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Cambria Freeman.

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"LOVE IS ENOUGH."

"I will give you," he murmured, "a warrior's name."
She sighed and shook her head.
"I will carve it aloft on the pillars of fame,
In blood-red letters, enscrolled in flame."
"But love cannot read it," she said.

"I will make you," he pleaded, "a statesman's bride."
She listened, and turned her head.
"I will sit in the halls where the great abide;
Wehre ambition feasts, and is satisfied."
"But love cannot share it," she said.

"I will sing you a song such as poets prize."
She blushed and she dropped her head.
"I will woo soft chords from the muse, whose eyes
Illumine the portals of love's paradise."
"But love cannot sing them," she said

"I will give you my love, then—'tis all I can do."
Low dropped her womanly head.
"I love you, oh, love, with a love so true,
There is nothing else in my life for you.'
"But love is enough," she said.

—Brandon Banner.

A FAMOUS HYMN.

"The Sweet By and By," Which Millions Have Sung.

The writer of one immortal poem reverses the established axiom and reaches the haven of ambition by a single bound. There have been a golden number thus signally fortunate. The author of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night" scaled at one bound the steep heights of immortality. She who wrote with pathetic pen the story of "A Soldier of the Legion" inscribed her name on the scroll of fame in letters of light. The author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" will live with the nation, and he who was inspired with patriotic ardor to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" will be remembered by his words while that banner continues to wave. These are heroic poems struck to triumphal or majestic notes. But there is another poem which, like those of the sweet singer of Israel, is attuned to chords that live forever in the soul. Of these are the songs, poems, hymns—they are all these and more—known in the literature of song as "Nearer, my God, to Thee" and "The Sweet By and By." The first was written by a woman, the last by a man, and it is this author the present paper concerns, and the simple history of the words and music that have been sung in every quarter of the globe, in church, in concert hall, at home, by the deathbed and at the grave. Never can I forget the sweet and comforting words as I first heard them sung on the occasion of a great calamity, when many people walked in the valley of the shadow of death. It was a woman's voice—not that of a great singer, but one who sent forth sympathetic notes from an overcharged heart. The song was new then. As her voice fell on the silence that was broken only by the wails of the mourners, there fell upon the group that peace of God which passeth all understanding. She sang every word in a distinct recitative and the awful tension of unavailing grief was broken. There was a human need of comfort; every one wanted a copy of the words, the music, and in less than a week murmuring lips were framed to sing:

"For the Father waits over the way."

The tide of grief was diverted by the wonderful inspiration of the song.

S. Fillmore Bennett, the author of "The Sweet By and By," lives in the town of Richmond, Ill. At the time of writing the poem, however, Dr. Bennett was a resident of the village of Elkhorn, Wis., and was engaged in the publication of sacred music. He was associated with a musical composer who had fits of melancholy and depression. On one of these dark outlooks he came into their place of business, silent and dejected.

"What is the matter now, Webster?" asked his partner.

"Oh, nothing—it is of no consequence—it'll be all right by and by," answered Mr. Webster.

"Then," says Dr. Bennett, "the idea came to me like a flash of sunlight, and I responded instantly: 'The Sweet By and By;' why wouldn't that be a good subject for a song?"

"'Perhaps,' he answered, indifferently.

"But I was not to be discouraged. I turned to my desk and wrote the original form of the poem:

"SWEET BY AND BY."

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

"In the Sweet By and By,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore—
In the Sweet By and By,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

"We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest!
(Chorus.)

"To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
(Chorus.)

"When I had it completed I handed it to Webster. As he read it he lost his indifference and his face brightened with enthusiasm. Then he asked a friend who had stepped in to hand him his violin and he improvised the melody. In a few moments he had written out the notes for the four parts of the chorus, and in thirty minutes from the time I had taken my pen to write the words, four of us were singing the hymn. Within two weeks we heard the children singing it on the streets."

There are only two of those who assisted at the birth of this inspirational song who are now living—Dr. Bennett and S. E. Bright, of Fort Atkinson, Wis. These two have been many times witnesses of its wonderful popularity, and everywhere the notes of its plaintive music was to them as a breath of their native air.

