Before I trust my Fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret!
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouch'd, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh tell me before all is lost, Look deeper still. If thou canst feel .
Within thy immost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole—
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine can not fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own. Couldst then withdraw thy hand one day

And answer to my claim.

That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?

Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer not, I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate—
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I would risk it all!
—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

The Drowned Bedroom.

By RENE BACHE.

of chill in the air that disturbed my

slumber. I pulled the heavy blan-

in November - and tried to go to

sleep again. But it was of no use;

my eyelids would not stay closed, and

I began to think and think in an an-

see where the latter entered. For

on the nature of the phenomenon,

but my surmises did not lead me to

the intention of wooing reluctant re-

pose, when, being nearer to the edge

of the bed than I had supposed, my

right arm fell outside. It plunged

up to the elbow into ice cold water.

alarmed. Hastily leaning over to-

ward the other side of my couch, I

stretched out my arm again. It was

no illusion. The bed was surround-

ed by water up to the height of the

I lay back and tried to think. On

what conceivable theory could such a

condition of affairs be accounted for?

Who ever heard of a bedroom in the

second story of a dwelling house flooded in such a manner? And the

water was unquestionably rising; al-

ready I felt the mattress beneath me

Just then I remembered what Wor-

it again, but no illumination fol-

lowed. Then I remembered having

noticed, when I retired, two knobs,

was flooded with light from eight or

The sight which met my gaze was

four chairs were floating about.

Encouraged to action now that my

jumped out of bed into the jey water.

budge. Standing on the threshold,

By this time I had begun to be

really frightened. I called out re-

my voice died away without eliciting

water was over the bed. It was evi-

ed the six steps and waded across the

room to the windows, which, I then

extraordinary height from the floor,

There were two of them, and I tried

them in succession, but I could hard-

ly reach them, having nothing to

stand upon, and it was obvious that

the shutters were securely barred,

though the sashes were lowered from

the top as if for ventilation. Some

me that there was nothing to be ac-

It was now, for the first time, that

conceivable explanation of the situa-

ion, Worthington, who had sworn

eternal enmity toward me, had not

noticed for the first time, were at an

Summoning my courage I descend-

any response. Something

mattress, or nearly so.

growing wet

I was extremely startled and even

The feelings with which I accepted | be it was a certain peculiar sensation Worthington's invitation were strangely mingled. He had declared himself unalterably my enemy, for no other reason than that I had won the woman he wanted to marry. She was absent from my side, at the sick bed of her father, and, being made aware of the situation, he asked me to come and spend a week at his house. He ing absently at a spot of flickering suggested that the visit might make light on the ceiling. the enforced absence of my wife more endurable, and the tone of his letter in a general way seemed to indicate that he desired to renew the friendship which had formerly existed be

Considering the fact that not more than six months had elapsed since he vowed toward me such bitter enmity, was surprised at the cordiality of the communication. My intimacy with Worthington before my marany satisfactory conclusion. I gave had been close and I had riage formed the notion that he was a person singularly tenacious of an idea once formed-in a word, that he would cling-like death to a decision, whether wrong or right. That he would ever forgive me for the "injury" I had done him in marrying the girl he wanted-he used that term at the time, I remember-I did not imagine. But I had always liked him exceedingly, up to the period of our rivalry, and it was a matter of course that I should be glad to "make it up" with him. Indeed, it was owing chiefly to this desire on my part that I decided to visit him at his country house, which he called in hu-

mor the Moated Grange, perhaps be-

cause there was neither farm nor

ditch connected with the estate. The absurdity of the name was accentuated by the extremely modern thington had said about touching the into it, and the height of the winaspect of the dwelling, which was button at the head of the bed in case dows. The arrangements are such constructed in accordance with I wanted light, I groped anxiously neculing n It was of very moderate size, but provided with every possible end-of-thecentury improvement. Domestic architecure, indeed, was always a fad one above the other. I groped again, of his, and I well remember that as a | touched the upper one this time—the schoolboy he used to make plans on lower one was for shutting off the his slate for the house he was going electricity-and instantly the room to build when he grew to be a man. Another notion of his was that he ten Edison bulbs which were attached would have two small silver bars of to a pair of chandellers overhead. appropriate shape and size to cool his beverage of which he was in- by no means reassuring. As I had ordinately fond. That metal having supposed, the entire room was flooda property of absorbing heat, he ed with water, which was already would use the bars alternately in his nearly high enough to overflow the cup at meals. I may mention that bed. It was up to the third drawer the first thing I noticed on sitting of the dressing table, and three or down at table with him, immediately after my arrival at the Moated cannot imagine a more extraordinary Grange, was two such silver bars scene. which he used for his tea. He was a man who seldom, if ever, relinquished surroundings were made visible, I

