We long for a peace that is lasting. We plead for a rapture that's rare, Like fishermen ceaselessly casting Their nets in the gulf of despair. We draw from deep waters of sorrow Dark wrecks of old failure and fear, And out of sea silence we borrow The storm that will never come near.

Faith speeds past the footsteps of Duty, And halts at the door of a tomb; Thought pierces the source of all beauty And returns unto dust-'tis the doom Of each man-child to strive and to wonder:

To plan for some positive gain; And only find mysteries under All life, be it pleasure or pain.

Lo, in realms of the mind there is treas For toilers who dwell in content;

There is truth that no science can meas-And the fearless are never forspent;

There is light when earth shadows are falling. There's reward for the deeds that are

done-Where envy crowned virtues are calling: "Through faith is thy victory won!"

A Regular Proposal.

4-----

7 T was a drizzling May morning, a left-over April day, and the hurrying crowds at the Grand Central Station were redolent of wet rubber and woolen.

One only in the crowd seemed indifferent to the weather-a man who walked listlessly along the platform, back and forth, heedless whether the roof sheletered him or not.

Now and then he glanced at his watch and then tapped impatiently with his umbrella. Already he had smoked three cigars and tried in vain to sit in the waiting room reading. Nothing eased his impatience like this steady tramping.

Once he encountered a familiar face and raised his hat with a hurried "How d'ye do?"

"That's young Averill, old Tom Averill's son," explained his acquaintance to a companion, and the two



turned and looked after the young man as he continued: "Immensely rich, but an odd stick."

The impatient man was Tom Averill, Jr., and his behavior during the ensuing half hour was certainly odd. The Chicago train pulled in and Tom Averill stopped his walk and hurried down High School boys, but he always to the train shed to meet it and stood watching the passengers with a quick eye, running from car to car till it fell on a party of three-a young man, a middle-aged woman and a very pretty girl. His eyes brightened, his color rose and-he bolted into the station, out at the front door and nearly anaihilated a small street urchin in his violent haste to reach a cab.

Giving cabby an address and stepping quickly in, he turned and threw a fresh-lighted eight at the feet of the street urchin. The boy grasped the prize and remarked sententiously, "Wheels!"

The cab stopped before the door of some luxurious bachelor apartments and Tom Averill hurried to the elevator, rushing out at the second landing and quite startled his man, who was sponging an overcoat.

"Take that evil smell into the bathroom, will you, Martin?" he cried, and hustled his servant out, slamming the door behind him.

"Well," he remarked smilingly to his shaving mirror, "the Uptons came, and to-morrow night I shall call on-her brother. Now how shall I manage it?" he mused: "make a clean breast of what I am and all about me and wind up with a declaration of love? Tell Dick first, I suppose, and get him to ask her downstairs and leave us alone. Then when we are alone, h'm-guess I'll get up a regular proposal and see how it sounds."

He examined the doors, to make sure they were both shut and locked, sat down and addressed an imaginary person by his side.

"Dear Miss Upton (guess I won't say Marguerite), I want to tell you all about my life, if you care to listen. 1 was born thirty-two years ago, and as nearly as I can guess no one was glad fully, and walked slowly to the Upto see me. My mother died at my birth, and I am told that my father would not even see me till I was six

ponths old. "Very little time or attention he gave me after that, or so it appeared to me. I was left to the care of servants during my babyhood, and bustled off to a boarding school as soon as I was old to ask for her, but was rehearsing his enough. At home the old housekeeper called me the 'oddest child she ever la- gan. The man was gone, anyhow, and bored with,' and the maids all shunned so it couldn't be helped. Dick would me. The only childhood friends I re- probably come down when he saw the member with any pleasure are the

"From boarding school I went to college, where I stayed three years. My allowance was so scant that I would not have been able to cut much of a swell if I had wished to. I believe my sole ambition was to get through college so as to see what life had for me beyond.

"Near the end of my junior year I received a telegram saying my father was dying. I went home at once, but too late to find him alive. As I looked on his dead face I realized for the first time that I had utterly missed being

"Then I heard my father talked of, and knew that I was the son of a good man, and grieved to think that I had never really known him. The family resemblance between us came out strong and came to me as a new and to him. startling thing, for with the lines smoothed out and with the youthful look death sometimes brings, the dead face was almost like my own.

"The day after father's funeral I met that I was a rich man, rich beyond anything I ever dreamed of, and I blamed when he had so much money; but in of course I knew." looking over some of his papers I found some notes that were very precious to me. They were his rules of life, and among them was this: 'Keep the boy short of money. He is safer. There will be time to learn of his wealth and how to use it during our trip abroad together.'