This is the brief and simple story of the inception of the song which was consistent with the life and sentiments of its author, who, when an attack was made on his religious belief, thus forcibly and modestly defended himself and his friend:

"While I claim that every man's religion is something sacred to his own soul, and something no man has a right to personally question, I feel compelled to say that the hope and longing of every immortal soul, as expressed in 'The Sweet By and By,' was not to us a 'painted lie,' but the firm conviction and faith of both of us, and to both creation would have seemed a farce unless associated with a belief in a Supreme Being of infinite love, and an immortal existence for man beyond the grave."

Dr. Bennett, in a very interesting private letter, says:

"When a boy my dream was to devote my life to my pen, but an education was the first object, a hard thing for one to gain unaided. Before I knew enough to teach I began teaching. I was about eighteen, and sensitive as a girl. My book qualifications were meager. I had plenty of pupils much older than myself. I had never looked in the algebra—to study it. 'Could I teach algebra?' came the question from these. 'Oh, yes! But let us wait a week before we organize a class.' That night I walked eight miles to the nearest village and bought an algebra. Thereafter four o'clock of the winter mornings I was at the lonely country schoolhouse studying algebra by the light of a 'tallow dip,' kerosene not having then been invented. I took my class through the book—and they never knew the secret. That is about the way I have worked all my life. When I was younger I desired to publish a volume of poems, but never had the money to do it. Thus I escaped the critics and probably conserved my reputation.

"You inquire about 'The Sweet By and By.' As to how it was born, I only know the externals, as given herewith. There are phases of the life of the soul that are profoundly, sweetly real, but unseen—like the scent of a rose. We may watch the unfolding of a rosebud, but we cannot know—not yet—the primal fact behind the visible miracle nor the alchemy of God that works in the fact. I have often been drawn from bed by a dear demon who cried: 'Write! Write!' I have—on one occasion—written nine hymns in a single night, but never came anything to me just as did 'Sweet By and By.' Yes. I have heard it sung in many places and under many circumstances—but somewny, under no circumstances that were inappropriate. It oftenest gives comfort at the grave. It is the funeral hymn of free masonry—the higher orders—in America. I have received many a letter from the mourning that made my heart very tender and humble. Well, the universal heart of humanity loves to think of and sing of a sweet, blessed reunion with those who have laid down the burden of earth life—whether it can demonstrate it or not. It is the atavism of the soul to the type of its primal innocence and communion with God.

"Would you like to hear how the little hymn sounds in Chinese? A New York journal published it in the Chinese characters and an interlineal translation, which, I suppose, is authentic. I will transcribe the first verse:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
Joy hin gwock yow yut jaw wah me shaw,
And by faith we can see it afar,
Yow ann dock gwa chi nong yin bong geen,
For the Father waits over the way,
Foo che yin hoy hen boon gong jih gaw,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.
Gwy hoi choey gin dlo jack we on goey.

"In the sweet by and by
Dow how loy dock wing gong,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
Go chi dan hoi joy chop wah me shaw.
In the sweet by and by,
Dow how loy dock wing gong,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
Go chidan hoi joy chop wah me shaw."

The author of "The Sweet By and By" pays this beautiful tribute to his excellent wife:

"The only home hours a doctor has are the evenings—and he is not sure of them. The sweet silence of solitude, when fancy or feeling would find expression in rhythm, is not for him, leastways, I never find it. Only my 'Sweetheart' knows when to be gracious, and if she observes that when I am writing I do not carry the lines to the right-hand verge of the sheet and leave lines blank by fours and by eights—then all is silent, as if each were occupying a position at the nadir and zenith of interstellar space, and that is solitude enough, in all conscience! Yet I know that all the time an occasional glance, love lit, comes meward from just across the writing table, and from the same locality there vibrates into my being the tender magnetism of a sympathetic heart, and I am within the area of an appreciative, helpful intellect. She is my best helper, because of her sympathy—and because she is my best critic."

Perhaps the thousands who have sung, prayed or chanted the melody of the hymn-song will take a new pleasure in its sweet strains through learning something of the home and life history of its author. A copy of the verses in my possession, penned for me by the author, reveal a chirography as dainty as the Italian hand of a past era, and quite consistent with the ideal character of a poet.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

JAPANESE GOODS.

They Are Packed in Substantial and Workmanlike Manner.

