#### WORRY'S USELESS ERIDGES.

Where is the thrill of last night's fear? Where is the stain of last week's tear? Where is the tooth that ached last year? Gone where the lost pins go to. For last night's riddle is all made plain, The sunshine laughs at the long-past

And the tooth that ached has lost its

That's where our troubles go to. Where are the clothes that we used to

wear? Where are the burdens we used to bear? Where is the bald head's curling hair?

are new, The skies are wearing a brighter hue, The hair doesn't snarl like it used to do. And the parting has grown more clear,

Gone where the pins disappear to.

Where are the bills that our peace distressed?

Where is the pin that the baby "blessed?" Where are the doves of last year's nest?

Where have the pins all gone to? On the old bills paid are new ones thrown, And the baby's at school with her pins outgrown,

And the squabs are running a nest of their own-You can't bring 'em back if you want

We stand the smart of yesterday, To-day's worse ills we can drive aw wy; What was and is brings no dismay For past and present sorrow,

But the burdens that make us groan and sweat, The troubles that make us fume and fret,

Are the things that haven't happened yet- "

The pins we'll find to-morrow. -Robert J. Burdett.

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* NEMESIS.

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66 T is easy enough to break off with a woman, Jack; don't worry so. She will take it hard for a time, but if you must break her heart sooner or later, save your own out of the wreck if you can. After all, a woman's heart is hard to break. It is 'off with the old love and on with the new' with the whole sex, I find."

"But you don't know the girl, Ben. She is a blamed sight too good for me. She is one of those sweet, refined girls, whose affection absorbs her whole soul, and I know she loves me as few men are ever loved. Every look, word or action tells me it is true, and, though I feel that I have made a mistake, Ben. I cannot tell her so."

"Don't tell her a thing, Jack. That is not the way to manage a woman. Simply disgust her with herself. Stop sending her flowers and kulcknacks; don't take her out so much, and when you do, praise up some other woman to her. And, Jack, don't go over so often: tell her you are taking up a new study or working nights. She won'tbelieve you of course, but that won't matter. Make engagements and fail to keep them, or go over late, or be seized with a desire to return early. Oh, there are a hun dred and one ways to aid you. You can tease her a little when she is serious and be serious when she is gay. It fact, differ with her as much as possible without being antagonistic, and find fault and pick to pieces the little arguments she may give in defense. And be as entertainingly disagrecable as you can without really appearing to be so. I will wager that within a month you will be as free as air. The girl will shake you. No woman can stand the pressure. I have tried it, my boy, and I know. My old-time sweetheart, Frances Grayson, is now the wife of a far better man than myself, and the happy mother of a charming boy. Of course she did not name the child for mebut I did not expect it."

"I believe I will try it, old man. But I am fond of the girl in a way, and if you hear of our marriage you can know I lost heart."

"Cheer up, Jack, my boy," said Ben Mallory, wringing his hand. "Love is a lottery, and Cupid is a merry little fellow when you know how to manage him."

Ben Mallory and Jack Downs had known one another but a month, yet in that short time had developed a firm friendship that only the confidence of youth can instill. They were both strangers in the city and brother lawyers in the same firm, which added to their congeniality.

Jack was an only child, adored by his parents, while Ben was one of a large family of two marriages, whose place in his home numerous brothers and sisters usurped. He had been reared by a wealthy uncle of no family, with whom he had lived for years, returning to his own home once a year for a short vacation. - For his own people he cared little and seldom spoke of them, not wishing to explain their strained relations. Yet if Ben Mallory ever truly loved a being on earth he loved his sweet little half-sister, Kitty Kempster. She was now at college, and had lately ceased to write to her big, handsome brother as often as was her wont.

Ben had not seen Jack Downs since their talk, though he heard from him now and then from his home, whither he had gone for a rest. "I am taking your advice," he wrote, "but the girl battles me. I don't know how to take her, and I feel like a confounded brute. I've a mind to make a clean breast of

The next letter said: "Ben, I am free. After all, I am not happy. I wish I had been square with the little girl. She let me down hard. Mother has set her beart on my marrying an beiress in town, but of the two the little girl suits

me best." Ben, as he unfolded a small missive of himself.

from home. "He loved that girl and didn't know it."

