

WHEN LOVE WENT BY.

When Love went by I scarcely bent
My eyes to see which way he went.
Life had so many joys to show,
What time had I to watch him go,
Or bid him in, whom folly sent?

But when the day was well nigh spent,
From out the casement long I loamt.
Ah, would I had been watching so
When Love went by!

Gray days with dismal nights are blest,
Lonely and sad and discontent;
I would his feet had been more slow,
Oh, heart of mine, how could we know
Or realize what passing meant
When Love went by?

—Woman's Home Companion.

THE YELLOW KITTEN

It was the yellow kitten who did it," Miss Priscilla Price said at the church social in her most positive manner, and no one, not even Mrs. Elias Miller, pretended to contradict her.

"It's the truth, indeed," Mrs. Sarah Crump agreed, with her fat, comfortable chuckle, and the society in a body responded, "That's so."

Yes, the yellow kitten was responsible for the wedding that was to come off to-morrow and that would thus unite forever not only two very attractive young people, but also the well-known families of Price and Campbel.

But we have begun at the wrong end of the story, for Miss Priscilla ought to have made, and in fact did make the remark about the yellow kitten at the end of the narrative, and not at the beginning. And thus, to get things straight, we will start over again in the old-fashioned orthodox way.

Once upon a time (not so very long ago, either) the little village of Pineville flourished like a green bay tree. It is true it had not arrived at trolley cars or electric lights, but it was a very charming place to visit nevertheless. Bicycling was not entirely unheard of, though those who rode were scarce—a few visitors at the summer boarding house in the little hills just outside the village had introduced the wheel, but the most conservative Pinevillians, Miss Priscilla Price at the head, quite frowned down upon the sport, and Miss Rebecca Slow had said, in season and out of season, that "if any niece of hers so demeaned herself as to be guilty of such an unladylike, worldly amusement, she would be sorry, that's all," and then an expression of having already made a will would pass over her austere countenance.

But to the story! There were two prominent families in the village who had lived there since the very existence of the settlement, and with whom all the best people craved to be connected in some way. They were the Campbells and the Prices, and Miss Priscilla, who insists upon getting into print just as if she were a heroine, was one of the most respected members of the latter tribe. As it has been hinted before, this is an old-fashioned story, and has a genuine heroine, to wit, Mabel Campbell. Of course, there is a hero, too, whom the girls said "was just too sweet to live," and their mothers declared that he was a perfectly safe young man, while the fathers and brothers, though not going quite so far, had only good words to say of Charlie Price, at your service.

Now the "gentle reader" or, as some writers prefer to say, the "fair reader," has doubtless guessed the sequel. Charlie was in love with Mabel, and the wedding, though properly opposed by the powers that were, was a natural consequence. But where or when did the yellow kitten come in? All in good time, my friends.

