THE BEAUTIFUL YET-TO-BE.

Sometimes, in hours of solitude,
The soul can hear a song
From choristers whose eyes have viewed
A world devoid of wrong.
And in the silence of the night,
In dreams we seem to see
The dawn of right and glorious light
Of the beautiful yet-to-be.

It baffles the soul with heavenly bliss,
Unmixed with earthly ill,
And gently as a mother's kiss
It soothes its pain until
Beyond the gloom of present days
We fancy we can see
The peaceful haze and pleasant ways
Of the beautiful yet-to-be.

We see a world where virtue thrives;
We hear the grand refrain
From the harmony of happy lives,
And catch the sweeter strain
Of the melody of honest worth,
The music of innocent glee
And childish mirth that will gladden the earth
In the beautiful yet-to-be.

Where youth and maid will be free to woo
And win the crown of life,
And whisper the secret, ever new,
Yet older than human life,
Mid singing birds and fragrant flowers,
While love's young dream is free
From hostile powers in lovely bowers
Of the beautiful yet-to-be.
—Chicago Chronicle.

The First Premium.

"I'M real sorry, Miss Phelps, that you must leave this week."

"I am sorry, too. But I have had a beautiful long summer, and it is nearly over now. Another week would only make me regret going more."

"Maybe that's so, but next week'll be our county fair, and I'd like you to see it. Have you ever been to one?"

I admitted that my education in that respect had been neglected. For it was I who had spent the summer among the Jersey hills, and the fund of good stories with which my hostess was supplied had often entertained me. Hoping for one now I asked, "What are they like, Mrs. Conover?"

"Well, I suppose 'agricultural exhibitions' is the real name for 'em, but we don't often say it. They generally last three or four days. And the farmers take their best bred stock, and their biggest fruits and vegetables. Then their wives send bread, and preserves, and jellies; and in the fancy tent they have patchwork quilts, and embroideries and oil paintings. And the best of every class gets a premium."

"Money?" I queried.

"Yes, five dollars or so, but the honor is really more than the money."

"Will you send anything?" was my next question.

"No, I never did but once, and such a time as I had then! Shall I tell you about it?"

"Yes, please, I wish you would."

"Well, it was three years ago, the first year Jimmie come to us. You know we never had any children and Ezry was bound to adopt a boy. So he got Jimmie out of the orphan asylum down to Elizabeth."

"Did you send him to the fair?" I asked. Mrs. Conover sometimes needed to be brought back to the main track in her story-telling. Now a shadow crossed her placid face as she answered.

"Yes, Jimmie went that year and every year since. But I'll go on with my story. I was lookin' over the premium list when Ezry brought it home and I asked him if he wouldn't enter that Alderney heifer. She's the cow we call 'Daisy' now, and she was so pretty and tame. But he said no, she wasn't registered, and her keep would cost more than the premium. And I felt real sorry, for I did want one of them first premium cards. We was the only one of the neighbors that hadn't one.

"Then I saw they'd added a new department and would give five dollars for the best cake, and I made up my mind I'd have that. And when I told Ezry he said, 'Go ahead, mother. If anybody in this county can make better cake than yours I've never et it.'"

"I think Mr. Conover was right," I interrupted.

A pleased look passed over the face of the story teller as she continued, "A little while before him and me had been over to Mahaly Stiles' to stay all night. And on the supper table they had somethin' that looked for all the world like a water melon, but when you came to eat it was cake. So I told Ezry I was going to send for Mahaly's receipt, and make that. He said it was too late, for that was Wednesday, and the fair opened the next Tuesday. But I told him if it went out the next morning I could get an answer Friday or Saturday at the latest, and I'd bake my cake Monday after I did the washing.

"So I wrote the letter and sent Jimmie off to mail it, and Friday night looked for the answer. But Jimmie came home empty handed. Saturday afternoon I drove old Billy into the village for the things. I got almonds, and red sugar, and green sugar. On the way home I stopped to the postoffice. Susan Snell, the same as has it now, had it then.

