LAURELED,

Back from the strenuous wars he comes to me,
He is my son, grown brown, with strange scarred hands;
The months of blood and death in alien lands
Are in his face; his boyish will to be
Is four-fold won. I glow and weep to see
The trodden meadow blackened with the bands
Of bearded, marching men whom he commands.
With being rearranged he comes to me.

I, small beside him, try to utter prayers;
I, honored for the laurels that he wears!
God knows, God knows I stand with empty arms,
And lonesome heart no meed of praises warms.
I crush the laurel branch. Oh, God, I miss
The soft-mouthed baby I can never kiss.

—Bookman.

WHEN FEAR REIGNED

JUST before the civil war broke out, I, with my cousin, was in New York. We had many friends in the city, but being both of an independent turn of character, we preferred living by ourselves, so we looked about for a boarding-house. The one we hit upon was situated in the best part of Fourteenth street, and was a fine brown stone building, with a most pretentious portico, and a flight of some twelve steps up to the entrance door. Now, to understand what follows, it is necessary the reader should know the position of the room we engaged.

As you entered the hall, the reception parlor, as it was called, lay on your right hand, and was a very fine room; at the end of it were two doors which slid back and led into the room which we were to occupy. These said doors were ground glass half way down, with flowers on it, but so thick as to exclude any view of what was passing in the other room, unless you pressed your face against the glass, and then it would be but an imperfect vision. Our apartment was large, and had three windows, two only half-way down, but the third, a French one, opening on to the wooden balcony that ran along the back of the house, with a flight of steps down to a piece of ground. Our room had also another entrance, a door leading into a little lobby, very convenient for putting our trunks, dresses, etc., in; this had again another door into the hall.

The dining-room was situated in the basement, on a level with the kitchens, as were also the servants' bedrooms, three in number. The house was several stories high, and either by chance, or because the purses of the other boarders were, like our own, not too heavy, two or three floors above us were at present unoccupied, and the other boarders slept on the top of the house. Thus we were cut off from the rest of the community by a lot of empty rooms; this did not trouble us, and all went on well for some weeks, but in the middle of November, when the season was at its dreariest, our landlady, who had not the best of tempers, fell out with her servants, and they one and all left her at a day's notice. Now, as everybody knows, domestics in New York are rather difficult to obtain, so the reader can imagine the dismay of the mistress of the house. For two days we managed in some way or other; but the boarders grumbled, and the merchant said he must leave unless he got his meals properly; so, driven to her wits' end, Mrs. Andrews engaged three servants who applied for her place.

They had only just landed, they said, to account for their having no characters, and, with the fear of losing her boarders, it would not do to be too particular, and the women, who, by the way, were all friends, entered on their duties. My cousin and myself possessed several articles of fine jewelry; these things I saw the new housemaid, the day after her arrival, when tidying up our room, examining very minutely. I did not think much of it at the time, putting it down to curiosity. This girl's name was Margaret, and I must say a more unprepossessing-looking person I have seldom seen; not that she was ugly, but there was a cunning light in her gray eyes, which she never raised to give you a fair, honest look, and an evil expression in her face that would have gone against her in any court of justice; but it was nothing to me, and, beyond remarking to my cousin Bertha that the girl was not pleasant-looking, I dismissed her from my mind.

The third day after the advent of the new domestics we went to spend the day with some friends who lived at Brooklyn; there the conversation turned on the number of burglaries, nearly always attended with murder, that had lately taken place in New York, said to be committed by a gang of ruffians who wore light linen masks, and who had managed to elude justice. This description made a great impression on me; the idea of waking and seeing a white mask bending over one haunted me all the way home. We were too late for anything to eat when we arrived at our boarding-house, for dinner was the last meal, and that was served at seven, now it was nearly ten; so, feeling rather hungry, we got Margaret to go out and get us some rolls, made a frugal meal, and then prepared for bed.

What induced me I cannot tell, but for the first time since we had occupied this room I examined the fastenings of the shutters, and found them very frail. Much to the amusement of my cousin, looking round the room for something to place against the window, my eyes fell on the fireirons, and a bright thought entered my head; I would place the shovel against the fastening of one window, and the tongs at the other, in such a way that, should anyone open the windows from the outside, these things would fall down with a crash. To the French window I placed the head of our sofa bed, thus effectually barricading that. Bertha was much amused at my proceedings, but she let me do as I pleased about it, for she saw I was nervous. "The fact is, Nettie," she said, "the horrible stories we have heard to-day have alarmed you; but it's all nonsense, dear, and I have no doubt very much exaggerated. Having now fortified our citadel, come to bed." We always left the gas burning a little all night, so after attending to that I got into bed, and fell asleep. I forgot to say the doors in the reception-room were of course secured, and also the one out of the little lobby leading to the hall, but the one from our room into the lobby we always left open.

