

LAURELED.

Back from the strenuous wars he comes to me.
He is my son, grown brown, with
strange scarred hands;
The mouths of blood and death in alien
lands
Are in his face; his boyish will to be
is four-fold won. I glow and weep to
see
The trodden meadow blackened with
the bands
Of comrades, marching men whom he
commanded,
And lone some heart no mood of praises
warms.
I crush the laurel branch. Oh, God, I
miss
The soft-mouthed baby I can never
kiss.
—Bookman.

WHEN FEAR REIGNED

JUST before the civil war broke out, I, with my cousin, was in New York. We had many friends in the city, but being both of an independent turn of character, we preferred living by ourselves, so we looked about for a boarding-house. The one we hit upon was situated in the best part of Fourteenth street, and was a fine brown stone building, with a most pretentious portico, and a flight of some twelve steps up to the entrance door. Now, to understand what follows, it is necessary the reader should know the position of the room we engaged.

As you entered the hall, the reception parlor, as it was called, lay on your right hand, and was a very fine room; at the end of it were two doors which slid back and led into the room which we were to occupy. These said doors were ground glass half way down, with flowers on it, but so thick as to exclude any view of what was passing in the other room, unless you pressed your face against the glass, and then it would be but an imperfect vision. Our apartment was large, and had three windows, two only half-way down, but the third, a French one, opening on to the wooden balcony that ran along the back of the house, with a flight of steps down to a piece of ground. Our room had also another entrance, a door leading into a little lobby, very convenient for putting our trunks, dresses, etc., in; this had again another door into the hall.

The dining-room was situated in the basement, on a level with the kitchen, as were also the servants' bedrooms, three in number. The house was several stories high, and either by chance, or because the purses of the other boarders were, like our own, not too heavy, two or three floors above us were at present unoccupied, and the other boarders slept on the top of the house. Thus we were cut off from the rest of the community by a lot of empty rooms; this did not trouble us, and all went on well for some weeks, but in the middle of November, when the season was at its dreariest, our landlady, who had not the best of tempers, fell out with her servants, and they one and all left her at a day's notice. Now, as everybody knows, domestic life in New York is rather difficult to obtain, so the reader can imagine the dismay of the mistress of the house. For two days we managed in some way or other; but the boarders grumbled, and the merchant said he must leave unless he got his meals properly; so, driven to her wits' end, Mrs. Andrews engaged three servants who applied for her place.

They had only just landed, they said, to account for their having no characters, and, with the fear of losing her boarders, it would not do to be too particular, and the women, who, by the way, were all friends, entered on their duties. My cousin and myself possessed several articles of fine jewelry; these things I saw the new housemaid, the day after her arrival, when tidying up our room, examining very minutely. I did not think much of it at the time, putting it down to curiosity. This girl's name was Margaret, and I must say a more unprepossessing-looking person I have seldom seen; not that she was ugly, but there was a cunning light in her gray eyes, which she never raised to give you a fair, honest look, and an evil expression in her face that would have gone against her in any court of justice; but it was nothing to me, and, beyond remarking to my cousin Bertha that the girl was not pleasant-looking, I dismissed her from my mind.

The third day after the advent of the new domestics we went to spend the day with some friends who lived at Brooklyn; there the conversation turned on the number of burglaries, nearly always attended with murder, that had lately taken place in New York, said to be committed by a gang of ruffians who wore light linen masks, and who had managed to elude justice. This description made a great impression on me; the idea of waking and seeing a white mask bending over one haunted me all the way home. We were too late for anything to eat when we arrived at our boarding-house, for dinner was the last meal, and that was served at seven, now it was nearly ten; so, feeling rather hungry, we got Margaret to go out and get us some rolls, made a frugal meal, and then prepared for bed.

