

### SOUL OF LIFE IN LOVE.

The world is as a sterile cliff:  
But love is like the dew  
That falls upon it, and the moss  
Like life springs from the two.  
It creepeth o'er the barren stone  
Till all the place be verdant grown.

The world is as a blasted oak,  
But love is like the vine  
That trails it o'er; its sunlit leaves  
Like life the two entwined.  
The trunk is green that erst was bare  
And blossoms kiss it everywhere.

The world is as a clouded sea,  
But love is like the sun  
That steals along the murky ways  
And brightens every one.  
O'er gloom is golden glory flung,  
And sunbeams sport the waves among.

—Charles Eugene Banks, in Rockford  
(Ill.) Register-Gazette.

### The Coffin Maker of Lima.

A TRUE STORY, SHOWING THERE IS  
ROMANCE EVEN IN UNDERTAKING.

"Down with the Gutierrez! Dios y Libertad! Down with the Gutierrez rascals! Viva Fulano y Tal!"

Thus roared the mob—at least the larger half of it—from one side the Plaza Mayor. From the other came the answering yell:

"Down with Fulano y Tal! For God and Liberty! Viva los Gutierrez!"

Then they fell upon one another. They fired leaden pellets into each other's hides—for the love of liberty. They jabbed bayonets into each other's bodies—for the love of God. And with musket-butts they dashed out each other's foolish brains—for the love of Gutierrez, Fulano y Tal. And presently there were more of the Fulano y Tal men than there were of the faction of Gutierrez, and these, being of a sudden convinced that God was on the side of the larger mob, determined to look out for their own liberty. So they incontinently took to their heels.

Then there was a great shout. The remaining moiety of the mob hurled their greasy caps into the air. The "Generalissimo of the Patriotic Forces," as he called himself, Don Fulano y Tal, tossed into the air his plumed shako. The mob roared approval. The Generalissimo Fulano y Tal then seized his greatest private, fell upon his neck, called him "brother-in-arms," and kissed him. The mob melted into tears. Each man seized his neighbor and imprinted malodorous kisses upon his lips. When they had recovered breath—some little time after—they roared again:

"Dios y Libertad! Long live Fulano y Tal, the savior of his country!"

The generalissimo raised his glittering sword: "Now, my brothers," said he, "there is still work to do. We must storm the governmental palace."

"Aye!"

"We must hang Gutierrez!"

"Aye!"

"And we must seize the mint!"

Like a mighty wave the mob swept out of the Plaza Mayor, carrying their leader before them like a cork.

In a little while the public buildings were in their hands. In a little while longer Gutierrez was killed, his body carefully mangled, and then drawn by a rope to the top of the highest steeple of the grand cathedral. Then the bells rang forth a paean, the priests chanted a Te Deum. For was not the country free? and was not Fulano y Tal proclaimed president? Of a surety, yes.

And then the shop-keepers took their shutters down.

Ah, bah! Commerce is not patriotic. On the Plaza Mayor the next morning there were many bodies. They had been patriots, doubtless, but they had got on the wrong side. Therefore they were carried, and to be cordially despised of all good Fulano men.

But they looked unpleasant. Their glazed eyes stared at you with a disagreeable fixity. The lips of their gaping wounds had a dumb eloquence which worked upon the feelings. The mob had gathered to despoil them; it ended by pitying them.

"Ah, Dios!" said a woman, "why not bury them, too, as well as our own of last night?"

"True, true," said the mob, "an excellent idea. We will bury them."

Herr von Grek uttered his first word since the revolution began: "Aye, aye, neighbors," said he, "'tis the Christian thing to do. Por el amor de Dios, let us bury them!"

Herr von Grek was a coffin-maker. It is needless to say that he was a German. He was an undertaker, and a thriving one. And he had many coffins always ready. For in the pleasant Spanish-American countries to the south of us there is often need of coffins. And of many coffins. And of coffins about the fit of which there is little heed. For, look you, there are many things which cause sudden death. Earthquakes, sun-strokes, highwaymen. And once in a while a patriot liberates the country. And then there is need of many coffins.

So Herr von Grek advocated the burying of the unpleasant corpses.

