THE PRIMROSE PATH.

he green fans of the chestnut trees Are all unfolding one by one, he breath of April's in the breeze, The long streets glisten in the sun,

he tasseled lilacs in the square Are full of nods and whisperings, hile black-bolled poplars stir the air With hints of happy secret things.

he town is all so fair and fine, The streets they make so brave a show d yet-and yet-Corinna mine. Tis now the pale primroses blow.

he woods are calling us to-day Where grassy hills fall fold on fold; Come, let us take the primrose way And gather wealth of faery gold.

fut off your dainty silks and lace For leathern shoon and homespun gown ;

leave this bustling market place To play the truant out of town.

For though in town the sun shines gay, You cannot hear the sweet birds sing Come, my Corinna, come away, And let us go a-primrosing. -Rosamund Marriott Watson.

min A HEROINE--of Necessity man

A way to the right, as far as eye could see, stretched the shimmering ocean, the sunlight dancing on the waves and turning them into a carpet of gold. To the left lay glorious patches of purple heather, broken here and there by big gorse bushes, covered with golden blooms and soft green spikes. Overhead the seagulis whirled lazily across a turquoise bay, uttering their plaintive notes as they greeted one another in passing.

And one, at least, of the millions of created beings was thanking God at that very moment, as she leaned her arms on the slight railing which formed the only protection from the cruel shingle below the edge of the steep cliff. Fate had been more than ordinarily kind to Christabel Tredennis up to now. She had never known a single sorrow all her life through; twenty years of unspotted peace lay behind her. She was young, fair to look upon, wealthy beyond the dreams of most women, and dear to a manly heart, now far away In Western Africa, fighting his coun-



HOW FRENCH SEAMEN ARE TRAINED.



French seamen are notably active and agile and this is due, so it is averred, to the training they get while they are in their apprenticeship. Agility is systematically encouraged and lightness of movement is considered a very great accomplishment. Among the exercises given the younger seamen when they enter the service is that of rope ladder elimbing, and the fellows soon become as proficient at this as monkeys and climb up and down with great speed. But the exercise is not restricted to the younger men alone, for it is quite necessary that the sailors keep in trim, so they are kept at the practice a share of each week at least, and this is why they have become famous for their agile movements and their quick work. For many years they have had a prestige for nimble movements, and that this may in no wise be lost the officers see to it that training is kept up throughout the naval service.

"He? Who?" asked Christabel, hop- it is nearly teatime, and Masom will ing thereby to gain time.

The ruse was for a few moments successful. The woman drew a photograph out of her pocket, and thrust it under the girl's nose.

Christabel started ; the blood had left her face, and her heart seemed to stop beating. It was a portrait of her lover -Jim Blakiston-she would know it in a thousand. It had been cut out of an illustrated paper and gummed on to a correspondence card.

isked hoarsely. The woman laughed again gleefully.

be wondering where you are. You portant meeting in the synagogue and should not take such long walks alone; they are not good for you." The matter-of-fact tones reached the poor dazed with a knife.-Contemporary Review.

brain; she still clutched the photograph. The doctor, raising his eyes, saw Christabel looking at it with a queer expression on her pretty face. "Her lover," he supplied briefly in low tones that reached only her ears. "Poor thing, he died of cholera in India ten years ago, and that was what turn-"This man-what is he to you?" she ed her brain !"

"His name?" breathed Christabel. "Henry Blakiston. Did you know "He-he is handsome, enough, isn't him-a lieutenant in the navy? She is under a delusion that he is calling for her, and that we are keeping them apart. It is getting damp on the heather; we must be making tracks now. I am more sorry than I can say But the face Christabel lifted to his astonished him beyond measure. It

RUSSIAN BOYS ARE UNRULY.

Spirit and Ideas of Revolution in All Classes and Ages.

The revolutionists, who constitute the only single-minded, selfless organization in Russia, are working early and late to embody their ideal. And they are manifestly making headway and gaining partisans. Peasants, workmen, petty landed proprietors, schoolmasters, midwives, badly pald officials, embittered students, are all imbued with the new idea, which they in turn are spreading. Whole categories of the population, whole provinces of the empire, are possessed by the leveling spirit. The southern and southeastern Russian provinces, several districts on the Volga, in the Caucasus and Poland are inoculated with the revolutionary bacillus. Students in universities, boys or 1466. The first catalogue in Engin schools, children in the nursery, are affected by this peculiar form of mad-Dess.

