

LOVE LIES IN THY SILENT SOUL.

I'd sing my song of thee, love, as none hath ever sung. So mine it were, so thine it were, No other heart had dreamed of it since primal man was young.

The Indian Herd Boy

The Englishman came riding over the fields at sunset. He had been out to a canal where the people were wrangling over water.

LONDON CLUBS.

They Are Practically Social—the Old Ones, That Is.

On the Bleachers

N the bleachers, however, there is much the same talk as among collegians, though muffled less gently, and absolutely the same belief in the cosmic importance of sport.

Sixty Years in a Russian Prison

Russian of today, who, without leaving his church, preaches unorthodox sobriety, truthfulness, honesty, and clean living, attracts his fellowmen and makes them better than he found them.

To Restore Copper Plant Prints.

Fasten the print with tacks to a suitable board and by means of a soft brush wash it off very carefully with water, in which, to 1000 parts, 50 parts of carbonate of ammonia have been dissolved.

And you, too, do miracles, little man, and heal the sick?

little boy and ignorant. When men are ill of fever they send for me, and I come to them and wave my shawl over them, and touch them, and pray to my grandfather, and breathe upon them. Then, if God wills and they have faith, the fever departs from them, by the virtue of my grandfather.

"Will this be your life, to tend this shrine and heal the sick? Will you, too, become a saint?"

"I can never become a saint, for I am poor and ignorant and cannot read the holy books, and am a sinner and nothing worth. My grandfather's tomb I must always tend, and burn lamps before it, and lay rich cloths upon it on Fridays. When my father lay dying he called to me and said, 'When I am dead you may heal the sick in my father's name, as I have healed them, and you must always tend my father's shrine. Until you grow up to man's estate you shall do thus; but when you are a man, and your beard grows, then go to the holy saint in such a place, and ask him, 'Shall I heal the sick in my grandfather's name as I have done, or shall I stop and leave miracles to those who have learning?'"

"But why do you cough so, boy; it seems to tear your chest?"

"This cough is nothing. It will be better in the spring, when the warm weather comes." He coughed again and again, in a paroxysm of coughing, and then he spat upon the ground. The Englishman looked, and saw that the boy had spat bright red blood from the arteries of his lungs. He remembered the poet Keats, how he had spat such blood on his pillow, and looking, had said, 'There is my death warrant.'

As everybody knows, our oldest clubs were developed out of the original coffee houses nearly two centuries ago, and the newer clubs, as they were formed from time to time, consisted in the first instance of many members experienced in the older, and so the good tradition was kept up.

Thus the Bachelors, a comparatively recent club, has a character very like that of White's which is one of the very oldest. The tone of the really social club is that of an easy familiarity. A member going in for his luncheon or dinner drops naturally into a seat close to another member and starts a conversation.

And you, too, do miracles, little man, and heal the sick?"

"Yes, my grandfather made them. They came before him and begged his intercession. Then he took a lock of their hair and cut it off by their heads and burned it, or dropped it in running water, and he entered their names in his book, and he grasped their right hand in his. So their soul met his soul, and they were his followers, and he held their hands. How shall a man's soul approach his Maker, all sinful as he is, unless a holy saint hold him by the hand and intercede for him to God? My father could not do this, still less can I, but for the memory of my grandfather men still come to me. By his father's virtues my father did miracles and healed the sick, but especially those who were sick of a fever."

"And you, too, do miracles, little man, and heal the sick?"

"My grandfather was a holy man, and he has heard by prayer. I do miracles at times, but of course they are only little miracles, for I am only a

The All Big Gun Ship Target Practice, Not War, Suggested the New Type.

By Walter S. Merriwether.

It is popularly supposed that the running fight which followed the sortie from Port Arthur provided the first hint of the all big gun ship. It will therefore come as a surprise to many to know that the value of the all big gun ship had been recognized prior to the outbreak of the war in the East, and that the type itself had been evolved not from any information furnished by Japan, nor in Great Britain, but right here in America.

The idea of the type originated in target practice. Up to a few years ago there was practically no target practice in our navy. The result of this lack of practice showed at Santiago, where there was only about 2 percent of hits made by the American fleet. The Spanish fleet was destroyed, but while America was cheering in its millions its navy defenders were soberly thinking of that very small percentage of hits. As a result the navy went at target practice in a serious and thorough way. Then for the first time was introduced the practice of firing at long ranges. The discovery was soon made that range finders are of little use—the gun itself had to be depended upon to get the range. The next important fact noticed was that a variety of calibres brought much confusion, as in the fall of shots the markers were unable to distinguish one from the other. Here was another matter of essence. The bigger the gun the flatter the trajectory, and with two or more different calibres firing at the same time it was found to be impossible to distinguish between them, and consequently impossible accurately to estimate the range.

