Can you torget, Marie,

The hillside where the columbines wer growing frail and sweet? How you bade me carry you,

Where the grass was wet with dew, And the jagged stones were cruel to your

dainty slippered feet? Can you forget?

Can you forget, Marie.

The old, abandoned tunnel and the cabin at the mines?

All the foolish things we said, And the way you tossed your head -Ah! The memories surge around me with

the odor of the pines,

Can you forget? Can you forget, Marie, The battered old piano with its worn and

yellow keys? Oh, the plaint will haunt me long Of that little slumber song,

Its honeyed notes come lifting now, to rob me of heart's ease.

Can you forget?

it

ic

Can you forget, Marie ...

But you'il remember nothing of our meeting in the bills:

Not the moonlights on the take, Nor the kiss I dared to take,

Nor the hours we sat and listened to the prattling mountair rills. Can you forget?

You will forget, Marie,

You'll have greater occupation than to merely think of me. The world already knows your name.

And I'll not regret your frame. Though my heart should burst with longing for the days that used to be, But you'll forget.

In the old guten, Marie,

The columbines have dared to bloom this long, sad summer just the same And, it may be, they are glad

That your absence makes me sad; And the pines, Marie, are laughing while they whisper low your name.

Denver Republican.

# HER LOVER CAME BACK.

IN MELVILLE DE FOREST.



ARLEYCORN is in a brown study elbows on the only a hoax. desk, and her head in her hands. I've stirred for five minutes. "What on earth

do you suppose she is thinking about?" said Alice

It was on a cheerless October afternoon, and the last dull rays of daylight were illuminating the deserted school room, where Miss Raslaw. one giddy girls of

K Seminary "Barleycorn," mply because in a school-girl atmosphere it is absolutely necessary that every one should have a nickname-

sat there all alone. Leila and Alice had been out to get autumn leaves, and now in the dusk they were flattering their fresh young faces against the windowglass, watch-

ing her on the sly. "Isn't she plain?" said Deila, with a shudder. "And so old, too! Why, she's eight-and-twenty if she's a day!"

"That at least!" declared Alice in a whisper. To these fifteen and sixteen year quarter to 9,

old "slips" eight-an l-twenty summers represent quite a venerable old age. "I wonder, Leila, what she is thinking about?"

"Her lover, I suppose," said little Miss Wharton with a grimace.

"I don't believe she ever had such a think in her life!" cried Alice, "She, indeed! With such a crooked nose, and eyes just the color of a greenclouded marble!"

"She had, though," sail Leila; "I know, because old Mrs. Blackmore told me. And he went away somewhere and never came back. he forgot all about her-I don't really recollect which it was. He must have been a perfect gorilla, or he never It's cruel-that's what it is! It shall would have fancied her! And his not go on! I'll run after her, and tell name was John Bates! Think of that -John Bates!

Everybody can't have three syllabled names," observed Alice. "And -oh, how cold the wind sweeps up from the lake! Let's go in.'

"And rouse Barleycorn?" "She can sit there pondering all

The lamps were lighted; the sound of the clanging tea bell summoned the hungry young swarm of damsels to a repast of freshly baked brown bread,

apple sauce and mugs of milk. Miss Barley looked up from her desk as Alice and Leila came by, armin-arm, with clusters of scarlet leaves

'Miss Fortescue," said she quietly, "these French exercises are disgraceful. You will have to do them over

again before bedtime.' Alice Fortescue's pretty brown brows knit themselves together petu-

"Before bedtime? But I can't, Miss Barley. I'm to sew bows on my new silk dress to night. I shall want to Pugsley, "and--" bird only was missing, and had wear it at the fortnightly reception Just then the door opened; Miss ably become the prey of a hawk. to-morrow.'

"The French exercises must be attended to first." "Must!" impatiently cried out

"Yes, must. But remember, Miss Fortescue," the teacher gently added, "the rules are not of my making, and I have my orders to see that they are enforced.

Alice brushed by without a word of reply, her fair brow clouded over, her rosebud lips twisted into a pout.

"Cross old thing," she muttered to Leila, "to spoil my evening so!"

"It's just what she likes to do," said Leila, full of sympathy, "but I'll tell you how you can manage, Alice. Cleora Field will do the exercises for you if you give her some of those cream old Barleycorn.

