

WAYS OF LONG AGO.

Last night I dreamed I was awake;
Then, waking up, I dreamed,
My mind just went without a break
To where the waters gleamed
And dimpled down beside the road
I saw the willows trail
Along the stream, just like I knowed.
I saw the water fall,
And heard the bluejay call, and call,
And saw the eddies swing
In curves below the waterfall,
And heard the rills sing.

And I was just a boy, and walked
The ways of long ago.
The catbird came again and mocked
Just like I used to know.
And in the orchard loaded down
The heavy branches swung.
And thrush's matins clear
The thrush its matins sung.
And breezes moved the ripening grain
In billows to and fro.
And I was just a boy again
In ways of long ago.

O, welcome dreams that take us back
To childhood's happy days!
Along some well-remembered track
In pleasant woodland ways!
O, welcome song of birds and bees
And thrush's matins clear
That bring us back the orchard knolls
And days of yesteryear.
Till we can hear the lullabies
And feel the rhythmic swing
That used to lull our tired eyes
When mother used to sing.
—Houston Post.

HIS SECOND WIFE

SIT down, dear, and while I am waiting for John, I will tell you all about it. I know people wondered when we were married, and said I was an old flame, and that it was preposterous for old people like us to marry. But, my child, I don't care. Yes, you do need like a child to me, eighteen, did you say? And this is your engagement ring. Pretty, isn't it? How it brings back the old times when I was just your age, and John and I was courting."

There was a pause, and one small, wrinkled hand was raised to brush away a tear. Then the sweet old voice continued—

"You see, John was what they call a bound boy. He was just eight years old when he came to live with us; and he stayed until, well, until he married her. You know Eunice? She was a handsome girl, if I do say it. Far prettier than I. I never did count much for good looks, but for all that I took pretty well with the beauty. But I didn't care a jot for any one of them but John. He was five years older than I, and from the time I was a mite of three, my constant companion and protector. How John did stand by me if there was any fracas at school, as there always was more or less with part of us on one side, and part of us on the other. Well, matters went along smooth enough until I was nearly nineteen. Then the first and hardest trial I ever had to contend with, came like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky.

"John and I became engaged on my eighteenth birthday, and father and mother were well pleased. Does't it often happen that way, don't you? But it did in our case. You see, I was the only child, and John was a fine, manly fellow, fully capable of making his own way in the world, and always like a son to father and mother. How they loved that boy! They never seemed quite the same after he disappointed them so. And to think they never knew the truth. Oh, it was shameful! But there, I must not judge her. She was young and thoughtless, and sorry enough in after years. I'll show you the letters some time. It was then that wrought all the mischief. They were written while I was West, visiting my mother's brother and his family. You see, dear, Eunice and I were the best of friends, and I never suspected till afterward how much she cared for John, but I never blamed her for taking him when he wanted her.

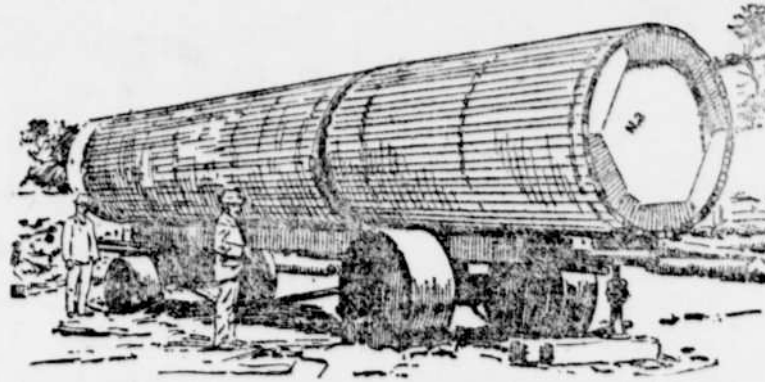
"I tried to think it was the Lord's will, and stayed West two years trying to reconcile myself to the inevitable. Then mother was taken sick, and I came home, and John and Eunice had a little one by that time, and somehow those baby fingers helped to heal the breach; and before I knew it I was loving John's baby as well as I did him, only in a different way, perhaps, for there would come times when it seemed as if my life was a blank. They were apparently so happy, I so lonely, trying to crush out the love I now felt it a sin to harbor. Somehow, though, it survived the years; for John is as dear to me to-day, my child, as in the long ago; when beneath the apple-boughs he placed this ring upon my finger. It was in the fair spring-time of the old orchard was like a dream of fairy-land."