"And she said there was nothing she could give me. I was awful disappointed, but I thought the letter would come Monday mornin'. So I got up at 4 o'clock so as to get my washin' out. But Jimmie didn't bring it up from that mail either.

"It was strange," I commented, as Mrs. Conover paused to take another pair of socks from the pile she was darning.

"Are you getting tired? Well, I'll be through soon."

"Not at all. Please go on."

"That night after supper, Jimmie came in with a dirty postal card in his hand screamin' 'auntie, I've got it. I've got it.'

"We had him say 'auntie' and 'uncle' because, as I told Ezry, if God had ever meant us to be called father and mother he'd have given us some children of our own.

"I asked Jimmie what he'd got and he said the letter. He said he thought I felt so bad that he run over to the postoffice himself after supper and Susan Snell gave him this. I had my suspicions right away, and I said to him, 'How did it get so dirty?' 'I don't know; it was that way when Miss Snell gave it to me.'

"'Don't tell me a lie, Jimmie,' said I, and he says, 'Why, no, auntie, I never do.' So I didn't say no more, but sent him to bed.

"Anyway, I had my receipt and early next mornin' I had the cake in baking. It was a good deal of trouble to make. You put white batter first, then pink, and almonds in that, that hadn't been blanched, to imitate the seeds. When it was baked I iced it with green icing for the rind. A little before nine I told Ezry to hitch up, and Jimmie, who was hanging around, says, 'Auntie, shan't I go put on my Sunday clothes?' 'No, I can't have any little boys with me, who don't tell the truth,' said I. 'Oh, I did tell the truth, and can't I go to the fair? All the boys are goin' and I've saved my money ever so long for a ride on the razzle-dazzle, and the merry-go-round. Willie Hudson and I was goin' together.' 'You deceived me about that postal,' said I. 'If you'd owned up you forgot it, I'd forgiven you, though that was bad enough. But lying I won't tolerate in anybody. There's some boiled ham and biscuit in the pantry, you can get for your dinner. And I want you to learn the fifth chapter of Acts by heart.' Then we rode away, but I couldn't seem to forget his face."

"You were strict with him," I ventured.

"Yes, but Miss Phelps, I never could bear deceit. Well, when we got to the fair, it was half past ten, and the entry books had closed at ten. And the man said his orders was so strict he couldn't admit my cake. So my day was spoiled you can guess. But I told Ezry we might as well see what was there. The pumpkins was bigger than ever; there was quilts with nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pieces in 'em; the band played its loudest; and the girls and their beaux were goin' round together as happy as could be."

"Didn't you look at the cakes?"

"Yes, we looked at the cakes," answered Mrs. Conover dryly. "And who do you s'pose got the first premium?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Why, Susan Snell! and for watermelon cake! She was standing there, but she didn't see me, and when somebody congratulated her she said, 'yes, it's somethin' new. The receipt come from Mrs. Stiles over at Stilesville!' That was too much for me. I grabbed

HAD THE CAKE BAKING EARLY NEXT MORNING.

Ezry's arm, and got out of there. 'That poor boy,' said I. 'Let's get home as fast as we can.' Of course Ezry had to laugh at me, though he told me the postmasters had a right to look at postal cards to see there wasn't anything objectionable on them, sech as duns for money, etc., but I guess he didn't excuse Susan Snell any more than I did. We made old Billy go his best, and when we got here found that dear child asleep, with his head laid on the Bible, open to the fifth chapter of Acts, and big tear drops dried on his face. I woke him up in a hurry and told him he should go to the fair next day, and that I was sorry I'd misjudged him. And he jest put both arms around my neck, and said, 'Oh, auntie, I'm so glad I can go, but I'm gladder yet that you know I told the truth, for I promised mamma most the last thing that I'd always be true, and I always mean to be.'

"Well, that taught me two things if I didn't get the first premium," said Mrs. Conover, as she rose to leave me. "One is that there is more than one kind of stealin', and the other that we are jest as bound to respect the rights and feelin's of children as if they was grown folks."—Ohio Farmer.

