

AMBITION.

A fever in the blood that burns By day and night! A heart unsatisfied that turns Toward the height! An eagle in the soul that yearns For boundless flight!

A fountain of hope with silvery chime, That ever springs Within you and a song sublime Forever sings, And like it bids you ever climb To higher things!

They were now thoroughly warmed to their subject, and both revelled in a quaint and homely speech that would have astonished the clerks outside.

THE ASSAULT COLUMBUS

CONCLUSION OF VIGNAUD ABOUT THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Columbus Went to Iceland and It is Charged That He There Heard of the New Continent From the Scandinavians—Tarnishing His Fame.

For more than twenty years Mr. Vignaud, first secretary to the United States Embassy in Paris, has been working on a book which is likely to convey the last word in the famous controversy as to the discovery of America.

Mr. Vignaud, after minute and painstaking research, is of the opinion that all existing documentary evidence on the subject has now been seen the light of day.

There is still in existence an unrepented law in Switzerland which forbids the wearing of hats more than thirteen inches in diameter, artificial flowers and foreign feathers, under a heavy penalty.

The Romans always dressed for dinner, and the custom has been handed down to us. They put on light robes of light texture, and one was kept for the unexpected guest who might come unprovided.

In the numbering of the one-dollar silver certificates the number 100,000,000 was reached by the Treasury recently. The numbers will not run any higher, as they would become unnecessarily awkward.

The biggest popcorn crop in the world is being grown by A. H. Schaefer, in Edgerton City, Ill. He has over 100 acres and expects 5000 bushels.

Australian papers state that the experiment of the West Australian Government in turning domestic cats loose in the southwestern districts of the colony, to check the invasion of rabbits from South Australia, has been a pronounced success.

Demetrius Poliorchetes, the "besieger of cities," King of Macedonia, son of Alexander's general Antigonos, has just been dug out of his tomb in the Thessalian Valley of Velestino by the American School at Athens.

A curious fact that has been noted in connection with rainfalls is that gauges placed on roofs usually gather less water than those placed on the ground.

The fire which cost Davenport, Iowa a million dollars recently was started by a cigarette which a freckle-faced boy, smoked in a lumber yard.

Ducks in the Sahara Desert. The proverbial fondness of ducks for water would lead one to presuppose that of all the world the most destitute of ducks would be the Sahara Desert.

Now, Mr. Vignaud proves that this letter is nothing more than a forgery, both by internal evidence and by the collection of a number of facts, which, though largely circumstantial, evidence, make, when taken together, a very strong case of proof.

This letter has successfully kept objections silent for centuries. Mr. Vignaud also shows that the family of Columbus have at various times destroyed documents relating to the life of Columbus, the last occasion being of recent date.

Although an Italian, it is remarkable that, while he was a voluminous writer in Spanish, only one small element exists in which Columbus employs his native tongue. This element is merely a few words of indolence in his hand on the back of a document which has been quite lately discovered.

From all that can be found it appears Columbus never knew he had discovered a new continent. He thought that Hayti was Ophir, Cuba what we now call Japan, and the main land the land of Ind, famous in tales of travel and the imagination.

Columbus was anxious in his life-time to hide the meanness of his origin and the traces of his early life. His descendants have since aided him in completing this task.

The Amour of Afghanistan wears a beautiful gold ring, to which he attributes the fact of his having survived so long the machinations of his enemies. He has been a good many times reported dead, but thanks to the magic of his golden ring he still lives to praise its protecting virtues.

GINSENG FIELD A FORT.

Owner Protects It With Bristling Array of Guns.

The queerest vigil in Pennsylvania is that kept by J. G. Osborne, a ginseng grower, whose garden is near Westfield. No gold mine claimant ever watched his treasure with greater care than does Mr. Osborne his precious ginseng beds.

Two hundred and sixty years ago the first Boston ferry-boat began to ply over the line that is now followed by the Chelsea ferry.

A gold weighing machine in the Bank of England is so sensitive that a postage stamp dropped on the scale will turn the index on the dial a distance of six inches.

