

DOUBT.

She shall not know I love her, I will not let her see...

My pain shall not be hers to share, My passion away her not...

But does she count it so, nor yearn To hear a lover's call...

How could I vex so fair a maid, So fair and calm and high...

An Up-to-Date Romance

By LESLIE W. QUIRK.

LOIS had two aunts and a lover. The aunts were downright tyrants...

Without a second's delay I slipped it on the phonograph I carried...

"Aunt Rebecca thinks I am crazy," it said. "Perhaps I am, but it is not because I talk to my phonograph...

That was all. But it was the voice of Lois, and it cheered me and filled me with fresh determination...

"Think I can remember everybody that buys tickets?" growled the agent at the station when I ascended him for information...

"Am you 'name Frank Bomer?" he asked, eying me as I boarded his train.

When I had assured him that it was he handed me a package. "From a powerful scared gal," he chuckled.

I unrolled the phonographic record. With the sight of it came the awful recollection that I had forgotten my phonograph.

The situation was appalling. Here I was within sound of Lois' voice, but to all intents as deaf to it as a man without ears.

"I wish," she said to me one day, "that I could hear your big, hearty voice all the time. It would make me braver."

Plainly, if I could not be by her side I must find an alternative. There was the telephone, to be sure, but there were also the aunts with their opposition.

I sent to a dealer in phonographs. "I should like a talk," I said. He led me into his private office.

"Well?" "Into a phonograph," I explained, "for a reproduction of my speech, you know."

So I talked. It cost me more than the long-distance telephone, but I paid willingly. I bought a phonograph and took lessons on making records.

"If you wind it up and put in a record," I told her, "it will talk for me."

The machine swore eternal love for Lois in my behalf and Lois smiled.

The next time I called I bought twelve records. Half of them were lastingly impressed with remarks of mine, and half of them were blank.

I explained to Lois the process of reversing the machine in order to produce a permanent record of her speeches.

"Now, I have numbered these six records," I explained. "Put them on the cylinder of the phonograph in the proper order. After No. 1 has talked take one of the six blank records and reply to mine. In this manner we will keep up a close imitation of a conversation."

The aunts blandly informed me that I was not to be allowed to call for a week or more. Nevertheless, not all the aunts of the universe could keep me from marching up and down the walk in front of the house.

So the next day I sauntered past—that is, almost past. At the further corner of the yard I came to an abrupt halt for the curtains of the house were down and no smoke curled from the chimney. It was deserted!

There was no time for trifling. There might be a landlord or an agent who owned a key, so one was on the spot. Within five minutes I had broken into the house.

The rooms down stairs were bare. Scarcely noticing them, I swept up the stairs to the front room, from whose window I had often seen the face of Lois while I was walking in front of the house. It, too, was deserted.

As I scented the room with eager haste my eyes spied a single object. Under the edge of the front window, almost hidden by the curtain, and apparently placed there to prop up the window, was a phonographic record.

I burst into the store of my friend, the dealer in phonographs, with the impetuosity of a runaway train. Before he could restrain me I had placed the record on a small phonograph and started the wheels of the machine.

"Oh, Frank," came the trembling voice of Lois from the megaphone horn. "We are going away—my aunts and I. They told me to-night that I should never see you again. I don't know where we are bound for eventually, but we go to Berryville from here. Come to me, Frank, won't you? I—my aunts are coming and I must hide the record. I pray that you may find it."

Berryville I found to be a little rural junction. It was easy to trace the three women to a hotel. They had occupied double room No. 16 the night before.

"Anybody in Room 16?" I demanded of the sleepy clerk. "Guess not," he grunted, studying the register.

"I'll take it then," I announced, hurriedly. Before he was through insisting that a single person could find no use for a room with two beds in it I had thrown a bill on the counter and was half-way upstairs.

In a drawer of the dresser I found the record for which I was searching.

dawned clear. For the first time I strolled about the town, at a loss as to my further actions. The postoffice caught my eye, and half jokingly, I asked for mail. I was given a phonographic record!

"Dear Frank," said Lois' voice, when I had fitted the record on the cylinder of my machine. "I think there is a chance to overtake us. We go from here to Berryville, just across the river, where Aunt Sarah says we shall stay for several days. I mail this because Aunt Rebecca has become suspicious of the phonograph. I saw her talking with the hotel clerk, and I am sure she was warning him not to give anything to you should you be following us. I somehow believe you will receive this record. Come quickly."

Within a mile or two of Lois and for four days making no effort to reach her, I cursed my stupidity in not asking for mail before. I sprang up, ready to renew my search. Then I dropped back to my seat.

