WHEN CINDA SWEEPS.

When Cinda sews, within the lamp's clear Just mellowed by a shade of porce ain

white, Around her chestnut head soft shadows

dream,
Spun by the elfin fingers of the night.
The moths, with silvery wings, come wavering in
The open door, through which some late

Pours fragrance rich; and all is calm and

fair When Cinda sews. When Cinda bakes, what odors as from

of clove and citron float upon the air.

And in the pantry-oh, what witching

Of crusty rolls and frosted tarts are there!

A dream of far-off eastern light—and warmth In some strange wise she mingles in her cakes;
Some subtle atmosphere the kitchen fills
When Cinda bakes.

When Cinda sweeps-Ah me! The dismal

Is almost more than my poor pen can tell.

tell.

The cloudy waves and billows that do sail

About my ears, my spirits crush ard
quell.

Poor Cupid drops his arrows right and

Distractedly; the Muse turns blue and

And, sniffing, files away to dry her eyes,
When Cinda sweeps.
—Hattle Whitney, in Good Housekeeping.

The Trouble & on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE. (Copyright 1898, by Francis Lynde.

CHAPTER IV.

RECONNOITERINGS.

I wore out the first day of Mac pherson's absence sitting in the shade of the ranch house, and moving only as the sun compelled. There as healing in the thin, crisp air, and I went to bed at nightfall to sleep as I had not slept for months. On the second day I ate like a famished wolf, and the siren hope began to croon the song so familiar to the ears of the consumptive. Once more I made the slow circuit of the ranch house, hitching my chair in opposi-tion to the sun; and the foothills across the valley beckoned me. In the heel of the afternoon, Andy came out to peel the potatoes for supper, and I inquired the distance to the beckoning hills.

"Mile and a half, 'r maybe two." "Is there a horse in the corral that a sick man might ride?"

Andy took time to consider. "I unno," said he. "There's old Bluenose-he's wind-busted; want to try

'Yes; if you can spare the time to saddle him for me.'

In five minutes the bronco was at the door and the kindly desperado heaved me bodily into the saddle.
"Reckon you can stick on?" said he.

"I guess'so. Does he buck?"
"They all do, if you give 'em time to study about it. Give him his head and run him a mile 'r so, if you can stan' it. That'll take the funny-busi-

I did it, and being but a sorry horseman, must have presented a spectacle for gods and men in the mad gallop across the valley. So far from showing signs of exhaustion at the mile-end, the bronco locked his jaw on the bit, swerved aside from the slope of the hill which I had counted upon as a speed-reducer, and was half way to the head of the valbefore I could get weight enough on the bridle-reins to pull him down. When he realized that I desired to stop, he promptly shot me over his head into a patch of sage-grass and went his way without me. Where-upon followed a series of maneuvers looking to repossession, and at the end of it the sun had gone down on a luckless caballero four miles from camp, too weary to walk, and unable

going back to the ranch riderless. It borses were breasting the hill, Macseemed doubtful. His final disappherson said: "Of course, you underseavenee had been over the bitle to stand that what I told you about the chance-weighing came the beat of hoofs on the crest above me, and presently I saw the figure of a horn man silhouetted against the sky on haven't you?" the hilltop. It was Kilgore; and while I looked he came down the hill at a jog-trot. Fifty feet from my bowlder the pony stumbled, and horse and man came down together. Kilgore rose cursing, and kicked the bronco to its feet.

"Blame your or'nary hide! Cayn't you lif' them ther' feet o' your'n when you see a dog-hole? Now then,

what's the matter with you?"

The horse jerked its head free and limped a few paces up the hill, stop-ping presently with its muzzle to the ground, pointing as a trained bird-dog might. The range-rider stopped to pull up a freshly driven stake and read the marking thereon.
"'X-16-2'; that's some o' their

blame' ingineerin' lingo, I reckon.