The "Orphin's" Question.

The following colloquy is reported between the late Mr. Spurgeon and a boy in his orphanage:

"Mis'r Spudgin, s'posing there was an orphin 'sylum an' a hunnered orphins in it, an' all the orphins had uncles an' auntses to bring 'em cakes an' apples, 'cept one orphin wot hadn't no one, oughtin somebody give that orphin sixpence?"

"I think so, Bob," replied Mr. Spurgeon. "But why?"

"'Cause I'm him," said Bob.

The story goes that the "orphin" had the sixpence.—Spare Moments.

The record for fading rapidly has been broken by the shirt waist. Heretofore, it was carried by the girl who married, and went to live in her husband's family.

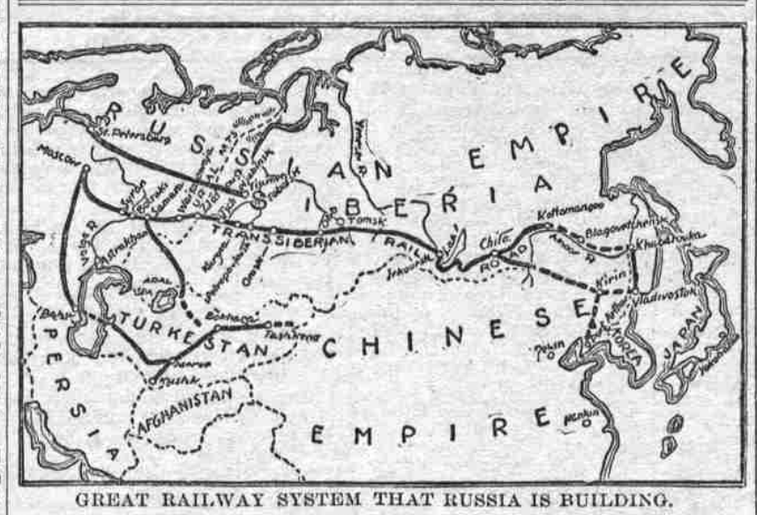
RUSSIA'S BIG ROAD.

GREAT TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY SYSTEM.

When the Czar's Stupendous Project Is Completed Our Pacific Coast May Become More Important than the Atlantic.

The Russian minister of railroads is quoted in recent St. Petersburg dispatches as saying that there is no longer doubt that the trans-Siberian road will be finished next year and that when it is completed it will be possible to make the trip around the world in thirty-three days. In this same dispatch Bremen is taken for the European starting point, for the reason that it is reached by steamer from New York; thence the route indicated is from Bremen to St. Petersburg in one and a half days; St. Petersburg to Vladivostock, ten days; Vladivostock to San Francisco by steamer, four and one-half days; San Francisco to Chicago, three and one-half days; Chicago to New York, one day; New York to Bremen, seven days.

Should this longest railroad in the



GREAT RAILWAY SYSTEM THAT RUSSIA IS BUILDING.

world be completed next year it will have been nine years in course of construction. The preliminary plan of its construction was outlined by the late Emperor Alexander III. of Russia in his rescript addressed in May, 1891, to the Czarowitz. Surveys were made for portions of this continuous trans-Siberian road in 1887-88. Designed to begin at Chelabinsk, near the boundary between European and Asiatic Russia, it was to end in Vladivostock on the Pacific ocean and, together with the system of Russian railroads, was destined for connecting the Baltic Sea with the Pacific. For the sake of facility of construction it was divided into seven lines under the following names, respectively: The Western Siberian Railroad, 885 miles; the Central Siberian, 1,149 miles; the Baikal Loop Line, 195 miles; the Trans-Baikal Railroad, 689 miles; the Amoor, 1,111 miles; the North Oussouri, 227 miles, and the South Oussouri, 252 miles. So that the total length of the railroad in Asiatic Russia was designed to be 4,507 miles, and the total distance from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock, or from the Bal-

RAILWAY ACROSS THE STEPPES.

tic Sea to the Pacific, was estimated at 6,232 miles. This gigantic work has been prosecuted with marvelous vigor and steadiness and a year ago was declared to be nearing completion.