Again the sweet voice quavered and broke, and a tear dropped from the down-cast eyes and glittered like a diamond on the worn circle of gold. Once more memory carried her back to the time when she was a light-hearted girl, with not a cloud to dim the sunshine of the hour; when beneath the apple-boughs she pledged her troth to the man she loved.

"Ah, child," she resumed, finally, "if my life could have been like that always; but it was not destined to be so. Methinks, sometimes, the trial was needed to strengthen and perfect what otherwise might have been a weaker character; one that knowing naught of trouble, failed in that deep sympathy for less fortunate mortals. How well I remember the day I received that letter. I felt sure it was from John by the writing on the outside. You see, she had imitated his hand so closely that I failed to detect the difference. If possible I was more than usually pleased to receive it, as it was several days later than on former occasions, and I was beginning to chafe at the delay.

"Humming that sweet old love song, Annie Laurie, I hastened to my room. I always wanted to be alone when I read John's letters. You understand, my dear? How my fingers trembled as I opened it, and with a sense of happiness, too great for words, bent over the closely written pages! Alas, how different from the other missives I had

TRANSPORTING A NINETY-TON GRANITE COLUMN



The construction of the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Morning-side Heights, New York, now going on, is one of the biggest architectural tasks undertaken anywhere in recent years. The work is progressing slowly, owing to lack of funds, but even, if unlimited money were at the disposal of the trustees, the enormous building could not be constructed in less than fifteen years.

Eight gigantic granite columns for the choir recently arrived in New York from Vinalhaven, Me., and attracted great curiosity while being transported from the dock to the Cathedral grounds. Each column is a memorial gift, and they cost about \$25,000 each. An enormous lathe was built to turn them. Unfortunately, they could not be true monoliths, as they broke in the lathe during the polishing operation, one of them fracturing within a few hours of completion. Therefore it became necessary to make the columns in two pieces. The larger section is 37 feet 6 inches in length by 6 feet in diameter, and weighs 90 tons. The smaller section is 17 feet long, 5 feet in diameter at the smaller end, and weighs from 40 to 45 tons. The columns were transported from Maine, on a lighter, two columns being carried at one time. No very great difficulty was experienced in unloading them, but the carrying of them to the Cathedral grounds, a distance of two miles, is proving a heavy task. A special truck was built for the purpose, which is one of the largest ever constructed. The frame of the truck is 29 feet long, and weighs 10 tons. The axles are 7 and 8 inches square, and are made out of cold-rolled steel. The wheels are built up of seven thicknesses of 3-inch white oak plank. There are four 5-inch tires on each wheel.

A 40-horse power traction engine is used to transport the columns to the Cathedral ground. Progress is, of course, rather slow; for instance, it required nineteen days to carry the first column from the dock to the Cathedral grounds.

received from him. "He loved me still, but it grieved him to say, only as a sister. In Eunice he had found his ideal. Would I not release him from an engagement which, if consummated in marriage, would only terminate in the ruin of three lives? He begged me not to mention the affair to my parents, as he would tell them himself and thus spare me the ordeal." Spare me! Ah, my child, that would have been nothing in comparison with what I suffered then.

"From that hour my whole being was changed. No longer a happy-hearted child, but a grave and thoughtful woman. How little I knew that at that very time, John was having a fierce conflict with his own emotions, as he read and re-read the letter supposed to have come from me. 'In the far West,' it told him, 'I had found another, and by the time he received that, I would be a wife. Would he forgive me for my fickleness, and could he not find some one to fill my place? There was Eunice. I was sure she cared for him, and would make him happy.'

"You know the rest, child. He married her. She was ready and willing to give him every encouragement; and not until she lay dying did she confess herself the author of these two letters, and how fearful she had always been that we would find out her guilty secret, and by a mutual confession learn that in our hearts we had always been true to each other. Of course he wondered why I had been so terribly disappointed, and not to mention the subject to me. The letter I wrote releasing him from his engagement she received, instead of him. Eunice was clever, very clever. It's a pity so many clever people don't put their talents to better purposes.

"On the day she died, she called him to her. 'John,' she said, 'my life has been spared many years, but I have been happy. Knowing at last that you would never care for me, as you did for her, I was wretched—a fitting punishment for my sin—but you have always been a kind and faithful husband, and I could not die without telling you all. When I am gone may you be happy together. It is my last request, John, promise me you will heed it.'

