EVENING-

Clear down the hill of day has flown And left the moon and stars alone To guard the ways of heaven by

night. Just when they reached the edge of day,

rest

Before they farther marched away Into the distant, dreamy west, And there they built huge watch fires high

To signal all rear-marching feet Whose task it is to follow nigh As guards that cover a retreat.

Far out upon earth's utter marge And needs must have a longer space Their larger duties to discharge Than those whose feet are duly sent Along that shining pathway wide That runs across the firmament Straight onward, turning not aside.

And so it comes when day is done That twilight time, half day, half night.

Is but the hour wherein the sun Doth all his scattered bands unite. Soon as he finds his forces met The leader issues his commands To strike all tents and forward set Upon the road to other lands.

Then from the highest peak and plain No more to reappear again

Till morn looks o'er the hills of dawn.

-S. C. I., in Chicago Record.



"I do believe that Aunt Hannah will get married before me, after all," said Janet Belton, laughing roguishly. She stood leaning over the stone wall.

a bower of silver-green clematis making a wreath above her golden head, the tall red clovers and snowy daisies nodding at her feet, and she herself a fit emblem of blooming spring and freshness.

"Nonsense," said Guy Martin, who had checked his span of horses in the middle of a furrow, and stood leaning on the plow handle, a young Adonis in his shirt sleeves.

"But It's true," said Janet; "she has actually got a beau."

"Then it must be the old man who was put in the poorhouse last week, or her-the sound of music. at least Duncan Deverel, who believes that the world is coming to an end a her feet, wide awake in a second. week from next Thursday."

Ah, me! what a world this is!" "But, Aunt Hannah I don't understand," interposed her bewildered For Thirty-Three Years Each Thought The The sun with all his legions bright niece. "Did the organ griniler steal away your mother's spoons?"

"What else have I been telling you all this time?" retorted Miss Bemis. "Really, one would think you wasn't gifted with ordinary understanding. Like weary troops they paused for Do start about your ironing, and get way set the dog on him."

ers are not necessarily thieves."

"Don't argue with me, miss," stern-For some the play of day must place have such unworthy votaries." ruffled borders.

the gloss of youth. Cosmeties, in their left.

completed, with commendable pride.

nah to herself.

where the honeysuckles grew.

with great gravity.

ly that the professor-'

-and at 10 o'clock Aunt Hannah re- and fainted. tired to her room in the lowest possible spirits.

"It's a lovely moonlight night," she caster for nearly nine months, suffersaid to herself, as she stood behind ing from arrow wounds in the lungs the window curtain, sentimentally and abdomen, that when he was able viewing the radiant landscape. "Just to travel he started homeward, but the very night for a promenade by the that at San Aantonio he met Joseph church elms-or a romantic interview Wilson, also from Rock Stream, who

on the plazza. Ah, me!" disappointed than she would have been that the other child had been adopted willing to confess to herself.

She was half way through the mazes | that he again turned westward, and of her first delicious dream, when a settled in Tucson. Later he began sound, faint and unusual, interrupted ranching near the Santa Catarina

Aunt Hannah Bemis scrambled, to Two sons were the result of the union.

"Neither one nor the other," said organ grinder again," muttered she, married, and have children of their

AAN AND WIFE REUNITED.

Other Dead.

James F. Bailey, a prosperous farmer, left Rock Stream for California thirty-three years ago. He was one of a party of about twenty who started from Elmira. Mrs. Bailey and one something accomplished. And if you daughter remained in Rock Stream see another organ grinder comin' this They were to make the journey by rail a year later. Bailey and the party, "But Aunt Hannah all organ grind- of which he was a member, went to Pittsburg and descended the Ohio and Mississippi to Memphis. At that point ly commanded Aunt Hannah, "but do the New Yorkers joined a party which as you are bid. Alas, that such an was going to California by way of the ennobling, science as music should trail which passed through San Antonio, Texas, crossed the Rrio Grande "She's thinking of the professor," at Dona Ana, New Mexico, and enterthought Janet, with mischievously ed-California at the Needles. At twinkling eyes, as she pressed the Dead Man's Pass, near the Devil's Rivwrinkles out of a dimity apron with er, east of Fort Lancaster. Texas, the party fought a severe battle with Mes-

