



TO THE DYING CENTURY

Dying Century! a health
to thee! ☒ ☒ ☒
Take it to Eternity;
Tell the gods to whom
you go—☒ ☒
Where the winds of
Heaven blow—
That you brought
me here, anon,
Heritage of tasks
undone; ☒ ☒
Robbed me of my
strength at noon;
Granted but—a
single boom—
yet that was Love.

Marion Thornton
Egbert

MISAPPROPRIATING A SMILE.

I was seated in the corner of a car.
When I got a most execrating jar—
Not the ordinary kind
To which gripmen are inclined,
But a jolt that shocked me more than
that by far.

From adown the aisle a fascinating girl
Set my senses in an amatory whirl,
When she turned a pretty smile
Toward my corner, and the while
Showed the tips of teeth that glistened
as the pearl.

I responded with a twinkle of my eye
('Tis a little trick I studied, by the by,
And although I passed my street,
Still I kept my corner seat,
For the hope within my heart was run-
ning high.

Then it was I got the dolorific jar;
Just behind me, on the platform of the
car,
Stood the man at whom, 'twas plain,
She was smiling through the pane,
And—I'd ridden half a mile or more too
far.

—Life

A Walk with Ishbel.

DON'T mind talking to you, you
know," said Ishbel—she insists on
being spelled that way—"because
you are not a stupid boy and you have
a nice detached point of view, but you
must promise when I tell you things
not to imagine I mean myself."

"How could I imagine you a thing?"
I asked reproachfully.

"You know what I mean," said Ish-
bel with severity. "When I was quite
young," she pursued—she is 22—"I used
to fancy that authors put themselves
into their stories. Now I know they
never do."

"Well, I am not quite young," I said
crossly. "Go on."

"But you didn't promise."

"I promised."

Ishbel adjusted her hatpin. "Once
there was a girl," she began, "who at
the age of 17 was sent to England to
visit her father's people. That's rather
a nice beginning, isn't it?" she inter-
rupted herself. "It sounds as if it
might be print. Do you think if you
saw a story with a beginning like that
you would read it?"

"Candidly?" I inquired.

"Of course."

"I don't think I should."

There was a dangerous glitter in her
eye.

"But," I hastened to add, "reading a
story is very different to have you tell
it, you know. I could listen to you for
a thousand years."

She was mollified. "It won't take
that long," she assured me with a smile.
There is no word for her smile but de-
licious.

"Do go on," I said. "Did she like
the people?"

"Well, some of them," doubtfully.
"You see they were English and she
was an American."

"Yes."

"And—and young, they bullied her a
little. The next time," with animation,
"I mean, when we go over, I don't
think they'll bully me."

"I don't fancy they will."

"And so you see she didn't have as
good a time as she might exactly. But
she did have a love affair."

"Oh," said I.

"Yes," said Ishbel. "He was a sort of
distant connection of hers, a lawyer,
what they call over there a solicitor,
you know. He—she said he was very
much in love—and so was she."

"Confound"—I began.

"I beg your pardon," said Ishbel.

"I meant," I said, sternly, "it is very

wrong of determinants to make love to
girls."

"It is," agreed Ishbel. "But he was
very—oh, very honorable. Things had
gone, well, they had gone rather far,
you know, but the week before she
sailed, when he proposed—at least he
didn't exactly propose, but he told her
he had only 300 a year, and that, of
course, it was out of the question in
England to marry on that, and he
couldn't bear the idea of hampering her
with a long engagement and—what did
you say?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Are you sure? You put me out.
Well, he said she mustn't be engaged to
him, but he would hold himself engaged
to her, and some day when the senior
partner dropped off—I do wish," petu-
lantly, "you wouldn't mutter like that."

I groveled.

"Where was I?" demanded Ishbel.

