LOVE.

The sweetness of love is dreaming Sweet dreams that will never come true, With the star of hope blissfully beaming In a bright and impossible blue; Dreaming that vows fondly spoken Will ever be true as they seem; Dreaming that hearts ne'er are broken; Dreaming that life is a dream,

Oh! fate, awake me not! Sweet dreams, forsake me not! Shine on, fair star, in love's beautiful

Dreaming you love me yet, Dreaming you'll ne'er forget-Let me not waken to find love untrue.

The sorrow of loving is waking To a world that is withered and old, With the star of hope swiftly forsaking A sky that is faded and cold; Waking when time bath bereft us Of all that the future endears: Waking when nothing is left us, Nothing but mem'ries and tears.

ONLY A FRIEND.



OR years I had known Years? Yes, since my child hood. Playmates we had been then -s choolmates then friends. As I watched her developing from narrow - minded youth to beaubroad tiful, womanhood I

trembled lest in the picture I knew she portrayed of future perfect happiness I should be missing.

She was not a beauty as the world terms them, but the kindly smile and true character her face reflected were more beautiful to me than perfect features. But her voice; what a voice it was! A clear, rich mezzo, aided by perfect execution born of deep feeling and power of interpretation. She held a position in one of the leading churches in M-, and there, I confess, I was wont to find the sermon more interesting than at my home church.

One bright moonlight Sabbath, as we strolled home from evening service, she

"How well Mr. Studly sang to-night! What a beautiful voice he has, Ralph!" Strange to say, I had been thinking how well her voice and his blended; before I had answered she continued: "He is so pleasant, too. We should miss him more than any of the others

in the quartette if he should leave us." "Yes, Elsie, he is a royal fellow. But will you go with me on Tuesday to hear Campanari? His voice is better." "I am sorry, Ralph, but Mr. Studly asked me to accompany him that even-

ing and I consented." "Well, he sings again on Thursday; we can go then," and so it was decid-

The house was reached, and as we entered I thought I had never seen her looking so well. Her eyes were bright and sparkling, and the cold, crisp air brought a rich damesk to her round cheeks. Removing her outer garments in the hall, she started forward toward the center of the parlor, and as she did so I stopped her, and slipping my arm about her, bent, and, ere she could interpret my intention, I kissed her. Tearing herself away, her face ablaze, she cried in a voice of deep anger: "Ralph Moreland, how dare you-how dare you insult me?" while I, all the forward, and, possessing myself of both her hands, said:

"Elsie, angry with me, no"-as she tried to free herself-"you shall listen -angry with one who loves you better than his life, yes, better than all the whole world besides, and whose one ambition is to make you his wife?" With a low cry of anguish she start-

ed back. I released her then. "O, Ralph," she said, "I never thought you would do this. I thought we were too great friends." Two great tears started and coursed down her cheeks, now pale as death.

"Elsie, my darling girl, don't you love me?"

"Love you?" she relterated; "love you; when have I not loved you; but not like that, Ralph; not like that; I could never be your wife."

In vain I pleaded, and then a disagreeable thought forced itself upon me. Framing it in words, I said soft-

"Elsie, is there some one else?" Trembling, she stood there in the semi-darkness. I could see how agitated she was as I caught the faint

whisper: "Yes." Then, indeed, hope died within me, and she continued: "Ralph, dear friend, forget this. Let us be as we always have been, true friends. Don't," she pleaded, "let this spoil our friendship." "It shall be as you desire; but, Elsle, is there no hope for me? What of this other?"

"Poor Ralph, none. This other does not even suspect that I care for him; but, loving him as I do, it would be wrong for me to consent to be your wife. Please leave me now; you have

surprised me so," And I went-along with my griefknowing and praying that God would not let her wait long or in vain for her

true love to be rewarded and returned.