There is still in existence an unrepented law in Switzerland which forbids the wearing of hats more than thirteen inches in diameter, artificial flowers and foreign feathers, under a heavy penalty.

The Romans always dressed for dinner, and the custom has been handed down to us. They put on light robes of light texture, and one was kept for the unexpected guest who might come unprovided.

In the numbering of the one-dollar silver certificates the number 100,000,000 was reached by the Treasury recently. The numbers will not run any higher, as they would become unnecessarily awkward.

The biggest popcorn crop in the world is being grown by A. H. Schaefer, in Edgerton City, Ill. He has over 100 acres and expects 5000 bushels.

Australian papers state that the experiment of the West Australian Government in turning domestic cats loose in the southwestern districts of the colony, to check the invasion of rabbits from South Australia, has been a pronounced success.

Demetrius Poliorchetes, the "besieger of cities," King of Macedonia, son of Alexander's general Antigonos, has just been dug out of his tomb in the Thessalian Valley of Velestino by the American School at Athens.

A curious fact that has been noted in connection with rainfalls is that gauges placed on roofs usually gather less water than those placed on the ground.

The fire which cost Davenport, Iowa a million dollars recently was started by a cigarette which a freckle-faced boy, smoked in a lumber yard.

Ducks in the Sahara Desert. The proverbial fondness of ducks for water would lead one to presuppose that of all the world the most destitute of ducks would be the Sahara Desert.

Now, Mr. Vignaud proves that this letter is nothing more than a forgery, both by internal evidence and by the collection of a number of facts, which, though largely circumstantial, evidence, make, when taken together, a very strong case of proof.

This letter has successfully kept objections silent for centuries. Mr. Vignaud also shows that the family of Columbus have at various times destroyed documents relating to the life of Columbus, the last occasion being of recent date.

Although an Italian, it is remarkable that, while he was a voluminous writer in Spanish, only one small element exists in which Columbus employs his native tongue. This element is merely a few words of indolence in his hand on the back of a document which has been quite lately discovered.

From all that can be found it appears Columbus never knew he had discovered a new continent. He thought that Hayti was Ophir, Cuba what we now call Japan, and the main land the land of Ind, famous in tales of travel and the imagination.

Columbus was anxious in his life-time to hide the meanness of his origin and the traces of his early life. His descendants have since aided him in completing this task.

The Amour of Afghanistan wears a beautiful gold ring, to which he attributes the fact of his having survived so long the machinations of his enemies. He has been a good many times reported dead, but thanks to the magic of his golden ring he still lives to praise its protecting virtues.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

New York (Special).—R. G. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Review of Trade" says: "Though there are some drawbacks, notably the labor troubles in the iron and steel industry, business is of well-sustained volume, to which fact payments through the country's clearing houses, railroad earnings and the strength of prices of staple and partly manufactured merchandise offer ample testimony.

"Slightly better terms asked for staple woolen and worsted goods in no way diminished the volume of sales, and the light weight season promises to be one of activity.

"Grain quotations eased off somewhat during the week, though the net decline was small. Corn is still close to the highest price since 1892, even with a host of important influences militating against such inflated figures.

"Failures for the week numbered 205 in the United States, against 171 last year, and 35 in Canada, against 29 last year.

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour—Best Patent, \$4.60; High Grade Extra, \$4.10; Minnesota bakers, \$2.00x3.10.

Wheat—New York, No. 2 red, 78 1/2c; Philadelphia, No. 2 red, 74 1/2c; Baltimore, 76c.

Corn—New York, No. 2, 61 1/2c; Philadelphia, No. 2, 60 1/2c; Baltimore, No. 2, 65c.

Oats—New York, No. 2, 39 1/2c; Philadelphia, No. 2 white, 40 1/2c; Baltimore, No. 2 white, 40 1/2c.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$17.00; No. 2 timothy, \$16.00; No. 3 timothy, \$14.50x15.00.

Green Fruits and Vegetables—Apples—Per brl, fancy, \$1.00x1.10; do fair to good, 90cx\$1.00.

