WHEN AT THE LAST.

When at the last I lay me down to sleep,

And of the morrow's dawning reckon not. When night no more, no more may vigil

keep, And love's brief noon is but a dream

forgot-Back to the Past, its sad and variant

WHYS. Be Thou the warder of my yesterdays.

Amid the paths long lost, or sought too lute.

Where waywardness hath wandered, love been blind,

If there be one that lieth clear and straight-

Unseen, perchance forgot-thou mayest find. Even in that perverse, perplexing maze,

The white thread shining 'mid my yesterdays.

So oft have love's torch wavered, love's feet failed. Were the vain reckoning mine 'twere

but to weep. Blind Thou the sight by memory as

sailed. When at the last I lay me down to sleep,

And through Time's deep and labyrin thian ways

Crown Thou some moment in my yes terdays! -Harper's Bazar.

MOM NELSON and his cousin. Harry Morton, were deeply interested in the rearing of pigeons. Their fathers owned adjoining farms, and the houses were about a quarter of a mile apart. Many were the journeys that the boys made to and fro in order to compare notes and to exchange ideas in regard to the care and training of their pets.

Indeed, so urgent and pressing at times was the need of speedy communication that they so trained several birds of the carrier species that a message could be dispatched and a reply received in an astonishingly short space of time. Each boy carried home every night a pigeon from the other's dovecote, which



knew that he had not the strength to contend with him if violence was offered, and he felt sure there would be trouble when the tramp had refreshed TRAILS LEFT BY BRYAN AND velt's special train had pulled into Dehimself. There were no near neighbors, and he could not leave his mother alone

while he went for help. While all this was passing through his mind his glance fell upon the note he had written, and he started as a thought entered his mind. Selzing the pen, he opened the note and hurriedly added:

"A rascally looking tramp has just come in. Mother is feeding him, but to when he gets through eating. Ask as they can. Father is away.

Fastening the note securely to the prompted a candidate to saddle his pigeon, he went to the door, and opening it let the bird go. As he did so the man sprung from the table where he had been swallowing his food in great people. To-day the horse has become flung him across the room, saying, roughly:

easy. Goin' to call the neighbors, was ye? You jest git me that there money,

and be quick about it." Mrs. Nelson, pale and trembling, sprung between them, trying to explain that they were ignorant as to the location of any money.

"Come; none of that!" fiercely interrupted the man. "Shut yer jaw or tell me where it is. It'll be the worse for ye if ye don't. That school money yer man's takin' care of. You know what mean."

Then he drew a revolver, threatening to shoot them both if they persisted in their denial.

Mrs. Nelson shook her head; she could not speak; but Tom, white to the lips, muttered hoarsely:

"You'll have to shoot, then, for I don't know where it is, and I'm glad I don't, for I might be coward enough to tell if I did," and then shut his eyes, expecting the worst.

The tramp eyed them incredulously for a moment, and, making up his mind that they were speaking the truth, after a pause of indecision, opened a door near where he stood. Discovering that it was a dark closet, without window or means of escape, he drove them into it at the pistol's point, and as there was a key in the door locked them in.

Then he began the search. It was a long one, for the money was well hidden, apparently. Cursing and swearing. he emptied the secretary and bookcase into the sitting-room; the bureaus and wardrobes in the bed-rooms, scattering the contents over the floor; the sideboard in the dining-room, and the clock on the mantel. He ripped up the mattresses and pillows, turning the house into disorder, but no money could he find.

Mad with rage and disappointment, still he persisted, in spite of the danger of discovery if he lingered. He was in the act of splitting open a tin savings bank, a relic of Tom's babyhood, which was heavy with a weight of 1-cent pieces which Mrs. Nelson found convenient to have on hand, when a calm voice of authority was heard at the door, saying:

"Give it up, my man; it's no use. And ne along with me

instinctively feared the man. for no GREAT RECORDS MADE ern states. These were only prelim- two things which most do this are ex- of boys' front names are disappearing inary movements. His campaign proper

ROOSEVELT.

Hundreds of Speeches Have Been Made During Journeyings of Thousands of Miles-Remarkable Physical Endurance Shown by These Two Candidates

In the trails which William Jennings Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt have Counties touched In the trails which William Jennings left upon the map of the United States Towns passed there is no telling what he will be up are evidences of the intricate civilization which each would represent. These uncle and ?"ike to come over as quick itineraries are only the evolution of the methods which in early days horse, throw a pair of saddlebags in Newspaper men boring county to feel the pulse of the

began at Papillion, Neb., on Sept. 24, an audience which every political generation, together with the diminufull three weeks after Governor Roosetroit, Mich., for the opening speech of his campaign.

As an example of just how many du-They show:

Miles traveled Towns spoken to Receptions Bouquets received.....

front of him, and to ride into a neigh- Words by telegraph 234,000 the body caused by swayings and jolt-

speaker has to face."

