THE VINE ON THE SPOUT.

Mckly vine That's climbing the old water spout.

waters it well in the twilight, And tenderly touches the leaves they nod in the zephyrs that sometimes

so far from the grass and the trees. knows every tendril it carries seh bud is a care, without doub or she loves-with a love that is sent from

That vine on the old water spout.

he is wrinkled and ragged and tired, Her children have left her, I know, to fight the battle of life once again-the fought it for them long ago. Mer mother-leve will not die out, be she crooms an old tune, all the long aft-To the vine on the old water spout. t may be the world doesn't need her,

It may be the world doesn't care for the old lonely soul whose eyes are so Whose voice is as thin as her hair. And yet I haven't a doubt

ied planted that seed-for He saw there was need For the vine on the old water spout! Cincinnat! Commercial-Tribune.

How Dalfino Said Adieu 😘

By GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

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LONG the coast he was known sim-A ply as Dalfino, and the name was opropriate. In the water he looked or all the world like a dolphin, his mek bent by years of hard labor as a caman, his body browned by the sun and sea breezes, and his head covered with a coarse bristly hair. It was a grand sight to see him throw himself rom the rocky ledge at Forrini, and, larting through the air, plunge into he sea like a seahawk with broken ving, and, as he came to the surface gain, his large, clear fishlike eyes parkled in the sunlight. Perhaps it was a still more interesting sight to ee him elinging to the ropes at the past's top, when the wind whistled brough the rigging filling the sails lmost to bursting, and the angry vaves beneath him raged like infuristed beasts anxious to devour him.

Dalfino was both fatherless and notherless. His mother had been dead for some 20 years, and his father ad fallen a victim to he sea on an wful night when the sky was darkned by tempest breeding clouds and he winds came like raging demons rom the deserts of Lybia. From that noment the wide expanse of the sea elonged to him and his life seemed to e bound up with it. He listened to the quering waves as if they had something vonderful to tell him, and spoke to hem as he would speak to a human eing. He confided everything to the ea and often dispelled the gloomy ours by singing to himself little

natches of song. "Father sleeps there," he said to 'arra one day, "and I wish to go and oin him. He is waiting for me, I now, for I saw him yesterday."

"You have seen him?" asked Zarra,

aising her large black eyes to his. "Yes, there-yonder on the point of hose rocks. The sea was smooth as lass. I saw him plainly and he looked t me."

A shudder passed through the girl's ody. What a beautiful creature this arra was! Straight and slender as a nast, nimble in her movements as a anther, with a set of regular, pearly white teeth, and a bosom that rose nd fell like a field of golden grain beore a gentle breeze.

She and Dalfino had always been ind to one another. They had played ogether in the sand, captured the unvary crabs along the shore, and waded out into the shallow water. The sun and the sea had witnessed them a housand times kiss each other, had cord them shout in joyful glee, and oin in singing the sweet little songs hey knew. O, tender youth, how soon unnot the sea change such tenderness o the hardness of steel!

Zerra always sat and waited for him r the evening when the setting sun could tint the western sky with a rosy olor, and reflected from the clouds rould overspread the surface of the ea with a violet hue as if wine had een poured into the water. Soon the ails of the fisher boats would appear the distance like a flock of whiteinged birds. Dalfino's boat was inariably in advance of the others, and with its orange red sails swelling in he breeze, would approach the shore ith the speed of an arrow. Delfino nade a fine appearance as he stood at. he rudder, firm as a granife statue. "O!" Zarra would cry: "Good catch

o-day?" He shouted her an answer. The sea solls at the approach of the boats could rise from the rooks with comlaining shricks, because they were isturbed, and take flight to a more eserted place. In a little while the past became animated again and all stir at the return of the fishermen rom their day's labor.

But the sea air made them both sick. With what fascination they regarded one another -she standing on the edge of the boat, he reclining on the deck at her feet, the sea the while making melow music as the waves broke upon the

ocks on the shore. "What thought is there in your 'ook this evening, Zarra?" asked Dalino, softly. "Listen, I declare you are ne of those mythical beings with a body half human, half fish, who live far, far, out in the sea, and who, when they sing, sit upon the rocks, their long glossy hair floating in the wind. Some day you will be such a being and account .- South African Exports.

will take up your abode in the sea and leave me alone and lonely."