"Well, I went abroad soon after that and lived a wandering life for ten years. I had not learned how to use money and I wasted a good deal 'learning,' but there was so much it hardly mattered.

"I lived fairly simply and studied some, but I was restless always. The kingdom as well as of the capital and only thing that kept me from going wrong was a natural distaste for boorish pleasures. No woman attracted me, though I met many that are called beautiful. I didn't gamble or drink because I wasn't a 'good fellow' enough to have invitations to carousals. I now they are practically one, and it is heard one fellow say that 'my nose

"Two years ago my lawyer called me home to decide some important business and asked me to dinner at his home. It was that night that I found my lawyer was your father, and that you were, well, what you are, and that I liked to be as near you as possible.

"I don't think I really fell in love with you that night, but I was anxious to see you again soon. I decided to live in New York, and fitted up bachelor apartments and settled down. I had no idea that I ever should tell you I loved you, but I wanted to be near at hand. So I cultivated Dick's acquaintance. You needn't tell Dick I made use of him, because his friendship is one of the best things in my life.

"But just at first, before I knew him much, I played on his love of fine pictures to get him over here to my rooms, and offered to help him with his photographic prints in order that I were sitting in the next room. We used co to go in for anything that promised to hear your voice there while we to bring money into the country. And worked, and nearly always you came the winter climate was the best in Euto see the prints, and help pin them up to dry.

"I was very happy in those days, and if I could get Dick to tell me anything about you I did. He always thought you a frightful flirt, and always enjoyed relating your escapades with the wound up by saying: 'But she don't care a rap for any one of them. Marguerite will marry a steady old chap some day, and a dandy little wife she'll make him.' Then Dick would slap me on the back, and I would get red in the face. Dick must have seen that I cared for you.

"I suppose I should have let things slip along this way forever if you hadn't gone West, but when Dick told me you and he and your mother were going West for the winter I knew that I must act some time. I must have you for my own, so that people couldn't carry you off whenever and wherever they pleased. I tried to ask you then, but I was always tongue-tied whenever Dick left us alone, as he often did those last few weeks.

"I finally let you go with that one whisper at the station, 'Good-by, dear.' You blushed, but you didn't take your hand away, and though your lips said good-by to all in the little group that came to see you off, your eyes said

good-by to me alone. "So I have waited and hoped all these months, and Dick has kept up my courage with his letters. He has told me many stories of young ranchmen who have fallen a victim to your charms, but always wound up the same way, 'She don't care a pin for any of them and will marry old steady, after

all. "So now I have come to claim you, dear (good place to take her hand), and ask you to be my wife. She ought to say something by this time, either yes or no, and then I sha'n't know what to

And Tom fell into a haze of dreaming till Martin timidly announced din-

The next evening Tom dressed caretons'. He walked by the house once, but, coming back, he spied Dick at an upper window, and with a long-drawn breath and a tightening of the whole nervous system he ran up the steps

and rang the bell. The man ushered him in and he asked for Miss Upton. He had not meant proposal, and that was the way it becard, even if he hadn't seen him from

stable boy and a three-legged terrier | the window, so "it" would be delayed HER NAME OR HIS? | asleep, the Bhil robber cut a hole in his

Perhaps he wouldn't ask her to-night. It might be too soon; he would see how she received him. There was no hurry; she wouldn't be going West again soon. He had never asked for her alone before. What would she think? There was only one interpretation-that he

wanted to see her alone. Well, so he

did, and he would ask her to-day.

He walked restlessly up and down the little reception room, conning the speech till a rustle of skirts made him stop abruptly in the middle of the room, with his eyes fixed on the door. It opened in an instant, and a dainty little maid stood framed in the doorknew what he was doing he had opened his arms and she had come straight

An hour later Tom was sitting on the opening year of a new century. divan holding Marguerite's hand, Dick sat on the other side, and Mr. and Mrs. Upton had chairs drawn near, and all posal.-Utica Globe.

MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

Begun.