"Oh, well, then they said good-by, you
know, and she was perfectly miserable
—if you look so horribly cross I shall
send you home—oh, dreadfully miser-
able. She felt that she didn't care a
straw about other men, and there were
—she said there were some very nice
men in the steamer coming home, too.
Balls and parties had no attraction for
her, and fancy, for ever so long she
hardly took any interest in her frocks.
Oh, it was horrid. She only lived for
his letters—and somehow they—well,
they were not exactly satisfactory. She
supposed it was because he was so
very honorable, and they were not real-
ly engaged, you know. But one day
she thought it all over and decided that
sort of thing would have to come to an
end. She knew she would never be
happy for a moment till he came out,
as she knew he would some day, to
claim her, but she made up her mind
to stop thinking about him as much as
possible and try to seem happy, no mat-
ter how perfectly miserable she was in
reality. The idea was, you see—I think
she got it out of a poem—to lock his
image up in her heart."

"I see," said I. "And how did it
work?"

"It worked very well," said Ishbel,
reflectively. "She knew she was
wretched, but she didn't allow herself
to think about it."

"And what happened?" I asked brisk-
ly.

"Well, after three years he came."

"Oh, he did?"

"Of course," said Ishbel sharply. "Did
you imagine he didn't?"

I coughed. "And she unlocked her
heart?"

"Yes," said Ishbel.

"And the image—"

"It's a very odd thing," replied Ishbel,
slowly, "but it wasn't there."

I coughed again. "Was her heart—
did she find the receptacle—er—empty?"
I asked.

"She didn't tell me that," said Ish-
bel. We walked on. "So that," I re-
marked, presently, "was the reason
why that long-legged English fellow—"

"But you promised," cried Ishbel.—
Boston Post.

RAFTERS OF LIVING GREEN.

Description in "Eben Holden" of a
Day in the Cornfield.

We climbed the wall as he ate, and
buried ourselves in the deep corn. The
fragrant, silky tassels brushed my face
and the corn blossomed at our intrusion,
crossing its green sabers in our path.
Far in the field my companion heaped
a little of the soft earth for a pillow,
spread the oilcloth between rows, and
as we lay down drew the big shawl
over us. Uncle Eb was tired after the
toil of that night and went asleep al-
most as soon as he was down. Before
I dropped off Fred came and licked my
face and stepped over me, his tail
wagging for leave, and curled upon the
shawl at my feet. I could see no sky in

that gloomy green aisle of corn. This
going to bed in the morning seemed a
foolish business to me that day and I
lay a long time looking up at the rust-
ling canopy overhead. I remember list-
ening to the waves that came whisper-
ing out of the further field, nearer and
nearer, until they swept over us with a
roaring splash of leaves, like that of
water flooding among rocks, as I have
heard it often. A twinge of homesick-
ness came to me and the snoring of
Uncle Eb gave me no comfort. I re-
member covering my head and crying
softly as I thought of those who had
gone away and whom I was to meet
in a far country, called heaven, whither
we were going. I forgot my sorrow
finally in sleep. When I awoke it had
grown dusk under the corn. I felt for
Uncle Eb and he was gone. Then I
called to him.

"Hush, boy! lie low!" he whispered,
bending over me, a sharp look in his
eye. "Fraid they're after us."

He sat kneeling beside me, holding
Fred by the collar and listening. I could
hear voices, the rustle of the corn and
the tramp of feet near by. It was thun-
dering in the distance—that heavy,
shaking thunder that seems to take
hold of the earth, and there were
sounds in the corn like the drawing of
sabers and the rush of many feet. The
noisy thunder clouds came nearer, and
the voices that made us tremble were
no longer heard. Uncle Eb began to
fasten the oil blanket to the stalks of
corn for a shelter. The rain came roar-
ing over us. The sound of it was like
that of a host of cavalry coming as a
gallop. We lay bracing the stalks, the
blanket tied above us, and were quite
dry for a time. The rain rattled in the
sounding sheaves and then came flood-
ing down the steep gutters. Above us
beam and rafter creaked, swaying and
showing glimpses of the dark sky. The
rain passed—we could hear the last
battalion leaving the field—and then
the tumult ended as suddenly as it
began. The corn trembled a few mo-
ments and hushed to a faint whisper.
Then we could hear only the drip of
raindrops leaking through the green
roof. It was dark under the corn.