Between Lois and me rolled the Missouri River, unbridged and swollen in a mighty flood. I could never cross. I telegraphed north, south; up the river, down the river. Everywhere it was the same. Bridges were gone and no boat dared venture up the river.

At the moment when I was about to give up hope a thought, of a surety heaven born, came to my rescue.

A brisk wind blew straight across the river. Why not hire the aeronaut who was to make a balloon ascension at the Fourth of July celebration to allow me to accompany him? Without question the wind would carry us safely across the river.

The aeronaut was stubbornly mercenary. Dollar by dollar I raised my bid, till his great black eyes grew narrow in greedy anticipation. At last we agreed on a price.

It was not until we had shot up into the air with the speed of a bullet that he explained that it would be impossible to land at Berryville; it was too close to the river.

So we sailed over it. I do not know whether the man was new at the business or whether the balloon acted badly, but we drifted on and on with the wind, never once tilting earthward, till I was frantic. Just at sunset we landed, with a terrible thump, in a field something more than fifty miles from Berryville. I should be forced to go back to that town to pick up the thread of the trail.

Cold, dirty, discouraged, I trudged along by the side of my companion toward a town near at hand. We came to it after a scramble over fields and through woods, and at once made for the hotel. There, sitting in front of the house, deliciously lonely, was Lois!

Later we boarded the lions. "Young man," said Aunt Rebecca, looking severely at me over her spectacles, "you are prevaricating."

"Yes, indeed," chimed in Aunt Sarah. "Lois has not been out of our sight twenty minutes. You are prevaricating."

"I am telling you the truth," I declared, with my arm thrown protectively about Lois.

"The proof?" demanded Aunt Rebecca. "The proof!" echoed Aunt Sarah. "It is here," I proclaimed dramatically.

I started the wheels of the phonograph and placed on the cylinder the sixth record I had given to Lois. From the horn, slowly and solemnly, came the voice of the dear old minister who had married us:

"I pronounce you husband and wife."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Practical Politician. A practical politician of the first water came to light in a small Indiana town not long ago. In this town there is an officer, designated as Inspector of Streets and Roadways, who receives the munificent salary of \$250 per year.

As the opposing political parties are very nearly balanced in this town, there is often opposition, so that when this office became vacant and the authorities ordered an election to fill it, there was a lively campaign for this small plum, no other elections being near. The Democratic candidate was a rather shrewd old fellow by the name of Ezekiel Hicks, and it looked as though he would be successful, as a neat little sum had been subscribed and turned over to him as a campaign fund. To the astonishment of everybody, however, he was defeated.

"I can't account for it," one of the Democratic leaders said, gloomily. "With that money we should have won. How did you lay it out, Ezekiel?"

"Hum," Ezekiel said, slowly, pulling his whisker. "Yer see that office only pays \$250 a year salary, an' I didn't see no sense in payin' \$800 out to get the office, so I jest bought me a little truck-farm instead."—Harper's Weekly.

Chinese Humility. A Chinaman, wearing his finest gown of silk, called at a house where he happened to disturb a rat, which was regaling itself out of a jar of oil standing on a seam over the door. In its sudden flight the rat upset the oil over the luckless visitor, ruining his fine raiment. While the man was still pale with rage his host appeared, and after the customary greetings the visitor accounted for his appearance in this wise: "As I was entering your honorable dwelling I frightened your honorable rat; while it was trying to escape it upset your honorable jar of oil over my poor and insignificant clothing. This explains the contemptible condition in which I find myself in your honorable presence."—Chinese at Home.

Many a Sin. "Politics is extremely uncertain," remarked the man who makes trite remarks.

"Yes," answered the discouraged-looking citizen; "you read the papers in the hopes of deciding on the best candidate, and then start out for the polls. And maybe you'll be allowed to get to the polls. Then, perhaps, you'll be allowed to deposit a ballot, which in your excitement you may or may not have marked correctly. And if you did mark it correctly there is a chance of its not being counted, anyhow. As you say, it's extremely uncertain."—Washington Star.

One of Lord Roseberry's hobbies is the collection of books. He is something of a poet when in the mood.

ROMANCING

By LEWIS HOPKINS

HERE is an ancient story that ought to be told occasionally—for the benefit of those who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

Of an old lady whose boy ran away to sea, returning after many years' wandering, and who wept over the awful mendacity of the boy when he told her of a monster of the deep, sixty feet long, that wrecked boats and killed men by a blow from its tail; of great sharks that attacked and devoured unwary swimmers and of fishing-boats, but who embraced him and forgave him for all these awful lies when he told her of their pulling up a wheel of one of Pharaoh's chariots on their ship's anchor in the Red Sea.

