

WHISTLE AWAY.

One day the sigh, dear, and one day the
song;
That is the way, dear, we worry along;
That is the way,
From the winter to May;
But kiss hands to sorrow and whistle
away!

Thick on the highway the dark shadows
throng;
In dust and in daisies we worry along;
That is the way,
Though we weep—though we pray;
But kiss hands to sorrow and whistle
away!

Living or dying, we're one with the sod;
Singing or sighing, the way must be trod;
That is the way,
From the dark to the day—
But kiss hands to sorrow and whistle
away!

—Atlanta Constitution.

ROSE.

WHAT do you think of that?" asked Harrison Compton, placing before his friend, Myles Barrington, a picture, evidently the product of an amateur kodak fiend. The picture in question represented a young girl scarcely out of her teens, standing straight, without the thought of posing, in the midst of trees and shrubbery. Her hands, clasped loosely before her, held a single rose; her head was slightly raised, evidently in the act of listening, while her eyes looked steadily, clearly up into the blue orbs of Myles Barrington and held them fascinated.

"Who is she?" he asked, without lifting his eyes. Indeed, he seemed incapable of removing his gaze from the picture.

"Her name is Rose Parker," was the reply. "She is staying with my cousin Alice, and last night they were looking over their snapshots, and I confiscated this one."

"Rose," repeated his friend, as he held the picture from him a little. "It just suits her."

"How do you know?" was the jesting answer. "You never saw her, did you?"

"No; but I wish I could meet her," was the answer.

"Thanks for the hint. Come over with me to-morrow night and we'll take the girls to the opera."

The invitation was gladly accepted by Mr. Barrington.

They drove to Miss Compton's home, and while they paused for a moment in the hall a delightful ringing laugh fell upon their ears. The door opened, and a young lady clad in white, the train of her gown flung over her arm, ran out of the drawing-room almost into the arms of Myles Barrington.

A moment of awkward silence, and then Harrison Compton introduced her as Miss Parker.

To Myles Barrington that evening was a glimpse of paradise. He remembered for days afterward how white her shoulders were when he put her heavy cloak over them, how golden her hair was, and how dark her eyes. He also discovered a little dimple near the left corner of her mouth when she laughed, which she did often.

One day Myles Barrington went to one of the poorest parts of the city to interview a witness in one of his cases, for Mr. Barrington was a lawyer of no small practice. He found the house and went up the rickety stairs. On the second flight he was met by a young lady who appeared to be in a great hurry.

"Mr. Barrington," she said, and he recognized Rose Parker; "you're just in time. Little John has cut his arm dreadfully, and you must go for the doctor. There is one at No. 43. Tell him Miss Parker wants him, hurry," and in her excitement she gave him a little push and ran quickly up the stairs.

The doctor was found, and in a few minutes they were back again into the miserable room. Miss Parker, with a large gingham apron over her neat tailor-made suit, sat in a rocking chair with a young child in her arms. On a mean pallet on the side of the room lay a woman evidently in the last stages of consumption, and with her lay the boy, John. Myles noticed how well his little arm had been bandaged, and how familiar Miss Parker seemed to be with his family.

"She's our Rose," announced John, "our beautiful Rose," he said as she smoothed back his hair. "Mother here says she's an angel," but Rose quietly laid her hand upon her lips and he said no more.

