THINGS YET TO BE,

Some say this world is an old, old world, But it's always been new to me; With its boundless range of ceaseless change, And hope of things to be,

A new friend takes my hand When the old ones pass away The old days die, but the light in the sky Is the dawn of another day,

Some say this world is a cold, cold world But it's always been bright to me; With its bearthstone fires and warm desires

For the things that are yet to be, And if I must labor, I wait, And trust to the fields I have sown ,

For I know there is truth in the promise youth : I will some time come to my own

Some say this world is a sad, sad world, But it's always been glad to me; For the brook never laughs like my

when it quaffs And feasts on the things to be, The night comes on with its rest; The morning comes on with its song The hours of grief are few and brief, But joy is a whole life long.

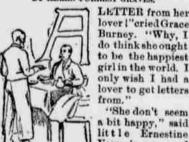
Some say this world is a bad, bad world, But it's always been good to me : With its errors there live dear hearts that

forgive, And hope for the things to be, This world is not old or cold ; This world is not sad or bad If you look to the right, forgetting the night, And say to your soul "Be glad."

—Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Record,

THE OTHER GIRL.

BY HELEN PORREST GRAVES.



whisper.

LETTER from her lover l"cried Grace Burney. "Why, I do think she ought to be the happiest girl in the world. I only wish I had a lover to get letters

a bit happy," said little Ernestine Vaux, in an awed "Oh, dear, how I should like to read a real lover's letter !"

And all the time Lesbia Field sat quite silent, her eyes fixed on vacancy, and a troubled curve to her lip.

The three girls were guests of Mrs.

Delacroix, an elegant elderly lady, who liked to surround herself with the society of attractive young people, seeing that she had no daughters and nieces of her own.

She had met Lesbia Field, one summer, in a lonely place in the woods, and had perceived her capabilities at

"That girl," said Mrs. Delacroix, "has it in her to make a success in society. The idea of her wasting her sweetness in a place like this!"

And she boldly asked Aunt Zilpah
Field to "lend" Lesbia to her, for a

season.

"She hain't got no clothes," said the old woman, dubiously, adjusting her spectacles on the bridge of her "That is, fit for the city. be-sure, she's got a little school-teachin' money laid up, and I could lend her fifty dollars out of the

"Oh, I'll see to all that!" said Mrs. Delacroix, joyfully.
Of course Lesbia was fascinated by

the charming city lady, and allowed herself to be carried off without the least protestation. And, in the general novelty and confusion of things, she never said a word about her engagement to Thomas Tarbox.

Thomas was a hard working schoolcountry district, and Lesbia had thought it a great piece of good fortune when he asked her to be his wife.

They had planned a simple country home and a lifetime of quiet happi-ness together, and Mr. Tarbox was rather surprised when he heard of explain the puzzle. Lesbia is young," he told himself.

"She will enjoy a brief glimpse of the city."

"Thomas will never understand!" was Lesbia's impatient thought.

Mrs. Delacroix had borrowed Lesbia for only a few weeks at first, but a year went by. Aunt Zilpah paid the debt of nature, and still Miss Field remained with Mrs. Delacroix.

"I couldn't spare her, any way in the world," said the fashionable lady. "She writes my notes, prepares my menus and reads to me in that sweet voice of hers. My cousin, Grace Burney, is very well, and dear little Ernestine, my husband's relative, is a gem; but Lesbia suits me exactly."

Yes, it was a letter from Thomas Tarbox. He had an opportunity to come to New York, he wrote. wanted to burrow among the treasures of the Astor Library for some data for an article he was preparing on "Ancient Coins and Their Significance," and he looked forward with pleasure to the chance of seeing Les-bia at last.

"How delightful!" said Mrs. Dela-croix. "Of course, you're enrap-tured, dear!"

Lesbia looked up with a sudden start—a conventional smile.

Was she enraptured?

And in the same moment a guilty pang pierced her heart. She felt like an arch-traitress.