The mob approved of Herr von Grek, and called him "brother." And Herr von Grek winced, but said nothing. For they were good customers. So the mob carried out coffins. And it carried out more coffins. And when a patriot could not be squeezed

into his coffin, they would come and get a longer one. And in a short time Herr von Grek had no more coffins.

Then he spoke. "My brothers," said he, "we have done a Christian thing—"

"True," assented the mob.

"We have decently interred our enemy. Now, who is to pay?"

"Pay!" The mob was amused—mobs have a keen sense of humor.

"Pay! Que hombre! Is not Herr von Grek a patriot?"

Herr von Grek admitted that he was.

"Did Herr von Grek wish to occupy one of his own coffins?"

Herr von Grek could think of nothing more unnecessary to his happiness.

The mob was grimly humorous: "If the Senator von Grek should change his mind at any time, they would be happy—"

The Senator von Grek never changed his mind. He had but jested when he spoke of pay.

In that case they would kiss the hands of the senator—nay, more: "a los pies de usted, señor."

The mob retired, shouting with laughter. And Herr von Grek put up his shutters.

For many weary months did the coffin-maker prefer his claims against the government. And the longer he waited the larger they grew. And finally the bill for the coffins was some fifty thousand dollars: But there were other claims, and more pressing ones, and when the hapless Von Grek succeeded in getting a hearing, he was always listened to gravely until he reached the description of the lost articles.

"Que! Cajas mortuorias! Coffins!" and from ministers to legislators he would be received with a roar.

But all things have an end. At last Herr von Grek succeeded in getting an award from the government for his losses. After weary waiting he was to be rewarded. His claims had been passed upon, and the next day he was to finger the money. Lucky Von Grek!

But who can tell what a day may bring forth? A new patriot had arisen in the land—General Cualquiera. The tyranny of President Fulano y Tal could no longer be endured. There was a new uprising, and the country was once more free.

When Herr von Grek went for his money he was received by a bland and smiling clerk, who spoke him fair, yet gave him nothing.

"But the country owes the money," said Von Grek. "How could I tell there would be a new government the next day?"

"True," assented the polite clerk, "quien ha visto manana?"

Ah, who indeed? The morrow is ever invisible.

Well, on this particular morrow there was an imposing funeral. General Cualquiera, being a man of what his followers considered disgraceful humanity, had forbidden that anything more than killing should be done to Fulano y Tal. Through this womanish concession, there was enough left of him to bury, and the general was graciously pleased to permit Donna Fulano y Tal to bury him publicly. So there was an imposing hearse, with nodding plumes, and within it a gilded coffin.

Suddenly there was a disturbance on the edge of the crowd. A wild-eyed old man was pushing his way toward the hearse. He gripped the horses by the heads.

"Stop!" he shouted to the driver; "stop, I say! La caja—es la mia! It is mine, I say. The coffin is mine!"

Some soldiers advanced and seized him. But he struggled desperately.

"Ladrones!" he shouted; "you are thieves, I say! It is mine—the coffin is mine, and you would rob me!"

They had to bind him, so fierce was he; and as they bore him away, shrieking, cursing, foaming at the mouth, the mob gravely shook its nod, and muttered:

"Esta loco."

The mob was right. Herr von Grek was mad.

A stately ship of war is entering Callao bay. It is the Prinz Adalbert, and aboard of her is Henry, son of the Emperor of Germany. On the mole stands Herr von Grek.

"Now," he muttered to himself, "I will show these Spanish scoundrels what it is to be a German. I will appeal to my prince, and he will give me justice, if he has to bombard the port."

Scarcely had the ship anchored when a boat was at her side. In it was an old man, who demanded to see the prince. He had wrongs to right, he said, and he was quickly shown to the cabin. Had he been an American in a similar plight, he might have cooled his heels awhile.

The prince listened attentively to the old man. He had been despoiled in a revolution, he said; his shop gutted; his business destroyed; and he wanted reparation. If it were refused, he would insist upon the ship's bombarding the city. The prince repressed a smile.

"And what was your business?" said he.

"I was a coffin-maker, your highness."

"And the goods of which you were despoiled were—"

"Coffins."