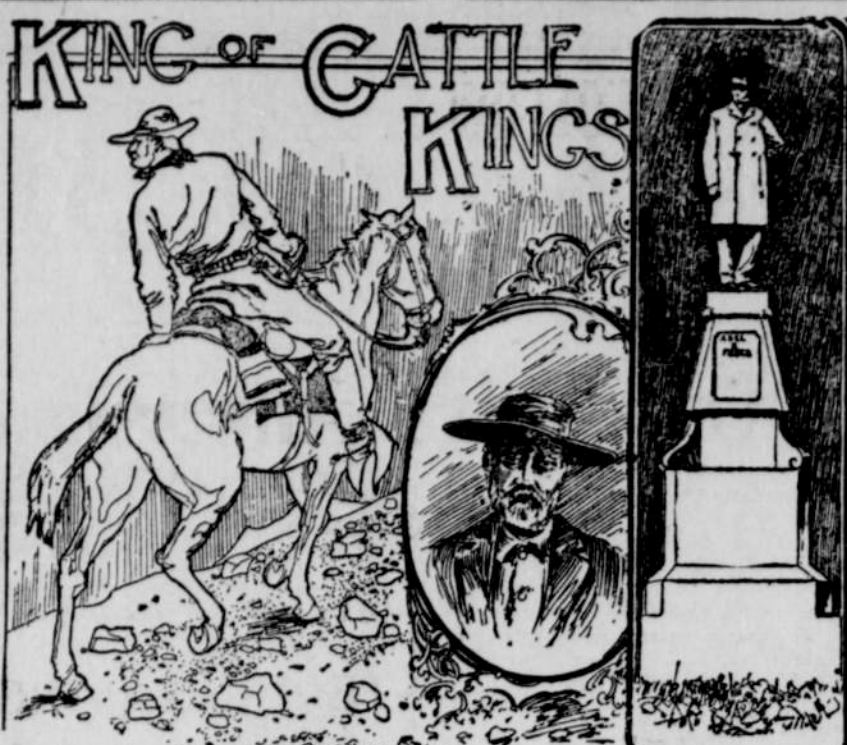
"Now I am going home," she said, brightly, "and John is going to be good and not worry mother about going to work to-morrow. I'll see about your place," she said, as she went out, followed by Mr. Barrington.

Once outside she was again the society bud. She talked of the last ball, the next dinner, etc.

"Why so silent?" she asked presently, glancing up at her tall companion.

"I was thinking, Miss Parker, how good you have been to these people," "Good," she said, looking at him in surprise. "I am not good to them. It is not just. I have more money than I could ever spend myself, and those people have none. What should I do but give them a nite? Besides, I love to do it, and it is in a way selfishness that prompts me."

"You selfish," said the man. "They called you their Rose. Do you know that you have been to me something of a revelation? I formed, perhaps hastily, an opinion of women long ago. I deemed them selfish, hare-brained creatures, and until I met you I thought I was right. Now I know that I am wrong at least about one woman. Rose, I want you for my wife, and we will do



For years there has been standing in the Pierce family cemetery, in Matagorda County, Texas, a magnificent monument erected by A. H. Pierce to his own memory. Pierce now sleeps in the shadow of the stately memorial, having died last week. His was a strange career.

Abel H. Pierce, better known in Texas as Shanghai, was the richest of Texas cattlemen. He was as well known in banking circles in New York as on the prairies of Texas, and the big moneyed men of Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City knew him almost as well as did the people of the larger towns of Texas. Nothing was too big for Shanghai to take a hand in, from a poker game to a blind pool in Wall street, but the only thing he prided himself on was his knowledge of cattle. It was a chance meeting with Shanghai that led Charles H. Hoyt to write "The Texas Steer." They met on a railroad train, and Hoyt conceived the idea of writing a play around the cattle king, says the New York Press.

Pierce was born in Rhode Island sixty-six years ago and went to Texas when a boy. On account of his extreme height—he was 6 feet 4—he got the sobriquet of "Shanghai," and it clung to him so well that few persons knew his Christian name, and referred to him as "Shang."

When he got to Texas he had nothing

but the clothes on his back, a rugged frame, lots of energy and a determination to succeed. Cattlemen, as a rule, are profligate. The tall young Yankee was provident. While other cattlemen spent their money in gambling and riotous living young Pierce attended strictly to business. He rounded up his bunch at the proper time, overlooked no mavericks, kept his branding irons hot and always took good cattle to market.

A few years ago when an inventory of Mr. Pierce's property was made it showed that he was worth in excess of \$3,000,000. That was before the big advance in cattle and before the land was considered of any value except for grazing. Now the appraisement of the same property would probably double the figures.

But Shanghai Pierce had not become a millionaire without many thrilling adventures. And he declared that the making of a fortune is simple and easy compared with the task of keeping it. Many a night he slept on the prairie only to find that a rattlesnake had crept into his blankets in the night to get warm. Many a time he faced death at a pistol point, but he seems to have borne a charmed life, and although he had been shot at frequently and desperate men have followed him with the intention of murdering him, he escaped all the bullets that were intended for him.

together what you have been doing alone. Will you consent?"