"Ask him to come here," said Mrs. Delacroix. "There's the little room

over the breakfast parlor—just the very thing for a bachelor's den."

"Oh, thanks, it's very kind of you!" said Lesbia, feeling her color come and go. "But, I—I don't think he'd and go. "But, I—I don't the like it here as well as a quieter piace. He's rather sby and—and unacous-

tomed to society."
"Ah!" said Mrs, Delacroix. But she looked somewhat curiously at Lesbia's burning check.

"Is it very nice to receive a letter from your lover?" whispered she. "Oh, if I could only have a peep at

"Nonsense!" said Lesbia, sharply. But when she was in her own room

the tears gushed to her eyes.

Was she really ashamed of honest
Thomas Tarbox? and was it very wrong of her? Why had she declined for him Mrs. Delscroix's invitation to her ball the next week? Of course, he was a very worthy young man, but she shuddered as she thought of the clothes he would probably wear—of his country-cut hair—among Mrs. Delacroix's guests. Was she ashamed of him a shamed of him as the statement of the statement was shamed of him as the same of him?

Grace Burney was chatting merrily with Miss Staats-Burgoyne when Les-bia came down to the dinner-table that evening.

"The handsomest man I ever saw!" said she. "Don't you think so,

Sophy?"
"Oh, handsome—yes!" said Miss Staats-Burgoyne, who was a great heiress and a little niece of Mr. Staats Von Staatsburg on one side and sole daughter of the Burgoynes on the other. "But it isn't his face altogeth-

er so much as his elegant manners."
"Do invite me to the dinner,"
pleaded Grace. "I must meet him

again." "There's not a vacant seat for the dinner," said Miss Staats-Burgoyne.
"The list is full. But you're down
for the ball afterwards, dear."

"Oh, you darling!" chirped Grace.
"And Lesbia, too?" "Certainly—and Mrs. Delacroix to chaperone you," smiled the heiress,

graciously.

"Oh, I wish I was old enough to go into society!" said Ernestine, despair-

ingly. "But," added Miss Staats-Burgoyne, "there's no use. I mean to fascinate him.

Grace tossed her head-one of the Tennysonian heads, "brimming over with curls" like a veritable sheet of sunshine.

"I flatter myself I've done something in that way myself," said she. "Only give me a chance, and I'll do more!

"Girls, who is that you are talking about?" said Mrs. Delacroix.
"It's Mr. Evelyn, the Eastern traveler," said Grace. "He's to be at the

Staats-Burgoyne dinner ball. aunty, can't you get him to come here?

Mrs. Delacroix shook her head. "It isn't possible," said she. "His stay is to be so short, and he is so run after!

"But, aunty, when he knows I am your guest!" pleaded Grace. "Be-cause I met him last spring at Tuxedo Park. He was visiting the archœolo-

Park. He was visiting the archæolo-gist, Doctor Desson, you know, and we got to be good friends."
"To-be-sure!" observed Miss Staats-Burgoyne. "He's betrothed to some other woman—a boy and a girl en-gagement, I'm told."

"Fie for shame!" laughed Mrs. De-lacroix. "Flirting with another girl's property!

"All is fair," composedly spoke Miss Staats-Burgoyne, "in love and war."
"The other girl must take care of herself," said Grace. "I mean to be Mrs. Evelyn. Why, aunty, dear, every girl in society is wild after Mr. Eve-

"Dinner is served!" pompously spoke the English butler, opening the satin portieres of the dining-room.

Lesbia Field had taken no note of

the gay conversation transpiring around her. She was still thinking in a perplexed way of the letter she had that morning received.

How should she reply to it? In what words should she make poor Thomas Tarbox understand that all her views of life had changed since she was district school teacher in Sacon-

da County? rather surprised when he heard of Lesbia's abrupt departure. Nor did the letter she afterward sent him quite as if Thomas Tarbox were dying and being buried.

"Was it right?" she kept asking herself. "Was it right?" And all at once common sense an

wered "No."