The cloud vanishes from Alice Fortescue's forehead; the lips became Belville, joyously clapping her hands a perfect Cupid's bow of coral once

"We'll write her a note," whispered lover wants to see her again. Fancy old Barleycorn wending her way to Alice, only think what a capital story it will make for the girls!'

Aud the two malicious young conspirators giggled together in an eestasy of glee.

It was a cruel plot, but Alice and Leila were very young, and had never ters that never reached me?" known the envenomed pangs of hope Madame kissed the flutter deferred. That was their only ex-

Miss Barley had finished her share of the daily treadmill of lessons, a day or so afterward, and had gone out to get a breath of fresh air in the dreary poplar walk at the north end of the house, when a rough-looking little boy, with frost-nipped fingers and toes, and great black eyes, like those of a gipsy, sidled up to her and sipped a folded bit of paper into her

"I was told to give it to you, miss," said he, and vanished like a human squirrel into the shrubberies.

Ruth Barley looked after him in some surprise, and then she opened imitation of Roman letters, the words:

"In the old place beside the Chapel Pond at 9 to-night. John Bates has returned." Miss Barley grew very pale; then

through every vein in her body. John Bates! Was she dreaming? Or story to be taken up again at the old place, just where it had broken off

seven long years ago? Ruth's heart beat, her breath came again," said Leila quickly, and a sense of wild exultation Wharton, "Look filled her soul, For it never once ocat her, with her curred to her that all this might be

been watching the woods about a quarter of a mile Journal. her, and she hasn't away, and deriving its name from the step rocks which walled it in on three sides, which were supposed to bear some resemblance to the gothic pillars of a chapel. On the fourth side the woods fringed the shore, and close lets blossomed earliest in the spring-

fern grew in rich profusion. How happy Ruth Barley had been then in the clardays, a More her lover went away-how wretched afterward! She pressed the crumpled bit of paper to her lips again and again.

'Ob," she murmured to herself, "I am the happiest woman in the world! it has come.

Half the girls at Applenook Seminary had been let into the secret of this Miss Barley from one vantage point or another, as she threw a black Shetland shawl over her head and slipped out of the house just when the hands of the old clock in the hall were near a

It was still mid evening, with the meen at the full; one could almost hear the gurgling of the little brook ontside.

Some laughed as the door closed oftly behind the little governess, who fondly supposed herself to be unnoticed; some whispered, one or two looked grave.

Only the other teachers gossiping around there, and Mme. Appleton her-self, writing letters in her sanctum, remained in ignorance of what was go-

Little Louise Belville started to her

"Girls," she cried, "it's too bad! her the whole thing is a deceit!"

But Leila Wharton pulled her back as she was springing to open the door.

"It's too late," said she. "You restaurants in 'Frisco made better couldn't overtake her now. And it is bread than I could cook in a fryin' such a splendid joke! Just wait until you see the expression of her face when she comes back. We shall be avenged for all of Barleycorn's viciousness now!"

Slowly the time-tarnished minutehand of the venerable clock traveled around the dial. Nine o'clock came, half-past nine-ten. Still no Miss Barley returned,

The governess on duty for that particular evening, one Miss Pagsley, with eyes that looked different ways, rose up with a yawn at last.

"Time for evening prayer and bed, girls," said she. "Oh, not yet!" pleaded the girls

with one accord. And each had some special reason to give for desiring five minutes more in forty-five minutes, four pairs in

"It's past hours already," said Miss

Barley came in. face, she wore a most radiant aspect. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were crimsoned with an unusual glow. She went up to Miss Pugsley (who was a good soul, although not fair to look

upon), and Alice Fortescue could hear

her say in low tones: "Dear Harriett, congratulate me. My lover has come back, and we are to be married next week. I have just seen him down by Chapel Pond. I'll tell you all about it by and by. I am going in to see madame now."

Like wildfire the news spread through the room. The girls looked blankly at each other. "It can't be possible!" cried Lella

Wharton. chocolates you bought to-day, and "I only know what I heard her say," you and I will play a lovely trick on declared Alice, looking half-fright-

"I am so glad!" exclaimed Louise -"ob, so glad !"