Monaco and Monte Carlo were always more or less confused in my mind until I came here, and possibly they may be in yours. Monaco is the name of the chief town, and Monte Carlo is a separate town, lying also on the coast of the Mediterranean. The two places were originally about a mile apart, but the single street along the shore which connects them has been so built up that hard to tell when you are in Monte Carlo and when you cross the line into Monaco. Monaco is the old town, with dwellings and shops and castles and dirt and a market place like any other small European city, but Monte Carlo is new, and lives entirely upon the Casino. There are few dwelling houses in it, few shops, few permanent residents beyond the hotel and Casino employes, and even the Casino men live mostly in Monaco, where rents are cheaper. Monte Carlo consists chiefly of the Casino and its appurtenances, a group of hetels, a railway station and a very handsome arched stone railway

bridge. Here are the Maritime Alps, rising almost out of the back yards of both places, the sea in front, no bits of arable land bigger than flower beds, no manufactures, no chance for any industries beyond fishing and retailing groceries, if you take away the gaming tables. It was a strong temptation, no rope, and therefore suitable for a great small way. Then, four years later, a person named Blanc, who had been expelled from Homburg, came here and developed it. At present the gaming tables support everything. The Casino Company pays the prince \$250,000 a year for the concession. This is a stock company of the ordinary kind, like any mining or insurance company, with shares that can be bought in the market and that pay such handsome dividends that they command always a high premium. So, if you are a millionaire, as I hope you are, and would like company. They are \$100 shares, and

The Strength of Ice.

Two-inch ice will sustain a man or field guns, such as eighty-pounders; 1,000 pounds per square foot on sledges; of a loaded railway carriage, after a a sixty-foot fall (or, perhaps 1,500 foot

per square inch. Colonel Ludlow, in his experiments in 1881, on six to twelve-inch cubes, found 292 to 889 pounds for pure hard ice, and 222 to 820 pounds for inferior grades, and on an American river 700 pounds Tribes of India that Escape the Police for clear ice and 400 pounds or less for the ice near the mouth, where it is more or less disintegrated by the action Great Britain rules give a great deal of of salt water, etc. Experiments of trouble, notably the Mahsuds, though Gzowski gave 208 pounds; those of it is pleasing to learn that they are at others, 310 to 320 pounds. The tensile last being brought to something like strength was found by German experi- order and are paying the fine lately imments to be 142 to 223 pounds per posed upon them as well as agreeing square inch. The average specific gra- to cease their raids. vity of ice is 0.92. In freezing, water The Mahsuds, however, are not by

is immersed.

River of lnk. which is impregnated with iron, and iron and the acid results in ink.

The success of a jest often depends ed to show his ability.

SHALL SHE BE MRS. JOHN OR MRS. MARY?

One of the Dilemmas that Confront the Married Woman-Maiden Names Preferred by Those Who Succeed in Li e for Themselves.

What shall be a married woman's name? This is the question one of the women's papers has been trying to answer for its readers. Shall a married woman take her husband's name way. Her brown eyes met Tom's and drop her own, being known as Mrs. bravely and happily, and before he John Smythe Rogers? Or shall she keep her maiden name in full, and add to it that of her husband, writing herself as Mrs. Mary Jones Rogers? Or "Hello, dear," she whispered, laugh- shall the wife and husband unite their ing saucily. "Is that all the love-mak- names and call themselves Jones-Roging you know? Just one word-dear, ers? Or shall the woman keep strictly And you never wrote even that one all to her own name, discarding entirely these months. How do you expect a that of her husband, and call herself his attorney and learned from him girl to know you love her when you act Mary Jones or Mrs. Mary Jones? These so? I shouldn't have if I hadn't read are the possibilities offered in the way all Dick's letters. Dear old Dick! He of a woman's name, and they ought to my father for keeping me so scant told me all you had said about me, and satisfy the ambition of even the most individualistic college graduate of this

That not many women care to retain their own name without taking that of their husband simply shows how formed a happy family group, but not powerful is social custom. It might be one word had Tom uttered of his pro- said that it indicated that women are wanting in individuality, but such an assertion can have little weight in view of the fact that a social tradition reaching back for thousands of years prac-How the Gaming Capital of the World tically settles what shall be the form of a woman's name. Few women have the time or the energy or the courage to battle with an established rule of this kind, and the number of men cannot be much larger. If it were they would wage the battle for the women, which they now show no inclination

for doing. However, there are not wanting indications that women are gaining in individuality, a fact that is shown by the increasing number who do not wish to lose their maiden names when they are married. Yet there also seems to be an increase in the number of women who respect the conventions of society and merge their names in those of their husbands. If John Smith is a prominent man in business or politics or literature it is natural that his wife should wish to have the social advantage of his popularity. If she calls herself Mrs. John Smith it serves not only to identify her in the minds of all who know her husband, but it adds to her social standing and position. That most business men and politicians would take advantage of such an opportunity ought to excuse the women for so doing.

