

IN THE ORCHARD.

Oh! here, beneath this roof of green, I throw me down and dream again...

The wheat waves in the field close by, An apple, ripened ere its time...

The birds weave to and fro and sing The very songs I would declare...

The binders, clicking in the wheat, The whistle of a passing train...

To-day! To-day I rest at ease And pick the golden fruits that grow...

UNCLE MARTIN'S MONEY.

ROSEVILLE was asleep in the dulness of Sunday afternoon. In Mrs. Maloney's sitting room...

"It's a perfect shame," she had said. "Uncle Martin has a good deal of money saved up, I am sure..."

"The key is under the doormat," said Mrs. Burns. And over to Uncle Martin's the good ladies went...

"How much," said Mrs. Maloney, "do you think he might have?" as she drew out a drawer of the old bureau...

"Do you suppose it is that he really hasn't any, as he says?" said Mrs. Burns. "Fehaw!" said Mrs. Maloney...

The next morning, however, Mrs. Maloney was to have more exact knowledge as to the amount of Uncle Martin's money...

"How much does he say he had?" "One hundred and fifty dollars. I would have thought he'd have had more..."



Aduro Developer.—Aduro without alkali gives an excellent developer. Water, sulphate of soda and aduro form the working solution...

Window Transparencies.—Old cast-off negatives can excellently be made use of. A strong fixing soda solution, to which is added an abundant quantity of red prussiate of potassium...

gruity woman managed to get the \$150 together. Toward six o'clock Mrs. Maloney slipped into Martin's little house...

"That's right, that's right," said her husband. "You might as well have the good of it yourself. You worked hard enough for it."

Mrs. Maloney choked, and set down the cup of coffee she was drinking, and rose hastily from the table. Uncle Martin looked on sympathetically...

Alas, carliness is the ancient sin of woman, and it seems to take many lessons to break her of it.—New York News.

JIM KEENE. Who Has Had His Ups and Downs in Speculation. Jim Keene, the well-known broker...

Underground Station in Paris. An extraordinary piece of engineering is begun by the municipality of Paris, which will keep the Place de l'Opera closed for nearly a year...

POPE PIUS X.



GIUSEPPE SARTEO—POPE PIUS X. Born at Riese, Province of Venice, Italy. June 2, 1835. Educated in the seminaries of Treviso and Padua...

The new head of the Catholic Church, Cardinal Joseph Sartio, who has taken the title of Pius X, ascends the Papal throne at the same age as his predecessor, Pope Leo XIII.

Cardinal Sartio was born at Riese, Province of Venice, June 2, 1835. In 1893 he was created Cardinal and Patriarch of Venice. He has had a wide reputation for his learning, especially in ecclesiastical affairs...

UTAH CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY. A. B. Lewis, who is interested in a \$30,000,000 enterprise. One of the prominent men in the industrial world...

Military Marriages. A privilege enjoyed by girls who marry officers of the Brigades of Guards is that of being married in the chapel in the enclosure at Wellington Barracks.

Cold April Every 100 Years. French meteorologists have worked out the theory that exceptionally frigid Aprils occur at intervals of exactly 100 years.

...LIGHT AND SHADE...

NINETTE'S eyes bespoke an approaching storm. "A fair woman again!" she muttered half audibly as she gathered up the cards...

"Why, bless my soul, Ninette, I never saw you!" "You have no eyes for me. You would have seen another if she had been here..."

"No, no—the great one, 'The Dawn,' will be exhibited. Then if luck comes our way, as is sure to happen, we can be—you know what!"

THE GREAT ONE, "THE DAWN." Ceill drew Ninette to him in affectionate embrace, too elated with his own hope of prosperity to question further the cause of tears. Ninette's doubts vanished somewhat as the tender avowals of love fell from the lips of her lover...

"The announcement that love for her had added him in putting warmth and soul into the eyes of another woman was not comforting to Ninette, and she broke from his embrace impatiently. Catching up her broad brimmed hat, she dashed out of the studio and shut herself in her own little chamber, which was on the ground floor..."

"The little vixen!" laughed Ceill. "I suppose old Gretha gave her a bad breakfast this morning. She did not seem properly pleased with the possibility of your being soon—Ah, Julia! I am glad you have come. The picture is nearly finished—and such good news! De Thales was here this morning and was delighted. Why do you look at the door—are you afraid of ghosts following you in?"

"No, Ceill, but do you know I have a strange feeling of fear sometimes when I see Ninette! She peered at me to-day as I came up the stairs, and her black eyes looked like those of a tigress. Ceill, that girl is dangerous! I hope she isn't fond of you; you know that is as easily possible with these French creatures of impulse."

"O, that is just like you women," replied lightly that excellent judge of feminine emotion; "always suspicious of another woman's love. Well, I can tell you one thing, Julia; Ninette's love is less dangerous than her hate, although I should not like to trifle with either. But I, who so thoroughly understand Ninette, shall take care that no danger attends her love for me."