"Well, as you know, child, we were married in June, although he is past three score years and ten, and I was seventy instead of twenty as it was to have been. That is all dear, and here is John."

Later, as I wandered in the glen, a picturesque bit of rustic scenery, I found them sitting in an ideal spot at the foot of a beautiful waterfall, the grand verdure-covered hills towering above them. Dear old people; young in their hearts as on that spring day when they pledged their troth beneath the blossom-laden boughs of the old apple-tree—Waverley.

TO PENSION GIRL'S MOTHER.

Mrs. Hedwig A. Maas, of East Orange, N. J., is to be recompensed by Congress for the loss of her daughter, Miss Clara Louise Maas, who died in Cuba in 1901 as the result of an experiment made for the purpose of advancing science in the treatment of yellow fever.

She went there on returning from a hurry call to the Philippines and permitted herself to be bitten six times by a mosquito which had fed upon a yellow fever victim. The health authorities were trying to discover if the disease was carried by the insect, and gave those submitting to the test a reward of \$100.

Although she had nursed two Spaniards who subjected themselves to the test and died, Miss Maas offered herself as a sacrifice, if necessary, to science, and fell a victim to the disease as a result of the bites of the mosquito. She was taken to the yellow fever hospital, and her sister, Miss Sophia Maas, started from home to reach her bedside, but death won the race, and she reached there only to hear that her sister had passed away. A bill has now been introduced in Congress for a pension for the mother of the girl.

POSES AS A SECOND DREYFUS.

Oberlin M. Carter, Recently Freed, Will Sue U. S. Government.

Oberlin M. Carter, former captain of United States engineers, is free after having completed a term of three years and seven months' imprisonment in the United States penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. He was sentenced to a term of five years by a court martial for alleged frauds in connection with the Savannah harbor improvements.

Carter, whose trial made him an international figure, was given the position of bookkeeper when he first entered the military prison. The work was light and could be quickly finished, which left the former captain many leisure hours, which he spent in brooding over his troubles. He became extremely nervous and was fast becoming a physical and mental wreck when he was placed in charge of the flower gardens and lawns. This work occupied most of his time and he improved in health. Later he was placed in the prison hospital, where he acted as nurse and kept up records for the physicians.

Carter, during his incarceration, never associated with any prisoner, aside from Captain Deming, another army officer prisoner, who was released on habeas corpus some time since. He was, however, always kind to prisoners who were injured or ill. He has been a model prisoner himself and has won the respect of all the officials at the penitentiary.

Carter has sued the government for \$723,000, on the grounds that he was unjustly convicted by the military tribunal. By winning this suit he will claim a vindication from first to last. Carter alleges he never would have been convicted in a civil court, and that he was the victim of prejudice on the part of several officers who were members of the court martial. He proclaimed at one time that he was a martyr to military injustice and compared himself to the French army captain, Dreyfus. The suit will come up in Chicago.

During the last year the ex-captain has been studying mining engineering, and if he be successful in his suit he proposes to spend considerable time in Arizona and New Mexico, where he and his uncle, L. D. Carter, of Danville, Kan., have extensive interests.

JEFFERSON WANTED PEACE.

When trade restrictions failed of their effect, the united kingdom once again tried war, says the Atlantic Monthly. Her policy toward Mr. Jefferson admitted of no other interpretation. Jefferson had a passion for peace; to keep peace he would submit to any humiliation, undergo any insult or hardship, but he could not placate his adversary. The more he cringed, the more he disarmed, the more aggressive Great Britain grew. No outrage was ever more wanton than the capture of the Chesapeake by the Leopard and though that outrage was in a manner disowned it made war inevitable. Also the purpose for which the war was waged was avowedly for the dismemberment of the union. Not only was this purpose declared daily in the press, but the dismemberment of the union was made a term and condition of peace at Ghent. Lord Castlereagh insisted on the cessation of the larger part of the Mississippi valley and the whole shore of the lakes. Also there is reason to believe that in this, as in the revolutionary war, Great Britain might have succeeded had the military staff been better educated.

Her Retort. He was explaining why he didn't get home until an early morning hour. "The fact is," he said, "an old college chum—a stranger in the city—came to the office, and I felt as if I ought to entertain him a little—"

"Oh, it was charity!" she interrupted. "Why, yes," he returned, brightening at the suggestion, "you might call it charity to spend a little time and money on a homesome—"

"But charity," she interrupted again, "begins at home."