I'd like to git my lariat 'round the neck o' the feller th't's a-stakin' off this yere rise. I'd show him what

hit feel like to git th'owed." ing the bronco to its own devices, sought and found the line ditch, following it and destroying the engineer's landmarks for a good half-mile. When he returned he found me holding the pony, and went

ape accordingly.
'Well, I'll be dad-burned! Where

"From the back of a certain ill-roore instantaneously lovable. She conditioned beast ramed 'Bluenose.' was of the chastened Puritan type, He pitched me off and ran away. I'm with a personality of grace rather too weak to walk; do you suppose than of strength; a young woman you could catch him for me?"

with a face and figure which might

worth two o' that. Jest lemme boost you across this yere grasshopper o' mine and we'll ride and tie

you do the ridin' and I'll do the
tyin.' Blame' if you hain't got your
sand with you to git up out of a sick-bed and make a stagger at ridin' a cow-pony. Easy, now, ol' Swayback; we're a-runnin' an amb'lance

Ordinarily, Kilgore was reticer e personified, but on the four-mile jaunt to the valley-throat he talked against time, and a very dull listener could have seen the drift of it, which was to bury the stake-pulling epi-sode as deeply as possible. But I would not let him go without his

"I saw you pull a lot of the land company's stakes, Bart," I said, when the ranch lights were in sight. "I'm afraid you'll hear from it."

'What'll they do to me, d'ye reck-

"Nothing, I presume, because they won't know who did it. But it'll make trouble for the captain."

Kilgore plodded on in silence for a full minute before he replied: "Reckon so? I'll be dad-burned if they do. I'll go pull up some more in the mornin' and cyar' 'em up yonder to His Jags' camp. Blame' if I don't."

When we reached the ranch house Macpherson had come home and was about to start out in search of me. I took my scolding like a guilty

schoolboy. "You ought to be thumped," he said, when I had been helped down. 'Haven't you a grain of sense left?' "Plenty of it; it was the horse that was lacking. I was all right as long as he let me stay on." "Oh, you were"—with fine sarcasm

-"Well, I suppose you're good for a week in blankets to pay for it. Knocked your good appetite silly, didn't it?"

"Come in to supper and I'll show you. I'm good for anything, from pate de foie gras to boiled dog."

It was three full days, and I had ennuyed myself into a state of coma, before Macpherson would let me try it again, and when he finally consented we went together, ambling the length of his small kingdom and pausing only when the horses of the settlement came in sight from the brow of a low hill dominating the clustered farmsteads and the engineer's camp at Valley Head. I wanted to go on, but Macpherson shook his head.

"No; you've had enough, and more than enough, for one day. You forget that the nearest undertaker is at the fort."

"I forget nothing. Give me that

When I had focused the field glass he said: "What do you see?"

"I see the promise of a remarkably beautiful sunset."

"Is that all?" "No; I see a log cabin which I take to be a schoolhouse. The door is open, and there is some one standing on the step—a young woman, I should say—" I dropped the glass and turned upon him quickly enough to surprise the beatific eagerness in

"It's she," he said, rather sheepishly; and then: "Do you really think you could manage another mile or two and make out to get home alive?"

I laughed. His wistfulness was beautiful to behold. "I can do better than that; I can find my way back alone.

"And get thrown again-not much you don't. Besides, I want you to meet her."

"Do you? It's much better as it stands. You can tell me all sorts of affectionate little fictions about her and I shan't be able to contradict them."

"I wish you'd stop devilling me long enough to say yes or no," he growled.

of a huge bowlder and wondered if the bronco would be considerate enough to send some one after we have answer I led the way westward at a double, and ten minutes later we were climbing the school-house knoll. The gallon had been after we have a sense of the way westward at a double, and ten minutes later we were climbing the school-house knoll. The gallon had been appeared to the way westward at a double, and ten minutes later we were climbing the school-house knoll.

"No; I thought she wouldthought perhaps it would be better to let it age a little, you know."

Here was embarrassment made to order, but I found comfort in the reflection that the chapter of accidents, helped out by a little tactful design on my part, would doubtless give me an opportunity to efface myself after the in-

troduction. Knowing Macpherson and his sterling worth, and remembering the proverbial blindness of lovers in general, I was prepared to criticise the school-mistress as the facts might warrant. But when she came to the door to greet us, I went over to the enemy, horse, foot and dragoons. I had pictured her as a young woman of the altitudes, schooled in the innocent little man-entangling arts of the girl-graduate; a woman of broader world only by courtesy of a high-school diploma; a young person who would be careful to make the who would be careful to make the distinction in pronouncing "rise" the verb, and "rise" the noun, perhaps, with a cheerful disregard for the weightier solecisms. So ran the preconception, and when she came out to us the revulsion was sharp enough to be painful. More beautiful women did you fall from, 's what I'd like to than Winifred Sanborn there have know?"