What induced me I cannot tell, but for the first time since we had occupied this room I examined the fastenings of the shutters, and found them very frail. Much to the amusement of my cousin, looking round the room for something to place against the window, my eyes fell on the fireiron, and a bright thought entered my head; I would place the shovel against the fastening of one window, and the tongs at the other, in such a way that, should anyone open the windows from the outside, these things would fall down with a crash. To the French window I placed the head of our sofa bed, thus effectually barricading that. Bertha was much amused at my proceedings, but she let me do as I pleased about it, for she saw I was nervous. "The fact is, Nettie," she said, "the

MARSHALL FIELD'S DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND.



Captain David Beatty, of the royal navy, was recently married in London to the only daughter of Marshall Field of Chicago. Captain Beatty entered the royal navy in 1888 and served in the Sudan campaign in 1898 with the naval brigade under Kitchener. He was mentioned in the dispatches and was decorated with the distinguished service and the Sudan medals. The Khedive bestowed upon him the order of Medjidie. He was wounded in China and in India. His promotion has been singularly rapid, but it appears thoroughly deserved. Being only 32 years old, he is one of the youngest captains in the British navy. Captain Beatty is a man of small means. He has little if any ability besides his pay, but if he remains in the navy it is certain that his ability will lead him to attain high rank. He is held in great esteem at the admiralty.

horrible stories we have heard to-day have alarmed you; but it's all nonsense, dear, and I have no doubt very much exaggerated. Having now fortified our citadel, come to bed." We always left the gas burning a little all night, so after attending to that I got into bed, and fell asleep. I forgot to say the doors in the reception-room were of course secured, and also the one out of the little lobby leading to the hall, but the one from our room into the lobby we always left open.

I was awakened by a most terrible crash, the tongs had fallen down on a little marble table, on which were the debris of our evening meal, and the shutters were open. "Anette," said Bertha, "get up, child; they are getting into the room," and she bounded to the door into the hall and opened it. As for me, I was paralyzed with fright, expecting each moment to see a white mask enter the room; whether the noise alarmed them, I know not; however, they did not do so; and Bertha, whose courage and self-possession never left her, turned up the gas to its full extent, and refastened the shutters. "Anette," she said, "dress as quickly as you can," herself setting me the example. More dead than alive, I did as she desired. All was silent for a little time, perhaps for ten minutes, although to us it seemed hours, when we heard the servants' window open, and a whispered conversation carried on in men's voices. Another danger menaced us; they were in the house. As I sat watching the door from the lobby into the hall, which Bertha had unlocked, the idea flashed across my mind that they would enter from there. "The door!" I said. Bertha understood me, and flew to it and fastened it. Not one moment too soon! for, as she did so, the handle was turned, and a muttered curse greeted her ear. However, they were not to be baffled so easily, and thinking, no doubt, they were all safe, began picking the lock.

Of course, our only chance lay in alarming the house. "Scream, Nettie, as loud as you can," said Bertha, and she seized the bellrope, pulling it frantically. Fright lent me power, and certainly the horrible yells in which I indulged were enough to awaken the dead. The servants ran up after a time, but we would not open the door to them. At last the landlady and the other boarders were aroused, and knocked at our door, and we let them in. When Bertha opened the shutters there was the window up, the pane held what had happened, and our belief that there were robbers at that moment in the servants' room. Margaret and the cook turned as pale as death at the remark; and when the two gentlemen went to search the house, they stood with their back to their chamber doors, daring them to enter, and they did not.

All the servants were discharged the next day, and two weeks after the whole of New York rang with the story of one of the most horrible murders that had ever been committed. One of the victims was not quite dead when the crime was discovered, although she expired a few hours after the fearful injuries she had received. But she lived long enough to be the means of bringing the dread band to justice. A widow lady, with her two grown-up daughters, three younger children and their governess, resided in one of the new streets uptown; they were comfortably off, and the lady, whose name was Maynard, was in the habit of keeping rather a large sum of money in her desk.

Her house was broken into by men

FINEST COUNTRY HOUSE IN AMERICA.



Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay are building the most beautiful country home in America. Nearly 1000 artisans are at work upon the place amid the sunny slopes of the headwaters of Hempstead Bay, near Roslyn, L. I. The country home of the Mackays will resemble in its general lines the renowned Chateau LaFite. Its walls will be pearl gray stone, on one side of which will be a distant view of the ocean and on the other a view of a score of well-away are the Wheatley Hills. The cost of this superb place will be about \$5,000,000. The structure will be of granite, 238 feet long from east to west, and 100 feet wide from north to south. The main entrance consists of three large 100 feet wide and three smaller ones. The house will be furnished very richly, especially the apartments which will be occupied by Mr. Mackay, and the third, daily in the apartments which will be occupied by Mrs. Mackay, and the grounds story will be fitted out for the exclusive housing of visitors. The grounds will be kept in the highest of the house itself. An army of servants will be hired to maintain it.

CHICAGO'S FORTUNE-TELLERS.

They Are Said to Gather in Half a Million Dollars Per Year.
At low estimate Chicago spends nearly half a million dollars every year upon clairvoyants, fortune tellers, palmists, "voodoo doctors," and a long procession of fakers and confidence folk who prey upon the gullibility of the general public. This, simply for fees. To add to this the long train of additional expense to which the victims are put, such as traveling expenses, paraphernalia, investments that fail to pay, and kindred ventures, probably \$2,500,000 would not cover the community cost.

According to the city directory, there are nearly 100 professional clairvoyants in Chicago. At least fifty more than are listed as such practice the "art." There are 100 fortune-tellers, perhaps seventy-five palmists, and an unknown number of kindred folk who live by their wits on these general lines.

A popular and successful clairvoyant, who can locate gold mines for his followers, has a gold mine of his own. He may take in \$250 to \$300 a week. Others much less fortunate may be reasonably content to make both ends meet. In general, figuring fifty-two weeks to the year, Chicago's tribute to these seers may be figured out about as follows:
150 clairvoyants at \$20 a week \$300,000
100 fortune tellers at \$10 a week 50,000
90 palmists at \$15 a week 67,500
Miscellaneous fakirs 150,000
Total \$517,500

This is almost as much as the general public gives to charity, and is only a fraction of the money that in other ways is wasted upon these people who affect to be able to read the future. That they do not and cannot read the future may be proved by the caller over the threshold before he has stepped inside.

When the reporter rang the bell of a West Side house behind whose door—

AN OLD MAN—BROWN HAIR—HAZEL EYES

MIDDLE AGED MAN—STOUT—NOT EXACTLY HANDSOME



A VOODOO WOMAN.

according to an advertisement—was a clairvoyant "ordained to do what she does and whose marvelous achievements are demonstrated in your presence while you look, listen, and wonder." The door opened about four inches, and the face of a stout, commonplace-looking woman peered out as if she was suspicious of a collector or constable, or perhaps somebody who wanted to kill cockroaches.

"Good-morning," said the caller. "I didn't know if you were ready, but I've come over to ask you about it."
"About what?" and the door closed another inch.
"You know," insisted the caller, "about clairvoyancy, trances, and that sort of thing."
"I don't know anything about it," said the voice; "who are you, anyhow?"
"What! You don't even know who I am? I thought you were a clairvoyant!"

But the door had closed with a sudden jar and the caller was outside of it, staring at the porcelain name-plate on the door.
Yet, according to this woman's advertisement, "the greatest mysteries of life will be revealed," business troubles will be unraveled, love affairs will be straightened out and made smooth, and life generally will be made merry as a marriage bell. Incidentally, too, she "locates lost and stolen articles, mines," etc.—whatever "etc." may mean in the context. At the same time, by actual proof, she does not know a book agent from a customer until the caller has explained; and then the book agent might lie to her successfully.

Legend of a Spring.
Swimming alone in a large marble-lined tank in a small church just outside Constantinople are to be seen a number of fishes, brown on one side and white on the other. These, it is said, are the descendants of the ones that gave the name "Balıklı" (place of fishes) to the church. The legend is as follows: At the time of the invasion of Constantinople by the Turks, a monk was cooking fish near a spring of water, where the little church now stands, when a messenger rode up in haste, announcing "The city is taken." Discarding the story, the monk declared that he would sooner believe that the half-cooked fish before him would jump back into the water. As he spoke, the fish, so the story goes, did actually leap from the pan into the spring. Ever since that time the wa-

ters have been regarded as curative, and once every year pilgrimages are made to it by sufferers from various ailments.

