

The Thought of You.

In green fields where the toilers reap—
"Neath skies of storm or cloudless blue;

In light or darkness of the deep,
"Tis evermore the thought of you!
In earth grown barren, or made new—
The thought of you—the thought of you!

On heights where Glory sits supreme
And Fame is fair in all men's view,
Or in the deed, or in the dream,
"Tis evermore the thought of you.
The faithfullest—the sweetest—the true—
The thought of you—the thought of you!

Ah, never any thought save this
In all the dreams—the deeds to do!
The crown to trample, and to kiss
The cross in the sweet thought of you!

In life, and when death's face I view,
The thought of you—the thought of you!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE WHITE JAPONICA.

By O. P.

"Are there no white japonicas, Morris?"

"No Miss Helena. I never had my greenhouse so back'ard afore at this season of the year. Theirs white roses enough, and a Cape Jessamine as is—"

"I don't care for the roses and jessamines," sharply retorted Miss Esmayne. "I want a white japonica to wear in my hair to-night."

Morris, the gardener, shook his head.

"I don't know as there's one to be had in town, miss, for love or money."

"It's always just so," pouted the spoiled beauty, "when I set my heart on anything. If I can't have a white japonica I won't go."

And Helena Esmayne frowned out of the pretty little conservatory that opened from the second drawing-room, with a spiteful frown that broke off the heads of the two carnations and knocked down a pot of pink azaleas.

And then, considering over the details of her evening toilet, she thought herself of a piece of yellow and priceless old point lace which she had the day before sent to be mended.

"I may as well go and get that," she said to herself. "Anything to pass away the time—and I do really need it for my dress to-night. Kate Buckingham hasn't got such a piece of lace in all her wardrobe! Of course, Lucy Lee will charge enormously—all those lace-menders do. I can't see where their consciences are. But I suppose I shall have to pay it. People seem to think that because papa is rich they can impose on him all they wish."

So Miss Esmayne got, grumbling, into her carriage and drove, grumbling, off to the poor, little, shabby-looking house where Lucy Lee starved at her needle and tried to think she was not so badly off as her neighbors. Lucy was light and fragile, with yellow hair that glistened like pale gold in the sunshine, and two hectic spots glowed on her cheeks. But Miss Esmayne took no note of these; neither did she heed the sepulchral cough which ever and anon shook the girl's frame.

"Well," said she, ungraciously, "I suppose you've finished that lace?"

"Yes, Miss Esmayne."

"How much do you expect for it?" asked the heiress, fumbling at the clasp of her portmanteau.

"A dollar."

"A dollar! A dollar for just tacking together two little holes. Now, that's nonsense!" cried Miss Esmayne.

"I worked four hours at it, Miss Esmayne," pleaded Lucy Lee, in her soft, deprecating voice, and my eyes still ache with the strain on them. It's a very difficult stitch to match, and I think you will be pleased with the manner in which it is done."

"I shall be ruined between you all," whimpered Helena. "Madame Mercereau charging \$40 for making up the white satin over-skirt and train, and you expecting me to pay you a whole dollar— My goodness, grack!"

turning round with a sudden jerk, as her eye fell on something in the window which had hitherto escaped its vision, "where did you get such a beautiful white japonica?"

It stood there in the window, with its heart of snow, rising up from among dark green, polished leaves, the fairest, most royal flower that ever reared its oriflamme to God's sunshine—and Lucy's cheek flushed with conscious pride as she looked at it.

"I raised it from a slip," she said, "to-morrow is my little consumptive nephew's birthday. The flower is for him."

"I want just such a flower for my hair to-night," said Miss Helena Esmayne, greedily. "I'll give you 50 cents for it, Lucy."

The lace-mender's pale cheek flushed even redder than before.

"I could not sell it, indeed, Miss Esmayne," she answered.

"A dollar, then. Come, I'll say a dollar and a half for that one flower," persisted Helena. "I don't want to be mean about it."

