THANKSGIVIN' JIM.

He always dodged 'round in an old, ragged coat With a tattered blue comforter tied on his throat His dusty old cart used to rattle and bang As he yelled through the village, "Gid dap!" and "Go 'lang !"

You'd think from his looks that he wa'n't wuth cent-Was poorer than Pooduc, to judge how he went

But back in the country don't reckon on style To give ye a notion of any one's pile. When he died and they figgered his pus'nal es

tate, He was mighty well fixed—was old "Squealin"

But say, I'd advise ye to sorter look out How ve say "Squealin' Jim" when the's widder

They're likely to light on ye, hot tar and pitch, And give ye some points as to what, where and which:

For if ever a critter is reckoned a saint By the widders 'round here, I'll be dinged if he hain't

For please understand that the widders call him Sheddin' tears while they're sayin' it-"Thanks

He was little. Why, Wa'n't skerce knee high To a garden toad. But was mighty spry! He was all of a whew: If he'd things to do

'Twas a zip and a streak when Jim went through But his voice was twice as big as him, And the boys all called him "Squealin' Jim.

He was always a-hurryin' all through life. And said there wa'n't time for to hunt up a wife So he kept bache's hall and he worked like a dog Jest whooped right along at a trottin' horse jog. There's a varn that the fellers that knew him

If they want to set Jim out-and set him out well He was bound for the city on bus'ness one day And, whoosh! scooted down to the depot, hooray The depot man says: "Hain't no rush, Mister

For the train to the city is ten minutes late." Off flew Squealin' Jim with his grip, on the run And away down the track went he, hoofin' like

When he tore out of sight, couldn't see him for dust. And he squealed: "Train be jiggered. I'll get

there, now, fust!"-So nervous and active he jest couldn't wait When they told him the train was a little mit

Now that was Jim! He was stubbed and slim, But it took a spry critter to stay up with him His height when he'd rise Made you laugh. But his eyes

Let ye know that his soul wasn't much undersize-And some old widders we had in town Insisted, 1eg'lar, he wore a crown. As he whoopity-larruped along on his way

There were people who'd turn up their noses and say That Squealin' Jim Waite wasn't right in his

head; He was "cranky as blazes," the old growlers said 1 can well understand that the things he would do Seemed looney as time to that stingy old crew. For a fact, there was no one jest like him in town: He was 'most always actin' the part of a clown.

He would say funny things in his queer, squealin And he talked so you'd hear him for more than a mile.

But every Thanksgivin' time Waite he would And clatter through town in his rattlin' old cart. And what do ye s'pose? He would whang down

the street. Yank up at each widder's; from under the seat Would haul out a turkey or yaller legged chick And holler: "Here, mother, h'ist out with ye,

quick !" Then he'd toss down a bouncer right into her lan And bolt off like fury with "G'lang, there! Gid

Didn't wait for no thanks-couldn't work 'em or him!

Couldn't eatch him to thank him-old Thanksgivin' Jim. 'Twas a queer idee

'Round town that he Was off'n his balance, and crazy's could be. They'd set and chaw And stew and iaw And projick on what he did it for. But prob'ly in Heaven old Squealin' Jim Found lots of crazy folks jest like him -By Holman F. Day.

HANNAH JANE'S THANKSGIVING. "Come out, Cherry. Don't you want to

come out ?" Hannah Jane fastened the door of the canary's cage open with a twisted hairpin, and the bird spread its beak at her, uttering the fiercest scolding of which her little throat was capable.

She withdrew a pace, and out he flew, perching on a picture frame, from which inaccessible vantage he continued his bully-

ing challenge. 'The ingratitude of your sex !" said

Hannah, laughing in a repressed way, as if afraid someone would overhear ber. There was no danger. The walls of the building were thick. Hannah Jane's room was her castle, invaded only by the customers whose old gowns she made over.