YANKEE LAD IS A FIGHTER.

Boots, a Waif from America, in the Field with the Boers.
Thomas F. Millard, the war correspondent, tells the New York Sun the following story of Boots, a 12-year-old Yankee whom he met fighting with the Boers, and who may be still dodging bullets and lyddite shells. Said Mr. Millard:

"His real name is William Young, but in the lagers he is known by the sobriquet of Boots. I think he came by his title honestly enough, for he drags about a huge pair of legging boots many sizes too large, and ornamented with enormous brass spurs."

"Boots is a midget of 12—or at least he gives that as his age, though he doesn't look by three years. When very young he remembers being taken to England, whence he came to South Africa. His parents are long since dead, and since their death William, having no other relations that he knew of, has rustled for himself."

"When this war began William espoused the cause of the Boers and joined the Irish brigade under Colonel Blake. The men who formed this adventurous corps took a fancy to the waif and made him one of them. So it was that Boots saw all the bloody battles of the Natal campaign—Dundee, Newcastle, Nicholson's Nek, the Tugela, and the many fights along the Tugela. Armed with two water bottles, the midget would enter a fight, and more than once has a wounded brigadier, on finding a cooling drink placed to his parched lips, looked up to discover Boots. If the fire were too hot to permit his wounded comrades being removed to a place of safety the boy would remain to attend them until the battle was over or night fell."

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"High, there!" called the valley to the hill. "What makes you so stuck up?"
"Probably the fact that you are at my foot," replied the hill.
"Huh!" rejoined the valley. "That reminds me of your resemblance to a Philadelphia maid."
"Because why?" queried the hill.
"Because you are mostly foot," replied the valley.
Then the hill-side and subsided.

Naturally.
Joax—There is one disagreeable feature about those lake excursions to St. Joe.
Hoax—What is that?
Joax—Every time a man boards the boat it makes him cross.—Chicago News.

Explode!
Smith—What was the cause of the fire?
Brown—There was a woman's rights meeting, and—
Smith—Ah, I see—natural gas explosion.



Sequitur.
De Witt—Yes, my son follows the medical profession.
Gabriel—With his black clothes and white lawn tie, he looks more like a minister than a doctor.
De Witt—I didn't say he was a doctor. He's an undertaker.—Philadelphia Press.

Realistic School.
"You said you were going to marry an artist, and now you're engaged to a dentist."
"Well, isn't he an artist. He draws from real life."—Fun.

Warm Weather Arrangements.
"Do you take your cook away with you in the summer?"
"No, oh, no; we can't afford to go to the kind of place that would satisfy her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rank and File Needed.
Filipino General—You'll have to come along with us. We are going to surrender.
Filipino Private—Can't you do it without me?
Filipino General—Confound you, how would it look for forty generals to surrender without any army?—Chicago Tribune.

May Kill Him Yet.
"Why, man, you're almost well! What do you mean by saying you haven't reached the crisis?"
"I mean, if you want to know, that the doctor hasn't sent in his bill yet."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Willing to Suffer.
Girl—Are you a lover of music, professor?
Professor—Yes, I am; but it does not make any difference. Just go on and play away.—Heltere Welt.

Something Wrong.
He—I see a new family has moved in next door.
She—Yes, they moved in to-day.
He—What sort of furniture have they?
She—I didn't notice.
He—Goodness, dear! What's the matter? Have you been sick?—Philadelphia Press.

At Commencement.
"That girl who received all the flowers must have taken first-class honors."
"On the contrary, she barely passed the examinations."
"Who is that plainly dressed insignificant-looking little maid over in one corner of the stage?"
"She is the first honor graduate."

In Chicago.
"Mrs. Wabash looks like such a lovable woman."
"Lovable! I should say she was lovable! That's her long suit. She's had five husbands in seven years!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chaparral.
"Ch-a-o-s," spelled 4-year-old Margie slowly; "now I wonder what that means?"
"Oh," replied her 6-year-old brother, with an air of superior knowledge, "it means a great big pile of nothing and no place to put it."