Two days passed and the play was nearly over in the L- opera house, when suddenly the cry of "fire" rang through the auditorium, caught up and re-echoed by the terror-stricken people. There in the first balcony were Paul Studly and Elsie Mordant, I watched of a watch, them both as the people thronged the narrow passageways. They had not, I felt sure, seen me, and I resolved to remain close at hand, and if necessary ald them. He made her wait until the crowd were nearly out; then they start- | comes too late to benefit him.

ed. They were within a few steps of the door when, as though to add to the started forward.

me?"

strange calmness.

searching look. "Is there any danger that we cannot

get out?" she queried. tirely; let me be your protector now"

ed "yes"-"now and always Elsie?"

why she had not loved me. still "her friend."-Boston Post,

town of 5,000 inhabitants.

The desert of Sahara is as large as all that portion of the United States lying west of the Mississippi. It has been ascertained that plate

glass will make a more durable monument than the hardest granite. The Netherlands have 12,000 square

miles, being about the combined area of Massachusetts and Connecticut. A law recently enacted in Norway makes girls ineligible for matrimony until they are skilled in sewing, knit-

ting and cooking. There have been 71,000 deaths from plague in India so far, according to a recent report by the secretary for In-

dia to Parliament. An officer has brought to England from the Malay States a sladang, a kind of wild bison, said to be the only

one of the species in captivity. The great barrier reef along the coast of Australia is about 1,500 miles long, the work of coral insects. Sometimes it rises almost perpendicularly from a depth of 1,200 fathoms.

Two ceremonies in Burmah mark when childhood stops and manhood or ly the same time. womanhood begins. The boys have their legs tattooed in brilliant blue and red patterns, and the girls their ears

Siberia has a population of 5,727,000, of which 2,954,000 are males and 2,772,-000 females. The population of Central Asia was determined at 7,721,000, of which 4,158,000 are males and 3,562,000 females.

The Triremes of Tiberius.

The recent recovery of some remains of the famous triremes of the Emperor Tiberius, which lie at the bottom of Lake Nemi, is of great interest both to artists and antiquaries. The Lake of Nemi, which is situated about seventeen miles southeast of Rome, is formed by the crater of an extinct volcane Upon its broad bosom once floated the magnificent pleasure house of the luxurious and licentious Emperor, Tiberius. Claudius Nero, who, leaving his duties at Rome in the year A. D. 26, re tired the following year to the Island of Caprene, where he indulged in the greatest sensuality. His love of luxury and display was exhibited in the two famous pleasure triremes which bear his name, and the remains of which bolder because of her anger, started now lie buried in the Lake of Nemi. The discovery referred to consist of the finding of several massive metal mooring rings and tops of stakes by which the vessel could be moored to the quay. The rings are fixed in the mouths and bronze heads of lions. wolves and Medusae, by the teeth of which they are retained in their proper places. These bronze heads are marvelously modeled, and the faces are characterized by a lifelike similarity to the animals represented. Despite their long immersion in the mud of has but recently returned, her evange-Lake Nemi, they are all perfectly preserved, and the massiveness of their build and the beauty of their outline enable the spectator to judge of the magnificence of the structure of which they once formed but a secondary and troduction by Bishop Thoburn of Inalmost insignificant part.-Invention.

Was the Maine Hoodooed?

There are many stories affoat among naval men who believe in "hoodoos" that the Maine was unlucky from the day she was completed, says the New York Tribune. It is said the greatest care was taken in her construction, as the naval board was rather suspicious of the way previous contractors had filled the orders of the government, and for that reason the Maine became the pride of the navy. Little mishaps sweeping word "you." after the ensign took place from time to time that made the satiors say she was "unlucky," and he?" in August, 1896, when she fouled her anchor in Key West and bent the plates of her port keel, everybody wondered how it could have happened. The following February three men were wounded while at target practice by the explosion of a one-pound shell, and in July, 1897, the battleship ran boat right into it before he was aware. into an East River pier and cut in two a barge loaded down with railroad cars. It is said that the sailors felt uneasy when they went with the Maine on its delicate mission to Havana, as they believed it was "boodooed."

Parts of a Locomotive.

In the formation of a single locomotive engine there are nearly 6,000 pieces to be put together, and these require to be as accurately adjusted as the works

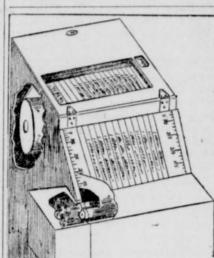
Imitation may be the sincerest flat- of the feet to their largest extent. tery, but more men acquire wealth by doing as they see others do not do.