Ben smoothed out the paper and read: 'Kitty does not seem happy. The child never complains, but she always loved you, and you might cheer her up a bit. "MOTHER."

"Kitty unhappy!" Ben ran his fingers through his straight, black hair and thought hard. "It is some man," he said to himself. "I should like to put my two hands about his ugly throat and choke him, so!" and he crushed the letter in his strong hands, then threw it from him impatiently. "Yes, I will go and cheer up the little girl. Poor little Kit! She is not like other girls." For the style has changed and the clothes

Two days later Ben sat in Kitty's light shining on her pale little face, and gas without striking a match." reflecting the tears in her honest gray

Ben drew her down beside him on a divan. "Tell me about it, little girl," he said.

"There is not much to tell," she whispered, nestling close in his strong, loving arms, as a tired child might do when weary with play.

"I loved him, Ben. O, I did love him so! He was kind and true at first, and then he seemed to grow moody and sullen, and often cruel. I didn't understand at first."

Ben shuddered as a strange feeling of horror crept into his heart.

"Go on, little girl. His voice sounded unsteady.

"Sometimes I would not see him for days, and he got so I could never depend on him, and he never kept his word. He could not kill my love, Ben, though I finally tried to hate him. But he spoiled my life and killed my respect for him, and now I despise him, thoroughly despise him-yet love him still."

Ben's face had lost its gentle expression, and with stern set features be stared at the polished door.

"What is his name, and who is he?" His hard voice startled the girl. "Jack Downs. I met him at college,"

answered Kitty. Ben Mallory sank back among the soft cushions, while a look of pitiable remorse crept into his dark eyes, and the lines in his face deepened, as with age. Kitty crossed the room and gently stirred the coals in the open grate. The

Ben's dark face as he watched the girl. "May God forgive me," he murmured inaudibly. "I have broken the heart of the only creature ever given me to love. Frances, you are avenged."

dying embers threw a shadow light on

#### St i m rs for Crushing Ice.

The great and powerful ice-crushing steamers of the lakes are without exception car ferries-that is, they transport whole trains of passengers and freight cars from one terminal of a railway line to the other, thus controlling an important link where bridges would be impracticable.

These ice-challenging ferries ply the straits of Mackinac, the Detroit River and across Lake Erie from the American to the Canadian shore. They are hug: steel-shod craft weighing several thousand tons and some of them have cost more than \$350,000 each. Fitted with propellers at either end, they crumble the ice by the pressure of their bulk as though its three or four feet were but the thickness of a cardboard.

Whatever else is wanting, adventur is not lacking in the lives of the men who spend the months of snow aboard the majestic monsters which are to the lake tracks what the snowplows are to the railroad lines. A few winters since, with a thermometer ranging from 18 to 30 degrees below zero, one of the car ferries was caught in an immense ice field on Lake Erie and floated around for a few months with a great mass of ice piled mountains high around her. A portion of the crew was, of course, obliged to remain aboard and each day a couple of the men made an attemptnot always successful-to go ashore in order to secure provisions and supplies, Ofttimes this meant a long, dreary trip across the ice, and frequently, when a yawning chasm of dark-hued water intervened between the shore and the edge of the icefield, the foragers were not able to return to their imprisoned comrades for intervals of several days. -Self-Culture.

## Receives a "Flower of Hell."

E. C. Downey, an attorney of Churubusco, Ind., who spent many months in Central America, has recently received from a friend in Guatemala one of the most wonderful species of flowers known to mankind. It is called the "rose of hell" and grows only in the vicinity of Antigua, near the crater of the volcano of Fuego. It is looked upon by the native Indians with a superstitious dread and is named the "rose of hell" because it thrives better near the steaming Fuego than away

The Indians regard the crater of Fuego as the doorway of the infernal regions and this flower as being produced by the evil spirits associated with the demons of the sulphurous clime where the souls of the sinful all go.