"I won't be so mean," thought Les bia, with a little catching of the breath. "I'll telegraph to him and tell him to come right here, and then -then he will see how utterly impossible it is for me to keep my engage-ment. He was always a sensible young man, and-oh, I beg your pardon, Grace! You were speaking to me?

"Speaking to you? Of course I as," laughed Miss Burney, of the sunny curls. "What sort of a brown study have you fallen into-with such a woe-begone face, too?"

"We're only telling of his possible case," explained Miss Staats-Burgoyne, slowly sipping a pinespple ice-Grace Burney stealing this elegant Eastern Apollo from his down-east fiancee. She declares she'll do it. And wouldn't it be nice to steal an-

other woman's lover?" "Are they already engaged?" list-lessly asked Lesbia.

"Oh, yes, hard and fast!" Lesbia shrugged one ivory-white shoulder.

"It's the other girl's business to take care of herself," murmured she. "Oh, yes! society is all a battle, where every one's bound to shift for himself. It's all give and take."

And in her heart she thought of Thomas Tarbox, and wished she was in some dark, peaceful corner, where she could cry by herself, for this slow, torturing death of the old love was so hard-so hard!

But presently she resolved to put it all out of her head. "If I'm going to the Staats-Bur-goyne ball," she told horself, "I must have all my wits about me. It's great promotion to be asked to such a function-me, poor little Lesbia Field!"
A smile dimpled her lip as the sud-

Little Ernestine crept closer to her. | den fancy crossed her mind of the little schoolma'am of Saconda listening to Thomas Tarbox's prosaic suit. Could it be possible that she was the same girl? And she didn't write the

letter, after all.
Mrs. Delacroix had ordered two exquisite frocks for Lesbia and Grace.
"My girls must look as well as any
one at this grande affaire!" said she. 'Who knows but that they will meet

their destinies?" The Stants-Burgoyne mansion was a blaze of silver-tongued electric lights, a crush of flowers, a dream of Parisian toilettes, and in their midst Mrs. Delacroix felt a proud consciousness that Lesbis, in her ivory-white satin and rich old lace, set off by the De-lacroix pearls, looked like a white

rosebud, newly opened. She pulled at her hostess' sleeve. "Dear Mrs. Staats-Burgoyne," she whispered, "is that the Eastern trav-eler—the tall man with the straight Greek profile and the towering height? Pray introduce him to Leabia. I do so want the dear girls to meet him."

Mrs. Staats-Burgoyne smiled grac-

iously.

"Miss Field," said she, "allow me to present to you Mr. Evelyn."

Lesbia turned with a little start from a group of fair maidens with whom she was talking. The Eastern traveler bowed low, but Lesbia stood as if she were rooted to the ground.

"Miss Field does not remember that we are old friends," said Mr. Evelyn, with a certain well-bred composure. "I would have come to you at once, Miss Field, but you forbade me. I

am now awaiting your summons."
"It—is never—Thomas Tarbox!" stammered Lesbia, her heart beating as if it would burst through its prison of satin and pearls.

"They call me Tom Evelyn now," said the elegant stranger, smiling curiously. "It was the condition on which I inherited the fortune that has enabled me to travel. I would have written you all about it, Lesbia, if you had condescended to answer my last letter. Will you favor me with the third waltz? And then perhaps we shall be able to talk a little more comprehensively."

He turned with consummate case to

greet a new crowd of strangers, all eager to be introduced to the lion of the evening.

Lesbia gazed at him with a delicious pride ofpossession; and yet, was

he still hers?
"Lesbia!" cried Grace Burney. "You little arch deceiver, you have played us all false! You are 'the

Then, for the first time in her lfe, a sensation of mad jealousy gripped at her heart. Was it the old love flaming up from its half distinct ashes? or was it a newer right, born of that blissful mo-

She replied to Grace's audacious

speech only by a look.

Sophy Staats-Burgoyne recoiled.