Of the various foreign countries whose shipments of exhibits have passed through the Jackson park custom house the packing cases from Japan have been the most substantial and have preserved their contents in the best shape. Two or three car loads of these exhibits now piled in the north end of the manufactures' building show the general workmanlike manner of the Japanese. Every case is made of first-class yellow pine, joined in a perfect manner and strongly bound with iron bands. A model of a pleasure boat three feet long recently received serves as an example of the precautions of these people.

The outside case was of yellow pine, one and one-half inches thick and planed on both sides. Around this outer case were broad bands of steel, held in place by screws. Inside was a tin box soldered together and held from rolling about by layers of rice straw. Inside of the tin case was another wooden case, finely finished, and inside of this nestled in cotton batting was the model of a boat. The figure-head at the prow was a gandy Japanese pheasant, and the whole craft was lacquered and finished as the Japanese know so well how to do. This model was released by the customs officers and was taken to the Japanese headquarters at Sixty-seventh place.

She Knew.

"Maria," called out Mr. Billus in an agitated voice, "I have lost my pocket-book! I can't find it anywhere!"

"It is exactly where you left it last night, John," replied Mrs. Billus from the top of the stairway. "It's in the left hip-pocket of the striped trousers you hung up on the last hook in the closet. But it hasn't anything in it—now."—Chicago Tribune.

FOR PUBLIC COMFORT.

Plans Being Made for World's Fair Visitors.

Good Accommodations Will Be Provided During the Exposition at Reasonable Rates—An Excellent Plan.

In answer to the many inquiries from boards of trade and similar bodies concerning the alleged plan to demand extortionate prices for accommodations in Chicago next summer, Maj. W. Marsh Kasson has prepared the following report from the bureau of public comfort:

"This bureau has been established by the World's Columbian exposition to cooperate through its hotel and rooming department, to the best of its ability, with the citizens of Chicago for the comfort and protection of visitors to secure for them suitable and desirable lodgings at fair and reasonable rates.

"The management is keenly alive to the fact that thousands of visitors will be deterred from visiting the city unless they can be fully assured on this point, hence every effort is being made to realize satisfactory results in this direction.

"Inquiries were sent out some time ago to householders having furnished rooms to let, to learn as far as possible prices that would be expected therefor, and the following statement gives the general average quotations received in reply, to cover the accommodations for over 16,000 people in the best part of the city lying between North avenue and Seventy-ninth street.

"Price of rooms per day without board:

"Single room, single bed, one person, $1.35.

"Double room, double bed, one person, $2.12; two persons, $2.70.

"Double-bedded room, two double beds, two persons, $3.50.

"Double-bedded room, two double beds, three persons, $4.15.

"Double-bedded room, two double beds, four persons, $5.50.

"There certainly does not seem according to these figures to be any indication that citizens of Chicago will demand excessive rates for the accommodation of visitors to the exposition, and they can be relied upon to sustain the good reputation of Chicago for fair and liberal treatment of its guests. One publishing house has a pamphlet now in press containing a list of over ten thousand places in the city of Chicago where furnished rooms can be had at moderate rates. The prices given above do not include large first-class hotels nor prominent new buildings in course of erection in the vicinity of Jackson park. Many mischievous rumors alleging the likelihood of high prices and extortion generally have been originated by persons interested in outside boarding-house schemes, some of them apparently irresponsible and even fraudulent. The great mass of visitors will doubtless prefer the quiet and economy of furnished rooms such as alluded to, and apartment hotels, arranging to take their meals from day to day wherever it may suit their convenience. It is estimated that from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand people can be served daily with meals within the exposition grounds alone, while the number of hotels and restaurants is constantly increasing."

THE CHINESE EXHIBIT.

It Will Be Made by a Wealthy Merchant of Canton.

Mr. Chun is a merchant of Canton. He is said to be one of the richest men in China. The Chinese government was very wroth when the act excluding its citizens from landing on American shores was passed by congress and in reply to President Harrison's invitation to take part in the fair sent back a curt refusal. Mr. Chun heard about this and was grieved to think that his country would not be represented in any way at the fair. He called on Charles Seymour, the American consul at Canton, and talked the situation over, and finally decided to shoulder the burden of making China's exhibit himself. Mr. Chun convinced Consul Seymour that he would represent his country creditably, and the consul cabled to Chief Fearn to save space for Mr. Chun. He assured the officials that the Chinese millionaire would spare no money to have the industries of his country properly shown.

