

THE DEAREST GIFT.

On all the dancing feet are still,
The rose's bloom is shed and spent,
And she has waited her happy life
With Will and Jack and Ted and Fred.

JOHN'S TEST.

UT, Millicent, can't you see that
—that I love you as no man
has ever loved before?" The
black eyes glowed with suppressed anger.

"Inferring that no man ever has
loved poor little Millicent Bigelow before.
And, to tell the truth, John,
that's just what's the matter—that
there's a certain definite point in my life
where a male creature ever deigned to cast
glance at my insignificance, that before
Aunt Mary invited me to spend a
month with her in New York and sent
me home with a carload of trunks, containing
nothing but wearing apparel
expressly designed and manufactured
by New York and Paris modistes to
set forth and enhance my previously
discovered beauty, that before I
came home and lost all my girl friends
out of jealousy for my better clothes,
when were not in the habit of tumbling
over themselves to tell me twenty
times a day that they loved me."

"She smiled provokingly at the look
of genuine astonishment that her sudden
outburst had brought to the
sensitive lined masculine face before
her.

"And now, you, whom I considered
my best friend, have become as non-
suspicious as any of them. It is true you
have said the apparently cutting
words but once, and stumbled over
them at that, by the way, but, con-
sidering that we have just arrived at
the picnic grounds and that presently
I shall ask you to take me out in a
canoe on the lake, and expect you to
talk me to go with you again after
such, I doubt not that by the twen-
tieth time you will become as fluent as
the others."

"Millicent, I can't deny that I shall
probably keep on repeating the ques-
tion until I get the one answer that
will satisfy me, but when you accuse
me of wanting to marry you, when
you may have more or less worthless
perry on it, it's beyond—"

"John Atwood, I don't know what
you designate as cheap finery, but I
could have you know that this gown,
as well as the box which adorns my
shoulders, was a special present from
my father and imported direct from
Paris." The ruffled feelings sought
solace in rearranging the fluffy
padding of lace and artificial flowers
that composed the neckwear in ques-
tion.

"You understand what I meant, Mil-
licent. I can't say you don't look nice
in that thing around your neck, but I
loved you just as well in the brown
sweater that you used to wear with
your ribbons, and then you used to
let me put my arms around you."

"An indignant shoulder turned in his
direction was the only answer.

"But won't you please hurry and
ask me to take you out on the lake, as
you said you would, before I do the
asking and offend you again."

The putting face, half hidden behind
his white parasol, looked almost as
though about to refuse to go out on
the lake altogether, but John pulled
up a canoe and quietly began arrang-
ing the cushions. When he had fin-
ished, a figure behind a parasol stepped
up and settled down among them.

"Nothing was said until they had
proceeded nearly across the lake and
were skirting along the opposite shore.
Then as John was paddling idly,
watching a reflection in the water, a
voice suddenly demanded that he
turn aside and enter an opening that
the shore made at this point and
through which could be seen a small
pool of water thickly studded with
the white blossoms of the water lilies.

Without hesitation John turned the
nose of the canoe in the direction
indicated and paddled up to the point
of entering, when he noticed that the
water in the inclosed space was very
shallow and covered a surface of dark-
looking mud.

He stopped progress and waited for
the owner of the voice to observe the
state of affairs, but the voice vouch-
safed nothing but an impatient com-
mand to continue. Then he spoke in a
non-committal voice of the advisabil-
ity of entering where there was in-
sufficient water to allow paddling. But
the flowers gleamed white in the sun-
light and a scornful ripple of laughter
was his answer.

Millicent gave in to woman's
whim and pushed the boat into the
midst of the lilies. He reaped a reward
in the lowering of the parasol and a
companionable face smiled upon him
as the owner proceeded to tuck up the
ruffles preparatory to plucking from
the water the brown-stemmed lilies.
But even before the first flower was
obtained the catastrophe happened.

A great, ugly-looking green dragon
fly rose loudly buzzing from the flow-
ers, directly under the side of the
boat, and, perceiving the gently sway-
ing fluffiness above the canoe, and per-
haps deceived into thinking it a new
mass of bloom yet unexplored, dived
at once in its direction and succeeded
in alighting with a moment's dispatch
directly under a pink chin, with the
rough wings brushing a dimpled
throat.

