

IF LIFE WERE ALL.

If life were all,
Where were the recompense
For all our tears?
The troubled toll
Of all the long drawn years,
The struggle to survive
The passing show
Were scarce worth while
If life were all.

If life were all,
What were it worth to live?
To build on pain,
So soon to learn
Our building were but vain,
And then to pass
To some vague nothingness
Were scarce worth while,
If life were all.

Life is not all,
I do not know the plan;
I only know that God is good
And that his strength sustains.
I only know that he is just;
So in the starless, songless night
I lift my face and trust,
And God my spirit witness bears—
Life is not all.

—Los Angeles Herald.

ELVIRAH'S TREASURE

THE good barque, Belle Brewster, was one hundred and twenty-seven days on the voyage between San Francisco and Boston. Captain Starbuck was much pleased with the readings of his log, but to Zenas Handy in the forecastle, the trip had seemed an interminable one. It had seemed so until Hatteras was sighted. Then the watches fairly flew, whether the wind blew fair or foul. Then his mind perceived the urgent necessity of furnishing some plausible reason for his return after twenty years of almost silent absence. Of course, there was the conventional and sentimental one of "seeing the old place again," but in his case it seemed hardly sufficient.

Had his return been actually whimsical, he might have been less embarrassed for an excuse. But dominated as he was by a motive, powerful enough to send him home before the mast, which motive must remain his absolute secret, at least for some time to come, he felt that it would not do to be ambiguous or mysterious. He had nothing to brag about, nothing to show for those many years of toil and adventure. Nothing but a scrap of a yarn overheard in the wild remoteness of Big Bluff Canon in the Duckwater Range.

How vividly the scene returned to him. The rude shanty with its rough bar and a table or two, the half-acre of rougher men, miners now but likely enough for any job promising money, from poker to piracy. A wiry, gray-bearded man was speaking.

"Yes," he said, "just over yonder by the big boulder where that quiet pool is, Zeke Fuller cleared up twenty thousand in three weeks, and then lit out lively for Cape Cod, and by jinks! a twelvemonth later I met him in 'Frisco with a fine brig he was part owner of. I wasn't worth an ounce, but he set 'em up several times and lent me a hundred for old times' sake. Said he had 'other half the swag buried in his cellar to home, queer cove, Zeke Fuller. 'Lowed as he'd never trust no bank."

Zenas had nearly dropped his glass at the story. Captain Fuller had gone down in his new brig the "Two Nuggets" off Turks Island, on his way back to New Bedford that first and only voyage of his beautiful vessel. Sarah had written him about it many years ago, but never a word had come to him of the finding of the buried gold, and his sister would surely have reported that to him, seeing that he had broken off a much approved match with Elvirah Fuller, and run off to the Golden State; on the foolishness of both steps she had never omitted to tax him in her few letters. He was returning for the sake of Elvirah—and the treasure. What he meant to do he could not decide, his brain was topsy turvy between marriage and robbery. Hence the Belle Brewster fairly burnt the wind as she flew along homeward.

Twenty years would make some change in Wingnut, but not much. The elms would be larger, the houses grayer, but the folks he had known would be the same, a matter of a score of years would only show on the babies. Uncle Josh, at 80, would look about the same as he did at 60, a wrinkle or two more and a shinier Sunday coat. He would meet him before he could reach his sister's.

"Wall, I declare! It's Zenas! Been gone a long time, but yer look 'bout the same. Come back after 'Virey, hay? Ha! Ha! Made some money, eh? No? Wall, sorry, boy, but better not tackle 'Virey. No, no," and so forth.

And Aunt Mercy would be as bad, only worse to escape. She would insist on his going to meeting, and repeat texts that she thought applicable to his forward condition. For even his reputation was as poor as his purse, at least in her eyes; but oh, how ten thousand dollars would improve it! He had to smile while the Belle Brewster was careening past Highland Light, and his plan of action was deferred to the occasion and his ready wit.

"Why, it's Zenas!" exclaimed his sister, as she opened the door at his loud knock. "For the land's sake! where d'you come from? Just in time for supper."

Sarah was always undemonstrative. The remains of the evening meal were on the table. She bustled about, getting something ready for him to eat. Her husband came in, and she introduced him to Zenas.