Changes in the Line.

Changes have been necessitated in the line by recent events in China—originally only one port on the Pacific was thought of, Vladivostock, and that was to be reached, first, by a northerly and then by a southerly bend entirely through Russian territory. But owing to interests obtained by Russia in Manchuria it was deemed inexpedient to follow the line as it was originally surveyed, and accordingly a new line direct from Irkutsk southwest to Vladivostock was adopted. Still more recent events in China have caused another change in the main line to be made, and in consequence not Vladivostock but Port Arthur will be the terminus on the Pacific. So that the trans-Siberian Railroad divides into three prongs as near approach is made to the Pacific. One prong goes straight on to Vladivostock, another strikes down through Manchuria and a third bears in a southerly direction down to Port Arthur. Either of these latter is a shorter cut to the sea by several hundred miles, the Port Arthur route being the shortest of the three. Vladivostock is not to be abandoned; it will have its railroad and be made in consequence a commercial place of importance, but it has the disadvantage of being during one-half the year under snow and ice. Port Arthur is open the year round. But this latter port is in China and before Russia decided to extend its trans-Siberian Railroad thither Russia must have come to a satisfactory understanding with China. Within the present year, then, St. Petersburg will be connected by rail not only with Vladivostock, but with Port Arthur, and probably within next year by branch roads with Canton and Pekin.

It is estimated that after the road is repaired after the first few years of traffic the journey from St. Petersburg to Pekin will be made in five days. From London the most important harbor on the Japan Sea will be seventeen and a half days. It is now possible by the "North Express" to go from London to St. Petersburg in two days and four hours. It will therefore be possible to reach Pekin from London in seven or eight days. But this in the future. While the road is new and stiff the speed at which the trains will run will not be greater than twenty miles an hour, but even so it will be possible to go from London to Japan in sixteen days and to China in seventeen days. The shortest cut at present from London to those countries is across the Atlantic, across the United States or Canada and across the Pacific, and with the best of luck it takes from thirty to thirty-five days to make it. At first thought this promised shortening of the time would seem to bode anything but good to the transcontinental traffic of the United States and Canada which has been heretofore afforded by England in her commerce with Asiatic countries. But the intense rivalry existing between England and Russia is to be taken into account. The trans-Siberian road will not be extensively patronized by England—it will be supported by Russian traffic and, in a degree, by German. Time, it is true, is a valuable element in commerce, but it will be lost sight of by the English while pushing their own interests in opposition to those of their most dangerous rival. England, at any rate until the Nicaraguan canal is constructed, will continue to support the Canadian Pacific Railroad by her shipments, and at the same time and from the same source the transcontinental lines within the United States will have each a share of benefits.

Course of Empire Turned Back.