POPE LEO XIII., WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED THE SILVER JUBILEE OF HIS PONTIFICATE.



Pope Leo XIII., who recently celebrated the silver jubilee of his pontificate, was born at Carpineto, Italy, March 2, 1810. He is the son of Count Louis Pecci and was baptized by the names of Vincenzo and Gioacchino. He was ordained in 1837, was made bishop in 1846, proclaimed a cardinal in 1853, and was elected Pope Feb. 20, 1878. He was crowned on March 3 following.

licent, stop your crying. I never saw
a worse looking creature in my life."
A white face of astonishment turned
up to his. "And, for heaven's sake,
take off that black, oozy thing around
your neck." Unconsciously a muddy
distaste up and dragged off the cling-
ing mass of slime and dropped it with
a shudder.

"Now, Millicent, will you marry me?"
Not till then did the face show
any comprehension of the words being
spoken. Then a flash of color appeared
under the streaks of black and a que-
rulous little sob escaped from the
trembling lips as, burying her face
against the wet, heaving chest, she
answered, softly, "Yes, John!"—Phila-
delphia Item.

BOUGHT MAGIC BONES.

Florida Negroes Seeking Invisibility
Realized that They Were Seen.

"For a good many years," said a
Florida man, who was up this way
recently, "we have been familiar in the
far South with the schemes which de-
signing negroes with the money-mak-
ing instinct have been working upon
their ignorant fellows to coax the coin
from their pockets. I'd hate to say how
many thousands of dollars the money
ignorant negroes of Florida alone give
up every year for concoctions, man-
ufactured out of nothing worth
while by the crafty negroes, for 'whit-
ening their skins.' Then there are the
multitudinous lotions or ointments or
whatever you call them on sale by
foxy negroes down our way for 'tak-
ing the kink out of woolly hair on negroes'
heads. Colored women, especially the
younger ones, fall victims to this kind
of stuff for all of their spare change,
and there are plenty of young black
bloods who eagerly give up \$5 and
even \$10 for fake contraptions that are
alleged to be designed to make their
noses aquiline instead of flat."

"But an ancient black schemer was
put away down in Florida not long
ago for springing and successfully
working an entirely new one. The
foxy old dandy made literally thou-
sands of dollars out of his dodge be-
fore he was nailed. He passed the
word around among the ignorant ne-
groes that he had a consignment of
charms, in the shape of small pieces of
bone, that would come pretty near
making their purchasers bosses of ev-
erything in sight. The owner and
wearer of one of his bone charms, he
announced, would be rendered com-
pletely invisible to human eyes. Well,
you can readily imagine how a charm

like that would take down in a coun-
try where yellow-legged chickens are
thicker'n bees, and where watermel-
ons just pop out of the soil out of
their own volition. The ignorant blacks
fell to those little bone charms all in
a bunch, and they dug up from \$5 to
\$15 apiece for the things at that.

"They absolutely and implicitly be-
lieved that the wearing of the charms
would render them invisible, and for
months the darkeys down our way
provided with these charms have been
attempting to help themselves to all
sorts of things that didn't belong to
them, right in the presence of the own-
ers of the property, and in broad day-
light, under the belief that their
charms screened them from the vision
of men. It took a long time, and not a
little buckshot, to convince them that
their bone charms didn't amount to
much, and then they came to the front
with the story of how they had got
hold of the charms."—Washington Post.

Railway Company's Logic.

A woman in Belgium whose husband
had lost his life in a railway accident
received from the company 10,000
francs by way of compensation. Short-
ly after she heard of a traveler who
had lost a leg and had been paid 20,000
francs. The widow at once put on her
bonnet and shawl and went to the of-
fice of the company.

"Gentlemen, how is this?" she asked.
"You give 20,000 francs for a leg and
you allowed me only 10,000 francs for
the loss of my husband."

"Madam," was the reply, according
to the New York Mail and Express,
"the reason is plain. Twenty thousand
francs won't provide him with a leg,
but for 10,000 francs you can get a hus-
band."