It is expected that the Chinese exhibit will be confined almost exclusively to manufactures hall. Mr. Chun intends to concentrate his efforts to show what the manufacturing industries of that country are doing. Ivory carving, silk fabrics and numerous decorative articles will form the principal exhibit, on which Mr. Chun expects to spend thousands of dollars. The rich Chinaman is not prompted by patriotic motives alone in making this lavish outlay at the fair. He is the senior partner and financier of one of the largest mercantile houses in Canton and by means of the exhibit expects to draw the attention of the American buyers to his house.

Mr. Chun is something of a tourist and when he goes abroad travels in royal style. His face is familiar in some of the largest mercantile establishments in Paris.

A New Coast-Finder.

An ingeniously constructed coast-finder for coast lines is among the recently invented novelties. The device requires a solid foundation as close to the shore line as possible. The semi-circular bed plate is eleven feet long and eight feet wide, most accurately planned, and an arm pointed at the center and moved by a hand wheel, carries a telescope, horizontal and depression verniers, pencil and various appliances. A chart of the harbor is accurately adjusted under the arm, and as the telescope is made to follow a fixed point on the hull of an approaching ship the movement and position of the latter are traced by the pencil on the chart, on a scale of 1-1,000 inch to one foot. It is stated that tests made upon buoys some four or five miles distant indicated their true distance within the brief space of a few inches.

Large Nail-Making Machine.

The largest wire-nail machine ever built in the United States was finished recently by a Greenpoint (L. I.) firm and shipped to a nail concern at Everett, state of Washington. The total weight of the machine was twenty and a half tons and it is capable of making nails weighing half a pound each at the rate of one a second. Nails of any desired length can, however, be manufactured by simply adjusting the feed.—House Furnishing Review.

MAKING THE SUNSHINE GROW.

"Mother, what makes the sunshine grow?"
My darling said one day,
As o'er the hills the heavenly glow
Came speeding on its way,
Breaking the slumbers of the night,
Flooding the earth with golden light,
And clothing mountains, dome and spire
With the baptismal robe of fire.

"From a kind Father's hand, my love,
The precious gift is stored.
In the vast treasure-house above
The glorious light is stored.
It shines for us—it shines for all,
In lowly cot, or princely hall:
And many a sorrow doth beguile,
With the rare sweetness of its smile."

"If I could make the sunshine grow,
How happy I should be.
No cruel blasts, no wintry woe,
Our fair green earth should see.
All the long year should summer's reign
Make glad the fields of ripening grain;
All the long year should flowers blow,
If I could make the sunshine grow."

"God rules and guides the heavenly light,
With wisdom more than ours;
But we can make dark places bright,
And deserts bloom with flowers.
And cheerful heart, kind words and deeds,
True sympathy for others' needs,
Pure thoughts that from pure fountains flow,
These make the blessed sunshine grow."

—Inter Ocean.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

It Taught Miss Isabel Islay a Needed Lesson.

The yellow narcissus was in bloom in the neat little yard that fronted the village post office, the maple trees had dropped their red stars long ago, and here and there one found pink clusters of honeysweet trailing arbutus in the woods.

Isabel Islay had a bunch in the front of her jacket as she sauntered up to see if there were any letters for her.

A little group of men and women had gathered there for the same purpose. The women eyed Isabel and wondered how it was that her dresses always fitted her so stylishly; the men looked admiringly at her big blue eyes and rosy complexion.

Two or three other mill girls joined Isabel; they laughed and talked gayly as the spectacled old postmaster sorted the mail.

At last the unpainted pine partition slid back, the spectacles appeared in the aperture, and the postmaster cried briskly:

"Naow, then, who wants their mail?"

Isabel stepped forward.

"Anything for me, Mr. Rider?" she asked.

"Islay, Miss I, Isabel Islay, Miss Isabel Islay?" read out the old man. "Three for you. Who next!"

"Isabel got all the letters!" giggled the mill girls, as Isabel received her treasures. "She might divide with us. Here comes Miss Seaman. Now for some fun."

A pallid, pinched, old young lady here advanced with a smirk on her countenance, wearing a faded shawl, whose folds scarcely covered the flat basket she carried.

"Anything for me, Mr. Postmaster?" she demanded, with ill assumed indifference.

"No, mum," carelessly answered the postmaster.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, mum."

A blank expression crept over her face.

"O, but it really doesn't signify. I thought I'd just inquire, as I chanced to be passing."