She Knew.

Marjorie is the small and only daugh-
ter in a family which boasts of several
sons. Aged four is Marjorie, petite and
impertious and enjoying excellent op-
portunities for becoming spoiled. She
has lately attained to the dignity of the
kindergarten and comes home daily
with some fresh acquisition of wisdom.
A few days ago it was addition, and
she proclaimed proudly at the dinner
table:

"I know how much two and two
make and free and two and four and
two."

"And what," said her father, "do
you and I make, Marjorie?"

Without a moment's hesitation over
these new factors in her problem, the
little maid answered, with a dimple and
a smile:

"Sweethearts."

And all the family were satisfied
with Marjorie's arithmetic.

Work and Atmosphere.

During the building of a railroad in
Switzerland, at an altitude of ten thou-
sand feet, the discovery has been made
that the atmosphere is so rarified that
men employed upon the work cannot
continue their labors for half so long a
time as is possible when working in a
lower atmosphere. The cold also may
have something to do with it, for, as
every one knows, the atmosphere be-
comes colder and colder the greater dis-
tance it is above the surface of the
earth. Were it not for the atmosphere,
indeed, the ordinary temperature of the
world would be below zero to the ex-
tent of three hundred degrees Fahren-
heit.

A rolling pin gathers no dough.



Lover (ardently)—I love the very
ground you walk on. Heiress—Ah! I
thought it was my estates you were af-
ter.—Tit-Bits.

Parke—"I've just had my telephone
taken out." Lane—"What for?" Parke
—"My next door neighbor put one in."—
Harper's Bazar.

Bad Times—"He has always run his
business like clockwork." "Yes, and
now his creditors have wound it up."—
Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Bicker—"There you go again! You
always were a fault-finder. Mr. Bicker
—Sure; and I'll never forget the day I
found you.—Chicago News.

The Bachelor—"Single-blessedness is
a good thing." The Benedict—"Well,
isn't double blessedness twice as good?"—
Yonkers Statesman.

Justice—"What were you doing in
Colonel Pullet's chicken coop?" Uncle
Mose—"Fo' de Lawd, Judge, I was jes
takin' de ceusus."—Harlem Life.

Snarley—"You don't have to be an
artist to draw a check." Yow—"No,
but you have to be a royal academician
to get it cashed."—Syracuse Herald.

"It is claimed that the Dowager Em-
press of China started in life as a ser-
vant-girl." "No wonder they stand in
awe of her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Would you start out on a Journey on
Friday?" "No, indeed." "Why are
people so superstitious?" "I'm not su-
perstitious, I am paid on Saturday."—
Answers.

She—"I wonder why it is that so
many old maids have fat bank ac-
counts?" He—"Probably for lack of
anything else, they husband their re-
sources."—Brooklyn Life.

"How did you ever happen to marry
him?" "Why, he made me mad."
"Mad? How?" "He acted as if he
didn't think I would and rather hoped
I wouldn't."—Chicago Post.

"What is that quiet, inoffensive little
man over there in the corner?" "In-
offensive? Say, don't you start him up;
he's the professor who is master of
eight languages."—Chicago Record.

On the Contrary: Vane Glory—I hope
Swainston said nothing about me the
other night, old chap? Cecil Swarve—
Not a word, old man; in fact, we had
quite an interesting little chat.—Judy.

"Mr. Hardcase," said the minister, "I
saw your son in a saloon yesterday."
"Did you?" replied Mr. Hardcase; "I
hope he had the politeness to ask you
to have something."—Philadelphia Rec-
ord.