"Hush, Grace!" said she. "She's really angry. It's a case of 'hands The other girl is not to be trifled

Until the longed-for waltz came Lesbia Field was wretched. She looked piteously up into Mr. Evelyn's face as

he offered her his arm.
"So I have changed?" said he, half miling.

"Oh, Thomas!" "And if you're not ashamed of

"Please don't, Thomas!" "My darling, pardon me," murmured he. "You are prettier than ever, and I am more in love with you was before Still if sire to be released from our engagement-

"Oh, Thomas, no!"

"You are pale. Does this whirling step make you giddy? Then we will sit out a little while."

When they returned from the cool shadows of Mrs. Staats-Burgoyne's orchid house, Lesbia took the Eastern traveler straight to Mrs. Delacroix. "Lesbia," cried the old lady, "why

didn't you tell me?" "Because," whispered Lesbia, "I Sophy and Grace exchanged mis-

chievous glances. "The other girl is first in the innings," said they. But little Ernestine rejoiced in

"I am to carry the basket of roses, said she, "and scatter flowers on the bride's pathway. Oh, what a beauti-ful thing a wedding is!"—Saturday

The Seal's Strong Sense of Smell. "Among the many singular traits of

character possessed by seals," said Oliver L. Mason, a retired sea captain, bone are more striking than the devotion of the male to its offspring, contrasted with the apathetic attention paid by the mother. The latter will at the least alarm bolt away into the sea and leave her babies behind her, but the bulls mount guard over the swarming herds of young and nothing can exceed their devotion and courage when called upon as protectors. The sense of smell possessed by the seals is very strong and will in-variably wake them out of a sound sleep, even if you come upon them ever so quietly to the windward, and you will alarm them in this way much more thoroughly, though you be a half mile distant, than if you came up carelessly from the leeward and ever walked in among them, they seeming to feel that you are not different from one of their own species until they smell you. The chief attraction in these animals is their large, handsome eyes, which indicate great intelli-gence. They are a deep bluish black, with a soft glistening appearance, and the pupil, like the cat's, is capable of great dilation and contraction.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A BULL FIGHT.

HOW THE BRUTAL SPORT CONDUCTED IN SPAIN.

Three Kinds of Bulls-Duties of the Men Who Fight the Brutes -Raising Bulls for the Ring.

HATEVER the morality of the thing may be, nothing is more stirring and imposing than the first part of an extensive bull fight. There is the ceremonious entrance to the blare of trumpets, the procession of historic costumes, crimson, pale blue, white and capary, pea green, silver, white and pink, scarlet, black, dark blue and white—and over all the brilliant sunlight and the enthusiasm of an audience blazing with excitement.

The ring at Tarragona has seats for 17,000 people-more than the entire population of the lift's city on the Modifierrances, with a New York Rer correspondent, and yet the scats are often tall, for the country people flock in, on fort, on donkeys, asses, horses and in bullock-cart. When the great band strikes up the stirring march, when the thousands on the beaches begin to move themselves uneasily and scream down greatings to their favorite fighters, when the long procession glitters in the ring, you have a scene before you not to be forgatten.

The central idea of a buil fight is to show the courage and dexterity of crepit. The reason for the introduc-men. It is acknowledged that the bull tion of the horses is (1) to show the is more than a man's match-the bull with his strength, ferocity and sharp horns-the man arme! only with a slender sword. The man must kill the bull with but a single stroke; this stroke must be delivered in a special spot, behind the shoulders, and to give this stroke the man must face the All this is delicate and dangerons -witness the lamentable death of the young and handsome Espartero, cloaks are toreadors; the men who ride killed in the ring at Madrid by a buil the horses are the picadors, and those

of character. When I speak of a bull's

moral qualities, it is no idle word. Bulls are of three kinds, and whenever

a new bull jumps into the ring the

people know by his first movements just what kind of a bull he is. Bulls

dashes, often comically. Then he

who ride them. He is an easy bull to

kill. His adversary knows how he will

act-he is a bull who jumps directly

at the last thing taking his attention.

