

ICHABOD.

Alas, for the lofty dreaming,
The longed-for high empire,
For the man whose outer seeming,
His inner self betrays!

I looked on the life before me
With purpose high and true,
When the passions of youth surged o'er
me
And the world was strange and new.

Where the hero-soul rejoices
I would play the hero's part;
My ears were attuned to the voices
That speak to the poet's heart.

I would conquer a place in story
With a soul unsundered by sin;
My head should be crowned with glory,
My heart be pure within.

But the hour that should have crowned
me
Cast all high hope adown,
And the time of trial found me
A sinner, coward, clown.

Alas! which was the fair or the real
(If the Powers above would speak!)
The saint with his high ideal,
The sinner whose flesh was weak.

The hero who yearned for Duty,
The coward whose sinews failed,
The poet who worshipped Beauty,
Or the clown whose utterance failed?
—William S. Walsh, in Harper's Magazine.

Such a Determined Man.

By Mary Grace Halpin.

"There's Deacon Slocum comin' down the hill! I shouldn't wonder if he was goin' to stop. He looked at me dretful pertic'lar last Sunday evenin' as we was comin' out. I knowed as well as I wanted tew, that he was goin' to ask fur my cumpany hum, but before he could git his curridge up, that bold, brassy piece, Prudence Packer, come sallin' down the aisle, an' tick him off with her!

"If I was Prue Packer I wouldn't let the hull town know it, if I was in such a hurry to git married! Lawful suz! there he is at the gate! 'Liza Jane, hand me a clean neckercher out of the under draw. Not that one, that white cambric, with the tucked border. Is my cap straight? I'm all of a tremble. What shall I dew if he makes me a proposition? There ain't no use standin' out ag'in him; the deacon is such a determined man. Hew dew you dew, Deacon Slocum? Take a cheer by the fire, dew. I declare if it ain't real kind an' naborly in you to come in to cheer a lone widder. 'Liza Jane, go down sullen an' bring up some apples an' cider. Git some of them big, red ones in the bin by the winder that your father was so fond of."

"Don't trouble yourself, widder. I only come—"

"Tain't no trouble, deacon, not a mite. 'Liza Jane, bring up a plate of them doughnuts that I fried this mornin'. My poor dead and gone husband used to say that I was a master hand tew make doughnuts. An' he was a master hand to eat 'em, tew. He'd eat a peck a day if he had 'em, I dew believe. An' I genly contrived tew have them on hand, fur I believe in married partners tryin' tew please one another if tain't an impossible thing. There's Mrs. Packer—it's my solemn belief that she worried her husband intew the grave by her contineral frettin' and scoldin'. And such a housekeeper! I don't s'pose the poor man knowed what it was to have a decent meal fur years afore he died without 'twas at one of the nabors. An' they do say that Prue is her mother clear over again. I pity anybody that gits her fur a wife!"

"You surprise me, widder. I thought Miss Prudence would be a desirable companion fur most any man. Not that I'd any idee myself—"

"Of course you ain't. I see her performance last 'Sabbath' day evenin', and so did some other folks I could mention. I knowed you was tew good a man tew be coaxed intew marryin' one woman, when you had made up your mind tew have another."

"Waal, I dunno, widder. I hain't no idee—"

"I knowed you ain't, deacon; you've got tew much sense. I know what your idee is, tew, jest as well as if you told it. 'Liza Jane, bring some of that cheese that was cut yesterday. There ain't nothing that goes so well with doughnuts as cheese. Now, deacon, dew take hold an' eat suthin', dew."

"Thank you, widder. They are very nice—as nice as any I ever tasted. But, as I was goin' tew say—"

"Generly speakin', I ain't ashamed to set my doughnuts before anybody, if I dew say it. But I don't know how it was, I didn't seem tew have sech good luck as common with these. But p'raps you can worry 'em down with some of the cider. Jest try a liddle, deacon, dew."

"Thank you, widder; seein' you're so very pressin', I will. But as I was sayin', our farms jine, an' I thought I'd come over an' see—"

"Jes' so, deacon. I feel presactly as you dew about it. It seems sort o' providential that our farms should jine, don't it, now?"