There was something about his and nearly frozen by its chill waded manner that struck me as odd. While to the door, ascending the six steps cordial, it seemed to me a bit forced, to reach it. I found it locked, evithough maybe the notion was imag- dently from the outside. Surely, it inary on my part, inasmuch as I was was very strange. I shook the door feeling out of sorts myself. He was with all my might, but it did not decidedly gay at dinner, talked more than was his wont, while I contented at the top of the flight, I was some myself with listening, and he drank distance above the level of the water, little more than was good for but it was not a point of vantage him. When he showed me to my from which to force the lock. bedroom-I chose to retire early, being wearled by my railway journey had some joking remarks to peatedly at the top of my lungs, but make about the peculiarities of the apartment, which was entered oddly enough by a flight of six steps lead- seemed to take a grip on my heart, ing down from the landing. That is and looking down I saw that the say, on crossing the threshold, one descended these six steps to the dently rising fast. floor of the chamber. I thought it a strange mode of architectural construction, but having had long experience of Worthington's eccentricities it did not occur to me to wonder, knowing that he had built the house own plans. He had only finished it within a couple of months by the way, and he told me that I was the first person to occupy it.

You will find it very comforthe said, chuckling to himself as if over some jocular idea of his minutes of frantic effort convinced own which he did not see fit to com-"It is something quite complished. original in the way of a bedroom, I flatter myself—built after a whim of my own, you know. Sleep tight, old my mind. The idea atruck me like a man. If you want to light up in the thunderbolt; it was indeed the only night just touch the button at the

He chuckled again as he left the room, and I found myself speculating forgotten his vow. I was at the mer as to the cause of his amusement cy of a madman. Pretending to re

while I undressed myself. In three pent his hostility he had invited me minutes I was in bed, and in no time to his house for the purpose of deat all fast asleep.

I do not know what it was that housed me, but some hours later I murdered the in some other way, but, became suddenly wide awake. May- having resolved upon the dead, it ing 2394 sheep in nine hours.

unthought of. I was to die by drowning, and as slowly as possible How well I understood now the sig-nificance of that chuckle of his as he had left me a few hours earlier. Built after a whim of my own," he had said, speaking of the bedroom assigned to my occupancy. Why, it was into a trap, constructed expressly to capture myself, that I had fall-Half mad with fear and rage, I made my way to the steps again, the water up to my waist, and, trembling with cold, climbed out upon the top step. Then beating the panels with my fig., I yelled and screamed in my despair, alternately cursing my treacherous host and calling upon him to have mercy and spare my life.

I suppose this must have continued for five minutes or so, though it seemed hours to me, when I thought I heard a noise outside the door and listened. It was a man's footstep. and as it approached I recognized it as Worthington's.

"What's the matter, old man?" he naid. "Got a nightmare?" "Have mercy, Worthington," cried. "For God's sake, have mercy!" "It's a nightmare, sure enough," I heard him mutter. "He's walking

in his sleep. 'Open the door!" I wailed. "How can I open it?" he replied. "The catch is on the inside, just above the knob. Press it back with your thumb.'

With trembling fingers I obeyed him; the door, released by the spring catch—one of Worthington's freaks of ingenuity-flew open, and I fell outward, half fainting. He caught me in his arms.

"Why, what's the mat-?" he began, when, as he gazed down into the brilliantly lighted room, an expression of the utmost astonishment came over his face. Then he began to swear with much elaborateness and omphasis

The situation began in some measure to dawn upon me, as he ran back kets closer around me-it was late to his own room and, returning with a pocket flask, poured half of its contents down my throat. The flery stuff nearly choked me.

"You didn't mean to murder me, noyingly peristsent way, while gaz- then?" I said, as soon as I could regain my breath.