Much of the experience a man gets

NEW TIME RECORDER.

panic, the lights were turned off. I Said to Be a Great Improvement Over Previous Devices.

"Elsle," I heard him say, "are you This time recorder recently patented afraid? Will you trust yourself to by Frederick W. Cook, of San Antonio, Tex., from previous devices of this "I am not afraid while with you, character, says the Scientific American. Paul," was the soft reply, made with The operative mechanism in Mr. Cook's contrivance consists of clock-driven "You are quite sure," he questioned, rollers which act directly upon a roll bending low and giving her a quick, of paper mounted in the easing. The paper is lined longitudinally and is graduated along its edges to represent hours and minutes. The clock-rollers "I think not. You will trust me en- draw the paper over a table at a wide opening in the casing, so as to enable she nodded as there came a whisper- employes to write their names upon the longitudinal lines. A slot in the lid "Yes, Paul," she answered; and, lift- on the left-hand side of the opening ing her gently, he bore her down the partially exposes the graduated edge of the paper and enables the employe I had heard all, and I knew then to see at what time he writes his name A transfer strip is secured to the under They are married now, and I-I am side of the lid and extends transverse ly into the opening and in a line with the slot. When an employe writes his name, he makes a mark upon the strip which transfers the impression in different colored indelible substance to the paper beneath and indicates the A big battle ship has on board an exact time when the name was writelectric plant capable of lighting a ten. Instead of exposing a single space to accommodate one name written



COOK'S TIME RECORDER.

transversely, as in the ordinary time recorders, the apparatus, it will be seen, provides for a number of lines upon which several names may be written longitudinally at approximate-

REMARKABLE COLORED WOMAN Traveling Evangelist Has Conducted

More Meetings than Moody. Amanda Smith is a traveling evangelist who has conducted more revival meetings than Moody and covered more territory in a given space of time than most itinerant preachers. Moreover, she is a full-blooded African negro, although born and raised in this country. She is one of the most progressive and successful women of her



AMANDA SMITH, EVANGELIST.

She has by her own exertion recently bought and paid for an orphans' home in Chicago, at a cost to her of \$10,000, After traveling through Africa and England, from which she listic work was resumed in this country. In 1890 Mrs. Smith wrote and published an autobiography, "The Story of the Lord's Dealings with Amanda Smith," together with an india.

How the Boy Felt Under Fire. .

One of the junior officers of the battle-ship Iowa was describing one day "how you feel when under fire the first He said "you" felt like lying time." down: "your" knees weaken: "you" are tired-oh, so tired-and if no one was looking "you" would just drop and lie there till it was all over.

"How the deuce does he know?" asked one of the men included in the was gone. "He's never been there, has

"Yes," said another: "Off the coast of South America, during one of those little wars down there, he was sent ashore in a boat, while a fight was on between two ships and a shore battery. The fight was just around a point, and the ensign's crew, pulling hard, sent the They were under fire for about three minutes."

"Well, what did he do?" "He told the men to obey his instinct to lie down, while he stood up and steered the boat on its momentum through the firing."-New York Com-

mercial Advertiser.

When to Buy Shoes. To get comfortably fitting shoes buy them in the afternoon, when the exercise of the day has spread the muscles

When a woman exaggerates wealth and social position of her "family," it is a mean husband who will call her down.

NEWS BY PROXY.

Young Woman Who Relates Current Events to Society Ladies.

The secret is out. It is no longer a mystery how the ladies of the official set of Washington are enabled to discuss intelligently all questions of national and state affairs, as well as all other subjects of the day, social and literary, without neglecting social or home duties.

It has been noticed that at least one morning in the week the thinking aristocracy of Washington arose early, and, in fetching and appropriate costumes, gathered at 10:30 in the pariors of the Wimondaughsis Club, on New

There, behind closed doors, they met a brilliant young woman, Miss Jariet Richards, who, in a talk of an hour and a half, posted her fair hearers on all the current topics of the day.