I was awakened by a most terrible crash, the tongs had fallen down on a little marble table, on which were the debris of our evening meal, and the shutters were open. "Anette," said Bertha, "get up, child; they are getting into the room," and she bounded to the door into the hall and opened it. As for me, I was paralyzed with fright, expecting each moment to see a white mask enter the room; whether the noise alarmed them, I know not; however, they did not do so; and Bertha, whose courage and self-possession never left her, turned up the gas to its full extent, and refastened the shutters. "Anette," she said, "dress as quickly as you can," herself setting me the example. More dead than alive, I did as she desired. All was silent for a little time, perhaps for ten minutes, although to us it seemed hours, when we heard the servants' window open, and a whispered conversation carried on in men's voices. Another danger menaced us; they were in the house. As I sat watching the door from the lobby into the hall, which Bertha had unlocked, the idea flashed across my mind that they would enter from there. "The door!" I said. Bertha understood me, and flew to it and fastened it. Not one moment too soon! for, as she did so, the handle was turned, and a muttered curse greeted her ear. However, they were not to be baffled so easily, and thinking, no doubt, they were all safe, began picking the lock.

Of course, our only chance lay in alarming the house. "Scream, Nettie, as loud as you can," said Bertha, and she seized the bellrope, pulling it frantically. Fright lent me power, and certainly the horrible yells in which I indulged were enough to awaken the dead. The servants ran up after a time, but we would not open the door to them. At last the landlady and the other boarders were aroused, and knocked at our door, and we let them in. When Bertha opened the shutters there was the window up, the pane just above the fastening cut away. We told what had happened, and our belief that there were robbers at that moment in the servants' room. Margaret and the cook turned as pale as death at the remark; and when the two gentlemen went to search the house, they stood with their back to their chamber doors, daring them to enter, and they did not.

All the servants were discharged the next day, and two weeks after the whole of New York rang with the story of one of the most horrible murders that had ever been committed. One of the victims was not quite dead when the crime was discovered, although she expired a few hours after the fearful injuries she had received. But she lived long enough to be the means of bringing the dread band to justice. A widow lady, with her two grown-up daughters, three younger children and their governess, resided in one of the new streets uptown; they were comfortably off, and the lady, whose name was Maynard, was in the habit of keeping rather a large sum of money in her desk.

Her house was broken into by men with white masks, and the whole of the family slaughtered with the exception of the governess, who lived long enough to tell the story. She had been left for dead by the monsters, who decamped after their deed of blood with all the valuable they could find. And it appeared that two new servants Mrs. Maynard had engaged a few days before were in league with the robbers, and had assisted them in the commission of their crimes. The servants were arrested, and, finding it was all up with them, the youngest, who turned out to be no other than our Margaret, confessed to having been engaged in no less than fourteen burglaries. The band had several women in their employ; their part was to get places, and by that means let the men into the houses. Moreover, she acknowledged that their motto was "Dead men tell no tales;" so they generally added murder to robbery. The whole band was broken up after that; but we never forgot the escape we had had and were most particular after, while in New York, to have our rooms upstairs.—New York News.

MARSHALL FIELD'S DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND.

Captain David Beatty, of the royal navy, was recently privately married in London to the only daughter of Marshall Field of Chicago. Captain Beatty entered the royal navy in 1888 and served in the Soudan campaign in 1898 with the naval brigade under Kitchener. He was mentioned in the dispatches and was decorated with the distinguished service and the Soudan medals. The Khedive bestowed upon him the order of Medjidie. He was wounded in China and invalided home. His promotion has been singularly rapid, but it appears thoroughly deserved. Being only 32 years old, he is one of the youngest captains in the British navy. Captain Beatty is a man of small means. He has little if anything besides his pay, but if he remains in the navy it is certain that his ability will lead him to attain high rank. He is held in great esteem at the admiralty.

Advantages of the Doctor.