Beautifying Slot Machine.

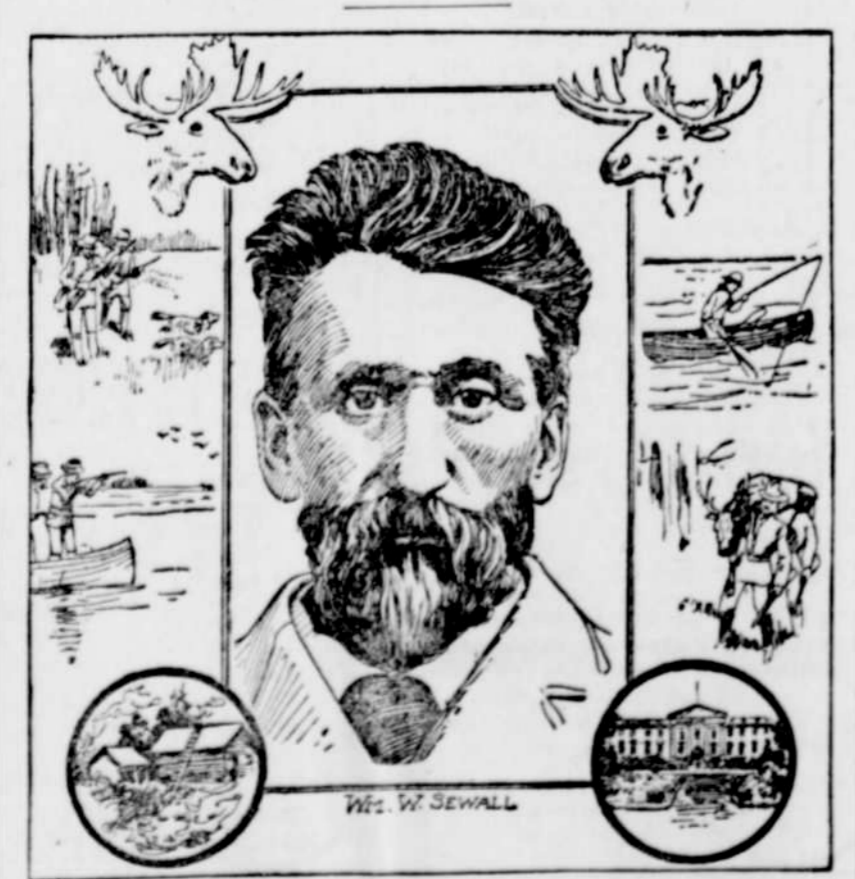
A beautifying automatic machine is
the latest slot novelty that is now to
be seen in Berlin. The machines are
to be placed in dressing rooms at dan-
cing halls, in cafes, on railway stations,
and like places where people congre-
gate. You drop your money in the slot,
and in return you receive powder, eye-
brow pencil, lip pomade, rouge and other
adornments to female beauty. With the
aid of a mirror one's money's worth can
then be satisfactorily used.

The truth is that the long hair found
on a husband's coat doesn't enter as
often into family quarrels as visits
from his wife's kin.

If you accomplish anything, you must
do it in spite of the critics.

Bill Sewall, the veteran Maine guide,
otherwise William Wingate
Sewall, his wife and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Fleetwood Pride, of Island
Falls, where Bill lives, and two other old friends of President Roosevelt,
were recently the guests of President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White
House. Sewall is a picturesque character and a typical Maine woodsman.
He first accompanied President Roosevelt on his hunting expeditions when
the latter was a delicate lad of 18. The acquaintance thus formed has
developed into a warm friendship.

BILL SEWALL, THE MAINE GUIDE.



Bill Sewall, the veteran Maine guide, otherwise William Wingate Sewall, his wife and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Fleetwood Pride, of Island Falls, where Bill lives, and two other old friends of President Roosevelt, were recently the guests of President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House. Sewall is a picturesque character and a typical Maine woodsman. He first accompanied President Roosevelt on his hunting expeditions when the latter was a delicate lad of 18. The acquaintance thus formed has developed into a warm friendship.