"Miss Esmayne," said Lucy, "I have watched that bud for weeks, and every time I have looked at it little Benny was in my thoughts. Benny never saw a japonica in bloom. He's passionately fond of flowers, and if I should miss carrying that blossom to his bedside to-morrow it would be greater disappointment than either of us could bear."

"That's all idle nonsense," angrily retorted Helena. "Poor folks should not set their hearts on such expensive luxuries. You'll let me have it—I don't mind saying a dollar and seventy-five cents, seeing you're so offish about it."

"Money could not buy it, Miss Esmayne," said Lucy, quietly. "Yes, I know that what you say is quite true—"

we are poor—but we have our natural feelings and affections just the same as you rich people. You cannot have my white japonica."

"Very well, very well," said Miss Esmayne, tossing her head. "Just as you please, Lucy Lee, but it's the last lace-mending you'll ever get from me. Give me the lace, please. I can't stand her chattering all day."

And she flung a ragged one-dollar bill upon the table as her own servant might have flung a bone to a starving dog.

As Lucy Lee stood with her back to her employer, taking the finished work out of a drawer, a sudden sparkle came into the heiress' shallow eyes. Leaning forward, with a scarcely perceptible movement she suddenly snapped the regal flower from its stem and slipped it into her muff.

"Here is the lace, Miss Esmayne," said Lucy. "I took a great deal of pains with it and hope you will be suited."

Miss Esmayne muttered some scarcely audible reply and swept out of the room. And Lucy, all unconscious of her loss, sat down to a ragged piece of Mechlin lace which some milliner had bought at an auction sale for a merely nominal price and intended to sell for its weight in bank bills when it was mended, washed in weak coffee and scientifically laundered.

Helena Esmayne drew the flower out from his hiding place and surveyed it with pride as she went down the stairs.

"I was determined to have it—and I've got it," said she to herself. "The airs and graces these poor people take upon themselves, to be sure! Oh, Dr. Edelin, is it you? Who would have thought of meeting you in such an out-of-the-way place as this?"

Miss Esmayne blushed, half with embarrassment, half with genuine pleasure, as the handsome young doctor with the Greek features and large, dark eyes confronted her on the narrow stairway.

"I need not ask what brings you here," he said. "Doubtless a mission of charity. But your carriage waits; I will not detain you. I will see you at Miss Buckingham's to-night."

So they exchanged adieux and parted.

Lucy Lee looked up with an apprehensive air as the doctor entered.

"Is it about little Benny, sir?" she cried. "Is he worse?"

"My poor child," the doctor answered, pityingly, "you know he could not get better. I would advise you to go to him at once."

"He is dying?" she gasped.

"Not quite that, let us hope; but in any event, he cannot be long with you."

"Lucy had risen and was trying on her bonnet with trembling fingers.

"Poor Benny," she murmured. "And to-morrow was his birthday!"

Mechanically she turned to the japonica bush in the window.

"Gone!" she cried, with a gasp. "My beautiful flower is gone—the flower raised and tended for Benny! Gone—and that woman has stolen it!"

"Was it a white japonica?" asked Dr. Edelin, unconsciously sympathizing with her agony of distress. "I met Miss Esmayne on the stairs just now carrying one. Did you not give it to her?"

"She wanted to buy it of me," faltered Lucy, "but I told her I was keeping it for the poor, dying child. She was angry with me, and when my back was turned she must have meanly stolen it. Oh! how could she!—how could she? She had money enough to buy a roomful of flowers, if she wished—I had only this one."

"Lucy," said the doctor, gently, "never mind the flower. It has gone now. Remember Benny."

"True, sir," said the poor lace-mender, with tears in her eyes. "I must hasten to Benny. It is a long walk and he may be calling for me."

"My carriage is at the door," said Dr. Edelin. "I will take you there before I go on to my other patients. Don't sob and cry so pitifully, Lucy; it was a mean and cruel thing for that rich girl to do, but she will reap her reward in Heaven's good time. Do not fear."

"Is it Aunt Lucy? Has she brought the pretty white flowers she promised me?"

