"Come," she cried, "forsaed by.
"Come," she cried, "forsae thy drudging;
Life's delights are few and grudging;
Life's delights are few and grudging;
What hath man of all his striving,
All his planning and contriving,
Here beneath the sky?
When the grave opes to receive him
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—
Love endures for aye!"
But I answered: "I am plowing.
When with straight and even furrow
All the field is covered thorough,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my sowing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toil-

"Come," she cried, "give o e. ...,
ing:
ing:
For thy moil thou hast but moiling—
Follow me, where meadows fertile
Bloom unsown with rose-and myrtle,
Laughing to the sky;
Laugh for joy the thousand flowers,
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours
All unnoted fly;
But I answered: "I am sowing.
When my acres are all planted,
Gladly to thy realm enchanted
I will follow.

Lave massed by,

I was busy with my reaping, ... When Love passed by. "Come," she cried, "thou planted'st grien

"Come," she cried, "thou planted'st griaving.
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving.
If the heart lie fallow, vain is
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's least sigh.
Haste thee—for the hours fast dwindle
Ere the pyre of Hope shall kindle
In life's western sky."
But I answered: "I am reaping.
When with song of youth and maiden,
Home the hock-cart comes, full-laden,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

Love passed by.

I had gathered in my harvest,
When Love passed by.
"Stay," I called—to her, swift speeding,
"Turning not, my cry unheeding—
"Stay O Love, I fain would follow,
Stay thy flight, oh feet-winged swallow
Cleaving twilight sky!
I am old and worn and weary,
Void my fields and heart—and dreary,
With thee would I fly.
Gamered wee is all my harvest,
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me,
Fierce regrets, like demons, taunt me—
Stay!—I follow!"
Love passed by.
—Solomon Solis-Cohen.

the clown, Jacques Legrand Gree Onjoyfully to his son:

"Francois, be happy, child! See,
here he is, Boum-Boum!"

A look of great joy came over the
child's face. He raised himself on his
mother's arm and turned his head toward the two men who approached,
restinging for a mement, who it

questioning, for a mement, who it was by the side of his father; this gentleman in an overcoat, whose good, pleasant face he did not know. When they said to him, "It is Boum-Boum," he slowly fell back on the pollin, he slowly lein back on the pillow and remained there, his eyes fixed, his beautiful, large blue eyes which looked beyond the walls of the little room and were always seek-ing the spangles and the butterfly of Boum-Boum, like a lover who pursues his dream

the clown, Jacques Legrand cried out

"No," replied the child, with a coice which was no longer dry, but all of despair, "no, it is not Boum-

match:

"Boum-Boum! It is he, it is he, this time! Here is Boum-Boum! the vicious eyes of the angry creature."

A shovel of hot coals from the glowing fire thrown directly against the vicious eyes of the angry creature.

And when the doctor came back, he found, seated by little Francois' bedside a clown with a pale face who made the little one laugh again and again, and who said to the child while he was stirring a piece of sugar into a cup of medicine:

"Thou knowest, if thou dost not contained by the containe

Boum!"
"Doctor," said the clown to the doctor, "do not be jealous. It seems to me that my grimaces will do him as much good as your prescriptions!"
The father and the mother wept, but this time from joy.
BOUM-BOUM,
Acrobatic Doctor and Physician in ordinary to little Francois!

while somewhat meagre of scientific detail, sets forth in a very striking manner the almost insurmountable difficulties of travel in these high regions. The safe return of an expedition such as that carried northward in the Roosevelt last summer is, even under such consummate and expert leadership as that of Peary, almost 1,459,037 a westbound movement. Of the total traffic, 6,941,164 tons were shipped through the American and 791,607 through the Canadian miraculous and 791,607 through the Canadian canal. Similar traffic in July, 1905, amounted to 6,703,706 tons and in 1904 to 5,609,079 tons. During the first four months of the present season the aggregate freight movement through these canals amounted to 22,710,551 tons, not exceeding the corresponding movements in 1905 by nearly three million tons and those

a majority of them entering the Con-"sacred eleven" by the town boys.—
New York Tribune.

