

THAT BOY OF MINE.

He's rosy as the summer sky
At dawning of the day;
His little "goo-goo's" signify
The things that he would say.
He's innocent of all desire
In babyland to shine,
And yet the neighbors all admire
That little boy of mine.

Like many other baby boys
He dearly loves a row,
And oft I wish he'd stop his noise,
And smooth his troubled brow.
But when his little eyes are dry—
Where tiny sparkles shine—
The wealth of Klondike would not buy
That little boy of mine.

His faults are few—if faults they be—
I tell them in a joke
To visitors, but generally
Feel sorry that I spoke.
For ere they have a chance to laugh
His grandma cries, "Why, Joe,
You used to make more noise by half
Some thirty years ago."

Then as we lay him down to rest,
In childhood's snowy bands,
And fold upon his little breast
His chubby little hands;
In pure and perfect innocence
He looks almost divine—
The sweetest gift of Providence
Is that wee boy of mine.
—Chicago Record.

Frank's Football Fatality

"It might be worse, Frank, dear!"
consoled the rosy little aunt.
"It might!" admitted Frank,
gloomily.

"It's a pleasant street to look out on,
if it is quiet," she added.
It was a pleasant street they were
looking out on then from the window
of the little old-fashioned house with
its fluttering dainty curtains and bright
brass doorbell. It is tucked away on
the West Side. It is not more than two
blocks in length. The houses are detached
and have quite an air of exclusiveness.
Two long green grass plats run down
the center of the street, and between them
a jolly little fountain goes forever—

Leaping toward the sun-heart to be
warmer.
Then receding in a tremble from the too
much light above.
But despite the pleasant aspect of the
place and his aunt's adoring ministrations,
Frank Harland found the days
dragged. To have been hurt in football—
in a practice game at that! To be obliged
to leave the team and cuddle down
and keep still like a naughty child who
is doing penance in the corner! Worst of
all, to be even temporarily debarred from
the youthful companionship in which he
so delighted—it was deuced hard—it was
deuced hard—it was deuced hard!

"Now that you're sitting up you'll be
out in no time," his aunt assured him
cheerily. "Now, it's time for your
nourishment. Eh, my dear?"

"Who is she?" cried the young fellow.
He had caught her arm suddenly. "Yes—
there! Coming out of the opposite
house. She passes here every day. See—
out of that house with all the beautiful
flowers in the windows!"

"She? O, her name is Isola Ray!"
"Isola Ray!" he repeated. His dark
poetic young face lit up. "What a delicious
name!"

"She has been away at boarding-school.
She graduated this summer. She is giving
music lessons. They say she is bright. She's
a relative of the old people over there. Why—
she is coming in here!"

A trim little figure in a fall suit of
moss-green with a bewitching little
toque of cerise silk on her fair hair had
come in at the gate—was ascending the
steps.

Miss Denslow fluttered to the hall
door.
"Come in!" she cried hospitably.
"Thank you, no. I just brought a few
flowers for the poor young gentleman. Will
you give them to him with my sympathy?"

She smiled—disappeared. And Frank
Harland found himself holding a mass
of scarlet geraniums and delicate ferns.
The next morning it was a little bunch
of late violets—the day after a bouquet
of fragrant heliotrope. But despite her
dainty floral gifts the young music
teacher never came in.

"Ask her," Frank would entreat.
"Tell her I wish to thank her."
"I have, my dear," his aunt would cry
in despair. "Here, you're getting feverish
again. You'll have a relapse. I can't
think what's coming over you."

The days did not drag now—at least
not until after Isola had passed. Then
there was the afternoon to watch for
when she came home. A delightful
animation thrilled the convalescent athlete.
Once she had met his eyes—and
blushed. The next time she smiled.
Finally—ecstatic day! she bowed.

But there came a day—one glorious,
copper-colored October day—when
Frank's aunt got a shock which left her
breathless—and Isola Ray got another.

IT WAS ISOLA RAY HERSELF.

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PROMINENT MEN WHO HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

It is the very essence of a presidential election that some candidate must get left. Some one must be disappointed. And in the history of the republic many great men have sought and lost this coveted prize. Three great names stand out prominently in the list—Clay, Webster and Blaine—each the idol of his party, each the victim of political scheming.

