

### AN ARDENT SWEETHEART.

For twenty years my sweetheart has been courted me—she can use the ardent efforts of the most effusive man.

In these years she tried to win me by the art that she love displays. And I confess she wins me by the sweetness of her ways.

She has no hesitation to embrace me or to kiss.

Me on my lips a hundred times—am I wrong in thinking this?

She's a woman most affectionate and she always says that she would not take the trouble of this living but for me.

I ought to fall in love with her, and I'm certain that I would.

If I were but as honest and as true blue as she's good!

For true enough she is to me my only bright sunshine—

My sweetheart if no other than that gentle wife of mine.

—Denver News.

### A Sentimental Journey.

It was about 4 o'clock one afternoon in February, and Hippeley was sitting on the veranda of the Cafe de Paris at Monte Carlo. He sat deep in thought, his ears mechanically listening to the strains of the little Hungarian band a few yards away from him. He was thinking of the reason that had brought him to the place.

He had been abroad for twelve years, and within a month of his return, he had left again and hurried to spend a few days on the Riviera before taking summer at Marseilles.

It was absurd, he knew it, but the thought to see her face again was irresistible. He would not seek an opportunity of speaking with her—their meeting would be a trifle heavy in the eyes of the world. He simply had an overwhelming desire to see her. Then he could go back to his home life, but with a fresh picture of the one woman he had ever loved.

He noticed a smart carriage draw up before the broad steps of the Casino, and almost simultaneously, a man and a woman came out of the building. The man was middle-aged, a trifle heavy in the eyes, and was dressed in the latest Parisian style. The woman was young, English-looking, and was dressed in a simple, elegant manner.

The color left his face, and he riveted his eyes on her. He watched her smilingly say "good-by" to the man on the steps, then the carriage turned and drove rapidly away. As it vanished from sight he sank back in his chair, his mouth twitching. His throat seemed dry and parched; he stretched forward and drank some tea at a gulp.

Then the voices of two men talking just behind him reached his ears.

"That was the Princess Zandra—she is living at the villa Erondeul, at Beaulieu."

"Enormously rich?"

"She was till a day or so ago." The man lowered his voice. Hippeley had himself, straining for the next words, "I happen to know," came in almost a whisper, "that the late prince was sufficiently ill-advised to invest nearly all his money in an enterprise that has recently come to the ground with a crash, and the princess, who never had the slightest suspicion of her affairs not being in a satisfactory state, has suddenly been told that another year at her present rate of expenditure will leave her penniless."

"What will she do?"

"Go on living as she has done—and marry again! Women with such beautiful things to pick and choose—there are no hard places for them. Rumor says it will be the man who has just left her. He is not a good man, but he is passionately in love with her, and a millionaire, to be sure."

Hippeley rose from his seat, and, making his way round to the terrace, sank into a seat. He felt he could bear no more. It was all so curious, so startlingly strange. To think that the girl he had left living with her father on the outskirts of a quiet English country town should have developed into this wonderful Princess Zandra, whose beauty was known throughout Europe. And they had loved one another! He had gone abroad with the hope of making a name for himself, of being able to claim her. But she had dogged him, and the time had never come when he could write to her. He had left her free, and as the years went by, bringing nothing but persistent failure, he knew that it was best for him to possess the only thing he counted worth having. Occasionally scraps of intelligence as to the course her life had taken drifted to him. Her father had died, and she had gone to live with a wealthy aunt in London. From stray papers that reached him he learned that her beauty had caused quite a sensation in society. Then at last came the news that she had married a foreigner of great position, Prince Zandra.

He wondered if she ever thought of him—remembered the night he had confessed his love to her. Not a day had passed in those long years of failure but her image had been before him. Now, at length, when he had achieved some slight success, it was too late. All that was left for him was to take the absurd little journey of sentiment.

Early next morning he traveled to Beaulieu. He got out at the railway station and, following the path that led toward St. Jean, passed the fishing village, and gained the point. There he sank down on the ground, and gave himself up to his reflections. It was a perfect morning, a cloudless sky, the soft breeze and pregnant with the perfume of the roses that grew right to the edge of the cliff. Some thirty feet below him was the sea, not a ripple on its smooth surface, the clear blue tints gleaming in the sunshine.