The parado, or lazy bull, comes on in a little trot, then stops, wheels around and returns to the gate whence

he emerged. But it is necessary to

distrust a lazy bull. Sometimes he becomes irritated in the very midst of

his laziness, and then he is a terrible

BULLS IN THE STALLS

opponent. There is no counting with him then. His character is changed.

however, is the most dangerous of all

Nothing is more splendid than his en-

without excitement. His air is so ma-

as if to ask their admiration. Then pounding on the ground with his fore-feet, he rushes surely at the spears-

man mounted on his shaky and blind-

seems to look entirely at the audience, kind of men.

The aplomado, or level-headed bull,

on the horses and the men

the ring and he is being teased by men with red cloaks, which they flaunt be-He is a slender animal, with small hind quarters, but with a tremen-



dons neck and shoulders. He is rather small than large. His horns are straight and sharp, and he is quite quick and tricky. They flaunt their from their youth up. As soon as a young bull goes beyond the limits of his natural pasturage these cabestros, cloaks before his face, escape by a more inch; they jamp the fence. But for the horse there is no escape. The horses are poor creatures, ready for the shambles. They would be killed anyway, for they are useless and devigor of the bull, who tosses them with wicked strength; (2) it is to tire the bull a little, in order that a single handed man may face him; (3) it is to give the bull a smell of blood, that being naturally what he himself is fighting for; and (4)—it must be said —it is to give the people themselves a smell of blood. They like the blood!

The fighters who have waved the cloaks are toreadors; the men who ride

derilleros. The bull comes with a rush

name, and is applauded by the thou-

The trumpets blow again and the

drum rolls. It is the entrance of the

matador -- the "toreador," as he is in

the high professional who holds the sword. So he is called "espada,"

swordsman, which is the name he pre-

fers. After the Paris Exposition of 1889 when they (the Duke of Veragua

and others) were trying to maintain a

permanent bull ring in the City of Light, there was an outery in the papers, saying that such cruelty was

Courrier Francais brought out a car-

toon by Willette, which, being circulated throughout Spain by humane

Spaniards with a missionary zeal, pro

voked the bitter curses of the popu-lace. It showed a black-faced "es-

pada," or "swordsman," in a bull ring with a dying ball behind him. He

The matador must kill a crazy ani-

mal. The bull is weakened, but the banderilleros with their darts, have

gixen him a temporary strength, which

comes from his aroused ferocity. For

a few moments he is stronger even

ments, full of danger, the espada must

The drum sounds. Come now, let us kill him! He calls to the Presi-

dent: "I greet your worship and all

amateurs and all men of courage!

for the butcher!"

trance to the ring. He stands before than at first, although it is a strength the public with his head thrown up, that cannot last. In these few mo-

jestic that the people shout. He dispatch him. Do not talk of cow-scarcely notices the enemies, but ardice! These espadas are the bravest

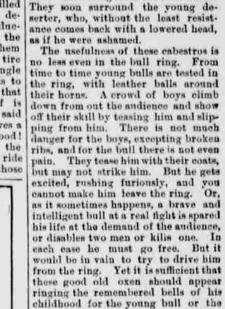
folded horse. Throughout the fight Ole!" He has a flag in one hand, he takes care not to tire himself, but He tries the bull with a great wave. shows an intelligence and decision A little more and there would be one

not in the French character.

correctly called in "Carmen."

sands on the benches.

BANDERILLERO STEPPING ASIDE PROM THE BULL.



sword bends; it has struck a bone.

He strikes again, like lightning

"Long live my merit and my art!
And let it be as God wills!" Applause,
applause, applause! It was a great
stroke. There is no blood from the

bull's mouth. He has been struck

straight through the heart, not in the inngs. The bull sways, dranken. Then he comfortably settles on his knees. Then he sits down as if he were to go to sleep at night. Then he is dead.

The matador is walking round the

ring and bowing, while cigars, oranges and hats and flowers rain down on

him by thousands. It is a way the audience has of showing its delight

and admiration.

