'TIS WELL

Happy beyond we cannot see; Better by far that we should smile as

Happy we do not know or fear the worst; A little while from apprehension free, We dream of cooling waters as we thirst; 'Tis well we cannot see!

Father, 'tis well we cannot see
That all our human artifice is vain;
All things must vanish that we seek to

gain; Our substances are shadows and they flee The paths of pleasure, leading on to pain Meet at Gethsemane!

I thank Thee, Lord, I did not see

Far down my life's cold, rocky road;
I could not know the grievous, heavy load
Was love that turns to sorrow, and must be
At once a beckoning phantom and a goad
Towards Gethsemane!

—Annie Robertson-Noxon, in Home Jour-



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CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED

Hoofs, wheels and flashing lights were again at the entrance gate, even as Mrs. Frank, sparkling with animation, distributing her gay good humor over the silent semicircle, sud-denly exclaimed: "Oh, if I'd only known you were here, I could have provided the one thing to make our reunion complete! If I were not going on at daybreak I should do it yet." Then hoofs and wheels and lights had come to a stop at the front of the house, and in measured, martial tread a man's footsteps were heard upon the lanai. Then, all of a sudden, with a cry of joy. Witchie burst in again: "Should do it?—I shall do it! Said I not I was the fairy queen? Behold me summon my subjects from the ends of the obedi-ent earth!" And, waving her parasol as she would a wand, gayly pirouetting as she had that night in the tent at old Camp Merritt, she danced forward "Sound ve the trumpets, slaves! Hail to the chief! See the conquering hero comes! Enter Brevet Brig. Gen. Stanley Armstrong!—though his arm is any thing but strong."

Bowing gravely to the sprite in fron of him, vaguely to the group in the shaded light at the edge of the lanai, and joyously to the little hostess, as almost hysterically she sprang forward and clasped his hands, the colonel of the Primeval Dudes stood revealed before

"Col. Armstrong! How-when did you get here? What does this mean Is your arm quite well again? Why didn't you let us know you were coming?" were the questions rained upon him by Mrs. Marsden, immediately fol-lowed by the somewhat illogical statement that she was actually breathless with surprise.

"Shall I answer in their order?" said he, smiling down at her flushed and joy-ous face. "By the Sedgwick. This aft-ernoon. That I wished to see you. Doing quite well. Because I didn't know self until two days before we sailed. Then, as he stood peering beyond her she would have turned him to her other guests had not Mrs. Garrison made in stant and impulsive rush upon him.

"As fairy queen or fairy godmother ! claim first speech," she gayly cried "What tidings of my liege lord, and where is hers, my fairy sister's?" she demanded, waving in front of him her filmy parasol and pirouetting with almost girlish grace.

"Capt. Garrison was looking fairly well the day I sailed," he answered, briefly, "and Col. Frost left for Hong-Kong only a few hours before in hopes as we understand, of finding Mrs. Fros at Yokohama. Permit me." he added with grave courtesy. "I have but little time, as I transfer to the Doric to-night."

A shade spread over the radiant face one instant, but was as quickly swept one instant, but was as quickly swept way. "And I have not met your guests," he finished, turning to Mrs. Marsden as he spoke and quietly passer than the low steamer chair; but the wast moment he was shaking hands with the entire party coming last of all "but, you see, I do not have to use it with the entire party, coming last of all to Amy Lawrence.

"They told me of your being here, he said, looking straight into her clear, beautiful eyes; "and I thought I might find you at Mrs. Marsden's. She was our best friend when we were in Hono lulu. They told me, too, that you de sired to go by the Doric, but feared she would be crowded," he continued, turning to Mr. Prime. "There is one vacant stateroom now. Its occupants have decided to stay over and visit the islands There will be, I think, another." And drawing a letter from an inner pocket he calmly turned to Nita, now shrink ing almost fearfully behind her sister "The colonel gave this to me to hand to you, Mrs. Frost, on the chance of your being here. He will arrive by next week's steamer, and, pardon me, it is something I think you should see at once, as a change in your plans may be

