#### OL' TIME HUEKIN' BEES.

Mem'ry often takes an outing
From the present passing show,
Spreads her pinions and goes scouting
To the scenes of long ago.
Back unto the fun and frolle
Of the rural sports and plays;
Pleasures charmingly bucoile
That were ours in younger days,
And the very chief of these
Were the country huskin' bees.

On the old barn floor we'd gather, On the old barn floor we'd gather, Boys and girls and older folks, Hearts as light as downy feather, Lips all ripe with rustic jokes, Air just sparkling with our laughter As the gay hours onward sped Until every cobwebbed rafter in the shadows overhead Seemed to quiver and to ring As a high-keyed fiddle string.

Now and then the air was riven Now and then the air was riven With a shout t'd wake the dead When the fates had kindly given Some fair girl an ear of red.
Then would come the kissing struggle Mid the husks upon the floor. After which the girl would snuggle To him closer than before, Blushing to her finger tips From the thrill upon her lips.

How the joily picture lingers
. With us through the fleeting years
Of the way the toil-scarred fingers
Snatched the jackets from the ears
Of the flashing lanterns hanging
Round, and casting flickers o'er
Merry dancers who were banging
Dust from out the old barn floor,
As the fiddler jerked his bow
Musically to and fro.

Every day I hear the singing Every day I hear the singing of some simple country ode, Melody of youth days ringing Through our mountainland abode, And my loving glances wander To an aging wifely face That I learned to love back yonder In that far east country place—Caught her with a red ear, see? At a country huskin bee, —James Barton Adams, in Denver Post.

THE SHADOW OF HER LIFE By J. M. WILLIAMS

BROWNE gazed in astonishment at the girl beside ber she mean? Was she really in earnest in telling him this ridiculous story? In the sad eyes that looked steadily into his there was nothing but the most intense earnestness. Perhaps—but he thrust the thought from him; he could not,—would not think the girl he loved mentally unbalanced. During the last few weeks he had watched her change from a bright, glad-hearted girl into a nervous, despondent woman; the eyes once so gay and frank had now a shifting, haunted expression, which pained him inexpressibly.

"Judith." he asked, "how long has this creation of your imagination,-I beg your pardon, dearest—this companion of yours been known to you?"

"Ever since I was a tiny child," Judith

replied wearily. "A child! How very strange!"

"Immediately after my mother died in those sad days when I was alone and desolate. Henri began to visit me. was a beautiful boy, as bright and full of spirits as I was melancholy. He changed my life, Charles. I believe I should have gone insane but for him. You know I always was a very nervous child."

"And now." thought Browne, "she is a very nervous woman. That is the only explanation possible for this strange idea of hers; her extreme neryous temperament and the morbid state of mind brought about recently by her father's death.'

Yes, Judith, I remember well what a pale, sensitive little creature you used to be, but after your stepmother came, you changed wonderfully. I believe you were happier and more healthy after that, were you not, dear?'

Yes, very much happier. Mamma has indeed been a blessing to me. From the time of her coming up to dear papa's death I was perfectly content, and dur-ing that sweet, happy time, I had very given up all hope of ever seeing him again until about a month ago."

you so frequently, did anyone else see

'No. Charles. That is the strangest part of it; he never came when others were about, and everyone laughed at me, and thought me crazy when I talked

"Well, dearest, I am glad you told me this, for I want to know your past life and all your experiences. But Henri does not affect our life at all; he has nothing to do with your love for me nor mine for you."

"Oh Charles, you do not understand! He affects our life very much."
"What do you mean, Judith? Has

your heart changed toward me?" "Oh no, no! It will never change toward you, dear," answered the girl, analcing steadfastly into Browne's eyes while ner own were full of love, and

yet of a deep sadness as well. "Well, dear one, can't you tell me what is the trouble then?" asked Browne,

drawing her closer to him.
"Charles," she replied, "when Henri and I were growing up, in those days when he was everything to me, I promised to be his wife, to wait until the time came when he could come for me from his home in France, where he was poor and unhappy and misunderstood. ou anderstand now; I am engaged to

"Oh Judith, Judith! Can you let a phantom, a hallucination, come between us? Howean you use me so?" Browne's face was full of agony.

