I watch the white sails as they spread Their wings, like bir la set free And some o'er distant waves will glide, Some in the wished-for haven bide, And some-be lost at sea.

And thus, upon Life's changeful main, While Hope sang merrily, Full many a barque from off the strand We launched with eager heart and hand, Nor droamt of loss at sea.

But were there treacherous rocks and shoa All, all unknown to thee? It matters not the beart doth know That ernel storm bath sunken low The venture out at mea.

Maylup it was no costly freight, The' rich to you or me; And Memory, as the days go by, Still counteth o'er with tearful eye Her tremsures lost at sea.

Ab, well, there is a haven sweet Where shipwreek cannot be; sad hearts, who sit in patient pain, There shall ye gather back again Much that was lost at son. -- Lucy R. Fieming, in Harper's Bazar,

A CIRCUITOUS SUCCESS

BY INABEL HOLMES,



T was rather dark in the hallway Jones went upstairs to his net quarters, fourth floor back. Someone

was on the stairs. He discerned a woman's form in the niche near the second floor and the glimmering of a hand holding back skirts for him to pass. There was a faint breath of exquisite perlume about

"Excuse me," he said. Just then the gas flared out in the lower hall. He made out a soft, oval face and a dainty figure, as he passed. Julian was a big fellow, with features of strength rather than of beauty, but for all that he was a "sensitive," whose impressions of people were as sure as a dog's instinct about his master. The young woman's "atmosphere" was agreeable. It followed him to his room.

He lighted the gas and looked around. It was a goodish den for a literary worker. The carpet of pale greens and olives was almost new. The windows had lace curtains, and a fair outlook.

He sat down and tilted back his chair. A curious plot for a story had come into his mind. It seemed to start out of that chance encounter on the stairs, yet he scarcely realized it then, so subtle is the action of the brain.

His heart began to beat quickly. He had done a good deal of patient work in the past, with indifferent success, but such impromptu mental activity was new. He took it as a good omen. He had a strain of what we call superstition in his nature. strange dream had impressed him with the belief that with his change of quarters something was to happenfor the better.

The bright, unique ideas came pouring into his mind like a flood. pencil in his pocket, and looked around for paper. He had not a scrap. His trunks would not come till morning. If he stirred from the room to bunt up a stationer the aroma of the story would be sure to escape. He thought desperately of his cuffs, his shirt bosom, and execrated the motley wall paper. Had it been plain, it should have done duty as a tablet.

He sprang from his chair. The covering of the square table in the sorner was of white oilcloth-imita-tion "marble." He sat down and He sat down and marked it off in spaces. The pencil glided over it smoothly. He wrote quickly and without effort. He knew he had never done anything like this before. Some one seemed to be dictating at his elbow. He had heard and read of such cases. Now he was the anbiect. He wrote column after column till the cloth was covered. He leaned back and surveyed it. He knew the thing was unique and exquisitely wrought out. It was a love story, with that dainty creature on the dim stairway flitting through it. Julian's eyes grew misty. He looked at his watch. The three hours he had been writing had seemed but five minutes.

had seemed but five minutes.

It was early yet, not 11 o'clock. He locked the door and went out on the street. He had a vague idea of getting paper from some hotel clerk. He could not feel easy until his story was in

manuscript.

He turned into the avenue. The thunder of the elevated was in his cars. A team was dashing along reck-lessly underneath it. He attempted cross. Round the corner was - House. The subtle fascination of the story was yet upon him. In the midst of it he was conscious of a sudden shock, a pain crossing the sweet-making horrible discord, then all be-came blank.

He was pulled from under the feet of the horses. The blood flowed from a wound made by the cruel hoof. No address could be found on him

and he was carried to a hospital. had been severely but not fatally in

Brain fever set in, but an excellent constitution was in his favor. In his seasons of delirium the marble oilcloth haunted him. Sometimes it hung over him like an awning with the letters like a thousand eyes staring at him. Then they changed into Chinese hieroglyphics, and the young woman on the stairs was wrinkling woman on the states was writing her lovely brow in vain endeavors to decipher them. Again the cloth was waving like a banner from the roof of the Daily Fizzler.