For the life of him the prince could not help smiling. When loyalty smiles courtiers laugh. The officers in the

cabin laughed. And when the prince joined them they roared.

For a moment the old man's eyes flashed angrily, as if he would protest. But only for a moment. His long-deferred hope had made his heart sick.

He started to go, staggered, and fell upon a seat. His head drooped upon his breast. The prince bade them raise him, but it was useless. Madness, grief, and disappointment had killed him.

They buried him in the ocean, with a round-shot at his feet, and the man of many coffins had only a canvas one.

—San Francisco Argonaut.

### THE DRAGON FLY.

One of the Gamest Fighters of the Insect World.

"Do you know that the dragon fly is one of the gamest fighters alive?" said a young railroad man, who has just returned from a week's sojourn at a fishing club across the lake.

"Every evening, out at our place, we have been having great sport watching pitched battles between big brown 'mosquito hawks,' as the natives call them, and a smaller insect of the same species, that can be distinguished by its unusually large head and long, tapering, dark blue wings. For some mysterious reason there seems to be a deadly feud between the two tribes, and a meeting is always a signal for mortal combat. Before dusk deepens, when they are still easily discernible against the sky, it is very interesting to see a couple of these little gladiators get down to business. As soon as they can catch sight of one another they charge, full tilt, the object of each fighter being apparently to land on the back of the enemy, right behind the head. If a dragon fly succeeds in seizing its antagonist at that spot, it is all over with the victim. They flutter slowly together to earth, and the under fly is always left dead where he falls. As nearly as I am able to discover, the victor nips him through the neck with his powerful mandibles. The most exciting part of the fight, however, is when they miss the first plunge. It is wonderful, then, to see how they will charge and counter-charge, and maneuver to and fro in lightning circles, without leaving a space that could be almost covered with the brim of a straw hat. You must witness one of these battles royal to get any idea of their ferocity and swiftness. As a general thing, the little blue fellows were the conquerors, and sometimes there would be as many as 25 or 30 encounters in the space of an hour. I never before had occasion to examine a dragon fly closely, and I was astonished to see what beautiful pieces of living mechanism they really are. Both species that frequented our neighborhood have four wings, one pair directly behind the other, and their entire contour is remarkable for its slender elegance. The wings are semi-transparent, and are traversed by tiny, irregular ribs, like a stained glass window. The bodies of the blue flies are deep, mottled purple, with buff heads, and the brown winged fellows are otherwise a velvety black, with a yellow spot between the eyes. They are the swiftest and handsomest creatures that inhabit our Southern air, and, by the way, their reputation as mosquito hunters has not been in the least overrated. They kept our vicinity free from the pests, which we frequently saw them pursue and devour."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE SMALLEST DOLL IN THE WORLD.

The small girls of Vienna have gone quite mad over a doll show, which has been attracting throngs of visitors. The latest addition to this interesting collection is the smallest doll in the world. It is less than the third of an inch in size, and in spite of its smallness every limb is movable. This tiny doll is a hundred years old, is enclosed in a glass case, and placed among the most interesting exhibits. On a long table stretching the length of an annex 3,800 toy soldiers are placed. These small but perfect warriors represent detachments of all the great armies of the world, and are clad in their appropriate uniforms. Cavalry, infantry and artillery, wearing the English, French, Spanish, German, Russian, Italian and even Chinese uniforms, are here mobilized and placed in battle array to the delight of the boyish visitors.

A COINCIDENCE.

Believers in psychical phenomena may find something to marvel at in this story told of a member of the City Imperial Volunteers and his sweetheart's ring, the bonafides of which is authenticated. Before going to the front, the young warrior presented to his affianced a handsome engagement ring. One day she broke the circlet. Of course she was sorry, but attached no importance to the event until, a little time since, she ascertained that her lover had died in South Africa on the very day and about the same hour on which the love-token was shattered.—London Telegraph.

WHEN WOMEN GET A TELEGRAM.

The most pleasure a woman gets out of getting a telegram she gets from imagining all the things before she opens it that she knows aren't in it.—New York Press.

On a parade ground at Calcutta, India, are several adjutant birds. These creatures walk up and down the grounds, and they look so much like soldiers that at a distance strangers often mistake them for such.