For answer she held out to him with a smile that was more sweet than words the single rose she wore in her coat, and he was satisfied.—New York Evening World.

PROFITABLE PATENTS.

About One Invention in Twenty-five Pays Expense of Patenting It.

An article by the late E. V. Smalley, in the Century, tells how patents are taken out at Washington, what they cost, and what some of them yield to the inventors.

The progressive development of inventive genius in this country, as indicated by the number of patents issued each year, has been by successive waves rather than by a regular and continuous advance. Taking the first year of each decennial period, we find that in 1800 the number of patents granted was 41; in 1810, 223; in 1820, 155; in 1830, 554; in 1840, 473; in 1850, 965; in 1860, 4,538. The great increase in inventions during the decennial period 1850-60 is a remarkable feature in Patent Office history. This period was one of rapid national development, and was characterized by the great extension of steam-transportation, the general introduction of the telegraph, and the perfection of the sewing-machine, the reaper, the mower, and many other valuable devices. During the Civil War the production of patents fell off, but no sooner had the volunteer troops returned to their homes than a wonderful fertility of invention was displayed. Ideas that had been developing in the minds of the soldiers during their life in the camps were put into models by the thousand and sent to Washington. In 1865 the number of patents granted was 6,616, and in 1867 it had run up to 13,026. It remained for a time at about that annual figure, being, in 1870, 13,947; but in 1876, the year of the Centennial Exposition, which powerfully stimulated inventive genius, it reached the highest number yet attained, 17,026. Then there was a steady recession, and by 1880 the patent crop had fallen back to 13,947. Since 1883 the number of patents annually issued has exceeded 20,000. During the calendar year 1899 there were issued 25,527 patents.

One of the old examiners in the Patent Office estimates that about one invention in twenty-five repays the cost of taking out a patent. Yet inventors as a class are sanguine men, and no knowledge of the enormous percentage of chances against them will deter them from multiplying ingenious devices. Every one expects a fortune from his particular piece of mechanism. Every one has heard not only of the enormous sums realized from the great inventions of the last half-century, but also of the large returns yielded by things apparently trifling which have struck the public fancy or met the public need. The toy called the return-ball, a small ball attached to an elastic string, is said to have produced a profit of \$50,000 a year; the rubber tip on lead-pencils has yielded a competence to the inventor; more than \$1,000,000 has been earned by the gimlet-pointed screw, the inventor of which was so poor that he trudged on foot from Philadelphia to Washington to get his patent; the roller-skate has yielded \$1,000,000 after the patentee spent \$125,000 in England fighting infringements; the dancing Jim Crow is set down for \$75,000, and the copper tip for children's

shoes at \$2,000,000; the spring window-roller pays \$100,000 a year, the needle-threader \$10,000 a year; from the drive-wheel \$3,000,000 have been realized; the typographic pen is credited with \$100,000 a year; and the egg-beater, the rubber stamp, and the marking-pen for shading different colors, with large sums. These are only a few examples among hundreds that might be cited. No wonder inventors are hopeful when they reflect that comfort for life and fortune for their children may come from a single fortunate idea.

The Verdict.

The Green Bag tells the following story. The most popular man in a Western town once got into difficulty with a disreputable tough who was the terror of the place and did him up in a manner highly satisfactory to the entire community. It was necessary, however, to vindicate the majesty of the law, and the offender was brought up for trial on a charge of assault with intent to kill. The jury took the case and were out about two minutes, when they returned.

"Well," said the judge, in an offhand manner, "what have the jury to say?" "May it please the court," responded the foreman, "we, the jury, find the prisoner is not guilty of hittin' with intent to kill, but simply to paralyze, and he done it."

The verdict was received with applause and the prisoner was given an ovation.

The Nearest Way.

The crooked streets of Boston are a source of wonder to many visitors. A Boston daily paper tells of a Western man who was a guest at the Parker House, and went out for walk.

He had several hours at his disposal, and wandered about leisurely but aimlessly until he was tired with his long walk. He supposed that he must have walked over six miles, and dreamed the long walk back to the hotel. Stepping up to a policeman on a corner, he asked to be directed the nearest way to the Parker House.

