#### THE RICHES OF LOVE.

Palk about Poverty—nothin' its seems: Rich am I ever, with Love and the dreams! Who with my wealth in the world can com-

tich in the glory of Jenny's gold hair! Beautiful, down-streaming hair that I hold in the hands of me-kissing and loving its gold!

Talk about Poverty!-bright the sun

Take the world's riches, and give me Love's Dreams in the dark skies, and dreams in

The light-brave splender of Jenny's gold Earth buth its millions-but nothin' like

The beautiful hair whose gold ringlets I

ere is no Poverty!—Give me, dear God, of the gold harvests that color the sod, of the world's breath, over far oceans

But the red lips of Jenny, that lean to

even in death just a jey, like to this gold hair to shadow me—sweet with

Love's kiss!

F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

### LeRuban Rouge By F. H. LANCASTER

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

LORS QUOI, qu'est-ce qui vous Victorine had been away to school, now she was coming home. Monsieur, her father, had hitched the fat herse to the high wagon and gone to the ferry to meet her; madam, her mother, had baked the cake; petit soeur had swept the yard; petit frere had caught a gopher for the gumbo. Alors! and yet one other had done his part toward the welcoming. Michell, he had bought the red ribbon—yards of it—so bright, so rich, so shiney. Le ruban rouge! He spread it upon the bed that age: "Ders t'ree yard, yas. She's two inch wide." Michell's fingers trembled as he knotted his tie—blue and green with big yellow spots. Si Jolie, but he had foreborne to wear it notified.

So it was with the new straw hat and and russet leather belt had been saved against her return. His mother and sister looked on in admiration as he stood tightening his saddle girths. A red handkerchief peeped from one pocket, a white one from another. None of them knew what it was that made ton. his breast pocket bulge so.

"He looks nice," said the mother

"Yas," replied the oldest sister, "I et das shirt just stiff enough. La maitresse d'ecole say one spoonful to one cup. I write das down, me." She spoke with pardonable pride. They waved their hands to Michell—"Bon jour, bon jour." He drew up the reins; one brand new tan described an arc over the mare's back, he sat erect and waved his hat—"Bon jour ma mere; bon jour, mes soeurs." The little bay sprang at once into the gait at which he always rode her. A steady lope, easy and swift up hill and down, over dry roads and ret, and as she loped her master's hear loped with her.

Looking after him, such a picture of cager young manhood he made-madam's heart misgave her. "I wish to know," she said half to herself, "I wish to know, me eef Victorine is change Michell's heart was troubled with no

misgiving. Le ruban rouge lay warm to it, and glad anticipation thrilled him through and through. What an after noon it was and how the birds sang in the bushes—"Torine, "Torine." He bared his head to an old charcoal burner, grime to the roots of his white hair and through it; he shouted a hearty greeting to a crowd of young fellows going to a chopping—their horses trotting four abreast, the axes across their shoulders glittering in the sun; they gave back the greeting heartily. They were thinking of annisett, and dancing, and coffee. and girls, he—why what could he think of with a heart beating inside of like that. He heard the creak of his saddle, the jingle of the bits and the muffled toc, toc of the little mare's hoofs on the road. And all he heard ran in to a refrain of one dear name.

Ah, there she was on the gallerie-all in white and a rose—a white rose—in her hair. "Des diffent," he muttered, "she use to like the red rose best." His hand shook so he could scarce fasten the little mare's bridle to the picket, half way up the walk he raised his hat, but he strode up the sieps slowly. Madam arose, Victorine arose, Michell bowed over madam's hand. "I hope, me das I see you well, madam," he said courteously, though his voice trembled. Yes, madam was very well. She thanked him. And how was madam, his mother? He thanked her. Madam, his mother, was in good health-ie bon sante. And at last he might turn to Victorine, who stood demurely waiting. The same for-mal greeting and the state of his sisters' health—only this time the hand-clasp was a bit tighter. He could not help that. It was so good to feel those sup-ple fingers within his palm once more Victorine was very well. "And you," she asked, deliciously. Madam covered his stammered reply with a shrill order to petit frere. Bidding him hurry from itchen with a chair for Michell: "Porte la chaise, cher, porte la chalse."
The chair came. They all took seats.
Petit frere offered his hand shyly to
Michell. Victorine spoke kindly:

"Francois caught a big gopher yesterday. Did you know?"
"No; I didn't hear front das," cald Micaell, and to the bey, "Where you catch heem?"