Lucy Lee's lips quivered as the dim eyes of the dying child turned toward her.

"No, Benny, I have not brought it, but—"

"It has not opened yet? Never mind, aunt; I am going where there are many, many flowers. Only I would have liked to see that one. I dreamed of it last night. Mother, kiss me, and you, too, Aunt Lucy, for I think I'm going to sleep."

And "so He gave His beloved sleep."

Miss Esmayne wore the white japonica in her hair at Miss Buckingham's ball, but Dr. Edelin was not there to mark its effects. He was at the bedside of Lucy Lee, who had broken down at last.

"It's very strange," soliloquized Dr. Edelin to himself. "I didn't think I cared so much about the fragile little thing. But if Lucy Lee dies I shall have lost a sunbeam out of my life."

Lucy Lee did not die. She recovered—and Dr. Edelin married her.

And Helena Esmayne is just as generally disgusted with the world as ever.

Her Two Views.

An old Scotch woman was walking to church with her family. The Auld Kirk minister rode past at a tremendous rate, and the old lady said to her children: "Siccan a way to be ridin', and this the Sabbath day! Aweel, aweel, a gude man is marv'el to his beast!"

Shortly afterward her own minister rode past just as furiously, and the worthy old wife cried: "Ah, there he goes! The Lord bless him, pair man! His heart's in his work, an' he's eager to be at it."

HOMESICKNESS IN THE ARMY.

The Volunteer's Malady That Is Hardest to Treat Successfully.

It is the weariness of heart which is to-day most feared by the surgeons of the American army in the Philippines; the hope failure for innumerable men of the army in Cuba after whose names eventually appear the entries: "Died, malarial fever."

Physicians use the technical name "nostalgia" in describing the disease, but rarely care to attribute a death to it because of its many still unknown phases and unstudied symptoms. The dictionary definition of this word is:

"Morbid longing to return to one's home or native country; homesickness especially in its severe forms, producing derangement of mental and physical functions."

Writers for medical journals say that the German army is more subject to nostalgia than any other in existence; that the German race possesses the strongest tendency to melancholia when long separated from familiar scenes.

That a man can die from homesickness seems incredible, perhaps. Yet a surgeon of the regular army whose experience in Cuba was a varied one told me that after the volunteers were once in Cuba and in action the gravest danger which confronted the men was the "funk" resulting from the irresistible longing for the sight of old home and the glimpse of faces near and dear. My friend of the Thirteenth Minnesota in Manila confirms this in the lines:

"The heat bothers some and the roads are not blooming fine, but we could not have a finer set of officers nor be treated better for men who came out here to fight and not to play marbles. What is troubling many of the boys (and we are not able to get at it) is that they know spring has come in the home country, and every man of them wants to hear a blue bird whistle and hear the call of the meadow lark. The result of this is that the fellows get a tugging at their hearts that feels like a big lump, and they go down in a heap. They don't seem sick, but they just talk and think all the time of home, and a larruping wouldn't do them a bit of good."

That's nostalgia.

In the winter of 1882-1883, when the Northwest country was buried in snow and on the frontier trains did not operate for ninety and a hundred days, there was a big shouldered, big-brained man from Wisconsin by the name of Hemingway who was snowed in at a little unnamed settlement on the Manitoba road in the Hope country. Up to the time that the blizzards commenced he received once a week a letter from his wife or sweetheart, and these letters evidently were of much account to him, for on Sundays when most of the pioneers were horse racing on the plainland he would be in his shack looking his letters over and writing home. After the snow came the mails ceased and the letters, for six or eight weeks no one noticed any change in Hemingway, who was out there for the purpose of taking a claim and incidentally to look after the interests of a Chicago machine company. But at the end of that time, with the snow six feet deep on the level, the temperature twenty-five and thirty degrees below, and communication with the outside world absolutely impossible, Hemingway began to turn "blue."