Science AND Invention

The electric light bulb at the end of a long wire has been found by Dr. Forrester Willard to be better than the water bag for applying heat to head, chest or abdomen.

In one hundred analyses of the air on Mount Blanc's summit, not a single microbe was found, although they were plentiful in the observatory. The number showed a steady increase in descending the mountain.

"Weather shooting" has assumed such importance in southern Europe that not less than three international congresses to consider it have been held. The latest report shows that experts are mostly convinced that gun firing is useless for influencing rain or hail, although experiments are urged until the possible effects are fully understood.

The mysterious "sleeping sickness" of West Africa, which has been the subject of late scientific investigation, proves to be a form of meningitis, differing from cerebro-spinal meningitis in its chronic and almost invariably fatal character. It is classed with hydrophobia as one of the most deadly diseases known. It is communicated from person to person in some unknown way, beginning with slight listlessness, which passes into coma and then into death, its duration being from one to six months. Thus far it has been known only among negroes. It has depopulated large districts, however, and its spread is feared through the opening of African trade.

The fascinating legend, which has led to many speculative theories and fantastical stories, of the former existence of a great and populous continent in the Atlantic ocean west from the Strait of Gibraltar, occasionally occupies the attention of men of science. Such an occasion took place at a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy in November, when the Atlantis problem was discussed by Dr. R. F. Scharff, who contended that the evidence showed that the fauna of the Atlantic islands was mainly derived from a former land connection with Portugal and Morocco. Dr. Scharff also defended the theory of a land bridge, in the same latitudes, connecting Europe and America, and persisting until Miocene times.

In Austria and Germany an automatic system of stopping fast railroad trains without the co-operation of the engine driver or the brakemen has recently been tried with satisfactory results. The apparatus consists of two parts, one carried by the locomotive close to the rails, and acting directly upon the brakes of the train, and the other attached to the track and connected with all signal points at curves, grades, and so forth. If it becomes necessary suddenly to stop an approaching train, the turning of a lever throws up a connection from the track to the apparatus under the locomotive which governs the brakes. At the same time an automatic signal whistle warns the engineer of what has been done. The brakes can be released in a similar manner. Between Vienna and Krems the device has worked successfully with trains running 62 miles an hour.

HUNTER'S DEAREST TROPHY.

Sportsman's Ambition Marred When He Has Killed a Bear.

A big black bear is the trophy that all sportsmen who have been in the woods are after. Shooting deer is all right, and a moose, of course, is a sportsman's ambition until he gets one; then he must have a bear. It sounds so much bigger, you know, to say that you have killed a bear, comments the Bangor Commercial. Bears are supposed to be very dangerous and only shot after hand-to-hand encounters and thrilling escapes from death.

Bear hunting, however, is not so precarious as the sportsmen often make it out to be. The killing often consists of merely running across one in the woods and shooting him before he can get away. Then dogs are often used in hunting bears. While the dogs by their barking and snapping are keeping the brute excited, the hunter has time to take a good aim and get his game. Bears are often found in their dens and smoked out. They are sometimes inclined to be ugly when this is done, but do not stand much chance against two or three 45-90s.

Practically all bears which are shot by sportsmen are brought out of the woods and either mounted whole or made into rugs, or the heads are set up with the mouth open to give them a fierce expression. Bears are outside the pale of the law in Maine and may be shot, trapped or killed in any other way wherever they may be found. Whenever a bear comes down from up river the owner can always be found at the western depot. Perhaps he has a deer or moose along that he has to identify. After doing so he will always ask if it is necessary for him to prove property in regard to the bear, and he smiles proudly on the crowds which are always gathered around the wardens. If the bear is all the game he has, why he will make a big to-do about not being able to find the warden so as to identify his bear; for, of course, he wants to be sure that the bear isn't seized. He wouldn't have that happen for anything. Oh, no. Nor would he have the crowd remain ignorant of the fact that he got his bear.

A GRATEFUL SNAKE.

Story Told of One in a New Orleans "Veracity" Club.