Physicians, like clergymen, are concerned in trying to make their fellow men better, but they have a great advantage over the clerical brethren in being able to shape their lives according to their whims and necessities without undue criticism from their fellows. We prefer that our doctors should be good men. We insist that they shall have a high degree of professional honor. We expect them not to be unduly mercenary, and not to grudge a fair measure of their time to the public service. But we don't concern ourselves about what they eat, or drink, or smoke, or how they choose to have their share of sun, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. We don't even insist that they shall practice what they preach, and we should be disappointed if we did, for though doctors spend their lives in efforts to induce people to take care of their health, it is unusual for a busy doctor to take even ordinary care of himself. His sleep is broken, his meals are irregular, he overworks himself; very likely he smokes too much. But as long as our confidence in his skill is unimpaired we don't criticise him.

Doctors are supposed to know what is good for themselves, and in their hands we leave the responsibility for their own cases as well as for ours. To be sure, we scoff a great deal at the medical profession, carp at its contradictions and remark upon its limitations, but in the long run the good doctors get the credit that is their due, even though its arrears may not come in until after they are dead.

To Prevent Burial Alive.

Several insurance men were talking yesterday about new wrinkles in their business. "I firmly believe," said one, "that insurance against being buried alive would pay. It is surprising how many people have a dread that suspended animation may be mistaken for death. I know a woman who has actually made her husband promise that if he survives her he will stick a hatpin through her heart before she is buried to make sure that no spark of life remains. In certain parts of Europe they have what are known as mortuary-houses, where the dead are taken and subjected to various tests to make sure that death is absolutely certain. I believe there is a bill providing for a somewhat similar course now before the Massachusetts Legislature. If such a mortuary building is established multitudes of people would gladly pay, say, $100 to be insured in a company that would guarantee to make the necessary tests before burial or cremation."

"But suppose the alleged corpse should come to life under the treatment?" asked a listener.

"In that case," said the man who had previously spoken, "it ought to be worth something to the company."—New York Mail and Express.

Casualties in France.

Statistics are at hand showing that in the first month of the last quarter of 1900 in France horses caused 967 accidents, with 88 fatalities. The railways in the same length of time caused 145, of which 8 were fatal. The automobile was the cause of 38, with 2 fatalities, and the bicycle was responsible for 119, with 6 deaths.

WALL STREET DICTIONARY.

What Some of the Often Spoken Terms on 'Change Mean.

Watering—To increase the quantity of a stock without improving its quality.

Carrying—To hold a stock with the expectation of an advance.

Irish Dividend—An assessment upon stockholders.

Tip—Private information in advance of the movement of a stock.

Hunch—A tip based on one's instinct or impression.

Big Board—The New York Stock Exchange.

On 'Change—The floor of the Stock Exchange.

Bucketing—To execute orders in stocks without dealing on any regular exchange.

Lamb—A new speculator without knowledge of the market or its methods.

Bull—One who has bought stock, expecting an advance.

Bear—One who has sold stocks and who gains by a decline.

Short—One who has sold stock for a decline.

Long—To have bought for a rise.

Loading—To buy stock heavily.

Pool—The stock and money contributed by a clique to carry through a corner.

Covering—Buying stock to satisfy a short sale on the day of delivery.

Block—A number of shares bought or sold in a lump.

Averaging—Buying or selling stocks on a scale.

Slump—A sudden decline in the price of stocks.

Boom—The opposite of a slump.

Bottom—The lowest point or price reached by a stock.

Top—The highest quotation of a stock.

Insider—One who causes a movement in the stock market.

Scalping—Buying or selling stocks on slight fluctuations.

Piker—A small speculator.

Plunger—One who deals heavily in stocks, taking great risks.

Blind Pool—A close corporation; one which does not issue any statement of expenses or earnings.

Crazy Market—One which fluctuates violently without apparent reason.

Collateral—Any security given in pawn when money is borrowed.

Squeeze—A sudden movement of the market which forces the bulls or bears to close out their stocks at a loss.

Bulge—The upward movement of a stock.

Break—A sudden decline caused by a stringency in the money market.

Unloading—To sell out stocks which have been carried for some time.

SOME NEW INVENTIONS.

A device to prevent theft of rings from exhibition trays has been recently patented. The tray differs slightly from those now in use, having a sliding frame set in the bottom, with fingers crossing each ring slot at right angles to lock the rings in place. In operation, if the person who is showing the rings wishes to take one out, by simply moving the slide a little more than the width of the opening the ring can be removed and the slide immediately pushed in again, making everything secure. When the slide is in a closed position the projecting ends lie flush with the surface and are hardly noticeable, and a secret spring lock may also be used to advantage to make the slides more secure.