His ailing first manifested itself in a great desire to talk about the home, something he had never done before. He talked to everybody about his past, the people he knew, what his home had been, how the old farm looked, and so on until there was no longer any reason for taking any interest in it. He felt this himself and grew morose. Later he kept to his shack, became morose and sulky. One morning in March, when the ice and snow field had been masters of the region for five months, Hemingway was missing from his place. A little search revealed his body in the rear of his shack, a bullet through his heart. In the night he had gone out there in the cold and found his end.

If you have ever listened to the instrumental piece called "Helmweg" you may know how Hemingway felt when he pulled the trigger of his pistol. He was a victim of nostalgia, big and strong as he was.

The cure for the disease is great exertion of will power. Liberal use of water internally and externally and diversion of the mind from the painful thoughts. The cure is much easier prescribed than practiced. There is another remedy than this, though, which physicians readily favor when practicable—see home.

College Girls' Strong Vocabulary.

College girls have a language of their own that is not contained in the ologies and isms of student life.

That use of "grand" at Vassar College spread like a contagious disease two years ago. Everything from a new gown to the award of a fellowship received the magnificent appellation. That was a season of grandiloquence in other respects, also, for no entertainment less than a "ball" was ever given at the college. If you went to the senior parlor in response to an invitation to a "ball" you would probably find that some one was serving tea.

Both to Vassar and to Yale belong the word "stunt," but it is used in quite different senses. At Vassar it means a peculiar trick that belongs to a certain individual; at Yale it stands for any idea or plan.

Where girls "dig," Harvard and Yale men "grind" or "bone," where one "frivols" the other "sprees it."

Bryn Mawr has a peculiar slang term of its own for the girls who do not enter with a regular class, but come in at the middle of the year. They are known as "half-breeds" to the end of their course.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Cromwell's Many Descendants.

The descendants of Cromwell living to-day number several hundred persons. They all trace their descent through the female members of the Protector's family, as the last male descendant, Mr. Cromwell of Chestnut, died in 1821. Many well known English public men have had Cromwell's blood in their veins. In recent times they include a Prime Minister, Lord Goderich; a Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir George Cornwall Lewis; a Foreign Secretary, Lord Clarendon; a Governor-General of India, Lord Ripon; a Viceroy of Ireland, Lord Cowper, and the late Charles Villiers. Sir William Harcourt, through his first wife, was connected with the house of Cromwell.

Prince Would Go Into Business.

The Prince of Wales is not to be included in the list of those royalties and aristocrats who despise "trade." A friend was chaffing him recently because his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Lorne, has two brothers engaged in business, whereupon His Royal Highness retorted that if he had the chance of entering into partnership with one of the large London merchants he would do so at once.

Two Tunnels Have Been Driven Into the Coal Deposits Near Circle City, in the Upper Yukon Region.

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Run Away to Fight.

John E. Ingoldby, of the Utah battery, in the Philippines, in a letter to his mother thus describes his escape from the hospital in order to go to the front and fight:

"When I sneaked out of the hospital, I wasn't missed for a long time, in fact, until just the other day, and when they did find it out they raised

the dickens with me. They fined me \$12, because they lost that much by my not drawing my rations, and the captain said he was sorry to say that I would get no credit on my discharge for fighting battles when I was supposed to be in the hospital. He said he'd try to fix it up so I would get the credit, but it was doubtful if he could. He said that if I had a leg shot off I could never have a pension. He is a good man, but the doctor—

"However, I am still fighting, and am glad of it, for had I stayed in that hospital when the rest of the boys were enjoying themselves I would surely have died. If that didn't kill me, the doctor would. There was another fellow did the same thing I did, and he got the same fine. He was a great deal sicker than I, and as soon as we got away from the doctor and his hope we got well in no time."—New York Tribune.

WOKE HIS CONSCIENCE UP.

The Graveyard Insurance Agent and a Purchase of Strachan in Balk.

"A newspaper once characterized me as a man without a conscience," said the patent churn man, "but the editor was down on me because I owed him two dollars on subscription. My conscience made me throw away a clean hundred dollars once upon a time, and I have never received any credit for it."