"Did you ever know that a snake could feel grateful toward you just the same as a dog, cat or any other animal?" asked the old story teller. "Well, if you fellows don't believe this I will tell you a story of how the gratitude of a snake saved me from a horrible death once. It happened this way: Early one morning, while out on a hunting trip, I accidentally stepped on a large snake, badly injuring it. The snake had magnificent eyes and cast them in my direction. In those eyes, boys, was an appeal that I could not resist, and I picked up the poor fellow and tenderly stitched the wound.

In a short time it regained conscio-
ness and seemed about to burst into
tears. I stroked it tenderly, and then,
putting it back upon the ground, re-
sumed my hunt.

"That night I camped out about
four miles from the place where I
had left the snake. About midnight
I found it necessary to get out of my
blanket and replenish the fire, as the
summer was changing into fall at the
time. I discovered the same snake
lying coiled up near the red embers.
The poor fellow had apparently fol-
lowed my trail all that day and did
not catch up with me until after I
had gone to bed.

"I stirred my fire, and in doing so
awakened the snake. He started up
suddenly with a venomous gleam in
his eyes, but when he saw who it was
he lay down again. I smiled sweetly
at him, and he seemed to return my
greeting. After having replenished my
fire I lay down to sleep again. The
snake then crawled over to where I
was lying and coiled up by my side.
About an hour later I was awakened
by a rustling of the leaves close at
hand. I opened my eyes and saw a
venomous-looking snake crawling
quietly toward me and my pet snake.
It was evidently the intention of the
serpent to eat us both while we slept.
Anyhow, he reckoned without my
pet snake, for that faithful fellow had
been watching him closely all the
while.

"Suddenly the serpent made ready
for a spring. They both jumped at
the same time and met in midair. My
snake struck the other fair and square,
carrying him back about two feet.
Then began one of the prettiest strug-
gles I have ever witnessed. Each re-
pelle was hot after the other, and the
way they fought was a caution. Final-
ly my snake got the other fellow down,
and he literally 'chewed him up.' In
about five minutes the enemy had been
placed out of business. My snake
then crawled over to where I was lying
and affectionately rubbed his head
against my face. We both then went
back to sleep and slept soundly until
nearly noon the next day."

"Wake up, old man, and light your
pipe; it's going out," said one of the
listeners, according to the New Or-
leans Times-Democrat, and the Verac-
ity Club adjourned without date.

One on Depew.

Returning recently from one of his
annual trips to Europe, Senator
Chauncey M. Depew was, as usual,
the center and life of the group which
had gathered in the steamer's smoking
room after dinner, and all of his most
ancient stories were brushed up and
made to do duty once more. Nearly
all of the other passengers volunteered
various contributions to the general
entertainment, but one old country-
man sat in a corner every evening,
smoking his pipe in silence, brook-
ing only now and then by a guttural
chuckle. As the steamer reached New
York Mr. Depew proposed to the others
that he should have a little fun with
this old hayseed and try to get a
rise out of him, and, calling across
the room, he said:

"Mr. Jones, all the rest of us have
been doing what we could to amuse
the company during the voyage, but
we have not heard from you. Can't
you tell us a story?"

"Well, can't you sing us a song?"
Oh, no! Mr. Jones could not sing.
"Tell us a story," he said.
"Tell us a story," he said.
"Tell us a story," he said.

"Well, can't you sing us a song?"
Oh, no! Mr. Jones could not sing.
"Tell us a story," he said.
"Tell us a story," he said.

"Well, can't you sing us a song?"
Oh, no! Mr. Jones could not sing.
"Tell us a story," he said.
"Tell us a story," he said.

"Well, can't you sing us a song?"
Oh, no! Mr. Jones could not sing.
"Tell us a story," he said.
"Tell us a story," he said.

"Well, can't you sing us a song?"
Oh, no! Mr. Jones could not sing.
"Tell us a story," he said.
"Tell us a story," he said.

"Well, can't you sing us a song?"
Oh, no! Mr. Jones could not sing.
"Tell us a story," he said.
"Tell us a story," he said.

"Well, can't you sing us a song?"
Oh, no! Mr. Jones could not sing.
"Tell us a story," he said.
"Tell us a story," he said.