### AN INDIAN GIRL'S FORTUNE

CATTLEMAN LEFT HER A MILLION IN THANKS FOR TIMELY WARNING.

The Pretty Kiowa Girl Also to Be Educated—Fortune Now in the Vaults of a Safe Deposit Company in New York City.

Annie Truehart Dillon, a pretty Kiowa girl about 14 years old, daughter of Black Wolf, a noted chief of his tribe, is sole heiress to an entire fortune of \$1,000,000 and more left by John Dillon, a rich cattleman who, about seven years ago was saved from death at the hands of a half-breed assassin by this little girl, says the Denver Times.

Dillon was born and raised in Ireland, and when he came to America he went to Texas and worked on a ranch in that state as a laborer and cowboy. By careful management he became rich. From his cattle ranch on the Rio Grande he shipped every year large herds of cattle to the Indian Territory to fatten upon the fine pasture lands of that favored region during the spring and summer. He had been in this business so long that he was pretty well acquainted with nearly all of the Kiowa chiefs and various members of the nation, and from the fact that he had always dealt fairly with his red brothers he was popular. He leased vast acres of pasture lands every year, and he was always prompt in the payment of the rents.

Seven years ago the old Texan had in his employ a half-breed Cherokee, Bill Hawk. The Texan one day had decided to go out to a pasture about ten miles from Chickasha, where he had a fine herd of cattle that were being looked after by some of his favorite Texan cowboys, and he asked Hawk to hitch up a buggy and go with him. The road to the pasture passed through a small Indian village, where Dillon had many acquaintances. When the old man reached the place several Indians and half-breeds gathered about the buggy and begged him to stay over night.

"You are just in time," said his friend, Black Wolf. "We are going to have a dance tonight." This information pleased the rich Texan, and he at once got out of his buggy.

Late in the night the old Texan felt something pulling at his arms, and when he opened his eyes he found that a little Indian girl was trying to waken him. As soon as the child saw that his eyes were open she whispered:

"Dillon, now you go putty quick. Hawk heap bad man. Putty soon he come. He got big knife—kill white man—take horse—take heap money. Me hear him talk. Him heap drunk. You go now."

The child ran away and Dillon slipped from under his blankets and rolled them together. After placing his hat at one end of the roll and his boots at the other he crawled away a short distance and lay down under a tree to watch for future developments. He did not wait long before he saw a man cautiously approach the pile of blankets. The drunken assassin was deceived by the hat and boots. He thought his victim was at his mercy, and he drew a big knife from his belt and drove it into the roll of blankets with all his strength. The next instant Hawk sprang into the air with a wild yell and fell dead across the blankets with a bullet in his heart. Dillon had killed him.

The old Texan never afterward was the same man. He continued to attend to his business and make money, but it was easy to see that there was a cloud on his mind. He became devotedly attached to the Indian girl who had saved his life, and he finally got the chief's consent to let him educate her and make her his heir. She was to be given to him when she became 14 years old, but he died a short time ago, and now the girl's future and fortune are in the hands of important persons.

John Rogers, of Presidio, who was in the millionaire's employ for nearly a quarter of a century, is the executor of his will, and he says that the Indian girl will inherit a fortune of \$1,000,000 in cash that is with a safe deposit company in New York, and besides this, when she is of legal age or when she marries she will come into possession of a fine ranch on the Rio Grande, that is stocked with cattle and one of the prettiest haciendas in Old Mexico.

The bishop of Monterey will be the girl's guardian, and he will superintend her education. He has selected an accomplished young woman of San Antonio to be the girl's companion. She will take her benefactor's name. He gave to her the additional name of Trueheart, which seems to please her and her parents.

TWO KINDS OF MONEY.

A distinction is sometimes drawn between two kinds of memory. There is what is called a carrying memory, such as is exercised by the conductor on a train. He remembers the faces on a particular train, while attending to tickets, and then straightway forgets; and so on with each train in his charge. Certain children are said to exercise a carrying memory with their lessons—remembering them just long enough to carry them from the house to the teacher, and forgetting them after recitation. The other kind of memory is the kind that does not forget.—Washington Post.