Presently he was aware of a woman gazing curiously at him. The next moment they had recognized one another. She went suddenly pale and her lips started in wonder.

"Ralph!" she gasped.

He looked at her mutely. He was face

### DENMARK'S THREE LITTLE ISLANDS.



The Danish West Indies, which Denmark has been notified must not be sold to any other power but the United States, are three little islands lying immediately east of Porto Rico at the gateway of the Caribbean Sea. Santa Cruz is the largest of the three, and contains seventy-four square miles of territory, more than five-sixths of which is under cultivation. Its total population is 20,000, most of which is of negro descent. St. Thomas is the second in size, and is the first in importance because of its situation and fine harbor. St. Thomas also contains the commercial metropolis of the islands, the town of Charlotte Amelia, which is better known as St. Thomas. Charlotte Amelia is a town of 12,000 inhabitants, and the total population of the island is only a few hundreds larger. St. Thomas contains but thirty-three square miles of territory, most of it too rocky for cultivation. The third island in the bunch for which the United States now proposes to pay \$2,500,000 is St. John, a little rocky islet on which less than a thousand people live. Altogether the purchase would add but 34,000 people and less than 110 square miles of territory to the United States.

In 1807 Secretary of State Seward made an attempt to buy these islands for \$7,500,000. The Danish government agreed to make the sale, provided the people of the islands were agreeable to it. The Rev. Dr. Hawley, pastor of the church which the Secretary attempted to purchase, was sent to St. Thomas to supervise an election held to give the people a chance to express their views. On all three islands but twenty-two votes were cast against the proposed union with the United States, several thousand being recorded in its favor. The sentiment of the people was almost unanimous. But the plan had many opponents in Congress. Chief among these was Senator Sumner, then the head of the committee on foreign relations. He pigeonholed the treaty and prevented its consideration for a long time.

A good many years later another attempt was made to buy out Denmark's possessions in the Caribbean. This time the price was fixed at less than \$5,000,000, but, in spite of the reduction, it came to nothing. Meanwhile King Christian and the Danish government have been growing increasingly anxious to sell. Denmark is not and is not likely to become a great naval power, and the chief value of the islands lies in the fact that St. Thomas has a good harbor and commands the gateway to the Caribbean Sea. Besides, the islands are not self-supporting.

Whatever the islands may lack in any other direction they are strong in historical and romantic interest. They were discovered by Columbus on his second voyage to America, in 1493. But Columbus was not looking for a few little scattered islands, and when he found how small they were he hoisted sail and went away after naming them the Virgin Islands. Then for more than 150 years they lay unvisited by white men. In 1657 some adventurous Dutchmen sailed into the splendid harbor of St. Thomas and started a little settlement there. That lasted for ten years. Then the Dutch gave up the attempt, and a few years later the Danes took their place. Since then the English, French and Spanish have alternated in the control of one or more of the islands, which finally passed under the permanent control of Denmark in 1814.

The chief romantic interest which attaches to St. Thomas lies in the fact that it was for years one of the headquarters of the famous pirates and buccaners who so long infested and ravaged the Spanish Main. They were the first to invent St. Thomas was more than it is to-day, a roadhouse of the sea, a sort of ocean half-way house between the continents. Into its great harbor Spanish galleons and heavily laden slave ships ran for shelter, and the buccaners hanging close about were certain of good picking. Sometimes the pirate ships even pursued their prey into the land-locked harbor, and under the eyes of the town captured it.

All three of the islands are thought to be the tops of what were once volcanic mountains. In appearance they are typically tropical. When a ship sails into the harbor of Charlotte Amelia, for instance, the passenger sees a fringe of low white houses along the shore, shining against a background of glossy green, while behind and above towers a line of stately hills, covered for most of their height with thick, tropical foliage. Almost all the houses have bright red roofs, and the landscape is a riot of vivid color. Charlotte Amelia is remarkable among tropical cities in that it is extremely clean—a fact which must be laid to the credit of the Danes. Its straight streets, lined on either side with two-story wooden houses, are paved with asphalt, with wide gutters on either side. When rain falls on the hills swift currents of water rush down through these streets, washing out the gutters and making it easier to keep the town clean. Almost every house has a balcony across the front of its second story, and the balconies are filled with plants and flowers. One of the most picturesque sights to be seen at St. Thomas is the procession of coal carriers, which is ceaselessly passing from the docks down into the holds of vessels lying alongside. The coal carriers are all stalwart negro women, who carry great baskets filled with coal on their heads. They work in day and night shifts, and after darkness falls they sing wild songs as they work. In spite of the fact that the introduction of steam has taken much business away from St. Thomas, it is still a busy place, and as a result its people have little of the tropical lassitude and laziness about them. They do not even stop work to take a siesta in the middle of the day.