"Well, can't you sing us a song?"
Oh, no! Mr. Jones could not sing.
"Tell us a story," he said.
"Tell us a story," he said.

AFTER ALL, WHAT IS FAME?



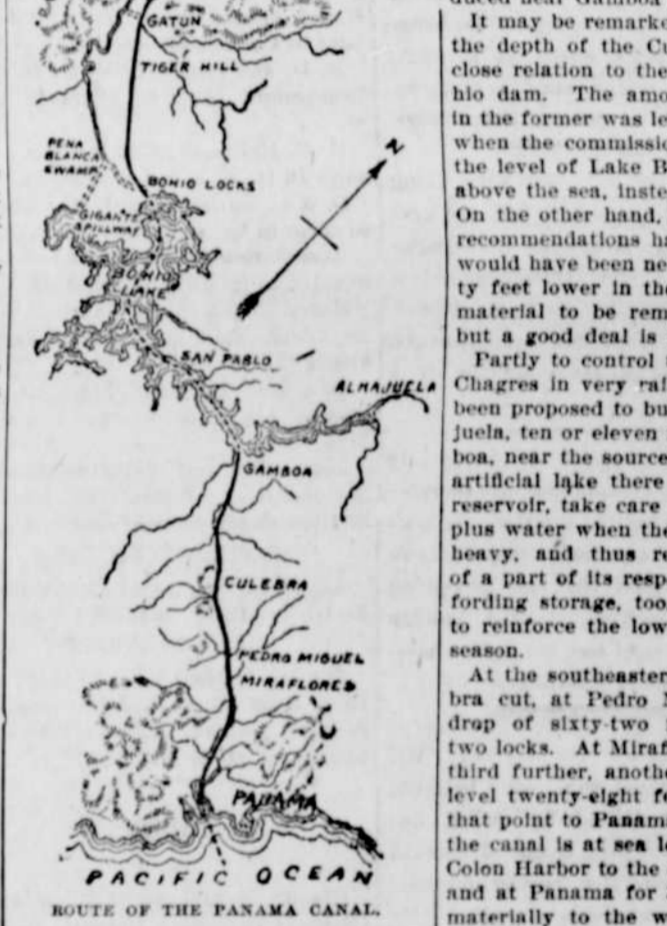
Uncle Sam—Hobson, Hobson? Seems to me I can't place him. Oh, yes, didn't he kiss somebody or sink a ship?

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Some of the Main Features of a Great Engineering Work.

Now that the diplomatic obstacles in the way of the construction of the Panama Canal are removed, many people, the Tribune Farmer believes, will be glad to refresh their memories concerning the leading engineering features of the plan.

The isthmus is thirty-five miles wide in a straight line, but the canal will be about thirty-eight and a half miles long, not including channel dredging in the terminal harbors. The general direction from the Atlantic (Caribbean) and to the Pacific outlet is from north-west to southeast. The Pacific port, Panama, is about twenty miles further east than Colon on the Atlantic. The highest ground is off to the south, and the elevation here is sometimes 300 feet above sea level. The water sup-



ply comes from the Chagres River, to the eastward of the canal route. That stream joins the latter near Gamboa, and widens out into a lake (Bohio) twelve and a half miles long. Much of this can be utilized for the canal at very little cost. The general course of the Chagres is northwesterly, and it empties into the Caribbean several miles west of Colon, having flowed through a low, marshy country much of the way. From Lake Bohio the canal follows a different route from the river. It is proposed to have the bottom of the canal 150 feet wide, the slope of the banks, and hence the width at the top, will depend on the nature of the soil through which the canal is cut. The canal is to be thirty-five feet deep.