"Physically, too, the work of a great

speaker. There is a loss of sleep alties devolved upon these candidates, ways. Towns through which a train other that comes natural to ingenious some of the figures from Mr. Bryan's may pass in dead of night often turn youth, substituting for the more rollicktour of Indiana have been gathered, out crowds who at least awaken the ing Tom, Dick and Harry, sanctioned

> 700 28 go to bed late.

27

Governor Roosevelt's train followed this, and to the extent that they are gulps, caught Tom by the shoulder and a 120-ton locomotive; the saddle-bags almost the same route as this in Indl- kept awake the whole system is afare baggage, library and buffet cars; ana, touching twenty-four places for fected. As the nerves are affected, the cross-roads inn is a palace sleeping set speeches. About the same general too, the tendency toward impairment the schools. To no other source could "Set down, sonny, and make yourself car that is home to the candidate in al experience was his. Indiana being of the voice is increased. In many weathers, times, and places; the scores considered a most important state, the ways they tend to this, chiefly by dis-

Gets Little Rest.

the boys have largely discarded the free and easy way of addressing one ancandidate. Then the exigencies of an by immortal usage, a stiffer form of aditinerary force him to get up early and dress which does not match well with the freshness of boyhood. The same appears to be the case with the female

citement and the sense of opposition in from among the youths of the present

the night through on a railroad train he juveniles. Even among little girls playis not rested as he would have been had ing 'ring-around-rosy,' the Bessies, he slept in a stationary bed. There is Maggies and Katles are disappearing. giving place to the stilted substitution reason to believe that in the soundest sleep possible in a fast-moving train of Elizabeth, Margaret, Catherine and the like. This change has not had its the muscles are making unconscious efforts to neutralize the movements of origin in the volition of either the boys

or the girls. They have evidently been must be responsible for this priggishness, and from its general extent it is likely due to misdirected instruction in be attributed expressions now heard among boys at play, such as 'Samuel, do not throw the ball so hard; William cannot catch it.' No boy, who is not a prig, either by nature or education, but

would say on a subject of that kind: 'Sam, don't throw the ball so hard; Bill can't catch it.' This is as idiomatically as correct as the other form and colloquially preferable, while devoid of the stiffness unsuited to youthful expression."-Philadelphia Record.

tive Jimmy, Sammy, Billy, etc., which

time out of mind prevailed among mas-

culine youngsters? For some reason

How to Choose Good Meat.

Let us imagine ourselves before a butcher's block having on it four pieces of beef presenting faces from the round or sirloin. One is dull red, the lean being close-grained and the fat very white; the next is dark-red, the lean loose-grained and sinewy and the fat white and shining; the third is dull red, the lean loose-grained and sinewy and the fat yellow; the fourth is bright cherry-red, the lean smooth and medium-grained, with flecks of white through it, and the fat creamy-neither white nor yellow. The first of these is cow beef: the second, bull beef; the third, beef from an old or ill-conditioned animal; and the last is ox beef. Ox beef-that from a steer-is the juciest, finest flavored, sweetest and most economical to buy of all beef. It is called "prime" when the lean is very much mottled with the white fat-flecks. and when it is from a heavy, young animal (about 4 years old), stall-fed on corn. Beef from a young cow that has been well fed and fattened is rext in merit to ox beef. Beef from an unmatured animal is never satisfactory. being tough and juiceless. It may be easily recognized, as its color is pale and its bones small .- Woman's Home Companion.

The Practical Side of It.

"There is so little money in literature," said the wife, "that I think you would be wise to choose some other profession. Why, the man who rans the ice wagon makes more than you do: er are physical causes for breakdown. the butcher goes out driving every Sun-Most often such speakers have been day; the baker wears a beaver and a regular in all their habits of life. They linen collar, and the real estate man but that the old-fashioned orator of the a man, the voice is the one thing that circuit-riding days of Lincoln and a man, the voice is the one thing that bolted food and irregular hours for eat- say nothing of the coal man, who goes cannot adjust themselves at once to has three diamonds in a white shirt, to Food is not digested as it should to sleep in church on a velvet pillow

SPEECHMAKING AND TRAVELING RECORDS OF BRYAN AND ROOSEVELT



of miles of muddy or dusty roads have work was in excess of the general concerting the speaker and causing him carrier pigeon.

That "there were giants in those days" has become accepted of the past, but that the old-fashioned orator of the Douglas could have stood the strain of gives uneasiness to the speaker and his

become the thousands of miles of steel- Western average, but even with that to waste lung power. bound road-bed over which these palace allowance the figures are significant of "Irregular meals and exposure to trains thunder with the swiftness of a the demands made upon the physical night air and to changes in the weath-

and mental sides of these men.