City Nephew—"What do you think
of Dr. Pillsbury as a physician?"
Farmer Hayroob—"Safest doctor any-
where in this part of the country—
nearly always off fishin' when he's
wanted."—Judge.

Hoax—Why is the merchant who
doesn't advertise like a man in a row-
boat? Joax—Because he goes back-
ward, I suppose. Hoax—No; because
he has to get along without sales.—
Philadelphia Press.

Warwick—England keeps getting
friendlier than ever to us since she got
into trouble with the Transvaal. Wick-
wire—Yes; she now claims that she
sympathized with us in our war with
the Hessians last century.—Judge.

A Long-sought Friend: Christian Sci-
entist—First, you must eliminate fear.
Witherby—Have you no fear? Christian
Scientist—None whatever. Witherby—
Then you're just the one I'm looking
for. Come and help me discharge my
cook.—Life.

Fairlie—Jack, have you that ten
pounds I lent you the other day?
Flyntie—Not all of it, old chap; but
what I have will do me a day or two
longer. Jolly kind and thoughtful
of you to inquire, though.—Glasgow Even-
ing Times.

"Don't you find that Mr. Aster's
poems," said the young poet's mis-
guided admirer, "are full of words that
burn?" "Well, no," replied the editor,
"I never put them to that test; I merely
drop them in the waste basket."—Phil-
adelphia Press

"Don't you get tired," said the talka-
tive customer, "standing there hour
by hour ironing one stiff-bosomed shirt
after the other?" "No," answered the
Chinese laundryman. "It rests me to
think I don't have to wear them."—
Washington Star.

"There is safety in numbers," said the
trite conversationalist. "There is," an-
swered the man who talks on politics;
"if you can't convince a man by your
argument you can always silence him
by quoting a lot of statistics that he
knows absolutely nothing about."—
Washington Star.

"What did you expect to prove by
that exceedingly long-winded argu-
ment of yours?" asked the friend. "I
didn't expect to prove anything," an-
swered the orator. "All I hope to do
was to confuse the other fellow so that
he couldn't prove that I didn't prove
anything."—Washington Star.

The Only Way: Mrs. Dimpleton—My
dear, it is being reported around that
we owe everybody. Dashaway—And
the worst of it is, it's true; so what are
you going to do about it? Mrs. Dimple-
ton—Do? Why, we must correct such
an impression immediately by giving
an elaborate dinner party.—Life.

Blanche—"I wish you'd listen to this.
Laura writes to have me hunt up liter-
ary information for her club paper on
no less than seven topics." Dorothy—
"Dear me! What will you do?"
Blanche—"Oh, I won't find time to
answer the letter until after she has done
needing the information."—Indianapolis
Journal.

DICK CROKER IN ENGLAND.

Glimpses of His Life There from the
Pen of a British Writer.

One of the most discussed political
figures in the last campaign was Rich-
ard Croker, boss of Tammany Hall, who
sailed for Europe after it was all over
to take the waters of Carls-
bad for the benefit of his
health. In England, where he spends
a portion of each year, Mr. Croker is
well known, and the following account
of his life there, taken from Black and
White, will be read with interest by
Americans.

It is now more than five years, says
the writer, since Richard Croker came



RICHARD CROKER.

over here to try his fortunes on the En-
glish turf and chose for his residence
the old Moat House at Letcombe, near
Wantage, Berks. People who only
know Mr. Croker as the leader of Tam-
many Hall would be amazed at the
quietness and utter lack of ostentation
which characterize his life at Letcombe.
A man of medium stature, with iron-
gray hair, beard and mustache, and a
strong American accent, he is often to
be seen during the summer months, rid-
ing or driving in the neighborhood of
Wantage, and anyone who has had the
fortune to drive with Mr. Croker is not
likely to forget it, for he goes down
some of the steep Berkshire hills at a
furious pace in his buggy, slashing vig-
orously with his whip all the time. He
will drive a good horse, and that means
a very fast trotter, and if a horse he
has bought does not please him, no
matter what the cost of it, it is just sold
for what it will fetch.