"Well, sir," said the policeman, courteously, "you might cut across the street to the front door, but if I were you, I'd walk over on the crossing."

He was nearly opposite the hotel.

The King and the Poet.

A certain poet was accused of a crime and sentenced to be executed. The king ordered that the execution should take place in his presence. When the moment arrived the poet was seized with a violent trembling of the body.

A friend standing near by said: "It is cowardice which causes you thus to tremble? Only onwards at such a time exhibit fear."

The poet answered: "Oh, friend, if thou wishest to make an exhibition of courage, and to show how a courageous man should die, sit thou down in my place, and I will rise up and go away."

The king was pleased with this answer and granted him forgiveness for his crime.—Short Tales from the Persian in Century Magazine.

When a customer looks longingly at the apple barrel, a good groceryman will turn his back.

Only a few drink themselves to death, but thousands eat themselves to death.

No crazy person is sent to the asylum soon enough.

JACK JOUETT'S RIDE.

YOUNG INNKEEPER'S WARNING TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Another Revolutionary Hero Who, Like Paul Revere, Rode Long and Hard to Warn American Patriots of the Approach of the British.

Paul Revere was not the only man who rode long and hard to warn patriots that the British were coming, in the days when the present entente between England and America was a thing undreamed of. Worthy to rank with it was the adventure of Jack Jouett, a young Charlottesville innkeeper, who rode thirty miles to save Thomas Jefferson from capture. The story is told in the St. Nicholas by R. T. W. Duke, Jr.

Jack shrewdly guessed that Tarleton would follow the highway into the main road that led by the country seats, the homes of the gentry. Jack knew a shorter route, an old disused road that would lead him to the river, thence to Monticello, and then to Charlottesville—not a pleasant road to ride or drive, though as picturesque a route as one often sees; for on either side grew great pine trees here, and massive oaks there, while dogwood and sassafras and sumac filled in spaces. The road had once been a buffalo track and then an Indian trail, then a wagon road for a while; but as no one ever worked it or changed the grade, it rapidly washed into a succession of red gullies and became well-nigh impassable. So it had been abandoned many years, and nature had covered up the scars made by the animals and men, and only in a few places could one have known that it had ever been used as a highway. Broom-sedge grew wherever there was an open space; ferns of a hundred varieties clustered in every hollow where water ran; and the wild bramble ran riot everywhere in the shade. Into this old road Jack pushed his horse, and soon was dashing at full speed over hill and dale. It was a dangerous ride, even at a slow gait. Deep gullies lay concealed under treacherously smiling wild flowers. Ground-hog holes offered pitfalls liable to break the leg of his steed; overhanging limbs swept him in the face, and the wild brier ever and anon caught him in a painful and harassing embrace. His face bore for many years the scars left on it by this brier, which, you know, climbs up trees and seems to throw itself from one to another. But Jack had no time to consider these things. He knew that in a few hours the enemy would be in Charlottesville, and make the Governor and Legislature prisoners, unless he could give them warning. His mare was sure of foot, sound of wind, and no other fox-hunter ever got the brush when Jack and she were in the hunt.

"So away he went, touching her lightly with the spur now and then, but oftener cheering her in the race with a merry whistle or encouraging word. He had thirty miles to make. He could have as easily made fifty on a good road as thirty through this wilderness. At one point the disused road entered a field in sight of the highway along which Tarleton's legion was passing, and a few stragglers saw Jack when he dashed into the open. They followed him with loud shouts and a pistol-shot or two, but when he dashed into the woods they abandoned the pursuit. Once his bay mare fell, her foot having caught in a mass of brush and brier and half-rotten logs; but up she scrambled, and away she went, as if she knew that the fate of a commonwealth depended upon her. In two hours Jack rode his thirty miles, and paused in the ford just opposite the little hamlet of Milton, two miles from Monticello. Only a mouthful of water did he allow his gallant bay to sip, and then he dashed up the river bank and on through the streets of the village, stopping not at anxious halls of men and women, but merely shouting: "The British are coming! The British are coming!" In ten minutes he drew rein in front of a quaint brick house on top of the now famous mountain. "He was a sight, too," the darkies said. His face was torn and bleeding from the wild-brier thorns, his gay blue suit covered with mud and dirt, his mare covered with sweat and foam and panting as if her heart would burst through her sides. Down from the porch in front of which Jack had halted came a tall, thin man, dressed in a suit of nankin, lace at his wrists and shirt-front, and with a little sword-cane in his hand. This man had clear, sparkling blue eyes; a thin skin under which the blood almost seemed starting. His hair was thin and curly, and covered with white powder. For a moment he did not recognize the rider. Then, as he drew nearer, "Why, Mr. Jouett," he said, "what brings you here, and with your good horse so well-nigh spent?"