Through careful nursing he came

previous story, which was to inaugurate a new era, what had become of it?
Four weeks he had been lying there
they told him. In that time the room would be let to a new tenant, and his story scrubbed off the cloth by some wooden-headed chambermaid. fretted and fumed over it. His omen of good luck had been demolished by a sledge hammer.

"Don't you want to look over these papers?" queried the pretty, cheerful nurse, placing a pile before him. "You need to keep up with the times."

Julian tossed them over half savagely and came presently upon something that made his heart thump. His story was looking him in the face from the columns of the Exaggerator. It was entitled "Into His Kingdom." The letters seemed to wink and blink at

him knowingly.

He read it through. There had been scarcely any alteration. Some-body had got ahead of the chambermaid and copied it, selling it as his or her own production. He should never be able to prove its authorship. grouned in spirit.

Presently he came upon a copy the Daily Fizzler, three weeks old. There he found the story, headed by a sensational paragraph, which was evidently its first appearance, the

other paper being a copy.

Julian was half amused, half annoyed over the conjectures about the author. The paragraph set forth the production found on the oileloth as the last effort of an unfortunate son of genius. Driven to extremity, without a penny even to buy paper, he had fixed his last ideas upon the only white surface he could command, and then he had gone out into the night and committed suicide. One of those unidentified bodies at the mogue was his, probably. Could be have staved off despair twenty-four hours longer the ice would have been broken.

Julian breathed freer. The copyist then had not palmed off the produc-tion as his or her own. He could yet claim it without dispute.

As soon as he was on his feet he called on the editor of the Daily Fizzler, who knew him by sight, and had prophesied success for him some day. 'It seems I have been figuring in the Fizzler lately as an impecunious sui-

cide," said Julian, bluntly. The editor laid down his pen. "Ex-

plain," he said.

Julian told the story. "Like another man, you awake to find yourself famous," said the editor, offering his hand. "That story has been copied all over the country. It is a gem of its kind."

'I'm not sure I shall ever do so well

again," said Julian.
"What is once done can be done again. You will now command a

hearing." "How did you get hold of it?" "It was sent in by-by-" consult ing a memorandum-"by Miss Cora

heeler, 142 - street." "Why, I wrote the story at that house!

"She sent a note stating the facts, and Bolton, you know, touched them up a trifle. None of us suspected you. The landlady believed your name was Jones, but, on second thought, didn't know but it was Smith."

"I had only a word with her when I engaged the room.'

"I may as well pay you to-day," said the editor as he filled out a check. A glance showed Julian it was drawn for one hundred dollars. He was in

luck after all, it s. med. Next he rode uptown and rang the bell at 142 - street. How much had happened since he first went up those steps, less than six weeks ago!

The girl who opened the door looked at him blankly when he asked for Miss Wheeler, and showed him into a small reception room while she

took his card. He was presently asked to step up-stairs, third floor, front.

The door was half open, showing a prettily furnished interior. He tapped gently. There was a rustling behind a dark green portiere, and a young woman stepped out from behind it and greeted him with "Good morning." She was the one he had met on the stairs in the gloom, he could swear. There was the same faint perfume about her garments; and, besides, he

knew her atmosphere.
"You are Miss Cora Wheeler?" She bowed.

"And I am Julian Jones. I wrote the story on the oilcloth. I am told it found its way into print through you. I have come to thank you."

Miss Wheeler was about as breathless as Julian. She motioned him to a chair and sat down. The facts he had presented rapidly grouped them-selves at once logically in her mind.
"Then you did not commit sui-cide," she said, with a mirthful glance at his muscular frame, adding,

'I never thought you did."

"I never thought you did."

"I suppose I came pretty near
'shuffling off," he said, and he repeated his story.

"I expected something of the sort
had happened," said Miss Wheeler,
"though there were all sorts of conjectures. The landlady called me up
to read what you had written. She
thought it might denote, denote—"
"Insanity?"

"Insanity?"

"It enchanted me. I write a little myself, you see. I sent it to the Fizzler. It was copied everywhere. You are a genius."
"With the right sort of inspira-

tion," corrected Julian. It looks now as if the pair would go into partnership.—New York Morcury.