"Down yohdah," replied the lad, pride of his catch lost in admiration of the yellow spotted tie.

It was mousieur. He rung the young ciates.

man's hand, and to Francois, "Porte la chaise, cher. Porte la chaise, Keep yo seat, keep yo seat! Well, I see your pa yesterday. He teel me he goin' turpentine his land. Yas?"

"Yas, das what he say."

"Well, I don' know 'bout das, me."
They talked turpentine, pro and con. Madam bustled to the kitchen and returned presently with the coffee-pot, followed by petit soeur with cups and sugar. Each and all drank coffee. Madam arose, she looked hard at mon-But monsieur talked on-a neighbor's disaster being too tempting to fore-"An, I hear, me, he's goin' burn coal now das storm blow down mos' his

'Yas, I meet a lot of young fellow goin' to his chopping little while ago."
"Why didn' you go?" Murmured Victorine, asserting her rights. Michell turned. "I was coming here," he said,

simply. And at last monsieur saw madam's signal. "Excuse moi," he said, hastily, "I go feed my horse." It was indeed high feeding time for the dusk was deepening. Michell looked after him gratefully. 'Votre pere looks well, heem," he said

"You glad to get home?"

"Yas, I'm right glad, me." With a rush of glad courage he slipped

from his chair to the one left vacant by little sister. "I'm glad me. Sim like you been gone long time, long time, yas. Sim more like six years den six mont."

'Torine laughed gaily. Was M. Michell forgetting how to count? It was four mont' she had been gone. But Michell's unsteady fingers were laying a parcal in her lap, his unsteady voice was beseeching—"You tink mebbe you wear dis sometime?'

'Torine undid the wrappings deftlyoh, there was plenty of light to see how red it was and that it was cotton satin. She paused. Michell expecting a little cry of delight did not understand. How was he to know that within four short months culture had set its claw in the

"Den geeve him here. I go burn heem

"No, no; you shan'. Das mine, you geeve heem me." And she thrust the unlucky ruban rouge deep into her skirt pocket. Michell was molified, "I bring you some blue next time.'

Consternation seized Victorine. Only too clearly she foresaw what he would bring. Three inches wide and half cot-

"Mon ami," she said, softly, "I tell you what piece of blue ribbon I want you to get for me."

"An' das?" he asked, eagerly.

"You know la maitresse de'ecole going give a piece of blue ribbon to who-ever stand up last next Friday."

"I'll get heem for you," Michell prom-ised rashly, eagerly. It was a contest in arithmetic-whoever stood up through the first 12 tables in multiplication. Michell had intended to absent himself, being a bit shaky on the nine table; but now he promised himself to study that table every night. That 'Torine was only eizing upon a chance to substitute the teacher's taste for his, did not occur to him. He thought that she wanted him to win an honor for her and the thought fired his blood—and his energy for study.

Friday evening, and a little log schoo louse packed to bursting. Two boys and a girl facing each other in the midst of the crowd. All that the eight table had left standing.

"Nine times one?" began the teacher, hoarse but patient. Michell sang out the answer. "If I get through this table, me. I'm all right." He reflected and seemed to see the blue ribbon fluttering at 'Torine's throat. "Nine times seven?" The girl on his side sank her head, turned and sat down. "Sixty-three," said Michell, but his voice trembled, his hands grew suddenly cold, his head hot. Stage fright seized him. Asked just then he could not have told his name and in the midst of his terror came the teach-er's voice. "Nine times nine?" His mind a blank he yet heard the whisper behind him — "Eighty-one.' The teacher coughed to give him time, the whisper came again insistently. The sweat sprang out on his forehead and wrists. In its agony the temptation lasted a lifetime. Then he clenched his hands, shook his head and blundered out of ranks. Blind with mortification he sank upon the bench reserved for defeated candidates. He had but one thing left to pray for and he prayed for that as he had never prayed before. That the other boy would miss. He prayed in vain. The other boy stood up to the end—and the ribbon, a long, narrow streamer of delicate blue. Michell started up and forced a way through the crowd. He would not sit there and see the grinning fool go give it to 'Torine. If he had won, Torine was to have ridden home with him in his new sulky, but now-

"We goin' now?" querried a low, sweet voice. He stopped and started stupidly. Crossing her breast like a baldric, en-circling her waist and streaming at her side in flowing end, she had it on, the

whole three yards of it.
"Torine," he stammered.
"Michell," she mimicked, deliciously.
Then with mock severity. "What for Then with mock severity. "What for you didn' say 81 when I tell it you? You wouldn' cheat to get me de blue ribbon. I have to go back on my word and wear la ruban rouge." Culture, that puts a fine edge on sense of rectitude, may have had something to do with it, native kindness of heart more, and love for him most of all. Michell was too wise to rea-son. They were around behind the school house—out of sight of the crowd
—where the mare was tied, so he took
the dear girl in his arms and kissed her.

his calculost in admiration of the low spotted tie.