King Edward Takes a Cab.

her northing, it seems justifiable to assume that the record of eightyeven degrees and six minutes might have been considerably exceeded if New York Tribune.

ward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams collaborated in the American Magazine. One is the classic Marie Magazine. One is the classic Marie Celeste disappearance in 1887, which

aboard, including the captain's wife. Two weeks later she was sighted in Two weeks later she was signed in mid-Atlantic, deserted. She was in perfect condition, her sails set, a half-eaten meal on the table, the captain's wife's work on the machine and her small boats all inboard. There was mair boats an inboard. There was no sign of any disturbance and the veather was mild. No explanation of the circumstances has ever been Those who might have furished one had vanished, and for-

What is lacking in this pher non for the purposes of the writers was furnished by the still more inexplicable circumstance of the de-relict picked up in 1881 several hun-dred miles off the coast of America, by the Ellen Austin. Why she should her, only to pick her up several days later, again deserted and derelict. With difficulty a second crew was persuaded to take her in charge. Again she disappeared, and this time neither ship nor crew was ever heard of again.

ess, but the faithful little animal

less, but the faithful fittle animal supplies the eyes for the man and conducts him to any part of the city in a manner that is marvelous. When the man wants to buy another supply of the Dallas News he shakes the asin and says a word or two to the og. The canine wags his tail, looks p into his master's face and leads im unerringly to the News branch

Perhaps it is necessary to cross the streets once or twice to get them, but the dog loks out for automobiles, street cars and other vehicles and shields his blind owner from danger. Although successful heretofore in

Although successful heretofore in profecting his master from bodily harm in the crowded streets, the dog himself was not so fortunate to-day, for while in the act of passing from one curb to another he was struck by a buggy wheel and badly injured about his hind legs. In considerable pain and walking on three legs, the dog showed no disposition to neglect his master after the accident, but continued to lead him from place to place until the morning's work was shished and both wended their way slowly homeward, the dog limping and making little progress and the blind man groping his way behind him. Narowly escaping severe injury in the death struggle that followed, all but fainting with nervousness and conflicting emotions, the brave girl followed this blow by others no less telling and doughty. When the still him.

SIEGE OF MULLICAN'S FORT.
"Mulligan's Fort," Arva, County
Cavan, has fallen after a siege last-Cavan, has fallen after a siege lasting since June. Then the landlord obtained a decree for possession of the premises of Mr. Mulligan, who immediately barricaded the house, built a wall along the back of the premises topped with barbed wire, heavily shuttered the windows and reinforced them with sandbags and put in extra doors.

The fort was garrisoned with remaining the same at first numbered in the conferous trees and ginkgo, were among those which were able to with stand the beating and bending which

The fort was garrisoned with re-lays of men, who at first numbered about fifty, and these kept a sharp lookout for the police and bailiffs. The display of force was apparently too much for the authorities, who made no attempt to storm the cita-del. A few weeks ago Mr. Mulligan obtained another house, and funds for the defense having run low the garrison was withdrawn and the fort

was shut up. was shut up.
Yesterday morning a special train arrived at Leggaginy Crossing, near footies and baliffs. The men reached Arva before the inhabitants were astir and when they rose they found the fort in possession of the enemy without a blow being struck. The landlord, who arrived in Cavan during the day, was unable to obtain a odd days, as did Peary, over this arctic waste of shifting ice, and then to get back to solid land again with ing the day, was unable to obtain a convéyance to take him to Arva.

> UNARMED, KILLS A WILDCAT. Unarmed and all alone, Thomas Dyke, a prominent young man of Mt. Carmel, Pa., was attacked by a wildcat on the Locust Mountain.

> Dyke had driven to Ashland, and when he had come two miles toward home his horse tramped on a nail and was placed in a stable. decided to walk home, and was on the top of the mountain when the cries of a wildcat caused his hair to raise. Crouched on the side of the road, not ten feet from him, was the

> The animal finally sprang at him, but he jumped aside, and as the body of the cat struck the road he jumped on it.

> For several minutes the fight between the wild beast and the man went on, when, by a quick swing, the man broke the arimal's back. The balance of his journey home was uneventful. A physician dressed several deep scratches on his face and hands.—Philadelphia Record.

FARMER RESCUED BY HIS DOG.
William Woodburn, aged seventy
Fall plowing is an excellent prac-William Woodburn, aged seventy-one years, of Independence, was attacked and fatally injured by a vic-

ious hog, a faithful collie dog saving him from being killed outright. Woodburn was alone on his farm, but his cries of pain and fright is said to have formed the plot for more fictional "explanations" than any other single marine event. The Marie Celeste was a "thirteen ship," brought to his rescue his dog, which long and killed it. The Marie Celeste was a "thirteen ship," brought to his rescue his dog, which long and killed it. The Mog then stood guard over his master for two hours until human help arhaving left New York for European rived.—Washington correspondence ports in 1887 with thirteen souls Wheeling Intelligencer



NEW WINDOW PLANT.

The Sanseveria Zealenica is being appreciated for sunless windows and porch boxes. Its erect, rigid, sword-like leaves gives it a novel appear-ance in the midst of drooping and by derelien Austin, why she should ance in the midst of drooping and be derelict no man could say, since she was apparently in good condition. A prize crew was put on board. The Ellen Austin parted company with len, only to pick her up several days long, plumy flower pikes of feathery.

