I've got three sweethearts and I'm a Now think of something worse than that

if any of you can; My wife is pure and faithful, she's al-

ways good and true,

And her hair's like burnished sunshine, her eyes are honest blue.

She's the queerest little woman, she don't mind this mix at all;

One sweetheart "taught me how to pray" that He knows the sparrow's fall She's old and wrinkled, bent and gray; I love her like no other-

One sweetheart that my wife don't mind is my own, my darling mother.

The next one is a "terror," full of happy, childish glee, And the picture is a sweet one when he'

at his "grandma's knee." He calls my wife "his mother" and we know him as "our boy,"

So I can love this sweetheart and my wife without alloy.

Oh, thou who guardeth the angels, hover them with thy wing. Grant all three Thy blessing in every little thing:

Guide me to know "the only way," so when my life is past I may join the woman, boy and girl at

Thy "gates of pearl" at last. -Denver Times. **********************

THE REDEMPTION OF RALPH MORTON

HEN Miss Amy Warden, only child of the wealthy broker Anthony Warden, tripped into her father's office one December afternoon she was the embodiment of beautiful, healthful 18. Nodding kindly toward the clerks, who had for a moment ceased their scribbling, she approached the door of her father's private office. A privileged character, as she well knew, she turned the knob gently, intending to surprise him in the usual

As she peeped into the dimly lighted room she discovered at a glance that her father was not there; but his confidential clerk, Ralph Morton, a goodlooking young man of 25, was standing before the desk. For a space she was puzzled by the young man's peculiar actions-for he raised his hand twice to the side of his head, then, as if undecided, slowly lowered it again, and each time she caught the gleam of pol-



THE DESK.

ished metal as it flashed in the rays from the electric bulb. Then, as if fully decided upon his action, he partly turned his face toward her; but she, noting the tenseness of his white features, realized in a flash the awful import of his action, and darting across the room snatched the deadly weapon from his hand and held it behind her. For a space he stood, regarding with wild eyes the beautiful, terrified face before him, then, uttering a low groan, he sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands.

She stood looking at him, the color gradually returning to her face; then she said, a wondering pity in her tone: "O, Mr. Morton! How could you think of such a thing?"

He slowly raised his head and met her pitying gaze wildly.

"Why do you stop me, Miss Warden?" he said, brokenly. "I am a thief! I caught the accursed fever of speculation and used your father's money. I prefer death to discovery and dishonor.'

His eyes closed, as if blinded by her accusing gaze.

"And do you imagine this will save you from dishonor?" she said, gently, holding out the revolver. "O, Mr. Morton, do you not realize that it will only add to it? Will such an act restore my father's money or absolve you in the eyes of the world and-God?" Infinite pity shone in her eyes as she softly breathed the last word.

He did not look up, and she continued; "You are young and talented, Mr. Morton, perhaps above the average. The world is before you. Do you presume to dictate in this way to the tender mercy that has bestowed such priceless gifts upon you? My father may not overlook this, but there is one, at least, who will. How much money have you ta-used?" she concluded.

He threw out his hands despairing ly. "More than I can repay," he faltered. "Two thousand dollars at least." She remained silent so long that he ventured to look at her. She seemed to look beyond him, a smile like that of a pleased child on her now flushed face

the warmth of a high, noble resolve. "Your case requires no such desperate remedy as this," she said, turning her face a little from the growing eagerness of his gaze. "Supposing that ommend it.

I-I replace this money, would-He sprang to his feet. "No! no! Miss Warden," he cried, entreatingly, "You to make a business firm.

I'VE GOT THREE SWEETHEARTS. | must not think of such a thing. I have sinned; I must suffer."

"You must do as I say, Mr. Morton," she firmly replied. "My father, I know, would not forgive you; but that is no reason for sacrificing your future career. Besides, you can repay me some day."