The fighting bulls of Andalusia have

their breeding places chosen for them

as if they were young princes with a taste for natural scenery, or gods mas-querading, as they one time did, in

bovine shape. No valley is too fresh and sweet with odorous herbs for them,

no stream of mountain source too vir-

ginal and cool for their hot youthful hides to wallow in. The young bulls

have even chaperons to keep them company and keep them out of harm. There are the cabestros, very intelli-

gent oxen, who fulfill toward them the

office of guide, philosopher and friend

without even an order from the guardian, dash after him, ringing their bells which hang from their fat necks.

Oldest Mason in the United States.

old bull to hasten to join the group

again and run out to the stables, after

a short trot roun , the ring.

The oldest Freemason in the United States, Adna Adams Treat, was born in Hartford, Conn., April 8, 1797. In 1823 he became a member of Apollo Lodge of Troy, N. Y., and he is still a member of that organization. In 1825 he married Miss Jane Reilay, of Troy, who died October 28, 1890. For a number of years Mr. Treat has lived in Denver. Col., with his daughter, the wife of Doctor Burnham, of that city. He is the oldest churchman in city. He the West.

of no great courage, cunning or force | who come in after three or four or seven horses have been killed are ban-In early life this aged Mason was engaged in the picture frame buiness in Hartford. He was one of the founderilleros. The coming of each set of men is like a new act in a tragedy. And their coming and their going are | ders of "the Troy Looking-Glass Manufactory." In 1830 he removed to marked by long flourishes of trumpets. Each of the banderilleros holds two Syracuse and engaged in the grain are levantados, parados and aplomados —just as men are heedless, indolent and well balanced.

The levantado, the giddy or thoughtless bull, rushes immediately, with a high head, across the ring. He makes in turn for every side, he leaps and dashes often comically. Then he is a first levantado, the giddy or thoughtless bull, rushes immediately, with a derisit of the banderilleros holds two Syracuse and engaged in the grain trade. Subsequently he resided in Ohio and Indiana, going westward with the population of the period. He was eighty years of age when he began the writing of poems of an annivership to make the price to make him fercoious after he description of the Rocky Mountains and the proposition of the Rocky Mountains and the same and engaged in the grain trade. Subsequently he resided in Ohio and Indiana, going westward with the population of the period. He was eighty years of age when he began the writing of poems of an annivership the price to make the proposition of the period. He was eighty years of age when he began the writing of poems of an annivership the price to the bull in the bull is a matter of with the population of the period. He was eighty years of age when he began the writing of poems of an annivership the price to the bull is a matter of with the population of the period. He was eighty years of age when he began the writing of poems of an annivership the price to the bull is a matter of the bull in the bull is a matter of the bull in the bull is a matter of with the population of the popula is tired. It is a trying thing to watch the daring and the danger of the ban-sixth anniversary of his birth have

upon the nimble fellows, who evade him by a hair's breadth. Each evasion him by a hair's breadth. Each evasion somest couple in Troy back in 1825.



ninety-eighth year and bids fair to was starting back, in guilty fright, from a fair, shadowy female figure representing France. She pointed to his sword, which she had broken at his feet, and said: "The sword is not for the butcher!" reach the coucluding years of the century. He has been a Mason more than seventy years. - New York Times.

An Improvement in Churns,

An improvement in the ordinary box-shaped concussion churn has been made in Australia. The improvement consists simply in having two square apertures, one opposite the other, instead of the one aperture which is the rule in ordinary churus. The second opening permits thorough ventilation after the operation of churn ng is concluded, and also enables the cleaning to be much more effectually done than under the old condition. - New

The greatest naval review of modern times was by Queen Victoria in 1834 at the beginning of the Crimean war. The fleet extended in an un-broken line for five miles and com-prised 300 men-of-war, with twice that

that amount to generalship. It is not strange he should—the Spanish fighting bull is not a common bull.

The music has ceased playing, and the fight commences. The bull is in quiet. Now for a stroke! Oof! The in the British army.