Why should a woman wish to abandon her own name, that has become identified with her personality and that is in a real sense a part of her individual self? The fact seems to be that as soon as women make a place for themselves in the world they do not desire to abandon their maiden names. Promight be up in his dark room when you doubt, to their little majesties of Mona-others refuse to give up what has befessional singers, actresses, artists and come identified with their successes. This increased sense of personality that identifies itself with a name known to the public and that has its professionwinter resort. The gambling industry aland business value has no doubt its inwas begun here in 1856, but only in a fluence in causing women to refuse to marry. The popular idea of marriage, that merges the wife in the husband and in his children must have its influence on women who have sought to work out a career for themselves.

It is highly significant, however, that women should wish to keep their own names, not merely because they do not wish to marry, but because they have gained the vantage ground of the full recognition of personality. Is Mrs Rogers herself, or is she merely an appendix to Mr. Rogers? Is she to speak in her own name, or must she always reto be in a position to dictate to a real fer to "him" in order to know what to prince, you need only come over to think? Perhaps suffrage for women is Monaco and buy enough shares in this not gaining rapidly, but a vast change has been brought about in the last halfsell at present at about \$300, I believe. century in the recognition of the indivi--Wm. Drysdale in New York Times. duality of woman. The women who quote "him" are growing small in number and the women who have opinions properly spaced infantry; four-inch ice of their own are rapidly increasing. In will carry a man on horseback, or cay- the meantime marriage does not go on alry, or light guns; six-inch ice, heavy quite so smoothly as formerly, simply because the husband is no longer "lord eight-inch ice, a battery of artillery, and master," and two wills must be with carriages and horses, but not over reconciled instead of one being ignored.

In due time, however, when the tranand ten-inch ice sustains an army or an sition has been made to the full recogniinumerable multitude. On fifteen-inch tion of individuality in woman, it will ce, a railway could be built, and two- be found that marriage has become foot thick ice will withstand the impact more ideal and happier. That women will ever go back to the old submissive way, having once tasted freedom, it not tons). Trautwine gives the crushing to be supposed. Therefore, marriage strength of firm ice as 167 to 250 pounds must henceforth be a real partnership of two personalities or else women will more and more refuse to marry .-Boston Transcript.

LOOK JUST LIKE A FOREST.

by a Novel Method. Some of the Indian tribes over which

increases in volume from 1-9 to 1-18, or any means the worst of the Indian roban average of 1-11; when floating, 11-12 ber tribes, that unenviable distinction probably falling to the Bhils, who are thecleverest scoundrels in the world, both in their methods of acquiring In Algeria a river of ink is formed by other people's property and in evading the conjuction of two streams, one of pursuit. They are very fond of their skill in pilfering and openly boast of it. the other, which drains a peat bog. One of them once told a British officer with gallic acid. The mixture of the that he could steal the blanket from under him and was promptly challeng-

upon the digestion of your audience. | That night, when the officer was fast

tent, crept noiselessly in and gently tickled the hands and feet of the sleeping man. The officer stirred uneasily

and turned over. In this way the Bhil was able to pull the blanket out a little way. By repeating this performance he finally succeeded in "coaxing" the blanket completely from under the sleeper.

When engaged in his nefarious little games the Bhil weares hardly any clothing and his lithe body is rubbed with oil to facilitate escape from any wouldbe captors. When hotly pursued by the British troops the robbers make use of a very clever device. They conceal their scant clothing under their small round shields and scatter them about to resemble stone or bowlders. Then picking up a few twigs-if there are any to be had-they assume all sorts of grotesque attitudes, their almost fleshless limbs silhouetted against the dark night sky closely resembling the charred limbs of a tree. Absolutely motionless, they hold their positions till the enemy has passed them.

In this way a British subaltern in charge of a party sent to capture some Bhils was considerably startled one evening. The pursuit had completely lost sight of the robbers and finally the party drew rein by a clump of gnarled zoo."-Boston Transcript. and bent trunks, tired and hot from their hard exertions. The officer in charge took off his hat and placed it on the end of a broken limb, when instantly there was a wild scream of laughter and the tree trunks suddenly came to life and vanished in the dark-

DOGS THAT LOVE MUSIC.

Maryland Farmer Satisfiel that Their Howis and Whines Mean Approval.

Robert Wickes, one of the most ardent lovers of dogs in Maryland, who constantly keeps a large kennel of fox hounds, water dogs and diminutive pets, several years ago entertained visitors to his home with what he term- choose! ed his "canine orchestry." Provided with an accordion, violin, and several other instruments, the members of Mr. Wicks' household commenced an enlivening air in the dining-room of his home. Immediately the dogs crowded Star. to the door of the kitchen and set up their whines of approval, or even delight. When admitted into the room they crowd around the players and indulge in a most novel performance until either they are tired out or the musiclans are forced to suspend playing from sheer exhaustion. Their whining is solemn when some dragging air is played, but a veritable bedlam is reached when the quick strains of the 'Fisher's Hornpipe" are played. That their sensations are those of pleasure and not of discomfort is unmistakably shown by the fact that they can scarcely be forced from the room so long as the music continues.