"Fool," she answered, laughing, burying her hands in his long hair and holding him fast so that he could not There he lay subdued before her like a leopard in chains,

The sea was gloomler than ever. One day Zarra accompanied the little fleet of fishing boats to their work. It was early on a beautiful morning in July. The fresh morning breeze gently fanned her cheerful countenance. A beavy fog hid the entire coast from view. Suddenly a bright ray pierced the dense fog like the shaft from the bow of some god. Other rays followed and soon a flood of light burst through the fog. Beautiful scarlet streaks, patches of violet with trembling rosecolored edges, here and there a flaming band of orange yellow, and azure blue clouds, all combined to make a symphony of colors without comparison. A breath of wind dissipated the fog and the sun shore forth in undiminished splender and sparkled with many hued colors on the surface of the sea, which a gentle breeze had set in motion. Flocks of noisy sea gulls circled above the ships, sometimes hovering over the boats, sometimes skimming along the surface of the water, their wings dipping into the spray.

The little bark glided through the waves with the graceful motion of a fish. It seemed as if it were a living thing. In the southwestern sky a bank of clouds, resembling red tongues streaming through the ether, formed a background against which the rocks of Ferrini stood out prominently.

"See!" exclaimed Zarra to Dalfino, who, together with Ciatte and his son, Pachies, maneuvered the boat, "see, how small the houses on the shore seem. They look like Mother Agnese's Christmas eve cradies."
"Indeed," said Ciatte.

Dalfino paid no attention to this remark, but watched intently the corks. floating on the water. These searcely moved. "Indeed, and what a fine child Mother Agnese has," he suddenly remarked in a sare stic tone, regarding Zarra with a stern look.

Zarra met his caze unmoved, but secretly felt hurt at his remark. "It may be," she finally answered,

turning away and watching the sea gulls circling high above their heads. 'Ah, to be sure! Then the pretty uniform, too, with yellow stripes and the hat decked with a feather and the little saber-sh, a fine fellow-if-

At this Zarra turned her back completely and looked longingly at the opposite shore. Her heart best rapidly and hair floated in the breeze. "San Francesco, protettore," muttered Dalfino between his teeth: "Turn, Ciatte,

If Zarra moved he could not restrain himself from expressing some sareastic remark, twisting his blond mustache between the fingers of his right hand and placing the left on the hilt of the sword. She laughed, but once she turned to him.

"Blood is red." Dalfino remarked with scowling countenance, as he walked proudly on the deck of the anchored boat, his military cap pushed back on his neck. One evening, a lazy day in July, he was destined to experience that blood is red. The sun had now disappeared behind the clouds and the heat was intense. Like consuming tongues of flames the hot desert wind came in gusts while the seething waves tossed and roared as they broke upon the rocky coast. Just opposite the toll house Padrone Carllo's boat was anchored

"I have seen him again," said Dalfino bitterly, as he sat near his boat, which had been pulled up on shore. "He told me that he would wait for me some other time. I am going to him come

Within him a tempest was raging. Poor Dalfino! His heart was as broad as the sea, but as hard as the granite blocks on the shore.

He stood there mute and listened to the deafening roar of the sea. Zarra, did not have the courage to say another word, but stood motionless as a statue and looked straight ahead with a vacant stare. "My poor ship," murmured Dalfino, stroking with his hand the blackened planks to which he had intrusted himself in all kinds of weather.

In his eyes were large tears, "Adieu, Zarra, I must go," he said, pressing a kiss upon her cheek. Then while this wild desire was still raging in his breast, he ran towards the toll house. Under the tower he met his hated enemy, whom he attacked like an enraged tiger and plunged the dagger into his heart before he had time even to utter his "Ave Maria." As the people came running towards him, he plunged into the rough sea. Rising and falling with the surge, he battled with desperation against the overpowering waves. Once more he was seen among the foaming breakers, then disappeared forever in the depths of the sea. Mingling with the howling wind could be heard the despairing cry of Mother Agense, - Chicago Tribune.