While in madame's little sanctum, Ruth Barley was telling the worthy Leila; "we'll make her think that her preceptress how John Bates had traveled half round the world-how he had been a prisoner in the heart of the Chapel Pond by moonlight, to Africa for months—how at last he had meet somebody who isn't there! established himself in a good business Fancy her disappointment! And, oh, in South America, and had finally come back to claim the promise Ruth had given him long ago.

"He has written again and again," she said, "and he can't understand how it is that he never got any answer. But how could I reply to let-

Madame kissed the fluttering little governess in her slow, stately way.

"My dear, I congratulate you," said "Of course, deeply as I regret losing a good teacher, I shall not object to cancelling your engagement with me, under the circumstances !" And she smiled and nodded and

looked preternaturally wise.

"How did it happen?" said John Bates. "Why, in the most natural way in the world. I came in on the evening stage, and when I got to the little stone stile and the footpath that led down to the old spot, I told the driver to leave my traps at the hotel and I'd take the short cut through the woods, seeing that it was such a fine night and the moon at full. Just an the note. In it were printed, in rude excuse, you know, to look at the remembered haunt. And as I stood there, thinking of the happy old times, who should come right into the glade but Ruthie herself, just as if it were only yesterday that we parted!"

"But," cried Miss Barley-Mrs. Bates, she was now-"who could have the blood rushed in a scalding torrent sent me that note? John declares he didn't. How could he, when he didn't was the thread of that sweet old love even know that I was teaching at the seminary?"

"Why, of course it was he!" said very one.

And deny it as vehemently as he would no one believed him.

But the young ladies of the Applenook Seminary kept their own counel. And Alice Fortescue and Lena Chapet Pond was a deep, glittering Wharton declare that they will play sheet of water lying in the heart of no more practical jokes. - New York

### A Difference of Opinion,

"I was in a little village in the southern part of Humboldt County a few days ago," related a traveling man, "and was sitting on a dry goods by was a secluded dell where the vio- box in front of the only store in the place trying to sell the proprietor a time, and great clusters of maidenhair | bill of grods, when we observed a bareheaded man tearing down the trail a quarter of a mile up the mountain. erwisender what's acter 'im,' mused

the storekeeper, as he stopped the progress of his jackknife in the middle of a shingle.

"Bang! went a rifle, and a little cloud of dust flew up behind the man then came floundering down the trail. Bang! went another shot, and a bunch of leaves dropped from a bush over his 'excellent joke' and were watching head. Then we saw a grizzled old mountaineer a coule of hundred yards farther up the mountain in hot nursuit. Every time he caught sight of the fleeing man he stopped and took a shot at him. A couple of minutes later a San Francisco attorney staggered into the store and begged for protection.

"'What's the matter?' asked the torekeeper.

"He's trying-to murder-me!" gasped the attorney as he crawled uner a counter.

"The storekeeper locked the doors just as the pursuer came up.

"What's the trouble, Ike?' he inquired through the chink of the door. "Where's that thar varmint? Let me at 'im. Let me burn a trail through his vitals,' yelled the old

"What's he been a doin'?" "'Why, he came along by our camp this mornin' an', bein' hospitable, we give 'im an invite to jine us at breakfas', an' what did the blamed ungrateful snake do but up an' declar that a frog-eatin' Frenchman as rans bread than I could cook in a fryin' pan. Let me at 'im, an' I'll put a biscuit in his stomach what'll cook him."

"Old Ike was pacified, and he started reluctantly up the trail, stopping occasionally to look back to see if he couldn't get another shot at the varmint."-San Francisco Post,

# Training Carrier Pigeons for War.

The Russian military authorities have lately been giving special attention to the breeding and training of carrier pigeons for war purposes. Lieutenant Biglow, the chief trainer of these aerial war messengers, a few days ago started twenty-eight pairs of carriers from Luga to St. Petersburg. Eight pairs reached their destination sixty-five minutes, and the remainder at intervals during the day. One bird only was missing, and had prob-But instead of a pale, discomfited forty miles) from Moscow, thirty-four carrier pigeons were, on the same day, started singly on a homeward flight to the old capital. They all reached their destination safely, but the average time occupied was six hours. According to these experimental results it can scarcely be said that Lieutenant Biglow's training is as yet an entire success. A regular pigeon post is to be established next year between Moscow and Nizhni-Novgorod during the All-Russian exhibition at the latter place. - London News.