"Murder you!" he echoed. "Ha, The spot had a curious sort of ha! Ha, ha, ha!" I thought he tremulousness, and presently it oc- would have a fit with laughing. Then curred to me to wonder where it he began to apologize with the utcame from and what was the cause of most humbleness, saying that he flickering. It looked like a patch could never make adequate amends made by a moonbeam, but I did not for the unfortunate accident that had occurred. He still feared that I some time it amused me to speculate might have pneumonia in consquence of the exposure to which I had been subjected. After wrapping me in warm blankets, putting my feet in a it up at length and turned over, with tub of hot water, and making me swallow the rest of the flask, he explained in a few words what had happened.

"In putting up this house," he

'my notion was to build it said. around a bathroom. That was my bathroom which you occupied tonight. I have two or three other tubs for winter use, but for summer wanted a tank that my guests and I could swim in. In winter, according to my idea, it was to be converted into a bedroom, thus providing an extra chamber for guests. To shut off the water, carpet the floor and put in the necessary furniture was simple enough. I confess that I thought it rather a clever notion. You will have noticed the walls are tiled, and you will now understand the peculiar construction of the apartment, the steps leading down that the water cannot rise higher than five feet, so that you could not have been drowned, though you would certainly have been frozen to death had your cries for help not awakened me. I can never forgive myself for the misfortune that has occurred. In some way, which I will find out about in the morning, the valve shutting off the water must have opened, flooding the groom. There is only one thing I cannot un-

had designs upon your life." "You swore everlasting enmity, you know, Dick," I said, weakly.

derstand, and that is why you should

have jumped to the conclusion that I

He laughed long and loud like his old self. "I meant it, too," he replied. "But changed circumstances have caused me to forgive the outrage you committed in cutting me out with a certain young lady. I am now engaged to be married to Miss Evelyn Goldthwaite, whom I believe you know."

"I do, indeed, Dick," I said. "She is a charming girl, and I wish you

all the happiness you deserve. That is all of the story. I suffered nothing from my extraordinary adventure beyond a bad cold in the head. It is hardly worth mentioning, but I may as well explain that the curious flickering light which I saw on the ceiling on that memorable night was merely a moonbeam that entered through the upper part of one of the window shutters and was reflected by the water .- Good Litercold ature.

White as Mourning Color. The news that a European has been noticed in Jamaica wearing white as mourning for a relative lost in the recent catastrophe recalls the fact that that color was originally employed in many countries to indicate reverence for the dead.

In fact, the custom obtained in Europe as late as the reign of Charles VIII. of France, and in Italy, too, it lingered, though for women only, the men wearing brown. In Ethiopia the white soon changed to gray and in

Egypt to yellow. China, however, employs it to this day. Other colors have had their vogue-blue, for instance, which even now is used in Turkey, Armenia and Syria. The latter signifies the heaventy region, white stands for purity, gray and brown typify our mother eath, and black, most repellent of mourning colors, would seem to suggest an eternity of night .- London

What is regarded as the world's shearing record has been established by nine men on Hawkes Bay station, Australia. They succeeded in shear-

was characteristic of him to select a Buffalo Memorials.

The Trail, the Wallow, the Rubbing Stone.

Over much of the Western country, In few feet above the level of the soil, where the buffalo used to range, the which in ancient times the buffalo plow has turned over the soil and used as rubbing stones. If in travelburied the memorial which he left ing over the prairie on foot or on behind him. In the territory that horseback, the traveler happens to has been cultivated no signs of the see such a lonely erratic, it is worth wild inhabitants remain. Even where his while to go to it and examine it the earth villages of the Indians used closely. He will find it polished on to stand along the streams, forming all sides by the friction of the tough low mounds, as the supports and earth walls and roofs sank to decay, the plow, passing again and again faces he can still feel there the grease over the soil, has so leveled it that which has accumulated from the use the mounds are no longer seen. So to which the stone was put. in such regions it is with the buffalo around it, and close to it, he will find trails and with the buffalo wallows. But in the arid Northern country boulders, stones and gravel, but all over the hills, the trails of the where there is no vegetation, for

buffalo may still be traced. Often there is no soil to nourish it. they are visible merely as green lines trench has been made by the buffalo showing brightly against the yellow as they walked about the stone and prairie over which they run, but comfortably scratched their sides sometimes they are deep worn, six or against it. Their ponderous hoofs eight inches, even a foot below the have cut and torn up the soil and surface of the surrounding soil. To- reduced it to fine powder which the day many of these trails are used by winds have then carried away, leavthe range cattle, which occasionally ing only the heavy stones at the botare so númerous as to wear away the tom of the trench. grass which has sprung up in the old path, but more often the number buffalo have left on the wide plains passing over the trail is so small as where once they were so abundant, only to keep the grass worn down.