We who write of the incidents that come under our observation, and occasionally embellish them, often have our pure fiction accepted as fact, and our unvarnished truths branded as fiction, and so unwittingly prove that truth is stranger than fiction—to some people.

A kindly disposed friend will occasionally call your attention to the ease with which he separates the wheat of truth from the chaff of fiction, and often will have the former in the fact heap and the latter in the grain bin, but if you love him, let it go at that and thereby keep your friend. That an incident recounted is out of the ordinary is no argument affecting its truthfulness. If not unusual and strange in some particular, why tell it, with the hope that it will interest or entertain the reader?

Many men eat fish for dinner in the city every day, which fact interests no one saving and excepting the fish dealer. But one prominent, prosperous and well known citizen gets a bone of his fish fast in his throat one day, which chokes him to death, and thereupon the victim of the accident, the bone, the table and the waiter are one and all portrayed upon the front page of the daily papers, with full and detailed accounts of how it happened.

So even so insignificant a thing as a small fish bone can change an incident from trivial to tragic, and many will read and believe though they see not the bone nor be acquainted with the man. We all know many incidents, great and small, that are out of the ordinary and of interest, some of which we allow to remain unnoted, for fear of the doubter. And yet I am sure that most of us, when disseminating hot air products, use due diligence to see that the output is duly branded, while molten, to the eye of the fair and reasonable reader.

I often think of an amusing out of the ordinary incident that came under my observation in Florida last winter. We were at a hotel on the Halifax River where the fishing was good, and one day a very large sheephead was brought in by a lucky fisherman. When all had seen and admired the fish it was turned over to Bill, the expert fish cleaner, for preparation for the table. This Bill accomplished by removing the scales and slicing off each side, leaving the big head and frame, including back fin and tail, intact.

I watched the two great slices of white flesh laid carefully on a tray to be carried to the kitchen, the frame, with its big head and bright eyes, cast as far out into the water as Bill's strong arm could throw it, and as the diplomats say, considered the incident closed.

The next morning several of us were fishing off a point of rocks near the wharf when a new arrival appeared and began casting out with heavy hand line. The second cast he hooked something, and although it made little resistance, he was novice enough to grow much excited and hauled in hand over hand as though he were landing a record fish. We were all watching, mildly interested, when, with a final jerk, he landed his catch, which proved to be the frame of the big sheephead above referred to, and which was fairly hooked (by accident I admit) in the mouth.

To say that we were surprised is to mildly express our condition, but the lucky (?) fisherman was a little more than this. He was profoundly astonished, and genuinely frightened. At first it looked as though he would faint, and then as he surveyed the big open mouth, with its double row of white teeth and gruesome skeleton body, he tried to run. We soon explained matters and quieted his fears, but he fished no more that day.

Now, this is an example of the unusual and unexpected happening, but if I told this story, as I positively decline to do, some fellow would write to know if my real name was Munchhausen.

Or this incident, told by a native of Florida, a young man of character and standing:

Accompanied by a negro man I was looking for a cow that had strayed off in the woods when we discovered a nasty rattlesnake. Arming ourselves with sticks of safe length we attacked and quickly dispatched it. The skin of such large snakes having ready sale, I determined to secure this one, expecting my companion to do the skinning, as I had never seen such an operation performed. But there I had another guess coming, for my man positively refused to even assist me.

"Now, sah," he said, "I wouldn't touch dat reptile, dead nor live, for all de money you could stuff in de hide, big as he is."

"It was up to me, so pulling off my coat and turning up my shirt sleeves I prepared to wade in. In order to avoid all possibility of accident I persuaded the man to stand on a heavy stick laid across the snake's neck while I cut off the head, which I threw away a safe distance. Then as the matter writhed and twisted in the usual manner of a dying snake, I reached among the coils trying to grasp the tail to cut off the rattles. When I finally got hold of it the snake's body had assumed the position which the rattler invariably takes when about to strike.

"Intent upon securing the rattles unbroken, I was stooping over carefully drawing them from the coil with my left hand and advancing the other in which I held the knife, the negro man a little further away, but leaning forward watching with interest, when

the snake sprang forward, the end of its bloody neck striking me with great force on the bare arm, just below my upturned sleeve, knocking the knife from my hand and causing me—more from fright than force of the blow—to pitch over backward.

"I have had narrow escapes before and since that time, but never before nor since have I suffered anything like the awful horror I felt on that occasion when bitten by a dead snake. I fairly writhed in agony for a few minutes, trying all the time to gain my self-control and realize that I was frightened and not hurt."