"Spose, Sarah, you can keep me for a few weeks?" said her brother, over his beech plum jelly.
Her face lengthened.
"Might if we have a room to spare. You know we take summer boarders now, and it's only the last of August."

"Wall, nobuddy ever wants that coop over the kitchen," commented her husband.

"They do, too, John. Mrs. Stubbins' little boy slept there and she paid four dollars a week for him."

John lit his pipe bellows like.
"Oh, wall," said Zenas, somewhat grandly, "I'll pay you four dollars," and pulled out a roll of bills, rather bulky but composed mostly of ones. "Maybe you might want to get something, here's five dollars."

"The room does need a basin—and pitcher—and a cot bed. I'll go down street to-morrow and get them."

Nearly every one in town was delighted to see Zenas, if only for the novelty of some gossip. They plied him with questions and afterward mauled his somewhat ambiguous answers unmercifully. Elvirah came in at all times and greeted him with the injured love and garnered primness of twenty years, and the practical common sense of 40. She looked comelier than ever, thought Zenas in his maturer vision, and feeling that his own rugged frame and ruddy face were not unhandsome, he endeavored to awaken some of her old regard for him by a suaveness to which he had been unaccustomed since their parting.

But Elvirah was unimpassioned and extremely matter-of-fact, and it was these characteristics rather than anything romantic connected with their former engagement that had kept her single. Then her good looks made her the belle of the village, but she was one of those strong-willed maidens who can play any game of forfeits without ever making a mistake.

The days went sleepily by. The gossip had lost all interest in him since they had found him to be penniless. No native had ever returned to Wingnut possessed of even a thousand dollars unless supplemented by an unlimited amount of boasting and importance. Zenas had neither, hence the deduction was obvious and certainly true. They were equally positive that Elvirah would not receive him back into favor.

Zenas never let a day go by without spending a few minutes at that lady's comfortable abode to saw a board for her, to look at her Evening Transcript, to prune a tree—he could always find some excuse even if he had to go fishing for one, a couple of tautog or lobsters won him many a smile. But after all, she was not deeply impressed.

"Seems to me," she would remark to Ginger, her cat, "he is mighty more interested in the house, and I don't believe the place would support two of us anyhow."

Nevertheless, she liked him to come, and her enjoyment to Zenas' eager eyes once came so near to positive favor that he broached the happiness of their old engagement.

"That's all over and done with," she said tartly, "and we'll be better friends if you don't refer to it again."

"I came a long ways to be told that, Elvirah."

Yes, and it took you a mighty long time to get started back. What made you come, anyhow? Reckon it wasn't just love?"

"Just you, 'Virey."

"Stuff!" The tone and demeanor could not be gainsaid.

Zenas departed crestfallen. However, she let him take charge of her cranberry picking, which brought them together more or less all day. It also gave him an opportunity to get in the cellar, where some of the berries were to be stored. It was difficult for him to mask his interest in the floor while Elvirah was with him, but she had no sooner gone upstairs than he began a speedy investigation. The dark cement exhibited no sign, but at the foot of the stairs was an oblong flagstone, hollowed by the footsteps of a century.

The next day he placed a small crowbar in the cellar, and when Elvirah was on the bog, he made an excuse to go to the house. Entering by the slanting hatch doors he shut them after him. The old excitement was upon him. He pried up an end of the stone. Nothing appeared but the solid gray clay. He could see half the length, three-quarters and still nothing. The perspiration began to start, then he desperately stood the stone on end against the wall. There appeared a narrow cavity, he stooped down and pressed his hand upon a leather bag. Then fear came upon him and he quickly replaced the stone, sweeping some dust into the crevices he had made in prying. He put his bar on top of a beam, opened the hatch door and after a drink and wash at the well went back and gave out the checks to the pickers as coolly as he could.

October's brilliancy faded into November's dinginess. Sarah's boarders had long since returned to their city homes, and Zenas had a more comfortable room. The delicious, tranquil days glided by, enhanced by the restful business of the ending harvest.