In a concise and interesting way Miss Richards, with a wonderful knowledge of current events, explains to them the happenings of the week and the matters likely to be discussed during the coming week.

Beginning with European politics, she reviews the situation there, interspersing her remarks with humor and sarcasm enough to make them intergravest importance.

The Sultan's craft, King George's political scandals and the impoverished condition of the Duke of Teck and the Prince of Wales, with comments on the means taken to increase their fortunes, are clearly given.

London gossip and fiction, the workingmen's problem and what its solution is to be, Lady Cavendish and her opinions on the social life of past and present, also come in for a share of at-

Then home affairs are taken up, especially all questions of political and financial interest to be discussed by Congress; literary and social news.

Questions are then asked by her auditors, so when they return to their homes they are ready to discuss any topic of the day intelligently with diplomat or layman.

"You have no idea what a relief it is to come here," remarked one of the ladles of the cabinet. "With all the social demands upon us it would be impossible for us to keep posted on all the subjects of the day. One could never read up on all these and have time for

anything else." A Senator, in speaking of Miss Rich-

ards, said: "For a long time many of us were puzzled to know where our wives got their information, for when a discussion arose on any subject of interest they seemed to be better posted than we were."-New York World.

Longevity and the Brain.

Speaking at Selkirk, Sir James Crichton-Browne dwelt on the dangers to health involved in indolence and disuse of the brain.

The medical profession, he said. adapting itself to the needs of the times, ad felt it incumbent upon it during the last decade to insist mainly on the evils of misuse of the brain, on the excessive strain not seldom imposed on mockery. At carnival time in Paris it it in these days in the fierce struggle of the race to be rich, and more especially on the over-pressure imposed on | public men. A modest stranger called it in the name of education when in an on M. Sarcey to tell him that his image immature state, but they were not less keenly alive to the correlative evils of good," said Mr. Sarcey. "What can I the disuse of the brain.

Elderly persons who gave up bustness and professional men who laid able garments they would make the aside their avocations without having likeness all the stronger." "No doubt," other interests or pursuits to which to responded the critic, blandly. "In that turn were in many cases plunged in despondency or hurried into premature dotage. He did not know any surer way of inducing premature mental decay than for a man of active a coat, then." Dressed in the veritable habits to retire and do nothing when just past the zenith of life; and, on the other hand, he did not know any surer way of enjoying a green old age than aid and abet the caricature of himself to keep on working at something till the close.

It had been said that one of the rewards of philosophy was length of "would not have consented to lend his days, and a striking list might be presented of men distinguished for their intellectual labors which they had never laid aside, who had far exceeded the allotted span of human life. Galileo lived to 78, Newton to 85, Franklin to 85, Buffon to 80, Faraday to 76, and Brewster to 84 years. Sir James Crichton-Browne drew special attention to the great age generally attained by our judges .- London Lancet.

Drinking a Yard of Ale.

At Eton any one who is so minded may at "Tap" essay the feat of drinking a yard of ale. This is only a pint in liquid, but a yard in linear measure. being contained in a long, horn-shaped glass, so constructed that unless the drinker drinks with care most of the contents are spilled over him. A book is kept of the time in which the yard can be drunk, and for years until lately the "record" was ten seconds. This is an iconoclastic age, however, and some one lately disposed of his three feet of ale in nine seconds.-Tit-Bits.

Italy is said to have more bigamists than any other European country. This is made possible because the church refuses to recognize civil marriages, and the state does not regard a church marriage as binding. The result is that unscrupulous men marry two wives-one

with the sanction of the church, the

Bigamy Common in Italy.

Earliest Interview. It is said of the Aberdeen Journal, which has recently celebrated its 150th birthday, that in one of its earlier numbers, now unhappily lost from the files, a participant in the battle of Culloden liest newspaper interview on record.

other with the sanction of the law.

AMECDOTE

They were talking of the civil war, and the older members of the company had compared reminiscences. "Which side were you on during the war, Mrs. B.?" asked the kittenish young girl of the party, turning to a pretty little woman who had been born in '62. "I was in arms on the Southern side,"

was the quick reply. Sir John Sinclair once asked Cochrane Johnstone whether he meant to have a son of his, then a little boy, taught Latin. "No," said Mr. Johnstone; "but I mean to do something a great deal better for him." "What is that?" said Sir John. "Why," said the other, "teach him to shave with cold water and without a glass."