Vocal Exertion. In considering the campaign work of

ous system and the voice.

ing. With voice gone, his work

50Speakers on train

campaign on the railroads tells upon a

"But even if a man sleeps soundly

28 27 32

THE TRAMP WAS SPLITING OPEN A TIN SAVINGS RANK.

he kept in a cage ready to send with a note when occasion required.

One rainy day Tom Nelson, having nothing to do and finding the time hanging heavily on his hands, thought it a favorable opportunity for him to pay his cousin a visit, and had caught up his hat with that intention, when his father, passing through the kitchen where he was, said:

"Tom, I am going to the village, to be gone several hours, and I don't want you to leave the house. I have noticed several tramps around here lately and they might be troublesome to your mother if they found her alone."

"All right, sir," said Tom, who felt somewhat disappointed, but he had long ago learned to not grumble about trifles.

"I feel uneasy about that money, George," said Mrs. Nelson, who had entered the room and was looking anxlously at her husband.

"What money?" asked Tom.

"Why," said his father, "the school board at their last meeting made me treasurer and handed me all the funds. amounting to a little over \$500."

"Where is it?" asked Tom again. "Safely hidden away where no one will be likely to find it," answered his

father, laughing. "If you and your mother don't know where it is you will not be able to tell any one, that's certain," and he went off.

"I never feel safe with so large an amount in the house," said Mrs. Nelson, and she went about her work with a preoccupied air.

Tom busied himself writing a note to his cousin, and when it was ready he went to the woodshed and brought in the cage containing the messenger. He was just going to tle the note to the bird's wing when the kitchen door opened and a man walked in without knocking, a man of the real, genuine unadulterated tramp species - dirty ragged, unkempt and brutal-looking "Villain" was written in unmistakable characters on his ugly countenance.

He asked abruptly for, or rather demanded, something to eat, and Mrs. Nelson, with a troubled glance at him. set about preparing a meal, pretending to take no notice of the furtive glances which her unwelcome guest was casting around him.

Tom, who was a slightly built lad of 15, did not seem a formidable obstacle to this burly rogue, for after one careless glance in the boy's direction he took the chair offered by Mrs. Nelson and sat down to his dinner.

Tom, remembering his father's parting words, was in a sore dilemma. He than unlimited ignorance,

It was the village constable who spoke, at the same time holding up a pair of handcuffs in a significant man-

The tramp made a dash at the opposite door, where he found Mike, Mr. Morton's hired man-a brawny Irishman-who said, soothingly:

"Whist, whist; not so fast, honey." He glanced wildly at the windows and saw stationed outside Mr. Nelson at one window and Mr. Morton at the other. Mr. Nelson had returned earlier than he expected, and had fallen in with the relief party which the constable, on the trail of the tramp on his own account, had also joined.

The may, at bay, felt for his revolver. way, "when you left it lying on the din- profession. ing-room table.

Seeing that the game was up, the man, with an imprecation, allowed himself to be handcuffed and followed the onstable in sulky silence.

Harry, who had followed the others, soon discovered the prisoners by the very vigorous blows and sounds in the kitchen closet and released them. One and all then and there agreed that the pigeon is one of the most useful and lovable of birds. Mr. Nelson, who had been inclined to consider his son's interest in those gentle creatures a foolish waste of time, was the most enthusiastic of all.

"For," said he, lifting down a wad of bills from the top of a door-casing where it had been snugly reposing, "the rascal might have got away with this after all if there had been time. How he found out that the money was in my possession is what beats me."

It was a mystery which was never solved .- Chicago Record.

It Looks Like Celluloid.

A substitute for celluloid is now being produced from untanned leather holled in oll, which is said to resemble celluloid in every particular. It is known as marlold and shows a texture similar to horn, while it can be made flexible and elastic or hard and unyielding. It will take a high polish readily and may be stamped or pressed into any desired shape.

An Hour's Speaking.

A fluent speaker utters between 7,000 and 7,500 words in the course of an hour's uninterrupted speaking. Many orators of more than usual rapid utterance will reach 8,000 and even 9,000, but 125 words a minute, or 7,500 an hour, is a fair average,

A little learning is more explosive

the modern inter-state canvass is im- friends. possible in the opinion of physicians. is at an end, and it is known that the Roosevelt, traveling 15,000 miles, mak- voice is more likely to give away than ing more than 300 speeches of nearly any other physical necessity in a cam-600,000 words, sleeping at sixty miles paign. If hand-shaking be thrust upon an hour and waking at all times and a candidate until the bone and tissue places made a record that would have of the hand are a pulp, the public will astounded a politician of fifty years still come and will respect the fact that ago. Bryan, not traveling so far, but the man's right forearm is in sling. But taxing himself even greater in speechmaking and in the other activities of ness of the candidate takes wing. campaign of which he has been the head, possibly did even more. In voice, Roosevelt suffered; perhaps in nervous strain he felt the work. Bryan, more great campaign on similar lines in "You made a slight mistake, my 1896, has been a phenomenon in endurfriend," said the constable, in a jeering ance, even in the eyes of the medical