Aaron Burr, just a hundred years ago, missed the presidency by the narrowest margin. He was an adept in political intrigue, with a magnetic personality and a brilliant mind that won him equal favor in the eyes of the voters with Jefferson. Each received seventy-three votes and this threw the election into the House of Representatives. Thirty-five ballots were taken without result.

The Federalists were anxious to defeat Jefferson and they gave their support to Burr until the thirty-sixth ballot. Then, Burr refused to give pledges required of him, their support was withdrawn and Jefferson was chosen. In accordance with the law of those days Burr became Vice-President. But he was a disappointed man. Following his defeat for the presidency came the fatal duel with Hamilton, the Bienenbasset scandal, his treasonous attempt to divide the country, his temporary exile and social obscurity.

De Witt Clinton was Mayor of New York City for several terms, as well as United States Senator and Governor of

New York State. He was popular with the people, but his strong character made him many political enemies. When President Madison was renominated for a second term Clinton took the field against him and made a hard fight, but lost for lack of the vote of one State, of which he had felt sure. His fame is secure, however, as the "Father of the Erie Canal."

Henry Clay, like Blaine, made repeated attempts to secure the presidency, only to fail each time. It is a coincidence that each would have succeeded were it not for the blunders of too zealous supporters. "Harry of the West" tried for the prize in 1824, when John Quincy Adams was elected, also in 1832, when he

was overwhelmingly defeated by Andrew Jackson. In 1840 the adoption of the unit rule prevented Clay's nomination. Instead of William Henry Harrison. In 1844 the Whigs nominated him by acclamation and Clay's election seemed certain. But his Southern adherents blundered by inducing him to favor the annexation of Texas, and that lost him the votes of thousands of anti-slavery men.

The Whigs won in 1848 and Clay would have been their choice if Gen. Taylor's newly made military reputation had not given the nomination to that hero.

Daniel Webster is another great personality among the unsuccessful aspirants for the presidency. Had he consented in 1848 to accept the nomination

as Vice-President on the ticket with Zachary Taylor he would, upon the latter's death in 1850, have become President. In 1852 Webster's friends made a determined effort to secure him the nomination, but party jealousy made their efforts useless. This great man felt keenly the disappointment of his hopes, and his death occurred on Oct. 24 that same year.

Lewis Cass, who was very prominent in national politics sixty years ago, had two narrow escapes from presidential lightning. In 1844 an unexpected adjournment of the Democratic convention just as Cass was about to be nominated gave time for a successful combination against him in favor of James K. Polk.

who have sought the presidency, but sought in vain. For a score of years his name was always uppermost in the public mind whenever the Republican party met in convention. In 1876 the nomination was almost within his grasp. In 1880 he received a first ballot vote of 284, but he and General Grant, his strongest rival, had both to step aside for the compromise candidate, Garfield. In 1884 he was certain of victory, but failed through the loss of New York State by the narrow margin of 1,047 votes.

Among other well-known men who tried to be President and failed were Gen. McClellan, Gen. Hancock, Benjamin F. Butler, William J. Bryan and Admiral Dewey.

parture every day. The latest venture of the enterprising authorities of the Flower Land is in the direction of architecture, a matter in which up to the present Japan has been particularly conservative.

It will be remembered that the Crown Prince Yoshihito was married a short time ago and amid universal rejoicing. It has been found that there is no place sufficiently magnificent to accommodate the royal couple, and it has, therefore, been decided to build near Tokio a dwelling which shall rival in splendor anything existing in the East and possibly even surpass the royal palaces of Europe and the magnificent structures of America.

To achieve this object it was necessary that Japan's architects should see some of the buildings of the West, and accordingly Prof. Toru Iwamura and Mr. Sano, the former a member of the Tokio Academy of Fine Arts, and the latter an architect in the employ of the Japanese Government, have started on a tour with this purpose in view. After visiting various cities in the United States and Canada they will extend their tour to Europe.—London Daily Mail.

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BAVARIA'S HALL OF FAME.

Idea Crystallized in America Is Not an Original One.

America is not entitled to claim originality in her purpose to erect a hall of fame at the University of New York. Bavaria originated the idea long ago and a hall of fame exists in Munich today. It is known as "Die Ruhmeshalle," and overlooks the newer part of the city and the Theresienwiese. The hall was begun in 1843 under the supervision of the architect Klenz and was completed ten years later. It is in



MUNICH'S HALL OF FAME.

the form of a colonnade, seventy meters long and thirty-two meters wide, and has two projecting wings which partly inclose the statue of Bavaria. This is a gigantic iron figure, 110 feet high, weighing 64,177 kilograms, designed by Schwanthaler.