soil of Kansas, these trails were sometimes so deeply worn that the times, and dropped seemingly hapbuffalo as they passed along rubbed hazard here and there on the prairie their sides against the walls of the ily onward at a slow walk, hung or cream colored.

When undisturbed the buffalo us- atoms and bury the fragments. ually traveled in single file, often the lished paths, and sitting on a high hill, overlooking some river or little prairie lake, one often saw the buffalo on the verge of the horizon, where in long strings stringing in from all directions. For the most part the trails led to water, or perhaps to a haystack, then a cabin, then a some favorite crossing place on a wagon, at last a buffalo; but it is stream. If they led toward a river, none of these. many of them would be parallel or nearly so, or they might converge toward some point where the descent of the prairie grass quiver with a of the bluffs was gradual and easy, for the buffalo always chose for himself the easiest ways.

To-day, as one observes these trails -memorials of ancient days-he may wonder why they stand out so brightly green upon a prairie that in late summer is sere and yellow. The reason is obvious. Millions of buffalo traveling for uncounted years over the same paths have fertilized them there is now far richer than elsewhere on the prairie, for the buffalo chip deposited in the trail never grew dry and hard as it did on the prairie, but was at once trodden into the soil and reduced to powder, to nourish a subsequent growth of grass.

It is not surprising that these trails over the hills are noticed by travelers who are whirled along in the railroad trains of to-day, nor that they inquire what they mean, nor that when their significance is explained the thoughtful inquirer should consider with interest and wonder the changes that have taken place over the broad land of the West.

Far less conspicuous than any other of the memorials that he has left ply a place where in the heats of winter's tattered coat which he had threw himself down in some damp or Sometimes a buffalo wallowing on a emerged from his bath a white buffalo instead of a black one, and more than once people have been decaived by this color, and imagining that they saw before them an albino buffalo, have chased it and killed it. only to find that the color came off on their fingers in white Such an experience was had by Colo- polished with a bright brown gloss, nel D. L. Brainard, of Arctic exploration fame. In the same way, many years ago, I became highly excited rubbed their sides. over what I believed to be a black elk, which a closer inspection showed to be merely an elk that had been wallowing in a spring hole in the timber. Sometimes, too, the buffalo coming from such a bath coated with thick mud, dried off quickly, and the clots of dried mud clinging to the long hair of head and forelegs, rattled curiously against each other as the animals galloped away, to the of others, eager to take their turn, mystification of any inexperienced

Rubbing Stones.

done for the same reason that a horse whole skin by a thorough rubbing or of which is level with the prairie. scratching. In the timber country by the rubbing against them of the passed and are passing away. rubbed off the trees by the scratching years at Pembina was named the unblenching eye toward the sun.

Scratching River. Close to the mountains, or along streams where there is much timber, these scratching places are scarcely noticeable, because each one was used by only a few animals and at long intervals, and the evidences of their rubbing have been removed by the in glacial times the great ice sheet passed, there will be found boulders

hides of buffalo, and if he passes his hands over its round smoothed surworn a deep trench in which are

Of all the memorials which the the rubbing stone is by far the most In ancient days in the soft chalky permanent. These huge erratics, brought thither by the ice of glacial will endure for a long time. They trail, and over the herd, moving stead- will last until a day shall come, if it ever does come, when the vandal clouds of fine dust, a chalky powder white man, having cultivated all the as fine as plaster of paris but yellow, rest of the earth, will use on them some high explosive, break them to

Several years ago there was printnose of each great brute close to the ed in the Forest and Stream a menhindquarters of the one ahead of it. tion of one of these rubbing stones, Groups of buffalo followed estab- which I quote here. It is as follows: "From a high hill which gives a

wide outlook may be seen, far off, the sky bends down to meet the earth, a tiny speck. At first it seems "Still riding on over the yellow

rolling plains, where the short stems constant motion, where little ground squirrels flash across the horse's path and hide behind tufts of grass, and shore larks with sweet, soft notes rise and swing away with undulating flight, where dainty antelope slowly walk to the top of the hills, on either side and look about with curious eyes, the object draws nearer. Sometimes from the crest of a hill it seems close at hand, again, descending into by their droppings, so that the soil a little valley, it is lost to view behind a swell of the prairie. At length it is close by and its nature can be seen.