Aunt Hannah dressed herself in her calero Apaches. Bailey was dangerbest black silk that afternoon, with a ously wounded. It was thought that lavender ribbon at her throat and the he could not recover. After the Incurls touched up with a triffe extra of dians were driven off the party moved pomatum to give them something of to Fort Lancaster, where Bailey was

various shapes, Miss Bemis abjured. | Letters were sent back to Rock but there was no harm, as she argued Stream, which detailed the story of with herself, in a little innocent starch | the fight and said that Balley would sprinkled over the wrinkles of her be dead before the letter reached Membrow, and she viewed herself, her tollet phis. Mrs. Bailey gave birth to her second child, a son, about a month "Nobody would take me to be a day after the arrival of the news of her. Day's last lone outpost is withdrawn over eight and thirty," said Aunt Han- husband's alleged death. Three months later Mrs. Bailey and her children And then she sat down to her knit- moved to Corning, where in 1872 she

ting, just inside the front window, was married to Raymond Crocker, by whom she also had two children. "Are you expecting anyone in par- Crocker died in 1887 and Mrs. Crocker ticular, Aunt Hanuah?" asked Janet, returned to Rock Stream. Bailey arrived in Rock Stream on a recent "Dear me, no. Who should I expect?" morning. He called on one of his old-"Oh, I don't know. I thought it like- time friends and asked where Mrs. Bailey was buried and where his chil-Aunt Hannah giggled convulsively, dren were. He was told that she was As if Professor Keith hadn't plenty at the Bailey homestead, west of town. important matters to occupy his time, alive and well. The other details of without running here every other day!" the story were also told him. He went But the long June evening ebbed at once to the homestead. Mrs. Crockaway, and the laggard lover came not er opened the door, recognized Bailey

When she recovered, Bailey told her that he was in a hospital at Fort Lantold him that Mrs. Bailey and one And Aunt Hannah went to bed more child had died six months before, and by its grandparents. Mr. Bailey said Mountains. He married again in 1874. The second Mrs. Bailey died about five "It's that mean, miserable, thieving years ago. The six children are all

etween her set teeth. "Thinks I own,

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

STAND IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Men Who Have Served Under More Than One Flag in the Nineteenth Century-They Form a Picturesque Gallery-Prejudice Existing Against Mercenary Swords.

of fortune is making his last stand. lieutenant in our service, who is now No other country in the world is likely to offer the allen adventurer of the of Morocco. General Digby Willoughfuture the same positions and profit that have hitherto been the portion of ver) the Hova army, has since fought Schiel, Von Albrecht, and the other European mercenaries of Krugerdom. And in this very fact we may see the of peace. decline of the soldier of fortune, if we compare his gains with the colossal harvests of his predecessors in history. Perron, the wonderful Frenchman who commanded the Mahratta army, arrived in Hindustan a pennyless petty officer from a man-o'-war, and in nine years had amassed between \$5,000,000

and \$10,000,000. Even more rapid was the progress of Col. Hannav, who had to leave "John Company's" service to avoid the bailiffs. He entered the service of the Nawab Wazir of Oude in 1773, and left it after three years with a fortune of \$15,000,000. Many other French and English adventurers were nearly as lucky.

At that time there was not the prejudice against these mercenary swords which the military ethics of modern Europe have fostered. Few foreigners have risen to eminence in the English service, but large numbers of aliens were recruited for us in the Napoleonic wars. Besides the famous Hessians. there were the French Chasseurs Britannique, three Swiss regiments, the Corsican Rangers, and the Greek Light Infantry. In the Crimean War a German legion was recruited in Heligoland, but they never distinguished themselves on the field, and the prece-