The flower is very deadly and when boiled into a liquid and given to any animal death rapidly follows without pain, as quiet and peaceful as sleep. Science does not record another instance where this wonderful flower is found except in Guatemala, and the only place it is found in that country is near the doorway of the famous Fuego volcano. Several universities of this country will send after specimens of the rare flower and use it for experiments and demonstration to the classes in botany.

Gift of Stationery to Soldiers. A London firm recently sent 100,000 packets of stationery as a gift to South African soldiers.

Sometimes a man starts out to be a "That fellow is a fool," murmured social lion and ends by making a goose

#### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household -Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

"Papa," asked Tommie, "is it cow ardly to strike something littler than you, that can't defend itself?"

"It is, indeed," replied the father. "Well, I don't know," reflected Tomcozy sitting-room, with the bright fire- mie; "I don't see how we could light the



AMERICAN.

My flag of silk I owe to the Jap, To the Eskimo my sealskin cap, My palm leaf fan grew on Java's trees For crackers and rockets I thank the

The Indian's land and my own are one Which boy do you think has the most fun?



JAPANESE.

I am a jolly, jolly, little Jap, Hear my little shoes go clap, clap, clap; When I go to school I leave them at the

Then down I sit on a mat on the floor. use these chopsticks when it's time to dine. silk gown I wear when I'm dressed up



An Indian "brave" I surely shall be, But now I'm a baby tied to a tree. "Be a good papoose," my mother will

"And the birdies will sing to you all day." Then I watch the clouds in the far blue

I am going to catch one by and by.



From a leaf of palm was woven my hat, I cat my supper on a palm-leaf mat, The food that I cat the palm trees give, Now what is my name and where do I

Five Cents' Worth of Travel.

We know a bright boy whose great longing is to travel. His parents have no means with which to gratify him in that respect. He occasionally earns a few pennies by selling papers and doing errands. Instead of spending the money foolishly, he carefully treasures it in a small iron box, which he calls his safe. One day, after earning 5 cents, he dropped them into the box in the presence of a companion of about his own age, and exclaimed: "There goes 5 cents' worth of travel!"

"What do you mean?" asked the other boy. "How can you travel on 5 cents?" "Five cents will carry me a mile and a half on the railroad. I want to see Niagara Falls before I die, I am nearly four hundred miles from them now, but every 5 cents I earn will bring them nearer, and a great many other places that are worth seeing. I know It takes money to travel, but money is money, be it ever so little. If I do not

save the little, I shall never have the much." Some boys squander every year the cost of a coveted trip to some point of interest. Let them remember that every 5 cents saved means a mile and a half of the journey. Small amounts carefully kept will foot up surprising results at the end of the year, and almost every doctor will testify that 5 cents' worth of travel is better for the sun after a shower.

health of the boy than 5 cents worth .Ccaconsescossescossescosses THIS MAN WAS BEYOND PRICE of sweets.-Edward Foster Temple.

The Fastest Growing Lily on Record. Capt. S. R. Vaughn, of Philadelphia, has r plant that grows at the rate of \*\*\* plant that grows at the rate of nine inches every twenty-four hours. This remarkable bit of vegetation is called the "snake lily," and came from Cochin China, When it arrived in Home maw says to Him: America it was simply an ugly looking bulb, resembling a huge Indian turnip. me,' It lay nearly all winter in a dark closet, but with the approach of spring began don't Spose they are ennything I Can't to manifest signs of life. It was taken tell You all about." from its resting place and put in a peach basket, with nothing about it maw Says, "and I wisht you'd Tell me but some newspapers. Very soen a which one to Hire. One's a Swede gurl mottled green stalk pushed out of the and one's a Ninglish gurl. Whitch one bulb, and in a few days had reached a would you take?" height of eight feet. Of this height the "How Do I no," says paw, "When I blossom, which was a beautiful dark ain't seen them? You ot to no which is maroon color, comprised four feet. the Best." After the blossom had withered and "Thay Seem about the Same," maw died the bulb was planted, and from says. it grew a nest of great umbrella-like July and August. In September the Heds fer the other one." leaves perished and left nothing but a new fat bulb. This was stored away graisfull. You got to Tell me which in a dark place, and again in the spring you'd Taik." the bulb is brought to light to pass