Gertrude-"I heard that Mr. Brush woman on the stairs was wrinking ther lovely brow in vain endeavors to decipher them. Again the cloth was waving like a banner from the roof of the Daily Fizzler.

Through careful nursing he came out of the tangle at length, and began to recall just what had happened. His you among them. —Brooklyn Life.

PRAIRIE TYPES.

VANISHING PECULIARITIES OF FAR WESTERN PLAINS.

The Early Settlers' Residences Were the Dugout and the Sod House-The Claim-Cattle Trails and Cowboys-Prairie Schooners.

MOUND of earth, a tiny swell in the limitless ocean of level sod, the dugont was the first refuge of the dweller on the It was the emblem of the mound-builder age in western develop-Near to nature's heart indeed those who inhabited it. The walls of their home touched every land and nation. The first step in its erection was to shovel out the rich dark virgin earth as if for a cellar. In building no other kind of house does one begin at the top. When the ex-cavation reached a depth of four or five feet slanting rafters were thrown across, sod and dirt piled on, a chimney opening left and the residence was complete. A blanket was the first door-wooden panels came later. Lone Prairie one such dwelling had two window panes fixed roughly in its front wall and for miles its fame as "the shack with glass eyes" spread, giving its owner considerable prestige and renown.

Three or four steps downward led into the dugout, much as did a stairway cut in the rock conduct one to the humble dwellings of highland cottars in ancient times. Once inside you often found a most homelike and cozy apartment. Whitewash frequently covered the earth-walls, and an ample hearth and blazing fire completed a cheery picture.

Sometimes there was more than one room, board or cloth partitions divid ing the interior. Upon the earth-covering of the primitive dwelling many a housewife sowed the little package of flower seeds brought with precious care from the old New Eng-land home, and produced a veritable roof-garden. Old-fashioned holly-hocks, four-o'clocks, pinks and marigolds tossed and nodded their gay heads in the prairie breezes, strange visitants among the wild flowers and tumbleweeds of the west.



Winds shook not nor could waters wash away the dugout. It was as substantial as the prairie itself, and many a plainsman risen to better things, re as a refuge, should a tornado threaten his more modern home.

The dugout as a family dwelling is

no more. Locomotives' smoke rolls over nearly every section of the cheaper, more primitive dwelling. Only a herder here and there, or a hunting party making a long stay, condescends to seek its humble pro-

as above ground instead of below. settler has become a farmer, or a tions. In a neighborhood where dugouts were the rule, the owner of a sod hous: was an aristocrat.

which is not rehearsed a crude favorite,

"I'm looking rather seedy now, while hold-ing down my claim.

My vituals are not always served the best;
And the mice play slyly round me in my shanty on the claim
As I lay me down alone at night to rest.

The hinges are of leather and the windows

very small,
The roof it lets the howling blizzard in,
But I'm happy as a clam on this land of
Uncle Sam's
In my little old sod shanty on the claim."

It took skill to build a sod house.

Not every one could construct a wall of earth that would stand the winds

and storms of years. Slabs of the firmly knitted grass roots, undisturbed

for centuries, were cut two and a half

feet long by two feet wide, and laid

one on another as in buildings of stone. Rough window and door frames were built in and sometimes a board roof was afforded, though more

often it was poles covered with sod

The sod house was the most common

first residence of immigrants. There

was a poetic appropriateness in mak-ing their very shelter out of the land

they had acquired after so long a journey sunsetward, and so much planning and effort.

Within the sod house you found

paid for by close economizing in the management of the claim.

In those early days of prairie de-velopment school houses and even churches were of sod, small, to be sure, but large enough for that generation. With added prosperity the sold wall has been relegated to the stable and the tool house; but on many a homestead the father and the trails and running his barbed-wire mother, now grown gray and careworn, look through lacehung windows at the queer formaken soil shanty standing back among the trees, and recall, not without regret, the happy days spent therein -days when hearts were young, when care was yet to be known, when life was all before them and the now decaying, despised sod his sphere, was the cowboy, the stage

ketable animals.
The cattle trails, first located b the herders as convenience dictated, became recognized as the prairie's thoroughfares, just as cowpaths are reputed to have become an American city's streets. But the new develop-ment of the west is making them obfences scross their courses. The open ing of the Cherokee Strip and Oklahoma ended the existence of greater ones-features around which clustered so much of trade, romane and adventure.