Hannah Jane's was a humble line of dressmaking, but none the less necessary. She liked to go out by the day and sit at a good home table for her three meals; but she had learned how it beightened her popularity to be willing to accept odd jobs sewing at her room, and so it was that her meals were nearly all taken from the little gas stove, which heated her pressing-

iron, and were shared only by the bellig-erent canary, who considered her his vassal. There was some good points in the arrangement, because it gave Hannah Jane opportunity to rest occasionally when she

was tired, and to read a little poetry.

She was a bit of a philosopher. If she sometimes felt inclined to realize that Cherry was a rather slender dependence as sole companion and caretaker for a maiden lady who was getting on, she limited herself to humorous literature

It was only in her brightest moments that she indulged in the luxury of melancholy; and how astonished Hannah Jane's customers would have been to suspect that she read poetry at all!

'Laugh and the world laughs with you,

Weep and you weep alone. were the lines she often quoted to the canary, feeling quite worldly wise and cynical as she did so, and naively unconscious of the loneliness even of her laughter. A popular writer has said of one class of

women that if they live to be eighty they of this class was Hannah Jane. The women who received her patient sugges-tions for renovating their old clothes, called her a good natured. prim little thing, and recommended her as reasonabl

threads in her crimped front hair, and wore spectacles while she sewed, and to the hurried women whom she fitted she was mere ly a convenient machine; but Cherry knew that she was still a girl who giggled at him, and who, when the moon, was clear could scarcely stay in her bed, but sat long by the window murmuring rhymes laudatory of the serene Queen of Heaven and seeing such visions and dreaming such dreams as come to the pure in heart.

The janitress of the building knew her as well as anybody in the great city, for Hannah Jane had more than once lent her a helping hand, and at one time when the little seamstress fell ill, and the rainy day fund had to be encroached upon for rent, Mrs. Hogan had come, like a good Samaritan, to her aid.

One morning Hannah Jane met the janitress in the hall.

'It's verself I was wishin' fer," said Mrs. Hogan with a groan. "I'm full o' thenmatiz this mornin' and two o' the roomer's hed left to do-Mr. Jenks and Mr. Wyman. Would ye have time to help out

a poor body?"
"Just as lieve as not." said Hannah Jane, briskly. "You go right and keep

Mrs. Hogan departed, uttering blessings and the seamstress flitted down the corri dor and entered one of the rooms indicat-

There she whisked the bedclothes about to the accompaniment of nimble consideration as to whether the gray braid she had bought to bind a customer's skirt was a good enough match.

Then, after a hasty dusting, she repaired to the next room. Its character was very different from the last. Hannah Jane suspended judgment on the gray braid and exmined the photographs of men and girls

standing about. She observed a pipe on the table, a smoking jacket flung over a chair. A faint odor of tobacco, which the air from the open window had not entirely banished, smote upon her senses not unpleasantly. A hasti-ly opened laundry bundle lay on a chair. Hannah Jane knew by sight and hearing the young man who owned those starched linens and the hose that had fallen to the loor. She also recognized his long, firm step as it passed her door, and the deep heaviness of Wyman's voice had often

stirred her admiration. She picked up his socks now with something like shyness, and mechanically turn-ing them saw the effect of the vigorous strides she so admired.

Hurriedly she examined all the socks in the bundle. Not one but had its little or to her. great ventilating gaps. The sight was sufficient to stir the inhibited tenderness of the woman heart.
"Poor fellow!" she murmured.

Then a positively exciting inspiration assailed her. Supposing she were to mend these socks and return them before their owner came home. It was too had. He would never know.

Hannah Jane's hands moved deftly while she finished the work of the room and her cheeks burned guiltily as she stole back to her apartment bearing an unaccustomed

"A. Wyman" was written on a tape and sewed to each sock. An envelope on the table was addressed to Allen Wyman. "A nice name. It suits him," decided Hannah Jane.

This was a red letter day to the little dressmaker. No school girl could have flushed more eagerly than she over her bit of surrentitions benevolence.

She even turned her back to Cherry's cage as she drew the first sock over her band, and when the bird flew to her shoulder she gave a little cry and tried to hide

"Don't you tell !" she exclaimed. That night when the long legs strode past her door Hannah Jane lifted her little shoulders and listened, with a warm consciousness till Wyman's door slammed.