"In those ancient days when the vast ice sheet was melting, a great mass of stone was floated from the distant mountains. Carried on some huge berg, parted from the glacier which gave it birth, this rock journeved from the west, and at length. falling from its long-time resting place, sank to the earth, and when the waters disappeared, remained there, a landmark on the prairie.

"Here for ages it has stood, steadfast, immovable. The winds of winter buffet it; the heats of summer scorch and bake it. Behind it the storm piles up a long white drift of snow; spring floods collect about it is the buffalo wallow. This was sim- in a little lake, soon dried up. Under its lee, perhaps, the chilled Indian, summer, or when greatly pestered by insects, or when worried by last winter's tattered coat which he had not yet gotten rid of, the buffalo sweep over the prairie, bearing death on their icy wings; or in summer the wet place and rolled until covered panting wolf has stretched himself with mud and water. The process for a moment in its grateful shade. has often been described, and is well The birds have visited it. Eagles understood. The practice is not pe-culiar to the buffalo, since in the with watchful eye surveyed the heats of summer the elk, and bears, prairie, alert to see the slightest and probably many other animals movement of grouse or hare or bathe themselves in this fashion. ground squirrel. The little birds, too, have rested here for a moment; soil which was white, or nearly so, sparrows and the titlark with sedate walk and gravely turning head. A mountain rat has made it his home. and in the crevice of the rock has built his nest.

"Phough it has traveled far on ice the boulder shows little wear. Its knobs and roughness are still sharp. but each protuberance and angle is like the corners of fence posts in a barn yard, against which cattle have

"For ages this great erratic has been the buffalo's scratching plat. Here in passing, the dark herds have turned aside and halted, and mighty bull, sleek roung cow, and playful yearling have sidled up to this massive rock, and with grunts of contentment, have pushed their rounded bodies against it, and been jostled and crowded and struck by the horns About this stone they have walked to and fro and cut up the soil with their hoofs and made it fine dust, which the unceasing wind has carried away The buffalo's practice of rolling on and scattered far over the prairie the ground, which, when the ground So, after the lapse of conturies of was wet, made the wallows that have time and the passing away of many been spoken of was, no doubt, often generations of buffalo, a deep trench has been worn about the erratic, and rolls; that is, in order to irritate the it stands on a pillar of soil, the top

"Never again will the boulder witwhere buffalo were abundant it was ness the sights that it has beheld in not uncommon in old times to see the past. It stands in its old place cottonwood trees browned and pol- as firm and steadfast as of yore, but ished to a height of five feet or more the friends that used to visit it have buffalos' bodies. A hundred years these latter days no Indian crouches ago Henry the younger speaks of behind it for shelter from the storm, places where the bark had been nor do buffalo crowd about it. No graceful antelope sweep by in rapid of the buffalo, and a river not far flight, seldom does a wolf approach from the old fort he occupied for it, or an eagle from its top look with

"The life of the old prairie has passed away."-G. B. G., in Forest and Stream.

Keep Mum. Women, as women, are pretty much alike. They have the same weather. But in some sections of hair, differingslightly only as to color the treeless Northwest over which and length; same features, same hair, differing slightly only as to color thoughts. When we love one of them, therefore, we are in reality loving them all. But it is just as well not to mention this .-- Life.

Relieving the Poor.

By BOLTON HALL.

"I hear you have joined the Stole Settlement, O Eupraxsillies. Is your Settlement another Society for the Suppression of Vice-among the

"No, Socrates, we have had such a society ever since the fourth Olymplad, and we have more suppressed vice than ever.

"What, then, do you accomplish, Enpraxsillies?"