dent is not likely to be followed. In spite of the chilling effect of modern ideas, the soldier: of fortune of the nineteenth century form a picturesque gallery-heroes and rascals, Fenians and Royalists, Poles, Englishmen and adventures of no country. Some of them like Lord Cochrane and Hobart Pasha, have established themselves on a higher plane than the mercenary can usually hope to occupy. The former's brilliant record with the English, Chilian, Brazilian and Greek navies in turn is probably unique, though Paul Jones may be set down as a bad second. The ex-apprentice of a Whitehaven collier, who was the most successful American naval officer in the War of Independence, and held command thereafter in the French, and

heroic figure which modern eulogists in the United States like to picture, but he was a fine seamon and a gallant fighter. In fact, he was the typical soldier of fortune, (for the accident that he fought at sea does not rob him of his place in that gallery). The revolutionary wars of the Continent have naturally attracted many of these adventurers. Count Ilinski was a Pole who fought the Russians in his native land, and when all was lost took service under Schamyl, Prince of Circassia. The Hungarian War of Independence in 1848 next employed his

Pasha was an American soldier; Lupton Bey, Governor of the Bahr-el-Gazel, who died in the Mahdi's dun-ALIEN ADVENTURERS MAKING A LAST geons, an Englishman. Slatin and Emin were both Austrians,

In more recent years we have had General Kohnes, an ex-major in the German Army who landed a cargo of Manulicher rifles for the Chillan Congressionalists, drilled their troops, and defeated Balmaceda; General Ronald McIver, a Scotsman who has served under fourteen flags, from the Confederate to the Carlist, is another roam-In the Transvaal to-day the soldier ing Briton, like Kaid Maclean, an excommander of the army of the Sultan by, who commanded (in blue and silfor the Chartered Company in Rhodesia, but has now turned to the arts

THE UNEMPLOYED.

New Zealaud Leads the World in Solving the Problem.

"New Zealand is far ahead of the other colonies of Australia, and in fact, of any other country in the world with which I am acquainted, in its treatment of the unemployed. It has a well-considered plan in actual operation, by which the unemployed are gathered up in cities, at government labor bureaus, and are forwarded to one point or another, where they are wanted on government railroads or other public works. At these points they are not kept in camps to be scattered again when the work is through, but they are assigned work alternately for the government and on their own land. The government advances them funds to clear their land and to build themselves homes. In all parts of the colony the penniless-out-of-work is by this system being converted into a thrifty land owner.

"It is not to the unemployed alone that the government gives land. It has entered upon a deliberate policy of breaking up the large estates which were formed in the early days. It purchases these estates, if the owners are willing to sell; if not, it condemns them. The land is then improved with roads, properly surveyed; and is resold in small farms.

"A specimen case is that of the estate of Cheviot, of 80,000 acres, which, under the old regime, supported a single family. The estate was entirely devoted to the grazing of sheep, but New Zealand statesmanship thinks that a to the general public! But it was done. man is better than a sheep. This es- and the act is a lasting stain on the tate has now been divided into a hun- memory of the injudicious friends who dred or more prosperous little farms, and where there was once only one family there is now a population of 2,000.

"New Zealand's latest experiment is then in the Russian Navy, is not the not its least important. It now treats

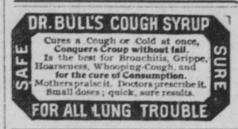
"A Miss is As Good as a Mile."

If you are not entirely well, you are ill. Illness does not mean death's door. It is a sense of weariness, a "tircd ferling" a life filled with nameless pains and suffering. In 90% of cases the blood is to blame. Hood's Sarsaparilla is Nature's corrective for disorders of the blood. Remember



Goethe's Last Love.

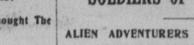
Fraulein Ulrike von Levetzow, Goethe's last love has died at Triplitz (Bohemio) aged 94. It was to her inspiration that the German nation owes the "Triology of Passion." The everyouthful Goethe was already 73 when, at Maricabad and Carlsbad, he first met Baroness von Levetzow, who was then only a girl of 18, though endowed with every charm of mind and body. She never married, her life being devoted to the memory of her affection for the poet. Her castle at Triplitz was a Mecca for all who wrote on Goethe, and she herself has been the subject of dozens of volumes of German literature.



Recalling an Old Story.