"Catch nothin'! I'll show you a have been a replica in flesh and blood of the calm-eyed maiden in the pictured idyl of Priscilla and John Alden. Gentleness, and high breeding, and an idealized standard of purity were hers by right of birth, one would say, since the witness of them was written large in every line of the sweet face and in the ashamed gaze of the steadfast eyes. I remembered the unworthy suspicion which Macpherson had refused to let me set in words, and did in-stant and ample penance for its harboring. Whatever might prove to be the windings of the labyrinth in which she seemed to be involved with Wykamp, this honest-eyed young woman must be held blameless in thought, word and deed.

She made me welcome as Macpherson's friend with a touch of gentle courtesy which carried me swiftly back to a time and place where the strenuous travail-spirit of the egois-

tic west was not.

"We are not quite strangers, are we, Mr. Halcott?" she said, giving me her hand in unaffected sincerity. "Mr. Macpherson has told me much about you. I hope the Torolito is helping you."

"Thank you; it is, in a way-temporarily, at least. But one would need to be a very exacting invalid not to be helped by the Torolito."
"I'm glad you like it," she

joined, in an upflash of gentle en-thusiasm. "When I was a new-comer used to lie awake nights listening to the thunder of the river in the upper canyon, and longing to be up and out with the solemn mountains and the stream and the soft darkness. It was the Happy valley of Rasselas over again; but they're going to spoil

"The land company, you mean?" said I; and from this the talk went easily to the threatened metamorphosis. At the end of it, I said: "If I were rich enough I should be tempted to try to buy them off. It's a thousand pities to graft a truckfarm upon such a shapely stock of nature's growing." "Isn't it?" she said.

Macpherson was growing restive. "Don't you want to go inside and lie down on one of the benches, Hal-cott? It'll rest you for the ride back. You're looking a bit fagged."

herself for something trying but in-

"If I get down I shall never get up again," said I. "Now that we're this

and so I rode on and left them.

Fifteen minutes later I repassed the schoolhouse; and, not to mar their leave-takings, waved my hand to them and rode on down the valley. Macpherson overtook me in the ond half-mile, and the gloom in his face was absolutely portentous. I charged it to my inconsiderate haste, and made instant amends.

"Go along back to her, if you want to; I told you I could find the way home alone

For five full minutes he did not re-Then the words came tumult-

"That's the heart-breaking pity of it, Jack; I can never go back to her. Do you understand?—never. For heaven's sake, bear with me if you can, old man; I shall go mad if I don't talk about it. She says it's all over between us; that we mustn't meet again; that if I'm obstinate, as I promised to be, she'll go as she came. And she wouldn't tell me why. God in Heaven! what have I done?" "It's nothing you've done or left undone. Can't you see?-it's Wy-

Macpherson consigned the engineer to a place from which the theolo-

gians assure us there is no escape. "That's all right; his Creator may send him there, but you're under bonds not to."

'I've been trying to think of something worth saying. Let's begin at the beginning. Here is a very riddle of a mystery with only two people who can solve it. One of the two won't talk; ergo, the other must be made to. You were in Fort Cowan the other day. May I inquire what

"I located a placer prospect on the line of the Glenlivat ditch, and made ready to ask for an injunction if Wykamp runs his survey across it."

"Good! But you also asked questions. Who knows anything about Wykamp?

"Nobody at the fort; he's from the east. "Who employs him?"
"The board of directors, I suppose.

He's the chief engineer of the "Who are the directors?" He named the members of the

board. "Lovatt's one of them, you say?" "That's lucky for us. Can you

spare one of the boys to take a let-ter to town for me?" 'Sure. What are you going to do?' "I know Lovatt pretty well; he's under obligations to me, in fact. I shall ask him for a letter of intro

duction to his chief engineer.' "What good will that do?" "Much, let us hope. Armed with my letter, I shall proceed to quarter my ailing self upon Wykamp for a Gay, a week, or a month."

"Well?" "When I get through with him, we shall know more than we do now."

"What if he won't talk?"

"He'll be made to. A few minutes ago you gave him a Dantean blessing. and I told you that you are under bonds to keep the peace. I'm not." Macpherson lighted his pipe in mid gallop and smoked upon it end of the reflective interval he said: "I can't let you do it."
"Why?" I demanded.

"Because you're a sick man, and my friend. I should never forgive

myself."
"Nonsense! If anything will serve to keep me alive beyond the doctor's reprieve of six weeks or so, it's a bit of detective work which will keep me from counting the days. So you see the motive is selfish, after all. "I see that you're the best friend

a poor devil ever had."
"Don't flatter yourself. Two hours ago I should have let you wrestle out of it as best you could." "But now?"