DOG PROVES FAITHFUL.

There is a blind man in Fort Worth, Texas, who has long been a familiar figure on the street corners. He sells the Dallas News every morning and is led from place to place by a dog, which seems to possess as nuch intelligence as a human belief the base of the second of the

PROTECT YOUNG PLANTS.

Before the ground freezes the raspberry plants may be laid down and
covered with a slight covering of
earth, and the strayberry plants
should also receive a covering of
some coarse material—always remembering that, as this plant is partially an evergreen, it must not be
covered so deep as to keep the air
from the green leaves. Whatever
tender plants there may be in the
garden that are to be left over winter should be carefully protected.

TO PLANT GRAPE VINES.

Grape vines should be planted about eight feet apart each way and about ten inches deep, cutting them

THE BEST SHADE TREES. During a severe storm in Washington, D. C., it is stated that probably a thousand trees were badly in-

the storm caused for an hour or two There are two trees, the silver happe and the cottonwood, which are more popular with the mass of tree planters than all other shade trees of America. Both have one fatal qualification, that of rapid growth. Losing sight of permanency and many more excellent qualifications, these two inferior trees are planted to the

THINGS TO REMEMBER. To plant bulbs which will flower

make a cold frame for early use the coming season To clean up and manure the asparagus beds.

set out new asparagus and rhubarb beds.

To pot geraniums, begonias and other plants for blooming in the house. To examine the bees and feed them if they have not sufficient winter sup-

plies. To get the pullets into winter

quarters.

To feed cut bone liberally if the pullets have not already begun to

lay.

To dress off the hens which are too slow in recovering from the molt.

Dahlias may be kept blooming if
they are covered with papers at

night Particular care must be exercised in picking winter fruit, for even a slight bruise will impair the keeping qualities. Pick the apples or pears into a basket or bag and transfer them carefully to the barrel or

tice in gardens where there great number of cut-worms and other pests. It is also a good plan if the soil is heavy, as the alternate freez-ing and thawing will help to pulver-If a heavy coating of manure

each specimen in paper.—Suburban Life.

Boum-Boum

The child was lying stretched out in his little white bed, and his eyes, grown large through fever, looked straight before him, always with the strange fixity of the sick who already perceive what the living do not see.

The mother at the foot of the bed, torn by suffering and wringing her hands to keep herself from crying, anxiously followed the progress of the disease on the poor, emaciated face of the little being. The father, an honest workman, kept back the tears which burned his eyelids.

The day broke clear and mild, a beautiful day in June 1997.

beautiful day in June, and lighted possibility of liberty.
up the narrow room in the street of Boum-Boum! He r up the narrow room in the street of the Abessess where little Francois, the child of Jacques and Maleleine Legrand, lay dying. He was seven years old and was very fair, very rosy, and so lively. Not three weeks ago he was gay as a sparrow; but a fever had seized him and they brought him home one evening from the public school with his head heavy and his hands very hot. From that time he had been here in this bed and sometimes in his delirium when he looked at his little, well-blackened shoes, which his mother had care
Sometimes in his desired in the street of the morning of Easter Monday when he he had still in his ears the child's outbursts of joy, the happy laugh of the amused boy, when the clown, the beautiful clown all spangled with gold and with a great gilded butterfly sparkling, many-colored, on the back of his black costume, skipped across the track, gave the trip to a rider or held himself motionless and stiff on the sand, his head down and his feet in the air.

Or again he tossed up to the chear. shoes, which his mother had care fully placed in a corner on a board.

You can throw them away now, little Francois' shoes! Little Fran-cols will not put them on any more! Little Francois will not go to school

any more—never, never!"

Then the father cried out and and said: "Wilt thou be still!" And the mother, very pale, buried her blond

head in his pillow so that little Fran-cois could not hear her weep. When they wished him to take some medicine, some syrup, or a little soup, he refused. He refused everything.

"Dost thou wish anything, Fran-

"No. I wish nothing!" "We must draw him out of this," the doctor said. "This torpor frightens me!—you are the father and the mother, you know your child well. Seek for something to reanimate this little body, recall to earth this spirit which runs after the clouds!"

Then he went away. "Seek!