"'Liza Jane, you can take some of them pickles over tew Grandma Perkins that I made yesterday; she's amazin' fond of pickles. You needn't hurry back; saw yer gran'ther go by tew the village with his ox team, an' mos' likely he won't be back till night. Gran'ma's dretful lonesome when he's gone, an' you can jest as well stay with her a spell as not."

"You see, deacon," continued the Widder Perkins, as soon as the door closed after 'Liza Jane, bringing her chair a liddle nearer her visitor. "I don't count on havin' my darter with me a great while longer. Eben Well has been keepin' steady com'ny with

her for more'n a year, an' they cal'late on gettin' married in the spring. 'Liza Jane's father left her three hundred dollars, or the wuth on't in land, jest which she'd ruther have. Eben thinks he'd ruther have the ten-acre lot down by Stillwater pond. An' I don't know but what I'd as soon be would, but I wouldn't tell him fur sartin' till I knew what you thought 'bout it."

"Waal, widder, I should say 'twas 'bout the fair thing, though I don't know as it makes any difference tew me; tain't my land nor my darter. What I come in tew say was that our farms jine, an' that strip of medder land down by the creek—"

"But there ain't no need fur ye tew say another word, deacon; I know what you come in fur jest as well as if it was writ in black an' white. An' I ain't goin' tew say nothin' ag'in it, nuther, fur I know you air sech a determined man."

"I s'pose Sam told ye. I was speakin' tew him 'bout it the other day. You see, our farms jine at that pint, an' if it be so we kin strike a bargain—"

"Don't say another word, deacon. I'm agreeable if you be. The minute I see your white horse at the gate, I sez to 'Liza Jane, 'Liza Jane, sez I. 'Deacon Slocum has come tew make me a proposition, an' he won't go away until I promise tew marry him. An' though I hain't never had no idee of changin' my siterwation, I might as well jine in fust as last. He is sech a determined man."

Deacon Slocum married the Widder Perkins, and has not had any reason to repent his bargain. He never could quite decide, in his own mind, as to whether he proposed to the widow or the widow to him. But if we may credit her version of the story, "she never would have married the deacon if he hadn't been sech a determined man."—New York Weekly.

TO SAVE BIG GAME.

Danger of Extinction of Great Animals of Africa.

Apart from the preservation of the elephants, buffaloes, etc., in the forests in the extreme south of the Cape Colony, between Algoa and Mossel bays, which date back to the fifties, but little attention has been paid to this important subject until quite recently, and that, in spite of the fact that a few enthusiasts have been steadily hammering away at it for 30 years or more. The result has been that several interesting and attractive species, like the blue zebra, the true quagga and the bontebok, have been entirely exterminated; while some such as the elephant, black rhinoceros, giraffe, buffalo, eland, roan antelope, sable antelope, gemsbok, blue and black wild beeste, blashok, hartebeeste, etc., exist in secluded districts only as sorry remnants of the great—in some instances enormous—herds that used to roam the country, while the numbers of the white rhinoceros left can be counted on the fingers of the hands.

The original Dutch settlers of Cape Town were much wiser in their generation as regards many things than we Britons of later years. Although rhinoceros, elands and other large animals were numerous in the Cape flats, and often did great damage to the outlying farmers and market gardeners, only government officials, and occasionally a favorite burgher, were allowed to kill any. They were regarded as sources of food supply, and the government had no desire to see them exterminated or driven away. Later governments, Boer or Briton, had no such provision. But it is only fair to say that, if they had, they had little or no power to enforce their wishes. One more apprehension, however, ought to be cleared away. It is not the Briton who is responsible for the denudation of South Africa of its game. It is the Boer and the native. There has also been a low class of British skin, horn and ivory hunters—anything that would bring in a few pounds—but, taken as a whole, British hunters have been mostly sportsmen ranging from the high standard to the low one. But the Boer has never been anything else but a mere butcher, and the native a demon of destruction.