# GREEN-CORN DANCE.

CURIOUS INDIAN FESTIVAL ON A NEW YORK RESERVATION.

Dog Meat the Delicacy of the Feast -A Sort of Thanksgiving Celebration in Return for the Crops.

MONG the hills of Cattaraugus County, New York, through which the Allegany River winds in long curves, the Seneca Nation of Indians has dwelt for centuries. Although the older generation is fast passing away, and with their disappearance is coming a more intelligent and more thrifty class, the Seneca Indian has been found at all times to be especially tenacions in holding to the traditions of his Nation. The Indian schools and the Indian churches have done inestimable good in raising the red men on the Cattaraugus Reservation. But there are customs among them that have their source in the religious ideas of the people that bid fair to last from year to year, while the Seneca Nation preserves its present republican form, and by far the most interesting of these is the Indian's from the lips of the leader proclaims "green-corn dance." No Indians live that this number is over, and the danwho can tell when this custom originated. It is an annual thanksgiving ceremony to their deity in return for the crops. No matter whether the harvests have been plentiful or scanty, the celebration is held.

The middle of September is the time usually set for the event. About two weeks before the date of the greencorn dance a courier fantastically dressed is sent throughout the length among the Indians on the reservation, and breadth of the reservation to notify the people of the coming event. His coming is hailed with joy, and he is feasted and dined all along the route. Nothing in the possession of the Indians is too good for the distinguished visitor, and he is listened to with the greatest reverence and respect while he delivers his proclama-

The green-corn dance on the Cattaraugus Reservation is held each year at the council house at the town of Cornplanter. The council house is the building where the meetings in which the whole Nation is interested are held. It is a plain building, of rectangular shape, with two stories, and has a row of benches extending around the whole of the interior. Other than this the building contains no furniture except what is carried there on the occasion of the celebrations. The date of the event having been noised abroad, the Indians bring to the council house, a few days before the time set, whatever they deem necessary to make the feast complete. Some brings along a good fat dog, others corn, beans, cabbage, chickens, or whatever fancy leads them to se-

On the day set for the heginning of the celebration the whole tribe flocks to the house. About 1 o'clock in the statistical information. A bureau of afternoon the celebration begins. Inside of the building are gathered the number of Shinto priests, who are came butt end to, as the sailors What right have I to expect a second who was running. He jumped about more sedate of the Indians, while mostly members of the imperial famblossoming time in my life? And yet ten feet sideways, let out a yell and many remain outside, lolling about lily or related to the emperor in some upon the grass or sitting upon the fences. About the interior of the coun cil house are seated the "squaws" and "bucks" of the tribe, the "squaws" at one end of the building and the "bucks" at the other. They sit solemuly in their places, the "bucks" making monosyllable remarks to each the same date-which was very kind other in their native tongue. As one enters, an Indian brother accosts him with the salutation, "Hus-ke-nuh" (How are you?), and he responds, Yah-

guh" (Very well). The exercises begin with addresses delivered by several of the older men of the tribe in the Indian dialect, Their remarks are listened to with great attention, and approbation is expressed by low grunts at frequent intervals. The speakers talk in a chant, and at various points in the addresses their looks and gestures are wild in the extreme. The addresses concluded, the men and women drop prays for the assistance and blessing out of the expectant and listening attitude in which they were and the audience begins to disperse through the loor and windows. The feast which immediately precedes the green-corn

dance is about to begin. The Indians soon reappear, each small receptacle. In the centre of the room are four large cauldron kettles. One of them is filled almost to the rim with cooked dog meat. The meat s immersed in an ocean of gravy, and this delicacy is especially pleasing to the palate of the red man. In another kettle is a compound of turnips, squash and other vegetables. Another kettle contains a cabbage stew with a liberal amount of gravy. In another kettle is the succotash, the Indians being almost as partial to this as to the dog meat. The "toastmaster," who is always an elder of the tribe, presides at the feast, and at first serves out the eatables to each man or woman who comes up. But at last, when the crowd becomes more importunate he allows them to help themselves. This each one does by thrusting his dish into the kettle and bringing out as much as it will hold. As soon as one of the tribe has received his allowance of food he goes out of of the bushes or of the building. When it is all eaten they settle back and sleep off the effects of their meal.

