

WHEN WE TWO WALKED IN ARCADY.

When we two walked in Arcady
How sweet the summers were!
How thick the branches overhead,
How soft the grass beneath our tread,
And thickets where the sun burned red,
Were full of wings astray, my dear,
When we two walked in Arcady
Through paths the young hearts prefer.

Since we two walked in Arcady
(How long ago it seems!)
High hopes have died disconsolate;
The calm-eyed angel men call Fate,
Stands with drawn sword before the gate,
That shuts out all our dreams, my dear;
Since we two walked in Arcady
Beside the crystal streams.

Beyond the woods of Arcady
The little brooks are dry.
The brown grass rustles in the heat,
The roads are rough beneath our feet,
Above our heads no branches meet,
And yet, although we sigh, my dear,
Beyond the woods of Arcady
We see more of the sky!
—Caroline Duer, in Scribner's.

"How the Ghost Was Laid."

By Mary Kyle Dallas.

"I cannot marry you," she said, "I am afraid. You laugh at me, and talk about superstition, but Dick Pardon has kept his word twice, and he will keep it again. When I, a girl of seventeen who was not able to control her feelings, refused him with scorn and contempt, asking him how he dared to speak such words to me, his master's daughter, he caught me by the wrist and looked into my face as no one had ever looked before. 'Avis Shaw,' he said, 'you're proud and airish, and you refuse to marry me because I am one of your father's hands, but you'll rue the day you spoke such words to me. I understand I can't get you, but no other man shall. Living or dead, I will stand between you and every man that comes near you. Living or dead, Avis Shaw, I'll have my revenge!'"

"Well, I thought nothing of his threats. I told my father that Dick had asked me to marry him, and he dismissed him. From that time forth every young man who offered me any attention was set upon and beaten or shot at, or in some way injured on his way home from our house.

"At last Hall Grayson, the young lawyer, was killed. That was two years before you came here. The poor young man was not in love with me—his business was with my father; but you know how country folk gossip and pair people off. He was stabbed in the back, and this time the men of the village caught the wretch red-handed. They were carrying him to jail when he escaped from them, led them on a chase for miles, and ended it by jumping from the cliff near Hunters Hole into the sea. By the time the inspector and the rest of them got to the edge of the cliff the body of the murderer had disappeared.

"But, Raymond, Dick Pardon had said that he would carry out his revenge, alive or dead, and, though every one thought that with hisdrowning my troubles would end, it has not proved so. No one can come to our house in a way that makes it appear that the object is my safety but he is warned away. If he does not take the warning, he is shot at by some one he cannot see.

"As I did not care for any of the men who came to see me, I made up my mind to endure my fate calmly; but here the poor girl burst into tears, and her lover caught her hands and pressed them to his lips.

"If you love me, no man shall part us, Avis," he said; "and as for the ghost of your murderous farm hand, I'll exorcise him if he attempts to frighten me."

"Papa likes you," said Avis, "but we feel the tales you and all reasonable people laugh at are not mere superstitious fancies, and because we both like you so much he joins me in begging you never to come to Shaw farm again."

"Nevertheless, I shall come," said Raymond, "so expect me whenever I can get here."

"If you come I will not see you," said Avis, in a terror-stricken voice. "I will not lead the man I love to his doom; I will never marry you. Leave me, I pray, and never see me more."

Raymond Bell answered by a look which needed no interpretation, and kissed her tenderly.

It is strange how much men can forgive in women they truly love. If any other person in the world had expressed belief in such an absurd superstition, his derision would have been so great as to blot out all respect for that individual; but Avis could do no wrong in Raymond Bell's eyes. After all, he thought, her anxiety for him was proof of her love. Thinking thus he passed a little stone house by the roadside which was said to be haunted by the ghost of Dick Pardon, and paused a moment to look at it.

It was evening, and stars were in the sky, but it was a moonless night. The ruinous little building was covered with ivy, and so dilapidated that tall weeds grew within the almost roofless walls; but as Raymond stood looking at it he saw a strange blue light begin to glow in its lower windows, and in the midst of the radiance stood a tall figure draped in white, who for a moment lifted his arm with a warning gesture.

Gripping his walking stick, the young man dashed toward the window; but suddenly reflecting that as the seeming ghost was probably a human being bent on mischief, and that

he was unarmed save for the stick which he carried in his hand, he resolved that it would not be wise to expose himself further. Consequently he passed on, but, turning to look back, saw once more the strange appearance, this time at an upper window.

Again the hand menacing, again the figure faded, and this time Raymond was angry at himself for feeling certain of those chills and thrills which the most sensible of us have at times experienced. A laugh drove them away, and coming to the open doors of a smithy, he walked in among the men who were watching the proprietor as he shooed a restive horse.