To preserve what is left of the grandest fauna any country of the globe ever possessed is the clear duty of the government under which South Africa has fallen. To shirk it would be nothing less than a crime. Perfunctory measures, such as close seasons, prohibition of shooting, except under government license and the limitation of the numbers allowed to be killed, may be of service in the case of some animals, as with the sprinbok, but in most they are comparatively useless. Where their operations are most needed they cannot be enforced, and there is always, and always must be, a tendency to issue licenses to any "society" people or others to shoot at pleasure. But if precautionary steps are not taken very soon there will be nothing at all left to shoot.—South Africa.

Fatigue and the Retina.

MM. Broca and Sulzer have discovered that the fatigue of the retina, caused by blue light, accumulates in the retina, and takes a relatively long time to go away, even when the action of the light has been short. The same phenomenon exist for red light, but to an infinitely less degree. In this observation it may be remarked, we have perhaps the secret of the red (vermillion) and green (emerald) flash eyes observed by some persons when walking alongside a hedge, through which the sunlight comes to the eye. The retinal impression of red may leave the eye before that of green, and cause the two flashes.—London Pall Mall Gazette.



The Owl and the Lark.
Oh, the Owl and the Lark
Went sailing after dark,
And they hoisted and they hoisted down
The river to the sea;
On their mandolins they played,
And such merry music made,
That the donkey in the distance fairly
Laughed aloud in glee.

The tide was ebbing fast,
And the boat went drifting past;
The donkey gave a whistle as he
Munched a thistle bloom,
And he said, "It's my belief,
They will surely come to grief,
And the motion of the ocean will pre-
cipitate their doom."

The boat it sped along,
And so merry was their song
That the moon very soon wondered
What the noise could be;
Peeping over the horizon,
She exclaimed, "Well, that's sur-
prisin'!"
Do those strangers know the dangers
Of this shiny, briny sea?

Then the boat gave a lurch,
The Lark wobbled on her perch;
She was handlin' her mandolin, when
Overboard it went.
But the Owl said, "Now, my dear,
I will get it, never fear!"
And with an oar he dashed and
Splashed to reach the instrument.

But alas! the boat upset
In the watery waves so wet,
And both the quaking, shaking birds
Were dumped into the deep;
The Owl was wailing and the Lark
Was crying and the Lark
Which caused the Owl to wail and howl,
And eyes of velvet brown and hair
Like yellow spun silk. She had a beau-
tiful home, 50 dolls and many toys,
but she was not content.

"Dolls are stupid, dumb things,"
she exclaimed, fretfully, one day. "I
want real, live fairies to play with."
The 50 dolls looked at her reproach-
fully, but she pushed them from her,
and lay so still pouting and longing
that soon the white lids drooped over
the brown eyes and Elsa knew no
more of the things of earth.

After a while she heard a humming
and a murmuring, something between
the drowsy buzz of insects and the
rippling of a stream over a rock bed.
It was very pleasant to hear. "I
wonder what it is," said Elsa, sitting
up.

To her surprise her 50 dolls were
not where she had left them, but fit-
ting about were creatures that bore
a resemblance to them, although they
were a thousand fold more beautiful,
and each had gauzy wings. It was
the fluttering of these wings that had
awakened Elsa. She was very glad
to be awake, for never had she seen
so enchanting a sight.

"Oh, oh, now I have someone worth
playing with!" she exclaimed, and she
called the dolls endearingly by name.
They paid no attention to her, how-
ever, but continued to amuse them-
selves. Now and then a silvery laugh
would ring out, but what the merril-
ment was about Elsa could not make
out. Her dolls, which she had treated
so contemptuously now left her en-
tirely out in the cold.

Elsa sighed. Then she cried. She
could not help it. She had lost her
dolls—she did not see how she ever
could have thought them stupid, for
they really were the loveliest dolls
ever seen. Never, never, Elsa was
sure, would she ever have anything
half so dear.

"Why do you shed tears?" an old
woman asked her.
"I abused my dolls and neglected
them, and now they have become
fairies and have turned their backs
upon me, and I have no one to play
with."

"Would you like to be a fairy, too?"
"Oh, more than anything else, but
I never can be."
"Well, let's see. Now, shut your
eyes."

The old woman shook a silver ball
over Elsa's head and a golden powder
fell all over her.
"Open your eyes," commanded the
old woman, and Elsa did so, at the
same time realizing that she was
floating through the air and that she
shimmered just like the doll fairies.