with rattles and one man with a drum.

then stretched out and splints fastened around it to make the neck rigid. Some bullets or pebbles are put into the body, and then the skin is sewed up. The result is an excellent "rattle." The drum is made by stretching a piece of skin over a hoop about eight inches in diameter. The drumstick is a piece of wood with metal at the end, the metal being covered with a thick piece of skin. When the drum is struck a dull sound is

thus produced. The oldest man in the tribe, who still retains the old pagan ideas, leads the dance. He is dressed in leggins and moccasins and his head is ornamented with feathers. He starts off in a circle about the players. As more and more of the braves and squaws join in the dance the circle becomes larger and larger. The musicians become warmed up to their work, and the dancers enter more into the spirit of the occasion. Their steady tramp, tramp, tramp around the orchestra becomes quicker, the leader gives out his long, piercing yell more often, and his followers join in more quickly. He executes more and more fancy steps. The musicians rise to their feet, and strain every muscle to keep the long procession dancing around in cers retire to their seats to rest for another number. This is continued again and again until they are all thoroughly tired out and can dance no more. It is usually nearly daybreak when the leader rises and starts off the last dance, and in that time it has been necessary to change the musicians about many times. The same course is pursued from year to year and will, without doubt, be the last custom that will be lost by the Seneca Nation of Indians. - New York Times.

#### How the Mikado Honors His Ancestors.

The private affairs of the Emperor of Japan are managed by a member of the cabinet, who is known as the minister of the household. He occupies a fine building of French architecture near the entrance to the palaco grounds, with a large staff of secretaries and assistants. It takes a great many men and a great deal of money to look after the welfare of so simple a person as the mikado, but most of their time is taken up by the almost ceaseless ceremony that has been inberited from socient times. Occasionally they lop off some nonsensical formality that was introduced to gratify the vanity of some prince or please some mikado, but there is still plenty of it left, and between the devotion he pays to the dead and the devotion he receives from the living Mutsu Hito has a pretty hard time.

As an example, he is the one hundred and twenty-sixth emperor of his line, and each of his predecessors has a bi-thday or some other auniversary which their memory must be

red by worship before the tablets that bear their names and import int ritual composed of ten laymen and a way, assist him in his religious duties and often worship his ancestors in his place when he has something more important to do. They keep track of the calendar, and when the birthday of some particular ancestor arrives, and often two of them were born on of them and saves a good deal of the imperial time-their tablets are brought out from the handsome lacquer boxes and brocade wrappings in which they are preserved and placed upon a shrine in the palace with bowls of rice and other food, cups of sake, fresh flowers appropriate to the season, foliage plants and other ornaments that belong to the outfit of the particular person who is to be worshiped. At a certain hour in the day, with great pomp and ceremony, the emperor appears at the head of a procession of princes and priests, and of the particular ancestor, who has been deified and now lives among the gods, able to exercise an influence for good or evil over the affairs of mor-

If any misfortune overtakes the State or anything happens to the embringing a tin pail or some other peror it is usually attributed to his neglect of his religious duties, and those who attend to such affairs endeavor to trace back the difficulty to the evil influence of some neglected ancestor.

The ancestral tablet is a rather insignificant looking affair, being a piece of wood about eight inches long and three inches wide mortised into a

little pedestal that is usually beautifully carved and gilded. The tablet itself often bears ornaments of gold, but is usually covered with plain black lacquer and the necessary lettering in gold. Every man who dies is given a posthumous name under which he is deified, and it usually has reference to some of his achievements while living. - Chicago Record.

#### Missing Link is Discovered. Professor J. L. Wortman, of Co-

lumbia College, has one of the most marvelous discoveries of the age. He claims to have the remains of the first the council house and lies in the shade man, the origin of the human race, with facts sufficient to establish the authenticity of the Darwin theory of evolution. The mummy incased in About sundown the people begin to the bag is what is commonly known collect in the council house for the as the white-faced capuchin, about dance. As soon as the arrangements two and a half feet long. Scientists are completed the musicians strike up. have never been able to establish the The orchestra consists of two men presence of the monkey on the American continent, and in the opinion of The rattles are made by taking the Professor Wortman the chain extendhorn of an ox, putting in some shot ing from mollusk to man is so longer or pebbles, and plugging up the open end. Another favorite "rattle" is made by taking the body of a swamp the original of the domestic horseturtle and dressing it. The neck is Chicago Times-Herald.