"What will he say?" she asked herself, thinking of the carefully replaced hose. Hannah Jane was as ignorant as the canary of young men's ways, or she would have know how long it takes for comforts to stir their curiosity.

After this the interesting day of the week

to the dressmaker was that on which the laundry bundles were delivered.

She began to feel a proprietorship in the flexible whistle with which A. Wyman sped his own march through the hall night and Her familiarity with his clothing increas

ed and spread. There were no more buttons missing, or rips widening, or holes left unpatched in the garments of the lucky possessor of that musical voice and taking physique, who little dreamed that the rose color of one woman's life consisted in ministering invisibly to his needs

Haunah Jane in these days often smiled through her spectacles at her sewing, and her customers, some of them, were moved to marvel at the good cheer of the lonely dressmaker.

Her day dreams took on more tangible shape. "What a wonderful thing it would be to have a lover like Allen !"

This thought, often entertained, by imperceptible degrees captured Hannah Jane's

fancy, until hour after hour would pass in a delicious make believe, at first ridiculed gently by the dreamer, but at last becoming a habit of thought as precious as opium to the victim.

She began to bid her fancied lover goodbye as he passed in the morning, with a tenderness that should have insured his good fortunes through the day. Boldly telling Mrs. Hogan that she was

in charge of Mr. Wyman's mending she obtained access to the room, which she kept with an exquisite neatness quite foreign to the abilities of the Irishwoman.

At night she welcomed him home with

devotion none the less ardent that she had to imagine the pausing of the footfail at her door, and the word of tender greeting that met her when in imagination she opened

She ceased to be shy in handling the young man's belongings, for were they not in a way part hers as well? She mourned lovingly over an occasional spot of blood on his shaving paper, and in short indulged in an intoxication of devotion to her ideal. A customer arriving one morning with a pressing bit of work, was astonished at

Hannah Jane's firm refusal to promise it at "You've never been unaccommodating before," ejaculated the irate woman. "I'm sure there's nobody you ought to favor more than me. You just said a minute ago

you hadn't much work on hand." "I can't do it right off," repeated Han-nah Jane, gently, looking far beyond the speaker. She knew just what clothing would come home from the laundry, and just what had to be done to it.

"Very well, then, I'll never trouble you again !" ejaculated the other, and flounced away. The dressmaker had lost a customer. She

turned to the canary.
"Do you think he'll bring me a rose to-

She had lines in her forehead and silver | night, Cherry-or some pinks? I like pinks," she whispered.

Hannah Jane was not crazy. She was only having her first love affair, and like measles it goes hard with the mature. Sometimes she met Wyman in the hall. What a happy face he had, and how the light shone in his eyes as he gave a passing greeting to the little woman, whose timid yet searching glances amused him.

I've unfitted you to help me."

will try to get him into a hospital."

"Never !" exclaimed the other.

"No-not exactly. A-connection by-

"Ah! You are a relative?"

an attack of brain fever.

whom he now first noticed.

convulsively together. for all at once

"The doctor will be here soon.

why he had been ill.

ow, her own eyes raining.

rest now, Mr. Wyman,"

she. But we had each other.'

nurse walked the doctor.

"He knows everything, doctor !"

briskly. He leaned over his patient.

It was the doctor's turn to stare.

terms of armed neutrality, and now

When all was finally cleared away

The snow had begun to blow outside

Wyman had days ago told her the story

hers. If only she could comfort him-

Yet it never occurred to her to blame

the oily flames, and so she did not know

that Wyman was observing her curiously.

situation had been impressing him today

very, very strange thing you've done for

Hannah Jane's face turned hot in the

'The doctor said your loving devotion

The dressmaker screened her face from

couldn't be bought. I'll swear to that."

in his returning strength as never before. "Brownie," he said at last. "It's

firelight, for his tone was a new one.

because it trembled she dropped it.

ed to smile above a heartache.

"No, it's Thanksgiving Day.

"Oh! Thanksgiving Day."

while."

was a puzzling situation.

with you !'

he exclaimed.

said Hannah Jane, faintly.