When, after a few months in Washington, a new Senator decided to take a little run home "just to see the folks," he went back minus about twenty pounds of flesh. "Why, Senator," said one ardent constituent, "you have been esting. She is piquant and bright, so losing flesh. What can have happenher audience, notebook in hand, never ed? Did you lose it from riding the biwearies as she discusses subjects of cycle?" "No, hang it," replied the Senator, "It was dodgin' 'em that did it."

This story was told by an intimate of the Ingersoll family. Very recently Mrs. Ingersoll spent an evening with a friend. At about 8 p. m. she began to give evidences of fatigue and yawned repeatedly and had the greatest difficulty in preventing herself from falling into a doze. Arousing herself with an effort she finally said: "You really must excuse me, but you know, dear, that I have accompanied the colonel on a recent lecture tour and have in consequence got into the habit of falling asleep at about 8 o'clock every evening." Which goes to show that no man can be an oratorical hero to his

During a trip through Ireland a New Yorker one day found himself without his razors, which were in a handbag he had left behind at the hotel where he had stopped the day before. He accordingly told the landlord to send him a barber. The landlord was doubtful if there was a man in the village who could serve him, but presently sent up a man who expressed his willingness to undertake the job. The New-Yorker decided to risk a gash or two. "Well, sir," said the amateur barber, after a little hesitation, "will you please to lie down flat on your back while I shave you, sir?" Thinking it was probably the custom of the country, the New-Yorker stretched out comfortably and nearly went asleep while the fellow shaved him, so light was his touch. When he had finished the New-Yorker rose and said: "Lam curious to know why you asked me to lie down to be shaved?" "Because, sir." was his ingenuous reply, "I never before shaved a live man, sir."

It is often said that Frenchmen lack numor and dread ridicule, but M. Fran cisque Sarcey has given an example of that humorous good sense which defies is customary to exhibit on the boulevards grotesque effigies of well-known was to figure in the procession. "Very do for you?" "Well, if you would be so kind as lend us some of your veritcupboard you will find several hats.' "Oh, the veritable hat will not do! You see your head-I mean the head of the effigy-is enormous." "Tres blen, Take coat the Sarcey dummy was an immense success. It seemed so strange to literary Paris, however, for a man to that M. Sarcey has volunteered an explanation, which is a delicious bit of "Lamartine," he remarks, humor. coat for such a purpose. He was a poet with a sensitive soul. So was Vic-Decatur, Nelson, Fighting Joe, tor Hugo. But what would you? We And Farragut, and Grant, and, oh, cannot all be Lamartines and Hugos. Why should we poor journalists, who have no feelings to speak of, deny ourselves to the populace when we can contribute to their harmless amusement? Besides they may not always think it worth their while to notice us. An agreeabde trifler came to me the other day and asked my permission for the use of my name in a burlesque. I gave it cheerfully. This may be the last time,' said he. 'What do you mean? I asked. Well, you are going out of date and next year you may not be worth a laugh!"

A pretty little romance gives Nelson's

memory a sentimental interest in Canada. During his service at Quebec, in 1782, when he was but 24 years of age, he became infatuated with a beautiful Canadian girl, Mary Simpson, daughter of a great Canadian merchant of the period. At the time of Nelson's visit she was but 16 years old marvelously beautiful, and witty. On Oct. 14. 1782 Lord Nelson's ship, the Albemarle, was ready to sail, and he had very sad and tender parting with Mary Simpson, and went down the St. Lawrence to board the man-of-war. The next morning arrived and the Albemarle did not heave anchor, and Captain Nelson was seen coming back to Quebec in a boat. A friend of Nelson's a man prominent in Quebec at the time espied him and asked him what had happened. Nelson is quoted as having said: "I find it absolutely impossible to leave this place without again waitwas interviewed two days after that ing upon her whose society has so historic combat. It was about the ear much added to its charms, and laying myself and my fortune at ber feet."