"I do not know that I was noisy, but may have been, for my companion was fairly spitting the air with shrieks of terror that would have drowned the braying of a fog horn. He had been close to me, and the sudden and wholly unexpected attack of the dead and headless snake, acting upon his emotional and superstitious temperament, frightened him nearly to death. The first use he made of his recovered breath was to pronounce my doom.

"You is a goner, sah! You might live a few hours, an' maybe two or three days, but you is dis as good as dead. Ah! nobody goin' git well when bit by a live snake, let alone a dead one."

"I didn't skin that snake, nor have I ever tried to skin one since."

But the doubter will get you if you don't watch out.—Forest and Stream.

USES OF DUST.

Without It There Would Be No Sunsets or Sunrises, Shades or Lights.

While dust contains many of our mortal enemies, it is one of our very best friends, and the finer it is the more we owe to it. If there were no dust the sky would not be blue, there would be no raindrops, no snowflakes, no hailstones, no clouds, no gorgeous sunsets, no beautiful sunrises.

The instant the sun passed out of sight we should be in darkness. The instant it rose it would be a sharp circle of light in a black sky. There would be no evening glow to chat or think in, no lovely dawn, with bird song and cattle low at nature's wakening. The dome of the sky would be as dark as it is on a bright moonlight night. The moon and stars would shine by day in all their brightness. The whole earth would be a deep, dark shadow excepting where the sun's rays fall directly upon it in one great blinding circle. The moon and stars would make even our shadows.

Rays of sunlight or any other kind of light go straight through all kinds of gases, no matter of what they are made. In passing through them, if they contain no dust, the rays cannot be seen. They are invisible. You have often seen sunlight enter a darkened room through partly opened shutters or a crack of a knothole. The air is made of gases mixed. You did not see the rays of light, you saw the light in the sun reflected by the particles of dust. Millions of these particles were too small for you to see, but not too small for such a searching thing as light to miss.

The light we call daylight is the light of the sun's rays reflected from the particles of dust in the air about our earth. Moonlight is the light of the sun reflected from the moon, which is a great mass of particles compressed into a huge ball. The earth is nothing more. If both of them were ground fine and scattered they would be but dust.

Each cubic inch of air contains an enormous number of dust particles. The number is beyond our conception. John Aitken, of Falkirk, Scotland, was the first to count these dust particles. He counted them by a little machine he carried in his pocket, and in a very simple way.

He has been able to count 7,500,000 dust particles in a cubic inch of the ordinary air of Glasgow. The air of Pittsburgh probably contains ten times as many. After a meeting of the members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in their hall he counted 6,500,000 to a cubic inch near the floor and 57,500,000 to a cubic inch near the ceiling.—Sunday-School Times.

Fig Ends.

Many a simulated virtue has lived to plague the simulator. No secret has more coarsely solvers than the mocking secret of success.

If genius could be emulated, then, indeed, 'twere folly to be merely wise. Well-deserved praise always pleases the receiver and never hurts the giver. All great reforms are the culmination of world-old longings and aspirations.

Many a man who sings the praises of another does so just to call attention to himself. No man is fitted to command who lacks the power to put himself in another man's place.

The most servicable knowledge to any man is that which makes him dissatisfied with himself. The nature evidenced by man's first breath remains unchanged in bent and kind till death.

'Tis their relation to the point of view that makes the mind's impressions false or true.

That which degrades the coward and the slave degrades still more the manly and the brave.

The fool sayeth in his heart, "Riches have wings," but the wise man adviseth this, "Clip the wings."

It is the way of most philosophers that they would rather speculate on the unknowable and immaterial than set their faculties to work on something useful and within the limits of the attainable.—Coast Seaman's Journal.

A German Sausage Exhibition. A statement has been recently published that in Berno a sausage exhibition will be held at which 1758 varieties of sausages will be shown. As Donnie Sampson would say, this is prodigious. It seems almost incredible that so many different sorts of sausages could be gathered together from the four corners of Europe. And yet there is nothing inherently impossible in the statement, for the kinds of sausage are of an infinite variety as the ingredients of which they are made. The trade in Berlin knows over 400 different species, and Berlin is by no means a centre of the sausage industry.—London Telegraph.

THE FRANCES E. WILLARD STATUE



Recently Placed in Statuary Hall at the Capitol, Washington, D. C., by the State of Illinois.

THE CAVITE DRYDOCK.

By DAVID ALLEN WILLEY.

THE tests of the floating drydock designed by the United States Government for service in the Philippines have proved so successful that the craft is now on its way to Cavite.