Prior to 1848 both St. Thomas and the larger island of Santa Cruz produced large quantities of sugar. In that year Denmark freed all the slaves, and as a result most of the negroes left the plantations and gathered into the towns. The sugar planters could not get sufficient labor to plant their crops, and the industry almost disappeared. More recently it has been resumed on a considerable scale, particularly on Santa Cruz, where there is a great quantity of fertile land. On this island many of the former slaves have set up as the proprietors of small plantations, and its annual production of sugar is now 12,000 tons, a supply sufficient to supply the wants of the United States for two days.

The temperature of the island of Santa Cruz ranges from 95 to 82 degrees. It has many magnificent driveways, leading through avenues of palms, tamarinds, and bananas. There are two towns on the island—Frederiksted and Christiansted. Neither is of any importance from a commercial standpoint. Practically all of the 20,000 inhabitants of the island speak English, and the only sign of their allegiance to Denmark is the flag and a little garrison of about 100 Danish soldiers. Frederiksted is a tumble-down town of 20,000 inhabitants. Practically all of the houses are built of wood, and the walls and the tumbled walls being a result of the sack of the city in 1878, when the negroes on the island revolted against the Danish government.

### AN ARCTIC JOURNEY.

#### SWEDEN'S SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE TO ICE-BOUND REGIONS.

Naturalists Make a Northern Trip of Unusual Length—Find an Archipelago Never before Explored—Summer on the East Coast of Greenland.

A party of Swedish naturalists under the lead of Gustave Kolthoff made a northern voyage of more than usual length last summer for the purpose of studying the fauna in arctic waters and lands. They started in a little vessel from the northern coast of Norway on June 4, and four days later they arrived at the icy coast of Spitzbergen, where they visited some of the deep fjords and clusters of islands. Then they steamed far northeast to the waters between Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land, where they reached the southwest coast of Prince Charles island, which, it will be remembered, was visited for the first time two years ago. They found there an archipelago of considerable extent which had never been explored. They procured a great deal of information about this almost unknown region, and the account of it which they will publish is expected to be very interesting. They were disappointed, however, in not finding any more relics of the lost arctic aeronaut, Andree. One of his boats had been picked up in the neighborhood of King Charles island, and this was believed to be the likeliest place to find other objects that might throw light upon the fate of the explorer.

Then the party steamed on their way to the coast of East Greenland along the edge of the polar ice. They found the great ice cap impenetrable, but they kept on westward, close to the ice edge, as far as the island of Jay Meun. This is the bleak arctic land that will always be famous as the place where in the seventeenth century a large party of whalers spending the polar winter perished to a man of scurvy. The record they left of the tragedy was nearly complete, for it was brought down to within a day or two of the time when the last survivor probably died.

Here the explorers found the pack ice stretching away to the west as well as to the north. They were able, however, to push into it and slowly pick their way westward. Here and there were great hills of ice, where the pressure had piled the pieces high. The ice was everywhere covered with a thick layer of snow, and their description of it shows that it was old polar ice that perhaps had been slowly drifting southward for many years.

The expedition finally reached the East Greenland coast at Mackenzie bay on July 31. They found the ground entirely free from snow, and under the summer sun a good deal of vegetation had developed. On Aug. 14, after studying animal life on sea and land for some days, the vessel entered Franz Josef fjord, though seven days before it had been completely blocked by ice. In a week all the ice had entirely disappeared. They remained in the fjord until Aug. 23, and secured the usual prizes for a young man of their age, which took home with them to Sweden. This is probably the first time that live specimens of the musk ox have been carried to civilized lands, though the attempt has several times been made.

Mr. Kolthoff says that last season was a bad year in the neighborhood of Spitzbergen and Baer islands. On the other hand, the east coast of Greenland, which is frequently locked with ice all through the summer, was almost free from this impediment to exploration.