#### Wanted to See Him. "If you eat any more of that pud-

ding, Tommie, you will see the bogie man to-night." Tommie (after a moment's thought)-Well, give me some more. I might as Tired and when we Got Set Down at

the story once for all. BRUIN PRESSED THE BUTTON.

Sylvan Scene Strangely Produced in the Back Woods of Maine.

John H. Lewis, of this city, says the Boston Globe, a photographer, who spends his summers in the region around Moosehead lake, has developed taken by a black bear, for bruin really did take the picture. He held the camwhat is probably the only picture ever did take the picture. He held the camera, focused the thing, and pressed the button. He held the camera wrong side up, however, and his paws must How a Boer Warrior Is Avenging the have shaken from the looks of the print.

Last August a party of six friends from Plainfield, N. J., passed a fortnight in camp on the upper west branch, occupying the log cabins at Sears High Landing, so called. In so large a party there was considerable refur food, and this was dumped about a mile from the camp in the woods. The garbage pile failed to grow, and the campers were at a loss to account for its disappearance. Finally one of phlegmatic, the most exciting moments the men made up his mind to go to the have never disturbed the steadiness of scene and watch for the animal that came around regularly every day to feed on the crusts of the table. He present war, Van Bosboom was told went to the point one morning and sat in the bushes and waited. Soon he heard a noise, and in a minute or so a at once went to his old friend, the Presbig black bear appeared. Then came ident, and demanded to be appointed to another, and finally a third. They ate the rank he had held in 1880 and subseall of the garbage and then went away. quently. The Plainfield man conceived a desire to photograph the animals. He put up a job with the cook, and the next morn- against the Matabele?" asked the Presiing a good half bushel of truck was dent. scattered for the benefit of the bears.

The camera man loaded and cocked his machine, sought a favorite spot and waited. He had not waited long be- have." fore two bears lumbered out of the woods and went to work cleaning up the potato peelings, bacon rinds, etc. The man watched the brutes for a while, and then, slipping from behind a ing the camera in such a position that bears saw him approaching. When his pipe, within twenty feet of the animals they scented him and turned in his direc-

The New Jersey man forgot what he was there for. He dropped the camera and lit out for camp. When he returned he was accompanied by all the guides and their rifles. The bears were gone, but the camera was lying on the ground, not where he left it, but a dozen feet or more away.

The machine showed plainly the marks of the claws of the bear, and that an exposure had been made. It was generally thought that the dropping of the camera had done the trick, but the film, when developed by Mr. from quite an elevation.

## Traveling German Students.

German students are returning to the medieval notion of wandering about the world. The modern Goliards, however, are personally conducted and know beforehand precisely what their journeys will cost them. Last year they visited Italy; this spring 1,500 of them will go to Constantinople and to Asia Minor. On the way they will fraternize with the Roumanian university students, who are preparing a big "fruhschoppen" for them in Bucharest.

Couldn't Just Remember. "Do you see this string around my

finger?" "Yes, sir." "Is it a shoe lace or a corset lace?" "Looks like a black corset lace, sir."

"Then it's a corset she wants me to get her. She tied it around my finger this morning and told me to either bring home a pair of shoes or a corset, I can't remember which. But now you have solved the question."

## Greater London.

The population of greater London is more than six and a half millions, of which but four and a half millions are accredited to inner London, and about two millions to the outer ring. The Press. whole area is equal to a circle having a radius of nearly fifteen miles.

Large bodies move slowly-also small bodies when called to get up in the

Encouragement after censure is the

# Georgie's Gab

Ma Gets Pa's Advice.

