SECRET THOUGHTS.

I hold it true that thoughts are things Endowed with bodies, breath and wings, And that we send them forth to fill The world with good results or ill.

That which we call our secret thought, Speeds to the earth's remotest spot, And leaves its blessings or its woes Like tracks behind it as it goes,

It is God's law. Remember it In your still chamber as you sit With thoughts you would not dare have known, And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly And leave their impress by-and-by.
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned
breath

Breathes into homes its fevered breath.

And after you have quite forgot Or all outgrown some vanished thought, Back to your mind to make its home.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair; They have a vital part, and share In shaping worlds the molding fate—
God's system is so intricate.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

IN SPITE OF HERSELF.

Lola Atherton had lived for five years in the pretty New England village of Lindenville. At first she had been the unnoticed occupant of an attic room which she dignified by the name of studio; for Lola was a hard-working artist. Success attended her efforts, and she was now mistress of pleasant spartsments in a nest vine-covered cottage.

Here she sat one bright summer morn-ing with her kind landlady, Mrs. Marsh. listening to her lawyer's words.

"I am instructed to inform you," he said, "that with your deceased grandsire's fortune you are also required to as-sume the name of Clifford."

"My mother's maiden name," returned

"Yes, said the lawyer. All the necessary papers are at my office, awaiting your signature, and I would like you to call as soon as convenient."

So saying he bowed himself out. "I am so glad for you, dear!" cried Mrs. Marsh. "No more tiresome art teaching; you are a rich woman."

'Yes," replied the girl, thoughtfully. "But you might have been that before if you had been less stubborn-if I may say so, Lola."

The young woman started and flushed. "I have done only what any girl with a particle of spirit would have done," she answered. "I have never given you the entire history of my troubles, but will do so now. Grandfather Clifford was wealthy, but he disinherited mother because she persisted in marrying the man of her choice. I can scarcely remember father, so young was I when he died. We were very poor, mother and I; what did that matter so long as we had each other? But there came one terrible day when they told me she was dying. Poor mother! I was only 16, and she thought she acted for the best when she insisted on my marriage with Paul Thornton, whom I had never met be-

"Never met before?" echoed Mrs.

farsh, in amazement.
"No," replied Lola. "Our mothers rere schoolmates and the most romantic friends. They made an agreement that in after years the first son of one should marry the first daughter of the When mother's fatal illness seized her Paul was allowed to see me without my knowledge, and had the grace to fall in love at once."

She spoke the last words bitterly.

tion, Lola ?" "I did not try," she answered indignantly. "I had never been wooed, so why should I be won? I was forced upon him that I might have the protection of a rich husband. After mother died I told Paul Thornton that I would

have neither his money nor his protection, and left him." Yet he has placed his wealth at your disposal and has never annoyed you in any way. He must be a noble man. Lola colored uneasily.

"And I have never touched a cent of it," she retorted. "It would not have been right."

"It is a very sad story," said the sweet-faced lady. "But there are happy days in store for you; this unexpected legacy will bring rest after years of hard work and loneliness. You will have an abundance of pleasure and many visitors, for you are rich and-I hope you will not consider it flattery from your old friend when I add-very beautiful."

Mrs. Marsh's words were prophetic of Lola Clifford's changed life. In all the bright, happy summer days that followed she did not allow the remembrance of the wretched tie that restrained her freedom to trouble her until she met Gerald

Winthrop. She saw him first at Newport. He was a handsome young man, with a well proportioned figure. His eyes were deep gray, honest, penetrating, and capable of

showing mirth and rare gentleness. As Lola was strolling down the beach one lovely morning, she met him face to face, and looking into his eyes realized that she loved this man with a love that

would not be controlled. "Mr. Wintrop is becoming very marked in his attentions to you, my dear," said Mrs. Marsh, who had accompanied her young friend as chaperone. were you I would not permit it. You know very little about him; he may not be your equal; besides, dear Lola, you must not forget that you are bound to

But I will not be bound any longer; I will be free!" cried the excited girl. "Gerald Winthrop is my superior in everything but wealth. Oh, how I hate myself when I think of my situation!" Will you tell him of-"

"The whole miserable story at the proper time, "interrupted Lola, decidedly, The proper time came soon-much sooner than Lola meant it should, for she never intended to listen to words of love until she could obtain a legal separation

from her husband. She came down to the shore as usual, one beautiful evening in the early twilight,

ostensibly to enjoy the fresh sea breezes, manifestly to meet Gerald Winthrop. He came forward to meet her with the light in his handsome face which always made the girl's heart beat faster.