"No man knows what the Gods accomplish through him, Socrates, but we try to save the poor from the consequences of error and vice."
"But if you succeed, O Eupraxaillies, will they not commit more errors and vices?"

say, from the evils of poverty. have a Neighborhood House." "Bu" who made the House, Eu-

"Well, perhaps I should rather

praxsillies?"

"Why, we indeed paid for it, but necessarily the poor people made it."
"And do they make all the wealth that you spend in relieving their poverty, Euprassillies?"

"Certainly they make it themselves, Socrates, for we do not work, In truth, we do not know how to make such things ourselves.'

"Then would it not be better to teach them how to keep for themselves what they make?"

"It would seem so, Socrates, but they are too ignorant, so we give them back a part of what we get." "You do well to call it a 'Settlement,' although it is more like a Compromise - with Creditors. But, Eupraxsillies, you said that they produce what you do not know how to produce, except that you know how to take what they make. Is it not

rather, then, you who are ignorant?" "Nay, Socrates, they know only how to build houses and such things; they know how to make things-we know how to get them, but only in accordance with the laws, and we do good with what we take.

But we make the laws, Eupraxsillies; are we, then doing any good by relieving the poor of their wealth. and then making them more comfortable, and so more contented with such laws?"

"Well-at least, Socrates, we have improved the neighborhood. Since we made our Settlement, that street has become safe and respectable, O Socrates, and a better class live there."

"Have the rents risen also Eupraxsillies?"

"It is true that the rents have risen, so that the purchase price of the land next to us has more than doubled.'

"Then it seems, Eupraxsillies, that it was not for the Lords of Heaven you have been working, but for the Lords of earth-not the good Lord but the land lord. Is that of any use?'

"You say truth, Socrates, but it

is of use-for I am the land lord; and it is natural that every improvement in the condition of the earth should benefit the owners of the earth." "Do such improvements benefit

also those who, on account of them, pey more for the use of the earth?" "It certainly seems that the benefit to the one class must be at the expense of the other, Socrates."

"Then it seems to me, O Eupraxsillies, that yours is a Society for Improving Conditions and Increasing the Number of the Poor,"-From Puck.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Character is a kind of worship; all true life is worthy .- Robertson.

There is always a certain air of peacefulness pervading a clear consciousness of duty. A sense of duty which does not bring with it a quiet restfulness of soul is an imperfect sense of duty .- Newman Smith.

In the meanest things of every day no one liveth, no one dieth unto self alone, so inwrapt and interfolded are human destinies in the continual action and reaction that goes on through life .- Dora Greenwell.

For in heaven the stature is measured by love, and not what by what men call genius or skill or wit or fancy; and, therefore, those that love most and grieve most give themselves most to the care of God, and He will never disappoint the hope of loving heart.-Henry Wilder Foote.

We are so tried and tossed, so compassed round with pain, so much, apparently, the sport of fanciful passions, so curiously framed, as it were, for temptation, with high aspirations living in us, along with base desires, so hovering ever on the verge of good or ill, so weak to choose the good, so troubled by the necessity of battle, when our heart is weary with the passionate longing for rest, that God knows that we do want some sympathy higher than any one on earth can give us-some sympathy which will not weaken, strengthen, some certainty that the eternal love and righteousness can feel with us and assist us .- F. W. Robertson.

How It Impressed Him.

Ex-Senator "Billy" Mason tells of a political campaign in South Dakota wherein he had been called upon by the State Committee to take a part. When Mason arrived at his first town, where he was to deliver a speech the next day, he found that the two socalled hotels were crowded to the doors.

Not having telegraphed for accommodations, the Illinois man discovered that he would have to make shift as best he could. He was compelled for that night to

sleep on a wire cot that had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As Mr. Mason is a man of considerabl avoirdupois, he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable. 'Well," asked the proprietor, when

he politician appeared in the morn-

ing, "how did you sleep?"
"Fairly well," answered Mason,
"but I certainly looked like a wame when I got up."-Harper's Weekly;

THE WOMAN WITH THE BROOM.

Bowed by the cares of cleaning house she Upon her broom and gazes through the dust,
A wilderness of wrinkles on her face.
And on her head a knob of wispy hair,
Who made her slave to sweeping and to

A thing that smiles not and that never rests,
Stancbioned in stall, a sister to the cow?
Who loosened and made shrill this angled
jaw?
Who dowered this narrowed chest for
blowing up
Of sluggish men folks and their morning
lire?