"It's a fortune Mister Wyman's after gettin'," said Mrs. Hogan to the dressmaker one day. "Sure he often does be givin' me money af late and sayin' I'm the dandy janitress."

The color that swept under Hannah Jane's skin would once have made it

Familiarity with her happy new duties rendered the little woman bold and at last careless. One day she had just laid some mended clothing into Wyman's drawer and was packing it into place when a sound

startled her.
She turned, and the sight that met her took all the strength from her limbs. It was Wyman himself, standing speechle in the doorway, his lips apart. Hannah Jane lost her head completely.

"You're too early !" she stammered. "I am a little early. What"—Wyma miled—"what can I do for you!" "Your mending-I've just finished-1

was putting it away."
"What!" Wyman looked pleased and enlightened as he advanced toward her. And you are the Brownie who has haunthim. The fact was enough, and Hannah ed my den lately? And I thought it was Mrs. Hogan !" He uttered a laugh that ravished Hannah Jane's ears.

ravished Hannah Jane's ears.

"I knew you sewed. I saw your sign.
Why, you have made a respectable being of me!" The young man continued to gaze at her in puzzled fashion. "But the mischief of it is, Mrs. Hogan has reaped what you sewed. Ha, ha! That's pretty good, isn't it? Why didn't you tell me what you were doing? You want to sue Mrs. Hogan right off."

"Leave that to me." returned Hannah

fitted about. "Leave that to me," returned Hannah Jane, blushing and trembling. She had edged little by little toward the door, her eyes held by his, and now she broke away in a little trot for her room, where only the canary knows what palpitating confidences

e received. "Brownie! What a pretty idea!" thought Hannah Jane. The next day she again met Wyman in

the hall at an unaccustomed hour. His arms were full of bundles. "Here's the good Brownie lady again !" he cried cheerily, while the dressmaker, as she paused, wondered if any other woman ever had so many pleasant things bappen

"Here are some clothes that won't require mending for a while," he went on, indicating his parcels; "but I tell you I shall remember you for many a long day. I'm glad I didn't go away without knowthe name ere this.

"Is there anybody—your own people ing who was really my benefactress."
"Go—go away!"

"Yes." The young fellow flushed with his happiness. "I'm going to be married." He kept radiant eyes upon her.

The dressmaker's lips contracted and moved mutely. 'Yes; tomorrow at high noon you'll be rid of me."

"By Jove, that little woman must need the money!" was the thought Hannah Jane's face left with him as he moved on to his room, suddenly sobered. Cherry stirred uneasily on his perch that right, and even trilled a soft and reproach-

ful serenade to remind his mistress of her inconsiderateness. It was midnight, yet both gas jets were hurning brightly, and Hannah Jane still lent, please. You want to get well, if sat, a book upside down in her lap, and an only to thank your nurse here. Such

odd set smile on her lips. devotion as hers isn't to be bought. What an empty, bare room it was What an empty, gray day—week—month—year—no, no—years awaited her. She place of sleep and muscle." dared not go to sleep and wake up anew to the realization. Such a dead, dead weight feeble astonishment. of monotonous oppression settled upon

"O, Cherry, don't sing !" she moaned. unobservant of the book that fell to the floor as she rose and moved to the cage.

"'How can ye sing, ye little birds, When I'm so wae and fu' o' cares? How did we use to get on—you and I—birdie? We did very well," she said, softly. "It's dreadful to be an old fool, because they're the worst kind, birdie." The canary, excited and daring, flew straight through the open door to her neck

and pecked at it crossly. She closed her hand on his little body and held him close, as she walked softly up and down the "It's one o' the girls in those pretty low necked photographs," she murmured, and the next time she reached the bureau she

stopped and resolutely scanned her baggard e, the thin hair her restless hands bad ruffled, and her spare figure.

"Oh, oh!" she moaned, meeting her piteous eyes. The silky mite she was clinging to in the agony of her humiliation writhed indignantly. She clasped her hands over her face and the canary whirred

back to his cage as to an ark of safety. "If I only knew how my soul looks!" she sobbed softly, her thin shoulders con-vulsed. "I might not feel so dreadful The following day was Wednesday.