Messrs. Elis & Elvey will shortly issue a third volume of the Siddal edition of D. G. Rossetti's works-the celebrated translation of the "Vita Nuova" of Dante. Mr. William Michaei Rossetti will write the customary prefatory note. The title "Siddal Edition" is, of course, taken from the name of Rossetti's wife, who was a Miss Siddal. On her death Rossetti had his first volume of manuscript poems buried in her coffin. When, many years after, at the request of his friends, the coffin was opened and the poems taken out, it was found that some of Mrs. Rossetti's hair had grown into the manuscript. Surely, in the whole history of the literary world, there is nothing to equal the pathos of disturbing poor humanity in its last rest for the sake of giving a few poems advised such a sacrilege .-- London Mail.





Janet. "What do you think of Professor Keith?" "What, the man who gives singing

lessons and boards at the tavern?" "Himself and no other."

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast!" " quoted Guy Martin. "And you and I are to dance at her wedding, I suppose, Janet?"

"If we get an invitation," said Janet, demurely. "But I happen to be in disgrace with her just now." "What for?"

"For laughing at the professor's banjo."

"Oh, never mind," said Guy, "it's easy to make the peace again. Just ha! ha!" compare him to Beethoven or Mozart, or any other of those immortal genluses-offer to embroider him a neck- slam. tle, and tell her you know of a new pattern for a wedding dress and, my word for it, all will be right again. Aunt Hannah under the inuffence of a beau! What is this world coming to?"

"And in the meantime," said Janet. with a sigh, I must go back to the ironing, or I shall get a lecture a yard long."

"And I must devote my energies exclusively to the plow line," said Guy and broken banjo. Martin. "If I could only turn up a pot of gold, little Jenny-"I'd save my money and buy me a

farm.

And you should be my wife." "What nonsense!" said Janet.

"What good sense!" laughingly retorted her lover. And so they parted.

Aunt Hannah Bemis was getting dinner when her niece returned to the house. She was a short, stout lady, perilously near to forty, with a row of curls like miniature beer barrels on both sides of her face, a bulbous nose, which, however, sadly belied the charthings, except scolding-and small spoons. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" black eyes. Certainly not a beauty, and yet not disagreeable to look up, while Janet burst into a peal of iron. But when Miss Belton came in resistible laughter. Aunt Hannah Bemis was wrathful in the highest degree.

"Gone half the morning and nothing some misunderstanding." done! And my two silver spoons gone that belonged to my mother before she Keith did not love Miss Bemis truly, was married-spoons as I wouldn't ha' for he left town the same day and took five dollars aplece for 'em."

"Why, Aunt Hannah, I haven't taken your silver spoons."

"I never said you had," snarled the had settled the question. maiden lady. "It is that plaguey organ grinder, as came here, twisting out his tunes afore the back door, and looking for all the world as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. And I just

hain't found out about them spoons; but he's missed his mark this time. I'll teach him."

under the lilac bushes, not incorrectly Mr. Bailey wired his Arizona children aimed, as was testified by a smothered to come East at once with their famiexclamation below,

nah. "I'm glad of it. Served ye right; presence of the children and their famclear out of here, you miserable cree- illes. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey then left tur. I'll unloose old Growler and send for Clenaga, Arizona, where they will for the constable. Yes, that's right, reside. show us a clean pair of heels. Don't leave your old music-box behind. Ha!

And with a chuckle Aunt Hannah re- town near Bridgeport. Conn., a valutreated, closing the window with a able collection of old letters of nearly

said to herself.

Early the next morning Janet went out into the garden to gather some letters were found among some old the tender passion! Aunt Hannah with fresh lettuce for a breakfast salad. while Aunt Hannah boiled the coffee; but presently she returned, breathless, in the best condition, although they

"Oh! aunty, you never told me you had a serenade last night." "A sere-which, child? I don't know

what you're talking about."

"It's Professor Keith's; found it un-

der the lilacs." one in a disagreeable dream.

"I am so sorry I slept so soundly. have enjoyed the music."

Aunt Hannah sank into a chair with clasped hands.

"I've done it now," she groaned hysterically.