## Home Distilled Water.

Buy a private still-a machine to make pure water for home consump-tion. This is the latest fad. You do purchase such a still for a few dollars. and it runs itself. All you have to de is to clean it out once in a couple of weeks.

Just now epidemics of typhoid are frightening people all over the country. Its sole cause is bad water. Polluted drink is likewise accountable for malaria, the germs of which find their way from the stomach into the blood where they feed on the red corpus cles. Public recognition of these facts has brought a rapidly increasing ds. mand for distilled water.

The household still is inexpensive. Water from the city main passes into a reservoir, in which it cannot rise above a certain limit. There it is submitted to a process of distillation, that goes on all the time, the necessary heat being furnished by a single gas jet. The contrivance is wholly auto-

The body of an average man con tains forty-six quarts, or ninety-six pounds, of water. He drinks every day thirty-seven onnees and eat thirty-five ounces of water. Of course, foods commonly hold a large percent-age of water. The bones of this judy vidual are nearly one-fourth water; his brain, muscles, lungs and hear are three-fourths water, and his blood is more than four-fifths water. En dently water is of sufficient impor ance to the human system to worthy of serious consideration. I risk of germ poisoning from this sel stance is greater than the dance from all other things taken into i body combined. -Atlanta Cousts

## A White Squall.

"A white squall, did I ever see should say I had," said an old sail in the barge office. "We were I tween here and the West Indies, a it was as fair a day as you ever eyes on. I was at the wheel, and were bowling along under a sailing breeze. There wasn't a to be seen, unless a little white va far off could be called a cloud, a sudden the Captain came up his cabin. "Get all the light sails off h

quick as you can,' he shouted to nate. 'Clew up the royals and callant sails, and bear a hand be " 'What's the matter with the

man now?' said the sailors, as ooked around the horizon and nothing but sunshine and the "Nevertheless all hands turns The

getting in the light sails. The ain took the wheel and sent me sist. Of course we all thought piece of foolishness, but we wa with a will because the Captain us to. "Well, we had no sooner got

sails in than it struck. Right the crear sky caffe an awinf gulf tore our great mainsail and other to ribbons quicker than a flash "How did the Captain know it

coming? Why, he was in his t and hannened to see his class suddenly. That meant sor and he hustled on deck. A good tain watches his barometer as watches a mouse."-Portland Pta

## New York's First White Child. Local historians have finally a

that the first white child born

hattan Island was Isaac du Tries of Phillip du Trieux and Susant wife, who, according to the rethe Reformed Dutch Church Amsterdam, first saw the light 21st of April, 1612. P. Trieux, the tather, was from French Netherlands and or first company of colonists to M tan Island, then known as N stordam. He was one of the do burghers of the infant ma ity. After the cession of the to the English, in 1664, many Holland names became Augh Among these du Trieux baco and in this form have come us. Judge Charles H. Trusk is rect lineal descendant in the generation from Phillip da The first white child born wi limits of New York State and

#### vertiser. The Finest Horseman in Euro

have been Sarah Rapaeje, dans

Joris Rapaeje, who was born-bany, June 9, 1625.—New Yor

Milan is mourning the los most popular eccentric son. Valerio was a millionaire mant er, and probably the finest he in Europe. He rarely condes to drive fewer than six horse time, and it was quite a commi in Milan to see him on the box his coach behind eight super mals. He often drove ten in a and used to boast that he nevel serious mishap. He claimed derstand the language of anima he used to pass hours in his daily talking with his horse though very old, Valerio enje bust health, and probably he be alive now but for the impe of drinking iced water after gallop .- New York Journal.

# Don't Like Hedges.

Bicyclists in the region rous St. Johns, Mich., have a que substantial grievance. The fi farms thereabouts are bound guarded with quick-set hedges of by fences. At this time of farmers trim their hedges, a consequence all the roads in the are strewn thickly with bough briers, sharp slivers of tons and short snippings of hedge which puncture bicycle tress and perhaps more seriously tacks. — Washington Star.