It was vain for Margaret to interpose e letter was safely lodged in her sis ter's hands, and with so significant a message that it had to be opened and read without delay. Gayly excusing herself, and with a low reverence and comprehensive smile to the assemble party, she ushered her sister into the long parlor, and the curtain fell behind There followed a few minutes of brisk conference upon the lanai, the Marsdens pleading against, the father and daughter for, immediate return to the hotel, there to claim the vacated rooms aboard the steamer. In the eager discussion, pro and con, both young soldiers joined, both saying "go," and promising to follow by the Sedgwick. dallies with a captured mouse or a child sprung to shield her from the crash of

In this family council, despite the vivid interest Armstrong felt in the result, neither Amy Lawrence nor himself took any part. Side by side at the snow; railing over the breaking sea they stood almost silent listeners. Suddenly there came from the front again the sound of hoofs and wheels, loud and distinct at the start, then rapidly dying away with the increasing distance. Miss Lawrence turned and looked inquiring ly into the eyes she well knew were fixed upon her. Mrs. Marsden hesitated one moment, then stepped across the lanai, peered into the parlor and entered. It was a minute before she returned, and in that minute the decisive vote was cast, the carriage ordered.

"Oh, I ought to have known how i would be if I left you a moment!" she cried, despairingly, on her reappear and, a little folded paper in her hand "But at least you must stay half an hour. We can telephone direct to the dock and secure the staterooms, if you must go on the Doric. Yes," she con tinued, lowering her voice, "they are net going farther until Col. Frost comes. Mrs. Garrison explains that her sister was really too ill and too weak to come out here, but she thought the drive might do her good. She thought best to slip quietly away with her, and bids me say good night to you all.'

So, when next day the Doric sailed four new names appeared upon the pas-senger list, and the last men down the stage, already "trembling on the rise," were two young fellows in white uni form, who turned as they sprang to the dock and waved their jaunty caps "Join you in ten days at 'Frisco!" shouted the shorter of the two, gazing upward and backward at the quartette on the promenade deck. "Oh! beg a thousand pardons," he added, hastily as he bumped against some slender object, and, wheeling about to pick up a flimsy white fan, he found himself face to face with Witchie Garrison, ker-chief waving, beaming, smiling, throwing kisses innumerable to the party he had so lately left. The hot blo to his forehead, an angry light to his to his forenead, an angry light to his eyes, as she nodded, blithely, forbear-ingly, forgivingly at him. "Dear boy," she cried, in her clear, penetrating treble, "how could you be expected to see anyone after leaving—her?" But Gov's arm was linked in his at the very instant and led him glowering away leaving her close to the edge of the crowded dock, smiling sweetness, blessing and bliss upon a silent and unre-sponsive group, and waving kerchief and kisses to them until, far from shore the Doric headed out to sea.

They were nearing home again. Day and night for nearly a week the good ship had borne them steadily onward over a sea of deepest blue, calm and un ruffled as the light that shone in Amy's yes. Hours of each twenty-four Arm strong had been the constant compan-ion, at first of the trio, then of the twofor Mr. Prime had found a kindred spirit in a veteran merchant homeward bound from China-then of one alone; for Miss Prime had found another interest and favor in the eves of a young tourist paying his first visit to our shores, and so it happened that before the voyage all too brief, was half over Amy Law-rence and Armstrong walked the spacious deck for hours alone or sat in shel ered nooks, gazing out upon the sea The soft summer breezes of the first few days had given place to keener chillier air. The fog ahead told of the close proximity of the Farallones. Heavier wraps had replaced the soft fabrics of the Hawaiian saunterings But warmth and gladness, coupled with a strange, new shyness in his presence were glowing in her fresh young heart One day she had said to him: "You have not told me how you came to leave there
-just now," and it was a moment before he answered.

"That was the surgeons' doing. They sent me back from the front because the wound did not properly heal, and then ordered a sea voyage until it did: out I turn back at once from San Francisco.'

She was silent a few seconds. This was unlooked-for and unwelcome news.
"I thought," she said, "at least Gov.
heard Dr. Frank say it would be four months before you could use that arm." She plucked at the fringe of the heavy

but, you see, I do not have to use it much at any time. I'm all right otherwise, and there will soon be need of me."