Is this the thing you made a bride and

And pillared a bright land on smiling homes? Down all the stretch of street to the last

There is no shape more angular than hers, More tongued with gabble of her neigh-hors deeds. More filled with nerve-ache and rheumatic twinge, More fraught with menace of the frying

O lords and masters of our happy land! How with this woman will you make ac-

How answer her shrill question in that



Bim-"He's going south for the grip." Tim-"It's cheaper to get it here."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"So are you beneath mine, and I'm piling on more every minute."-Philadelphia Ledger.

"When opportunity arrived at my door," said the Harlem pessimist, "I

you loaf around here all day?" Son -"Well, I wouldn't if they didn't make the school hours so long."-Judge.

Lives of some great men remind us. That we will, if we are wise, Leave our modesty behind us, And get out and advertise.

"May I ask your father for your hand to-night, Miss Ketchem?" "Can't you wait until to-morrow night, George? I think Charlie Chumpley is going to ask him to-

night."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Very few people read my poems." said the discouraged youth. that case," answered Miss Cayenne, "you should have less hesitancy about writing them."-Washington

Star. Caller-"So sorry to hear of your motor accident." Enthusiastic Motorist-"Oh, thanks, it's nothing. Expect to live through many more."

Caller-"Oh, but I trust not!"-

Day by day the blessed trolley
Thumps, flat-wheeled, along the street;
Day by day the people murmur,
Using words we can't repeat.
What the need of all this protest?
Why the endless round of talk?
There is such a plain solution—
If you're in a hurry—walk.
—Public Ledger,

Schoolmaster-"Why did you stay away from school, Frankle?" Schoolmaster-"But why did you stay two days?" Boy-"She brawke

Second Magnate-"Most diffifor them, but it ruins them to give it back."-Life.

Hole in the Watch Key.

"The queerest patent?" said the attorney. "Well, the queerest patent

made a lot of money on it. Now, though, it isn't worth the paper it is This farmer one morning in the dim past went to wind his big silver

'Consarn ye,' he said, 'I'll fix ye.'

"And he drilled a hole in the key, and with a single breath blew out every bit of the dirt. "He patented that hole. He built

made holes for them. His plant "In fact, all the world used the farmer's watch keys, which were the

the old fellow got rich. "That, of course, was in the dim past. The hole factory is only running on half time now, for few persons to-day use any save the stem winding or keyless watch."-Minne-

The Worth of Nurses.

Contrasting his Indian experiences with those of South Africa, Field Marshal Lord Roberts said that for the first two or three months of the stege of Delhi not a single case of amoutation survived, and at Lucknow the death statistics were very similar. In fact, it would hardly be possible to describe what the wour ed and sick suffered during the Indian campaign from the overpowering heat, the swarm of insects, the stench lack of surgical and medical treatment and the want of proper nursing. During the South African War a totally different state of agairs prevailed, and the presence of train nurses materially contributed to the difference.—London Hospital.

Called to Order.

"Armed with only a sense of our wrongs," began the suffragette

"You forget our hatpins," is good the lady in the chair, she be stickler for accuracy.—Philadeli

brought
Fo have dominion over heart and home;
To scour the stairs and search the bin for
flour.

flour, To bear the burden of maternity? Is this the wife they wove who framed

When whirlwinds of such women shake the polls,
Heedless of every precedent and creed,
Straight in hysteric haste to right the wrong?
How will it be with cant of politics,
With king of trade and legislative boss,
With cobwebs of hypocrisy and greed,
Whi a she shall take the ballot for her broom?

And sweep away the dust of centuries?
--Edwin W. Sanborn, in New York Sun.

"You are beneath my contempt,

suppose the electric bell, as usual, was out of order."-Puck. The Truant .- Father -- "Why do

-Judge.

Punch.

it i' two pla-aces!"-Punch. First Magnate-"This problem of taking care of the poor is a hard cult. It's easy enough to get money

I know of was the patent of a hole. "An old farmer out St. Louis way patented a hole, and what is more, he

turnip and found the key stuck full of dirt. He tried to dig the dirt out with a pin. No go.

a factory, bought millions of keys and turned out 27,500 holes a day.

only kind that would keep clean, and

apolis Journal.