There was a card on Hannah Jane's door which read, BACK THURSDAY. She heard Wyman's gay voice deploring to Mrs. Hogan the fact that he could not cent's appetite.

bid his new friend good bye, and soon afterward saw a letter stealing under her The long step and the gay whistle had died away before she picked up the envelope. It contained a scribbled word of sleepily on the mantel piece.

At twilight Hannah Jane put some large

farewell and a sum of money. Still she sat there, deaf to the noises in the street, deaf to the noises in the building, to all save the voices that spoke in her inner ear, until toward evening thirst drove

her from her room. She met Mrs. Hogan in the hall. The Irishwoman threw up her hands, evidently in wild excitement.

"An' ain't it a dreadful thing, and I can't take care of him. I loike Misthur Wyman, but ye know my rheumatiz and "What has happened? Where is Mr.

Wyman ?" Hannah Jane, weak with fasting, leaned against the wall. "Sick in his room, and the doctor laving

him, and I've just told him-" Here a gray baired man came toward the stairway. "Are you the doctor?" cried Hannah

Jane, turning. "What has happened to Mr. Wyman? I live here. What can I The doctor bent his shaggy eyebrows in

quick scrutiny. "Several things," he answered. "Come into my room." Hannah Jane threw open her door, and Mrs. Hogan limptho fire and him with one thin hand, then ed away murmuring. evening papers are full of it.

work, have lost customers probably; at any Haven't you seen the head lines?" asked rate weeks of time, have overdone "No, no!" a great grandfather, all of whom died from contents passing completely through the sole."

Wby? What ?"

"The poor fellow's bride dropped dead all that for any forlorn chap? Are you ust as she reached the altar. Forgive me. an angel ?' Take this chair. I didn't know you had a personal interest. There now—I'm afraid

Hannah Jane cleared her throat. "I used to think you took care of my clothes and my room with an eye to the "Mr. Wyman is stunned by the shock !" main chance. I don't think so now."

"Why don't you?" The little woman was beginning to brace "I'm not sure of his condition yet. The

whole situation is strange. As you may know, Miss Frost was the poor relation of rich people anxious to marry her off, and they had no interest in Wyman, save as a all this for some reason that I've been means to an end. I know them well. The hunting for days. girl had heart trouble. The end came right "Women do things without reason."

there. No one seemed to know what besaid Hannah Jane. came of Wyman after the catastrophe. He "Not for such a length of time. I've hit was found in the street and brought here on something: maybe it's hecause I've been so light-headed. But I wish you'd tell me and there was delay in getting me. He may have had a fall. At any rate, he is if I've struck it. Am I like somebody you in a stupor, and if you would stay with him, until I can get a nurse over here---'

were once in love with ?"

All the girlish soul of Hannah Jane "Don't send any nurse! No one must The doctor gazed, surprised, at her pale little face.

Blushed through ner spare, careworn body. It would soon be over. Wyman would soon be well and gone away, and again there would be nothing in the world but customers and the roofs, the moon and but customers and the roofs, the moon and some state of the spare have th blushed through her spare, careworn body. "Very well, then," he returned after a the cauary; but she would forever have the moment's hesitation. 'By to morrow, unless he reacts well from his condition I memory of the delicious shame, and relief

and triumph of this moment. She met the dark, insistent eyes as Wyman bent toward her "Yes," she answered; "you have guessed

"Forgive me!" exclaimed the young fellow. "What can I say to you, Brownie?
If I could make another guess as clever,
and find out how in the world I am ever to The doctor was too busy to care why the eager, agitated woman was willing to help Jane accompanied him to the dismantled repay you! You ought to go away and room, where the strapped trunk of the bridegroom still stood, while its owner, unhave a rest; and how will your business start up again! My employers are holdconscious of the subversion of his world, lay in what proved to be the first stage of ing on for me, but how about yours?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. I've always been taken care of, Mr. Wyman.' But it was not in this room that Wyman "Don't you ever call me that again. I'm Allen to you, and your Allen at that.
I'll take a hand in helping Heaven to help first came back from the realm of his fautasies. He lay in a place where the sunbeams stole through the shade and hirds you after this."