### FATE OF A CHINAMAN.

Condemned to Death, but Not Executed, He Finally Kills Himself.

And while we're talking of men killing themselves—nice topic, isn't it?—here's a story told me by a man lately returned from San Francisco. It's a true story, too:

In San Francisco there's a Chinese secret society, the laws of which are as strict and unchanging as those of the Medes and Persians. One of the members of this society told some of its secrets—an offense punishable by death. He was to be tried in the usual way before a tribunal of the society.

The night of the ordeal was fixed. The culprit was represented by able counsel, but the sentence was death—as was expected. An executioner was called from an adjoining room. He was a strapping big Chinaman and wore one of those hideous wooden masks that art critics think so beautiful. He carried a double-edged sword fully five feet long. To test the edge he folded a newspaper in eight parts, and the knife went through those eight thicknesses of paper as if it were a bit of butter in summer time.

The culprit was put upon his knees, and another Chinaman, also on his knees, faced him and caught the traitor or by the queue. He drew the culprit's neck toward him, the smock was pulled over his shoulders, and with one mighty swing, the double-edged sword descended. Like a flash it clove the air and then—stopped. A fractional part of an inch separated the sword from the victim's neck. Very, very gently the executioner brought the weapon down until it just touched the traitor's neck. Then, as it is a crime to kill a man in San Francisco, he stopped. He brought the sword to his side again, turned to the judges and said:

"The culprit is dead."

The newly executed got to his feet and said something to the judge. The judge did not heed—for the culprit was dead. He tried to speak to the Chinamen, who were hurrying from the hall. But he spoke to deaf ears. To all intents and purposes he was a dead man.

He made his way into the street and the first thing that caught his eye was a huge poster proclaiming to all Chinatown that he had been executed that evening. No one would speak to him, no one would look at him—he was a dead man—just as dead as if the executioner's sword had in reality descended.

For a whole week that man wandered about Chinatown, the posters proclaiming his execution staring him in the face at every turn. Not a crust of bread could he beg—not a mouthful of water. His people knew him as dead—he was past, gone, buried.

And so one day he wandered up into the American portion of San Francisco and stole a revolver from a messenger boy, who was showing it to some companions. Then he ran down into Chinatown, sat down on the pavement beneath one of his own death notices and blew the addled brains out of his poor Chinese head.—Philadelphia Press.

SMOKE NUISANCE IS CENTURIES OLD

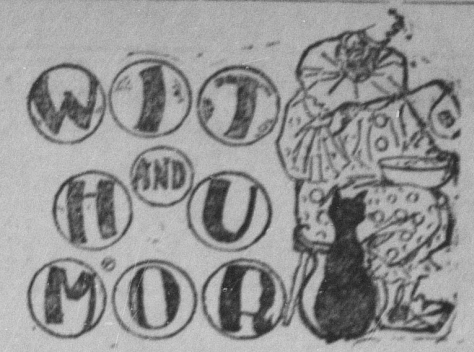
How to abate the smoke nuisance is a problem which has been before the public for centuries. Cassier's Magazine, in an article on the subject, says that while substantial progress has been made, the exploits of cranks and half-informed people have tended to retard a perfect solution of the question. William H. Bryan, who writes the article, gives his ideas for a rational solution of the problem. Regarding the antiquity of the question, he says: "The emission of smoke, often densely black, has accompanied the use of soft or bituminous coal from the earliest times. It was, from the first, acknowledged to be a public nuisance, and has long been the object of repressive legislation. Its harmful effect on vegetation was noted centuries ago, and it was believed even to be poisonous to the human system. To such proportions had this nuisance grown in the reign of King Edward I. that the people of London petitioned that the use of 'sea' coal be prohibited. A law to this effect was accordingly enacted, with the extreme penalty of death. Such a measure was, however, too radical, and it became necessary to modify the law; but the agitation of the subject has continued to this day.

LETTERS OF CELEBRITIES.