The "Arab" in Natal.

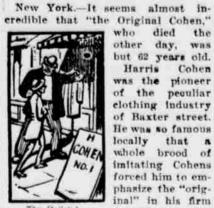
There is trouble in South Africa regarding the colored labor problem. The Hindu traders (called "Arabs") year by year become a more important element in commercial affairs in Natal. That they are keen competitors and possess many qualifications for commerce cannot be denied. They live frugally, and can save money where a Jew would starve. Thus it is that many of them are becoming wealthy men, possessing a great deal of property, and in some cases even driving their own traps, sometimes even with a white ceachman. A pet scheme of theirs appears to be never to pay until full legal process, even to the point of seizing their effects and selling by auction has been resorted to. Then they pay, and return next day to the merchant to begin a new

TALKED ABOUT IN NEW YORK

The Topics That Keep the Tongues of Gotham Wagging.

Features of Commercial Life on the East Side-Devery and His Pecu-Har Candidacy for Mayor of the City.

who



other day, was but 62 years old. Harris Cohen was the pioneer of the peculiar elothing industry of Baxter street. He was so famous locally that a whole brood of imitating Cohens forced him to emphasize the "original" in his firm dealings for

died the

years. His methods have been copied over the whole continent, his name is as old as the "Ragged Dick" stories, and is made familiar by a hundred farce comedy companies touring the country.

Cohen must have been at 35 years of age already famous. He has made money. When his daughter was married a few years ago to a swell Hebrew merchant of the neighborhood, the array of diamonds exhibited as gifts for the bride was one of the finest ever seen in the city upon such an occasion. The old man lost much money of late years. He went into politics, which is a good way to get rid of superfluous wealth. Worse than that, he invested in a stableful of race horses and went upon the turf. However shrewd he may have been in Baxter street, he was a child on the track, and presently failed,

He drifted into the produce business in Brooklyn, and his native shrewdness won him another fair fortune, which he left to his eight children and his 24 grandchildren.

The Reign of the Puller-In. It was Cohen's discovery that a

merchant did not have to stay in his shop. He stationed his clerks upon the sidewalk to waylay passers-bv. drag them by main strength into his

place, and see that they did not евсаре without buying something. These were the

unwilling customers who would be

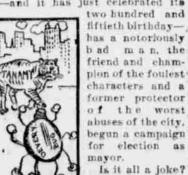
The Pretty Milliners. "strong - armed" into conts too big for them and assured that "it fits like de paper on de vall." It was the kind of trading that succeeded best with men partly drunk, and that made the most of its sales after people in other parts of the city had gone to bed. The goods were cheap, and if wisely bought not bad bargains. Most of them were second-hand, but eleverly faked to I have no that Baxter street was a boon to many a poor man who kept sober enough to know what he was doing.

Fifteen years ago the system was at its height. The "pullers-in" were brawny fellows, full of fight. Frequently they got into conflict over a promising customer, when the poor fellow would fare like an angleworm seized by two fish at once. Of late years the police have been obliged to interfere with such rough methods, and one can venture into Baxter street at any hour without fear.

Division street is less than half as famous as Baxter, and until last year it was more than twice the fun. It is the great East side millinery quarter. Imagine a long succession of shop windows filled with the cheapest possible hats and bonnets, and in front of each door, instead of a brawny prize fighter, a girl skilled in language and full of wiles. Insults for her rival saleswomen, blandishments for the girl customers, sarcasm for those who pulled themselves free from the detaining hand and went their ways--oh, it was all worth seeing!

It's all spoiled now. A sort of trust has been made up of the former rivals. There is still a puller-in before each shop, but she seldom ventures beyond: "We have some very nice hats, lady; won't you walk in? "Twon't cost you nothin'," or some mild-us-milk observation of that sort. In some ways the town does get less interesting.

The Great Devery Campaign. Never before in the history of the city-and it has just celebrated its



The Tiger and the

lately complaining of this.