2 a number of boys convoked a politi- forthcoming book, "The Adventures of cal meeting in the halls of the State the Scarlet Car." It is an account of Grammar School of Tiflis and proceed- some exciting experiences that haped to make speeches against the gov- pened to the Scarlet Car and to the ernment. The director, entering, sum- girl and the men who were in it. The moned them to disperse, but they re- new story will be illustrated by Fredfused and, employing force, drove the erick Don Steel. director from the room. In the Commercial School of the Finance Minis- Literature, which is to follow the plan try in the capital the boys of the two classes ordered their teachers to give be published in fourteen volumes and them full marks for four months in will cover the whole of English literachemistry and Russian. The masters ture from Beowulf to the end of the refused to deal with the matter other- Victorian age, Each chapter will be wise than on its merits, disorders en- the work of a writer especially familiar sued and the two classes hindered other classes from going to their lessons. They also insulted the director, but the count of the different movements, to School Board did not venture to punish them.

Russian children are becoming "expropriators"-highway robbers is the term usually employed by Europeans. The other day on the outskirts of the city of Krassnoyarsk three boys of 14 set up as expropriators and assailed a well-to-do persant who came their way. Three Davids against one Goliath. They asked him for ...s money and threatened his life. But the farmer, being a muscular man, resisted, whereupon the boys opened fire upon him out of a "monte cristo" and a bullet entering his mouth knocked out a few of his teeth, but he disabled them and had them arrested. In Dunaburg a number of children summoned an imwhen the caretaker appeared and ordered them to quit they wounded him

m A BOSTON EARTHQUAKE.

Boston indulged once in a little "shake" of its own, conducted on modest prin- China."



The first known book catalogue was ""Harry," said the visitor, "do you of nineteen pages, and recorded the titles of two hundred and fifty-six books arranged in classes.

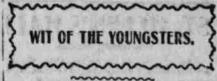
Hand lists or posters were printed as early as 1469 by Johann Mentel (or Mentelin), of Strasburg, who printed the first edition of the Bible in 1405 land was printed in 1595 by John Windet for Andrew Maunsell, a bookseller. Richard Harding Davis will make a

Instances are numerous. On March contribution to motor fiction with his

The Cambridge History of English of the Cambridge Modern History, will with the subject, and the purpose of the history is to give a connected actreat the minor writers adequately and

by a few great personalities. The largest library in the world,

which is the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris, contains three million volumes. The next largest library is in the British Museum, where reposing on musty shelves are two million books. The Imperial library at St. Petersburg contains a million and a half volumes. The million fourteen thousand books. The Harvard library is the largest college library in America, containing nine hundred and ten thousand volumes. The manuscript of Arthur H. Smith's forthcoming book, "America and China," has reached the publishers from Shanghal. Dr. Smith's skill as a statesman has more than once called him into action as an unofficial representative of the United States In China and as an ambassador of China in America. The new volume attempts to point out America's opportunities, advantages and disadvantages as well as Few cities have had experiences responsibilities in the new era now which will bear comparison with that dawning in China. The author calls it of San Francisco and Kingston, but "an outline sketch in charcoal of the mines and the river diggings. These Commenting on the dispute between Mr. Zangwill and Bernard Shaw as to how far they are merely commercially minded in joining the Society of Authors, Clement Shorter' says: "I know no author who is better at a bargain as to so much 'per thou' than Mr. Zangwill; I know no journalist who has given editors so much trouble in past years as to the precise amount he should receive per column as Bernard Shaw. On the other hand Mr. Zangwill has given to the ideal-some of us think a most fantastic idealof Zionism an infinity of labor which if he devoted to writing new novels would have brought him bundreds of shekels that he has had to forego. Bernard Shaw again is the least mercenary of human beings. He is generosity personified, although his hatred of cant sometimes leads to his being misunderstood on this point."



"William, were you ever whipped at chool?" queried the visitor. "Only by the teacher," was the rather significant reply.

issued in 1564 in Augsburg, Germany, know your letters yet?" "No, ma'am," by one George Willer. It was a quarto replied the little fellow. "I'm not the mail carrier."

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "how many months have twenty-eight days?" "All of 'em," promptly replied the youngster at the foot of the class.

Mamma-Why, Tommy, I'm surprised at your actions! Small Tommy-You're always bein' s'prised at me, mamma. I guess I'm a regular s'prise package, ain't 1?