How lovely she was! Geraid noted every turn of her golden head, every movement of the graceful form. She wore a dress of white cashmere, with a corsage bouquet of forget-me-nots. He drew her hand on his arm and si-

lently led her beyond the scattered groups of people on the sand. They chatted on indifferent matters for a time, then Winthrop suddenly said:

"I heard an odd story to-day, Miss Clifford; may I tell it to you?"

"Certainly," she returned brightly. "Is it a tragedy? Your face betokens one." Almost that, for it tells of a man's blighted hopes. What he most covets is

"'A woman's heart and a woman's life And a woman's wonderful love.""

"And this man is your friend?" Yes. Paul Thornton," he continued, as he fixed his penetrating eyes on the face beside him, seeing that it had changed to the hue of death, "was united to a girl whom he idolized. That was more than five years ago, and yet he has never heard her call him husband."

"Did she marry him voluntarily?" questioned Lola, forcing herself to speak. No, she married him to please her dying mother, but God knows he would have wooed her patiently, and is confident that he would have succeeded in finally winning her love. But she left him, and now has petitioned for a di-

Will it be granted?" asked Lola, with bated breath.

Never! He would end the existence of both rather than give her up to another," Gerald answered with emphasis, and unclasping Lola's hand, he turned and faced her.

"Oh, how can he be so cruel?" cried the girl, as she sank almost helpless at Winthrop's feet.

She did not entirely lose consciousness: she felt herself raised and drawn to Gerald Winthrop's breast with a strength that left her powerless; felt his lips press hers as he cried :

"Lola, my cherished one, what have I

For a minute the quivering form gave itself up to that masterful clasp, the trembling lips yielded to his, and then the revulsion came. The color fluttered into her cheeks, her eyes opened, and she vainly tried to free herself from his

"Tell me that you love me, Lola-just once!" he pleaded.

"Heaven help me, I do love you!" she said, hiding her face on his breast with a "Oh, Gerald, spare me! I can be nothing to you-I, another man's wife, if only in harsh legal bondage! In pity let me go, for I am that most unhappy creature whom you have just condemned, Paul Thornton's wife.

"I will not let you go! I have a right to hold you."

"Ah, no! that is not possible!" she returned. "Release me, Gerald-we must forget what has passed."

"Forget the happiest moment of my life? No, no! Lola say those words again—"
"You are cruel!" she exclaimed. "How

can you torture me so?" 'Am I not to have my revenge for all

you have made me suffer?" he retorted still holding her close. "Lola, my darling, can you not guess the truth-that I am your husband. Paul Thornton!" she gasped.

"Yes, Paul Thornton, who discovered your hiding place only a few weeks ago. nce learning your shadowed your movements as faithfully as a detective would shadow those of the most noted criminal, and resolved to use a little stategy that I might win you."

"And I," said Lola, smiling through happy tears, "walked blindly into your trap. Five years have changed your appearance very much indeed," she continued, pushing him off at arms length and looking into his handsome face.

"You took so little notice of me during the short time we were under your mother's roof, little one, that it would have surprised me much if you had recognized me when I came here. My proud darling-my wife!" he went ou, as he drew her head down to its rightful resting place again. Those were sad days for us, but, God willing, the future shall

be a glorious one."

The waves danced and glistened in the moonlight as arm in arm the reunited husband and wife went back to motherly Mrs. Marsh, who heartily congratulated them, and laughed as she thought how Lola had been won.

The Sandstorms of the Great American

Desert. As would be inferred from its temperature, the desert is a land of fearful winds. When that volume of hot air rises by its own lightness, other air from the surrounding world must rush in to take its place; and as the new ocean of atmosphere, greater than the Mediterranean, pours in enormous waves into its desert bed, such winds result as few in fertile lands ever dreamed. The Arabian simoom is not deadlier than the sandstorm of the Colorado Desert (as the lower half of this region is generally called). Express trains can not make head against it-nay, sometimes they are even blown from the track! Upon the crest of some of the ranges are hundreds of acres buried deep in the fine white sand that those fearful gales scoop up by carloads from the plain and lift on high to fling upon the scowling peaks thousands of feet above. There are no snowdrifts to blockade trains there; but it is frequently necessary to shovel through more troublesome drifts of sand. Man or beast caught in one of those sandladen tempests has little chance of escape. The man who will lie with head tightly wrapped in coat or blanket and stiffe there until the fury of the storm is spent, may survive; but woe to the poor brute whose swift feet can not bear it betimes to a place of rafuge. There is no facing or breathing that atmosphere of alkaline sand, whose lightest whiff inflames eyes, nose, and throat almost past endurance. -St. Nicholas.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