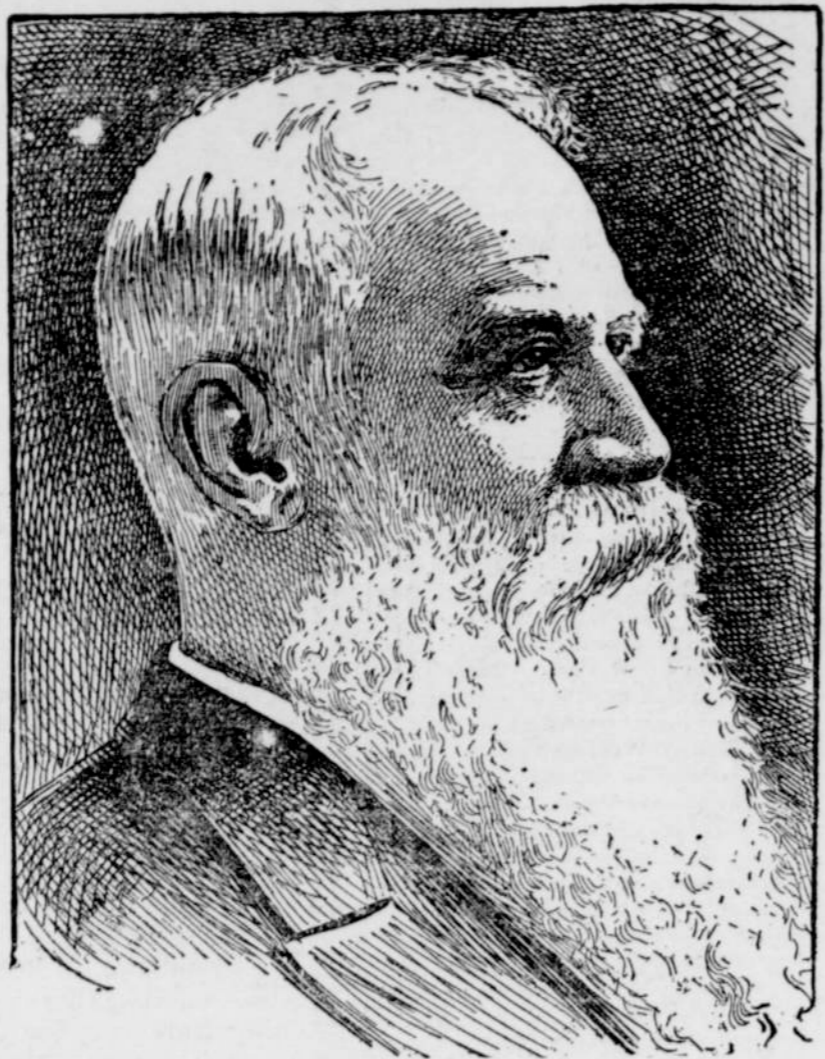
The Campbells and the Prices had a feud of long standing, originating in the years gone by over the fence boundary, each head of the family claiming twelve feet more of ground than the other considered his due. Fortunately this feud was conducted in a quiet and perfectly lawful manner, and poison, bowie knives and pistols did not figure in it. But the feud was a positive one, notwithstanding. No Campbell or Price had ever been known to shake hands, not even at a church social, which Mrs. Elias Miller and Miss Rebecca Slow denounced far and wide as "non-Christianlike." But in spite of the disapproval of many of their common friends, there was apparently no chance of any of the members making up until well, just before this story was written.

The places adjoined, as the disputed boundary line suggested, in fact the whole village had grown up around them, and what was once an old country lane where their gates stood, was now a smart village street.

As children, our hero and heroine had several times displayed much contempt for the family fuss, and had been seen playing together, though often forcibly separated by indignant parents with threats of being sent supperless to bed if the offense was repeated. Evidently they had inherited none of the ill feeling of their ancestors, which was mighty unnatural, Miss Priscilla thought, though, as she always said, she blamed the mothers on both sides who certainly had not inculcated the proper spirit of righteous resentment and unappeased wrath in their offspring.

But when childhood was over, Mabel Campbell was estranged by circumstance from Charlie Price as completely as if an ocean had been between them instead of a paling fence. When she was 18 she came back from boarding school and was pronounced old enough for picnics and socials, and was, indeed, the acknowledged belle of

SENATOR STEWART HAS NEVER BEEN SHAVED.



Senator Stewart of Nevada, who is the proud possessor of the most luxuriant growth of whiskers in the Senate, has never been shaved in his life. His beard began to sprout when he was about 13, and he is now 75. "Oh, yes," said he the other day, "I have often thought of shaving. Kind-hearted friends have given me razors and advised me to go to work on my beard, but I never took their advice. You see, when I was a young man I never owned a razor, and I had to let my whiskers run wild. Now it is too late. My constituents would rage and my political career would be wrecked."

the Young People's Pleasure Club, and the favorite even of matrons and spinners at sewing bees and Dorcas societies, and a perfect idol at home. She was an only child, and the love that seemed to overflow from father and mother was expended upon innumerable puppies, a pug dog, a parrot, and a cat who recently had added to the procession a yellow kitten, of the story. This small animal was up to mischief of all kinds, and had the most exploring turn of mind, for she was forever getting lost and being returned to her mistress by little boys of the village, who thus turned many an honest penny.