Little Dot-My dollle's mamma must have been an awful wicked lady. Mamma-Why do you think so, dear? Little Dot-She never taught her to say her prayers, 'cause her knees won't bend.

A little 5-year-old miss was standing on the hotel steps gazing anxiously up the street. "Are you looking for a husband, little girl?" asked one of the guests. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply ; "for mamma's uusband."

Little Elsie's big sister was explaining to her the wonderful powers of the sun, saying: "It shines everywhere on the earth." Elsie, after thinking for a moment, asked : "Then why doesn't it shine in grandpa's bedroom ?"

Anxious Mother-Why, Johnny, what has become of your baby sister? Johnnot to allow them to be overshadowed ny-I dunno. Anxious Mother-But she was here in the room with you a few minutes ago, Johnny-Well, don't worry about her. I guess you'll find her when you sweep.

Little 4-year-old Helen was dining with her mother at a neighbor's, and the hostess, in an attempt to be entertaining, asked her if she liked kittens. Helen looked suspiciously at the New York City library is the largest chicken potple on her plate, then rein the United States and contains one plied: "I dess not; I dess I'd ruvver have some cake."

TONS OF PRECIOUS STONES.

Estimate of Output of Diamond Mines Throughout the World. Like all precious metals and stones, the unit of weight usually employed in regard to diamonds is the carat, of which 151% go to make up a single ounce. To think of sacks of diamonds by the ton staggers the imagination; indeed, the average annual output of the Kimberley mines is not more than half a ton all told.

Statistics have been published recently at Cape Town giving the output for several years past of the Kimberley general relations between America and yielded in the three years 1903-05 nearly 7,250,000 carats, ray, a ton and a

"I DO NOT WANT TO GO ALONE."

try's battles in skirmishes with tribes, with a pluck that was tenfold more thorough because of her.

Mrs. Tredennis had come to the quiet little village of Croone, on the Dorsetshire coast, because she had happened to see a highly colored print of it in some one's photo album. It had not turned out to be all that it was painted-what does?-upon closer acquaintince, but Christabel and she liked the scenery and the solltude and stayed on. l'his was about their last day.

She was thinking of her soldier-lover 'ar across the waters, as she gazed, when her mind was suddenly recalled to her present surroundings by a muttered exclamation borne to her ears on the soft summer wind. She turned round hastily and saw, a little farther ou, a tall, spare figure standing on the very edge of the cliff, an edge that, as Christabel knew, was unprotected. To call out would be to startle the rash adventurer, whoever it was; but the girl crept softly across the heather that lay between the figure and herself till she was just behind her.

The woman turned round and almost screamed. Christabel, with fear knocking at her heart, brought there by the look in the eyes riveted on hers, laid a hand on the other's arm.

"Come farther from the edge; it is dangerous," she said.

The woman, who looked anything from 30 to 50, laughed

"It's the edge I like," she answered, shaking her arm free of the detaining hand and taking a step forward. "Have you ever walked over a cliff? Should . you like to come with me and try the sensation now?"

Christabel looked round wildly, There was no one in sight; the only sound to be heard was the mournful cry of the gulls.

A story she had once heard came into her mind at that moment.

"It's nothing to walk over a cliff," she returned, trying to steady her voice. "It would be much more wonderful if a hard fight-yes-1 understandyou started at the bottom to walk to the top!"

The other shrugged her shoulders. "It's a matter of opinion, of course," she said. "Let us try my way first. I want to go to-him: Don't you see he is beckoning to me-over there?"

She glared feroclously out to ses, and gripped the girl's arm in a vice...

he?" she queried. "You seem to admire his picture-they all do. Come, we will go together and see him. He will be surprised; he loves me-he loved me once, and they said he died"she lowered her voice, then raised it that this should have happened." again suddenly-"but it wasn't true. He is beckoning to me to come, and we will go together, you and I-for I do was radiant, glowing. not want to go alone. No? Then I will go alone !!!

Whereupon a fight, swift and sharp, raged in Christabel's heart. Why should she not let this mad woman perish? Why save her-for hfm ?- the being she loved best on earth. A maniac! Well, she would not be missed, she only marred God's sunlit world! Let her go-

Then a great revulsion of feeling came over the girl's soul. She saw the hideous temptation; she knew that, come what might, think what she would, she must save a fellow creature.