Elvirah was greatly pleased with the way Zenas had managed things. He had saved her many dollars by his handiness. The screener had been cleverly repaired, the barn door could now be opened without the entire expenditure of her strength and breath, and in numberless other ways he had demonstrated his usefulness. But it did not take him long to learn that her self-sufficiency and independency, supplemented by a rural hand of parsimony, made it well nigh impossible to draw her friendliness into a closer bond of union. He knew that his only defect in her eyes was poverty, that she suspected him of coveting the

property more than the owner. But however hard it may have been at one time to distinguish where the main attraction lay, Zenas' love had now grown so that he would gladly have married Elvirah had the ten thousand dollars been buried in his own cellar instead of hers. If after the manner of her race she was disposed to frugality yet she was thoroughly good.

As she stood smiling on the flagstone, looking around at the well filled cellar, her appearance was so plump and comely that the heart of Zenas quickened. And her pretty feet—and right beneath them! He heaved the box of cranberries he had just brought in on the pile.

"Elvirah," he exclaimed ardently, "will you have me?"

"No, I won't," she snapped. She had just computed that the berries before her at twelve dollars per barrel would be six hundred and eighty-four dollars, and it flashed into her mind that Zenas had made the same calculation just prior to his sudden proposal. But to be just, Zenas had had no thought of berries. His glance may have dropped momentarily to her feet, but that was involuntary.

"I could improve the place a lot," he said, wiping his forehead. "There is plenty room for another bog."

"Yes, Mungusson can make that for a dollar a day. No, thank you, Zenas, I like you pretty well, but 'twon't pay."

She picked up her skirts and ascended the stairs sighing—because he was not owner of a dozen shares in the Old Colony.

Her refusal and then his discharge because the work of harvesting was all done made him resolve on a more violent course the end of which he could not foresee, but some of the recklessness of his Californian life had returned to him. Elvirah's house was a comparatively large two-story building and during the summer she occupied an upstairs chamber. A mild fall postponed her removal to the first floor later than usual. One night she was awakened by a dream or a sound, she knew not which. But she was thoroughly awake and presently her acute hearing detected a sound from below. She could neither locate it nor account for it, but a third "click" sent her downstairs to investigate the back-door fastenings. The old decreescent moon gave a glimmer of light. She found the doors properly secured and was about to return when she heard a slight noise in the cellar. She glanced toward the low door; the small pane therein was faintly luminous.

Elvirah was not at all timid, but the light startled her. She crossed over cautiously and peered into the pane of glass. Then she was almost surprised into a shriek. A dim lantern revealed Zenas lifting the flagstone into place. On the lower step were six bags about the size of a pearmaine apple. One was open and its contents glistened yellow. Gold! Her knees weakened and her tongue seemed to swell and gag her, but her eyes acquired new powers of vision.

Zenas secured the open bag, placed them all in a grain sack, and departed therewith by the hatch, which he closed very carefully. She watched him from the shelter of the geraniums in the kitchen window until he disappeared in the shadow of the barn. It came upon her suddenly—there had been a treasure buried in her cellar, and her friends and lover had discovered and stolen it. All the aly and self-satisfied remarks of her father concerning his wealth were now made clear. "He would show her something when he got back." But he never came. This was what his distrust of banker and daughter had done for him. A thief had stolen the gold from under her very eyes. But she could rouse the neighbors and apprehend him. She tore upstairs and began to dress hastily. But what then? Would she be happy? She paused with her skirt over her head, then threw it upon a chair and went to bed again.

In the morning she arose with red eyes. She stayed indoors without a glance at the morning train as it thundered by to Boston. Zenas was aboard, gone from her again, this time with both her wealth and affection. At 11 she went to the postoffice for the mail, and ran plump into Zenas. She started visibly and read confusion in his face.

"Dreadful glad to see you, Zenas; thought you'd gone to Boston." They were walking under the tall, bare elms. "I want you to fix a new hinge on the cellar hatch."

Zenas paled a little.
"Gone to Boston! Why, 'Virah?"

"I was afraid you had, Zenas," she said with averted face.
"I don't know where I'll go, 'Virah, if you turn me away."

"I'll never turn you away."

"But will you have me, 'Virah?"