Do not blame the dogs that disport themselves in Newport society. The poor animals cannot eboose-their asse-

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KUROPATKIN THE BRAINIEST SOLDIER IN RUSSIAN ARMY.

Yas Amply Demonstrated His Ability by His Handling of a Difficult Situation in the Campaign in Manchuria.

London.-In Gen. Kuropatkin the Russians possess a general of the highest and rarest order of military genius. In the great battle round Liaoyang, and in the operations of the two months preceding it, he showed qualities of generalship which, when they are properly understood, will, we believe, call forth universal admiration. Consider what the task before Gen. Kuropatkin was when he took up his command. In the first place, he did not come on the scene till the war was well begun, and so the conditions of action had been dictated for him.

The disposition of the forces, naval and military, and all the arrangements for supply, had been made, not by him or under his orders, but by the viceroy, Admiral Alexieff, who, whatever else he may be, is not a strategist of the first class. Gen. Kuropatkin found himself, that is, called on to carry out "another man's job," and a job which had been ill begun and worse planned. Though it may be too much to say that all was confusion and indecision at the front it is certainly not too much to say that his first business when he arrived in Manchuria was to rearrange the disposition of his forces, to make provision for their safety and efficien supply, and to hold in check an enem whom he was unable to attack owin He had, in fact, to stand on the de



(He Has Displayed Rare Stragetics ! Abtitt in Manchurian Campaign.)

fensive-always the most difficult op eration in war. And, difficult as de-fensive warfare always is, Kurepatkin chose its most arduous form. He did not, that is, retreat at once, gathering his forces while the operation could still be unopposed, to some strong position, but fell back gradually, disput ing the ground as he went. For example, his first act was to send a force south, which was apparently intended to try to relieve Port Arthur, but which was far more probably meant to delay and hamper the Japanese advance, and so prolong as far as pos sible the initial stages of the war It may be that he was ordered by the czar to undertake the impossible task of relieving Port Arthur; but if he did receive that order, he used it so skillfully that instead of producing a disaster, as a real attempt at relief would have done, i. enabled him to gain time for preparing a defensive position of immense strength at

When the tide of Japanese advance swept over this first bulwark, and his troops were driven out of Newchwang, the military situation had, from his point of view, distinctly improved. It is true that he was unable to hold the lines around Liaoyang as Wellington held the lines at Torres Vedras; but be-fore he evacuated his prepared positon selves against it in a 12 days' action, which inflicted, at any rate, as great a loss on the assailants as on the de

It was, however, in his retreat from Liaoyang, even more than in the bat-tles around it, that Gen. Kuropatkin showed his military genius. He man aged to withdraw his army in the face of the enemy's flerce assaults, and of their desperate attempts to turn his their desperate attempts to turn his flanks, and also in spite of a difficult country, and of roads deep in mud. And this he did without any loss in guns or prisoners that is worth con-sidering. It is officially stated by the Japanese that only 13 prisoners were taken. If this is indeed the full tale, it is without parallel in the history of war. An army retreating under at tack, even when its morale is undis turbed, almost expects to lose prison ers, owing to the fact that detacree bodies have necessarily to be left be hind to delay the enemy. The general in retreat usually counts upon having pleces snipped off the "fringes" of his force. That Kuropatkin suffered no such loss is a sign of the masterly way in which the retreat was conducted

Children Disguised in Dirt.

Susan B. Anthony, on her return from Europe, talked in an engaging way about the things she had seen over there. Of a certain slum she said: "The children in this slum are dirty, very dirty. I hardly know how I may make clear to you the superlative degree of dirtiness that marks them. I was told, for one thing, that a mother in this slum often goes out on the street and washes half a dozen children's faces before she is able to find ber own child." A522222222222222222 SCHMELZ & CO.'S

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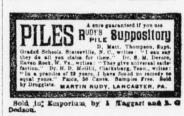
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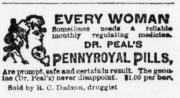
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