Hannah Jane's eyes filled with bright "Still dreams, dreams" he thought; tears, and her heart beat fast. then some one coughed. It was a woman "If I can just hear you step and whistle as you used to," she said brokenly, "and if I can only see you sometimes I shall be She was sitting across the room, with a cap on her head and an apron over her repaid for everything."
"You have been using your savings,

dress. With a pang never in after years wholly forgotten. Wyman realized that she was a nurse, that he had been ill and said Wyman, reflectively. "Well, they were mine." He drew his lips together in a thought ul, noiseless whistle. The nurse's work-worn hands pressed

"See here, Brownie," he said at last, gently. "You're alone and I'm alone. Let's have a little flat, where you can be a came weak-long-drawn sobs from the bed. For a while she let him weep, then she swell modiste and I can be boarder. drew near and bent over him in the shadwill keep me from going to pieces to believe that I'm some comfort to you."

Hannah Jane sat up very straight, her "Torturers—torturers—to bring me back to life! O Amy—and I might have been eyes big and wistful. "You don't mean it !" she ejaculated Her movement knocked down the tongs, and Cherry, his luxurious siesta disturbed, circled about the room, tweet-tweeting Hannah Jane bad grown familiar with angrily.

The little woman's joy made Wyman you'd like to have sent for ! We couldn't forget all woes of the moment. The find any address."
"Nobody. I have nobody. Neither had ry lit on his head. "I shall have a home as well as you, 'Poor boy !" Hannah Jane took his

you begger !" he exclaimed.
"You won't mind if I cry a bit," said
Hannnh Jane, sobbing softly. "You don't hand in both of hers and they wept heartbrokenly together; and upon this unpro-fessional weakness of the hitherto wise know what it means—it's only my way of —of Thanksgiving!"—Clara Louise Burnham. "Here, here, my lad-and my lady !"

Emperor William's Ancestry. "And is that reason enough for you not His Father Died from Malignant Growth in His to know anything?" demanded the doctor Throat. The recent operation to remove a "be-"I understand, my boy; but we can't die just when we'd like to, and you have

nevolent" growth from the throat of Emperor William, of Germany, recalls certain some blessings yet. A little of the stimusimilar facts concerning his ancestry. Frederick III, the father of the emperor of Germany, died June 15th, 1888, It's after a reign of not quite three months, only women who can make love take the from a malignant affection of the throat which even before his accession had ren-Upon this Wyman looked long at Handered tracheotomy necessary. There was nah Jane as she bent to him with a glass. a difference of opinion between the noted "It's the Brownie lady !" he said in English and German physicians who attended the emperor as to whether the disease was a cancer, and efforts were made o conceal the real nature of the malady. In another week Wyman sat up for the

Empress Frederick, mother of the present emperor, died August 5th, 1901, and first time. No one was more rejoiced than Cherry, who had almost resigned himself while it was aunounced that dropsy was to an eternal night, and who welcomed the the immediate cause of her death, she had partial lifting of the shadows with alterlong been a sufferer from cancer. nate hymns of rejoicing and animated Emperor William has long suffered from scoldings for past hardships.

He had lightened weary hours for the a malady known in the medical world as

'otitis media"-chronic inflammation of patient, with whom he was always on the middle ear. It is a disease which can be caused by local irritation, such as the perched on the back of Wyman's easychair and sociably pulled his hair.