"Done what, aunty?"

nak-was strictly temperate in all was the chap that stole my silver And Aunt Hannah began to ery,

"Don't fret about it, aunty, dear," she consoled her relative at last. "If he "That's just like you. Net Belton," loves you truly he won't mind a little cried she, in a voice shrilly raised, cold water. He'll know there was

But the inference was that Professor

never again made his appearance. For love is a tender plant and easily

And Janet was married first,

A Preoccupied Fox.

Amos Bragdon, a resident of Sorwent into the milk-rooom to get a rento, while walking out in his field after the beginning of the twentieth tumbler of buttermilk for him, as he one day recently noticed a fox, and be- century, while the Prince of Wales will said he preferred it to all the strong ing somewhat interested, although he survive her only a short time. These drinks as ever was brewed-and such had no shotgun with him, walked up forecasts may be the foundation of the an honest face as you couldn't suspect, to within fifteen feet of the fox. The popular belief in England that "Tumnot if you tried-and I never to miss fox did not seem to notice Mr. Brag. my," as he is called by the masses, 'em till I went to the tray just now, don, but appeared to be watching for will never be King of England.-Har-and found only the britannia ones left! mice in the grass --Bangor (Me) News per's Bazar.

After Mr. Bailey and Mrs. Crocker had told their stories, Mr. Bailey insisted that they be married again. He And swash went a whole pitcher of said that nothing but a wedding would cold water down over the musician, do. Mrs. Crocker readily assented. lies. The wedding ceremony was per-"I hit ye, did I?" chuckled Aunt Han- formed in the Bailey homestead in the

Old Letters From President's.

There has lately been found in a century ago, among them several by "I've settled him, I calculate," she George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, James Monroe and John Quincy Adams. The papers and books belonging to one of the old families in the State, and are have been stored away for nearly one hundred years. The Washington letter was written to a Connecticut member of the family when the General was "Look" and Janet held up a battered with the army on the Hudson River, and pertaies to the probable move ment of his and the enemy's troops.

The letters of John Quincy Adams "Professor Keith's!" Aunt Hannah's and And: ew Jackson are peculiarly inlower jaw dropped-she sat staring like teresting, as they are both written to the same triend, on the same day in March, 1824, and each asks the com-Aunt Hannah," said Janet, " I should neou friend to say what he thinks the chances of each are for President. This was in the days when the Vice-President was elected in the same count as the President, the one receiving the greatest number of votes being chosen President, Each asks his correspond-"I threw a pitcher of water on him ent what he should do when elected, and called him all the names you ever and how he should act toward his acteristics of its owner, as Aunt Han- heard of. I supposed, of course, it friend and rival. The Jackson letter is also very valuable, and is one of the most characteristic letters in existence written by the General.-Boston Transcript.

A Modera Prophet.

There has died near Benares the most famous Indian yogi of this century, the Swami Bhaskarananda, Many are the reports of his station in life before he assumed the yellow robe, the staff, and the gourd of asceticism; but as his age was known to be considerably more than one hundred years, the tales of his origin can be scarcely more chilled, and the pitcher of cold water than tradition. He has been famous as a wonder-worker for many years, and among his predictions are those concerning the future of various members of the English royal family. According to his declaration, the Queen will live only from six to ten months

desperate valor, and at Temeswar he had three horses killed under him. Finally, he became Colonel of a Turkish culrassier regiment, and was known as Iskander Bey. In the Hungarian Revolt, Gen. Guyon, an Englishman, was a famous figure, and at Tyrnau he held his ground until he had lost threefourths of his battalion and the village streets were streaming with blood. A less attractive personality is Gen. Cluseret, who served as a Captain in the French Army in Algeria, then under Fremont, in the American Civil War: was next a Fenian "General," and then War Minister under the Commune, Dombrowski, another "General" in the Commune, and a far abler and braver man than the ex-Fenian, had fought in Poland and under Garibaldi. He was killed at the barricades in 1871. Among Continental forces of aliens one ought to mention the French the runaway aristocrats and broken men of half Europe, and the Irish Brigade which so gallantly fought for the Pope in 1860 under the command of Major Myles O'Relly, M. P. An old soldier of the Papal Zouaves, another Irishman, is now General Coppinger, of the United States Army. Garibaldi himself is of course entitled to a niche in this gallery of fame, and his son Ricciotti has since his Italian campaigns fought for France in 1870

and for Greece in 1897, in both bravely fighting for a lost cause. The New World offers us condottieri of a new type, like Walker the filibusand might have ruled Honduras but for a British man-o'-war. General ocean. Caroll-Teviss, who served in the Franco-Prussian war and a good many