Then he gave up the explanation business. True holiness is simply walking always hand in hand with the Highest.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PREVENTION OF DISEASE EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS.

Everybody is our neighbor in a sanitary sense, because he or she possesses the power of inflicting disease upon us. The community depends for its protection against disease on the united efforts of all its units. Hence the force of the argument that everybody should be educated in the due observance of health laws; and length of days will only become a national privilege when as a people we awaken to the consciousness of the fact that we can prevent much disease by much intelligent co-operation.

Diphtheria has always been regarded as an ailment apt to prove fatal to children. Previous to the employment of antitoxin the death rate was 30 per cent. Since the adoption of the treatment in question the mortality has sunk to 11 per cent. Mrs. Garrett Anderson's analysis of the effects of vaccination with reference to the London smallpox epidemic of 1901-02, is interesting. But smallpox is an air-borne disease. The germs reach us in a far more subtle fashion than do the microbes of typhoid fever; hence infection from smallpox, once established, is highly difficult to combat. Over and over again plain figures have shown the tremendous excess of mortality among unvaccinated people as compared with that found in vaccinated patients. Mrs. Anderson finds that in 1901-02, 9,569 patients found their way to the smallpox hospitals of London. Of this number 1,033 died. This represents a death rate of 17.1 per cent. Now in 1901, 294 persons who had been vaccinated contracted smallpox. Of these, let us note, 175 were of an age between 15 and 20 years, and it is pointed out that the early vaccination of infancy, not repeated, must at the period in question be regarded as having largely worn itself out. But in 1901 it is remarkable that no deaths of vaccinated children were recorded, while the list showed sixty-five children's deaths under the age of 10 years. These last had not been vaccinated at all.

If a smallpox death rate between the ages of 15 and 20 years among the vaccinated is to be estimated at 4.8 per cent and among the unvaccinated at over 30 per cent, surely we may regard the influence thus exerted as due to vaccination, and to it alone. As I have remarked, the diminution of this ailment is not affected by ordinary sanitary improvement such as can be relied upon in the case of other infectious troubles. There seems, indeed, to be no other explanation of the discrepancies in the figures than vaccination influence.

INDIVIDUAL SALVATION NOT WANTED.

By the Rev. John Watson ("Ian MacLaren.") The old principle of every man for himself is dying out from national politics, from the organization of commerce, from the life of society, and is bound to die out from religion. Dying people of, say, 1850, were solely concerned with the question of what would become of themselves on the other side; dying men of to-day forget themselves in thinking of what is to become of their wives and children. Appeals to the individual to escape hell, because of its suffering, or to make sure of heaven because of its joy, have little effect, and the tract which asks a by no means unimportant question, "Whether are you going?" is an anachronism, but any appeal for the service of others will secure willing and sympathetic attention. Young men who will not teach in Sunday school are ready to work in a boys' institute, and women who have worried distributing tracts are anxious to bring more comfort to the lives of their working sisters. The sense is creeping over the community that socially and physically

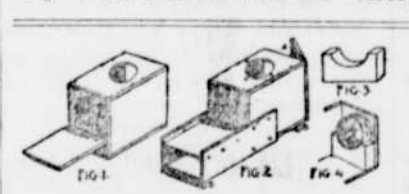
A MAGIC LANTERN.

The Average Boy Can Make One at Small Cost.

For an evening's entertainment a magic lantern "show" is always attractive. Slides are easy enough to get, and an excellent magic lantern can be made by the average boy at a small cost and with a little time and material. A box, some thin boards, an ordinary central draft or duplex burner lamp, a reflector, some nails and screws, a pair of condensing lenses, and a projector are sufficient.

Follow carefully the instructions given below and the result is sure to be satisfactory. Make a box of half-inch wood, twelve inches long, eleven inches high and seven inches wide, outside measure. Cut a round hole four and three-fourths inches in diameter, the middle of the hole being eight inches above the inside bottom of the box. Make a door at the back of the box, and fasten a reflector just opposite this hole.

