knowledge. The old woman, and whatever other people she is calling, and whatever other people she says about it, is an enthusiastic believer in the efficacy of her own prayers."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE ODD BUSINESS OF AN OLD NEGRO IN NEW ORLEANS.

From Pottsville comes a story of an old chap who is proud to describe himself as the original anti-expansionist. Soon after the breaking out of hostilities between the States, he began to utter against the new taxes as an exhibition of federal tyranny. He would fairly froth at the mouth as he denounced the war tariff and would darkly hint at the possibility of a letter-day Patrick Henry and a new awakening of the people to a sense of the injustice. A severe cold hid him low, and his doctor, finding him asleep one day and thinking a little blistering would do him good, applied a large mustard plaster to the old fellow's back. The burning, stinging bite of the heated mustard awoke the crusty patient, he rolled over in agony for a minute or two, clapped one hand behind him, felt the plaster, and, frantically tearing it off, roared:

"Has it come to this, that an old man like me can't even die peacefully in his bed without having the government come along and slap a revenue stamp on him?"—Philadelphia Times.

HE ATE "INWARDS."

An actor who was accustomed to spend his summers in Wilton, Me., noted when, as the custom was, a farmer "killed a critter," the liver, sweetbreads, kidneys, etc., were thrown away. He offered to purchase these delicacies, but though he got the goods the "sturdy farmer scorned his proffered gold." Not long after he observed as he walked through the village that he was the cynosure of all eyes, and was followed by a wondering, if not admiring, crowd, chiefly composed of the young. "Aha!" thought he, "I cannot escape my fame; my glory as an actor has followed me even to this obscure hamlet." And he was mightily puffed up till he overheard one yoked out to another: "Bill, there goes the fellow that eats inwards!"—Boston Journal.

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OLD LEVI'S COURAGE.

Old Conductor Tells How Reckless Engineer Swished Into Handcar. "Say, did ye ever hear about the time Old Levi collided with a handcar on the Lowellville grade?" asked the Old Conductor. "I was his conductor then, an' Clark was first' for the old man. But that was before he got to be called 'Old Levi,' though he looked just as old then as he did the last time I saw him."

"That feller what told ye that other story 'bout Levi had it right when he said he was a great runner. He just natcherly didn't give a cuss what was comin', or anythin' else when he had a full load of steam, and the throttle wide open. Had a sorter confidence in his ability to run over anythin' an' come out on top."

"Well, one day we was comin' up from Oswego with a heavy train o' coal, an' was pushin' her ahead for all there was in it. That was back about '79 or '80. I guess, maybe a little bit earlier, and the R. W. & O. still had two or three engines with the old-fashioned big topped stacks, that usef' burn wood or coal either one. One of 'em was No. 12, and Levi had her that day."

"We pulled over Red Creek a little late, after takin' water, an' bel'n' as we was a through train, we had no stop till we got to Wallington, eighteen miles up the road. There's a big grade from the old Lowellville switch down into Wolcott, an' an up grade on the other side, an' so when we got into the hill, Levi pulled her wide open to make a run for the up grade on the other side o' Wolcott."

"Clark Perry, the fireman, climbed up on the seat to the left, an' kep' an eye on the track while Levi filled an' lighted his pipe. Well, we'd just hummed across Thacker's trestle, an' was shootin' round the curve in the cut, when Clark yelled to Levi to look ahead."

"There was a handcar, and on it two 30-foot rails. The foreman of the section, Pat McGilra, was just a gettin' over the fence an' his men were ahead of him."

"Oh, says Levi, who was quite a profane cuss, an' he pulls her open a bit further. 'Why—the—' couldn't that—'—fool pick out some other chap, I'll show him.' 'An' he was goin' to sit right there, but Clark, who'd jumped down behind the boiler, grabs him by the arm and yanks him down on the floor behind the boiler head. An' it's a blame lucky thing he did, for in about half a minute Old No. 12 hit the hand car, an' one o' the rails came end on right through the cab where Levi'd been sittin', and smashed into a box car, stickin' there, one end in the cab, an' the other in the car. An' the other rail just bent around the front of that old boiler in the shape of a letter L."

"Well, sir, we ran away into Wolcott before Levi would stop her, an' the boys were puttin' the brakes on hard at that. An' when we stopped, old Levi got down an' prompy to swear, an' he kept it up pretty steady for five minutes, an' I don't think he said the same thing twice."

JOKE ON BOTH OF THEM.

President John Henry Barrows of Oberlin College in a recent interview tells how Mrs. Barrows has been convinced that insurance is something more than a "matter of paying premiums." Mrs. Barrows, the professor said, had scoffed so frequently at the insurance business that she had frustrated his insurance policies to lapse. One day, however, he was persuaded by an energetic agent to take out a new policy.

That very afternoon Oberlin was thrown into the greatest excitement by the appearance of clouds of smoke pouring from the windows of the president's residence. After the chemical extinguishers had done their work it was found that a whole closetful of Mrs. Barrows' best gowns had fed the flames started from an overheated chafing dish.

The loss was promptly paid, and Dr. Barrows said he got great enjoyment from Mrs. Barrows' change of heart. An additional twinkle came into his eye, when he read this letter: "John Henry Barrows, D. D., President Oberlin College: Dear Sir—Inde of this policy went into effect at noon and fire did not occur till 4 o'clock. Why this delay?"

INSURANCE IN ECONOMY.

Honolulu is keeping up with the trade progress of the day. It is to have a \$2,000,000 packing house establishment. A big bank is getting a visit, and there are good times without writing about it, but a boy can.

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