Bryan's Active Work.

conference with the national commit- tricate of themselves, and the nerves

tee. His letter of acceptance had been which control these organs multiply weighing upon him, but in response to their complexities. In a failing voice, calls he went South and East as far then, one must always look to the conas Cumberland, Md., back through dition of the nervous system. In the West Virginia, Ohio, and Indiana, to cases of Bryan and Roosevelt, the Chicago. Then to Milwaukee, back to things most calculated to derange their Chicago, and from that city westward nerves are those which react upon these

be and the body lacks its usual nourishment.

"Above all this, as in the case of Mr. am I to do with that?" Bryan especially, the weight of being him. Telegrams, letters, and all the flour and a sugar-cured ham!"-Atlanta machinery of modern correspondence Constitution. if he cannot talk, most of the attractivehave bound him to his party's manage-

ment and have obtruded upon him Nerve tax and the consequent loss of when he should have been resting.

tone in the system are regarded as hav-"Nothing in athletics, in prize-fighting a direct and vital influence on the ing, running, riding, wheeling, or physvoice. Dr. Oscar A. King, neurologist trained in the art of public speaking, and professor in the medical school in physical aspect can compare with the knowing better how to save and spare the University of Illinois, has found a campaign work of William Jennings himself, and having the experiences of most subtle relation between the nerv- Bryan. His performance, in the light of mere physical effort and endurance,

"As a basic proposition," he said, has been wonderful. In the matter of "you may trace every impediment in training and experience, of course, he speech to nervous influences. Starting has had the advantage of Governor with this, the effect of a depleted nerv-Roosevelt, but he has been taxed as Bryan's first active work began on ous system on the voice is plain. The Roosevelt has not been. His cam-Aug. 31, when he visited Chicago for a mechanisms of the vocal organs are in- paign stands out as a marvel of physical endurance."



Familiar Abbreviated Nicknames Have Been Disappearing for Years.

"Have you observed," asks a correspondent, "how the Jims, Sams, Bills, through a group of the central-West- nervous systems. Unquestionably the Toms and other old-time abbreviations

every Sunday the Lord sends!" "But-Molly, think of Genius; what

"The Lord only knows, John! But the head of a party's machinery has how nice it would be if you could only been distressing. He has had more split it into kindling wood at so much than the details of his own tour upon a cord, or swap it off for a barrel of

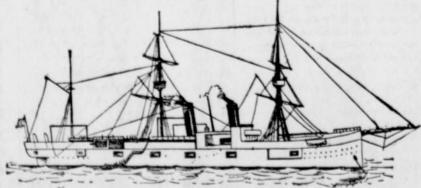
Oysters Have ManyFoes.

The oyster appears to be the most perfectly protected creature in the sea. yet it falls a victim to the soft and apical record breakings of any kind in its parently helpless startish. The method of attack is curious but effective. The starfish clasps the oyster in its five arms and quietly waits. Presently the oyster opens its shell in order to get food. This is the chance that the starfish has been waiting for, and it prompt injects into the shell a little reddish fluid.

This acts as a poison, paralyzing the muscles of the oyster and thus making if impossible for the creature to close its shell. The starfish does not take the trouble even to remove the oyster from its shell, but eats it in its own home and eventually crawls away, leaving behind the gaping, empty shell,

"At last, the wolf is at the door!" "Well, coax him in and we'll eat him." -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHERE THE GUNBOAT NASHVILLE WENT WHEN SHE LEFT ST. LOUIS IN 1899.



R. R.

When the United States gunboat Nashville visited St. Louis in the spring of 1899, the demonstration attending her reception marked an epoch in the city's history. The Nashville was the first ocean-going war vessel that had ever steamed up the Father of Waters to the metropolis of the Mississippi valley. Hence the interest attending her arrival. All the railroads entering the city ran excursion trains, and people came from the surrounding States, anxious to gaze upon the pioneer from Old Ocean's depths. Leaving the city amid the acclamations of the multitude and to the music of

the bands, the gunboat proceeded down the river, across the gulf, rounded the peninsula, stopped at Hampton Roads, crossed the Atlantic, passed through the Mediterranean sea and the Suez canal, on to the harbor of Tokio, Japan, and has since been in Chinese waters. St. Louis people declare that the vessel might just as well have carried merchandise as implements of war, and they intimate that the destiny of St. Louis is to become a deep water port.

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THE VESSEL MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE CARRIED MERCHANDISE AS IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.