He regarded her through a mist of tears, then held out his hand. "I will accept your offer, Miss Warden-the offer of an angel," he said, huskily. But I must leave this place and redeem myself among a strange people. She started a little, but, laying her

soft hand in his, whispered: "It may be for the best; but, wherever you go, God be with you," and she left him. Five years had passed by when

Ralph Morton again entered the city of his past folly. He did not bring the proverbial fortune, but he had amassed a competence which many less fortunate might envy.

During all this time he had never forgotten the sweet-faced young girl-his savior. Thrice had he written to her, but no answer came; and now, when he went to the old office, he was told that Anthony Warden had failed three years previously and had died, leaving his daughter penniless.

He determined to find her if money. backed by love, could do so; but all search was unavailing. She had disappeared, like many unfortunates, into that mysterious realm where despair, perhaps, is the larger portion.

"You will find her yet, Ralph," said his friend, Dr. Banks, to whom Ralph Morton had confided his story. It was a bleak winter evening, and they were on their way to the doctor's house.

"Heaven will surely guide me to her," answered Ralph.

As they turned into a side street a stopped and uttered a low cry. drunken ruffian had barred her path. He had already grasped her arm when Morton, running forward, planted a well-directed blow that sent him reeling. Ralph caught the young woman. half fainting, in his arms; then, as the doctor hurried up, he turned her face to the light. It was a thin, pale face. though beautiful-a beauty matured by days of struggle and sorrow.

Ralph Morton almost dropped the light burden as he gasped: "It is she-Amy! O, Fred, thank heaven I have found her at last!"

It was in the doctor's cozy house, after he and his wife left them alone, that he said: "You were my guardian angel once, Amy; will you continue to be such? The debt I owe you can only be repaid with a life's devotion. Will you accept it, dearest?

And she whispered: "I believe I loved you then, Ralph; at least I was sorry to have you go."-Boston Post,

Sugar Juice Piped.

One of the marvelous accomplishments of the Utah Mormons is their beet sugar industry in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, where 18,000,000 nounds of white sugar are turned out each year. Cheap as sugar is, the Mormons make a good profit in the manufacture of it, and largely because of their ingenious device to deliver the juice from the vats to the factories, twenty-two miles distant. Instead of transporting it at what would be pretty neavy expense, the Mormons pump the juice from vat to factory in a threeinch pipe. This enables the juice to be made into sugar close to the producing center, and saves a large amount of money that would have to be employed otherwise, in the transportation. The beet sugar industry of these people is in the hands of a company that apportions to each farmer the amount of land he may devote to the raising of the beet. The company pays cash dividends regularly of 10 to 20 per cent a year and dividends of something like 20 per cent on the stock.-New York

A Lingual Tangle.

Farmer Hornbeak-While I was at the village this afternoon I heard a drummer in Hopper's store say he had jest read that Hi Chang Lang-h'mthat don't sound right; Hang Ling Chi -no; Lang Chung Hl-eh-h'm-lemme see. It's Hang-no; Chi Lung Hangoh, pshaw;-Ching-no; Lung-

Mrs. Hornbeak-Mercy on us, Ezry What in time are you tryin' to git off? Farmer Hornbeak-Why, I was jest goin' to say that Hing Lung Chi-oh, drat it! Chang, Lang, Hang, Jang, Dang, or whatever it is-

Mrs. Hornbeak-Great day, Ezry! What nonsense are you tryin' to recite? You talk like a dinner bell

Farmer Hornbeak-I guess I do, for a fact. I was tryin' to say the name of that great Japanese or Chinese

statesman. Mrs. Hornbeak-Ob, you mean Ll Hung Chang. Well, what about him? Farmer Hornbeak-I-I dunno,-

A Discouraging Entry.

The performance of the Shakspearean drama of "Hamlet" was dragging itself slowly along. The time had come for the appearance of the ghost, There was a slight delay, owing to the tardiness of the ghost in responding to its cue. The profound stillness that followed was broken by a loud voice

in the front row of the main balcony; "Mamma, there are thirty-seven men down there with round white spots on

top of their heads!" And no stage ghost ever made its appearance under more discouraging auspices than the armor-clad phantom that came stalking upon the stage at that moment.-Chicago Tribune.