"The bells are ringing," said the sick man, watching Hannah Jane as she moved about the room. "Is it Sunday?" insertion of some foreign substance into the ear; it can be caused by illness, such as scarlet fever, but in most cases it is due to blood taint. A typical case presents the following

symptoms: To begin, there is a discharge from the ear. The patient is subject to convulsions. He drops to the ground as Wyman's hollow eyes studied the carpet. now for weeks bare of shreds and clipthought shot; he froths at the mouth; the pings.
"Yes, and it is one for me, laddie, sure enough; the best I ever bad," said Hahpupils of his eyes become dilated and the muscles of his body twitch. Then follows a moment of calm, with another spasm of nah, cheerfully. She had doffed the musviolence. Another period of calm comes, lin cap and was Iressed in her best black gown. "Wait till you see the nice dinner and then the patient remains saue for some time. During such periods there is melan-Mrs. Hogan is going to bring us a little

chola, with the usual suicidal impulses. These attacks are intermittent and occur It was a good dinner, and Wyman'f whenever the discharge from the ear is not mournful big eyes brightened over it, for free and rapid. As the patient grows older his nurse was so happy, and Cherry so the attacks become more frequent and absurd in his assumption of the role of eventually end in death, the immediate taster to the company, as his own big frame was crying out for food with a convalescause being cancer, abscess or tumor of the

Such is the specific disease from which William II is suffering. In addition he inherits taioted blood. Although the enethree took naps—Wyman on the bed, Han-nah Jane in the big chair, and Cherry, his feather jacket stuffed with celery, blinking mies of the emperor have accused him of follies and excesses that have injuriously affected his health, justice would direct accusation not against him, but against pieces of soft coal on the open stove, and

she and her patient sat before the fire. Catherine II. of Russia, the Messalina of the North, whose shameful record stains "This is cosy," she said. She had learn- the page of history, died in 1796, leaving a terrible heritage for her descendants. Her Wyman had days ago told her the story of his short, swift courtship, ending as it had in total eclipse, and his sorrow was some of the nobles of his empire. He left eight children, one of whom, the Princess could be something more than a mere ciph-Maria, became through marriage the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. Her daughter, the Princess Augusta, married the Prussian him for his self-centered dejection, or to Prince William, who afterward became Emperor William I. As the Empress dwell upon the uncalculating sacrifices she had made for him. Her eyes were fixed on Augusta was the grandmother of the present emperor, it is not strange that he should have inherited some of the tainted A realization of the singularity of the

blood of her grandmother, Catherine 11. But this is not the only strain of impurity in his blood. Queen Louise of Prussia died from cancer, although some historians claim that it was consumption. Her son, Frederick William IV, king of Prussia, died insane, the consequence of a disease of the ear, such as the present

emperor, his grandnephew, has. There is still more taint, however, Queen Victoria, the grandmother of the emperor, was the niece of George IV, of Engiand. He was absolutely insane and died under

He went on, "You have given up your To sum up, William II, bas a father, a great-uncle, a great great-grandmother, a great granduncle, a great grandmother and

restraint.

Rank Vines and Rust Guard Tomb of Zachary Taylor.

Zachary Taylor was once a name to conjure with in this country. Famous as an Indian fighter in the days of Black Hawk, and when the Seminoles held sway in the everglades, conqueror of the Mexicans and President of the United States from March 4, 1849, to July 9, 1850, he was one of those rugged, fearless and determined characters which always appeal strongly to the Anglo-Saxon spirit. But he lived a long while ago, when we consider how fast the world moves, and even his deeds are forgotten except by school children. The books will

tell us that he died in washing was tell us that he died in washing was buried?

"At this season of the year," says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "the first falling leaves are beginning to drift upon the slope of a hill that stands five miles from Louisville, Ky., a little way off the Brownsboro road, and block up the entrance to a massive stone tomb that is located there in Only occasionally is a pass-erby attracted by the austere grandeur of the sarcophagus to draw nearer and read upon the slab over the entrance the name

> Z. TAYLOR. Died 1850

"Yet here reposes Zachary Taylor, 'Old Rough and Ready,' twelfth President of the United States, hero of the Black Hawk and Florida Indian wars, the man who, with 4000 soldiers, swept Santa Anna's 20,000 before him at Buena Vista and conquered Mexico. For more than half a century the tomb of General Taylor has lacked the care of a kindly hand. The ivy riots over the weather beaten blocks of granite in the spring and summer, and almost conceals the outline of the gray stone tomb. The fastenings on the iron door are red with rust, and no key has turned in the ponderous lock for probably a quarter of a

century.
"A little to the east of the granite vault stands the Taylor memorial shaft of white marble. It, too, has become discolored through the storm and shine of half a ceu-General Taylor leaning upon his sword.
The statue, too, is beginning to disintegrate in spots. The inscription, which is growing illegible, consists of General Tay-

lor's last words: "I have endeavored to do my duty. I am ready to die. My only regret is the friends I leave behind me.'