Mr. Osborne expects to make \$800 from his ginseng patch this fall, and this is the reason why he does not propose to have somebody else dig from his patch the choicest and most valuable roots.

The cultivation of ginseng is a recent experiment, and Mr. Osborne has been among the most successful of the experimenters. It is for this reason that his valuable crop has become the temptation of covetous and unprincipled "sheng" gatherers.

The diving-bell spiders, which do not often frequent the main Thames stream, though they are commonly found in the ditches near it, gather air to use just as a soldier might draw water and dispose it about his person in water bottles.

The diver's life is a life of constant watching and a great deal of care. This fact also explains why Farmer Osborne protects his plants from thieves by bristling guns and startling burglar alarms.

The diver's life is a life of constant watching and a great deal of care. This fact also explains why Farmer Osborne protects his plants from thieves by bristling guns and startling burglar alarms.

The diver's life is a life of constant watching and a great deal of care. This fact also explains why Farmer Osborne protects his plants from thieves by bristling guns and startling burglar alarms.

The diver's life is a life of constant watching and a great deal of care. This fact also explains why Farmer Osborne protects his plants from thieves by bristling guns and startling burglar alarms.

The diver's life is a life of constant watching and a great deal of care. This fact also explains why Farmer Osborne protects his plants from thieves by bristling guns and startling burglar alarms.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

That Mr. Timothy Burt refuses to give a cent to the new hospital, for all his wealth, he is nothing but a skintail.

It was said in a New York car by a lady dressed as only American ladies can dress; she was so fine in her summer magnificence that she quite overshadowed a little nonentity of a woman squeezed into the corner.

That little body was elderly and old-middish, just the sort of person to be squeezed into corners on every occasion. Her eyes—if any one had taken the trouble to look at them—were younger than the rest of her; they were quick-moving and changeable and soft.

Elderly though she was, she had not reached the dead level of resignation that is like the Slough of Despond. She had a little pride still left, and such a longing to return to her native land that the pain of it kept her a living soul, and not a mere mechanical drudge.

"Why not try Mrs. Timothy?" suggested the friend of the aggrieved lady, "perhaps she is almoner!"

"I doubt it," answered the other dryly; "there are two of one mind in that house."

The shabby little woman smiled to herself, knowing that Tim Burt had been gifted with a saving knowledge from his youth up. Yet the fancy seized her to try and win from him what the others could not. The thing would be a triumph, besides—

Stopping the car she got out, and made her way to a gay furniture store where there were mirrors in the window, and gazed intently at her reflected face. She thought it looked plainer than usual, so with an anxious touch she pressed herself, and the passers-by saw more humor in her actions than she did herself.

"He will never know me again," she decided; "never after thirty years. I would not risk it otherwise."

Arrived at his offices she boldly asked to see the great man, and there was something so determined about her that the clerk did not notice her shabby appearance, and showed her straight in.

"A lady to see you, sir." This was merely official politeness, for she was only a homely, quaint body with eyes softer than her tongue. At the moment of entering she could see nothing but the money-spinner's bald head, for he was busily writing. She did not speak, and presently he looked up. She was comforted to see only blank inquiry and no recognition.

"I am come to know if you will give a trifle towards the building of the new hospital. More money is wanted to finish it, and if you—"

Her speech was correct, but not that of an educated person, and he cut her impatiently short.

"I have already refused to contribute anything," he answered, curtly. "I look upon the place as a nuisance, and much object to its being so near."

His hardness made her throw prudence to the winds. She went close and looked him full in the face.

"Tim Burt! Tim Burt! Can't you mind your own business, when the horse flings at 'ee, breaking a leg; an wasn't it Farmer Jarge's fat beast as looked 'ee so terrible bad, that you hollered out with the angulgar for weeks after? If anyone had told 'ee then that you would live to have no pity for poor mortals in pain, you'd have tused them well for it—"

To his bewildered senses the accustomed room seemed to fade away and become lost in pleasant aglands with brilliant patches of bluebells among the thin feathered grass. He could hear the gentle munching of the sheep—the tinkle of their bells; he could smell the salt breath of the sea which made the breeze so health-giving. Nay, more; there was a lad he seemed to see, light of heart, going whistling in his work in the hope and freshness of early morning. Such a remembrance made him feel old and weary, so he turned angrily upon the woman.