"Suppose I might as well, Zenas, and stop your fussing." They turned into the lane to Elvirah's. "I never did think I wanted you so much till this morning, Zenas, when I thought I saw you on the train." She looked at him coyly or slyly, and he kissed her a trifle awkwardly, with a guilty rather than an enraptured look. At the house Elvirah regained her ordinary demeanor and Zenas appeared outwardly at ease and happy.

So they were married at Thanksgiving and everybody rejoiced with them and declared it a good and proper match. A close observer may have found moments of abstraction in Zenas or a curious interest in buried treasure on Elvirah's part. One night Elvirah awoke her husband.

"Zenas," she said, "I've had a queer dream."

"It won't pay," said Zenas, sleepily.

"A dream! A vision! I could see right through that flagstone in the cellar, and there lay six little bags that

I seemed to know were full of gold!" she said impressively.
"You don't believe it's true, Elvirah?"

"It won't take long to find out, Zenas." She got up and put on her slippers and shawl.

"You ain't going now," he said incredulously.

"Right now." She took the lamp and disappeared with a determined step; and without desiring his company, or assistance.

Zenas composed himself for her return. In ten minutes she appeared lampless and breathless. Her shawl was heavily weighted and she dropped it on the bed.

"There it is, Zenas. I've got it," she said panting.

"You don't say! Sure enough?" His enthusiasm was somewhat lame. He hefted a bag. "Curious, 'Virah, it should take so many years to hatch out that dream?"

"Looks like, Zenas, as if I had to wait for you to come. Eh?"

"Maybe. Guess if you'd found it afore, I wouldn't be here."

"Maybe not." Her bright eyes clouded a little.

"I mean," said Zenas, hastily, "I'd found you married to some big gun."

"Maybe!" said Elvirah, a trifle curtly, as she thoughtfully contemplated the gold.

"'Virah!" broke out Zenas, earnestly. "Fore God, I'd love you just as much, treasure or no treasure!"

And his tone was so sincere that Elvirah kissed him and deferred satisfying her curiosity until the following morning.—Waverley Magazine.

DAQUERRE'S PROCESS.

Its Introduction Into America Gave Impetus to a New Business.

As soon as Daguerre's process became well enough known in America for practice, scientific men and, in fact, "all sorts and conditions of men," attempted to produce the wonderful pictures. Many home-made and very primitive kinds of apparatus were employed in the experiments, including the cigar box with a spectacle lens. If the operator succeeded in producing an impression that could be seen, it was carried about and shown as a great success.

There were several claimants for making the first portrait by the process. A Mr. Walcott made the claim, and Joseph Dixon, by letters and other evidence, claimed that the first picture was his, for which, it was said, Mrs. Dixon sat with powdered face in full sunshine 15 minutes.

In March, 1840, Messrs. Walcott and Johnson opened a gallery in New York, and announcing their readiness to execute portraits from life, solicited patronage. This was the first daguerreotype gallery in the world. Other places were soon opened. The daguerreotype, although considered desirable as a curiosity, was not popular, on account of the length of time required for a sitting, which varied according to the time of day and the strength of the light. It was seldom attempted on a cloudy day. The sitter must have full command of his expression and remain perfectly still for from one to three minutes to be successful in getting a likeness distinct enough to be recognized.

The daguerreotype was made on a pure metallic silver surface. After being perfectly cleaned, and made sensitive with a rouge buff, it was coated in a darkened room with the vapor of iodine, then placed in the camera, and exposed before the sitter through the lens. It was still kept from the light, and placed over the fumes of hot mercury, where the image developed.—Century.

We Number Many Peoples.

A recent consular report gives interesting immigration figures. From 1818 to 1903—85 years—the number of immigrants was 21,285,723, or the equivalent of one-fourth of the total population to-day. Of all this number the United Kingdom, which includes the heavy Irish inflow, contributed 32 per cent; Germany contributed 24 per cent; Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia and Poland furnished 21 per cent. But these last named countries in 1903 furnished 68 per cent of the immigration.