"I am a fairy," she tried to say, but
the words came out in a little song.
She immediately started in pursuit of
the other fairies, and when she over-
took them they gave her a cordial
greeting. They frolicked together in
mad joy, and Elsa was the happiest
fairy of them all.

After a while it thundered and Elsa
started in fright. She was not a
fairy and her dolls were just as plain
dolls as they had always been, but she
hugged and kissed them all around,
and exclaimed: "You are the sweetest
things in the world and I am going to
play with you as long as I live. I
wouldn't change you for all the fairies
that ever lived in fairyland."—Bar-
bara Rowe, in Mirror and Farmer.

Scissors to Grind?
Jessie stood over the kitchen sink
busily washing the breakfast dishes
and sighing as she did so, for it was
monotonous work.

"Oh, dear," she grumbled, "I just
wish I had all my time to myself dur-
ing vacation the way the other girls
do. Dishes are fearfully tiresome!"

Just then a scissors grinder coming
along the street called "Scissors to
grind, scissors to grind," in a very
pleasant voice. Jessie went to the
door as he knocked and said very
politely: "No, thank you, we haven't
any dull scissors today."

The grinder was a young Italian
boy and he looked so tired and for-
lorn that Jessie stood by the door a
moment, and looked at him pityingly.
"Are you thirsty?" she asked, plea-
santly. "It's such a hot day, perhaps
you would like a glass of ice water."
"Tanka," said the boy, showing his
white teeth as Jessie handed it to
him. "Vera sorry you got no scissors
to grind," continued he. "Not one
pair dis week. Vera discouraged,"
and he picked up his machine and
started down the steps.

HE STOLE A KINGDOM.

**"BOBRIKOFF THE THIEF," FINNS
CALL THE DEAD DICTATOR.**

Was Trying to "Russify" Their Coun-
try When Assassinated—Death Pre-
vented Report That Would Have
Brought Down the Czar's Wrath.

In Finland they called him "Bobri-
koff the Thief," and now they have
shot the great dictator who, with con-
summate cunning, stole Finland for
the Czar of Russia inch by inch.

At the end of her recital of Fin-
land's wrongs my Finnish lady threw
out her hands appealingly.

"Could you, as an Englishman," she
cried, "live under such conditions?"

"Every night we lie down and won-
der what there may be in store for us
next. And as we lie and wonder the
answer seems to come to us, for we
can hear the heavy tread of the Rus-
sian police on the frozen street be-
neath our windows."

As she said this tears were falling
down her face.

And now Bobrikoff has been shot.

Strange indeed is the story of this
theft of a nation and its dramatic out-
come, and I learned it in this way
some few months ago.

It was one of those days of brilliant
sunshine bathing unsullied snow that
make Helsingfors so beautiful in win-
ter time.

From the window of the room in
which I sat I could see the white-
painted houses of the Finnish capital
rising from the white snow, while
from the shore, for 20 miles, the fro-
zen sea lay beneath a carpet of snow
that might have been woven with
countless diamonds, so brightly did
it gleam.

Overhead the benign sky, un-
flecked by a single cloud, was blue as
the summer heaven of Venice, Helsing-
fors, indeed looked for all the world
like some pretty, frosted, cheerful
Christmas card.

Upon the floor two children laughed
as they sprawled about, and between
myself and my companion, a Finnish
woman of gentle birth, a little table
bore a samovar, brewing tea and
singing of good will and peace.

But there was neither good will nor
peace in the face of the woman on the
other side of the table. "Yes," she
said, "we Finns call him Bobrikoff the
thief, for little by little he has filched
from us our country and all our
rights."

"God knows my heart is not evil
when I say that till Bobrikoff came
to Finland I did not believe in hell."
Here she looked up at the sky, and
it is untrue to say that blue eyes can
hold no passion. Hers were steely,
and in them one could see passion
that bitterness had frozen.

"Some day," she went on, "Bobrikoff
will pass even the limit of our pa-
tience, and then there will arise a
man who—"

She did not finish the sentence, but
I understood, and murmured "Quite
so."

And now they have shot Bobrikoff.
"If you will come out with me," my
companion continued, after a little
pause, "I will show you why we suf-
fer."