Then she withdrew amid the very audible laugh of the mill girls.

"There ain't a mail comes in but Miss Genny Seaman's here a-watchin' for it," said the postmaster, oracularly. "And she never gets a letter—not so much as a postal card. I should think she'd get tired of coming."

"Miss Genevieve Seaman," said the careworn woman of the house where the girls boarded. "O, that all happened years ago! She had a beau or something and he went away—nobody just knew where. Reckon she didn't know herself. And it sort of upset her brain and she ain't fairly been herself since. She's a very good dressmaker and she trims a bonnet quite scrumptiously, and so she earns a decent living. But she's been expecting a letter these twenty odd years and it's never come."

"Girls," said Isabel Islay, as they sat at the round table that evening, laughing and talking, "let's write a letter to that poor old thing from her lover in the east."

"Was he really her lover, Isabel?" asked Lucy Felton.

"Well, from the man she imagined to be her lover. Let's make it fervent as fire and sweet as sugar. Let's lay it on thick."

"In short, let's play a joke on Miss Genny Seaman," said Mary Crane, who was retrimming an old straw hat with lilac ribbons and a bunch of violets.

"Just that," said Isabel.

"But you don't know even the fellow's name, Isabel."

"I can find that out. Mrs. Webb knows, and I can easily coax it out of her. It will be such fun!"

It was morning—a blue skyed, breezy day, with the air full of growing scents and blue-bird whistles—and soon after the cumbrous old four-horse stage had crashed through the village the usual crowd began to assemble in the little post office. Isabel Islay was there, and Lucy Felton and black-eyed Mary Crane, and presently Miss Genevieve Seaman, tripping in with the peculiar gate which the irreverent village children compared to a cat walking upon walnut shells.

"Two for Miss Islay," said the old man, scrutinizing each letter with provoking slowness. "One for Squire Zurubbable Jenkins; one for Widder Hopper, and one for Miss Genevieve—Seaman!"

Isabel flashed a merry glance at her companions as the poor little dressmaker tiptoed up to the counter, her color changing from saffron to scarlet, her faded blue eyes full of intent rapture.

"Is it true? A letter for me—me! And I've waited for it all these years! All—these—years!"

She hid it under her shawl, cast a defiant look around at the neighbors' faces, and hurried away like a startled wild animal to its cover. She could not open that letter with other eyes upon her. She felt that she must treasure it to herself, like one who has discovered a precious jewel.

On her way home from the mill that evening Isabel Islay stopped at the little house where the tin sign: "Millinery and Dressmaking," swung creaking in the wind. The window blinds were fastened back, the parlor was opened and dusted. Miss Genevieve was moving to and fro in her best India silk gown, with a flower pinned fantastically in her hair.

A round red spot glowed on each cheek; her bony fingers trembled with excitement as she laid down her spectacles.

"Can you press over my leghorn hat, Miss Seaman?" asked the beauty.

"Oh, my dear, I'm afraid not!" said the little woman, with a hysterical laugh. "Haven't you heard? I—I'm to be married very soon! Capt. Edward Gleason—you may perhaps have heard of him—he used to be a resident of Milltown—he has made a fortune, it seems, in New York, and he is coming back almost directly to—to claim an old promise I made him twenty years ago. My dear, he has loved me—twenty years!" Her eyes shone, her voice faltered with the ecstasy of her soul. "And to-morrow he is coming back to me. Oh, Miss Islay, it seems almost like a dream!"

She laughed again, but her eyes were full of tears. Isabel moved uneasily; she was almost frightened at what she had done. The joke did not seem half so jocose as it had at first, since poor Miss Genevieve accepted it in such dead earnest.

She took advantage of the entrance of a customer to slip out of the little shop.

"Girls," said she to her conspirators, "we must tell her that it is only a joke."

"Tell her!" echoed Lucy Felton. "What for? She'll find it out soon enough. She needn't have been such a silly, anyhow!"

"It will kill her!" pleaded Isabel.

"No it won't. People don't die so easily," laughed Lucy.

"Heard the news about Miss Genny Seaman?" said Mrs. Webb at the boarding-house breakfast table the next morning as she poured the coffee and helped the eggs and bacon around.

Isabel looked guiltily up.

"No," said she. "What is it?"

