

THE GIRL WHO LAUGHS.

The girl who laughs—God bless her!
Thrice blest is he who sees her,
No music on earth
Has nobler worth
Than that which voices a smile.
The girl who laughs—men love her;
She lifts from the heart of despair
Its burden of woe
And coaxes the glow
Of joy to the brow of care.

The girl who laughs—when sorrow
Comes by, and a glistening tear
Has stolen the glints
Of rainbow tints
And pictured a world of cheer.
The girl who laughs—life needs her;
There is never an hour so sad
But wakes and thrills
To the rippling trills
Of the laugh of a lass who's glad.

—John Howard Todd in the New York Press.

The KING AND I IN GOTTESBERG CASTLE.

From the German.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when I, Hubert von Hausach, first discovered the danger which threatened the castle of Gottesberg, and thanked God that my master, the King was not with us.

I have always taken pleasure in writing a little in my leisure hours, and when I write I always sit in the east tower of the castle, where there is a magnificent view over the mountain crags and the big pine forest at the foot of the castle.

That ill-starred morning I had written a letter to the King concerning Countess Helen, our guest, and though I and many other loyal subjects would gladly have seen her on the other side of the frontier, I had merely reported on her health.

We could none of us foresee anything but misfortune for the country if this woman, witty, high spirited and beautiful as she was—should ever become queen.

Deep in thought, I had gone to the window to look out. At a distance from the castle, in the forest, I caught sight of mounted men.

The sun shone on their green and yellow colors. I recognized the crest of Albert of Jaegendorf and understood that the Countess's hour had struck.

For this man had sworn that he would neither sleep in a bed nor change his shirt until Helen of Gerelstein should have been driven out of the country, and most of the King's subjects secretly applauded Albert's sentiments.

I had promised the King to protect Helen of Gerelstein with my life, and I meant to keep my word. Accordingly, I immediately sent for the Captain of the guard. He was a young fellow, stupid and conceited.

"Sir Hubert," he said, "you have sharp ears for your age. These are undoubtedly Albert's men."

"In that case I hope you are prepared, Captain," I rejoined.

He smiled.

"Gottesberg is impregnable," he said. "The sentinels are at their post, and the drawbridge is to be raised. If the Countess is not safe here it will not be my fault."

Then I went down to break the news to Countess Helen, who was taking tea with her sister Marie. They were the handsomest pair of sisters in the kingdom.

She understood already from my tone in greeting that there was danger in the air, and grew pale when I told her I had seen in the forest two mounted men with black feathers and silver crosses.

She went over to the window and looked out. Between the tree trunks a light bluish mist was visible.

"There is a campfire in the forest—don't try to deny it, Sir Hubert. Albert of Jaegendorf is there with his men. Isn't it so?" she asked.

"I fear so, Countess."

She laid an icy hand on mine. "What shall I do? Tell me, in heaven's name!"

"There is the report which is sent under escort to his Majesty every evening at sundown. If you could take it yourself—"

"You must be mad!" she cried. "I—a woman and alone—and Albert of Jaegendorf at the doors?"

"If you were to ride to the city with the message to his Majesty, you would be neither a woman nor alone. You would wear the uniform of a courier and have an escort. The captain thinks the castle impregnable, but there are others who maintain that Albert and his men would storm Gottesberg if they saw a chance of finding booty there. In a few hours we shall know who is right."

Thus Helen of Gerelstein became the King's courier. When the sun had gone down she left the castle with six dragons as her escort.

"Albert will read her letter," I said to little Marie, as we stood looking after the departing ones, "and it will serve as her passport, as it simply states that she is well and happy at Gottesberg."

The captain and I were sitting at our evening meal, when a servant suddenly appeared and whispered in my ear that his Majesty had come back and was waiting for me in the little library where he was in the habit of working.

The message frightened me so that my knees trembled under me; and when I stood before the King he at once read the secret in my face.

"Where is the Countess? Why did you let her go?" he asked in the clear, cold voice which always preceded an outburst of wrath.

"Your Majesty," I stammered, "she went because Albert of Jaegendorf is at the doors."

He looked at me with his gray eyes, and the expression in them showed that he understood and was grateful.

"Albert of Jaegendorf?" he repeated, doubtfully. "I came along the forest path and saw neither him nor his men."

I told how I had made the Countess put on the uniform of a courier. The King thought the plan daring—too much so. However, he wished to convince himself of the true state of affairs and together we stepped out on the terrace.

The night was dark as pitch, but in the heart of the forest there appeared between the trees a reddish haze.

"That is Albert's campfire," said the King, abruptly. "If the sentinels are loyal, he and his men will climb the mountain behind us where no man has ever set his foot before."

"Your Majesty must not sleep in your own room tonight," I ventured. "In my grandfather's time there was a subterranean passage which went under the lake," he remarked, as he went to inspect the sentinels. "I would give a thousand forins to know if it still exists."

The King did not lack courage, as we all know who have served him. I shall never forget how he looked that night as he stood before me in his blue uniform of huzzars, erect and proud, ready to fling a jest in the face of death. He knew as well as I what would happen if he fell into the hands of Albert's men.

Who could have slept after all this? Not Hubert von Hausach, at any rate. I still remember how, when the King had gone to bed in the red chamber, I took out my old uniform of dragons, buckled on my sword and loaded my pistols. Then I went into the ante-room in order to be near him should anything happen.

The hours crept on slowly—more slowly than ever in my life before. The steps of the sentinel were the only sound that broke the stillness. In vain I tried to persuade myself that the castle could not be stormed by a band of highwaymen.

Suddenly I heard a scream. I afterward learned that it came from little Marie, who had been torn out of her sleep to be carried up into the mountains.

I sprang to the door and called to the sentinel. There was no reply.

A pistol shot flashed through the darkness and showed me our guards dying in the corridor and a crowd of strange men with swords and pistols in their hands. In the confusion were heard cries of "The King! The King!"

I slammed the door and swung into place the heavy iron bars. A knock at the door of the royal sleeping-chamber was answered by King Ludwig himself.

He was pale and had drawn his sword. There was no need of telling him anything.

"How long will it take them to break open the door, Hubert?" he asked.

"About fifteen minutes, I think, your Majesty."

Suddenly the large window was torn off its hinges and a man with a rope about his waist came tumbling in. It was one of Albert's men. They must have let him down from the tower above the room.

He fired at the King, but with a stroke on his arm I deflected the bullet, and before he could fire another shot the King had felled him with the butt of his pistol.

But where one had entered others might follow, and there were already two of them in the room. I left them to the King and ran to the window.

"Sure enough! There was another hanging at the end of a rope. With a stroke of my sword I cut it and the man fell, like a stone, a hundred feet to the bottom of the ravine.

Then I turned to the King. Two men lay dead at his feet and he was standing with the third before him, at the other end of the room near the portrait of his father.

Fascinated, I stood watching the King's swordplay. Albert's men were still working at the outer door. What good would it do us if the King should conquer this foe? Death awaited us in the corridor.

The clumsy fencing of the bandit rejoiced my heart, and I laughed aloud when his blade struck in the panel behind the old King's portrait. The fellow threw an evil glance at me, but it was his last for his Majesty's thrust was quick and sure. The man fell, frothing at the mouth.

"Here is the forgotten passage, Hubert," the King said, and added with deep reverence, "Lord, it is Thy will!"

I bowed my head and looked at the miracle which had happened. The bandit had thrust his sword into the forgotten door leading to the passage to the vaults. The sword must have touched a secret spring, or the wood was rotten with age. The opening in the wall showed us a way of escape.

I remember that I took a candle and lighted the King while he descended the stone stairs, after I had closed the panel and replaced the heavy iron bars at its back. We traversed a cellar and then went down another narrow and steep stairway and through a long tunnel which was so low that we had to stoop as we went.

At last we stopped. The way which we had come ended abruptly before an immense well, from which an odor so fearful emanated that we instantly recoiled.

The King sat down on a stone ledge in deep despair. In the stillness we heard a distant, ill-boding sound, as of many feet and shouting voices.

After a while he said: "It is not like my grandfather to have built himself such a rat trap. If we only had a lantern we would try the water in the well."

This sudden inspiration gave me a start. I leaned out over the water without paying attention to the fearful odor.

What I saw was a well about thirty feet deep, with a black bottom and slime and mud all over the sides. The bad air extinguished the light in my hand.

"If we only had a stone to throw! How dark it is," the King said. "Listen, Hubert, do you hear anything?"

"I hear a sound as of galloping horses," I said.

"At the bottom of a well? Heavens, it is true!" he exclaimed.

We leaned over the well and ascertained that we were not mistaken. "It is no well, but a tower on the mountain side," the King suddenly cried. "I have seen it when hunting. There must be a way out somewhere. I would give a thousand forins for a match!"

"I have matches in my pocket, your Majesty; and as true as I live, I think my hand is touching an iron step."

I lighted the candle and we again leaned over the black hole. Before the light went out it had shown us an iron ladder built on one side of the slimy wall.

While I again lighted the candle the King went down—to life or death, as his destiny willed.

"Be careful how you step, Hubert," he called up to me. "There is a door here."

A fresh breeze confirmed his words. I threw away the light and felt my way down. At the bottom of the ladder was a door and through it we stepped out into the valley at the foot of the cliff.

All I remember of the rest is that the King's arms were around my neck and that he repeated over and over: "Not your love—no, I cannot live without it, old friend."

We ran through the forest like two schoolboys. In the nearest village we secured horses and were in the capital at daybreak.

Thus Albert of Jaegendorf was driven out of the country. But little Marie stayed with him, and she who once was carried screaming from the castle now lives with him in an iron will.

That the King's marriage also came to pass does not belong to this story. But of me, Hubert von Hausach, it shall never be said that I served any one but my King, whom I pray that all good spirits may protect from evil.

—New York Sun.

"ALONG THE SAGUENAY."

Primitive, Peaceful Life of French Canadians Attracts Tourists.

To say that the inhabitants of Chicoutimi and the Saguenay provinces are 50 years behind the times would be to do them an injustice. The strife and turmoil of the outer world never penetrate this region; the noise and confusion, the insolent discourtesy so frequently encountered, the nervous, restless, ever-surgings throng of the metropolis live not even in the minds of these simple people. The rugged heights that hem them in, the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, the sombre tide of the Saguenay, mark the boundaries of their little world.

To them the rest of the universe is a sealed book, save from the tales handed down from generation to generation of the old home in sunny France, whence came the sturdy pioneers whose descendants now occupy the very land they struggled long and manfully to acquire and who in turn will hand it down to posterity.

Unfortunate they may seem at first thought, yet the more one studies their characteristics, the closer he investigates their condition, the greater is the inclination to pity himself.

Gentle, quiet, happy to a degree that is infectious, there is an air of contentment everywhere in evidence that is in strange contrast to the strife and discord that prevail in the outer world, the keen competition, the glittering possibilities, the bitter disappointment attendant on failure, are all foreign to them, and their cup of joy appears ever ready to bubble over.

Happy people indeed are they; benighted they may be, yet it is with a feeling akin to regret that the stranger turns his back on the peace and quietude that abound everywhere here, to begin the homeward journey toward the strife, turmoil and selfishness of the outer world. Lucky people they; fortunate is the man who is permitted to spend even a few days amid such mellowing influences.

—Len G. Shaw in the Detroit Free Press.

Railway Reports.

In his address to Dartmouth University, Andrew D. White, who takes rank among the great thinkers and doers of the country, urged that legislation should insist upon the fullest publicity of railway reports, in order to protect shareholders, and he thought that railroad directors should meet the people more than half way in order to satisfy their wants. The time will soon come, he said, when there will be a great body of citizens who will demand honest, fair, and exhaustive reports of the doings of their representatives in the control of the business of the country.—Wall Street Journal.

LOST MINES.

Romantic Stories of the Abandoned Treasures of Mexico.

Among the rich mines worked by the Spaniards was the Tarasca, in Sonora, of which Humboldt writes so fascinatingly and Ward and other historians mention favorably. The history of Tarasca is one of evil deeds, of duplicity, of theft, of greed and all the base passions incited by the love of gold. The mine was worked long before the Spaniards arrived in Mexico and the gold and silver fashioned into ornaments by the aborigines. A family in Guaymas has a necklace of flying fish purchased from a Pima Indian chief who stated that the metal was dug from Tarasca. The mine was worked by various Spaniards and later acquired for the Crown of Spain. It was extensively worked, barring certain periods during Apache wars, until the epoch of the French intervention, when the shafts and tunnels are said to have been concealed by the administrator, Don Juan Moreno, an imperialist, who was forced to seek safety in flight. After the restoration of peace Tarasca was looked for in vain, and to the present time no one is certain of its location, though the mine now known as Ubarbo is believed to be the Tarasca. Ubarbo had been extensively worked when re-discovered, years ago, and the shafts and tunnels concealed under earth and brush. Rich pillars of ore were found on the drifts, and the mine corresponds with the description in the archives of the American Consulate at Guaymas.

But the lost mine about which tradition gathers thickest is Talopa, supposed to be located in the Shahuaripa district, in Sonora. Little documentary evidence exists to prove Talopa's reality, and that has evidently been manufactured by unscrupulous manipulators. A wealthy Mexican gentleman recently made a trip to Madrid, and after minute search, at great expense, found absolutely no data to prove that such a mine was worked for the Crown of Spain and no reliable data in the Mexican archives or elsewhere to prove that such a mine was ever known. But quite as trustworthy as most written documents are the traditions gathered from the Pima Indians. They stoutly maintain that Talopa exists, and a few claim to know its locality. Small quantities of very rich ore are occasionally sold at the mountain mining camps, and all attempts to follow the Indians to the spot where it is found or bribe them to reveal it have failed. Wanting but little in addition to the corn they grow, they are imbued with a superstition that if they reveal the locality of a mine they will instantly drop dead. To one unacquainted with the Indian character this statement may seem incredible, but any prospector or miner in the Sierra Madre will affirm its truth. Large sums of money have been offered the Pimas to tell where the lost mine is. They scorn money, and the only open sesame is mescal, by the liberal use of which the Indians may be made to disclose many things, but so far he has held inviolate his vow to reveal to no man the famous Talopa.—Modern Mexico.

How to Win Her.

Elmer House, who is an authority lays down these rules for lovers:

1—Don't try to create a monopoly. Give the other fellows all the rope they want, but insist on being "it."

2—If you have a keen rival, give him five nights in the week if he wants them, but never take the siding for him. Ask for but little, but insist upon getting it, and if you don't get it, jump the game.

3—Let the girl do most of the chasing. She likes to do it, and will like you all the better if you force her to tag. Also, you will like her better. If she won't chase, there's nothing doing for you, anyway.

4—Don't show jealousy of anybody. Be especially indifferent to the fellow who is giving you the hardest race. Never for a minute assume that anybody can beat you out.

5—Don't be a hypocrite. Don't give up anything for the girl's sake that you wouldn't give up for the sake of your own self-respect.

6—Allow the girl the greatest possible freedom in regard to men friends; don't monopolize her time, and keep an anchor or two to the windward in the form of pleasant, friendly intimacies with other girls. There'll be lots of times when you'll need an anchor.

7—Keep this thought in mind: If you lose you'll get over it. They all do.—Kansas City Journal.

A Secret Standard.

A small boy and his smaller sister of a West Philadelphia family were being interviewed by an admiring visitor. She asked the boy how old he was, but he had an attack of shyness and could not tell. His sister, however, did better, and announced that he was six years old. "Six years old?" exclaimed the visitor. "What a big boy! And how tall are you?" This stamped both the children. The visitor expressed surprise that a six-year-old boy could not tell his height, and even the little sister hung her head in shame. Then the visitor gave it up and talked of other things, but soon the little girl edged around to her and whispered: "You mustn't tell mamma," she said, "but Rob is just tall enough to reach the jam on the pantry shelf."—Philadelphia Record.

Kindness to Animals.

In Spain, it is said that a society founded to protect the lower animals finding itself in difficulties, arranged a bull-fight to increase its funds and clear away its debts.—Cunninghame-Graham in the London Saturday Review.

The Army and Navy Kill Capacity

By Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury.

If you serve the government for hire you are no use. Most work is naturally drudgery, but the men who do the hardest and best work are those who do not know they are doing it.

The man who works only for the pay he gets can only work eight hours a day, but the one who works to accomplish things is good for 16 hours, and at a pinch much more.

There is one thing, however, which I want to warn you young men of. There is nothing that will take the native capacity out of a man as quickly as employment in any branch of the army or navy. If I wanted to make a fine preacher out of a young man I would send him to West Point, for it is the best school on earth.

In one branch of the government service—I won't say which—if a man has a good idea they court martial him. After he has suppressed ideas for two or three years no more propose themselves and he becomes a figurehead. The army and navy have lots of men whose ideas have been suppressed.

I want to sympathize with you young men on one point, and will congratulate you also. You have certainly succeeded in getting into an easy place. You officers of the revenue department are not as important in the eyes of the world as men who are lying around all the time, supposedly, waiting for an opportunity to do some fighting.

Something about all of the government departments which might appeal to some of you, however, is that you are not likely to die from overwork. I would willingly go one thousand miles to see the grave of a man who had died from overwork, but I am sure I would not find that he had been in the employ of the United States government.

I am disposed to think that the American boy is lacking in self-reliance. Don't misunderstand me; I do not say self-conceit. About the latter characteristic there is nothing to speak on, because of the fact that it is present in such quantities as to do its own talking.

If you work to accomplish something and let the government's pay happen along incidentally you will get to the top. Better still, you might get an invitation to another job. The only rule for you to go by is to measure your standard by that of the American people, which is "greatness."

The National Flag

No Possession of a Country More Loyal-ly Loved and More Deeply Revered.

By Capt. Harold Hammond.

HERE is no possession of a country which is more deeply revered, more consistently loved, or more loyally supported than its national flag. In our country this is especially true, for in that one emblem are embodied all the principles which our forefathers upheld, all the benefits of a century and a quarter of enlightened progress, and all the hope and assurance of a promising future.

The stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation which receives a new star with every state. Thus, the stars and stripes signify union and "in union there is strength."

The very colors have a significance. White stands for purity, red for valor, and blue for justice, together forming a combination which it is our inherited privilege to honor and uphold.

It is not the flag of a king, or an emperor, or a president. It is the flag of the people, brought into being by their will, defended when necessary by their patriotism, and so which they turn for protection in time of danger. No matter into what parties our people may be divided, due to political beliefs and leanings, they all stand united under one flag. It is the emblem of unity, safety and faith.—St. Nicholas.

The Age of Fraternalism

By Dr. Lyman Abbott.

IN the coming age all the creeds and sects will be united by a common aim, purpose, spirit; because the coming age is to be a fraternal one. Every age has its virtues and its vices. The 19th century has had vices, all due to the same source. The first vice has been that of accumulation. Put men together and tell them to look after their own interests and push ahead and each man will be measuring himself by his accumulations. The second vice is the lawlessness of self-will. We hear of the criminal classes. Can you tell me today who belong to the criminal class? Do the insurance directors who bought stocks low and sold them to companies in which they were directors at high prices? Do the railroad officials who broke the law of the land and now stand convicted? Do the coal carriers who did by a gentlemen's agreement that which was against the law? In religion the tendency has been toward narrowness and sectarianism. Each man has thought for himself and has thought that this was all there was to be thought. This is the irreverence of self-conceit.

It is not alone the processes of the Chicago packers that need inspection. We have false labels in this country. There is one remedy for all this. Society should be considered as a unit. And the law of society should be the law of mutual service. Already accumulation is on trial. I am not attacking the multi-millionaire. It is better to be one than to wish to be one and not have the ability. We have learned that the best interests of the community are not served by each man's voting for his own interests. He must look after the national welfare. The age you enter has been called socialistic, but that is false. It is fraternal.

Statistics show many things to make us pause, but, after all, the only right and proper point of view is that of the optimist. The time will come when insanity will be reduced, suicides and murders will be greatly diminished, and man will become a being of fewer mental troubles and bodily ills. Whenever you have a nation in which there is no variation, there is comparatively little insanity or crime, or exalted morality of genius. Here in America, where the variation is greatest, statistics show a greater percentage of all these variations.

As time goes on in its endless and ceaseless course, environment must crystallize the American nation; its varying elements will become unified, and the wedding-out process will, by the means indicated in this paper, by selection and environmental influences, leave the finest human product ever known. The transcendent qualities which are placed in plants will have their analogies in the noble composite, the American of the future.—The Century.

Statistics show many things to make us pause, but, after all, the only right and proper point of view is that of the optimist. The time will come when insanity will be reduced, suicides and murders will be greatly diminished, and man will become a being of fewer mental troubles and bodily ills. Whenever you have a nation in which there is no variation, there is comparatively little insanity or crime, or exalted morality of genius. Here in America, where the variation is greatest, statistics show a greater percentage of all these variations.

As time goes on in its endless and ceaseless course, environment must crystallize the American nation; its varying elements will become unified, and the wedding-out process will, by the means indicated in this paper, by selection and environmental influences, leave the finest human product ever known. The transcendent qualities which are placed in plants will have their analogies in the noble composite, the American of the future.—The Century.

Statistics show many things to make us pause, but, after all, the only right and proper point of view is that of the optimist. The time will come when insanity will be reduced, suicides and murders will be greatly diminished, and man will become a being of fewer mental troubles and bodily ills. Whenever you have a nation in which there is no variation, there is comparatively little insanity or crime, or exalted morality of genius. Here in America, where the variation is greatest, statistics show a greater percentage of all these variations.

As time goes on in its endless and ceaseless course, environment must crystallize the American nation; its varying elements will become unified, and the wedding-out process will, by the means indicated in this paper, by selection and environmental influences, leave the finest human product ever known. The transcendent qualities which are placed in plants will have their analogies in the noble composite, the American of the future.—The Century.

Statistics show many things to make us pause, but, after all, the only right and proper point of view is that of the optimist. The time will come when insanity will be reduced, suicides and murders will be greatly diminished, and man will become a being of fewer mental troubles and bodily ills. Whenever you have a nation in which there is no variation, there is comparatively little insanity or crime, or exalted morality of genius. Here in America, where the variation is greatest, statistics show a greater percentage of all these variations.

As time goes on in its endless and ceaseless course, environment must crystallize the American nation; its varying elements will become unified, and the wedding-out process will, by the means indicated in this paper, by selection and environmental influences, leave the finest human product ever known. The transcendent qualities which are placed in plants will have their analogies in the noble composite, the American of the future.—The Century.

Statistics show many things to make us pause, but, after all, the only right and proper point of view is that of the optimist. The time will come when insanity will be reduced, suicides and murders will be greatly diminished, and man will become a being of fewer mental troubles and bodily ills. Whenever you have a nation in which there is no variation, there is comparatively little insanity or crime, or exalted morality of genius. Here in America, where the variation is greatest, statistics show a greater percentage of all these variations.

As time goes on in its endless and ceaseless course, environment must crystallize the American nation; its varying elements will become unified, and the wedding-out process will, by the means indicated in this paper, by selection and environmental influences, leave the finest human product ever known. The transcendent qualities which are placed in plants will have their analogies in the noble composite, the American of the future.—The Century.

Statistics show many things to make us pause, but, after all, the only right and proper point of view is that of the optimist. The time will come when insanity will be reduced, suicides and murders will be greatly diminished, and man will become a being of fewer mental troubles and bodily ills. Whenever you have a nation in which there is no variation, there is comparatively little insanity or crime, or exalted morality of genius. Here in America, where the variation is greatest, statistics show a greater percentage of all these variations.

As time goes on in its endless and ceaseless course, environment must crystallize the American nation; its varying elements will become unified, and the wedding-out process will, by the means indicated in this paper, by selection and environmental influences, leave the finest human product ever known. The transcendent qualities which are placed in plants will have their analogies in the noble composite, the American of the future.—The Century.