### CHAT ACROSS OCEAN.

#### AN ITALIAN ELECTRICIAN'S WONDERFUL INVENTION.

Will Make It Possible for Us to Have Conversation with Our Kin Beyond the Sea Without the Medium of Cables.

Great things are promised for the new century by G. Marconi, the author of wireless telegraphy, says the New York Press. Before the first Christmas in the twentieth century he will, he declares, have England and America on speaking terms without the aid of submarine cables. One big pole erected at Southampton and another at Montauk Point will, he says, be all that is needed. The cables which now connect Europe with America will, if Marconi fulfills his promise, become as obsolete as the stage coach, because when the railroad came in. The optimistic electrician is confident that he can establish telegraphic communication between the eastern and western worlds by his system at a hundredth part of the cost of laying a cable and maintaining it. Marconi says he has discovered a method of controlling the sound waves so that the messages from continent to continent will be flashed back and forth close to the surface of the ocean over the whole distance.

Heretofore the curvature of the earth has presented a dreaded difficulty to be overcome in the transmission of wireless messages over long distances. Marconi's new control of the sound waves, it is asserted, has obviated the difficulty. How it is done Marconi does not explain—that is his secret—but he says that he is confident he has found a method of doing it. He contends that the masts erected at Montauk Point and at Southampton need not be higher than a New York "skyscraper" in order to make the working of the system effective. He has invented a new appliance by which he says he can lengthen the air waves to an almost unlimited extent.

A Commercial Revolution.

If Mr. Marconi can fulfill his promise, what a revolution there will be in the commercial world! The millions invested in cables would become lost capital, for no one would use a cable at the rates charged for messages when for a fraction of the cost he could telegraph by the wireless system.

It not only costs millions to manufacture and lay cables across the Atlantic, but keeping them in repair costs hundreds of thousands of dollars. Cable ships are kept in commission all the time, and they find continually something to do in the way of repairs on the great electric telegraph lines. Repairing a cable is a work of skill, science and money. A defect in the cable having been located by means known to the telegraph experts, the cable ship steams away to the part of the ocean where the difficulty is and drags the cable with its grappling

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The United States is now preparing to lay a cable across the Pacific Ocean from the California coast to Manila. Marconi can make his promise good of telegraphing without wire across the Atlantic, then there would be no need for laying the cable. The wireless system could be used and all the tremendous cost of establishing cable communication obviated. The distance from Montauk to Southampton is over 3,000 miles. From San Francisco to Honolulu is only 2,000 miles. From Honolulu to Manila it is about 4,000 miles. If that is too great a distance over which to operate the wireless system then a way station might be established on Wake Island, a little piece of property something more than half way over to Manila from Hawaii, which the United States owns.

In fact, the possibilities of the system, if Marconi keeps his promise, are almost infinite. The War Department of the United States has been for some time experimenting with wireless telegraphy independent of Marconi, whose system, the officials thought,

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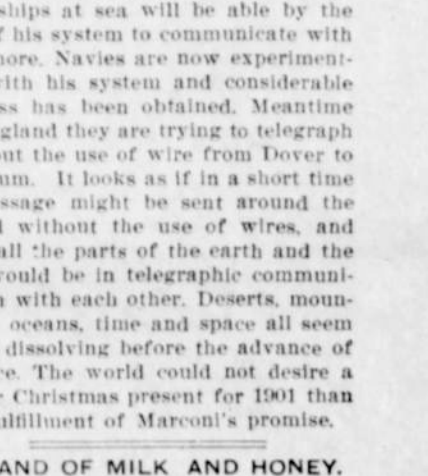
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### A LAND OF MILK AND HONEY.

#### Some of the Reasons Why Oklahoma's Claim for Statehood is Valid.

Oklahoma means Beautiful Land. It is easily one of the wonderful sections of our wonderful country. Only a dozen years ago it was given up by the Indians and formed a part of the Indian Territory; but on April 22, 1889, it was opened to settlement by the proclamation of President Harrison, and in one day 50,000 people rushed upon it. The same day a national bank was opened and its modern history begins. Behold the contrast since that time! The census of 1900 shows a population of 398,245, and in addition there were 5,927 Indians not taxed. So here we have a great state springing from practically nothing to a population of over 400,000 within one decade.