The three Punic wars covered over

a hundred years. Wonderful what bitter animosity existed between the two great rival cities. Rome and Carthage, before Carthage was blotted out of existence. The career of Hannibal is the subject of our theme. It took 7 months for Alexander to subdue Tyre. Carthage was originally founded by a colony from Tyre, and like its mother, grew to be a great commercial city and maritime power. Rome had been built by some [wanderers from Troy. While Cartha genian] galleys covered the seas. Rome had not a ship, and this was at the commencement of the first Punic war. A stray galley drifted from Carthage and stranded upon the coast of Italy. This was Rome's first model and experience in ship building. The first war, was all about Messina a town of Sicily. For five hundred years these twin cities grew and flourished without dissension, but political necessity, as in many instances, brought on the first punic war. This is what we should do, surround our countra's altar and swear eternal hostility to everything inimical to our Flag and our Institutions as Hamilcarled his son Hannibal to one of the altars and there swore eternal hostility to Rome, Hannibal a boy 9 years old. Hannibal was about 21 yrs. of age when he first set out against the Romans indirectly. The great city of Saguntum was taken and this opened the way to the 2 nd Punic war. The wealth of Saguntum enriched Hannibal and his army for further conquest. Hannibal crosses into Italy, surmounts the Alps, and commences to redden the sod of Italy with Roman and Carthagenian blood. Hann bal had served years before he commanded while Roman consuls were appointed by the Roman senate who were hardly inured to warfare. Hannibal was not only a fighter but perhaps, the most cunning strategist the world ever saw He was constantly surprising the Romans with au-dacious tricks. He was a man of decision-the Pyrenees the Rhone, the Alps formed no obstruction to his passage. He fought the Romans for 16 yrs., principally in their own territory. The Romans learned to fear Hannibal by this time after fighting them in Italy.

We pass over many battles, and mention Cannae, the last great battle fought by Hannibal in Italy. The gates of Rome were seriously threaten ed, and Rome was in terrible agitation. The forces of Rome were increased under two consuls or generals but Cannae went against them and Hannibal sent bushels of gold rings to Carthage as trophies of his victory.

Young Scipio now made his appearance. There were three Scipios, Roman generals; this was the second, and saw service. Hannibal took up winter quarters in Capula, and on the following Spring emerged with an effeminated army towards the gates of Rome. Capua had supplied his army with all the luxuries of life, and per consequence, they were incapable offight or endurance. His idea was however of retaining possession of Italy and making Capua his capital. Mago was sent to get reinforcements from Carthage with the gold rings Hannibal had captured at battle Cannae. The Carthagenian Senator who fought Hannibal from the beginning. Hanno of posed the sending of reinforcements, for if all Italy was conquered. Rome taken and Capua Hannibal's capital where was there need of remforcements? He sends bushels of gold rings and yet wants money and supplies? Hanno was ahead in argument, and there was nothing substantial in Hannibal except his necessities. Hannibal after a time finds himself encamped outside of Rome. His Capua the Romans had. Rome sold the ground upon which Hannibal encamped at the regular prices and Hannibal in mockery sold a street, or two, of Rome. His brother came on after awhile. Hannibal and Nero and Livius were the Roman consuls that occupied Northern and Southern Italy. A battle was fought between Nero and Hasdrubal, Hasdrubal's head was thrown into the camp of Hannibal. Scipio overcame one Carthagenian cene al and another till he reached New Cartnage and Roman authority was reestablished. Scipio penetrated Africa, an I threatened Carthage. Hanmbal was sent for to come home. He went with a sorrowing heart, after a most signal defeat by Scipio. There was peace for 52 years. Another war of 3 years and Carthage was reduced to ashes by Scipio Africanus who des-troyed the city. Hannibal became a fugitive from his own land, the Romans pursuing him, died by taking poison in his old days in the kingdom of Bythynia in Asia Minor.

E. J. BOWMAN. That Baby of Mine,

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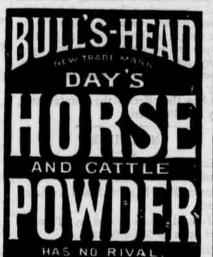
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