Women and the Ballot

By Ellis Meredith.

WHAT does the possession of the ballot mean to women? Much or little, according to the woman, just as it means much or little to the individual man. Duty is always largely a matter of personal equation. Many men and women carry the obligations lightly. They pay their debts when they get ready, or are compelled by process of law, and curfew ordinances are enacted for the benefit of their children.

And right at this point may be found one of the fundamental differences between men and women in politics. The man whose boy is brought home by the policeman or truncheon officer may be intensely interested in politics, national politics. He may be rabid on the subject of the tariff, and hardly know the name of his alderman. The woman who is interested in politics begins at home, and has a vital interest in the quantity and purity of the water supply. She wants to know why the streets are not kept clean, and she is willing to help. It was the women of Denver who prevailed on the authorities to park Twenty-third Avenue, put up anti-expectoration signs, and provide garbage cans and drinking fountains at the street corners. Denver's politics are unquestionably dirty, but Denver itself is a clean city. To be sure, the smoke consumer ordinance is not enforced, nor the Sunday and midnight closing ordinances, because Denver is run upon the principle, so highly lauded, that "municipal government is business, not politics," and there is a very perfect arrangement between the administration and many of the leading businesses of the city. Anything that can be done for the city without incommencing them can be accomplished, but business must not be interfered with, so the all-night saloon flourishes.—From The Atlantic.

On the Bleachers

N the bleachers, however, there is much the same talk as among collegians, though muffled less gently, and absolutely the same belief in the cosmic importance of sport. Have not vanquished football braves been known to weep? Once, when a victorious eleven were shedding their mole skins amid profane exultings, their trainer burst into the dressing-room, lifted a reverent hand, and cried, "Silence, boys! Now everybody sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!'" which they did in perfect solemnity. When such excesses occur among seekers after wisdom, why scorn poor Micky for calling baseball the most serious occupation of a serious people? His microcosmos refuses admittance to larger interests. The players, now at practice down below—they are lions, heroes, sublime demigods, in Micky's eyes. Pity him, then, for his failure to identify them; "beneath the cupola," Paris is equally at a loss to identify its Forty Immortals; as Monsieur le Ministre appeals to Madame la Marchese, so Micky appeals to Rastus Jones, and Rastus to a truckman, who in turn invites elucidation from a freckled office-boy. There are loud assertions, louder contradictions, as is scarcely surprising, so extraordinary is the family-resemblance that pervades the profession. Always the lithe, nimble figure; always the shaven face; always the bold nose and assertive chin. Later, when the game is on, we shall know the artists by reference to the score-card.—The Atlantic.

Sixty Years in a Russian Prison

Russian of today, who, without leaving his church, preaches unorthodox sobriety, truthfulness, honesty, and clean living, attracts his fellowmen and makes them better than he found them, is complained of by the priests, and whirled away to the cloister prison. There he is no longer thrust into a "stone sack," as in olden times, but immured in a bare, narrow cell, the walls of which are slimy with ooze. The one little light aperture has three window-frames—two iron gratings, and a pane of semi-opaque, greenish glass. He is denied pen and paper, is forbidden to talk with his fellow prisoners, and forfeits his very name, in lieu of which he has a number. In a word, he is dead, and is waiting only to be buried. From time to time a priest may enter; his cell and exhort him to abandon his "errors," but after the first few months even this opportunity of hearing a human voice is taken away, and he is left with only such hope as death may fulfil. And some of these obscure martyrs have waited long for that merciful end. One man, named Shubin—an "Old Believer," who in essentials was a member of the Orthodox Greek church, spent sixty-three years of his life in the fortress of Solovetsk Monastery.

PENNSYLVANIA Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

MANY CATTLE KILLED. Inspectors Slay 750 to Stop Spread of Foot and Mouth Disease.

Philadelphia.—It was reported from West Chester that 100 head of cattle had been killed near there by the authorities following an investigation into the condition of a herd of cattle reported on Sunday as suffering from the foot and mouth disease. Nearly 150 cattle were also killed in Snyder county, according to a report from Sellus Grove.

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