"Good evening," he said. "I want half a dozen men and boys to come with me to the old stone house on Mr. Shaw's farm. Some idiot is playing ghost up there with blue lights and a white sheet, and I'm raising an army to put an end to his capers."

The loungers looked at Raymond while he spoke; the smith finished his job in silence. Then lifting his head, he spoke gravely:

"You're Mr. Bell, the architect that has come down to build the church, I believe!"

"I am, Mr. Jones," replied Raymond. "Glad to know you, sir," said the blacksmith; "but I'm sorry to say that you are wrong in your idea about what is seen—what even some here have seen in the old stone house on Shaw's place. It's a real apparition, that is no trickster's work whatever."

"Nevertheless I desire to enlist my army. I offer a sovereign to every recruit," said Raymond.

But, despite this offer, not a soul would accompany him to the stone house, and he was obliged to give up his plan for that occasion.

On the following Sunday evening, just as twilight fell, everyone in the village saw the young architect take his way along the road to the Shaw farm. There, upon the porch, old Mr. Shaw met him and shook his hand kindly.

"Avis is not here," he said. "Of course I know what has passed between you, and I like you. I should be delighted to welcome you as a son-in-law, but what folks say is too true for that, for your own sake, young man, you'd better give up all idea of her."

"I will never do that, sir," said Raymond.

He talked a little while to Mr. Shaw, allowed the shadows to gather ere he bade him adieu, and walked slowly down the road.

It was not a very clear night, but the moon now scudded through the clouds piled white and high. In her light the old stone house was plainly visible, and once again he saw the vision that had affrighted so many of the villagers, the shrouded figure surrounded by blue light, the hand lifted in warning.

On the instant he drew a pistol from his pocket, took aim at the lifted arm, and fired.

As he did so out of the bushes sprang six stout men, employes of the village brewery, armed and bearing lanterns.

Headed by Raymond, they dashed into the old house, and the lights they bore revealed the figure of a man lying on the floor beneath the broken casement at which the ghost had appeared. A white sheet had fallen to the ground, a lantern with blue glasses lay beside it. The man was senseless.

"Your bullet hit the mark, Mr. Bell," said one of the brewers; "you've done for him."

"And, by the Lord Harry, it is Dick Pardon himself," said another. "I thought so," said Raymond. "The man did not jump into the sea; he contrived to secrete himself among the rocks, and has been playing ghost ever since, hiding here, probably."

This proved to be true, for Pardon before he died made a full confession, and a little while later Avis Shaw became the bride of the ghost-layer.—New York News.

Where Silence Is Really Golden.

This story from the Kansas City Star is told as being illustrative of the absolute silence and loneliness of the typical Australian bush camp:

Two men were camping together, but rarely exchanged a word.

One morning one of the men remarked at breakfast, "Heard a cow bellow in the swamp just now."

Nothing further was said and they went about their business for the rest of the day. Twenty-four hours later, once more at breakfast, the second man said, "How'd you know it wasn't a bull?"

Again no comment. Again a pause of twenty-four hours. Next morning the first man began to pack up his "billy" and "swag."

"You going?" inquired the other.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because," said his friend, "there's too much argument in this camp!"

"Turned Down."

The American editor uses some variation of the formula, "Declined with thanks." The French editor's phrase is "Impossible—mille regrets." What does the Chinese editor say about the MS. he is returning? asks the Boston Transcript.

"We have read it with infinite delight. By the holy ashes of our ancestors we swear that we have never seen so superb a masterpiece. His majesty the emperor, our exalted master, if we were to print it, would command us to take it as a model and never publish anything of a less striking quality. As we could not obey this order more than once in ten thousand years, we are compelled to send back your divine manuscript, and beg a thousand pardons."

The Money-Getting Faculty The Meanest and Lowest Possessed by Man

By a Wall Street Banker.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S fortune is now a round half billion dollars and he is adding to the pile an income of \$6,000,000 a month. Many people are grieving over John D's wealth, but as for us, we are not coveting a cent of it. Spring is coming, and we do not believe that the Standard Oil Co. is going to corner up the sunshine or the flowers or the million other beautiful things which are the common property of all those capable of enjoying them. What if the Standard does monopolize oil; it is a dirty, ill-smelling and totally unesthetic product anyway, and we ask very little odds of it. Daylight is far pleasanter, and cheaper.

Moreover, John D. cannot take a single kopeck of his money with him, and the property he has accumulated will ultimately be redistributed for the good of the world. The water in a mill-dam is of no use to the mill-owner except to turn his mill; he can't drink it up, and as fast as he makes use of it it escapes and goes on its way, making the earth blossom and eventually being taken up by the sun, to be showered down again on the thirsty soil for the benefit of the whole human family.