"More campaigning?" she anxiously nquired, her eyes one moment uplift-

"Probably. Those fellows have no

idea of quitting." Another interval of silence. The long, azy, rolling swell of the Pacific had changed during the day to an abrupt and tumultuous upheaval that tossed the Doric like a cork and made locomotion a problem. The rising wind and sea sent the spray whirling from her bows, and Mildred's young man, cast-ing about for a dry corner, had deposited his fair charge on a bench along the forward deck house and was scouting up and down for steamer chairs. Armstrong had drawn his close to that in which Miss Lawrence reclined, her knitted steamer cap pulled well for-ward over her brow. His feet were His feet were braced against a stanchion. His eyes were intent upon her sweet face. He had no thought for other men, even those in similar plight. His gaze, though unhampered by the high peak of his forage cap, comprehended nothing beyond the rounded outline of that soft cheek. Her eyes, well-nigh hidden by her shrouding "Tam," saw the searching son of Albion and told her his need. The best of women will find excuse for interruption at such moments when sure of the devotion of the man who sits with a fateful question quivering on his lips; and, even when she longs to hear those very words, will

find means to defer them as a kitten

saves to the very last the sweetest morsel of her birthday cake. Not ten min-utes before, when Hon. Bertie Shafto had started impulsively toward the va-cant chair by Armstrong's side, a firm hand detained him, and Miss Prime had hastily interposed. "Not on a count!" said she, imperiously. "Not on any you see?" And Mr. Shafto, adjusting his monocle, had gazed long and fixedly and then, transferring his gaze to her, had said

"Eh-eh-yes. It's not ours, I sup oose you mean."

But now Amy Lawrence was beekon ing, and he made a rush for the rail, then worked his way aft, hand over hand. Every movable on deck was taking a sudden slant to starboard, and the sea went hissing by almost on leve with the deck as next she spoke "Surely a soldier needs both arms in battle, and you— Oh, certainly, Mr. Shafto, take that chair," she added Armstrong glanced up suddenly.

"Oh! that you, Shafto? Yes; take it

by all means. Anything, thought he, rather than that they should come here. The young Briton stepped easily past between them and the rail—behind there was no room-and, swinging the long, awk wardly modeled fabric to his broad shoulder, started back just as a huge wave heaved suddenly under the coun-ter, heeled the steamer far over to port, threw him off his balance, and, his foot catching at the bottom of her chair, hurled him, load and all, straight at Amy's reclining form. One instant, and even her uplifted hands could not have saved her face; but in that instant Armstrong had darted in, caught the stumbling Briton on one arm, and the full force of the shooting chair crashing upon the other, already pierced by Filipino lead.

When, a moment later, she emerged, safe and unscratched, from the confused heap of men and furniture, it was to cut off instantly the stutter and stammer of poor Shafto's apologies, to bid him go instantly for the ship's doc tor, and, with face the color of death, to turn quickly to Armstrong. The blow had burst open the half-healed wound, and the blood was streaming to

Both liner and transport turned back without Stanley Armstrong, Dorie and Sedgwick sailed unheeded, for the highest surgical authority of the department of California had remanded him to quarters at the Palace and for bidden his return to duty with an unhealed wound. He was sitting up again, somewhat pallid and not too strong, but



You have not told me how you came to leave there.'

with every promise, said the "medico," of complete recovery within two months. But not a month would Armstrong wait. The Puebla was to start within the week, and he had made up his mind. "Go," said he, "I must."

They had been sitting about him, the night this opinion was announced, in the parlor of the suite of rooms the Primes had taken. Billy Gray had gone with his father to the club, Shafto had been hanging about in the agonies of an Englishman's first love. Gov disap peared a moment and came back with tickets for the Columbia, bidding Mildred get her hat and gloves at once, and whispering to Shafto that he had a seat for him. As the little mantel clock struck eight Amy Lawrence, lifting up her eyes from the book she was trying hard to believe she meant to read, say that Armstrong was rising from his easy chair, and, springing to his side, laying her white hand on his arm, she faltered: "Oh, please! You know the stipulation was that you were not to