Nelson's friend protested against such a rash act, and told him that, "situated as you are at present, your utter ruin will inevitably follow." "Then let it follow," replied Nelson, earnestly, "for I am resolved to do it." But despite his intentions, the stronger will of his friend prevailed and he was fairly carried back to his ship and forced to leave behind the girl he loved; and it was many years before he gave up the hope of possessing her, for Nelson never returned to Canada and Mary Simpson died in spinsterhood.-Leslie's Weekly.

THOUGHT IT WAS A SPOOK.

Pilot on a River Boat Stops a Horse with a Megaphone.

I was on the upper Chio this summer when the river was low, and was much amused over the use to which a pilot put a megaphone. He bought the thing to call ashore any message that might have been given the boat to carry. This was to save time, for those little boats in the local trades are a great deal like the old-fashioned mail carriers, anything to accommodate the people along

the bank. "We were in the pilot-house and the boat was running up a chute near the West Virginia side of the river. In a cornfield was an old farmer, who was following the plow behind an old, fleabitten gray that only needed a half invitation to stop at any time. The pilot put the megaphone to his mouth and shouted: 'Whoa!' and the old gray

whoaed. "The farmer heard the sound, and he thought, evidently, that a neighbor was there or thereabout, for he looked around to see whence the sound came. Then he tossed a clod at the old horse

and started him up. "Whoa,' said the pilot, and again the old horse stopped. Then the old Rube went to the river bank and looked down in the willows, but not a soul could be see. He looked up and down and then at the steamboat and scratched his head in surprise. He couldn't afford to waste any time in looking for the ghost, for he went back to the plow

and started on with his job. "Once more the joking pilot said whoa,' and again the horse stopped dead still. You could see from the boat that the old fellow was all mixed up, for he looked up and down the river, and then at the hillside behind him to see if he could find the man who was working him and his old horse. He made up his mind that he would take it out of the old gray, and to fix for the occasion he went to the underbrush and cut a stick that was ten feet long. He started the horse with a vengeance. When the pilot bollered 'whoa' again the old man gave the gray a lick that sounded clear to the boat. We could

almost hear him say: " Thar, gol darn you, I'll teach you to stop when ye hear a spook bollerin'

at ye!' "But the pilot kept up the good work and hollered whoa, whoa, and again the old man hit the gray. Finally it looked as if he had caught on, for he let the old horse stop while he watched

the boat. "Then the pilot thought he had had enough fun, and be called out:

"'Feed the old gray; feed him. He's so hungry that he can't work. That's all the matter with him.'

"Then old Rube got his voice and we heard him say: You go to thunder with your old voice. It'd stop a railroad train

A Change of Ambition. Horatius at the bridge, and he

Who fought at old Thermopylae: Great Samson and his potent bone By which the Philistines were slone:

Small David with his wondrous aim That did for him of giant frame;

J. Caesar in his Gallic scraps That made him lord of other chaps:

Sweet William, called the Conqueror, Who made the Briton sick of war;

King Hal the Fifth, who nobly fought And thrashed the foe at Agincourt;

Old Bonaparte, and Washington. And Frederick, and Wellington.

A thousand other heroes I Have wished I were in days gone by-

Can take their laurels from my door, For I don't want 'em any more.

The truth will out; it can't be hid;

The doughty deed that Dewey did. In that far distant Spanish sea.

The grammar's bad, but, O, my son, wish I'd did what Dewey done.

-Harper's Weekly. "Spells" of Southern Negroes.

There are numerous harmless "spells" which are regular observances in the lives of the average Southern negroes. Besides the root chewing, the track-lifting, etc., they have a lovephilter of frogs legs cooked in still water, and the ashes of a bat are powerful enough to keep away a rival or an enemy. To make a dog stay at home they cut off the tip of his tail and bury it under the doorstep. To make a wife obedient they "draw her pictur" and hide it in the shingles. Thus, waking or sleeping, there is a constant forcing or counteracting of destiny .- Philadel-

Startling Discovery. He See here, wife, a hairpin in the

She-Now I know at last where our things go to; there is a bootjack miss-

Circulation of Pennies. It is estimated that on an average each penny in circulation changes hands eleven times a week.