"Jack could only gasp. The British, Governor! Tarleton and his men passed Cuckoo Tavern at six o'clock this morning."

ART STUDENTS OF NEW YORK.

They Live in a Manner Very Unlike That of Paris Students.

The art schools of New York and the life of the students in them is handled in an interesting manner in the Woman's Home Companion in an article entitled "The Girls' Art Schools of New York." As to how the young women students live the author writes as follows:

"There is no absurd dressing among the art students in New York—at least not after they have attended the classes for a day or two; and the popular notion that all art students live in dingy, barren garrets, cook their own meals by means of their oil-lamps, and live gen-

erally upon the outer ragged edges, has no ground in fact, so far as the students in New York are concerned. There are some such cases, but they are extremely rare. In the great majority of cases the students, if they cannot afford to pay for the necessities from their own pocketbook, stay away from the city until they can borrow sufficient funds. Many girls with thin purses attend only half-day classes, and work at some commercial occupation the rest of the day. I know of several girls who do enough type-writing in the mornings to pay for their afternoon art lessons and their board besides, while numbers of students work for a salary in the daytime and attend art classes at night only.

"The art students of New York do not seek living-places in any one particular part of the town, as do the students of Paris. The various art schools are in widely separate sections of the city, and as living near to their schools means so much saved in car-fare, the girl students usually live within easy walking distance of their respective classrooms. Possibly 95 per cent of the students board with private families or live in ordinary boarding-houses, where they can secure fair board and room as low as four dollars a week; but seven dollars a week is the average amount charged. The other 5 per cent of the students rent studios of their own, or more often meagerly furnished bedrooms, and take their meals in restaurants; or else three to a dozen of them club together, rent a flat, and hire a servant to cook their meals."

CHILI HAS WOMEN CONDUCTORS

Valparaiso Street Cars Ruled by Fair Girls of Complacent Nature.

The most startling feature of life in the Chilean metropolis that strikes the foreigner is the street-car service. The conductors on the cars are all women, and that in a country where woman has by no means reached the high standing in social and public life of her sisters in the United States. The girls who run the cars are, with few exceptions, very pretty, and there seems to be little objection to their novel occupation. The male passengers, of course, are pleased, and the few who are not are too polite and gallant to give vent to their sentiments. The female passengers are proud of the fact that this important occupation is in the hands of women.

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The fact is that Valparaiso's female conductors are exceedingly courteous and obliging. They are usually a strong and robust set, and they sympathize especially with women passengers accompanied by children, whom they help board and alight from the cars. The fair conductresses deserve every cent of their wages, which amounts to about 50 cents per day in United States money. For this they collect all fares and name the streets crossed by the tramway. Nor do they mouth their phrases as do their brothers in New York and Chicago.

On some of the lines leading into the suburbs the conductresses have an easy time. Seats are provided for them in all the cars, and it is not an unusual thing during the dull hours to see them talking it easy, reading novels or the daily papers. They are neatly dressed in black, with white aprons, in the pockets of which they put their money and tickets. They wear broad-brimmed sailor hats.

The bane of their existence are the men inspectors who are detailed to count the passengers to see that they do not "knock down" fares. They have nicknamed these men "Judases."

An Amused Foe.

The proprietor of a small store in New York owns a black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist. The telegram tells how the kitten conquered a big dog.

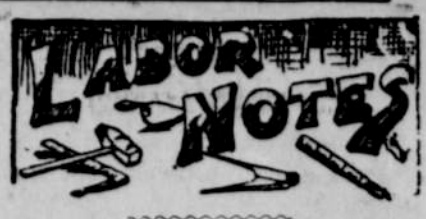
A gentleman took into the store an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured and intelligent. The tiny kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs and put its "fists" in an attitude of defiance.