South American struggles, was a Fenian hero. So was Captain John Mc-Afferty, who served in the Mexican War of 1855, and was twice tried in London for treason-felony. He was acquitted at one trial, and amnestied n. b.; "I am the champion high-jumper after the second, a leniency which he repaid by renewed activity in the

ranks of the Clan-na-Gael. He was said to be the real "No. 1" behind the Pheonix Park murders. Egypt has employed many allens.

Muzinger Bey was a Swiss who had been British Consul at Massowah; Ges-

its worn-out workingmen and women not as paupers, but as pensioners. Every one who has been in the colony twenty-five years, and is a citizen, and has an income of less than \$170 a year. is entitled to a pension of a shillinga quarter-a day. This is not merely a tenderer form of charity than that which obtains in other countries; it is a distinct recognition of the honest toiler's right to a share in the wealth he has created."--H. D. Lloyd in Ains lee's Magazine.

The Angler Fish.

Most remarkable of the strange fishes is the anglerfish, whose very name seems a paradox. The fishing-fish is nevertheless, a reality, and a stern one to all that approach those awful jaws of his. With a body the color of mud, he generally lies in the shadow of some rock on the bottom of the sea, waiting, motionless, for the approach of his prey. He is provided with an odd kind of fin just over the mouth, and this is held out in front of him to give warning of the coming of something to be swallowed. One taken alive was experimented on, and it was found that if this projecting fin was touched with a stick, evenythough the stick did not come near the mouth, the jaws closed as soon as it is touched. The mouth is tremendous, growing to the width of a foot when the whole fish is only three feet long. One or these anglers was caught not long since, and though it was only twenty-five inches long, a fish fifteen inches long was found sticking in its throat. The angler is provided with peculiar teeth set in double or treble rows along the jaws, and at the entrance of the throat. Some of these teeth are a foot long. He is not a pretty fish to look at, but he attends strictly to business and will swallow anything that touches his warning fin; whether it is meant for food or not. All kinds of things have been found in the stomachs of anglers, from bits of lead and stone to fish almost as large as the angler itself. This ter, who became Dictator of Nicaragua is without doubt one of the most peculiar and interesting tish in the whole

She Knew Jumpers.

"I understand you are an athlete," remarked the landlady to the new boarder.

"Yes, ma'am," proudly answered the

from Jumpersville." "That being the case," said the landlady, "I will have to ask you to pay your board in advance. I've had all the experience with the jumpers I care for."

The National Library in Paris has si Pasha, an Italian who, after serving just acquired the 40,000 volumes that as interpreter to the English Army in formed the famous collection of books the Crimen, became Gordon's Lieu- of M. Ristelhuber, the Alsatian author, tenant in the Soudan, and smashed the The testator was a rich man, and spent slave-hunters' revolt in Darfur. Loring nearly all his fortune on his library,

is Mrs. Pinkham. Her great correspondence is under her own supervision.

Every woman on this continent should understand that she can write freely to Mrs. Pinkham about her physical condition because Mrs. Pinkham is

Awoman

and because Mrs. Pinkham never violates confidence and because she knows more about the Ills of women than any other person in this country.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has oured a million sick women. Every neighborhood, almost every family, contains women relieved of pain by this great medicine.



with protruding piles brought on by constipu-tion with which I was afflicted for twent years. I ran across your CASCARETS in th town of Newell, Ia., and never found anythin to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man." C. H. KETZ, 1411 Jones St., Slour City, Ia.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do lood, Nover Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe, 50c, 25c, 30c. CURE CONSTIPATION. ... NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug



