THE FLOWER MAIDEN.

ey could not find a mortal wife,
And made him one of flowers;
Her eyes they made of violets,
Wet with their morning showers.

They took the blossom of the oak,
The blossom of the broom,
The blossom of the meadowsweet,
To be her body's bloom.

But they forgot from mother-earth
To beg the kindling coal;
They made for him a wife of flowers,
But they forgot the soul.
—Ernest Rhys, in Harper's.

THE AVENGING SPIRIT OF PALI

A YOUNG Englishman stood on the deck of a sailing vessel coming into the harbor of Honolulu. He had been living in the wilds of Australia for three years, and was making his first return to the land of his birth, where a pair of blue eyes were waiting to give him a lover's welcome.

The vessel was several days overdue, and his brow clouded when he was told that the American ship which transferred the Australian passengers had sailed the day before. That meant a month or more in this out-of-the-way island.

He passed the day on the veranda of the quaint little hotel, inhaling the fragrance of the vines and flowers. Luscious mangoes, figs, guavas and tamarinds were within reach of his hand; tall palms and cocoanuts in the distance bowed with the slight breeze, as if giving him honorable welcome to this paradise.

That night there was a ball in the hotel, given in honor of a British man-of-war lying in the harbor. A native band played weird minor airs, beautiful women and handsome men in uniform laughed, danced, and flirted as they might have done in any city of the Old World.

But, somehow, gayety seemed out of harmony with the soft voluptousness of this tropic isle. Then the perfumes of a jasmine flower, linked with the low notes of mellow laughter, drifted down the moonlight air; there was the rustle of silken skirts, the flash of a pair of soft, dark eyes, and he knew the queen of fairyland had come.

An elderly man, with a slight, girlish figure clinging lightly to his arm, stopped at his side.

"Pardon me," the man said, in good English, as he lightly brushed something from the young man's shoulder. "A centipede. Youneed not be alarmed. They are harmless, unless angered."

The young man bowed his thanks. He was startled, not at the thought of the insect, but at the beauty of the girl.

"It seems there are still disagreeable things in the Garden of Eden," he replied, his eyes upon the fair creature looking up at him with innocent curiosity. "Everything here is so beautiful," he continued, hurriedly, to hide his boldness. "You see, I am a stranger among you. My name is Crampton. I am on my way from Australia to England. We missed the American ship, and I must await her return."

The other extended his hand.

"My name is Brickwood. Mr. Crampton, my daughter, Emaline."

A soft, musical voice acknowledged the introduction, while dark, velvety eyes looked shyly into his. Then some one came to claim her for a promised waltz, and she floated away, leaving the fragrance of jasmine trailing behind her.

The two men lighted cigars and talked. Crampton told enough of his affairs to win Brickwood's confidence. The elder man was Devonshire born, and had settled on the island when it had a few white occupants, and had married a full-blooded native woman, the daughter of a chief. He was now postmaster.

Long after the dancers had departed, Crampton sat on the veranda, puffing clouds of smoke into the feathery moonlight, and thinking of a beautiful girl with bronze skin, gowned in soft silk and crape, her only ornament a crown of jasmine flowers, the odor of which still lingered with him.

He had accepted an invitation from her father to dine at their cottage next day, and he longed for the morrow that he might see her again. She seemed a part of the music and moonlight of this new, delightful world. For the first time for years he retired that night without looking at the portrait in the back of his watch.

Into a vine-clad arbor of roses Crampton passed, to be welcomed by the vision of the previous evening. Again he drank in the scent of the jasmine flower, again he wandered in Elysium, entranced by the luster of those fawn-like eyes, again he heard the caressing tones of that flutelike voice. He was as one dazed by some strange spell, having its birth in a beauty new to him.

But when her mother came into the room he felt a sudden shock, as though he had fallen from a height. She was an enormous woman, dark copper in color, with irregular features, deep, luminous eyes, a broad, flat nose and straight black hair. She wore but one garment, a loose robe of bright red silk.

Could this be the mother of the beautiful creature who had so enraptured him? There was no resemblance save in her voice, which was low and mellow, like that of the girl. She sang native songs, thrumming an accompaniment on a small instrument, half guitar, half banjo.

One of these songs, a wild, weird chant, moved the Englishman so that he asked for an interpretation of it. She told him it was the spirit song of the Pali.

Many years ago there were several tribes on the island. They were continually at war with each other. Finally two great chiefs formed all the people into two armies and went out to battle for supremacy.

The struggle was long and bloody. Many thousands were slain. At last Kamehameha defeated the followers of Oahua and drove them up the Newauna Valley to the top of the crater of Pali. On this mountain the last battle was fought and the Oahua and all his followers were driven or thrown over the cliff.

After the great slaughter a mist arose and began to fall like tears on the dead. It had never ceased. And in this mist the spirit of Pali, the protecting spirit of the natives, has her home. When any one wrongs a descendant of a chieftain's line the spirit arises out of the mist and wreaks speedy vengeance.

While she recounted this legend the woman seemed to be inspired. Her immense body swayed back and forth in time to her words, her half-closed eyes burned with deep fires.

Crampton felt his blood chill in his veins. The story seemed to have some personal equation, to be in some subtle manner linked with his own future.

Time braided the days into ropes of flowers for Crampton. The languor of the climate stole into his blood and lulled him to sweet security. With Emaline he roamed about the island, enraptured with its beauty and his love of her.

The picture of the blue-eyed Saxon girl in the back of his watch was forgotton. England, with its turgid civilization, seemed far away, unreal.

It was as if he had always lived this indolent dream life. They walked and rode and swam together. She taught him the liquid love words of her people, which was like the music of shallow waters rippling over pebbles.

Sometimes they wandered to the summit of Pali and watched the misty tears falling into the depths where slept the heroes of an almost forgotten race. The place had a strange attraction for him, and sometimes he coaxed the girl into repeating the legend.

But to her light heart the tragic tale held no charms. She was like a fawn that loves to play in the sunlight, without thought of the past or future. He was sufficient for her.

But one day there came a vessel into the harbor and he awoke. His days of drifting were over. He must choose between ancestral home in a civilized country and this half-barbaric existence; take up the duties and burdens of activity or embrace inaction, becoming for good and all a drone in the busy hive of the world's life.

His Saxon blood rebelled at a future so cheap, so unimportant. It was a struggle, but his decision was made.

It was late in the afternoon. Crampton and Emaline had wandered far over the island, lingering in the flowery nooks that companionship had made dear to them. They stood now in the shadow of a palm half way up the crater of Pali.

The sun, a chariot of fire, was rolling down toward the far-stretched line of the blue Pacific. In the harbor lay the ship that was to sail in the morning; the ship that was to put two oceans between them.

He told her as they stood there—told her with the calm, steel-like tones of the Anglo-Saxon when he has to overcome himself, his face was drawn and white, but with no tremor in his voice—he told her all, his duty, his prospects, even his engagement to the blue-eyed girl. When he had concluded she stood like a flower over which has passed the hot breath blown from a desert.

"Aloha nue loa oei," she murmured. "We are one. I live not but in you; you are my life. I love you."

He would have answered her, but no words came to him. Like two statues of grief they stool in the soft sunlight.

Then suddenly from above they heard a hissing sound: Out of the great mouth of Pali came a breath of steam that spread over their heads like a great fan. And in the centre of it stool a dark cloud in shape like a woman. Above them it hovered, reaching out long, sinuous arms.

"The spirit! The spirit of Pali!" cried the girl, sinking to the ground and hiding her face from the light.

Crampton stood for a moment transfixed with horror. Again he seemed to see the old woman, the mother of Emaline, as she recited the weird legend. "When any one wrongs a descendant of a chieftain's line the spirit rises out of the mist to wreak speedy vengeance."

The words rang in his ears like a clarion. He turned away with a shudder. Then the materialism of his race came to his rescue. He caught up the girl in his arms and ran down the declivity toward the sea.

Glancing back, he saw the shadow following them. On he plunged, an awful fear taking possession of him. He heard the hissing as of a great serpent behind him. Loose stones gave way under his feet and plunged down into the placid waters, cooing softly to the shore. Branches and briers tore at his flesh and retarded his speed.

But he struggled on with his precious burden, fearing now to look behind. At last he reached the shore and plunged into the sea.

The girl, revived by the waters, kissed his cheek and murmured, "Aloha." The surf lifted them on its kindly bosom and bore them forward. Another swell, and yet another, and to one standing upon the sands they would have been but a tiny speck on the distant blue.

Then the mist with the black shadow whirled about, returning to Pali. The spirit was avenged. But, clasped in each other's arms, the lovers drifted out to where love is the password to eternal bliss.- Illustrated Bits.

No $100,000 Salary Paid

By John A. Howland.

BEFORE you go any further, young man, there are no salaried positions in the United States now paying or promising to pay as much as $100,000 a year. President Roosevelt found his $100,000 man for the Panama canal, but it was a bargain-counter deal, and the man is getting only $35,000 salary. Some men who are on salaries are making $100,000 a year out of the position, but where they are it is because of stock investments in the concerns. The man who gets a salary of $25,000 a year is making good money, for almost any class of merely executive business brain and all beyond it is comparatively easy money.

In the world of business, according to dividend paying business principles, a man who might draw a salary of $100,000 a year would be required to turn into the profits of the concern in which he was employed at least three times the amount of his salary. It will be conceded that in the mere operating of a great commercial or manufacturing establishment this $100,000 man could have no place. Steel has always been regarded as the great field for big salaries in the industrial, but when Clarke went from the International Harvester to the presidency of the Lackawanna Steel, even the press agency figures stopped at $50,000 as his annual salary. Bird, of the Vanderbilt systems of railroads, is the recognized greatest authority on traffic in this country, with a salary somewhere between $25,000 and $40,000 a year. Paul Morton, as second vice-president of the Santa Fe, is supposed to have drawn $25,000 salary, and he had both prestige and ability for the position. Last year the bond expert in one of the smaller banks of Chicago made his $50,000, according to the best judgment of the story. But only $5000 of this was salary—the rest was the result of his knowledge of the bond market and his ability to invest for himself as he saw the opportunity.

There are 4000 physicians in Chicago, of all ages and conditions. Lumping the profession, the gossip of its members is that at least 1000 of these physicians earn less than $1200 a year; 2500 of them are earning from $1200 to $3000, and beyond $3000 and yet short of $100,000 a year are the remaining 500 of the medical directory.

One of the oldest technological schools in the country has kept a tab on its graduates in the class of 1894, when 185 were turned out into the field of practical arts. The results indicate a much higher salary for the technical man than for the practitioner of medicine. According to this tabulation the average salary for the 185 graduates of that year is $3082, with forty-five of the graduates receiving salaries above this average, and nearly every individual receiving $1500 and over.—Chicago Tribune.

Alberta and Saskatchewan

The Great Territories Which Canada Is Organizing as Provinces.

By Hon. F. A. Laurence, in the Dominion House of Commons.

WE are informed that each of these provinces will comprise no less an area than 275,000 square miles. The mind of man almost fails to grasp the significance, the vastness, the greatness of the figures. We can only faintly do so by comparison, and I may be permitted to say that each of these provinces will be nearly six times as large as the great state of New York, with its population of seven and a quarter millions; each of them will be five times as great in point of area as the large state of Illinois, with its population of five millions; each will be six times as large as the large state of Pennsylvania, with a population of six and a half millions; each of them will be seven tims as large as the state of Indiana, with its population of two and a half millions.

In point of fact, each of them is larger in area than the state of Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, Iowa, Maine, Michigan, Delaware, New Jersey, all combined together. Each of them is twice as large as England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, with their immense population of forty-two million people; each of them is much greater than the German empire in Europe, with its population of fifty-six and three-quarter millions; each of them is much greater than the Republic of France in Europe, with its population of thirty-nine millions.

By a simple comparison of that kind we are enabled to realize the immensity of the heritage which we as Canadians have in our great Northwest.

The Tragedies of the "Missing" in War

By Lieut. Charles Norton Barney, U. S. A.

AMONG all the tragedies of war there is none more pitiful than the fate of those poor fellows who are overlooked in the search for the wounded, left to die alone, and dropped from the rolls as "missing." No part of all the complicated medical service of the battlefield appeals more to our sympathies than that which has to do with the finding of the wounded; and at the same time there is no part which is in a more unsatisfactory state of development. How many times have the searchers come perhaps within a few feet of the spot in the thicket where a wounded man has fallen, or the ravine whither he has crawled to quench his thirst, and have not heard the faint cry which he has put forth his last strength to utter!

We have a small regimental hospital corps personnel available for this work, to be re-enforced by bandsmen—or possibly combatants who have been fighting all day and may be called upon to fight on the morrow; we have a few oil lanterns, and we can make torches; that is all. Portable acetylene lights have been tested in some foreign services, and in a few cases, particularly among the British in South Africa, the electric searchlight has been available to illuminate the field on the night following the battle. But the acetylene lantern is scarcely practicable in this connection and the searchlight is rarely at hand. The medical officers and hospital corps men who are detailed to search for wounded go wherever they hear a cry of pain or a call for help, but they must abandon in woods, thickets, and ravines, many who, on account of hemorrhage or shock, or wounds of the face or of the air-passages, cannot make themselves heard.—From "The Use of Dogs in War," in Scribner's.

France and Germany

By Sydney Brooks.

I DO not know whether in America the French naval debates were followed with much interest. Here (In England) they were looked upon as of inestimable moment. Their upshot was that France would meet Germany ship for ship; would maintain her present superiority over Germany at sea, would build as she builds, and regulate her expenditure by her rivals. That was at once the answer of the French people to the breakdown of the Russian navy in the Far East, and their application of the new relationship with England to the cardinal problem of their foreign policy. Until the Anglo-French agreement, it was always with specific reference to England that France framed her naval estimates. From now onwards it is to be with specific reference to Germany. This involves on the part of France nothing less than a revolution in standards, a shifting of the entire national front, a concentration at one crucial point of both her military and her naval strength. Indeed, the determination of France to maintain her lead at sea is serious enough to counteract the vast relief with which, beneath a politic show of regret, the Germans have watched the singeing of the Emperor of Russia's beard. The Anglo-French agreement, the new British naval scheme, the resolve of France to perpetuate her relative ascendency at sea, and the irrepressible rise of the United States into a naval power of the first rank, have indeed made a complete recasting of the German horoscope inevitable.—Harper's Weekly.

HORTICULTURAL HINTS

LILAC BUSHES.

Even when neglected the lilac is a picturesque and attractive bush. If pruned intelligently it is the showiest of all flowering shrubs. It is absolutely hardy, makes a handsome bush when not in flower, bears its huge clusters gracefully and the flowers are deliciously fragrant.

Lilac bushes that have been neglected for a considerable time will be very tall and naked at the base, and will also be a dense mass of shoots. In such cases it is best to cut back in the winter time, say within three or four feet of the base, to recover control of the bush and put it in proper shape. The flowers for the season will be lost, but the bushes will break away freely, and form dense, handsome bushes, and, other conditions being equal, they will flower so freely the following season that the loss of the one season will be forgotten.—The Garden Magazine.

HOW BERRY CROPS ARE MADE.

Every one who has had experience in growing berries knows that the crops that are grown at the least expense per quart are those that yield the greatest income per year if the crop itself is of good quality. It does not pay to grow poor berry crops, yet sometimes the seasons are unfavorable and it is impossible to produce good crops even with wise provision and the best of care. Humus has a great deal to do with the ability of the soil to retain moisture, and it often contains plant in most excellent forms. Stable manure in moderate quantities, where the soil is naturally filled with humus, will supply this important element of success. Crops of clover or cowpeas plowed under will do it also. The very biggest and best berries are often found where the plants grow wild with their roots imbedded in soil that is almost half composed of leaf mould.—National Fruit Grower.

QUICK-GROWING VINES.

Temporary vines are annuals that mature in a season and die in the fall. They should be planted in the same bed with permanent vines while the woody species are getting their growth, says The Garden Magazine. These annuals are of two kinds—those which are grown chiefly for their flowers, and those which are grown to cover unsightly objects as quickly as possible. Morning glories fulfill both duties. Sweet peas are useful only for flowers, they generally become unsightly themselves. The wild cucumber vine is one of the best fast-growing annuals for covering such places, although its flowers are not showy, and it quickly becomes a nuisance. It is good enough to cover a rubbish heap, but there are better things for a good veranda.

There is no question that the two best tall-growing hardy vines for foliage effect are the ampelopsis and Virginia creeper, the former being the best for brick and stone and the latter for wood. Ampelopsis requires no support because its beautiful little tendrils, which look like baby hands, fasten on to every surface with a grip that can not be shaken. Virginia creeper requires a support and is more wayward in its growth, so that it often leaves large gaps of wall uncovered.

TO IDENTIFY THE GYPSY MOTH.

The caterpillars begin to hatch in May and continue into June. At first they will perhaps be difficult to distinguish from the larvae of other moths, but when they approach maturity they are easily recognized. In size they will become from one and a half to two inches in length. Tufts of hair grow from tubercles extending in rows along the sides and back of its body. The two rows along its back have five pairs of blue followed by six pairs of red tubercles. This is the principal and most easily discovered characteristic and is found on the caterpillar of no other moth.

The female moth is nearly white in color with dark brown irregular bands or markings across its fore wings. It

FULL-GROWN CATERPILLAR OF GYPSY MOTH.

seldom if ever flies or moves far from where it transformed from the pupa. The male is smaller and dark brown, with similar markings on its wings. It flies actively with a zigzag motion. The moths appear and lay eggs in August. These eggs live over winter and propagate the insect again next year. —Prof. F. W. Card, in Massachusetts Ploughman.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

TWO FURNACES RESUME.

Plants at Sharon and West Middlesex Put Back in Blast— New System Installed.

After a short idleness for repairs the Carnegie Steel Company's blast furnace in Sharon resumed operation, affecting about 150 hands. The company is planning to install the Monnell, or direct metal, system at the North works. At present the pig iron from the furnace is allowed to cool, but with the Monnell system it will be taken in a molten state to the open-hearth department. That system is now working successfully at South Sharon. The Fanny blast furnace at West Middlesex also resumed to-day after a six weeks' idleness.

Fifteen workmen were injured, four of them seriously, by a terrific explosion in the foundry department of the Treadwell Manufacturing Company at Lebanon. A ladle containing over 5,000 pounds of hot metal was accidentally overturned while being run on a crane. The metal ran into a "bosh" filled with water and the explosion resulted before the men could get out of the way. The shock of the explosion was felt all over the city and window panes and doors of houses in the immediate neighborhood were shattered.

Unsuspectingly crossing into Pennsylvania from Washington, D. C., en route to his home in New York, George H. Proctor, promoter of the defunct Summit Coal and Coke Company, was arrested at Philadelphia Saturday by Constable Milton Morris of Uniontown and brought to the county jail on three charges of false pretense. It is alleged that he defrauded local parties out of $40,000 in connection with the concern which he was promoting. The three informations against him were made by E. E. Dilliner, Levi Francis and William Trader. When the bottom dropped out of the concern and the stock proved to be worthless, Proctor returned to New York. He had nothing to say about the charges.

State Health Commissioner Dixon has appointed the medical examiners of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad to be special railroad medical inspectors in the department of health. They will receive no salary from the state. The commissioner is co-operating with the chief medical inspectors of the Pennsylvania railroad in guarding against an invasion of yellow fever from every possible danger point.

The Latrobe Electric Light Company has purchased the plant of the Derry Electric Light Company. It is stated that the intention is to supply the current for the Westmoreland county street railway. Latrobe, Derry, Bradenville, Loyalhanna, Machesnewtown and other intermediate points will be furnished with electric light from the Latrobe plant.

Horseshoers of Westmoreland county are greatly perturbed over the well-authenticated report that glanders, the most dreaded disease among horses, has made its appearance in a violent form. Two valuable driving horses belonging to a farmer three miles east of Greensburg have been killed and a dozen others are being watched for developments.

Oliver Ritter, of Allentown, aged 44 years, committed suicide after attempting to kill his wife. Mrs. Ritter was choked into insensibility by her husband, who rushed from the house telling his children that he intended kill himself. His body was found later hanging to a tree some distance from his home. Mrs. Ritter's condition is serious.

Four gypsy women were arrested at New Brighton for telling fortunes. The youngest of the quartet saw Burgess E. H. Thomas, took his hand in hers and begged to tell him what the future had in store. he stern burgess said "no" and fined the three women, but discharged the girl.

Ralph Weir, 9 years old, son of William Weir of Scottdale, was struck by a stray bullet while picking berries and died an hour later. It is said that Italians who were shooting at a mark did not see the boy in the bushes. Four Italians were placed under arrest.

Edward McNamara died from injuries received in being run down by a Pennsylvania lines train at Greenville. He lay on the track all night and was discovered at dawn. Two weeks ago James Gunter was killed at almost the same spot.

Rev. C. S. Tinker, of Newark, N. J., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church at Greenville. His first pastorate was in Greenville and he later preached at Sharon, going from that place to Newark a few years ago.

Prof. J. S. Best, for several years superintendent of the North Huntingdon township schools, Westmoreland county, has been appointed as a government teacher in the Philippine islands.

The August grand jury was called before Judge J. F. Taylor and J. D. Bigger of Washington was appointed foreman. There are 225 criminal cases to come up before the jury.

William S. Barr, a plumber of Washington, was drowned in a well while repairing a pump.

Thomas H. Davies, of Chagrin Falls, O., crawled under a Lake Shore car at Sharon and went to sleep. An engine moved the car, and both his legs were cut off, as a result of which he died in the hospital. John Viper was dozing at the South Sharon coke plant when a leveler struck him in the side. He was taken to the hospital and will probably die.

The general store of Jennings & Artess at Bradleytown, which contained the postoffice, was entered by burglars Monday night and $120 worth of stamps stolen.