Since its completion it has been lying at Chesapeake Bay off Solomon's Island. Here an opportunity has been given to thoroughly demonstrate its capacity for docking not only vessels, but to dock itself. In each trial the drydock has performed service up to the requirements of the specifications.

The vessel selected for the test was the new cruiser Colorado. It may be needless to say that the Colorado is considerably longer than any of the battleship class, being more than 500 feet.

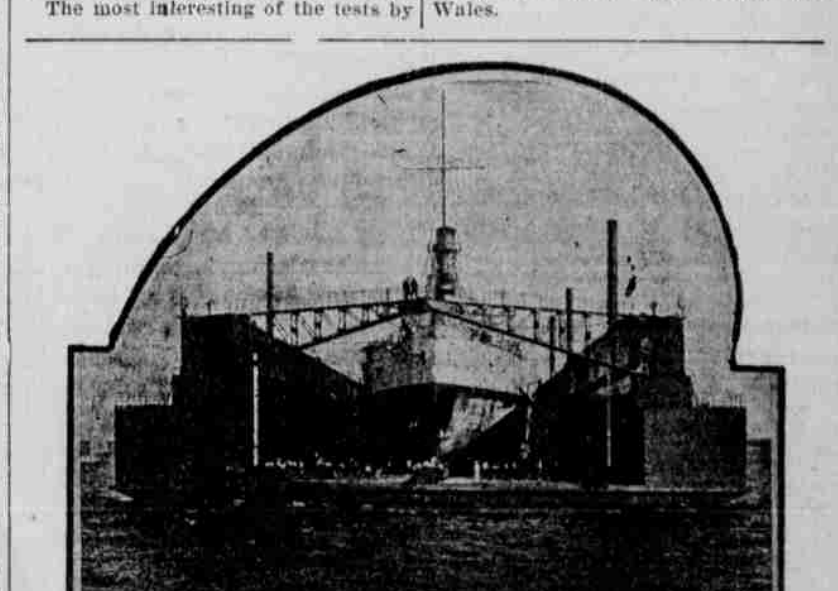
Consequently, the weight of the Colorado, though much more, was distributed over such a greater length of the dock that the strain upon it as indicated by the deflection was considerably less than when the battleship was lifted from the water; but as already stated, the deflection was no more than the calculations of the engineers—in fact, was not as great as that for which allowance had been made.

The most interesting of the tests by power. The Glacier will be assisted by the Caesar, of 5016 tons displacement, having engines of 1500 horse-power, and the Brutus, of 6000 tons and 1250 horse-power. Consequently, the entire towing power will aggregate nearly 8000 horse-power. The smaller craft, however, will be used not only for direct towing, but for steadying the dock in rough weather.

Pleasures of Caracas.

Caracas is a charming place to spend a vacation in. One never tires of watching the pack trains arriving with loads of coffee, cocoa or marketing produce, or setting out with all manner of queer merchandise for the country estates. Then there is the market, where one is sure to find some new variety of fruit or vegetable, no matter how often he visits it. Even more interesting to me are the market houses, which seem so many centuries behind the times, and yet present such delightful vistas as one glances through their forbidding doorways. And, of course, there are excursions to be made on every side, tramps across the valley among the banana and sugar cane plantations, or up the hillside to see a coffee estate.—St. Nicholas.

A steel chimney 290 feet high was recently successfully completed in South Wales.



THE CAVITE DRYDOCK. Water Completely Pumped Out of the Dock and the Vessel Raised.

Generations of Teeth.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, writing in Chambers' Journal on the "Repairs of Life," states the little known fact that in fishes and some reptiles successive crops of teeth are produced as the animal requires them.

"One has only to look at the array of teeth in the mouth of certain species of sharks, or even in the jaw of a codfish, to note that as long as the animal lives its dental wants are provided for. Similarly, in the case of a reptile such as the crocodile we had successive generations of teeth succeeding one another from below upward.

"An examination of a crocodile's jaw would not merely show a tooth belonging to the set in use, but below it another tooth ready to take the place of the upper tooth and below this latter the germ of a third. These reptiles, in common with many other forms, can boast of uninterrupted generations of teeth.

"Man, on the other hand, when he loses any member of his second set, has to hand himself over to the tender mercies of the dentist, which, however necessary they may be in modern life, are, like those of the wicked, entitled to be termed cruel."

Country's History Forgotten.

It is said that two Boston young women recently went to Concord on a sightseeing expedition. When they were shown Emerson's home it did not impress them much, as neither had heard of him. The Alcott house created more interest, however, as they decided it was the home of Claucey Olcott, the actor.

Argentina's Exports of Wheat for the Calendar Year 1908 Exceeded 115,000,000 Bushels.