"And who may you be, I should like to know? There is no reason, because you happen to come from the old place, that I—"



IN REMEMBRANCE.

an old sweetheart could mean anything but annoyance.

"I see now you are Martha right enough," he answered slowly; "you were always harder-featured than Looney. Folks did say as you took the skin and left the cream for her. Yes, I see 'tis Martha right enough."

He said it with thoughtful resignation, for she had surprised the veneer of thirty years clean off him! and they had both sprung from a class which is given to speaking plainly about personal appearance.

"Sit down," he said a little more cordially, "and tell me how you came to be in these parts."

"I came to keep house for Jack in Maryland, but he died of consumption two years ago."

She answered very briefly, and he did not think fit to inquire as to her present circumstances. If Martha Derriman had not prospered, the fault was none of his.

"Dear, dear! and Jack the youngest of you all! What about Looney now? I suppose she was married up comfortable years ago."

For all his hardness he was a little ill at ease then, and his look avoided hers. If he had seen her eyes then in their wistfulness, as she answered jauntily enough—

"To be sure; married up comfortable to Jimmy Meech, six months after you stopped writing to her."

Although this was not true, it should have been grateful hearing to Timothy, yet he resented it.

"What! a pretty piece like Looney married up to that girl, long-legged Jimmy, a man as never thirds his mangold? I always thought he was after you; he'd have done well enough for you."

Under the influence of her presence the unaccustomed words belonging to his youth came trooping back of their own accord. No other way of speaking to her would have been natural; nor did she seem offended at his insinuation that anything in the shape of a man was good enough for her, but not for Lucy. Her eyes even sparkled as she answered:

"They are married all right, and are as happy as can be! There's heaps of young stock on the farm, and you should see 'em of a Sunday setting in church with their five boys and two girls! 'Twas a pretty sight when I was home, but they must be fine lads and maidens by now."

His face darkened, being a childless man with a head, money-loving wife; and just then he seemed to see Lucy in the exquisite bloom and freshness of young womanhood. How the sun shone in her hair, just as it used to! Some of his gold was one tith as bright.

The woman leant eagerly forward. "I knew as you really loved her at the onset."

"God knows! I was but a boy-chap, with my way to make, and Looney hadn't nothen."

But he knew regretfully that the lad and the girl had even then been rich with untold wealth—rich in youth and hope—ay, and love, a treasure that his coffers had not contained for years.

"You're changed," she said slowly. "What a speritty lad you used to be! Can't you mind dowsing Dan Legg in the pumptry? because he served our kitten bad—an all-over white kitten it was with a tabby tail!"

The clerk opened the door.

"Mr. Carl Bensch to see you, sir."

"I cannot see him. I am particularly engaged."

Then Timothy Burt turned to her with a frown of anxious recollection on his lined forehead.

"Not an all-over white kitten surely! hadn't it a patch of tabby on the back? Ay, I can mind how Looney hollered out; she was terrible fond of cats. A bell boy that Dan Legg's! I'd do the same again!" Then habitual caution asserted itself—"But he'd fair to make an awful big chas'."

She eyed his unathletic figure with grave compassion.

"You're plimmed since then. I do fancy you'd not stand much of a snook now. But you need not be letting Dan Legg any more; he's been dead these many years."

The silence lay heavy between them, until he suddenly turned suspicious:

"Where was you when I dowsed Dan? I can only mind of Looney being by. Where was you to?"

"I was in the bakehouse, stripping feathers. 'Tis so long ago you forget."

This remark was providential in suggesting a new train of thought.

"You and your feathers, Martha! I couldn't bide in house when you was bakin' of them. Tell about snitchin' I'm I smell of 'em now."

She laughed a softer laugh than Martha had ever been guilty of—Martha, the terrible tidy woman; so-called, more in exasperation than admiration, by the victims of her rabid cleanliness—Martha, who was too "near" and saying to pay her sister's fare across!