"Charles, don't speak so! I'd give the world if it were only a phantom. Wait a moment." And Judith drew from ner neck a chain, and Browne saw, suspended from it, a simple little ring, set with a few tiny garrets. "This is our engage- from breaking loose.

ment ring," she continued. "Henri has

one from me just like it."
"Oh God!" groaned her lover, "what
can be the meaning of all this! Her mind is unbalanced through her grief!" But Judith's eyes were quite sane and full of womanly tenderness as she tried

"Be patient, dearest," she said, "I shall try to be true to you, and when Henri comes, as he will soon, I shall explain it all to him, and it may be he will release me from my promise. I did not mean to be false to him; oh, no! I never meant that! But after papa's second marriage, when I was so happy with mamma, Henri seemed to leave me altogether, and I thought he had forgotten all about me. And then you came, and I loved you so!" And now was Browne's turn to offer comfort, as Judith buried her head in his shoul-

"When Henri visited me again." she continued after a few moments, "just a short time after papa died, he was much changed. He was a boy when we parted; now he is a man, and a rich one, parted; now he is a man, and a rich one, at last, but he is lonely and needs me, he says. Oh Charles, it is so strange that no one else knows Henri! I cannot understand it! But it will all be clear. Henri is coming for me soon. He will arrive on the Nereus."

The Nereus! That is due next week! And if he does not come, Judith, what

"He will come, Charles; I know he will!" she insisted, and nothing Browne could say could shake her confidence in the arrival of her mysterious friend.

"The Nereus is in, Judith," Browns remarked, as he greeted her a few days

'Yes, I know, dear," she replied quiety, but her voice trembled with excitement and her eyes burned feverishly.
"I am expecting Henri every moment. Don't leave me, Charles. I am a little

"Sit down, dear, Wait for him here." "Oh no, I can't sit down! I can't stay

still! Come out on the porch with me."
"Soon it will be all right, dearest,"
Browne reassured her, as they stood together looking out on the street. But although his tones were quiet, he was as excited and anxious as Judith herself, for he felt his life and hers depended upon the issue of the present crisis. A few moments passed in silent waiting. A cab came slowly into view. To Browne's surprise, it stopped at the

"Does Miss Clermont live here?" the cabman inquired.
"Yes," Browne replied, "have you

news for her?

The man did not reply, but lifted ou! and slowly bore up the steps the unconscious form of a handsome Frenchman. For a moment Judith seemed stunned, then she quietly led the way to a bed room, and asked that her mother and a physician be summoned. A foreigner who had assisted the cabman in bringing in the body remained in the room, watching the scene, his face full of sadness.

"Who is this?" Browne asked him, pointing to the quiet form over which Judith bent.

"He is my friend, Henri Le Blanc," answered the man in low tones. "We came on the Nereus this morning; he is

to be married. Henri is a good fellow."

At this moment, Mrs. Clermont entered with a physician and for hours they labored over the unconscious Le Blane, Judith moving about as in a

"He was struck by a wagon," the foreigner explained to Browne. "He did not see it coming; he seemed to be in a dream. He never was like other people If he were not so good, I should think he had a devil in him! he is so queer. He talks when no one is near him and acts so strangely. But Henri is a rich man now, so no one speaks ill of him. When he was poor,—ugh! no one would associate with him then,-said he was

"Have you known him long?" asked Browne

"Oh yes, all my life. He made me his slave, but I love him! He always was good to me. I wish to drink, to gamble; few visits from Henri. In fact, he stopped coming altogether, and I had from him! I am about to commit a dreadful crime. I have to give up and go to Henri, and he all the time far away from me! Oh. Henri has saved me many times! Then he made me come im?" over to America with him to see him marry this young lady here."

"It is no use," said the doctor. "He is gone now. He seems to have been all nerve and brain, and no vitality, poor

"Henri gone!" cried the little foreigner. "Mon Dieu, I must go, too!" And his small body rocked in a paroxysm of grief. Gently Mrs. Clermont led him away, and Browne and Judith were alone. looking down at the quiet face and folded hands of the dead Frenchman.

Suddenly Browne started.
"Look, Judith," he exclaimed, "the same little ring you wear! See, five lit-tle garnets!"

But Judith did not hear him. For a mate form. Browne watching her with ever-increasing dread and anxiety. Finally she raised her head and looked

into her living lover's eyes.
"It is all over now, dearest," she said. a light breaking over her face, "nothing is between us; the shadow of my life has disappeared."

What was it? Who of us can tell?

What is doubtless the largest meteor. ite "in captivity" is now on exhibition in the Museum of Natural History, in New York. It weghs about 50 tons. Commander Peary found it in the arctic Commander Peary found it in the arctic regions, and brought it south a few years ago, says the Youth's Companion. Until recently it was stored in the Brooklyn navy yard. Since alighting on the earth after its wild career through the heavens it has become completely domesticated, and no sward is required. mesticated, and no guard is required, nor is an iron cage needed to keep it

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# \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Russo-Japanese

RUSSIANS AT PORT ARTHUR LOSE ANOTHER WARSHIP.