Nite Before Last when paw Come "Paw, I got suthin I want you to Tell

"Well," paw says: "Speel away. I

"Two gurls wants to work Here,"

"Well sposen we Flip a Penny," says leaves, which reached their maturity in paw. "Tales fer the Swede gurl and

> "No," maw says, "I think that's Dis-So purty soon Thay Come Back and

through its time of flower and growth. Paw He Looked out through the crack from Behind the Door at Them while Thay was Talkin' to maw, and when maw came in paw says:

"I guess you Better take the Inglish gurl." Last nite paw Come Home Purty

come the Swead gurl. Paw He looks at Her a minit and when she went out He Says to Maw: "I Bet I no what you'd Do if I Told you to Go and Jump in the Lake."

"What?" maw ast. "You'd go away some Whair and Climb a Tree," paw says, and then He made a Swipe at a Fly what was Buzzen around and nocked over the vina-

#### FIRES GOLD BULLETS.

Death of His Sons.

A Paris paper publishes an entertaining story of a man named Van Bosboom, who is fighting with the Boers. He is said never to have missed a buck, a Kattir, or a wild ostrich since he was 16 years of age and he is now 55. Van Bosboom has taken a notable part in all the wars waged by the Transvaal. both against the natives and the English, and has always scored heavily as a deadly marksman. Ever calm and his nerve.

Shortly after hostilities began in the that his only two sons had been killed in one of the early engagements. He

"Have you still your famous rifle with which you did such great shooting

"Yes," replied Van Bosboom. "Then you will need cartridges," said

"No. President," answered Van Bosboom. "I have plenty of cartridges. I have made some for myself. Then, drawing close to Kruger, he whispered something in his ear. It must have tree, tiptoed toward the animals, hold- been astonishing, for "Oom Paul" let his pipe drop from his mouth, and all he could press the button when the the world knows how Kruger clings to

As he bade the President good-by, the famous marksman said with a chuckle: "As it's that they come after, it's just as well to let them have it."

thirty days' provisions. Whenever the opposing forces came within sight his method of action was always the same. He would cautiously approach the advancing English until he found convenient cover within rifle range. Then, stretching himself at full length, he would study the enemy's force until he marked a young man whose appearance and bearing showed him to be an officer. Upon this figure the deadly Lewis a few days ago, showed a wood rifle was brought to bear; then, as the scene that could have been taken only sharp crack rang out and the young officer fell dead, the burgher would leap to his feet, shout "Chamberlain," and then drop flat again. Once more his and when the second officer fell Van Bosboom would carefully retire to safe cover, read a psalm, and sit smoking

his pipe until the close of day. In memory of his two sons the rifle was fired only twice in each fight, but always with fatal effect. When the dead were collected it was always easy to identify Van Bosboom's victims, for lodged in their heart or brains, instead of the usual two ounces of lead which form the Martini bullet, was to be found a bullet made of two ounces of gold. People then understood old Kruger's surprise and the enigmatical words Van Bosboom had used when bidding the President good-by.

The Savage Bachelor. "There is one thing I would like to

know," said the Savage Bachelor. "Is that possible?" asked the Sweet Young Thing, with some acerbity; this bundredths. occurring at the breakfast hour, when

lovely woman is at her unsweetest. "Yes. I want to know why nearly all these women who have distinguished

Elephant Trainers Rilled. During the last twelve months at least a dozen elephant trainers have been killed-more than have been

You can't take a trick with the trump of fame.

killed in ten years previous.

Chicago Railroader Tells How Tweed Ring Tried to Bribe Him. A group of men high in the railway world of Chicago were seated in one

of the clubs the other night smoking and chatting. The conversation, naturally, had drifted to railway matters and experiences of days when all were many years younger, and some stirring tales of adventure or experiences connected with the business had been related. Finally the youngest member of the group turned to the oldest, who had not yet contributed to the fund of anecdote, and remarked:

"It's your turn now, Mr. D- What is the most stirring incident of your railway experience?"