That does not begin to tell the story. The taxable value of the land is now nearly \$100,000,000. Within two years four great grain and cotton crops have enriched the state, and the deposits in the banks have increased more than 100 per cent. The people have built 800 churches and established nearly 200 newspapers.

The population is described as a superior one, thoroughly American and progressive in its enterprises. The beauty of the country is drawing more and more people to its confines. It has an average elevation of 1,500 feet; its climate is delightful, and, to quote a recent writer who visited the country, "it is not an unusual thing for a wheat farmer in Oklahoma at the close of a good season to realize enough money from the sale of his product to more than cover the entire value of his farm and the improvements upon it."

It was considered that cotton would not grow north of Texas. During the past year Oklahoma's cotton crop brought nearly \$5,000,000 to her people.—Saturday Evening Post.

### A Rude Prince.

It has not always been wise to look to a royal court for the etiquette of polite society. Witness this quotation from the "Countess Potocka," a recollection of Princess Czartoryska, an incident of the court life of Joseph II., at Berlin.

One day, at the end of dinner, she related that she had known Prince Knautz, who had a varied reputation, and incidentally one for impudence. Having fine teeth, he attended to them without the slightest regard for his guests. As soon as the table was cleared his valet put a mirror, a basin and brushes before him, and then and there the prince combed his morning tassel over again, just as if he had taken alone in his dressing room, while every one was waiting for him to finish to get up from the table.

"I could not suppress my astonishment," says Countess Potocka, "and asked the princess if she, too, had waited."

"Yes, alas!" she replied, "I was so put out of countenance that I only recovered my senses at the foot of the stairs; but later on it was different. I complained of the heat, and left the table at dessert."

### The Straight Ticket.

The professor's eyes twinkled as he picked up the paper. "My dear," he said to his wife, "I fear that habit is stronger than principle with you suffragists."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Professor.

"Why, here is an item from a Western paper which asserts that a recent local election in Colorado, where, as you may know, equal suffrage rights prevail, the tellers found a dozen or more cookery recipes in a ballot-box."

"They were voted by mistake, I'm sure!" returned Mrs. Professor, stoutly.

"They ought to count just the same. Tuesday is an awfully busy day, anyway. And I am just as sure as a cure to be that when men first began to go to the polls they made mistakes in the ticket, too!"

The professor's eyes twinkled behind his paper, but he replied with the perfect gravity of one who has been thrice refined in domestic fires, "Without doubt, my dear."

### A Philadelphia Charity.

In Philadelphia a charitable society that has been in operation eighty-three years has given away every day for fourteen weeks during each cold season seventy-five gallons of soup and three hundred loaves of bread. The superintendent has been connected with the work sixty-four years.

### Precaution.

"What are you doing for that baby?"

"I'm simply avoiding all the advice my friends have given me."—Harper's Bazar.



SENATOR THOMAS KEARNS.

might find a fortune and thither he went. But he failed to strike it rich and went to Utah in 1881. In the famous Ontario mine in Park City he went to work with pick and shovel. From the savings out of his weekly wages he accumulated enough to buy himself a copartnership, with several others, in a claim near the Ontario mine. They met with success. Other claims on adjoining land was purchased and the whole combined into the Silver King mine. Its product of silver, gold, copper and lead last year amounted to an even \$1,000,000, of which one-fourth went to Senator Kearns. He is now worth about \$5,000,000.

Kearns is exceedingly generous. Not long ago he gave \$50,000 for the establishment of an orphanage in Salt Lake City and he also gave \$10,000 toward the building of a new Catholic cathedral in the same city. He is now building a marble palace in Salt Lake City, which will be one of the finest in the country, in marked contrast to the dugout which was his first Nebraska home and the humble cabin which sheltered him during his early career in Utah.

### GUIDE TO A BLIND MOOSE.

One of His Fellows Guards Him Against Attack and Leads Him to Food.

A good animal story comes from the region north of Minneapolis. It is that of a blind moose cared for by one of his mates and taken by him to feeding grounds, kept from wolves and cared for as tenderly as a baby.

Last fall some hunter shot this big bull moose and instead of killing him succeeded only in putting his charge where it put out the sight of both eyes. He was seen shortly after by woodsman who had had opportunity to watch the animal more or less during the winter, and they have been much interested in his career. The moose does not appear to have suffered greatly from the loss of his eyes, and is sleek and fat. He is a magnificent specimen, with antlers that branch full six feet standing higher than a horse and weighing probably not less than 1,200 pounds.