Yes, without doubt they knew him their Francois, these worthy e! They knew how it amused him, the little one, to plunder the hedges on Sunday and to come back to Paris on his father's shoulders laden with hawthorn. Jacques Le-grand had bought some images, some gilded soldiers, and some Chinese shadows for Francois; he cut them out, put them on the child's bed and made them dance before the be-wildered eyes of the little one, and to make him laugh

de Boulougne? epaulettes. the general, say?'

the general, say?"
"No," replied the child, with the
dry voice which fever gives.
"Dost thou wish a pistol, some
marbles—a cross-bow?"
"No," repeated the little voice,

clearly and almost cruelly.

And to all that they said to him,
to all the jumping-jacks, to all the balloons that they promised him, the little voice—while the parents looked

"No. No. No!"

"But what dost thou wish, my
Francois?" asked the mother. "Let us see, there is certainly something thou wouldst like to have. Tell it! tell it to me! to me! thy mother!" And she laid her cheek on the pillow of the sick boy and whispered this softly in his ear as if it were a secret. Then the child with an odd accent, straightening himself up in his bed and stretching out his hand eagerly toward some invisible thing. replied suddenly in an ardent tone at the same time supplicating and im

perative:
"I want Boum-Boum!" Boum-Boum!

Poor Madeleine threw a frightened look toward her husband. What did the little one say? Was it the de-lirium, the frightful delirium, which had come back again?

Boum-Boum! She did not know what that meant and she was afraid of these singular words which the child repeated with

The mother had seized Jacques' hand and spoke very low, as if demented.
"What does that mean, Jacques?

But the father had on his rough, workingman's face a smile almost happy, but astonished, too, the smile of a condemned man who foresees a

Boum-Boum! He remembered well the morning of Easter Monday when he had taken Francois to the circus. He had still in his ears the child's

Or again he tossed up to the chan-deller some soft, felt hats, which he caught adroitly on his head, where they formed, one by one, a pyramid; and at each jest, like a refrain bright-ening up his intelligent and droll face, he uttered the seme cry, repeat-ed the same word, accompanied now and then by a but formthe ach. and then by a burst from the orches

a: Boum-Boum!
Boum-Boum! and each time that it rang out, Boum-Boum, the audience burst out into hurrahs and the little one joined in with his hearty, little laugh. Boum-Boum! It was this Boum-Boum, it was the clown of the laugh circus, it was this favorite of a large

circus, it was this favorite of a large part of the city that, little Francois wished to see and to have and whom he could not have and could not see since he was lying here without strength in his white bed.

Ah! if Jacques could have wrapped him up in his blankets, could have carried him to the circus, could have shown him the clown dancing under the lighted chandelier and have said to him, look! He did better, Jacques; he went to the circus, demanded the address of the clown, and timidly, his legs shaking with fear, he climbed, one by one, the steps which led to the apartment of the artist, at Montmartre.

The father and the mother wept, but this time from joy.

BOUM-BOUM,

Acrobatic Doctor and Physician in ordinary to little Francois!

—Translated for Short Stories Magazine, from the French of Jules Claretie, by Mary Stuart Symonds.

Canadian Canal Tonnage.

Freight passing through the canals at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and Ontario, Canada, during July amounted to 7,732,771 net tons, 6,273,734 of which represented an eastbound and 1,459,037 a westbound movement. Of the total traffic, 6,941,164 tons were shipped through the American

It was very bold this that Jacques was going to do! But, after all, the comedians go to sing and recite their monologues in drawing rooms, at the Shadows for Francois; he cut them out, put them on the child's bed and made them dance before the bewildered eyes of the little one, and with a desire to weep himself he tried to make him langh.

"Dost thou see, it is the broken bridge. Tire, tire, tire! And that is a general! Thou rememberest we the artistic dwelling, the books, the al, once, in the Bois engravings, the elegance was like a If thou takest thy choice decoration around the charm-

icine well I will buy thee a real with a cloth tunic and gold lettes. Dost thou wish for him, general, say?"

No." replied the child with the No." replied the child with the letter of a doctor. Jacques looked, but did not recognize the clown, and turned and twisted his felt hat between his fingers The other waited. Then the father excused himself. "It was astonishing what he came there to ask, it could The other wated. Then the father excused himself. "It was astonishing what he came there to ask, it could not be—pardon, excuse. But in short, it was concerning the little one. A nice little one, monsieur. And so intelligent! Always the first at school, except in arithmetic, which he did not understand. A dreamer, this little one, do you see! dreamer. And the proof-wait-the

Jacques now hesitated, stammered but he gathered up his courage and said, brusquely:

"The proof is that he wishes to see you, that he thinks only of you, and that you are there before him like a star which he would like to have, and

that he looks—"
When he had finished the father when he had minished the latter was deadly pale and he had great drops on his forehead. He dared not look at the clown, who remained with his eyes fixed on the workman. And what was he going to say, this Boumbary. Was he going to dismiss him Was he going to dismiss him take him for a fool and put him out the door?