Mr. D- puffed his cigar thoughtfully while mentally he took a retrospective survey of the years. Then he said.

"I'll tell you, and it's a story that I've never told before. It's when I refused two checks-one for \$50,000, the other in blank, which I was told to fill out myself. During the days of the Tweed regime in New York I was connected with the X. Y. and Z. road, one of the greatest railway corporations in an adjacent State. I was a young man, but was private secretary to the president of the road, and he had unlimited confidence in me. It became necessary for us to extend our terminal facilities in New York City, and the president put the matter entirely in my hands. 'Go to New York,' he said, 'stay as long as well settle my mind about the truth of the Table maw rung the Bell and in is necessary, keep your mission as secret as possible, and when you have determined upon the location and extent of the dockage you think necessary close the deal, and report.'

"This was a pretty big commission for a young man, and it put me on my mettle. To cut my story short, I spent two months in New York and acquired what I was sent for. The Fifth Avenue Hotel was my headquarters, and almost the first day of my arrival there I made the acquaintance of a jovial, handsome fellow of about my own age, and we became very chummy, He knew I was with the X. Y. and Z. road and frequently would divert om conversation to it, but while I would talk freely about the road I never said a word about my business in New

York. "The day on which I closed the deal for the property I went up to the hotel in spirits, only to find my friend walking up and down the corridor in a perturbed manner. I want to see you at once,' he remarked, and we went up to my room. As soon as the door was closed he turned to me.

"'You've decided to take such and such property,' he said, coolly. "His manner and the acquaintance

with my business he revealed stunned me, but before I could recover my wits he continued: " 'That's all right. I've known all'

about your business since you've been here. It isn't too late yet for you to change the location of your terminals. If you'll do it and place them at such and such wharves I am authorized to offer you sthis,' and he handed me a check for \$50,000 signed by a member

of the Tweed ring. "I handed him back the check and the President, "and those you shall coldly remarked: 'You've come to the wrong man. I'll bid you good-evening.

"'Wait a minute,' he remarked, unabashed, 'Every man, they say, has his price.' He pulled a pocketbook out, took from it another check, signed, and said: 'Fill it in to suit yourself.'

"I had to admire the man's gall. It was simply colossal, and in place of getting angry I laughed heartily. But I finally convinced him that I was not to be bribed and got rid of him. Before he went away, however, he told me that the Tweed ring had secured options on the dock property he wanted Then off he went to the front, with me to take, with a foreknowledge of his rifle, his Bible, and the regulation the X. Y. and Z. road's needs, and that if we had located on it they would have cleared a fortune. As it was, they had the property on their hands and a large sum indefinitely tied un.

"And that's the most exciting experience I can recall," said Mr. D- in conclusion, "and one I recall with a desire to give myself a bouquet."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Smiting Conscience. "Madame," began the winter pilgrim, "do you remember last February 1 promised to clean the snow out of your yard?"

"Yes, and then sneaked off without program would be carefully carried out, doing it," retorted the angry housewife. "But I came back, madame; tramped

through a July sun to keep me word.

When I reached your gate the snow

had vanished; but you told me to take the scythe and cut the grass instead." "And you sneaked off again, you-" "But me conscience smote me. Dat's why I tramped through ten-feet drifts

## Duration of a Wink.

to finish the job."

A German scientist has gone to some trouble to calculate the average duration of a wink, in order to ascertain just what the phrase "in the twinkling of an eye" means. He says that a wink occupies four-tenths of a second. The eyelid descends in one-tenth of a second, stays down thirteen-hundredths of a second, and rises again in seventeen-

Paris Ragpickers.

The ragpickers of Paris, to the number of something like 40,000, who themselves by a display of brains look make their living by picking over rubso much like men?"-Indianapolis bish put out from houses, are greatlyagitated over new boxes, which are to be used to hold the rubbish, and which cannot be opened except by the cartmen who carry it away.

> There are a good many dog housekeepers: housekeepers who let dogs run all over the house, and get hairs and fleas into everything."