Occasionally a man refuses to drink beer unless his physician recommends it-or unless he thinks he ought to rec-

Two weak partners are seldom able

MANY BANK ROBBERIES TRACED TO THIS CLASS.

Are Known to Detectives Under the Name of "Yeggmen"-Rival Other Burglars or Cracksmen in Fearlessness-Careless with Nitro Glycerin.

"Once more Topeka Joe,' the notorious 'hobo' burglar and cracksman, is under arrest," said W. A. Pinkerton at his office in Chicago the other day. "The latest crime of this crook calls attention to the fact that the 'hobo' criminal is becoming pretty ubiquitous, not only in the Chicago region, but everywhere else in the country. As an oper-



CHARACTER STUDY IN "YEGGMEN." young woman a short distance ahead ator he is getting to be more formid-A able and more to be dreaded than the originally. Some of the prominent gentleman burglar.

'Topeka Joe' has been in trouble before and has twice been behind 'Topeka Joe,' 'Warren Patty,' 'Macon prison bars. He is a perfect type of Tip,' the 'hobo' safeblower. A few weeks Jack. 'Baldy,' 'The Frog.' 'Wheeling ago he robbed a bank in Williamsburg. Va., by blowing open the safe. The other day only we succeeded in catching him away out in Portland, Ore. where he is now under arrest awaiting extradition to Virginia. The appear- John, 'Toronto Jimmy,' 'Syracuse ance of large numbers of criminals Shorty," 'The Turk,' 'Dago Frank, from the tramp class is a recent development. Six or seven years ago the modern 'hobo' expert was comparatively unknown in criminal circles. To-day

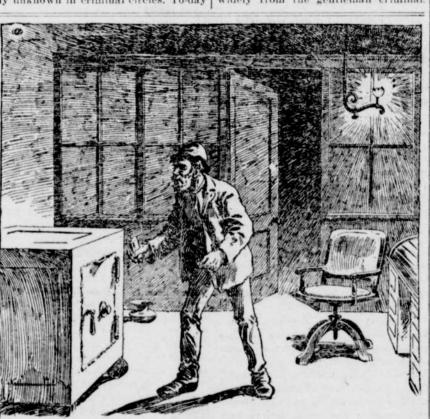
HOBO CRIME EXPERTS a rubber fountain syringe bag. Then s bar of soap, a few fulminating caps and a fuse complete the yeggman's outfit. All of the cracks about the safe door, except an inch or two at the top, are closed with the soap, and with the same thing a little cup is made against the front of the safe with the unfilled bit of crack at the bottom. Into this cup glycerin is poured. The liquid gradually seeps through the crack. After the 'hobo' has poured in all of the gly cerin he is going to use he applies the fulminating cap and to it the fuse while he retires to a safe distance to await the explosion. In his determina tion to secure 'swag' the yeggman has been known to resolutely stay by the exploded safe and commit murder rather than be driven off without a

Reckless Work.

"The man is equally reckless in han dling the dangerous oil. Once a safe was blown open in the East. The perpetrator escaped without leaving the least trace behind him. Finally we landed the criminal several hundred miles away in another State. He was known as 'Black Jack.' I asked him how on earth he managed to leave the country without leaving any telltale evidence behind. He told me that he rode eighty miles on the trucks of a Pullman sleeper. All of the time be had with him a quart bottle of nitroglycerin. Think of carrying a quart Bottle of that stuff with you on the jolting trucks of a railroad train. One little jolt might have caused it to explode, and the tramp and the whole car would have been blown to atoms.