It is for other reasons not to be feared that the course of commerce—of empire—will be changed, turned back on itself, and made to move toward the east. It has ever been westward going, and there is every reason to believe that it will continue in that direction. Civilization, so far as we know, began in the Euphrates valley, moved to the Nile valley, and then to the east end of the Mediterranean. Rome took it up and spread it entirely around the Mediterranean, and afterward it drifted out into the Atlantic. There was never any change or shadow of turning in the course civilization would pursue in its march over the world. Meanwhile eastern trade was had by the advancing nations—first Venice possessed it, then Spain and Portugal, and next Holland and England. Venice ceased as a world power, and her successors to the trade of the Orient, while continuing in the rich traffic, looked ever out toward the west. At length nations surrendered that trade to commercial companies, and themselves sought more and more to discover and occupy new lands in the distant west. Exactly three centuries ago England incorporated the East India company, when England was engaged in making conquests on the American continent. "Westward the course of empire takes its way." It was pursuing that course when it left the Atlantic States of this republic and made its way over the Alleghenies and into the Mississippi valley. Again it was pursuing that course when, in 1849-50, the Pacific coast was reached, and the intermediate country began to be occupied by intelligent people. Our interest in "empire" is, or was until recently, limited to these United States. How far that interest may extend and how permanently nobody just now can say. But it is absolutely certain that the part the United States are to have in the trade and commerce of the beyond—of all the Asiatic countries—is to be immense and soon to be realized. The completion of the trans-Siberian railroad is an event of the greatest significance to this country. It means, first, that Siberia, a country as large as all North America and about as diversified as respects climate and soil and general fertility as large portions of North America, will be filled up with industrious people, and that before the twentieth century is half out all Asia will be teeming with new life and sharing modern prosperity. Secondly, it means that the United States will then exchange products on a large scale with Siberia, China and every other country in that quarter of the globe. Then the Pacific Ocean will be white with steam and sail, as the Atlantic now is—and our Pacific States will be populated perhaps not less densely than Japan. The civilization on the Pacific coast will be the best on this continent, and the splendor of its trading and commercial achievements will eclipse anything that has been known in the past on the eastern side of this continent. Only—the United States hesitates to face about and face the Pacific and the Orient.

It Is Already Profitable.

Such sections of the Siberian railroad as are being operated are reported to be earning operating expenses. The first, or western, section earned expenses the first year, which was 1894. It carried of first, second, third and fourth class passengers 152,315. It brought 189,606 settlers into the country, besides 33,000 workmen and 2,258 convicts. In 1896 the connecting, or Omsk-Obi, section carried into the country 37,500 passengers of the different classes and 116,026 settlers. In 1896 on the third section, the Chelabinsk,, were carried 23,768 passengers and 3,072 settlers. That was thought to be a good beginning, but it is stated that since 1896, the road having been enormously extended and old stations improved and new stations established, the passenger business has largely increased. Official tables are not at hand, but it is believed that during the last two years not less than 350,000 emigrants have arrived in Siberia. From all accounts the most of them are contented and doing fairly well. The total receipts last year for transportation of passengers and freights were upward of $3,500,000. These figures will serve to change the ideas many hold of that country. Siberia has ever been regarded as a frozen waste, uninhabited except by exiles and quite uninhabitable. A country that can furnish such an amount of business to a new railroad is plainly something very different from that.

When the road is completed the passenger business will be largely increased, for the way passenger traffic will increase, and it is certain that thousands every year will prefer to go all-rail around the world, especially as that way it is cheaper and quicker. Tickets from Warsaw to Vladivostock cost 120 rubles, or $82.40. From London to Vladivostock the cost of a ticket is $119, first-class; a second-class ticket is considerably cheaper. A Chicago person knowing the fare to New York and London can easily calculate the cost of transportation from his city through Europe to Vladivostock. The price of a first-class ticket by the Suez canal to Japan is $428. Add the price of sleeping berth, twelve nights, by the Siberian route, and still there is a saving of $190. It is estimated that 100,000 first-class passengers will use the new route annually. Expectations equally high are entertained of the freight traffic. Goods going over the road to the east and those coming west will be those that can pay the highest rates, such as furs, gold, silver, platinum and tea. As the estimated cost of building and equipping the road is $160,000,000, the highest earnings it may be capable of will be needed to pay a profit on the investment. But as the road is owned by the Russian Government and as above all things a military road, pecuniary profits are not what are mainly sought.

Many Branch Roads.

From almost the first the activity of the Russians in Siberia has not been confined to building the main line. Branch roads were early contemplated and some of them are completed. The Russian railroad from Ekatrinburg to the navigable part of the Dwina is nearly completed and the products of Siberia will thus have an important outlet to the White Sea, and hand

AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS.

in hand with the building of the main Siberian water ways connecting with the railroad is progressing, and surveys are preparing for the building of branch roads to all the more important towns of the various provinces and to the mining districts. Few of these branches will be built, however, until the trunk line is completed, for most of the energy and money will be devoted to the main road until the great project is an accomplished fact.