Tokio, Dec. 8.—The commander of the Japanese naval guns in front of Port Arthur, telegraphing on Decem-

"An observation taken from 203 Metre Hill shows that the turret ship Poltava is sunk and that the battle-ship Retvizan is listing heavily to

port.
"Observations taken December 6 covered the results of the bombardment of December 5. Since December 2 we have daily bombarded the enemy's fleet lying south of Paiyu mountain. From that point only the masts and funnel tops of the battleships Pobieda, Retvizan or the cruiser Pallada could be seen but it was im Pallada could be seen, but it was impossible to count the number of our shells taking effect.

"On other ships explosions resulting from our shells could be seen, but owing to their positions behind hills was difficult exactly to identify

"On December 5 seven shells struck the battleship Pobieda and about 3:30 p. m. a big explosion was observed south of Paiyu mountain, resulting from the effect of our shells, evidently on a powder magazine."

Japanese troops occupied Akasaka Hill, fronting on Port Arthur, Tues-The Russian armored cruiser Bayan is reported to be aground. -0-0-0-

#### RUSSIAN WARSHIPS IN BAD CONDITION.

Tokio, Dec. 9.—As the result of the Japanese bombardment from 203 Meter Hill the Poltava has been sunk, the Retvizan is listing to starboard and her upper deck nearly submerged: the Peresviet, according to the report of the commanding officer of the naval land battery received at Tokio Thurs-day, has certainly been sunk; the Pal-lada is beginning to list to port and is still undergoing a vigorous bombard-ment; the Pobieda is seriously dam-aged, listing aft and submerged to the stern walk, and the Bayan is aground and burning.

Thus two of the five battleships

have been sunk, two have been seri-ously damaged or in danger of meet-ing the fate of the Poltava and the Peresviet, and the fifth, the Sevasto-pol, seems to be somewhat out of the Japanese range. Of the cruisers the Bayan seems to have been altogether disabled, while the Pallada is listing and is a special object of the Japanese fire

Mukden, Dec. 9.—The Russians con-tinue to bombard the Japanese posi-tions with both heavy and light artil-lery. The Japanese response is feeble. St. Petersburg, Dec. 9.—Russia has no intention of sending the Black Sea fleet to reinforce Admiral Rojestven-sky's squadron. It is, however, Rus-sia's purpose to send a third squadron from the Baltic as soon as possible.

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#### FURIOUS FIGHTING AT PORT ARTHUR.

Headquarters of the Japanese Third Army Before Port Arthur, November 28, via Tien Tsin, Dec. 10.—The general assault on Port Arthur began at noon November 26. In the first series of assaults an attempt was made to capture the forts at Rihlung and Kek-wan mountains by penetrating the principal line of fortifications sur-rounding them and to envelope the rounding them and to envelop the city from the east. At the same time a strong force pushed up the gorge of Shishi valley between two gorge of Shishi valley between two fortified ridges and attacked the sup-porting fort in the rear of West Rih-lung mountain, officially called Sung-shu mountain, with the intention of enveloping the city from the west.

The attempt failed after the most furious fighting that has been wit-nessed since Port Arthur was invested. The fighting lasted from noon of November 26 until after dawn of the following day without cessation.

The assault began in the early

morning with a tremendous bombardment of the forts on the western half of the eastern fortified ridge by a bat-tery on the crest of a ridge to the rear. For hours the whole western half of the fortified ridge was deluged with heavy shells. At noon the principal line of fortifications was a perfect hell of bursting shrapnel and the spectacle was more wonderful than anything previously seen.

The fighting of the afternoon and night was the most desperate and san-guinary since the siege began. The opposing forces were so close together that only the fort walls or a few yards of level ground separated them. The struggle from start to finish was at close quarters, with bayonets and grenades and rifles used as clubs.

grenades and rifles used as clubs.

The awful struggle continued until
2 o'clock in the morning.

London, Dec. 10.—According to the
morning Post's Shanghai dispatches
the Port Arthur forces, with the exception of those manning the forts,
have already retreated to Laotie
mountain

mountain.

The Japanese casualties at Metre Hill alone exceed the total of the battle of Nanshan, according to the Daily Mail's Tokio dispatches.

Cannot Recover Damages.

Laporte, Ind., Dec. 8.-Judge Tuthill, in the superior court, has made a ruling that damages cannot be recovered for mental anguish alone. Ten members of the Joyce family of Chicago, sued the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. for \$20,000 because the dead body of Mrs. Sarah Joyce, en route from Chicago to Leetonia, O., failed to reach its destination on time and it was necessary to lury the body with was necessary to bury the body with-out the full rites of the Catholic church. Court dismissed the suits when the evidence of the plaintiffs showed only mental distress,

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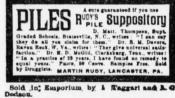
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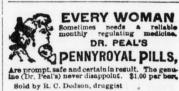
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