"Nearly all of these yeggmen go by nicknames and are seldom known by any other. Often the names indicate the city or the State from which the tramps were supposed to have come 'yeggs' are 'Frisco Slim,' 'Michigan Red.' 'The Rambier.' 'Denver Harry.' 'Meridian Joe,' 'Silvers,' 'Clal Red,' 'Big Frank,' 'Janesville Tommy, 'Zanesville Shorty,' 'Squench,' 'New York Slim,' 'Ohio Fatty,' 'Ohio Shorty, 'Shenandoah Red,' 'Shenandoah Dan, 'Bellaire Bob.' 'Yorker Dick,' 'Sleepy 'Oakland Sammy.' 'Brownie.' 'Alton Whitey' and 'Montreal Connie.'

"In his attire the yeggman differs widely from the gentieman criminal



"YEGGMAN" PLIES HIS VOCATION.

States, and nearly every one of these tors. These 'hobo' criminals are cailed 'yeggs' or 'Johnny Yeggmen.'

"Other classes of tramps are called 'cats' and 'gay cats.' The 'cat' is the tramp who will do nothing but beg. He will not be connected with a crime except in a remote way, and there are probably great numbers of 'cats' who would have nothing whatever to do with any very great offense. The 'gay cat' occupies a position midway between that of the 'cat' and the 'yegg.' He will take a hand in a robbery or a safe-blowing expedition if there seems to be no chances of his being caught. If there seems to be any chance of his arrest he will have nothing to do with the project. But the yeggman is made of entirely different material. As an exhibitor of a fearless or don't-care spirit, or whatever you want to call ty-eight." it, he is entitled to the banner over all the burglars, thieves and cracksmen of the day. He will often hang on to his project and try to get results even when the noise of the exploding safe has brought citizens on the run to the scene. He doesn't seem to be much of

a rusher for safety. "Here the 'hobo' is a widely different citizen from the gentleman burglar and safe-blower. Like the 'gay cat,' the first thing the latter looks out for is his safety. He is about twice as careful as the yeggman in the matter of not getting caught. The 'hobo' is extremely foolhardy not only in the way he stands his ground and opens fire on whoever disturbs him in his operations, but also in the reckless way in which he handles nitro-glycerin. All of his safeblowing is done with this explosive. To get the stuff he steals a lot of dynamite, and with alcohol or warm water soaks out the glycerin. After the soaking is done the glycerin is poured off or the water drawn from the bottom of the receptacle with a syringe. further curiosity when he hears

he is committing the majority of bank | When the later is prosperous and has robberies. Within the last few years plenty of money he lives on the fat of there have been nearly two score of the land and dresses in the most exbanks robbed in Kansas, Nebraska, travagant style. On the other hand. Missouri and a few other Western when the pockets of the yeggman are bulging with money be continues to crimes was committed by tramp opera- dress like a mechanic in hard luck and never displays the least evidence of his wealth."

Altitudinous.

I have accomplished right here in Denver more than Diogenes could do. lantern and all, in all his life.

I have found an honest man. I was walking up Sixteenth street. near Curtis, and asked a passer-by the time of day. He hastily looked at his watch and said:

"Ten thirty." I thanked him and walked on. At Champa street I felt some one touch me

on the shoulder. "I beg your pardon," said the party who had given me the time. "Near Curtis street I told you it was half-past ten. I was mistaken; it was only ten twen-

I stood open-mouthed, expecting to see a charlot of fire descend and take him up, Elisha-like, but he had disappeared in the throng of his dishonest fellow men.-Denver Times.

Spectacles for Horses.

It is asserted in Popular Science News that spectacles for horses are among recently patented inventions. The purpose is said to be not to im prove the sight, but by causing the ground in front to appear nearer than it really is, to induce the horse to take high steps. After a training with such spectacles, it is averred, the horse ac quires and retains the habit of highstepping.

The Value of Speed. "Who came out ahead in that street

row between Blowly and Bluffly?" Bluffly did, but he had nearly half a block the start."-Detroit Free Press.

After a man has spent an evening with very young people, he feels no The explosive is carried in a bottle or crowd of young folks laugh,

SHAFT MENDED AT SEA.