It became no longer a matter of volltion-it was a matter of necessity, for action and self-sacrifice, which comes to every human being born into the world, with his or her share of responsibilities with regard to another. Why save a lunatic? Why should a sane woman die for an insane one? Why? Because the instinct is there, whether she will or no-an instinct which dies hard. Of necessity she must save her sister, be the exchange ever so unequal, the result of so little apparent satisfaction!

All these thoughts surged momentarily through Christabel Tredennis' mind as she stood on the sunlit cliff; and then she wrestled and struggled as she had never though to wrestle, with all the luck of a long line of dead and gone ancestors, wrestled till she felt. herself growing dizzy and faint; and the edge of the cliff drew ever nearer and nearer, and ever that mad, mad face, with those ferocious eyes, gleamed Into hers.

A strong band thrust them apart; a stern voice thundered a wrathful inquiry. The woman sank trembling on the heather, her whole figure shaken with sobs. Christabel, breathless, whitefaced, white-eyed, stood shaking in every limb from her recent strain-but safe-safe!

"Poor thing!" The doctor looked pityingly at the woman. "She has escaped again, but they never thought of looking here, I suppose. You have had

"For life," put in Christabel, with lips that trembled, as a shudder passed through her frame.

The doctor whipped out a flask and held it to her mouth. "Drink," he commanded. And when she had done his bidding, he turned and spoke kindly to the cowering lunatic. "Come home now," he said. "Miss Lacy, do you know

"I am engaged to his brother," she voluntered shyly, "and he is so like that picture-

"Ah, I see you imagined they were the same." The doctor was culy human and chuckled at the coincidence, which had meant so much to his companion. "I congratulate you and must wish you good afternoon." He shook hands, and then proceeded

to lead his patient away, without a backward look. Christabel turned her face towards the setting sun and her lips moved, "Thank God !" she cried fervently.

. . . . When Jim Blakiston came home not many months afterwards on long

leave, he was told the whole story. "I should have let her go, I'm afraid. I should never have saved

her," he said, looking at Christabel's happy face in wonder. "You would have saved her," she an-

swered proudly. "You are so brave; besides, I can't explain properly, but I did it-of necessity." And then and there it dawned on the

young soldler that the reason accounted for many so-called mysterious things of everyday life. There are many hefore. roes who are heroes "of necessity," of whom the world never hears, but they are none the less heroes becadse of that.-Philadelphia Telegraph.

That Old Sweetheast.

I saw an old sweetheart to-day. The one I loved of old, And there were wrinkles in her cheeks, And graf threads in the gold Of her thick locks, gray for the years The long years-she had told.

And we two talked of various things She said, "I thought I told You ere you left the house this morn "To leave some money." Cold Was her tone and hard her look, This sweetheart loved of old. -Houston Post.

Raphael Portrait Brings \$106,000, Raphael's portrait of the brother of Pope Leo X, dated 1514, has been sold for \$106,000, a record price in the Berlin art world.

Profits of Britain's Cotton Trade. The capital represented by Great Britain's cotton trade is \$2,000,000,000 a year, and the profits \$350,000,000 a year.

Few photographers would care to through his strenuous efforts to feather take people for what they are worth, his nest,

ciples, yet spreading disaster and the sense of terror. On Nov. 18, 1755, "a little after 4 on a serene and pleasant night," Boston was roused by an earthquake which lasted nearly five minutes. A writer of the times gives an account of the catastrophe, and Rev. Henry White quotes it in his "Early History of New England." One hundred chimneys were leveled

to the roofs of the houses and fifteen hundred were shattered in part. The streets were covered with bricks which had fallen. The ends of brick houses were thrown down,

It was first introduced with a noise like several coaches rattling over pavements, or rather like many cart-loads of paving stones thrown down. The first motion was a strong pulsation, which threw my house upward, immediately after a tremor succeeded, then instanly a quick vibration with sudden jerks followed.

The first view I had was of the steeples of the churches, and was glad to see them standing, but the spindle and vane of Faneuil Hall Market were thrown down.

Many persons ran into the streets, shricking with apprehension of its being the last day or the judgment, and some thought they heard the last trumpet sounding, and cried for mercy. The Evening Globe, beast creatures lowed, the birds fluttered in surprise, and all the animal creation was filled with terror. Every face looked ghastly and many knees Fisher stayed at a ranch owned by smote together. Never was such a August Jensen. One day by barking zen. "It happened this way: scene of disaster in New England be-

The Changeable Man.