A ROD SCHOOL HOUSE.

To toil slowly over weary leagues of pathless plain or to race smid a mad cataract of rushing humanity at the crack of a rifle, to stop suddenly and call the place your own—that has been the experience of the settlers who during the past two decades have, either by entry or in the opening of Indian reservations, secured claims on the prairies. The land once obtained, the battle was, however, but begun. The plainsmen called the prairie "wild," and said it must be "tamed." They well expressed the situation, for there is no poetry in developing a well-tilled and improved farm out of a hundred and sixty raw scres.

Mighty hopes centered around the half-mile square on which after so much preparation the settler began life again. Those reared beneath ancestral roofs can little realize the allabsorbing optimism that prevades the prairie home. Inspired by its radiance husband and wife skimp and save and struggle, enduring and suffering all. in order to realize the more perfect prosperity that the future offers. From from an inside pocket the picture of the claim to the city addition with its streets, alleys, electric lights and trolley wires is a long step, but western lands have often taken it, and there is to the settler no reason why his own possession should not repeat the his

There was something inspiring in the word "claim." The land represented was not purchased, leased or loaned—it was "claimed" by the holder as his right as an American citizen to the unused territory of the tains the bumble structure in which hation. The first who came were first he began the new life on the prairies, served and eager—sometimes bloody served and eager—sometimes bloody— were the contests over desirable quarter-sections "claimed" by more

than one settler. The claim was the financial salvation of thousands of deserving families during the past two decades, and it is unfortunate that Uncle Sam has been compelled to tell his children that he can no more "give them all a farm." The claim and the settler can figure The sod house was an evolution and no more in western development-be an advancement from the dugout. It cause the claims are all taken and the It had windows and shape and parti- estate speculator, or an office-holder.

Leading up from the ranches of the southwest to the northern shipping The dugout points, taking their way over hill, has never been celebrated in song, but valley and river, washed by rains, seldom is there a western "school ex swept by the winds, trodden by mil-hibition" or "lyceum" meeting at lions of pattering hoofs, the cattle

trails of the prairies for twenty years

were unique features in western land-scapes. Great furrows they were, two to three hundred feet wide, chocolate-

colored bands on the green of the plains. Along their undulating course herd after herd plodded its northward

way. None ever came back—for the little seas of thin, nervous faces, slen-

der branching horns and hairy backs that became such familiar sights were

but supplies for the waiting shambles

The wealth of an empire moved over

these broad highways. In a single season nearly a million Texas cattle

traversed them. To see the herds instinctively arrange themselves in order like an army, with the same leaders

of city market places.

THE SOD SHANTY.

house seemed a palace because it was hero of the west. His character has been so maligned and lauded, heaped with glamour and contumely, that one who has not met the real article considers him either a prince of romance or a monster. Occasionally a man stalks down a Chicago, New York or Boston street wearing a widebrimmed white hat, leathern trousers and blouse, broad belt and high boots with long jingling spurs. He glares flercely from side to side and the impressionable stare wonderingly at the swaggering creature, thinking they gaze at a cowboy. They are mistaken —it is the basest immitation. The real cowboy does not wear outlandish dress nor swagger. He is engaged in too serious business to make a travesty of his calling. Not without training and a clear brain can one take part in handling a herd of wild Texas steers from the back of a still wilder bron-

> The cowboy works hard seven days in the week. He is usually an ambitious young man who has come west to seek a livelihood, and if you watch him you will see him occasionally take a brighteyed eastern girl, the memory



AN IMPROVED DUGGUT.

ing storm compels constant riding in

order to control the herd. Eleven months of the cowboy's year are spent on the range-which means on the monotonous prairie twenty or thirty miles from a railway. The other month goes in taking the cattle to the shipping station, and usually includes a week of revelry, which gives such places the name of being the worst towns on earth. The cowboy is but human, and his lonely life tends to make his weakness more noticeable when he comes before the public's