But then her heart began to flutter uncontrollably. The blood went surging to her brows, for all of a sudden as through impulse irresistible, her hand was seized in his—in both of his, in fact-and the deep voice that had pleaded at her behest for the cause of Billy Gray was now, in impetuous flow of words that fell upon her ears like some strain of thrilling music, pleading at last his own. Ever since that day in the radiant sunshine of the park she had learned to look up to him as a tower of strength, a man of mark among his fellows, a man to be honored and obeyed. Ever since that night at the ce, when she saw his glowing eyes fixed intently upon her, and knew that he was following her every move, she had begun to realize the depth of his interest in her. Ever since that day when the China slipped from her moor ings, with Witchie Garrison singling him out for lavish farewell favors, she had wondered why it so annoyed and stung her. Ever since the day she read list of killed and wounded in the first fierce battling with the "insur-rectos" she knew it was the sight of his name, not Billy Gray's, that made her for the moment faint and dizzy and taught her the need of greater self-control. Ever since that moonlit night up on the Marsdens' lanai, when her heart leaped at the sudden sound of his voice she had realized what his coming meant to her, and ever since that breezy day upon the broad Pacific, with the sailors' song of Land, ho! ringing from the bows, and he, her wounded soldier, had

Shafto's hapless stumble, and the deck was stained with the precious blood from that soldier's reopened wound, shed for her—for who so revered him— she had leuged to hear him say the words that alone could unlock the gates of maidenly reserve and let her tell him -tell him with glad and grateful hear that the love he bore her was answered by her own. Hovering over him only one minute, her lips half parted, her eyes still veiled, her heart throbbing loud and fast, with sudden movemen she threw herself upon her knees at the side of the low chair, and her burning face, ever so lightly, was buried in the dark blue sleeve above that blessed wound.

THE END

HOW A CLAIM PAID.

An Alaska Miner Tells of One Way of Getting Money Without Panning It Out.

"There are more ways of making money off of a claim than panning it out," said an Alaska miner who had some luck with his pick and shovel "For instance, I knew a man of means in the Dawson district who had a claim which had failed to be as proficable as expected, and he didn't know just what to do with it to, get his money back, until he had devoted consider able thought to it. And it was simple enough when he knew how. He quiet ly went to the gold commissioner and announced that he wished to pay his ten per cent. royalty on the pr of his claim for a year, which was \$60, 000. The commissioner accepted the \$6,000 royalty and gave him the \$6,000 royalty and gave usual receipt, stating on its face wha it was for, with the number of the claim, location, etc. Then he 'waited patiently about,' like Mary's little lamb, and one day, in the course of human events, an Englishman came along looking for a good thing for some peo ple who had money to spend. He asked Mr. Blank, among other things, what he had to sell, and the smooth gen told him he didn't know exactly, he would show him his goods. They looked over several claims that were practically unworked, and then in a casual way Mr. Blank showed the Englishman his receipt for royalty on claim so and so. 'And, you know,' he said, with a wink, 'that a man isn't paying royalty on any more than he can poss. bly help.'
"The Englishman was right on to

that little game, of course, and he sized up the \$6,000 receipt, looked over the claim in a general way and ended by buying it for \$150,000."—Washington Star.

The Advantage of Position.

The late Charles Haddon Spurgeon was not one of those geniuses who suddenly become a revelation to their friends. As a child be was exceedingly intelligent, and his subsequent development was continuous. His schoolmaster looked to him whenever question had long gone unanswered. One winter's day, however, when the weather was bitter cold, a change seemed to come over the boy. His answers went wide of the mark. Soon he dropped to the bottom of the class and stayed there. The teacher was puzzled; his prize pupil seemed to have lost every spark of intelligence. But as he thought, he noticed that Spurgeon, at the foot of the class, say right in front of the stove. It took but a moment to re-arrange the pupils The head boy was given the seat, and Spurgeon was placed next the window. Then the questions be-gan again. The change was complete. From that moment Spurgeon did not hesitate for the right answer. Five minutes later he was once more at the head of the class, sitting in front of the stove.-Youth's Com-

A Boer Toast. A band of Boer ambulance men met after one of the recent engagements in South Africa an English patrol. The Boers were very thirsty, and asked the men of the patrol to give them a lit-tle water. "With pleasure," they re-plied, "if you will drink it to the health of the queen." The Boers, after con-sulting together, replied that they had no objection to drinking to the health respect, provided that they might add to the toast "and to the damnation of Cecil Rhodes," as they regarded the atter as the cause why men who had no ill-feeling toward each other were fighting. To this the patrol willingly assented, and joined themselves in the toast thus expounded .- London Truth

Henry Clay and the Hunter.