Europe has sent us 93 per cent of our immigration, the Western Hemisphere 4½ per cent and China and all other Asiatic countries, Oceania and Africa, 2½ per cent. The heaviest immigration of Irish in one year was in 1853, when 162,649 came. The next largest from Ireland was in 1888, when 73,513 came. Last year only 35,300 Irish came. The highest figures for the English were 82,894 in 1882. In 1884 215,009 Germans came and in 1882 250,630. From 1866 to 1873 the German immigration averaged 120,000 a year. Last year it was only 40,066. Its decline in the last ten years has been marked. The incoming Italians last year reached their highest figures, being 230,622. They passed the 100,000 mark in 1900 and what numbers they may attain can only be guessed at, for the tide is running high and chiefly from Southern Italy and the islands. Last year the Russian immigration amounted to 138,093, while from Austria-Hungary there came 209,011. The immigration from the Scandinavian peninsula and the northern parts of Europe, which we have always considered the most desirable, has so fallen off as to cease to be much of a factor in the comparison.—Indianapolis News.

Unjust.

"All a man cares for is a good dinner," said the cynical woman.

"That's very unjust," said the mild-mannered one. "My husband will miss his dinner any day for the sake of looking at a baseball game."—Washington Star.



Religion.

From out our darkness, wrong and agony,
O Being Infinite,
With humble hearts, we lift our hands to thee
And pray to thee for light;
We feel, through all our infidelity,
There is eternal right.

We feel, above our selfishness and crime,
The mist that cloud our eyes,
That, like an everlasting Sun sublime
Thou shinest in the skies;
And, glimpsing that veiled glory, we
Would climb
To some sweet paradise.

Despite our greed and sensuality,
Our selfishness and strife;
Despite our narrowness and bigotry,
Our inmost souls are rife
With glimpses of the truth divine, that
we
Shall gain eternal life.

We are material, and swelled with pride;
Our wayward feet are set
In paths of sin; thy truths we have de-
nied;
Thy precepts we forget;
But, although for the moment turned
aside,
Lord, spare thy people yet.

We stretch imploring hands to thee for
light,
Oh, hear us while we pray,
Conduct us back unto the paths of right,
The ever upward way;
And lead us from our gropings through
the night
Unto the better day.
—Denver News.

The Story of One Japanese.

In a little booklet, "How Missions Pay," from the pen of the Rev. Dr. J. W. Laughlin, the story is told of the work accomplished by Joseph Hardy Neesima in Japan. He writes:

"A half century ago a boy was born in the Japanese empire. By some fortunate providence a copy of a Chinese translation of the Bible fell into his hands. Soon a glimpse at a map of the United States gave him a desire to see the new world, but Japanese law forbade emigration and he was compelled to run away. He stole on board a ship at Shanghai and worked his way to Boston, where he came under the influence of Joseph Hardy, a Christian philanthropist, who offered to educate him. He entered college and became a Christian. He took Mr. Hardy's name. He finished his college course with honor and went back to Japan to become the first native evangelist of his race. He collected money with which to erect the Doshisha, the first great Christian school of the empire. He used to say that he could have been nailed to a literal cross with less suffering than he was compelled to endure while at work upon that school. But by no tempting offer of personal gain could he be induced to turn aside from his course as a missionary, and when he died there were hundreds of young men and women all over the empire, who testified to the influence which the life of Joseph Hardy Neesima had upon them."

Courtesy Begrets Love.

Probably nineteen-twentieths of the happiness in this world you will get with the children at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over, and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make much difference whether you own your house or have one little room in that house, you can make that little room a home to you. You can people it with such sweet fancies that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you should transgress.

You should always treat each other with courtesy. It is often not so difficult to love a person as it is to be courteous to him. Courtesy is of greater value and a more royal grace than some people seem to think. If you will but be courteous to each other you will soon learn to love each other more wisely, profoundly, not to say lastingly, than you ever did before.—Presbyterian Banner.

The Tragedy of Success.

The tragedy of suffering is often terrible, but it is nothing to the tragedy of success. Not, indeed, that all success is tragic, but perhaps it would be true to say that all success is at least dangerous, and most of it tragic. It is always a menace to the higher life, and often its destruction. And so the quest for it is one of the most pathetic things in the world; it is as if a man were to strive, by every means and with what speed he may, to compass his own ruin.

The Honest Man.