To the first stretch of twelve and a half miles southward from Colon there will probably be no interruption. In order to reach the level of Lake Bohio two or three locks will be necessary. General H. V. Abbot advised having the lake, whose height will be determined by a dam across the old path of the Chagres, only seventy feet above sea level. The United States commission adopted ninety feet as the standard, although in the driest season this may fall off to eighty-two. Where the canal taps the lake two or three locks are to be introduced. The commission favored only two, each making a difference of forty-two or forty-five feet in the water level. Although such locks are feasible, it is remotely possible that three may finally be adopted, as it is safer to lock up and down only thirty feet as a time. If a third lock is introduced perhaps it will not be located close to the other two, but be constructed at Tiger Hill. An enormous dam, blocking the course of the Chagres, is to be built a little east of the Bohio locks. Engineers say that there will be less danger of seepage, or leakage through the soil, if there is a head of only sixty-five to seventy feet here, instead of one of ninety. Still, if there is another lock at Tiger Hill the same effect would be secured. A spillway to discharge the surplus

water of Lake Bohio, will be constructed three miles to the southwest of the dam and locks, on a small tributary called the Gigante. A natural cut exists here, sixty-five feet above sea level. Of course the spillway must be higher than that to maintain the desired level in Lake Bohio. The commission proposes to have it eighty-five feet above the sea. From the Gigante the water will drain off through swamps to the lower Chagres, a little excavating helping the flow here. It is expected that the Gigante spillway will serve as an automatic safety valve in time of floods.

As already stated, about twelve and a half miles of route lie through Lake Bohio. For fully seven miles there will be deep water. Only a little dredging will be necessary as Gamboa is approached. To the southeast of the latter point the heaviest work along the whole route. For nearly eight miles (7.85, to be exact) a cut in the backbone of the isthmus will be needed to bring the canal down to the proper level. This is known as the Culebra cut. The water will be no higher here than in Lake Bohio, and there will be no locks. However, it may be desirable to drain the Culebra level some time, gates will be introduced near Gamboa (at Obispo).

It may be remarked, in passing, that the depth of the Culebra cut bears a close relation to the height of the Bohio dam. The amount of excavation in the former was lessened twenty feet when the commission decided to raise the level of Lake Bohio to ninety feet above the sea, instead of seventy feet. On the other hand, if General Abbot's recommendations had been adopted, it would have been necessary to go twenty feet lower in the cut. Part of the material to be removed here is rock, but a good deal is merely clay.

Partly to control the excesses of the Chagres in very rainy weather, it has been proposed to build a dam at Alhajuela, ten or eleven miles east of Gamboa, near the source of the stream. An artificial lake there would serve as a reservoir, take care of part of the surplus water when the precipitation was heavy, and thus relieve Lake Bohio of a part of its responsibility. By affording storage, too, it would be able to reinforce the lower lake in the dry season.

At the southeastern end of the Culebra cut, at Pedro Miguel, there is a drop of sixty-two feet, managed by two locks. At Miraflores, a mile and a third further, another lock lowers the level twenty-eight feet more. Beyond that point to Panama, over four miles, the canal is at sea level. Dredging in Colon Harbor to the extent of 2.5 miles and at Panama for 3.5 miles will add materially to the work required, but these figures are not included in the estimates already given for the canal proper.

Spontaneous Combustion.

Cotton waste moist with lard or other animal oil will ignite from the sun's rays. So will damp lampblack. Nitric acid and charcoal create spontaneous combustion. New printer's ink on paper when in contact with a hot steam pipe will ignite quickly. Boiler linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts on cotton or linen rags or cotton waste will ignite in a few hours under a mild heat, and will in time create enough heat to ignite spontaneously. Bituminous coal should not be stored where it will come in contact with wooden partitions or columns, or against warm boiler settings or steam pipes. This coal should not be very deep if it is to be kept on storage for a long period. If piled in the basement of a building it should be shallow and free from moisture and under good ventilation.

It Accommodated Burglars.

A placard reading "Will Not Return Until December 3," placed upon the door of a residence in West Philadelphia, was so informing to burglars that when the family did return at the date fixed they found the house ransacked, and silverware, jewelry and much clothing missing. The police were notified, but the thieves had not been so accommodating and left no hints on their part.

The Problem Novel.

Naggsby—What is a problem novel? Wagsby—It is one in which the motive of the author and the judgment of the public are equally puzzling to the reader.—Baltimore American.

Collars in Berlin.

Recent statistics published in Berlin show that there are 25,769 dwelling cellars in that city.

A Difference in Weight.

A body weighing one pound on earth would weigh twenty-seven and a half pounds upon the sun.