When Henry Clay was stumping Kentucky for re-election, at one of his mass meetings an old hunter of wile political influence said: "Well, Harry, I've always been for you, but because f that vote (which he named) I'm goin' agin you." "Let me see vour rifle," said Clay. It was handed to rifle," said Clay. It was handed to him. "Is she a good rifle?" "Yes." "Did she ever miss fire?" "Weil, yes, one." "Why didn't you throw her away?" The old hunter thought moment and then said: "Harry, I'll ry you agin." And Harry was elected .- Chicago Chronicle.

Pronunciation of "Water."

Mr. Clerk was pleading in a Scotch appeal before the house of lords.
The question at issue was in regard to a right of water. Mr. Clerk, more Scotico, pronounced the word watter. "Pray, Mr. Clerk," said one of the law peers, "do you spell water with two t's in Scotland?" "No, my lord," was the dignified and scorching answer of the great lawyer, "but we spell manners with two n's."-Notes and Queries.

Scientific Economy "They say that Jorkus is very

stingy. "Stingy? He's so stingy that he moistens his postage stamps only at the corners."—Chicago Record.

DID NOT WANT MUCH.

To Be a Judge Once Was McKinley's Loftiest Ambition.

President Made This Admission to a Congressman Who Has Just Been Elevated to the Bench-Other Bright Storeis

[Special Washington Letter.]

HEN I was a young lawyer I hoped that I might become a judge. My highest ambition was to be judge of common pleas in Ohio."

Those are the words of President McKinley. In his early life he entertained no presidential aspirations, and it was only after he began a political career that he aspired to the highest office in the gift of the people of the republic.

Hon. Smith McPherson, of Iowa, called at the white house to receive his commission as federal judge and to thank the president for the appointment, and it was on that occasion that the president made the remark quoted above. On the same evening Judge Me Pherson was conversing with gressman Burke, of South Dakota, when he narrated the incidents leading up to his own appointment, and con cluded with a narration of his visit to

the white house.
Only last December Judge McPher son entered the national house of representatives, intending to remain in politics as long as he could. He was ambitious to some day become a sentent politics as he had been sented as ator. Before he had been seated one month a federal judge in Iowa sudden-ly died. The Iowa senators and represenatives considered the matter for three months, and then they all united in supporting Smith McPherson; and, apon their recommendation, the president appointed him. On this subject

"I have no idea whether I have done I am fitted to be a judge or not. I was pleased with being in the house of representatives, but there are some things about congressional life are extremely disagreeable. If that remained in congress I should have rid myself of some of these nagging pests that abound in Washington to hound the life out of a man. I refer to these office seekers and those in office who are constantly seeking promotion, and demanding the aid of their congressmen. I do not believe that a congress man ought to have anything to do the office seekers or the office holders. I do not see why congressmen should be depended upon to recommend persons for postmasterships or any other offices. They belong to the executive branch of the government, and the members of the legislative branch should have nothing to do with such

appointments."
"That is logical enough and lawyer like," said Congressman Burke, "but it is impractical. The president and the heads of the departments cannot know whom to appoint to the offices throughout the country, except they get satisfactory recommendations. Naturally the president and members of his cabinet look to the senators and representatives as the most capable men to make such recommendations In my state we have a system of mak ing appointments which relieves the congressmen of political responsibility. We require the chairmen of the county and district comittees to unite upon the men to be appointed as postmasters. The candidates at home all know this, and when they are disappointed they do not blame their congressmen, but they blame their committee men."
"By the way," said the writer, re

ferring to what the president said.



I HOPED I MIGHT BECOME A JUDGE.

'that reminds me of the fact that ex Senator Moody, of South Dakota, was here about seven years ago, presumably after a federal judgeship. The St Paul Globe instructed its correspondent to inquire of Senator Moody whether or not he was after that judgeship. The courtly Moody replied: 'I cannot answer that question directly; but I can say that almost every lawyer who possesses any ambition at all hopes that some day he may be a judge. That saying seems to have strong verification in what McKinley said about his earlier ambition."