Exciting Experience in Midocean of

the Steamer Border Knight. Kipling's "dour Scotch engineer," Mc-Andrews, could hardly have acquitted himself more creditably than dld Mr. William Gerrie, chief engineer of the British steamer Border Knight, which arrived at New York a few days ago after an exciting experience in midocean. The Border Knight is a steamer of the genus tramp, a nomadic freighter that set out from Natal in ballast for New York. All went well with her until one afternoon, when there was a sudden jar and a shock, a whirring of machinery and a hiss of steam.

"Shaft's broke," explained Third Engineer Findlay briefly, as he closed the throttle on racing engine.

Examination showed that his diagnosis was correct. For no ascertainable cause the tail shaft, a twelve-inch length of steel, had snapped just outboard of the sleeve, releasing the eightton propeller, which went spinning to the bottom. The ship lost her headway. and, having no sail power to give her steerage way, sat provokingly a-rocking in the sea, biding the outcome of the misadventure. The usual procedure in such cases is to haul fires and hoist your flag upside down, by way of a distress signal, by day, and to burn blue lights at night. But these men of the Border Knight did nothing of the sort. The engineer went manholing on his back to the end of the tail shaft, and then came back with an idea which the captain gave him permission to put into

The first step was to uncouple the in-



REPLACING THE SCREW AT SKA.

termediate shaft, and to do this expedi tiously a battering ram was improvised from the anchor stocks. The coupling bolts forced out, the intermediate shaft was lowered clear of the fractured tail shaft, and that piece of metal was knocked from the opening in the stern. A wooden plug the exact size of the shaft was forced into the hole, and then a spare tail shaft was lifted into position and coupled onto the intermediate. All this work occupied three full days. With both shafts in place again the work of fitting on a spare propeller, which the vessel carried, was commenced. To lift the stern out of the water all of the water ballast was pumped into the forward hold. This lifted the stern until the opening was within four feet of the surface.

Meanwhile the six-ton propeller had been lowered over the port quarter, suspended from a cargo boom and guyed with heavy tackle. Chief Engineer Gerrie and Chief Officer Mathie then took positions on the rudder pintles and, standing waist deep in water, guid ed the big piece of metal to its place on the tail shaft. The massive nut which was to hold it in place was then screwed tightly on by a giant spanner, worked by tackles from the quarters.

The work of the two men in the water was made somewhat entertaining by the active presence of several sharks that played around the stern of the ship. Mr. Mathie was once washed overboard and nearly drowned before being rescued. But that was only an incident, as Messrs. Gerrie and Mathie explained, neither making much of it.

AN OLD VIRGINIA CHURCH.

in It Pocahontas Is Said to Have Been Baptize l. One of the most interesting religious

buildings in the United States is the Bruton Parish Church, at Williamsburg. Va., the first pastor of which was Rev. Rowland Jones, an ancestor of Martha Washington. Erected in 1640. it is now in a good state of preservation. and the antique bell still rings out its message, calling all who hear it to attend divine services beneath its timehonored roof. Bruton Old Church is well worth a visit.

The church has the triple-story tower



BRUTON PARISH CHUICH, ERECTED 1640. of which our English colonies were so fond. It can still boast of mahogany pews. The aisles were paved with flagstones. On the walls are some quaint mural tablets reciting the virtues and plety of worthles of the old dominion. Williamsburg was the ancient capital of Virginia, and in the quiet churchyard of Bruten Old Church the tombs of the Parke Custis family and those bearing well-known Virginia names of Page, Burwell, Lyttleton, Savange and Nelson are found.

Burton Parish Church houses three antique communion services, one presented by "good Queen Anne," who did her duty as defender of the faith by the Church of England with ecclesiasti- | maturity.

cal silver. A second communion service was bestowed upon the parish by George III., but the most interesting of the three is the venerable set known as the old Jamestown service, fraught with reminiscences of the wonderful

building of the colony. This set, made in 1686, is of silver gilt. It consists of a paten and an exquisite specimen of goldsmith's work, a double-headed cup ornamented with leaves. Another service of three pieces bears the royal arms and the motto. "Honi soit qui mal y pense," with date

The church organ is very old. It is thought to be the first brought to this country.