"But now I have seen her; I'm her champion and none of yours, my dear boy. You're only an incident. And then the undreamed-of trut laughed out in a jest. "You can thank your luck stars that I've one foot safely in the grave. Otherwise you might want to kill two men instead of one."

I think the jest was thrown away upon him. When I looked he was staring steadily ahead, and I caught but a phrase of his rejoinder.

"God be merciful to her and show her the light of His countenance!' was repeating it softly, as one who rides alone.

[To Be Continued.]

TELLTALE COINAGE.

How the Man Identified the King Although Never Having Seen Him Before,

Apart from photographs and en-

gravings, the faces of most rulers are familiarized to us by images on the current coins of their countries, says the Boston Transcript. Female vanity is supposed to have been the cause of preserving Queen Victoria's girlish image on the coins and postage stamps of England until the last years of her reign, but hers was almost a solitary exception and the designers of coins generally I smiled at his clumsy attempt to dispose of me, and glanced at Miss Sanborn. She was evidently bracing really are. At the commencement of really are. At the commencement of the present season, King Leopold was in Dieppe, and when strolling along the plage there he entered, ac-"If I get down I should be a gain," said I. "Now that we're this again," said I. "Now that we're this sation with the men working near, I'm going to ride on to the end sation with the men working. With one of these, whose accent showed him to be a Belgian, he spoke for a considerable time, and the had left the man turned to the had left the man turned to the had left the man turned to his companions and said proudly: "That is my king." "He seems an old friend," said one of the other workman, jestingly. "No," said the other, "I never saw him before." "How do you know who he is, then?" asked the other, who was manifestly in doubt as to the truth of the Belgian's statement; but his doubts were quickly set at rest when the man to whom the king had spoken produced silently from his pocket and held up for his observation Belgian franc bearing on it King Leopold's counterfeit presentiment.

Ample and Sweet Revenge, A young Englishman who had been repeatedly and unnecessarily annoyed the St. Malo custom house officials made up his mind to get even with them. The last time he had crossed he had brought a ferret over with him, and a minute or so before landing he transferred the creature to a black bag, which he carried with extreme care and an evident desire not to attract attention. This immediately fetched one of the douaniers, and he swooped down on it with joyful alacrity. Our young Englishman pretended not to understand the official, until the Frenchman made his meaning clear by unmistakable signs. Then h slowly and reluctantly unlocked the bag. The douanier plunged in his bag. hand, and-but my pen (let me put it The double quartette of pounding down to my pen) refuses to adequately hoofs beat out another mile of silence, and then he broke out again.
"Damn it all, man, why don't you recital of it was balm to my wound-say something?"

agescribe the dramatic scene that ensured. Suffice it to say that the bare recital of it was balm to my wounded spirit. I only hope it was our friend. ed spirit. I only hope it was our friend at the custom house who made the ferret's acquaintance. Revenge is sweet. -Continental Chit-Chat.

> In Marie Antoinette's Pocket, A historical relic of much interest has just been discovered among the ar-

chives of the department of the Seine This relic is a list of the articles found in the pockets of the dress that the ill-fated Marie Antoinette wore at her execution. The articles were put to public auction for the benefit of Sanson, the public executioner. The first lot consisted of a small pocketbook in green morocco, containing a pair of pincers, a small corkscrew, a pair of seissors, a comb and a tiny pocket looking glass. The second lot was made up of three little portraits in green morocco cases, one of them being surrounded by a metal frame. The lots fetched a total of 10f. 50c.-Irish Times.

French Proverbs The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self.

To be happy one must have nothing to forget.

The slave is not she who is sold, but she who gives herself.
A good intention makes but a short

Happy is he who is not obliged to sacrifice anyone to duty.

For all misfortunes there are two

remedies—time and silence. Indifference is the heart sleeping. The greatest and strongest, above all the cleverest man is he who knows

The sorrow of to-day makes the

happiness of to-morrow.—Detroit

caucus—the caucus that is held just a few blocks from where you live. It works up from the caucus to the city, county, state and national conventions, from the township board to the United States house of representatives, the senate and the white house. DO YOU ATTEND YOUR CAUCUS? DO YOU CARE TO KNOW WHEN OR WHERE IT WILL

If you do not make it a point to interest yourself in politics-ac-

best candidates, YOU ARE

Your country is a collection of

individuals. Its power results

from the union of these individ-

uals. Your country gives you

tremendous benefits. It protects

you in the enjoyment of your life,

your liberty and your happiness.