A new game of indoor baseball, which resembles the national game about as closely as possible, has been invented. A board of any desired size is provided, and on this is marked the diamond and other lines, together with indicators for the stations of the several players. At the home plate is located a rubber band stretched between two posts, and a pair of curved spring arms, these being used to drive the ball across the field for a fly or foul, or if the ball lodges between the arms it is a strike, and if at the third strike the ball remains in this position it is said to be caught by the catcher and the batter is out. If it should chance to bound outside without crossing the line the batter has run to first. Propelling the ball or batter's disk over so many lines counts for a corresponding number of bases, and thus home runs can be made. To put out a player making the round of the bases it is necessary to strike him with the ball thrown by an opponent, and, as the board is of considerable size, this is a difficult matter in most instances. The rules governing this game differ but slightly from those applying to the outdoor game, the ball being snapped with the fingers, and players may become expert by practice.

Missed a Chance.

"I am satisfied now that I have made a professional blunder in your case," the physician said, noting the symptoms of his patient.

"A blunder, doctor? Don't I seem to be improving fast enough?"

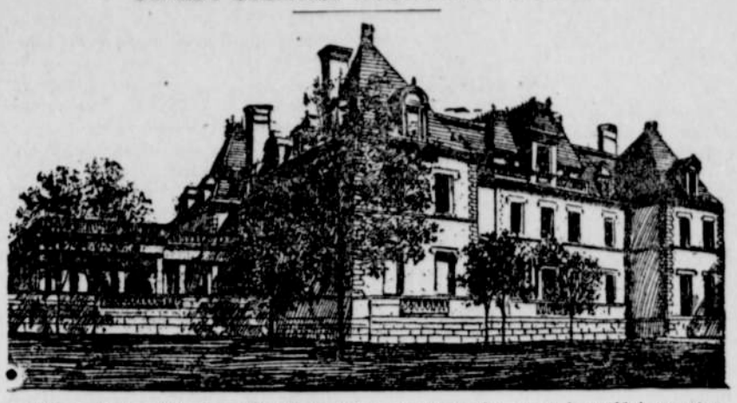
"You are improving too fast. Your malady had begun to interest me exceedingly, and I wanted to see what it would develop into if allowed to run, but I stupidly gave you a prescription that has knocked it entirely out of your system."—Chicago Tribune.

Athleticism.

"I understand that your boy Josiar is a good deal of an athlete," said a neighbor.

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel, "I'm kind o' worried about Josiar. Sence I saw him jumpin' over parallel bars an' turnin' somersaults jes' for the fun of it, I'm downright afeard he will work hisself to death when he gits here on the farm where there's practical business to 'tend to."—Washington Star.

FINEST COUNTRY HOUSE IN AMERICA.



Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay are building the most beautiful country home in America. Nearly 1,000 artisans are at work upon the place amid the sunny slopes of the headwaters of Hempstead Bay, near Roslyn, L. I. The country home of the Mackays will resemble in its general lines the renowned Chateau Lafitte. Its walls will be pearl gray stone, on one side of which will be a distant view of the ocean and on the other a view of the sound. Not far away are the Wheatley Hills, in which nestle the mansions of a score of well-known American millionaires. The cost of this superb palace will be about $5,000,000. The structure will be of granite, 238 feet long from east to west, and 100 feet wide from north to south. The main entrance consists of three large doorways and three smaller ones. The house will be furnished very richly, especially in the apartments which will be occupied by Mrs. Mackay, and the third story will be fitted gorgeously for the exclusive lodging of visitors. The grounds will be in keeping with the dignity of the house itself. An army of servants will be hired to maintain it.

HOW THEY RAISED MONEY FOR THE CHURCH.

Young women members of the Epworth League of the First Methodist Church of Matteawan, N. Y., pledged themselves to earn $1 each and contribute the money toward the liquidation of the church debt. At a sociable the other night they told how they had earned the money. One said she earned 50 cents by washing her father's pet pig, and more by selling kisses at 5 cents each. Two young women had made the rounds of the town with a hand organ. Some sold flowers. One said she stole vegetables from her grandfather's garden. She justified the theft on the ground that the money was for the church.

Back to Cannibal Islands.

Just forty-two years ago the Rev. John C. Paton, who is now visiting his brother in Glasgow, Scotland, first set foot on the New Hebrides Islands. At that time all the inhabitants of the islands were cannibals. They had no written language and lived in great degradation. Every widow was burned on the grave of her husband and cannibalistic feasts were frequent. There were twenty-two islands, inhabited by as many different tribes, and each tribe had its own language. For the last forty-two years Dr. Paton and his colleagues have been permanent residents on the islands. They have made more than 18,000 converts, have reduced to writing all the twenty-two languages, and have taught the natives the ways of civilization. Dr. Paton had his satchel stolen while in London, and declares he is anxious to get back to his islands, where his life and property will be safer than they are in the English metropolis. During his stay in the New Hebrides and before the natives were brought under the influence of Christianity Dr. Paton was placed in peril of his life more times than he can remember. At least fifty times his life hung in the balance, but each time he came out without serious injury of any kind. He loves the islands and the people and will start soon to return to them after bidding a last farewell to his native land and his kinsmen.