Along the front colonnade of the Ruhmeshalle there are eighty busts of famous Bavarians. These are exposed to the air, but the Doric columns are so arranged that they protect the busts in a measure.

TRIFLES NOT LIGHT AS AIR.

Slight Causes that Have Resulted in Momentous Events.

Only a short time ago the ancient Swan Hotel at Ipswich, England, was destroyed by a fire, which originated through rats gnawing matches.

The sudden appearance of a hilarious mouse among the occupants of the gallery of the Victoria Theater, Westminster, on boxing night, 1888, started a panic, which resulted in the death of fifteen people.

A mongrel cur strayed on the St. Leger course some years ago, just as the field swept by. Seven horses came down in a heap, and of the jockeys who were riding them five were hurt—three seriously.

To win a bet of 2 pence a little pit lad, employed at the Ferndale colliery,

the dust flew up and settled on the threads of the screws of the fuses. When, next morning, an unfortunate gunner started to fix one to a live shell, the missile went off, killing the operator, the inventor and five other persons.

Burrowing rabbits so weakened the foundations of a tall chimney at Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, that it fell, crushing to death fifteen people.

The gambols of a big retriever—some say the playful antics of two children—sufficed to wreck the west coast Scotch express last year. A luggage trolley was started, ran down the sloping platform and toppled over onto the line in front of the train.

The Esperanza was cast away on the coast of Chili through a toddler of 5 meddling with the compasses. She had on board ninety-seven souls, and all but eleven perished. Among the saved was the innocent cause of the terrible catastrophe.

A fire which was directly responsible for the loss of more lives than any other single conflagration, originated through the vagaries of a tarantula. The scene was Santiago and a grand religious festival was taking place in the principal cathedral. The building was a sea of drapery, flooded with every variety of illumination.

Twenty thousand silver lamps were in full blaze and the acolytes were busy

lighting the 2,000 tapers on the grand altar when the errant spider skipped into the central aisle and alarmed a lady, who screamed. The acolytes, or some of them, looked around to ascertain the cause of the commotion and one of the naked lights they carried came in contact with the drapery of a colossal figure of the virgin. A few minutes later the vast cathedral was a raging furnace, in which were being consumed more than 2,000 bodies.—Stray Stories.

Passion Play Realistic.

Lillian Bell Describes the Acting of the Peasants of Oberammergau.

In the Woman's Home Companion Lillian Bell writes of her experiences at Oberammergau and of the impressions made upon her by the great Christ drama. She concludes with these vivid words:

"As to the play itself, I wish I need say nothing about it. My mind, my heart, my soul, have all been wrenched and twisted with such emotion as is not pleasant to feel nor expedient to speak about. It was too real, too heart-rending, too awful. I hate, I abhor myself for feeling things so acutely. I wish I were a skeptic, a scoffer, an atheist. I wish I could put my mind on the mechanism of the play. I wish I could believe that it all took place two thousand years ago. I wish I didn't know that this suffering on the stage was all actual. I wish I thought these people were really Tyrolean peasants, wood-carvers and potters, and that all this agony was only a play. I hate the women who are weeping around me. I hate the men who are letting the tears run down their cheeks and whose shoulders are heaving with their sobs. It is so awful to see a man cry!"

"But no, it is all true. It is taking place now. I am one of the women at the foot of the cross. The anguish, the cries, the sobs, are all real. They pierce my heart. The cross, with its piteous burden, is outlined against the real sky. The green hill beyond is Calvary. Doves flutter in and out, and butterflies dart across the shafts of sunlight. The expression on Christ's face is one of anguish, forgiveness and pity unspeakable. Then his head drops forward on his breast, it grows dark, the weeping becomes lamentation, and as they approach to thrust the spear into his side, from which, I have been told, the blood and water really may be seen to pour forth, I turn faint and sick and close my eyes. It has gone too far. I am no longer myself, but a disorganized heap of racked nerves and hysterical weeping, and not even the descent from the cross, the rising from the dead nor the triumphant ascension can console me nor restore my balance. The Passion Play but once in a lifetime."

Japan in Search of Ideas.

Japan's efforts towards Western civilization and methods take a new de-

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