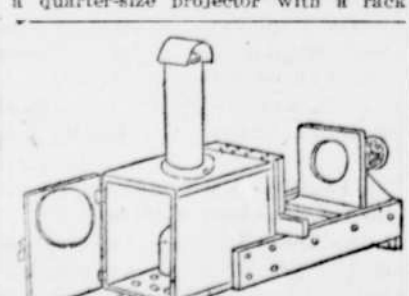
Cut a hole in the top of the box, for a lamp chimney to come through. Nail a piece of half-inch wood eight inches long to the front of the box three



WORKING PLAN OF HOME-MADE MAGIC LANTERN.

inches from the bottom. See Fig. 1. We will call this the deck. Fasten a piece of wood fourteen inches long and four inches wide on either side of the box and deck piece. See Fig. 2. Perforate the bottom of the box with holes half an inch in diameter, to afford the necessary draft to the lamp. Elevate the box on two cross-sticks an inch wide. See Fig. 2 B B.

From an optician or camera supply house obtain a pair of four-inch condensers mounted in a brass barrel, and a quarter-size projector with a rack



COMPLETED MAGIC LANTERN.

and pinion. Mount the condensers in the hole in front of the box, supported by means of a block (Fig. 3) fastened on the inside front of the box. See Fig. 4.

In order to adapt the focus of the lenses according to the distance the lantern is from the screen, a sliding rod is necessary. See Fig. 5. Cut a base block seven inches wide and six inches long, fastening to it, three and one-half inches from the front, an upright piece of wood high enough to be even with the top of the lantern-box. When the base is resting on the deck in front of the box two small angle brackets will steady the

upright and make it rigid. See Fig. 5. Cut a hole in this upright board so that the center of the projector mounted in it lines exactly with the center of the condensing lenses. This is an important point; if the lenses are not carefully mounted opposite one another the picture will not be clear. Now fit a piece of wood one-fourth of an inch in front of the main box, fastening it at the top with a strip of tin. There must be a hole three inches square cut in this board, the middle of which must line with the center of condensing lens. In the opening between this board and the box, slip a thin piece of board, for slides to rest on. Set a double-width lamp or central draft burner within the box at the proper height so that the brightest part of the flame will be in direct line with the center of the reflector and the condensing lenses.

The principle of the magic lantern is the reflection of the light through the condensing lenses, which pick up all the light possible and throw it through the slide, which is placed directly in front of it. The light is then taken up by the projector, and the pencils of light are thrown to the screen, at the same time magnifying the picture. This

ner of the household, which they did with such mutual pleasure that the schoolmaster declared that the king might have been a professor, he talked so cleverly; and the king said that not many men had the brain of his host. They parted with mutual expressions of pleasure.

The following day a much grander personage than his master presented himself at the schoolmaster's house saying he had been sent by their majesties to thank him for the hospitality received and to deliver several parcels. It was only then the simple man understood to whom he had given shelter.

The queen is always looking for ways to benefit others. One day, from a terrace of the castle, she saw some men cutting hay, and immediately ordered food and drink to be taken to them. Later she descended for a walk and, passing near the spot, stopped to speak to the mowers. They were very much affected, and, as they had nothing to offer her majesty, one old man stooped and, picking a wild flower, presented it to his queen. "In the name of all of us."

Some American Husbands. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's article in the Fortnightly Review on American husbands attracts attention, partly because of its theme and partly because Mrs. Atherton is always readable. It is rather an odd notion that the American husband is being rapidly converted into a savage by being compelled to catch trains and street cars in the morning. This, perhaps, according to Mrs. Atherton, is rapidly changing his character, and in the end will be the ruin of him. Mrs. Atherton's article seemed to me to miss the distinguishing characteristic of the American husband and his cause. He, like all other American men, has set woman—

with a large W—up on a pedestal, and has taught her that she is on the whole vastly superior to the average angel. The result is that the American woman has taken the American man at his word and treats him as if he were the inferior being that he pretends to be. Herein we have the explanation of the American husband and his subservience to his women folks, and Mrs. Atherton might have made the fact much more prominent in her analysis of the American husband than she has done.—W. L. Alden's London Letter.

LOVE THEIR KING AND QUEEN.

The Romans are staunch friends of their Sovereigns.

The Romans are quite ready to believe all the good possible of their king and queen, but are brought very little real contact with them in the country in the summer it is different, however. Then their majesties mix among the people as much as possible, and try to learn their point of view, while maintaining their own incognito. Recently they were motoring, and were suddenly overtaken by a very severe storm, gossips the Pall Mall Gazette. They, together with Gen. Brugnatelli, who accompanied them, took refuge in the nearest house, which proved to be that of a public school teacher. They were most cordially received, being taken for some gentle-folks from Turin.

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A "LOST" CHRISTMAS.