"Found dead in her cheer," said Mrs. Webb. "A smilin' as happy as a child. Some heart trouble, the doctor says."

Isabel drew a long breath. So she had died and never knew how cruelly she had been deceived. She drew Mary Crane and Miss Felton aside.

"Girls," said she, "you must never breathe a syllable of this to anybody. Let the secret die with this poor little woman."

"But she died happy at last," said Mary, with the tears running down her cheeks, "believing that her old sweetheart was coming back to her."

"Yes, but that doesn't justify our cruelty," whispered Isabel. And then and there the three girls entered into a compact of secrecy.

Miss Genevieve was buried in a shady corner of the village cemetery, and on the very day of the funeral Isabel Islay met a tall, bearded stranger walking along the street, scanning the houses with keen, troubled eyes.

"Can you tell me," said he, "where Miss Seaman lives—Miss Genevieve Seaman?"

Isabel started.

"Miss Seaman was buried this morning," said she. "Oh, I'm so sorry! Was she a friend of yours?"

They had stopped opposite the little gate where the wheel tracks of the hearse were yet visible. The sign "Milliner and Dressmaker" yet creaked in the wind, the red sun was sinking behind the low eaves, and Miss Genny's cat rubbed itself against the door sill as if begging to be let in.

"A friend!" repeated the stranger, as he drew an old-fashioned miniature from his pocket. "See, here is her picture! I've waited all these years to make a home for her and now—she is dead!"

Isabel looked at the picture. Good heavens! had Genevieve Seaman looked as fair and dimpled and smiling as that? And the thought flashed across her mind that it was well that Capt. Gleason had not been undeceived. "Yes," she repeated softly, "she is dead."

"And were you her friend?"

"Yes, I was her friend—at least as much as anyone here," falteringly owned Isabel, feeling like an impostor.

"Then perhaps you can tell me something of her. I wanted to surprise her—and now—"

His voice was choked, he turned his face away.

Isabel told him, in a low, sweet voice, all that she could—all that was good and cheering and hopeful—and Capt. Gleason went back to the village hotel, walking with his hands behind his back, and his head drooping on his breast.

For the time he truly mourned the sweetheart of his youth, but no one can grieve forever. Moss grows over the fallen tree; violets bloom over the new made grave. Poor Miss Genevieve was dead and buried, and when the next summer blossomed over the land Capt. Gleason was married to Isabel Islay.

"If death was really so near her, I'm glad I wrote the letter that made her happy," thought Isabel. "And Edward will always think of her as young and beautiful! But I never, never will play another practical joke."—Helen Hurst, in Kansas City Times.

A Wonderful Coincidence.

A remarkable story, if true, is told in the Jeweler's Weekly. A servant boy was sent to town with a valuable ring. He took it from its box to admire it, and passing over a bridge let it fall on a muddy bank. Unable to find it he ran away, went to sea, finally settled in a colony, made a large fortune, came back after many years and bought the estate on which he had been a servant. One day, while walking over his land with a friend, he came to the bridge and there told his story. "I could swear," said he, pushing his stick into the mud, "to the very spot on which the ring dropped." When he withdrew his stick the ring was on the end of it.

An Ancient Footprint.

Near Lincolnton, Ga., on a stream known as "Fishing creek," in a shelving, projecting rock, just above the water, there is the perfectly defined imprint of a man's bare foot. All the toes are perfect, and in every respect the mark is as plain as if made in plastic clay or putty. The stone is as hard as adamant, and has been ever since the first white inhabitant landed in Lincoln county, now over one hundred and eighty years ago. By whom and when the track was made is an interesting query.

WHAT LOVE ONCE DID.

It Drove This Man from the Footlights to a Woodchopper's Shanty.

Love made a recluse of a man who is now three-quarters of a century old, and who has avoided his fellows for nearly thirty years. He calls himself John Smith, and his hermitage is in the mountains not far from Erving, Mass., says the Brandon Rumor.

He was an actor and she was an actress. They were engaged, quarreled, and separated. The lover's mind became unbalanced, and while yet in the prime of life he abandoned his profession and sought the semi-solitude which has now grown to be a habit with him.

It may be remarked that no one knows his real name. That of John Smith is an alias, and he frankly acknowledges that he has taken every precaution to conceal his identity. He visits nobody, but during the past few years many people have been to see him. He is a sort of local fad and the folks thereabouts almost love him. The old man's hair and beard are white as snow. He delights to chat with visitors, and on pleasant Sundays of summer and autumn the grounds around his little cottage are covered with scores of teams and hundreds of visitors.