So we went out and crossed a snowy
square and came up to a great white
building. As we passed up the steps
a Russian policeman stared at us and
then yawned.

A man unlocked the heavy doors for
us and we went into a white hall,
where even the echoes seemed quite
startled at the unaccustomed sound
of footsteps.

We came to a big dim room, round
which were ranged in a semi-circle
scores of little gold-legged, gold-
backed chairs.

STATISTICS OF WORKERS.

**Nearly Two-Fifths of the Entire Popu-
lation in Gainful Occupations.**

A special report of the Census Bu-
reau on occupations shows that in the
continental United States the total
number of persons engaged in gainful
occupations in 1900 was 29,073,233,
which was one-half of the population.
The total number comprises 22,489,425 men,
4,833,630 women and 1,750,178 children,
of whom 1,264,411 were boys and 485,
767 girls. Those of foreign birth ag-
gregated 5,851,399, or one-fifth of the
total number of gainful workers, and
the statistics show that the immigra-
tion of 20 years has not increased the
proportion of the foreign born in the
working population of the country.

Those of foreign parentage aggregate
11,166,361, or over 38 percent, almost
equally divided between immigrants
and children of immigrants. Manufac-
turing, trade and transportation and
the professions show an increasing
number of workers of each sex, while
the agricultural class represents a di-
minishing proportion.

All the statistics given are for the
continental United States, which ex-
cludes Alaska, Hawaii and the mili-
tary and naval stations abroad. In-
cluding all these, but not including
Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands or
the Islands of Guam and Tutuila, the
total number of persons engaged in
gainful occupations in the United
States is given as 29,287,070. The ag-
gregate for the continental United
States increased over 24 percent since
1890, in which decade the total popu-
lation increased almost 21 percent. The
proportion of those gainfully employ-
ed to the total population increased al-
most 3 percent. Almost 40 percent of
the men employed were engaged in
agricultural pursuits, 24 percent in
manufacturing and mechanics, 18 per-
cent in trade and transportation, al-
most 15 percent in domestic and per-
sonal service, and 31.2 percent in pro-
fessional service. About 40 percent of
the females employed were in domes-
tic or personal service, 25 percent in
manufacturing and mechanics, 18 per-
cent in agriculture, 9 percent in trade
and transportation and 8 percent in
professions. The percentage of fe-
male workers is especially high where-
ever the negro element is prominent.

Of the men, 66 percent of the single,
94 percent of the married, 77 percent
of the widowed and 89 percent of the
divorced were employed, while among
the women, 31 percent of the single, 6
percent of the married, 32 percent of
the widowed and 55 percent of the di-
vorced were employed.

Lofty Mountain Lakes.

The most lofty mountain lakes are
found among the Himalaya Moun-
tains in Tibet. Their altitudes do
not, however, seem to have been very
accurately gauged, for different au-
thorities give widely different figures
regarding them. According to some,
Lake Manasarovar, one of the sacred
lakes of Tibet, is between 19,000 and
20,500 feet above the level of the sea
and if this is so undoubtedly the loftiest
in the world.

Two other Tibetan lakes, those of
Chatamoo and Surakoi, are said to be
17,000 and 15,400 feet in altitude
respectively. For a long time it was
supposed that Lake Titicaca, in South
America, was the loftiest in the world.
It covers about 4500 square miles, is
32,000 feet above the sea. In spite of
the inexactitude with regard to the
measurements of the elevation of the
Tibetan lakes they are no doubt con-
siderably higher than this or any other.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sympathy.

Ruffon Wratz—Say, mister, I hain't
had nuthin' to eat fur two days, an'
I'm—

Fellaire (formerly Rusty Rufus)—
Dying of thirst, are you, old chap?
Well, here's a quarter for the sake
of old times. Now get out of my
sight as quick as you can, you greasy
old fraud, and you'll save me the
trouble of kicking you out of it.
—Chicago Tribune.

The Question.

A music hall performer now appear-
ing in London has stated that she was
offered \$525 a week to stay in Chic-
ago. Whether this sum was offered by
London or Chicago has not transpired.
—London Punch.

THE REVOLUTION.

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