Wealth, in the same way, is of no value except for its potential power, and no matter how much a man has he can consume only a certain modicum of it himself, and the rest goes to enrich the whole world.

A successful business man who has made his pile said to us the other day: "The faculties required for money-getting are the meanest and lowest of those possessed by man." Why, then, covet wealth that is produced by such faculties; why not rather strive for those higher objects which have no price-mark attached to them, and which indeed are above valuation in dollars and cents.

Mr. Rockefeller can buy some things which the rest of us cannot, but on the other hand, all his money cannot procure some of the simple pleasures which are within the reach of the average mortal. As between the lot of a healthy tramp and Mr. Rockefeller's, for instance, we think the tramp has a little the better of it. As for us, we envy the tramp his freedom more than we do Mr. Rockefeller his money.—The Pathfinder.

The Coming American Type

By Edward Meyer.

MAINTAIN that the typical American beauty (and therefore the beauty of the world) is a brunette. I shall try to go further and to prove by the following historical facts that the future American girl will be an extreme specimen of the brunette. In proof of this I shall cite history.

In the seventeenth century Christopher Meyer and his wife came from Palantinet, Prussia, and penetrated the untrod forests of Pennsylvania, where they built their log cabin home—the first touch of civilization in that region.

Christopher Meyer was a blonde, of not extraordinary stature; so was his wife. They spread the glories of the New World among their friends across the sea. The result was the immediate emigration of hundreds of others to this new home, which Christopher Meyer named "Muhlbach" (now Lancaster county, Pa.). The point I want to make here is that all these German pioneers were pronounced blondes, with blue eyes and flaxen hair. From that time down through the centuries this colony of first settlers has remained intact. They have been loyal to each other, and have never married into the different nationalities who came later. Now, here I want to emphasize point No. 2. It is this: My forefathers (Christopher Meyer was my direct ancestor) were all blondes. Today the sixth and seventh generations are nearly all extreme brunettes, with black hair and eyes. What has caused the change? Climate, say I, for one thing; secondly, freedom—freedom of mind and soul that has been working toward the ideal—namely, brunette type.

Another remarkable thing is this: Our race has grown in stature. My ancestor, Christopher Meyer, was a man of ordinary height, the present generation is a race of giants ranging from 6 feet to 6 feet 6 inches in height. I myself being 6 feet 2 1/2 inches. This characteristic increase of height is noticeable throughout central Pennsylvania; all the boys and girls now growing up to manhood and womanhood are growing taller than their parents (on an average) and theirs from now will be a magnificent creation—about 6 feet in height, perfectly formed, with black hair, black eyes, a complexion almost Indian bronze in color, features strong, clean cut, classical—the most beautiful work of the Divinity since the Garden of Eden—and a brunette.

A New Estimate of Champlain

By Henry Loomis Nelson.

CHAMPLAIN is one of the noblest characters of early American history. He was one of the great navigators of a time when a voyage across the Atlantic was taken at the risk of life. He was a persevering and patient worker, a keen judge of men, and a careful and accurate observer. He was an excellent man of business. He was enthusiastic and inspiring, and had wonderful self-control. He was devout and religious, but long experience bred in him a philosophical indifference to theological disputes. He had no vanity, and was unselfish and self-sacrificing. He was humane. He was possessed of the mysticism and superstition of his time; not so deeply, however, that he could not meet with conquering ridicule the deeper mysticism and the more childish superstitions of his savage friends. He was not only a good and courageous navigator, but he was a brave and skillful soldier. Above all, he not only inspired men with his enthusiasm, but invited their confidence, from the King, nobles, and merchants of France to the savages of the woods. In some degree, even as it was then given to Frenchmen to understand the art of politics, he was a statesman; he could settle disputes justly and satisfactorily, and he could administer the affairs of the community under his charge with the requisite skill.—Harper's Magazine.

The Want of Hospitality

By Charles Marshall.

WHEN the at home day is at an end, and the last hand-shake has been given, who has really benefited by these social observances? No one to whom a good meal would be a welcome boon has been fed; in fact, nobody has been fed at all. A little gossip has gone round, the shortcomings of the servants have been discussed, and the children compared. As each visitor leaves, little remarks have been dropped, probably regretted later—but the faults of our poorer relations are so temptingly patent to all the world. At an at home can any one say that the real hand of friendship is held out? No, the tendency is to acquaintance only. The limited time, the ceaseless comings and goings, preclude anything like friendship.

If there still remains with us the duty of taking an interest in those less blessed with worldly goods than ourselves, we have a vast field for hidden charity unconnected with any subscription list.

The exercise of a more extended and liberal hospitality toward friends who have not the means to enjoy little luxuries in their own homes would do much to lessen the enforced sternness of the lives of many. I know that the constant appeals from so many large institutions naturally dwarf individual charity, yet without apparently curtailing these responses, and, indeed, without much self-denial, numberless gentlemen who feel the bitter sting of poverty, but hide it so bravely, might thankfully accept the kindnesses proffered by those known to them, without losing their cherished independence.