"You remember what they used to term graveyard insurance, of course? It was before they had such stringent State laws. There were companies which would insure almost anything with breath in it, from the day-old infant to the dying grandmother. Lands alive! but what money a canvasser could make! The rate of insurance was low, the medical examinations were a farce, and we didn't have to do much talking. A laboring man could insure his whole family, and it wasn't once in five hundred times that an applicant was rejected. As to the insured getting their money, I have nothing to say. It wasn't my business to worry about that."

"One day I struck an old chap about seventy years old. He had a little money in the bank, and was the father of eight married children. These eight families numbered over forty persons, and when things were explained to the old man he took out a policy on the life of every one of them. He did it for a fact, and came down with the first premium in ready cash. It was the biggest day I had ever had, and I was feeling mighty good as I closed up things. Next day I happened to be in a drug store when the old man came limping in. His eyes were weak and he didn't recognize me, and passing along to the druggist he said: 'Say, Jim, I've got to do sunthin', or the rats will eat me out o' house and home.'"

"Pizen?" asked the druggist.

"I guess so. I guess you'd better give me about half a pound of strychnine, and I'll see if I can't make the varmint git up and lump."

"That was where my conscience woke up," said the ex-canvasser, "and I'm telling you straight: that every policy was cancelled and the premiums returned within twenty-four hours. I was in the business to take the biggest kind of chances, but there were too many rats and too much strychnine in that deal."—New York Sun.

Freeing a Domestic Eagle.

A friend of mine, who told me the story, had an eagle. He caught it when it was young, and had brought it up, as far as he could, like a domestic fowl. Having to go to the other side of the world, he was selling off everything. He wondered what he should do with the eagle, and the happy thought came to him that he would not give it to anybody, but would give it back to itself—he would set it free.

And he then opened the place in which it had been kept, and brought it to the back garden. How he was astonished! It walked about, feeling as if this were rather bigger than his ordinary run, but that was all. He was disappointed, and taking the big bird in his arms, he lifted it up and set it up on his garden wall. It turned and looked down at him! The sun had been obscured behind a cloud, but just then the cloud passed away, and the bright, warm beams poured out. The eagle lifted its eyes and pulled itself up. I wonder what it was thinking? Can an eagle recollect the cliffs and crags, the reveling in the tempests of long ago, the joyous thunder and the flashing lightnings? Pulling itself up, it lifted one wing and stretched it out and it lifted the other wing and outstretched it. Then it gave a scream, and soon was a vanishing speck in the blue of heaven.—Presbyterian Banner.

Natives' Huts in Samoa.

The natives of Samoa live in rude huts usually surrounded by an inclosed yard, which is paved with small pieces of lava. The floors of the dwellings are of the same material, over which woven mats are spread, covering the sharp points of the stones which form the floor. The houses rest on central and outer posts, and the space between these is shut off by means of palm leaf mats so as to keep out wind and rain and to provide protection at night. The framework of the roofs is covered with leaves of the sugar cane which are very skillfully put together. The harbor at Apia is surrounded by coral reefs which are the cause of many shipwrecks. The Samoans, who spend a great deal of their time on the water, know these reefs thoroughly, and their services are invaluable to navigators. The natives are seldom seen in their original costume, and the men as well as the women of those regions which are most visited by foreigners wear a skirt-like garment and a light jacket.—Scientific American.

Oldest Woman in the World.

One of the oldest tribes that once inhabited Southern California was the Tanche. To-day the remnant of the thousands they once could raise are a miserable five, who squat, tolerated, but not invited, upon the land their forefathers had owned. Yet these five would possess a distinction if their case were only known, for the oldest is the oldest woman in the world, and the youngest is almost a marvel of longevity.

China Paying a War Indemnity.

The war indemnity paid by China to Japan under the treaty of 1895 was \$200,000,000 Kupling taels, of the value of about \$165,000,000. China made a loan through St. Petersburg and Paris bankers, but payment was actually effected through exchange on London. In order to put its currency on a gold basis, Japan drew about one-third of the sum in gold, the balance being retained in London to meet disbursements for the navy and other purposes.