The British Museum, in its manuscript department, has an unrivaled collection of letters of celebrities, and by far the most valuable one in existence. In 1805 they commenced publishing a series of specimens of the handwritings of royal, historical, literary and other eminent persons. The first installment gave fac simile copies of letters of Queen Catherine of Aragon to Henry VIII, of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, Charles I, Oliver Cromwell, the great Duke of Marlborough, George III, Lord Chatfield, Wellington, General Gordon, Dryden, Addison, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Dickens and Carlyle.—Tit-Bits.

CHEATING SELF BY POOR WORK.

It is not a question of cheating an employer; it is a question of cheating yourself when you do poor work. The employer is not injured half as much as you are by half-done work. It may be a loss of a few dollars to him, but to you it is loss of character and self-respect, loss of manhood or womanhood.—Success.



The Unattainable.  
A man might study all his life  
O'er dusty tomes with wisdom rife;  
Becoming heavy eyed and gray  
Through getting knowledge day by day,  
He still would labor all in vain  
One useful bit of lore to gain;  
To learn, by reason or by rote,  
Just when to wear his overcoat.

—Washington Star.

Quite Essential.

Madge—I think I'll get measured for a Rainy Day Skirt.  
Marjorie—Don't you think, my dear, you would better get measured to see if you'd look all right in one?—Puck.

Evidence of It.

"Why do you say he is a man of impatience, fortitude and endurance?"  
"Because he has endured his own society all these years."—Chicago Post.

Nice Little Dicky.

"Dicky, did you go up and tell pa that Mr. and Mrs. Jones were here?"  
"Yes, ma; he said he guessed he'd have to come down, but he didn't want to."—Indianapolis Journal.

Paid and Collectable.

"There are only two kinds of style to put on, after all."  
"What are they?"  
"The kind you put on with money you own, and the kind you put on with money you owe."—Puck.

Unnecessary Advice.

She—John, dear, that recipe for lemon pie in my new cook book says to sit on a hot stove and stir constantly.  
He—Well, Penelope, if you do sit on a hot stove I think you will find that you have to stir constantly.—Indiana Weekly.

A Sign of Activity.

Mrs. Strongmind—Oh, she's a nice woman, but I don't consider her very active or energetic.  
Mrs. Uptodate—No?  
Mrs. Strongmind—Why, no. She isn't engaged in more than four or five different crusades.—Brooklyn Life.

It Didn't Pay.

Baggs—Going to get your accident policy renewed?  
Little—Not on your life. The company's a fraud. I supposed that an accident went with every policy, but instead of that I haven't so much as scratched my finger the whole year.—Boston Transcript.

To Fit the Work.

"What kind of music," asked the leader of the mandolin orchestra, "do you think your wife will want?"  
"Well," said the man who had called, "it's a sewing society of some kind that's to meet at the house. I guess any kind of rag-time would be appropriate."—Chicago Tribune.

Brevity.

"Why is brevity considered the soul of wit?" asked the man who asks foolish questions.  
"Because," answered the man who makes foolish answers, "when a man is short he is much more likely to be acute. Nothing stimulates mental activity like needing the money."

Woke Him Up.

Wife (midnight)—Ooo! Woo! Wake up! There's a man trying to get in.  
Husband (sleepily)—Nonsense! Go to sleep.  
Wife (as a last resort)—Maybe he's got a bill?  
Husband—Whoop! Where's my gun?—New York Weekly.

Considerate Girl.

"Well, Miss Homeward gave young Mr. Brushton the cold snoulder at the eucyre party last night," said Mr. Beechwood.  
"That was considerate of her," commented Mr. Wilkinsburg.  
"Eh?"  
"The rooms were so frightfully warm, you know."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Another Victim.

Angeline (tenderly)—Listen, Claude! Youse are my affinity! I feel it in my very soul!  
Claude—Hully Gee! Wot's an affinity?  
Angeline (fervently)—An affinity, Claude! O Claude! An affinity is a guy wot has got ten cents and is willing ter blow it!—Puck.

Lucky Bird.

"Don't you feel sorry for a bird in a gilded cage?" inquired the sentimentalist.  
"No, I don't," answered the short-haired man. "A bird in a gilded cage is about the only creature in the animal kingdom that gets its rent, heat, light, food and janitor service without its costing a cent of money or a stroke of work."—Washington Star.