Shocking Idea.
Philadelphia—Do you mean to say you eat snails?
New-Yorker—Certainly. They are a great delicacy. Don't you?
Philadelphia—Heavens, no! It would seem like cannibalism!—Chicago Tribune.

What He Needed.
Dudleigh—I say, barabab, I'd like some—aw—half westorah, foh me mustache, doncher know.
Barber—Excuse me, sir, but I think it's half originator you want.

An Expedient.
"Didn't you have trouble in getting so many antiques?"
"Dear, me, no—I had them made to order."

Sense and Chic.
"Miss Dorothy, why is it you enjoy golf so much?"
"Oh, it's just because I like something real stylish to get awfully excited about."

Sympathetic.
"You ought to think more of others."
"But I do. When the first of the month comes around I am as blue as can be, wondering what my creditors will do."

One Explanation.
Mrs. Snaggs—I could never understand why the Russians call their ruler the White Bear.
Mr. Snaggs—I suppose that the numerous plots against his life keeps him pale all the time.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Sometimes.
"I suppose you have said some things you were sorry for?"
"Oh, yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have occasionally said 'ten dollars' when five would have brought results just as well."—Washington Star.

A Shrewd Fellow.
Swiggers—That man Kiltime is a shrewd fellow.
Swiggers—Why?
Swiggers—He gave a lawn-mowing party yesterday and had the guests cut the grass.—Ohio State Journal.

Nurse—You silly child! Now you've split half your tea on your new pinafore!
Little Innocent—It doesn't matter I've had enough.—Punch.

A Suggestion.
"Don't you think that the wires all ought to be put under ground?" asked Cawker.
"Yes, and the wire-pullers, too," replied Cumso.

An Up-to-Date Proposal.
Tom—Do you believe in palmistry?
May—Yes.
Tom—Give me your hand and I will tell you who your husband will be.
May—With all my heart.—Moonshine.

Popular Sister.
"I should like to know how many proposals May Rocks has rejected?" said Miss Murray Hill to Miss Homewood.
"I'm sure I don't know," was the latter's reply, "but I understand she has the largest family of brothers in the city."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Out of the Pale.
"He is so cultivated, papa. He can speak French and German, dances deftly, and plays the piano beautifully."
"Um! Can he earn a living?"
"No. But he said he didn't think that was necessary."

An Advantage.
"I don't get credit for nearly all the work I do," said the young man discontentedly.
"Well," answered his elderly companion in toll, "never mind. It is just as well to leave a margin of doubt to which mistakes may be charged."—Washington Star.

Forgot to Ask.
She—The jeweler says the diamond in my ring is not genuine.
He—Um—er—he told me the ring was real gold. I forgot to ask him about the stone.—New York Weekly.

Appropriate Color.
"The British Government has issued a blue book giving the losses and expenses of the Boer war."
"Well, I should think that really would be a blue book."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Matter of Health.
When the world is dull and gloomy And won't go the proper way, It is really your stomach.
That is ailing, so they say; And the world would chime with laughter Till the rippling echoes wake, If we only could discover Just what medicine to take.
—Baltimore Sun.

Something in Reserve.
A young lady had a train to catch, and chartered a cab, which unfortunately was drawn by a very wretched horse. Having told caddy that she had to reach the station in twenty minutes, away the vehicle dashed at five miles an hour.
They had barely got fifty yards, however, before the lady put her head out of the window and requested the driver to whip the horse, as she would otherwise miss the train. He accordingly did so.
A little further on she asked him to administer the whip once more, as the cab was only just moving. Caddy again complied. Soon after she said: "Can't you hit him on the head so as to wake him up a bit?"
Looking at the young lady, the caddy exclaimed:
"Well, miss, I've 'it the animal all over 'is bloomin' body except 'is left ear, and I'm sartin' that for the last 'ill'—London Answers.

Girls, don't keep a man waiting for an answer. He may have another engagement in view.