Make It General.

A New Jersey minister has begun a crusade against Sunday funerals. If he should succeed in abolishing the undesirable things entirely, Sundays and week days, none of us would rise to file a protest.—Denver Post.

"OVER THE RANGE" TO DEATH.

Origin of One of the Commonest Expressions in the Great West.

"Over the Range" has become an accepted synonym for death throughout the West. In fact, it is now familiarly understood as meaning death in almost every part of the United States, but there are few indeed who know the sad origin of the expression. The few surviving early pioneers of Colorado—the men who endured the mountain hardships of "California Gulch days" of '59 and '60—know why "over the range" has come to mean death. They know when it was death in reality.

According to these old-timers in the mountains the expression originated soon after Baker's expedition into the southwestern part of Colorado nearly forty years ago. At that time the gold excitement was rife in Colorado. The unexplored condition of the Rocky Mountains only added to the miner's dreams, and every report of new "strikes" became exaggerated news. The finding of a single nugget of yellow metal in some distant gulch frequently caused a stampede of prospectors.

During these fevered and visionary times it became whispered throughout the mining camps of the eastern slope of the mountains that "over the range" were stored away fabulous fortunes of virgin gold. No one knew the exact spot where these strong boxes of nature were stored, but the keys by which they were to be opened each miner confidently believed to be in his own possession. The whisperings multiplied, and every word from the new El Dorado, inflamed the minds of the eager fortune-hunters.

An exodus began. Whole caravans were soon tralling through the mountain passes toward the west. In their eagerness men traveled by night and day, each following his own beckoning will-o'-the-wisp that his dreams had told him would lead to the treasured ore. The paths became widely separated. Few were prepared to weather the mountain hardships of the new country, but still they journeyed on. Hunger at last overtook many, and these turned about in hope of again reaching the camps of the eastern slope. The way was long and hard, for many had lost their bearings. These became an easy prey to hunger and the relentless Ute. The suffering which ensued is one of the distressing pages in the history of the Rocky Mountains. Thousands of prospectors had passed "over the range" never to return. A few, emaciated, came back, but the majority of the eager searchers for gold had disappeared forever.

This was brought to a sad close one of the largest movements of prospectors ever known in Colorado, and thus the expression "over the range" has come to mean death.

A Foretaste of the Millennium.

I do not remember in all my life a more exquisite sensation of pleasure than when, last summer, in the great and crowded Central Park of New York, thronged with its heterogeneous public, all classes and nations meeting there, I saw a squirrel go about among the children on the broad footpath, stopping before each one, and standing up on his hind legs to ask for his daily bread. It was an ideal of the millennium, when the lamb shall lie down with the lion, and a little child shall lead them; and to me it had a pathos finer than the finest music; my eyes filled with tears of delight, and, in spite of municipal corruption, I exulted in a proof in the home of my childhood of a finer civilization than I have found in any other city.

The occasional familiarity of birds, and even of some quadrupeds, with certain known individuals in more or less secluded situations, I have often seen, but in that public park, filled with a promiscuous and cosmopolitan crowd, mainly, too, of the poorer classes, for whom it is the only playground, to see this timid little creature, unable to flit like a bird if molested, venture trustfully to question every one who passed, was a pleasure I have never had elsewhere, for elsewhere I have never seen such trust by a beast in indiscriminate humanity.—W. J. Stillman in the Contemporary Review.

A Judicial Opinion.

His Honor Judge Silk is a man of grim humor. One time when he was holding the assizes at a west of England town, a member of the bar, in the luncheon hour, was seeking to convey the impression to a group of whom Judge Silk was the centre, that his income from his profession was very large. "I have to earn a good deal," the lawyer said; "it seems a large story to tell, but my personal expenses are over one thousand pounds a year. It costs me that to live."

"That is too much," said the judge; "I wouldn't pay it—it isn't worth it!"

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