At the approach of the first Christmas after the wedding, a certain bride, desirous of giving her best beloved something made by her own affectionate but inexperienced hands, manufactured a truly wonderful night-shirt. It was made of pink and white outing flannel, trimmed with lace-edged ruffles, and was further embellished with rows of elaborate feather-stitching.

The surprised husband expressed a proper amount of gratitude, and said—with truth—that he had never beheld a garment to compare with it; but when asked later why he did not wear it, he replied that it was—

For too good
For human nature's daily food,
and that he was saving it for some occasion that really demanded a night-shirt of more than ordinary gorgeousness. It was just the thing, he averred, to wear if one happened to be conversing from a broken limb or a long attack of fever.

But one day the husband telephoned that he was unexpectedly called out of town on business, and requested his wife to pack his valise and to have it at the station within the hour, all of which she did.

Feeling tired after a long day's ride, and having nothing better to occupy his time, the man went to his room at 9 o'clock that night, intending to go at once to bed. When he unpacked his valise he discovered that the long dreaded "special occasion" had arrived, for there, folded neatly in the valise, was the pink and white night-shirt, ribbons, ruffles and all.

The traveler was slightly bald, he wore a sandy mustache, and when he had tied the broad pink ribbons in a bow under his decidedly masculine chin, he made a picture never to be forgotten. He was just about to climb into bed, hoping fervently that no sudden alarm of fire would render it necessary for him to appear unexpectedly in public, when he was startled by a loud rapping at his door.

Supposing his visitor to be the bearer of an expected telegram, he opened the door to find himself confronted by the last person he wanted to see—or to be seen by—in the circumstances. His caller, a man upon whom, for business reasons, he was desirous of making a favorable impression, had discovered his name on the hotel register.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the astonished visitor. "Are you on your way to a fancy dress ball?"

"No," returned the embarrassed victim. "I'm merely getting ready to go to bed in the nightshirt that my wife made me for Christmas."

The young wife subsequently considered it strange that her husband was never afterward able to recall the name of the town in which he absent-mindedly left that unexampled nightshirt under the hotel pillow.

"There were seven yards of lace on it, too," she would sometimes sigh regretfully, "and four yards of ribbon; but never mind, dear, I'll make you another some time."

A CARNEGIE STORY.

Made a Millionaire of a Man Because He was Born in the Same Town.

Mr. Carnegie once made a millionaire of a man who, all unconscious of the fact that his visitor was born in the same town, happened to say, "I am from Dumfriesline."

The story goes back to the time when Mr. Carnegie's fiancée was purchasing a part of her trousseau in Brooklyn. After she had been shopping for several days the clerk who had been waiting on her told her in a sudden burst of confidence that she, too, was to be married, "but I'll not leave such nice things," she added, as she fingered the delicate fabrics held out before the customer.

The clerk's confession struck a sympathetic note in Mr. Carnegie's fiancée. She in turn told her who was to be her husband and when, and then asked: "And you will tell me whom you are going to marry?"

"Mr. Peacock," was the reply. "He's the floor manager here, and when we are married I'm not going to be here any more."

A few weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie went abroad on their wedding trip and were gone several months. When they returned Mrs. Carnegie went to the store where she had bought her trousseau to do some shopping, and all unexpectedly she ran across the clerk who had helped her select her wedding finery.

"Why," she exclaimed, "how is it that you are still here? I thought you were not going to stay after your marriage. Didn't you tell me you were to be married a few weeks after my wedding?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but Mr. Peacock became ill shortly after our wedding, and I've taken my old position again and will keep it till he is able to get back to work."

That evening, when she went home, Mrs. Carnegie told her husband the story of the clerk who had helped her select her trousseau, and ended by asking him to call with her at the Peacock home.

A few days later when the Carnegies made the call they found Mr. Peacock in bed, and while the two ladies chatted together in an adjoining room Mr. Carnegie seated himself by the bedside. He had been there but a short time when he asked:

"Mr. Peacock, from your pronunciation, I'd say you are from Scotland. Are you?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I was born in Dumfriesline."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Mr. Carnegie. "Why, that was my birth-place, also."

"That settled it. Before he left the house Mr. Carnegie had made it plain to his fellow townsman that he was to leave his all and follow him. A. G. Carnegie did as he was told, and to-day he is one of the millionaires of the steel industry and a leading citizen of Pittsburg.

Why It Is Silly.

She—I think it's so silly of lovers to marry.
He—Yes, the making up is so expensive.—Brooklyn Lf.