"You live?" asked Boum-Boum. "Oh. very near! Street of the

"Come!" said the other. boy wants to see Boum-Boum? Ah, for every one thousand gallons, well, he is going to see Boum-Boum." the process is carried on on a When the door opened ond showed scale.

TALES OF ADVENTURE GIRL FIGHTS ALLIGATOR.

A frail, slender girl, Miss one fine night early in April sat quietly beside her mother. lender girl, Miss Nelson the early in April, 1903 the next room, where the two little children had been left playing, came a strange grating sound. The older sister stepped to the door between

73 DAYS WITH DEATH. The first detailed account

Peary's record-making expedition, published by the New-York Herald,

only some dogs missing-is a won-

derful illustration of what human in-

ership, safe return from such an expedition is largely a matter of chance.
Conditions against which no human power could avail might have doomed

sledge expedition over the ice, but also when the Roosevelt was making

weather conditions had been more

The sledge party was delayed many

days by blinding storms, and turned back where it did, not because of any

new or insurmountable obstacles but

RIDDLES OF THE SEA.

of the story on which Stewart Ed-

Two sea riddles formed the basis

the whole party to extermination. view of the constant series of gale

which prevailed not only

Peary's

voice which was no longer dry, but to does which was no longer dry, but to despair, "no, it is not Boum-Boum."

The clown, standing near the little bed, threw upon the child an earnest look, very grave, but of an inexpressible sweetness.

He shook his head, looked at the anxious father, the grief-stricken mother, and said, smiling, "He is right; this is not Boum-Boum!" and then he went out.

"I cannot see him, I will never see Boum-Boum any more!" repeated the child, whose little voice spoke to the sum-Boum more!" repeated the child, whose little voice spoke to the solum-Boum is perhaps there, there, where little Francois will soon go."

And suddenly—it was only half an hour since the clown had disappeared.—the door opened quickly and in his black, spangled clothes, his yellow cap on his head, the gilded butterfly on his breast and on his back, with a smile as big as the mouth of a money box and a powdered face, Boum-Boum of the circus, the Boum-Boum of the popular neighborhood, the Boum-Boum of little Francois—Boum-Boum mappeared.
Lying on his little white bed the child clapped his thin, little hands, langhing, crying, happy, saved, with a joy of life in his eyes, and cried 'Bravo' with his seven-year gayety which all at once kindled up like a match:

"Boum-Boum! It is he, it is he, this time! Here is Boum-Boum of the popular meighborhood and the core is the provided of the helpless, terrified mother: Without a second's hesital time! Here is Boum-Boum of the popular neighborhood and the devoted daughter rushed to her aid.

A shovel of hot coals from the glowing fire thrown directly against the horizone and the door between the two apartments, only to the hearth rug, lay the little bother and sister, and crawling slowly across the £00 courself the count of the work at the count of the work at the capture of the hope of young kittens or public, exight the work and writhed. I

this time! Here is Boum-Boum! the vicious eyes of the angry creature Long live Boum-Boum! Good day, be compared to strengthen and intensity his fury. Apparently his entire will was now bent upon the destruction of the helpless woman on the bedside a clown with a pale face who

"Thou knowest, if thou dost not drink, little Francois, Boum-Boum will not come back any more."
So the child drank.
"Is it not good?"

'Very good! Thanks, Boum-Boum

nearly three million tons and those of 1904 by over thirteen millions.

Zion Hill's "Sacred Eleven."

Preparations have begun for the celebration next year of the centen-nial of Andover Theological Semin-ary. There are only eleven students all told there now, but it has an en-dowment of \$1,000,000, and its prodespite intelligence and experience and the best of equipment and leadfessors outnumber the students. In the century just closing, however, 2168 students have been graduated, gregational ministry. Last year only six gained a degree. During the last six years sixteen students were the highest enrollment for any one year. The present enrollment is termed the

The King was at the station when favorable should have been at the Jockey Club's rooms, and there was nothing for it but to hail a cab from the ranks and ride en petit gentilhomme. It must have been a proud moment for for fear the supply of provisions would not be sufficient to provision the retreat if any further northing was attempted.—New York Globe. William Challis, licensed cabman of Newmarket. He is a made man—if he has the normal endowment of a cabman's wit, at any rate—for who can resist him now when he says, can resist nim now when he says,
"Thankee, sir; you've ridden in the
werry cab and on the werry cushion
the King did, an' 'e tipped me 'andsome, God bless him for a gentleman!"—Fall Mall Gazette.

water can be sterilized with ozone at the cost of about a cent and a half