One afternoon Mabel had been out in the woods with her young friends hunting for chestnuts, and on her return was greeted with the sad tidings that the yellow kitten had again strayed from home. A search throughout the place was at once begun. Evening came, and no yellow kitten put in an appearance. Mabel became much distressed, as she was sure that an evil fate had at last overtaken her pet. She begged to be allowed to send over to the Prices, and see if the wanderer, scolding old opinions, had found her way there, but her parents would not consider such a proposition, so for that night the household was minus the kitten.

The next day was spent in looking for the loved though lost, and many of the village boys joined in the hunt, but with no result.

Toward sunset Mabel decided to walk through the woods that skirted the village, thinking possibly her little prodigal might be somewhere about, and down a shady path she went. She fancied ere long that she heard a moan—a very sad, kittenish moan it was—and soon discovered up in a tree, tangled most promiscuously in creeping vines, the yellow kitten, unable to free herself. In vain Mabel called and tried to entice her from her perilous position; only piteous little meows were the result. If she only had a long stick, or still better, if she could climb the tree, something might be done, but the years spent at boarding school had robbed her of all her childish accomplishments.

In the midst of her dilemma, help was forthcoming she little dreamed of. Through the bushes she heard the sound of approaching footsteps and a cheerful whistle. Soon the author of these pleasant noises was in view. It was Charlie Price, the family enemy, and to boot, a splendid young athlete! Mabel forgot the traditions of three generations of bitterness and called out to her playmate of former days: "Charlie—Mr. Price, I mean—can you help me? See my poor yellow kitten; she cannot get down," pointing, as she spoke, to the tree which contained her treasure.

"With pleasure, Miss Mabel! Beg pardon, Miss Campbell. Poor little beastie—she is caught in the vine." And with that he sprang up the tree with the agility of a squirrel or a circus rider, and at some peril of broken limbs rescued the kitten and placed her in the outstretched arms of her young mistress.

Then it was the most natural thing in the world for our hero to walk home with our heroine, and still more natural the next day when they by chance met in the same woods, to stop and speak of the lost one. Thus, in spite of the family feud, the intimacy ripened between the young branches.

It was useless for Mabel's parents to protest; indeed, nothing short of a command would have stopped this new and delightful friendship, and Charlie boldly announced to his paternal that he was tired of keeping up such an antiquated fuss; let the grandfathers fight out their own battles in whatever world they were now residing, but he, for his part would no longer encourage

hatred, malice and all uncharitable-ness.

Ere the winter had advanced Charlie Price was known throughout Pineville to be Mabel Campbell's "steady company," and although Miss Priscilla, at the head of the Price family, and old Mr. Jonas Campbell, Mabel's great uncle, the chief of the Campbell tribe, declared in unmeasured language their opinion of the doings of their young relatives, it was useless, and, in fact, buried up matters. Then the two mothers, who secretly bore no malice, exchanged calls and actually Mrs. Campbell was overheard to say that Mrs. Price's sausage receipt was the best in the village, while Mrs. Price made no denial of having borrowed Mrs. Campbell's knit quilt as a guide for the one she was making to exhibit at the county fair in the spring.

From that the fathers of the two peace-makers met and discussed politics, and not boundary lines over the disputed fence. By this time, as may well be imagined, the wedding preparations were well under way. At the suggestion of Charlie his new house was to be built directly over the part of the ground that both Campbells and Prices claimed, and this was universally regarded as the most amicable settlement of the trouble, and lo and behold! the marriage was announced to take place on the following Easter Tuesday.

And just then did Miss Priscilla Price make her statement that the yellow kitten did it, and the entire village agreed with her.

"BONA-FIDE AMERICAN."

Dr. William Mason Tells an Anecdote of the Violinist Remenyi.

"I have already had something to say of Eduard Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist who accompanied Brahms to Weimar in 1853, says a writer in the Century. He was a talented man and was esteemed by Liszt as being, in his way, a good violinist. He belonged to the class typified by Ole Bull, but did not achieve so great a reputation. He remained at Weimar after Brahms left there, and I became intimately acquainted with him. He was very entertaining and so full of fun that he would have made a top-top Irishman. He was at home in the gypsy music of his own country and this was the main characteristic of his playing. He had also a fad for playing Schubert melodies on the violin with the most attenuated pianissimo effects and occasionally his hearers would listen intently after the tone had ceased, imagining that they still heard a trace of it.