"THAT TIRED FEELING."

Don't want to work, or nothin'!
Don't want to read er walk!
Don't want to drink, don't want to think—
Don't even want to talk.
Don't want to go to dinner!
Don't want to go to bed!
Can't seem to rest—this weather's just naturally gone to my head!
You can't hardly call it lazy—
You can't rightly name it sick.
But, good land's sake! how my bones do ache.
Whenever I work a lick!
It's just too blame much bother
To do anything but lie
On the flat o' yer back and look through a crack
In the trees at that warm, blue sky!

I know I'd order make garden,
I know I'd order rake
The trash that lays in the yard, an'
Be helpin' my wife to make
Soft soap. But I jest can't do it—
I ain't in th' right condition!
But if some one 'ud dig some bait, an' rig
ly tackle, I'd go a-fishin'!
—Cleveland Leader.

COMPLETELY RESTORED.

Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. When I finished the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills I felt like a different woman. I continued until I had taken five boxes. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

Mr. Edison's Watch.

Mr. Edison, time is so valuable that he does not waste it even by taking account of it. He buys a stem-winder costing a dollar and a half, breaks the chain ring off, squirts oil under the cap of the stem, thrusts it into his trousers pocket and never looks at it. When it gets too clogged with dirt to run, he lays it on a laboratory table, hits it with a hammer and buys another.—World's Work.

What Corporations Hold.

It has been estimated by Judge Grosscup that one-third of the wealth of the United States is represented by corporations. It is certain that the per cent of all the stock and bonds admitted to trading in the New York stock exchange equals one fifth of the nation's wealth.

Popular Cars.

The Pope-Hartford and Pope-Tribune gasoline cars and runabouts meet the specific demands of a large class of automobile users. They are simple in construction, free from complication and efficient. Prices from \$350 to \$1000. For finely illustrated catalogues and descriptive matter, address Dept. A, Pope Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn.

To Observe a Peace Day.

Secretary Martin of the Massachusetts state board of education has sent to the superintendents of schools through his state a circular letter setting forth the recommendation of the board that appropriate exercises be held in the schools of the state on May 18, the anniversary of the opening of the Hague conference in 1899.—Chicago Journal.

Alcohol from Sawdust.

Prof. Classen, of the Technical High school, Aix-la-Chapelle, has brought out a process of making alcohol from sawdust, of which great things are expected. The cellulose is treated with gaseous sulphuric acid, and glucose formed, which is converted into alcohol by fermentation. A ton of sawdust yields about 50 gallons of crude alcohol, or 25 gallons of absolute alcohol. It is expected, however, that in time 30 gallons or more will be obtained. Taking into account the cost of sawdust and grain, it seems that the new process will supersede the old. The cellulose removed from the sawdust is the only component having a fuel value, and the residual sawdust can be utilized as fuel in the process of manufacture. To this end it can be pressed into the form of briquettes.—London Globe.

Pleasure for Children.

Thousands of children were the guests recently of United States Senator W. A. Clark at the Senator's mountain home, three miles southeast of Butte, Mont. Every child in the county was invited to enjoy the day at the Senator's expense, who turned over the street car system or Butte to the youngsters.

Giant for French Army.

Several instances are on record of the army draft having drawn a dwarf to the ranks of the French army. This year the calling out of the class has recruited a veritable giant. The individual in question hails from the Rolez district and his name is Cot. This young Goliath towers to the height of 7 feet 4 inches.—Chicago Journal.

FEED YOU MONEY

Feed Your Brain, and It Will Feed You Money and Fame.

"Ever since boyhood I have been especially fond of meats, and I am convinced I ate too rapidly, and failed to masticate my food properly.

"The result was that I found myself, a few years ago, afflicted with ailments of the stomach and kidneys, which interrupted seriously with my business.

"At last I took the advice of friends and began to eat Grape-Nuts instead of the heavy meats, etc., that had constituted my former diet.

"I found that I was at once benefited by the change, that I was soon relieved from the heart-burn and indigestion that used to follow my meals, that the pains in my back from my kidney affection had ceased, showing that those organs had been healed, and that my nerves, which used to be unsteady, and my brain, which was slow and lethargic from a heavy diet of meats and greasy foods, had, not in a moment, but gradually, and with the least surely, been restored to normal efficiency. Now every nerve is steady and my brain and thinking faculties are quicker and more acute than for years past.

"After my old style breakfasts I used to suffer during the forenoon from a feeling of weakness which hindered me seriously in my work, but since I have begun to use Grape-Nuts food I can work till dinner time with all ease and comfort." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

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