May be; but already I find Tammany men becoming very restive under it. A prominent leader of that side of the house was

"It's the newspapers that make Devery," he said. "If they'd let him alone he would drop out of sight in a week." "Why, you aren't afraid of him?" I

asked. "Well, if he should run for mayor, really I should not be surprised if he got 25,000 votes; and that might beat the ticket."

This is Devery's reasoning precisely He will rule or ruin. He will assuredly run for mayor as he threatens-in which case we shall see if there really are 25,000 fools and knaves combined in the city-or compel Tammany to take him into the fold as the leader of his district.

It's a difficult position for Boss Murphy. Devery does control the district. He masters the majority of the votes here. His delegation was thrown out of the democratic state convention at Saratoga, but it was there with the vote behind it. Now if Murphy yields and surrenders to Devery the places he covets, the vile character of the man and his following may defeat the whole Murphy ticket. If on the other hand Murphy sticks it out and refuses to recognize the ex-chief of police how many votes will the big fellow draw

The "Bugs" and the "Pump."

By whatever means obtained, Devery has money-lots of it.

His enemies claim that it represents the unhal lowed profits of gambling houses and worse places where girls were imprisoned for purposes that make the heart sick. With his money Devery has fitted out a fine club house for his rganization.

which he calls the Devery at the "Pum "Bugs"-for no particular reason. This is the parent "Bughouse." There are to be, if all goes well or ill, bughouses all over the city to provide for the need of a general organization willing to stand up and be counted in the support of-

The bugs are all young men; there are over 400 members in the parent organization, with others in other parts of the city as charter members for the branch houses. Perhaps not all these men are so bad as one must at first thought decide. Some of limited intelligence may have been caught by the coarse, rough and ready wit of the big fellow. Here are some of his say-

"Republicans and fusionists and Tammany are a lot of grafters and the people is tired of the whole lot. "We ought to have more schools an' do away with a lot of them high salaried pro-

fessors.
"Now I ain't no angel an' I may not go to Heaven with a pair o' white wings, but none o' them political grafters that is run-nin' Tammany Hall can keep me from doin'

"Low's all right for head of a college, but not for head o' the city. He ain't got the executive ability."

Devery bothers Tammany in one way. He knows what happened under Van Wyck; where the money went, who got the contracts, where the "rake-off" finally landed. Suppose he should tell!

The Darkest Side of Devery, I shall here, with apologies, hint at the darker side of the conditions which Devervism meant



The campaign for fusion was won in 1901 largely upon Deveryism as an issue, in a great moral rising against indescribable wrongs committed against women, particularly against young girls who speak no English and can-

A Raid in Mott Street, not make their plaints heard. There were tales told, ghastly tales, but true, that made men turn pale and clench their fists. Perhaps the memory of these things

has a little faded by now. But lest we

The other day a house was raided on Mott street-not in the Chinese part of that famous thoroughfare; the Chinese are more decent. The police found it a literal rabbit warren of nooks and crannies where terrorized women might be hidden. There were closets walled off from the ends of passages, only to be detected by measuring the floors and comparing with the rooms; there were false floors with traps beneath which slender girls could lie. Out of such crannies the men in blue pulled eight women. Later came an alarm that an Italian

girl, young, knowing no English, had been stolen. The police again visited the same house and with them went this time an old reporter of the very conservative Evening Post, which is often accused of slowness but never of sensationalism. The girl was not found, but all the hideous machinery of traps and secret passages was found just as the earlier raid had revealed it. No trace of the girl was found during the visit, but it is evident that her cap tors were well seared, for upon the next day she reappeared. She had been concealed behind a trap door during the search and next morning was led into the street with a little shawl thrown over her face so that she could not identify her whereabouts. In the next street her conductor whisked away the shawl and suddenly left her blinking in the strong sunlight.

Devery a joke! In one sense he is; he could never be elected mayor except in a city of madmen. But it is strange that even in a city so big even a few can take him seriously as a de-OWEN LANGDON.