NOT A GOOD CITIZEN.

tively. I mean-to work for the best principles and to support the

It guards your home, your family, holds up high ideals for you and

WHAT RETURN DO YOU MAKE FOR ALL THIS?

DO YOU HONESTLY THINK YOU DO AS MUCH AS

The government of your country begins with the neighborhood

Your Caucus?

Do You Attend

By M. A. HANNA,

Think the matter over.

YOU SHOULD DO?

your children.

BE HELD?

By M. A. HANNA, & United States Senator from Ohio &

WOULD YOU GIVE UP YOUR LEAST IMPORTANT BUSINESS OR SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS TO ATTEND IT?

Let each man answer these questions for himself. The man who does not discharge this plain duty is not the citizen he should be. Politics would be on a higher plane if all the citizens

interested themselves in the caucus. IF YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING FOR YOUR COUN-TRY YOU ALWAYS HAVE THE CHANCE IF YOU ARE IN POLITICS. No doubt you would respond to a call to arms. Of course you would, you say. Then why don't you respond to the sim-

plest demand? If you demonstrate by your words and actions that you are for the best interests of the nation, you are performing a splendid mission. Your associates will follow your lead. If you are a capitalist, prove that you are part of the working class of the country. Because you are. Let what is the fact be understood: that the employes of capital are the partners of capital. Then there will be less talk of socialism and more united patriotic effort.

In the matter of working for the interests of this country there must be no distinction between classes. Each man as a man must do his duty. He must prove that he is worthy of the suffrage by interesting himself in the government of his own community.

And if any man who reads this does not care enough to know the number of the ward in which he lives nor the number of his election precinct he ought to repent and then get busy.

WAHanna

RACES IN HOLY LAND.

Taey Were Various, as Also Were the Creeds, During the Crusades.

The inhabitants whom the crused-

ers found in the holy land were of various races and creeds. The largest element in the population was composed of the Syrians-Christians who spoke Arabic and used the Greek liturgy, but who were nominally subject to the Roman church. They were for the most part agricultural labor ers or artisans. Closely connected with the Syrians were the Maronites, who were renowned for their skill as archers, and who formed one of the most useful portions of the Frankish infantry. The Jacobites and Nestorians appear to have been the most civilized of the native Christians. They had excellent schools and were wellversed in the knowledge then common in the orient. The Armenians were especially numerous in the north and were renowned for their bravery. They had welcomed the crusaders, who," as Matthew of Edessa wrote came to break the chain of the Christians, to free from the yoke of the infidels the holy city of Jerusaem and to tear from the hands of the Mussulmans the consecrated tomb which received a God." joined eagerly in fighting the Mussulmans and were the most important allies of the Franks. The Greeks or Griffons formed a considerable part of the population, especially in the north. Finally there were a few Georgians or Iberians.

Of the non-Christian natives the Arabs and the Turks were the most prominent. The civilization of the ormer was far superior to that of the Franks. The Turks were not very numerous. They had but recently obwere for the most part soldiers; they were of little or no importance for cultivating the land of commerce. Besides the orthodox Mohammedans there were Druses, Nosairis or Ansarians, Bathenians or Ismelians and

Of Jews and Samaritans, Benjamin of Tudela, who was in the holy land about 1165, enumerated 2,500 or more in the account of his travels, and it is probable that he was speaking only of the heads of They were employed mainly in dyeing and glassmaking.

The Europeans in the holy land. The Europeans in the holy land, says a writer in the International Monthly, were styled collectively Franks, but under this designation were included Frenchmen, Normans, Italians, Lothringians and Proven-cals, not to mention the other nations which were less numerously repre-

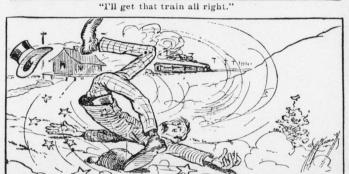
Dark Conditions in Turkey

Briefly stated, the conditions in Tur-key are these: The Mohammedan re-ligion has degenerated into the practicing of dead rites-mere lip service, lacking any meaning to most of its followers. The eastern Christian church, corrupted by centuries of Moslem dominance, has lost its vitality, is down to par with Mohammedanism so far as concerns the teaching, or even the comprehension of the principles of living religion; the masses of the Turkish, the Armenian, the Greek and the Jewish elements of the population have actually lost their old and once mighty literatures.—Ar-

thur McIlroy, in National Magazine. An Early Start.

Dentist-When did your teeth first begin to trouble you, sir? The Victim-When I was about one





z-1-1-1-1-2-z-1