Not long before leaving Weimar I had some fun with him by asking if he had ever heard "any bona-fide American spoken." He replied that he did not know there was such a language.

"Well," said I, "listen to this for a specimen: 'Ching-a-ling-a-dar-dee, Chebung cum Susan.'" I did not meet him again until 1878. Twenty-four years after leaving Weimar. I was going upstairs to my studio in the Steinway Building when some one told me that Remenyi had arrived and was rehearsing for his concert in one of the rooms above. So, going up, I followed the sounds of the violin, gave a quick knock, opened the door and went in. Remenyi looked at me for a moment, rushed forward and seized my hand, and as he wrung it cried out: "Ching-a-ling-a-dar-dee, Chebung cum Susan!" He had remembered it all those years.

Perfidious Man.

Mrs. Linguist—I want to get a divorce. My husband talks in his sleep.

Lawyer Soozew—But, my dear madam, that is no ground for divorce. There is no cruelty in—

Mrs. Linguist—But he talks in Latin, and I don't understand that language at all.—Baltimore American.

SLAVERY IN LONDON.

DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF ENGLISH SHOP WORKERS

Infinite Horrors of the "Living-In" System Enforced by Rich Proprietors—Both Men and Women Are Poorly Paid and Heavily Fined.

Thousands of the working girls and men of London, with the assistance of influential members of Parliament, are making a determined effort to alleviate the deplorable conditions under which they are now compelled to labor. The poor shop workers are imposed upon in many ways by the rich proprietors of some of the metropolis' biggest department houses and the condition of many is described as little better than slavery, from which up to the present there has been no hope of escaping, as the majority of the shop workers have no other means of obtaining a livelihood.

One of the systems enforced by some of the proprietors is known as the "living-in" system. By this plan the employees are lodged and fed together at the employer's expense and are under his jurisdiction night as well as day. The system has many advantages in theory, but in practice they are found to be remarkably few. The grievances of the shop assistants who have to "live in" begin with their sleeping rooms. Of all the big London shops there are not more than one or two where every assistant has a bed to himself or herself. The general rule, is two, and sometimes three, in one bed and

in a building in a side street near the shop, and at the street door there is a Cerberus who lets in the young men and young women as they arrive, up to the forbidden hour, when the door is shut, and if a girl has been delayed in getting back it's ten to one she will have to walk the streets all night unless she can find friends to "put her up."

Just fifteen minutes after the closing hour the gas goes out everywhere, and anyone who has a light later than that time is allowed. In most houses it is a rule that all rooms shall be unoccupied on Sunday, and most of the assistants are glad to live up to it, but sometimes, when the seventh day happens to be rainy, it comes hard.

No marriage is tolerated where "living in" obtains. If the firm gets wind of an affection between a man and a girl one of the two is promptly discharged. Such houses will not employ a married man if they know it, but sometimes they are outwitted by men who see their better halves only from Saturday to Monday. It is another hard and fast rule that none of the male employees in these shops may vote.

The dining-room is usually a dark one in the cellar, not invariably free from cockroaches, known in England as black beetles. The meals are served on long oilcloth-covered tables, bare of anything beyond the essential implements of gastronomic warfare. As a rule the food is indifferent, for the proprietor is constantly dissatisfied with the chef's efforts in the way of economy, and the bill of fare hardly ever consists of more than three staples. The damp rooms is lighted with flaring gas



HEART OF LONDON'S SHOPPING DISTRICT.

lights. The stale bread, rancid "butter-line," a pallid chicory mixture that masquerades as "coffee," stewed tea and tainted meat, and having to bolt it in fifteen or twenty minutes amid a clatter of dishes, combine to make a ghastly experience.

The clerks go to their meals in "parties" and are as liable as not to be called back to the shop again before they can eat two mouthfuls. If a clerk is busy when his "party" is ready to go he has to wait an hour or more until all the parties have finished, when there is a special table for stragglers, and if he is busy when that time comes he has to go hungry. It often happens that a man or girl has to work on for eight or nine hours in a busy time without a bite. The proprietor does not have much trouble with grumblers, however had a table he "sets." The reason is that he fines his people two shillings sixpence, or 62 cents, a grumble.