An enormous part of the country that is tributary to the Siberian Railroad is amply blessed by nature and is capable of supporting an enormous population. This road will be the main factor in the next century in the development of an important fraction of the earth's surface. We have only to glance over the list of the projected lines connecting the Siberian road with China to get an idea of the immense influence which Russia is certain to wield over all the interests of Eastern Asia.

WINDOW-GAZERS EARN MONEY.

New Method Employed by Merchants to Attract Attention.

"Modern conditions, needs and competition develop many queer pursuits," said the State street merchant. "The business of carrying signs about the street—'sandwiching' it is called—is a century old. Merchants used to advertise their goods, you know, by hiring a man to go about ringing a bell and crying the wares of his patron. That is one of the street noises we have lost. I sometimes think it would be a good scheme to revive it. It would pay while its novelty lasts. The queerest profession of all professions, I think, is the professional window gazer. All pursuits are 'professions' these days, as you are aware. We haven't any 'trades' left. Never heard of a window gazer?

"There are many in Chicago, and although they don't get rich they are paid enough to keep body and soul together. A window gazer, as the name implies, is a man or woman who makes a living by gazing into a window. You know that if you stand in State street, look fixedly at the twelfth story of a building across the way, you will have a sidewalk blocking crowd about you in no time at all. Well, that is what the window gazer does. He strolls casually along until opposite his employer's window. Then he stops and gazes with an appearance of deepest interest. In five minutes a crowd is gazing with him. As individuals of this crowd get enough and move on others will take their places for possibly half an hour. From a near-by street corner the originator of the audience is looking on. When the crowd has melted away totally he gathers another by the same simple method. He works from 10 in the morning until 9 at night, and he is paid $2 a day. This may seem a large sum for such work, but it is not when the character of the window gazer is taken into consideration. He must be a gentleman in appearance. To dress well is a desideratum with him. You will perceive that a man fitted out like a tramp might look into a window for an hour without exciting any attention or inducing anyone to stop and look with him. The nearer a window gazer can approach to the ensemble of a man of leisure and wealth out for a stroll the more valuable his services are. The same things hold good of women gazers. They are generally placed in front of the displays in the finer millinery shops of the department stores. You can spot one at any time by taking the trouble to hang about any establishment of this character and keeping your eyes open."—Chicago Chronicle.

Siberian Gentleman's Life.

"For five months of the year the Siberian man of fashion lives in the open air, either at the mining camp or in the hunting field," says Thomas G. Allen, Jr., in Ladies' Home Journal. "He is an early bird under all circumstances, and invariably rises between 7 and 8 o'clock, although he may have had but a couple of hours' rest. Nearly every meal is succeeded by a nap. However, dressing operations do not take very long, for when he retires the Siberian only divests himself of his coat and boots. Shirts are unknown in Siberia, and in many houses beds, also. The samovar is set on the dining-room table at 8 a. m., together with eggs, black and white bread, sardines, jam and cakes, etc. Breakfast is eaten, and washed down by five or six glasses of tea stired up with sugar, cream and sometimes jam. At 1 o'clock dinner is served, and at 5 in the afternoon another small meal, much like that of the morning, is taken. A meat supper follows at 9 o'clock.

Naming the Child.

"Among the plantation negroes in the old times," writes a correspondent, "the naming of a child was a matter of great moment. Since they all had the same surname, the distinction had to be made in some other way. And since there were 100 or more to be named, the Bible, classics, literature and history were culled from very freely by the master or some other member of the family to assist the parents in this matter. Among the various names I recall this was the most original one: Elijah the Prophet Lucius K. Polk Mars Abberth L——. The later name was a compliment to one of the young masters, and not to have given the title would have been an act of discourtesy. The name, however, was abbreviated to 'Prop,' and he was so called."—New York Tribune.

Some men consider that they are not dressed up unless they have a white handkerchief showing in their upper coat pockets.

If a man avoids [illegible] ping acquaintances he mi[illegible] scrapes acquaintanc[illegible] ato.