The dividing of the great ranches of the prairies into farms has driven the cattle owners and the cowboy to the ranges of Montana and Wyoming. In Texas and Kansas, where he gained his fame, he is forgotten, except as some old-timer recalls the early days of his prominence. Brave, chivalrons and faithful, the cowboy is not a bad fellow. He is neither the tinseled desperado of the stage nor the vin-dictive villain of fiction. Like the troubadour and the puritan, he has a fixed place in popular ideas, and so seldom is a representative of his class seen that it is doubtful if the current impression of his character can ever

The prairie schooner was the May-flower of western immigration. The family that crossed the Mississippi to the sound of its creaking wheels feels a decided advantage over the one that was hurried westward on the luxurious divans of a Pullman car. Not unlike a vessel was it with its huge poke-bonnet-like white canvas cover, sailing steadily through the sea of waving prairie grass. It was of this ship of the plains that Whittier thought when he wrote the "Kansas Emigrant's

Song:"
We cross the prairies as of old
The Pligrims crossed the sea." day after day was a study for the na-turalist. Rivers were crossed with-out confusion, herders riding their swimming bronchos beside the bovine A lean and lazy team, a bearded commanders of the battalion. At night, "rounded up," the cattle lay close together, a huge circle of breathing, living animal force. The crackle of a stick, the snort of a horse, the howl of a coyote, and ten thousand panic-stricken steers, any one of which would not hesitate to attack a man or horse alone, were stampeded, to be man on the front seat, a wife and babe surrounded by bedding, cooking utensils and provisions just visible beneath the half raised side curtains, some chairs tied to the rear and a colt or cow led behind—that was the prairie panic-stricken steers, any one of which would not hesitate to attack a man or horse alone, were stampeded, to be again controlled only after hours of plodded toward the mountains along

more that in the dugout. There was a stove, a carpet, sewing machine, rocking chairs, and mayhap an organ. The cattle trails, first located by family that has made it a habitation while in search of an abiding-place has steered as fancy or interest dis-

The last grand review of the prairie schooner fleet was when on a beautiful day of the autumn of 1893 hundreds of them lined up, ready to be hurried into hunting grounds of the redskins. When the signal was given at high noon, and the memorable "rush" had taken place, scattering the congre-gated homescekers in a moment over the waiting lands, the display was ended for American history. Never again can so many of these old wagons be gathered.

The prairie schooner was freighted. as is the white-winged traveler of the ocean, with hopes and sorrows. Oft-times the long journey, the furnace-heated south winds and the constant jar were out the tiny spark of life in tne baby's breast, and the mother never recalls the pilgrimage without thinking of a little mound that nestles low amid the prairie grasses some-where along their course.

At an artists' exhibition last winter a western railroad president purchased at an exhorbitant price a large painting of a typical prairie schooner. "I shall hang it," said he, "beside a superb drawing of my private car. Had my parents not ridden in a prairie schooner I should not now enjoy the

luxury of a palace on wheels."

Had the pioneers of the Western States disdained the picturesque but lumbering vehicle and the sturdy toil of which it may well be considered an emblem, the splendid development of the trans-Mississippi region might be yet far from accomplished.—Detroit

Holland's Girl Queen.

The little Queen of Holland seems to have passed out of that delicate state



WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

of health which so slarmed her loyal subjects a year or so ago, if this picture represents her accurately. Sho is certainly a blooming enough youn; person here. It is her latest portrait and delights her people greatly, not only because it shows her in so robust a state but because she is wearing in it the national peasant dress.—New York World,

A Very Smart Jacket,

Huge leg-o'-mutton sleeves are seen on the natty jacket shown here. It is cut from light beige colored cloth, made tight litting, and fastens in front with small ivory buttons. A Figure is imitated by a wide bias fold of cloth stitched three times. Tax sleeves are also machine stitched at the wrists, as well as at the sides and bottom of the garment. It is finished by with three buttons each, and two collars, also of white cloth, the second



ending at the shoulder seam and being considerably higher than the other,

Italy has 4,800,000 lemon trees, which produce about 1,280,000,000 lemons annually.



Lady of the House-"I am a poor, one widow, sir; and-

Ragged Haggard—"I'd like to ac-commodate you, Ma'am; but I am al-ready betrothed."—Puck.