The London shop man draws a salary of from \$150 to \$225 a year in addition to his board and lodging; the shop girl \$50 a year less. They have to be well dressed, and their little income is drained by all sorts of fines, to say nothing of the small sums they often have to spend to eke out their scrimped meals. Of course there is a fine for every clerical mistake, and the proprietor encourages those whose business it is to ferret out such slips by paying them a small sum for every one they can locate.



Most shops have all their rules and the fines attached to them printed in a little book, which they graciously sell to their employees for sixpence and fine them sixpence if they lose it. One well-known London shop has 198 rules, another 159. There is a fine for being late, which increases with every minute of tardiness; one for taking a knife, fork or spoon to one's room; a set amount to be paid for every box of goods not properly dusted; for wearing a bunch of flowers over three inches in diameter; for leaving the counter before the bell for meals has rung. Then there are what are called "omnibus" fines—that is, the heads of departments "have discretion" to exact a fine for practically any offense. When the clerk has liquidated all the fines that he incurs in the hurry of business and has paid out small sums for the "doctor," the shoe black, the shop's system of accident insurance, and so forth, what he has left for himself must be no great sum.

Counting the Stars.

Today the stars visible from the first to the thirteenth magnitude aggregate to about 43,000,000 of which nearly 10,000,000 have been photographed. In the most powerful telescopes, even the fifteenth magnitude has been revealed; of this magnitude perhaps 100,000,000 stars are suspected, but knowledge concerning them is uncertain. In the Milky way alone there are some 10,000 stars, separate by vast distances. To the eye at the telescope the sky seems no longer dotted with constellations, but powdered with gold dust.

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Electrical Exhibits at the Pan-American.

If the first 50 years of the present century prove to be as rich in electrical invention as the last half of the last century, what progressive years they will be! All of the inventions of the last century will be exhibited at the Pan-American Exposition, while many of the ideas that will develop new inventions will be born there.

His way.

"Was little bobby restless in church?"

"Restless? He acted like a pocketful of fishing worms."

Ancient Cities of Note.

Every ancient city of note was located on or near the sea or a river.

Two Thoughts.

Papa—You saw that big boy whipping the little one, and you didn't interfere? Suppose you had been that little boy?

Bobbie—I did think of that, an' was going to part 'em, but then I happened to think, 's'pos I was the big boy? So I let 'em alone.

Boothlacks in Berlin.

Boothlacks are seldom seen on the streets of Berlin, owing to the fact that it is one of the duties of German servant girls to shine shoes in the household, and of porters to attend to it in hotels. There are boothlacks at the principal railway depots, but they find more patrons among women than among men.

Companionship.

Off Horse—Do you think the man that owns us likes his automobile better?

Nigh Horse—Naw; don't you notice he comes to us when he wants something that can eat an apple out of his hand?

\$30,000 for Sewage Improvement.

Bradford, England, has had a recommendation from the committee on sewage, calling for the expenditure of more than \$30,000 on the improvement of its sewage disposal plant. It is also contemplating immediate street improvements to the amount of \$150,000.

Used to it.

Mr. Lurker—Excuse me, Miss Snapper, but I have long sought this opportunity—

Miss Snapper—Never mind the preamble, Mr. Lurker. Run along and ask pa. He's been expecting this would come for the last two years.

A Spider's Thread.

What we call a spider's thread consists of more than 4,000 threads united.

Slow About Going.

"It has always been my rule," said Mr. Borem, "to spend as I go."

"Indeed," exclaimed Miss Sharpe, glancing significantly at the clock, "in that way I suppose you have saved considerable money."

"Necessity the Mother of Invention."

It is said that "Necessity is the mother of invention." Admitting this to be true, who can tell what visitor to the Pan-American Exposition will recognize a necessity in some field that will inspire him or her to the discovery or invention of something that will revolutionize the present day practice of the world in that field.

CONSTITIATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years plagued me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day and if I was rich I would give \$100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief."
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