"Visitors to the tomb of President Taylor are rare. It is doubtful if half a dozen tourists stop during a twelvemonth to stand beside the last resting place of a President of the United States and a soldier who occupies a conspicuous and pic-turesque position in the nation's history.

'The old Taylor homestead, which stands not far from the tomb, is furnished practically as it was during General Tay-lor's last days of abode therein. It is tenanted by strangers, the last member of the Taylor family having moved away some twenty years ago.

Cuban Farming. A Big Field for the Right Sort of Young Amer-

"For an energetic and enterprising man who is limited to a small capital, the Island of Cuba holds forth inducements unrivaled anywhere in the States," said H.F. Kimbrough, to a representative of the Washington "Post." Mr. Kimbrough is one of the largest vegetable growers in the United States to secure special trans-portation rates and markets for his large hipments. "A young man with a capital of \$250 can lease ten acres, plant them in tomatoes, complete a crop in six months. and realize a net profit of from \$250 to \$350 an acre. We have a transportation

tomatoes shipped to New York and Chicago than from any point in Florida, and this includes the payment of duty. There is good money in sugar cane and tobacco, and when the market holds high for a few weeks, as it did year before last, there is a large profit in growing egg plants and sweet peppers.
"Land can be leased from the Spanish and Cuban laudowners at a yearly rental of \$225 a caballerias, which is composed of about 33 1-3 acres. This land can be sublet to negroes for sugar raising at a rate of \$500 a caballerias, or for one-third of the yield of sugar, delivered in the sugar house, sacked for shipping. The laud leases from the owners are drawn up by a notary public, who is under a bond of about \$50,000. If there is any flaw in the title

he is responsible and in case of disposses-

sion because of a defective title damages in

full may be obtained. The penalty for not paying a damage claim that is allowed

by law consists of a term of imprisonment

rate from Guines, where my interests are centred, that is 20 cents a crate lower on

in the careel, or penitentiary. The number of worthless and unprincipled men who come down from the states have caused the Cubans to distrust all Americans. "There is a big field for the right sort of young Americans, even without capital. remember a young chap, named Roberts, who landed in Havana winter before last with \$2.50 in his pocket. He managed to secure a piece of ground and planted heavily in egg plants. He had a run of sixty days on this commodity, and during the time the run lasted received more than \$4 a crate Another man went to Guines with \$5 capital. He arrived there December 1, 1903, rented ten acres and left in June fol-

Miss Roosevelt Now Rides Astride.

lowing with \$1,800 clear profit in his pos-

Miss Alice Roosevelt has discarded the side saddle and conventional riding habit and now rides in divided skirts. The announcement that Miss Roosevelt was receiving instruction in the new style of riding caused a flutter among conserva-

tive Washingtonians, but the president's

daughter, and Mrs. Rider, who has been

teaching her how to sit on a horse in what

she regards as the more rational method,

now pass through the parks mounted as-

tride without causing any more comment than the presence of the president's daughter ordinarily provokes. Miss Roosevelt's new riding costume is a modest one of blue cloth, and she has changed to the new style of riding in such an unostentations manner that criticism

of her course has been avoided

——Clyde, the 17 year-old son of J. B. Decker, of Huntingdon while out hunting Monday morning shot himself through the right foot, breaking two toes and lacerating the under part of foot. He, in company with Wilbur Corbin, was hunting near the town and were waiting for rabbits, Clyde resting the muzzle of his gun on the end of his foot. The gun being a hammerless one, he thoughtlessly touched trigger and discharged the load through his foot, the