The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while mouth and eyes beamed with merriment.

Notice is served on the women that no wrapper ever looks as if it had been built according to the plans and specifications in the fashion book.

An egg is best when fresh, but it's different with an office boy.



LABOR NOTES.

Paris trademarks are placed on New York sweat-shop work.

The miners of the Yukon district, Alaska, employ 5,280 men, who receive an average of \$1 an hour.

The National Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners in his last report shows a cash balance of \$1,044,605.

The Chicago Federation of Labor has taken an important step toward class solidarity by inviting colored workmen to join the trades unions.

The average daily compensation for the general officers of the various railways in the United States is \$7.47, while the average for the working employees is \$1.60.

In the time that the cigarmakers' International Union has been established \$4,600,000 in benefits have been disbursed to the members through the international organization.

A 55-hour-a-week bill will be introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature by the Central Textile Council of Philadelphia, to apply to women and children employed in industrial establishments.

With the termination of the trouble on the Canadian Pacific Railway came an advance of wages of 20 cents a day to 200 machinists. This means that each individual's income is increased by \$62.40 per annum, or \$12,480 in the aggregate.

Three of the largest cloak-making firms in New York, employing in all 2,000 hands, have voluntarily retired from business. The reason assigned is that the competition of small manufacturers and sweat shops is stronger than they can withstand profitably.

Electric coal-cutting machinery is rapidly displacing hand-work and other varieties of mechanical mining appliances in the collieries of Great Britain and the United States. The coal thus mined is cleaner, the waste less and the effect of the machine on the ventilation and temperature of the mine is less than with any other mechanism.

A noiseless street-car wheel has been invented, and it is now in use on the Chicago street railroads. The wheel is made of chilled steel. The tire is, however, adjusted to the main part of the wheel and a layer of paper is inserted between it and the wheel proper, which absorbs the sound. Whenever a tire wears out it is a simple matter to substitute a new one.

The Dominion of Canada has enacted a conciliation and arbitration law similar to the English act in 1896. At the same time it established a department of labor and authorized the publication of a monthly Labor Gazette. The Province of Ontario has also established a distinct bureau of labor to continue and develop the work heretofore done by the Bureau of Industries.

Union labor is building a handsome structure at Moline, Ill., out of funds raised at annual fairs and Labor Day celebrations. During the last six years \$8,000 has been thus collected. Of this sum \$3,000 was spent for a desirable site and \$15,000 was raised by loan, which leaves \$20,000 to be spent on a building. This will be two stories high throughout, with a three-story front.

Hon. Carroll D. Wright, the United States Commissioner of Labor, believes that the golden age of labor is in the future, not in the past. In an address delivered in Boston a few nights ago he argued that with increasing production and wages the workingman's demands have increased. He must now have more than the mere means of sustaining life; he must have books, music and other comforts. Mr. Wright thinks this improvement in the condition of labor will continue indefinitely.

Japanese Brides. The Japanese bride, dressed in a long white silk kimono and white veil, sits upon the floor facing her future husband. Two tables stand near, and upon one are two cups, a bottle of sake and a kettle with two spouts. Upon the other side a miniature plum tree, typifying the beauty of the bride; a miniature fir tree, which signifies the strength of the bridegroom, and a stork standing upon a tortoise, representing long life and happiness. The two-spouted kettle is put to the mouth of the bride and bridegroom alternately, signifying that they are to share each other's joys and sorrows. The bride keeps her veil and it is used as a shroud when she dies.

Ideal Community in Russia. One of the most interesting districts of Russia is the government of Vyatka, which is very fertile. In it is a well-built town of about 2,000 inhabitants, situated, so to speak, in the backwoods, and named Orloff. It knows neither big landlords nor nobles, and has not even a rich philanthropic merchant. Yet there is established a high school for girls, and of the 200 who attend it 190 are daughters of peasants. The fee is about \$1.50 per year, and the board and attendance cost only about 27 cents per month, the meals being prepared from provisions supplied by the parents.

Identification by Finger Marks. In the organization of the police department at Johannesburg, the system of identification by finger marks is being introduced, and in this way every native is to be registered.

How often people say, "I don't care," when they do care.