A most extraordinary love for animals
is one of his characteristics and he
had at the Moat House five bulldogs,
several prize cats and five St. Bernard
dogs. Two of the bulldogs, Rodney
Stone—the champion of the world and
for which he paid \$5,000—and Bromley
Crib he took back to America with him,
taking first-class passage for both.

To the local charities, the writer con-
tinues, he is a liberal subscriber. On
Sunday mornings he usually drives over
to Hendred, a village six miles distant,
to the Roman Catholic Church, and in
the afternoons he generally goes to see
over his stables and farm. He is a man
of immense physical strength, and on
one occasion when some men were try-
ing to lift a seven-foot flywheel on to
a dynamo, but seemed to have a diffi-
culty in doing so, Mr. Croker got up and
put his shoulder under one of the spokes
and lifted it himself on to the crank-
shaft. The tiger's head, with open
mouth and teeth showing, which is the
badge or coat-of-arms of Tammany, is
to be seen here and there in the Moat
House. In the drawing room it appears
on various menu cards which were
used at the great Tammany banquets.
The New York papers are a source of
infallible interest to him, and he is often
much amused at the cartoons of him-
self.

ONE OF BOOTH'S SOLDIERS.
American Noblewoman a Worker in
the Salvation Army.

The Countess of Tankerville, one of
the most devoted members of Gen.
William Booth's Salvation Army, is
now in this country and is accompanied
by her husband, who was also a mem-
ber of the Salvation Army at Tacoma,
Wash., where the two first became ac-

quainted and were married. At that
time the Earl of Tankerville was third
in succession to the title. The Countess
was Miss Lenora Van Marter, a resi-
dent of Tacoma, and it was while en-
gaged in army work there that she at-
tracted the Earl's notice. He was so
smitten by her rare beauty that he
abandoned the gay life he was leading
in order to be near her. Together they
worked for many months in the streets
of Tacoma, doing good to all with
whom they came in contact. Finally
the young man, by the death of rela-
tives, came into possession of his es-
tates and title. He at once married the
young army lass and together they set

out for England. Here they despised
the gayeties of the social set they were
entitled to enter and continued their
work in the Salvation Army, winning
high praise from Gen. Booth for their
zeal and efficiency. They return to the
United States to continue their chosen
work for a time. Whether or not they
will remain permanently has not yet
been determined. If the work here shall
be determined to require their services they
will stay; if England offers a more prom-
ising field for their endeavors they will
return there. In any event they are
determined that they will not forsake
the army in the days of their pros-
perity.

A REMARKABLE ORCHARD.
It Is Over 123 Years Old and Is Still
Bearing Fruit.

When Lord Howe landed in Cecil
County on his way to capture Philadel-
phia a number of Friends, from their
supposed sympathy with the invading
army, were arrested by the Americans
and sent to Winchester, Va., as polit-
ical prisoners. Many of them being of
the most respectable and wealthy citi-
zens of the above-named city, they
were not long in Winchester before the
officers in charge of them, finding them
to be men of honor and truth, paroled
them on condition that the Friends of
the neighborhood would board them
free of expense to the then ruling
power, says a writer in the Baltimore
Sun. Among those who took them I
mention Lewis Neale, Abram Hollings-
worth and Isaac and David Brown,
whose descendants are still living
around Winchester.

Isaac Brown, great-grandfather of the
writer, had three of the exiled Friends
at his home, three miles north of Win-
chester. While they were with him in
the spring of 1778 they planted an or-
chard with apple trees. Ever since
then the orchard has been bearing
fruit, and I send you a few of the ap-
ples from the orchard on the farm now
owned and occupied by two grand-
daughters of Isaac Brown, Elisau and
Catherine Brown, cousins of the writer,
who annually send me a box of the
apples as a reminder of the many happy
days of youth spent with them over
three-score and more years ago. The
same house occupied by the Friends is
still occupied by the present owners.