The honest man will follow the beckoning hand of truth at any and at all cost. He will be true to the

promptings of his conscience no matter what the world will say. Having no authority higher than conscience and reason, recognizing no master for his mind higher than righteousness, no lord of his soul higher than love, accepting no sovereign greater than God, the honest man in every circumstance of life proves by the nobility of his actions, the simplicity of his life and the scrupulous cleanliness of his influence that, in all God's creation there is none greater than he.—Rev. J. L. Levy, D. D.

His Favorite Scripture Passage.

Dr. Max Nordau, upon being asked by a certain English magazine as to his favorite texts of Scripture, gave the following reply:

"The Bible has been my constant companion since my early childhood. The effects of the Word upon me have been different at different times of my life, but I have never ceased reading it. Job, Ecclesiastes and the Psalms occupy the highest rank in my estimation, and the psalm I prefer to all others is the nineteenth, on the fragility of human life. I know this psalm, like many others, by heart, and I quote it very often."

The Day of Prosperity.

Receive every inward and outward trouble, every disappointment, pain, uneasiness, temptation, darkness and desolation, with both thy hands, as a true opportunity and blessed occasion of dying to self, and entering into a fuller fellowship with thy self-denying, suffering Savior. Look at no inward or outward trouble in any other view, reject every other thought about it, and then every kind of trial and distress will become the blessed day of thy prosperity. That state is best which exerciseth the highest faith in and fullest resignation to God.—William Law.

BLOODY WARS OF ANCIENTS.

Deaths Were More Numerous When Armies Fought Hand to Hand.

In ancient times, when men fought with battle-axes, swords and spears, and with bows and arrows, it was necessary that armies should come to very close quarters in order to get within range. An open field was usually chosen, within which both armies lined up in mass form to oppose each other. Then men entered the fray like a lot of ravenous wolves. The battle was decided less by skill than by sheer brute force and the power of numbers. Defeat then meant annihilation. There were no means for covering retreat. When the battle began to turn, the enemy was already at the heels of the vanquished and in a position to cut them down without mercy, while yet frenzied with the fury of the fight. It was not infrequent then that half the numbers engaged were killed. One hundred thousand Persians fell in a day before Alexander. Hannibal slew at Cannae, 216 B. C., forty-eight thousand Romans out of sixty thousand. In the great battle in the Valley of the Marne, in October, 451 A. D., between the combined Romans and Goths, and the Huns under Attila, the allies slew the invading barbarians at the rate of one hundred thousand a day for three days. That was the bloodiest battle in history. That bloody job stands pre-eminent as an instance of justifiable homicide. It saved Europe from savagery, and rescued civilization.

It is estimated that Caesar's wars cost more than two million lives. His war bulletins did not report a long list of wounded and a short list of slain. They were death-lists—so many killed. The number of wounded was insignificant.

When firearms were introduced tactics were changed, and armies were no longer hurled bodily upon each other, staking everything upon the issue; but for a long time the firearms were primitive and would not shoot very far, and the tactics were but a modification of the older and simpler methods of hand-to-hand fighting.—Woman's Home Companion.

Large Enough to Count.

"The longer I live," observed the cashier of a bank downtown, "the more I realize the importance of little things. Here is a case in point," he continued, referring to a letter he had just received. "A few weeks ago I had two callers in my office, one an excitable, elderly man, a big depositor, and the other the president of a manufacturing concern and the writer of this letter. This manufacturer left and soon afterward the excitable man discovered that someone had taken his hat. He stormed about the place until one of the clerks suggested that perhaps the manufacturer had taken it by mistake. The excitable man demanded his address and started out to hunt him down and give him 'a piece of his mind.'"

"The other day I read a letter from the manufacturing concern and was astonished to see among the names of its officers that of my excitable caller as vice president. My curiosity was aroused and I made some inquiries. Now I learn that the excitable man was so pleasantly received when he called for his hat that his anger cooled at once. Then he got to talking about the manufacturer's business and the money he was making. A few days later he invested heavily in the concern and was elected its vice president. And all because of that little mistake about a hat."—New York Press.

Very Cooling.

Sharpe—The Japanese never get excited. One of their maxims is: "Keep cool."

Wheaton—No wonder there are so many Japanese fans.

Occasionally men die of thirst, but more often they drink themselves to death.