In the old high-ceiling country kitchen the writer has seen mice steal out and become quite tame in response to the performance of some old negro fiddler, who, apart from his perfect time, succeeded in drawing but little music from the dilapidated violin, though, of course, the sounds are musical.

There is no reason, too, to believe that dogs, like human beings, are not all appealed to by exactly the same sounds. What will attract the notice of and call forth the deep bass solo of the mastiff or the Chesapeake Bay water dog may not appeal to the household pet or the farmyard cur or fox hound, and vice

PUT THE MULE ON SNOWSHOES

Plan by Which the Mail Was Carried Through Big Drifts in Maine. It is said that the late Jock Darling,

the most noted hunter and trapper ever known in Maine, once brought a young deer out of the deep snows of the woods by fitting snowshoes to its feet, and there have been instances of dogs wearing the moosehide, but not until this winter, so far as the records show, did any one in that part of the world ever see a mule on snowshoes.

The snow was only an ordinary fall, but the gale that succeeded it piled up big drifts, shutting out many towns from all communication with the outside world. Bingham, in Somerset county, had been without mail for a week when, on Wednesday evening, the mail carrier, Henry Caswell, arrived from The Forks with four sacks slung over a mule's back.

The mule, Pete, is a diminutive animal, tough and strong, but going as mules generally go, utterly unable to wade through the high ridges of snow between The Forks and Bingham. So Caswell, after studying the situation a bit, decided to fit snowshoes to Pete. The plan worked all right and the little mule, seeming to appreciate the situation, allowed the shoes to be fitted without objection.

The shoes were made of oak frames, woven with stout moosehide, about half the width worn by men and without the usual long shank behind. Pete came along on his snowshoes as well as Caswell on his, and the two were welcomed with shouts of approval by the people of Bingham. The return journey of twenty-four miles was made in the same way.

Petticoats of Mail Bags.

The empty English mail bags not having been returned from the Congo Which is, for some time it was found on inquiry that the sacks were regularly being stolen by the natives for presentation to their wives, who used them as pet

Journals of Forestry.

England has no journal of forestry. Germany has several, one of which is in its seventy-sixth year.

The women are making their biscuits smaller every day in order that they may compilment their own cooking by in time. Sold by druggists. may compliment their own cooking by telling how many their husbands ate

A quarrel recently occurred between two maiden ladies. Said the younger

"I wonder if I shall lose my locks, too, when I get your age?"
The older one—You may be lucky if

you do .- Tit-Bits. She Was Reassured. Teddy-Won't you come and see

our new baby? Old Maid Teacher-Yes, dear, when your aunt is better. Teddy-Oh, but it ain't catching!-

Albert Edward's Cigars. The Prince of Wales pays at the rate of \$1,750 per 1000 for his cigars. These precious weeds are seven inches long.

His Points. First boy-Is that a good house dog? Second boy-No.

'Good bird dog?" 'No.'

"What is it good for?"

'Good for rabbits?" "Knows some tricks, perhaps?"

"Nothin'—only to take prizes at shows."—New York World.

Quite Right. "He said it was a beastly fire." "He was right. The fire was at the

The Soft Answer. Jeweler (enthusiastically)-I assure you the watch is worth twice the It's worth 10 guineas if it's worth a penny.
Customer—I should hardly say that.

Jeweler (warming)-You doubt my word? Customer (consulting his own

watch)—I mean to say it's a lie on the face of it. The thing's an hour slow.-Judy.

Pacific. "People ought to give us more credit for our efforts in the direction of peace," said the distinguished China-

"But you go ahead and do as you

"Yes. But after we have done so we are the first to seize the olive branch of diplomacy and do our best to convert what might have been a disgraceful scrimmage into a leisurely and dignified law suit."-Washington

Costly.

The Duke of Manchester is a fine investment for a father-in-law.-Atlanta Constitution.

She Worried. Nipp-My wife worried all last week for fear I should die.

Tuck-Were you sick? Nipp-No, but my life insurance policy ran out and it was several days before I got it renewed.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Cooking School for Doctors. Frau Hedwig Heyl has started a cooking school for doctors in Berlin. Doctors from France, Russia and Italy. as well as Germany, have already taken the course, and it is reported that branch schools of the same kind are shortly to be established in all the capitals of Europe.

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