Moose yard during the winter season in places where there is abundant brush and when the feed of one yard is about exhausted they make another some distance away and there they travel in circles as before, eating the small trees and branches clean of tips and buds. If alone and forced to shift for himself a blind moose would soon die from starvation. But to this moose there has attached himself, not a cow, but a younger bull, and the two are in constant company, say those who have seen them at various times and have been able to compare notes. The younger moose is the guide and friend of the blinded one. One of the woodsmen who watched them for hours one day, when the wind served and the conditions were right, says that the younger led the old one to the best bushes about the yard. It had then been eaten pretty clean and was soon to be deserted, and it was with some difficulty that the young animal was able to lead the other to clumps of twigs. The moose showed the greatest sagacity in following and was almost able, probably by an abnormal development of the sense of smell, to go without any assistance.

### VALUABLE SECRET.

One Family Has Furnished Stamp Cancellers for Sixty-five Years.

Since 1835 all the machines by which postage stamps are cancelled and envelopes marked with the name of the post-office, the date, etc., have been made by one family. The year named, the usual office of General entered into a contract with Benjamin Chambers, a citizen of Washington, to furnish a device by which postage stamps might be cancelled so that they could not be used again, and although there have been a multitude of competitors on several occasions, that contract has been renewed year after year for sixty-five years with Mr. Chambers, his son, and his grandson, who have a secret process by which the dies are made of malleable iron and carbonized into steel at a cost of from 50 cents to \$2.75 each. It is certainly the only government contract, and probably the only contract in the United States, that has been renewed so often and continued so long. The department buys about \$25,000 worth of new cancellers every year. Bids are advertised for annually, and every now and then some ambitious manufacturer who thinks he has a good thing offers a proposal, but the Chambers family are invincible. They have improved the device until it is now almost perfect.

The stamper is a circular cast-steel box with a screw thread, one end of which is closed, and is provided on the outside with a square shank to secure it to the hardwood handle. The cover of the box is a disk of steel. A portion of its thickness enters the box by means of a screw thread around its periphery of almost twenty threads to the inch. This permits of a space between the inner face of the die and the bottom of the box, while the remaining thickness of the disk forms a flange with the edge, which is coarse milled so that the disk may be turned with the hand or wrench. On the outer face of the disk are characters of the body of the cylindrical die. These combine the marking and the canceling devices, one being on one side of the disk, including the name of the postoffice in a circle. There are three slots for removable type, for months, dates, hour, and half-hour. Diametrically opposite the circle is the canceling device, the side of which is parallel with the edge of the disk. Any required number of letters is cut in relief in the center, while three grooves are cut into the disk. The removable type are of steel, and have on the ends opposite their faces projections from their outer edges, so that when inserted in the slots the projections can be clamped and held in place.

Until 1880 Captain Chambers manufactured the cancellers here in Washington, and he is still required to main-

### EAGLE FIGHTS A MAN.

Fierce Attack on a Maine Farmer by a Big Feathered Robber.

One of the fiercest battles between a man and bird of which there is any record in Maine took place the other day in a Washington county barnyard. Rufus Berry, of East Machias, and an eagle of great size were the combatants.

The eagle, whose wings measured eight feet from tip to tip, had previously visited the barnyard and carried off one of the farmer's sheep and had returned for more mutton when Berry happened to be around with a gun handy.

Berry's first shot knocked the big bird over and thinking the eagle was dead he ran to secure his prize. That was where Farmer Berry made a great mistake. No sooner had he touched the bird than it rose upon him, clawing and pecking fiercely at his eyes and face and finally sinking its talons deep into the flesh of his arm, so that although more than willing to call it a draw, he could not get out of the "ing."

For half an hour Berry stood the pecking and clawing and gouting and the fearful beating of the eagle's wings and finally backing up to a fence he managed to get hold of a club with which he killed the bird.

The eagle was mounted by a Bangor taxidermist and sold to a Milwaukee man, who placed it in a museum. Eagles are common in the eastern and northern parts of Maine and when attacked are very fierce.

### ARMY NEWS.

General Sherman's army of 15,000 men is now encamped near the mouth of the Colorado river, where they are waiting for the arrival of the rest of the army.

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