DR. PATON.

Paid for Babies to Baptize.

The Rev. Dr. Richard Harcourt, pastor of the People's Church at Reading, Pa., announced that on a recent Sunday he would present to each child brought to him on that day for baptism a gold dollar to be placed in a savings bank to the child's credit, where it is to remain until he reaches his twenty-first birthday. On the appointed day fifteen children were presented for baptism. After the ceremony was over Dr. Harcourt placed in the hand of each babe a gold dollar, saying as he did so: "I present you with an offering of gold. God bless you." Dr. Harcourt explains that he is simply following the example of the wise men of the East, who brought gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the cradle of the Christ child at Bethlehem. He believes it would promote thrift among the people if the same custom should be generally adopted. The deposit of $1 at 3 per cent compound interest would amount in twenty years to a snug sum, and it is believed that at the same time young people would be encouraged to save their money and add to this nest egg.

REV. DR. HARCOURT

American Soldier's Generosity.

A writer in Ainslee's Magazine tells this story: "Our Government allowed several transports with returning volunteers to stop at Yokohama, and so hundreds of American soldiers visited that city and Tokio. One of them hired a bicycle, and was taking a ride about the streets of Yokohama when he ran down an elderly Japanese man. The soldier rang his bell several times, but the Japanese apparently paid no attention to it, and the American found himself promptly arrested and taken to court, where he was fined 10 yen ($5). He protested that he had done everything possible to avert the accident, and asked why the man made no attempt to get out of the way. The policeman then told him that the man was blind. The soldier looked dazed for a minute, then felt in his pocket and brought out a $10 bill. 'Here,' he said, 'it's the last I've got, but he can have it,' and he turned it over to the blind man. The Japanese were deeply touched, and that same day a delegation of policemen hunted up the soldier and gave him back his fine."

TOMB OF GEN. GREENE

Has Been Recently Discovered at Savannah, Ga.

After many years of speculation as to the burial place of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, the illustrious soldier of the revolution, the searchers have been rewarded by finding his bones in an old vault in Colonial cemetery, Savannah, Ga. Gen. Greene was buried in 1786, and until the discovery made by the searching party recently his burial place has been a mystery. Col. Asa Bird Gardiner went to Savannah from New York, representing the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati, and engaged the services of a local committee to assist in the search for the body. Ineffectual efforts had been made in years gone by to find the body, but Col. Gardiner was sure that the General had been buried in a tomb known as the Jones vault. He was rewarded in his search by finding a coffin plate upon which he could trace the word "Greene," and some continental buttons. Gen. Greene's skull was of unusual size, and this was well preserved. His hands were encased in silk gloves that were still intact when found. The bones of his son, who was drowned in the Savannah River, were found by his side. The few remaining bones have been placed in separate boxes and deposited in a safety deposit vault for such disposition as may be arranged later. They will probably be buried under the Nathaniel Greene monument in Savannah.

TOMB OF GEN. GREENE.

New Zealand Landscapes.

Almost every New Zealander lives within sight of the mountains or the ocean, or both. Its landscapes show long ranges and solitary giants tipped with Alpine glow; there are waterfalls everywhere, some of them among the finest in the world; luxuriant countryside, golden farms, lakes, geysers, volcanoes, forests with miles of pink, white and red-flowering trees in spring, and there are fiords of the sea threading their way around the feet of mountains crowned with glaciers and perpetual snow. The scenery is a synopsis of the best in Norway, Switzerland, Italy and England.

Automatic Postal Weighing Machines

To overcome the difficulty caused by the loss of time and the reluctance of postoffice clerks to weigh letters, the French authorities are installing small automatic weighing machines in postoffices. You place your letter on that part of the balance which corresponds with your idea of the weight of your letter, and if it is too heavy a label containing that information comes into view.

Couldn't Spare It.

Easterner—Why don't you build your courthouse over there?

Westerner—Why, if we did we'd have to cut that tree down.

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Man alive, that's the only tree in this neighborhood fit to lynch a man on!"—Philadelphia Record.