Visitors are shown a gray marble font in which local tradition declares that Pocahontas was baptized. An ancient clock without a face and with stiffly immovable hands is yet to be traced upon the steeple. The bell of Bruton Old Church was presented by an English nobleman.

Daniel Parke Custis was the first busband of the lady best known to American history as Martha Washington, and his ancestor, Daniel Parke, was an early vestryman of Bruton Parish Church.

Outside of the edifice, but within consecrated ground, sleep noted men of colonial Virginia, keeping guard over the church. Two executives of the old dominion, Gov. Nott and Gov. Farquahar, two councillors, three Secretaries of State and a noted lawyer of early days, one Edward Barradale, lie buried

LAZIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

Caucasus Tribe Which Lives in Indescribable and Ant quated Filth.

The faziest and dirtiest people in the world have recently been discovered in the Caucasus. They live in an inaccessible mountain range between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea, and as they were 2,500 years ago, so they are to-day. Seen from without there is a certain picturesqueness about a Svanctian village, although it merely consists of miserable stone hovels without any attempt at form or adornment. Within the houses are inconceivably filthy. They are filled with rags, vermin and dirt of every description. They possess no fireplace or chimney. All the cooking, in fact, is done over a hole scooped out in the middle of the floor. In these bouses men and women and children are huddled together; during the long winter months they are shut in for days at a time, the cattle often sharing their quarters. Every aperture has to be closed on account of the cold. This long imprisonment is, perhaps, the cause of the degradation of the people. Horrible diseases result from it, which are aggravated by abnormal consumption of arrack, the strong distilled drink of the Aslatics.

Besides this, it is an invariable rule to make four days a week holidays, with saints' days as extras. Since they have adopted the holidays of every other country with which they have been in contact, it is not surprising that the men find little time for work. Farming, bee culture and cattle breeding are the only industries of these people, while throughout their territory there is not a single manufactured article.-New York Ledger.

A Remarkable Colony.

There is a colony of Jews in Toledo, Spain, who were allowed to remain in that country when the remainder of their race were expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella, because they showed satisfactory evidence that they were descended from a priest of the court of Caiaphas, who alone of the sanhedrim of priests and elders protested against the crucifixion of the Savior. It is said that the evidence upon which they were exempted from the edict of expulsion was accepted by the hierarchy at Rome as genuine and truthful. It is supposed to be now on file among the archives of the vatican. This little colony of Jews has grown and prospered, until now it is one of the wealthiest and most influential communities on the Spanish peninsular. Several of the members in times past have achieved high rank and reputation under the Spanish government.

A New Light from Science.

An illustration of the new lights. which science throws upon old questions is the modern explanation of an experiment made nearly three centuries ago by the French physician, Van Helmont. In a pot of earth weighing 200 pounds he planted a willow branch weighing five pounds. He kept the plant well watered, and in five years the willow had gained 164 pounds in weight, while the earth in the pot had lost only two ounces. Van Helmont inferred that the plant's gain was due only to the water which had been supplied. Modern botanical science proves that the gain was in a great measure due to the carbon absorbed from the air.-New York Herald.

Prevents Sunstroke.

In Florida sunstroke is entirely unknown, although the temperature often reaches 110 degrees Fahrenheit. This is attributed to the extreme moisture of the atmosphere.

Sacred Temple in China.

Many Chinese temples have windows made from the white mother-o'-pearl found in oyster shells. The material is perfectly transparent, and looks like opal glass.

A woman's recollections of her girlhood days seem to be devoted entirely to accounts of her sisters borrowing her clothes.

If people were to get paid for all the foolish things they say and do poverty would soon be a thing of the past.

A baby is a rose without thorns. The equipping infant colonial branches of thorns gradually appear as it reac