\$500 REWARD

WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhea. Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they can not cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

Their financial responsibility is well known to every newspaper publisher and druggist in the United States, with most of whom they have done business for over a third of a century. From this fact it will readily be seen how utterly foolish it would be for them to make the above unprecedented and remarkable offer if they were not basing their offer on curative means having an unparalleled record. No other medicine than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription could possibly "win out," as the saying goes, on such a proposition. But they know whereof they speak. They have the most remarkable record of cures made by this world-famed remedy ever placed to the credit of any preparation especially designed for the cure of woman's peculiar. by this world-famed remedy ever placed to the credit of any preparation especially designed for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments. This wonderful remedy, there-fore, stands absolutely alone as the only one possessed of such remarkable curative properties as would warrant its makers in publishing such a marvelous offer as is above made in the atmost good faith.

above made in the utmost good faith.

"I want to tell you of the great improvement in my health since taking your Favorite Prescription." says Mrs. H. S. Jones, of Forest, N. C. "When I began its use I was a physical wreck and had despaired of ever having any health again. Could not sit up all day. I noted a great improvement before the first bottle was used. Was suffering with simost every pain that a woman is subject to; had inflammation of ovaries, painful and suppressed periods, and other symptoms of female disease. After taking six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription, I felt like a new person. Can ride horseback and take all kinds of exercise and sot feel tired."

If you are led to the purchase of "Favor-

If you are led to the purchase of "Favor-ite Prescription" because of its remarkable cures, do not accept a substitute which has

oures, do not accept a substitute which has none of these cures to its credit.

If you are looking for a perfect laxative try Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

FORESTRY ASSOCIATION. Meeting at Ganoga Lake.

An important meeting of the Council of the Pennsylvania Forestry Association was held recently at Genoga Lake, Sullivan County, all of the members being the guests of Col. R. Bruce Ricketts, the owner of the the summit of which Ganoga Lake is situated.

In this part of Sullivan county is to be found one of the few remaining tracts of primeval forest, watered by unfailing springs flowing since a remote glacial period. A forest such as this is becoming so rare in the Junior Senator from Ohio Who United States that, with the buffalo, it is likely to become in the near future a thing of the imagination, unless immediate steps are taken foripreservation.

Dr. Rothrock gave a summary of he work which is being done in Pennsylvania by the State authorities and by single individuals, and also called attention to much that remains to be done. He has recently published the following notice:

"The Commissioner of Forestry, in view of the numerous fires occurring from day to day upon state reservation and other forest lands, desires to call attention to the reward of fifty dollars offered, under the provisions of the Act of Assembly of June 11, 1879, to the prosecutor, for the conviction of any person who shall wantonly and willfully kindle any fire so that any woodlands, barrens or moors are thereby set on fire.

This reward is payable out of the County Treasury by the Commissioners of the county wherein the conviction is had."

Did it Ever Occur to You

that your teeth are given to you for a purpose? If people would spend more time at their meals and eat food which requires chewing, they would have less use for ing, they would have less use for physicians.
"It" is a new prepared cereal food which has e natural flavor of the grain, and on account of its being cooked twice is easily digested. "It" is not a mush, but a delightful, cereal of great food value. Try "It" and you will like "It". Sold by grocers. 2-12 1y

Things One Cannot Afford to Miss-

The July McClure's surpasses itself. Good stories at this season of the year are the prime requisite, and of those there is an abundant and varied supply. O. Henry's "The Fourth in Salvador," is a seasonable and delectable burlesque, telling how five home-sick Americans, aided by an Englishman who joined them "for the pure joy of a looming row," initiated the Salvadoreans into the glories of the national holiday, "Judy," by M. G. Sampson, is a quaint and homely love story of two Irish lads and an Irish lass; and "A Bird's Eye View of Heaven," by Philip Verrill Mighles, is a rollicking bit of love making of the true American sort, "In the Matter of the Mis-sions," by Bayard Veiller, is a piece of ordithe story of a Presbyterian mission founded by an old Jew, a convert to Chris-tianity. "Dutch Courage," by John Milton Stoddard, is a fine tale of adventures on the