"That is probably true," said Judge McPherson. "I have often heard energetic and ambitious lawyers express themselves in the same manner. It is only natural, however. Did you ever see a newspaper man but hoped some day to be the owner of a good news-paper? Often I have heard bright paper? young fellows express the hope that they might some day own a paper and print what they pleased, regard-less of that bogie man, the managing editor.

This desultory talk of the congress men brought out quite a number of interesting facts concerning real life in Washington. Referring to a member that he demanded and received a co. sideration before permitting a certain ask a man for money he owes you.

bill to pass, the writer said: "That fact ought to be known all over the state. The people should be told the story just as it occurred, and he should

be retired to private life."
"Nothing of the kind," said Judge
McPherson. "You could never make McPherson. "You could never make the people believe that their senator s corrupt. I have seen something of that kind of human nature. If you tell the people that their senator did that corrupt thing, he would get out on the hustings and how! about his innocence and virtue, assuring the people that he had been offered a bribe which he indignantly refused; and he would say that the corporations are trying to break him down because he is honest, and he would be reelected by a bigger majority than ever. No, it would do no good to expose him di-

rectly. It would make him stronger with the people."

"That is true," said Congressman Burke. "Moreover, he has been exposed in his own state on other matters, and always cried 'stop thief' and made the people believe him to be honest. When I was in the legislature of South Dakota I had a number of people come to me with improper prop-



THE NAGGING PEST

about them, just for the reason Judge McPherson gave. word against another's; nothing can be proved, and hence nothing should be said. Sometimes people make improper offers to congressmen and mem-bers of legislatures without really knowing that they are doing wrong. I remember a man came to me honestly and sincerely when I was in the legislature, and told me he would give me half of a certain claim he had against the state if I would help him carry it through the legislature. I am sure that man did not know that he was doing wrong. But, usually, those who attempt to influence congressmen with bribes know what they are about. Moreover, when any senator or representative seeks a bribe, he knows what he is doing."

"One of my regrets at leaving con-gressional life," said Judge McPher-son, "is the fact that I shall be obliged to give up the association with and friendship of so many good fellows. I mean good fellows in the highest sense of the term. Of course, there are mediocre men in the house of representatives, and some men of only average ability in the senate and in the executive departments; but, as a general rule, it may be said that one meets here in congress and congres-sional environments the best men from the various parts of the country. Every man in official life is possessed of education of some sort above the ordinary. Generally they are blessed with superior natural abilities also. Association with men of superior abilities and attainments is necessarily elevating, and, therefore, desirable This latter statement is worthy of

some elaboration, because it true and so few people realize it. As a young man beginning a course of study at an eastern university the writer received a similar impression. His associates were graduates of colleges and universities from various Their conversation, mansections. ners, habits, an impressed the writer with the marked fact that the environments were different and vated, requiring careful attention to deportment, in order to keep in the forefront of students of this caliber. Just such impressions are made upon the observant congressmen when they first enter the atmosphere of the cap-They find themselves talking with and associating with men who are bright, quick, alert and bristling with intellectual acumen.

This is as it should be. It is another manifestation of the once debated theory of the survival of the fittest. In every congressional district there are 50 or more of the ablest men striving for the honor of nom-ination and election to congress. The people look them over and usually select the best man of them all. sequently, when 356 men thus selected meet together in the national capital there is a gathering of the choicest

minds in all this land. When it comes to the senate, each member having been elected by the legislature of a sovereign state, we have a body of truly superior men. The members of each state legislature are the best men of the various counties, all of them men of more than ordiand of them men of more than ordinary abilities. When in their combined wisdom they elect a man to serve his state in the senate of this republic it seldom has happened that they select any other than the ablest and most conspicuously capable of all

ambitious aspi. ants. Therefore it is true, as Judge Me-Pherson said, that "one meets here the best men from the various parts of the country," and it is no wonder that the severance of association with such men should be cause of regret, even to one who is honored with a life position in the justice.
general government.
SMITH D. FRY. position in the judicial branch of the

If you want to hear a hard-luck story