He said : "I'll go and seek my fate, I'll pop the question, as to that !" And thinking that attire had weight He changed his hat.

Remembering that women seem To trust completely to the eye Before they lapse in love's young dream, He changed his tie.

"And," he observed, "one's footwear must Be very stylish when he wooes,' The pair he wore was flecked with dust He changed his shoes.

"A woman's queer," he murmured then, "She estimates my hat and boot And tie"-and so he stopped again And changed his suit.

He started out and tried to plan The way to pop the question best ; Came back, and, after thoughtful scan, He changed his vest.

Alas! the lovelorn maiden waits And tries to call herself resigned;

The man no longer besitates-He changed his mind ! -Chicago Post.

Many a man becomes a jallbird

WHERE GYP WENT.

Journeyed 124 Miles in a Week to See Her Puppies.

Gyp, an 18-months-old fox terrier, belonging to Harry C. Fisher of No. 930 East Seventh street, south, has distinguished herself again, writes a Salt Lake City correspondent to the Boston

While on a visit at Weston, Idaho, with her master during the last summer Gyp first attracted attention. Mr. and yelping and jumping in front of her master she aroused his curiosity. little blinking pupples. Gyp's family dwindled down to two before many weeks had passed. When Mr. Fisher was ready to come home Gyp had been with her little charges six weeks,

The time had now come to say goodby. Gyp was brought to Salt Lake and her pupples were kept at the Jensen ranch.

About four weks ago Mr. Fisher missed Gyp. Believing she had gone but a short distance, he did not become worried until she had been away from home for a whole day. The Fisher family grieved over their loss, thinking

Gyp had been stolen or killed. A happy thought struck Mr. Fisher two weeks ago. He dropped a post card to August Jensen, Weston, Idaho, i and a few days later an answer was received.

The message brought the startling. informationn that Gyp had reached the Jensen ten days before.

"Her arrival was the occasion of much rejoicing in the kennel," read the note. "The two pups and Gyp barked and rolled each other around in great shape."

days to see her two bables, AND TRANSFER AND DEAR AND INCOME BURGER

half. The monetary value of these diamonds was £14,450,000.

Since the first diamond was discovered on the banks of the Vanl in 1067 down to the end of 1906 it is estimated. that the total weight of diamonds extracted from the Griqualand mines is over thirteen and a half tons, of a market value of fully £95,000,000.

If statistics of this sort can be trusted-and in the case of the South Arrican yield they closely approximate to the facts-only seventeen tons of diamonds had been mined all over the world to the end of 1901. With the same relative output since that year from Brazil and India the world's output of diamonds is now more than twenty tons.

The figure seems small, considering the ages diamonds have been worked in India and elsewhere in the East, and must be largely guesswork with respect to the output in antiquity. It is, however, certain that more diamonds have been placed on the mirket in the last forty than in the previous thousand years .- Pall Mall Gazette.

GOT WATCH BACK CLEARLY.

Luck of a Victim of Pickpocket in a Thaw Crowd.

"Having his watch stolen from him and offered for sale back to him in an hour was what happened to a friend of mine when crowds gathered at the newspaper bulletin boards waiting for news of the Thaw jury," said a citi-

"An old friend of mine was standing among others waiting for news of the This done, she led him to a litter of Thaw jury when suddenly he felt a twitch at his watch pocket and his watch was gone. Not being sure of his ground, he kept his loss to himself and walked away from the crowd.

"After transacting a little business in the neighborhood he turned toward home. Remembering that he wanted a drink he stepped into a saloon.

"He was in the midst of his story, telling the sympathetic bartender of his experience, with his back to the door. when a voice back of him broke into the conversation, ordered a drink and asked the drink mixer if he had any use for a watch, mentioning the fact that there was one to be had cheap.

"The barkeeper, having my friend in mind, asked to see the watch and turned it over to my friend, who immediately recognized it as his. Turning around, he inquired how much he asked for the timeplece. The thief recognized his late victim and made a bolt for the door, taking good care to leave the watco behind.

"Now, being of a peaceful disposition, my friend let the matter go, at that. Can you beat it?"-New York Sun.

Gyp covered 124 miles in six or seven The path of duty leads to happi-Dess. C 201 I W A ALAINSTER