In the Historical library can be found
the diary of the exiled Friends at Win-
chester, which contains the correspon-
dence when they applied to him for
their release. He declined upon the
ground that they were state prisoners
and were beyond his control.

The Gilpins, Whartons, Pembertons,
Fishers, Drinkers, Penningtons and
other well-known citizens of Philadel-
phia are the descendants of the Quakers
spoken of above.

Highland Venison.
Most of the red deer venison which
finds its way to London is Scotch—
wild venison, shot in the forests. There
is great difference in quality in this
highland venison. To be good, venison
needs to be fat, and unlike most game
the "artificially fed" deer, or, rather,
the deer that enjoys the feed of a good
English park, is better for the table
than when picking up a hard living on
a Scotch mountain, but there are varie-
ties of Scotch deer. Those on forests
with plenty of low ground attached
grow fat and heavy, and the meat is as
good as that of an English park-fed
stag. At the end of October and be-
ginning of November the flesh deterio-
rates rapidly and is rank and poor, evi-
dence, if any were needed, that the
shooting ought to have closed earlier,
but a good deal of Russian venison,
shipped ready and cut up into joints, is
very poor stuff. The same rules as to
season govern the supply of red deer
venison from English parks, but the
weight and quality of the latter are su-
perior to the Scotch. Most large ven-
isotiers find a sale for their spare ven-
ison near home, and consequently it is
less common in the market. Red deer
hinds are again in season in winter, but
the fallow venison is in every way bet-
ter. Some is even still fed, and the car-
casses show almost as much fat as does
small mutton.

Just in Time.
A circus paid a flying visit to a small
northern town not long ago, and the
price of admission was sixpence, chil-
dren under 10 years of age half-price.
It was Edith's tenth birthday, and her
brother Tom, aged 13, took her in the
afternoon to see the show.

Arrived at the door he put down nine-
pence and asked for two front seats.

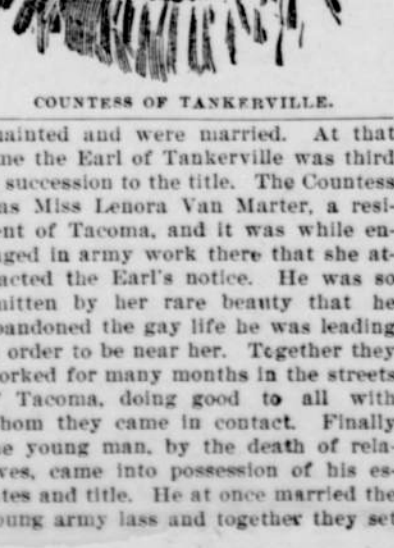
"How old is the little girl?" asked the
money-taker, doubtfully.

"Well," replied Master Tom, "this is
her tenth birthday, but she was not
born until rather late in the afternoon."

The money-taker accepted the state-
ment, and handed him the tickets. But
it was a close shave.—London Spare
Moments.

When Eugenie Led the Fashion.
In her day Empress Eugenie was the
leader of fashion and her pin money for
dress was fabulous. Her feet and
hands were so small that her maids
who had her shoes and gloves as per-
quisites could find no market for them,
so they were presented by the empress
every year to the orphans of the Eu-
genie Napoleon asylum, where fifty
fatherless and motherless girls were
educated at her cost. All the white
shoes and white gloves which those
girls wore at their first communion
were those which had been worn by
the empress.

Population of the British Isles.
The census will be taken on the last
day of March, 1901. Ten years ago,
when the last census took place, the
population of the United Kingdom was
37,740,283. The registrar general esti-
mates the present population at 40,
931,471.



COUNTRESS OF TANKERVILLE.