For the time being the grounds are converted into a picnic grove, and the old man shares the hospitality of his visitors, tells them quaint stories, and in return they give him the remnants of their feasts and little gratuities, and purchase the photographs of himself and his cats.

In the winter the old man is a genuine hermit, so far as human beings are concerned, but in and around his cabin he has no less than a dozen cats, to say nothing of the wild cats that every little while are killed on the surrounding hills, and he is as proud of "Jim Fisk" and "Lady Ann" as ever a fond mother was of her first-born twins.

The house which he occupies was formerly a woodchopper's shanty, and it is little better now. The boards inside the living room are covered with playbills and pictorial printing.

RAISES RATS FOR A LIVING.

A Kansas City Man Who Furnishes Rodents for "Sporting" Purposes.

Rat culture is something of which one-tenth of the world knows little and the other nine-tenths knows nothing. Yet right in the center of Kansas City there flourishes a "rat farm." Down in a dingy basement of a house on Twelfth street there is a wooden box about twelve feet square and four feet deep, lined with zinc. The floor of this box is covered with straw. Loaves of bread with the edges nibbled off and with holes in the crust litter the straw, together with a pan of water and pieces of cheese certainly old enough to be ranked prime. There are rats in this box, plenty of them. The rodents had nestled all close together when the outer portal to their domain was noisily unbolted the other night and the proprietor of the "rat farm" cautiously descended the steep stairway to the cellar, conducting a Times reporter and several friends. These visitors, too, were cautious, very, for a misstep would have sent a man headlong into the zinc-lined box to meet in close quarters two hundred rats of various dispositions, sizes and color. A light was struck and in an instant the floor of straw was undulating in a manner to make the poetical "angry sea" ashamed of itself. The horde of rodents, in their hurry to get the farthest they could from the light, crowded over each other and squealed and squirmed themselves out from under their covering to a bare corner. Here was a pyramid of nearly two hundred wriggling rats that gave one the cold chills to look upon. There were rodents of all classes, distinctions and descriptions. Gray rats, black rats, dun rats, yellow rats, young rats and old rats, fat rats and rats with transparent hides. The pied piper never saw a better collection.

It is not hard to maintain a rat farm, so the keeper said. First a few of the despised animals are procured and put in the pit. They attract others, who crawl up the rough sides of the outside walls of the pit and slide down to call on their friends. They can't get out. Then they multiply quickly.

WEALTH OF A PRINCE.

Crown Prince of Roumania to Receive $120,000 a Year as His Allowance.

The crown prince of Roumania is to have an allowance from his country of £12,000 a year, and his uncle, King Charles, is to give him £12,000 a year, according to London Truth. In the event of the crown prince's death, Princess Marie would have a jointure of £12,000 a year, half coming from Roumania and the remainder from King Charles. The prince of Hohenzollern is to make a settlement on his son, and the duke and duchess of Edinburgh are to give their daughter an allowance, but she will not receive any dot until after the death of her parents.

It is no secret that there has been a prolonged, and not altogether amicable, negotiation respecting the settlements which are to be signed at Sigmaringen on the day before the wedding. It is understood that the prince of Hohenzollern proposes to allow £4,000 a year to Prince Ferdinand with an ultimate sum of £100,000. Princess Marie is to get £2,000 a year from her parents during their lives with a sum of £50,000 after they have deceased. This arrangement will permit of a settlement of £150,000 upon the younger children of the marriage.

Gigantic Bridge Scheme.

Various startling projects have been mooted for enabling travelers to cross the English channel without undergoing the troubles of the short sea passage. An extraordinary project is the channel bridge scheme, which is of French devising. The proposed bridge would be something like thirty-four miles long, and a moderate estimate gives its probable cost at £34,400,000. From 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 tons of metal would be required for its construction, which would need about ten years to complete. As proposed, the platform of the bridge would be 150 feet above high water level, supported on piles distant from each other 500 or 600 yards. It would contain room for four railway lines, with a road for carriages, besides footpaths, while places for refuge, watch houses and alarm bells, with a powerful light would be placed at each pile. A harbor in the middle of the channel is included in some accounts of the scheme.