Everyone, of course, will wish to read Lincoln Steffens's account of the Philadelphia municipal situation, entitled "Philadelphia Corrupt and Contented,"—the strongest of notable series-and Miss Tarbell's concluding chapter of the first part of her Standard Oil History-"The Real Greatness of the Standard," a detailed and absorbing study of the management of the great trust. Most reliable, too, is an account of "Mountaineering in Switzerland Without Guides," by Ashley P. Abraham, illustrated with some marvelous photographs by G. P. Abraham, "The Story of the Snake," by A. W. Rolker, s an engrossing account of the ways of repiles in captivity in a modern snake house, also profusely and dramatically illustrated The second installment of Henry Harland's erial, "My Friend Prospero," is enchanting. Never did author pique the curiosity of his readers more skilfully in regard to the identity of his heroine. The verse is by Florence Wilkinson, A. H. Kemper, and Paul Kester. A notable editorial on Patriotism completes the number.

RIVER TRADING BOATS.

Ante-Bellum Commercial Enterprise Is Said to Be Coming Into Vogue Again.

Queer-looking flatboats, varying in size and capable of carrying many tons of freight, having on board a rude home for the owner, are again beginning to ply up and down the broad expanse of the Ohlo river and its tributaries. One in particular has attracted the attention of the farmers through whose lands it occasionally wends its way. It has been fittingly named "The American Trader," in that it is a veritable floating store and,

According to river men, the life of the water trader is far more pleasant than that of the average peddler, whose vocation necessitates the fre-



RIVER TRADING BOAT. (Old-Time System of Commerce Again Coming Into Vogue.)

quent cleaning and continual looking after a horse. Then, again, there are enough residents along the larger rivers to make an inland trip altogether unnecessary.

The trading boats are supplied with groceries and provisions of all kinds, and take in exchange such articles as butter, eggs, iron, wool and bones. When laden it puts off to some town and there sells its accumulation of stock.

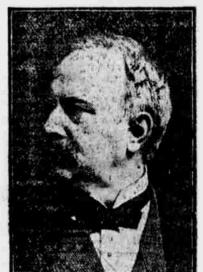
It is said that long before the war the flatboat was used to take produce down the rivers, but that with its passing came the modern barge, now algreater part of North Mountain, upon most a novelty, yet often a useful one. As a general rule, these "traders" keep to the smaller streams, like the Wabash and White rivers, that are not so easy of navigation by the larger steam-

JOSEPH B. FORAKER.

Stands Very Close to the Roosevelt Administration,

One of the most prominent men in Ohio to-day is J. B. Foraker, and he is a self-made man.

Joseph Benson Foraker was born on a farm near Rainsboro, Highland county, O., July 5, 1846. He is said to have been a strong boy, being a leader in all fishing and swimming expeditions. He took an active part in the civil war, having enlisted at the age of 15 with the Eighty-ninth Ohio volunteer infantry, as a private, and serving clear to the end of the war. In that war he gave some intimation of his future



JOSEPH B. FORAKER. Senator Who Is a Power in the Affairs of the Nation.)

success by his rapid promotion—he was a brevet captain when peace was again declared.

Mr. Foraker graduated from Cornell in 1869, and was admitted to the bar and began practice in Cincinnati during the same year. He was judge of the superior court in Cincinnati from 1879 to 1882, but resigned on account of ill health. He was the republican candidate for governor of Ohio, but was defeated at the election of 1883, to be elected in 1885 and 1887, and again defeated in 1889. He has been a United States senator since 1897.

Bird Which Bites a Hook. Notable among the denizens of the

Balkan mountains is a bird, called by the natives the waspeater. Asits name indicates, it is the enemy of the hive. and the scourge of honey-bees, but it has a decided preference for wasps It pursues its prey with remarkable agility, catching an immense number of insects in its flight through the air in an incredibly short space of time-Strange to say, this bird is caught by means of a line, like a common gudgeon. The children stick a crooked pin through the body of a live wasp, fastening it to a long stont piece of thread. The insect soars aloft, and is presently gobbled up by the bird of prey It is a humiliating spectacle to see the miserable waspeater struggling at the end of the line like a young carpwhile it is being drawn down to earth

Learn the English Tongue.

Not less than four hours' instruction in English is to be given weekly in the Swedish national elementary schools.

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