

Golden-Rod.
On the hazy hill it blows
In a splendor gay and dreamy,
And the twilight softly glows
In its texture rich and creamy.

Round it light as ether drifts—
When the quail begins to whistle,
And the pensive light-wave shifts—
All the silver of the thistle.

Little fairy gossamer tree
In the meadow gayly waving,
All the landscape vividly
With a flood of sunshine laving.

Though it blows in summer-time,
'Tis the torch of gorgeous yellow
That abazes in autumn's prime
Sets the woodland brown and mellow.
—R. K. Munkittrick in Harper's Week

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

"I tell you, ladies," declared handsome and cynical Wilton Robeley, the artist, "a fortune teller showed me the image of my wife two years before I ever saw her in the flesh and thousands of miles from the place I first met her."

"You are the last man in the world whose mind I would think obscured by the clouds of mysticism," replied the rich Mrs. Austyn, his friend and patron. "You have never shown any patience with the charlatans who pretend to expose and expound the secrets that a wise Providence has ordained we should not fathom. And yet you are taxing our credulity with a statement that would be marvelous if true."

"I must insist upon my veracity in this instance," smiled the artist.

"Now don't stop to argue, mamma," urged the elder of the Austyn girls. "There is a story in this, and after Mr. Robeley has told it you can reclaim him from the darkness of his superstitions and air your theories. Now do tell us all about it," and three pretty sisters sighed their curiosity in chorus.

"Just so, you don't ask me to explain," said the artist with a quizzical look. "I shall give you the remarkable facts and leave you to wrestle with them. Eight years ago I was in Paris pursuing my studies, and lived the life of a Bohemian from choice, rather than from necessity. We fellows held the responsibilities of life very lightly and laughed at all human phenomena that would not yield to the test of materialism. I was chief among the scoffers, and found barefaced fraud in everything from clairvoyance to the piercing of the future through the medium of tea grounds.

"Then as now I occasionally broke entirely away from my usual surroundings and was one day sauntering alone through Rue de Bouges. As I passed one of the most pretentious houses I was startled by a scream for help and dashed through the open doorway to find a woman battling with flames that with great leaps and flashes were consuming the white draperies of what struck me as a consecrated altar out of place. Our combined efforts soon mastered the incipient conflagration. As the woman anointed my hands with some soothing lotion I saw that she was as dark as a gypsy. Her hair rippled back from her forehead in waves of blue black, her eyes were brilliant in the same deep coloring, and her strong, even teeth suggested polished ivory. She was an amazon in size, yet the sweeping curves of beauty were such as to fascinate the artist while her motions were supple and graceful as those of a tiger.

"You are a gentleman, and there is but one way in which I can offer return for your services," she said as I turned to leave. Her voice was soft as the notes of a lute and her accent gave unsuspected charms to my mother tongue. "I was born of royal blood in India. Through study of the sacred Vedas and the pure doctrine of Karma I attained the power of divination. Your people would classify me among fortune tellers; but I am poles apart from the vulgar humbugs that trade upon ignorance and superstition. Promise you will come tomorrow, for I am upset by this accident. Then I will be both your historian and your prophet. I shall count on you, m'sieur."

"Though I mentally sneered at the woman's pretensions and lay awake half the night assuring myself that I would never seek her out, I was at her door ten minutes before the appointed time next day. I will not describe the 'Inner Temple of Mysteries' to which she conducted me, but in the weird effect of its hangings, mirrors, grotesque carvings and mythical symbols it challenged the most hardened skepticism. Throwing the white light of a golden lamp upon my face with a powerful reflector, she generalized upon my past life as any shrewd judge of human nature might do. Then suddenly knitting her brows

and leaning closer she slowly spelled out 'Marcia Arnold.'

"That is the name of the girl you will marry," she announced in a dreamy voice, "and there you see her."

"With that the lights faded to the dimness of deep twilight, and there followed the darkness of the dungeon. Opposite me as if in life was the image of the sweet and beautiful woman you know as Mrs. Robeley. Never before had I been dominated by the tender passion, but there I was fathoms deep in love with what might have been an enchanting illusion or a superb painting. So deeply was I impressed that after leaving in a bewilderment of doubt I sketched the magnificent creature so indelibly impressed upon my memory.

"Eighteen months later I was in southern California enjoying the medicinal virtues of the climate, and finding subjects in some of the delightful scenery. One morning I had my easel at the edge of a wooded precipice overlooking a charming spread of landscape. The velvet carpeting of grass and moss had failed to warn me of approaching footsteps, and when I turned it was the startled movement caused by a half-suppressed scream. There were two ladies, the elder anxiously supporting the younger, whose face was blanched and whose eyes were fastened upon me as though I were a terrifying apparition. It was the girl the Indian seeress had shown me in Paris; but what did she know of me? As she sank down under the weight of her emotions, I hastened to a near-by spring for water, and when I returned her eyes were upon me in that same fixed and troubled look.

"What can be the matter, daughter? You have always been so strong and vigorous."

"Is your name Henry Morton?" asked the younger of me, without heeding the mother's question.

"It is Wilton Robeley," I responded quietly. At that instant it flashed upon me that in a desire to conceal my identity I had given the name of Henry Morton to the fortune teller. Then with the inspiration of an anxious lover I added: "But I have a cousin of that name who bears a striking resemblance to me."

"My immediate reward was a revival of strength and spirits on the part of the young lady. The mother introduced herself as Mrs. Gilson, and then said: 'Lucy, we had best get back to the hotel.'

"Lucy Gilson?" and yet it was her presence that had been conjured up as my bride to be. She was the girl of my sketch and my dreams. The next day I called at the hotel to inquire after her. I called often. We walked, drove, painted and boated together. I came to know through the intuition of love that she was not indifferent to me. One evening as we drifted lazily through the water lilies she handed me a sketch of myself and asked: 'Is that a picture of Henry Morton?'

"It's perfect," I answered though dumfounded. A shadow of anger crossed her face, and she was about to tear the picture to pieces when I caught her hands and suddenly showed the reproduction of herself that I had made in Paris. It was her turn to be surprised, and when I told her of my experience at the fortune teller's on Rue de Bouges, giving her the date, she quickly exclaimed:

"Why, I was there with Marcia Arnold. Mamma and I did Europe that season, and we two girls visited that Indian princess just for a lark. That was where I saw Henry Morton, whom I was told fate had decreed as my future husband."

"Before we rowed home it was all explained, and the sequel of our strange experience was a happy marriage. The dusky prophetess who had confused the name of the two girls was a cultivated fraud. It was all a trick of the mirrors, ladies."—Detroit Free Press.

The Identification Needed.
Mrs. William Maydebauer of Seattle, Wash., is a woman who deserves to go down to posterity as one with an admirable sense of good humor. She became known to fame in the following manner: One day she entered the First National Bank and presented to the cashier, one Turner, a new comer in the city, a properly drawn check. Mr. Turner demurred at paying it because he did not know her. He informed her that she would have to be identified. She looked up, and discovering that a stranger was waiting on her, remarked succinctly:

"Well, sir, if any identification is necessary you are the one to be identified. I have lived here all my life and never saw you around here before."

The cashier cashed the check.—Boston Advertiser.

Effective Matchmaking.

An old custom was revived by the Nez Perces Indians and their visitors during the celebration on the last Fourth of July. The natives of the local tribe are very wealthy people, and there are designing mothers among the aborigines as well as in the different classes of civilized society. The young bucks of the Nez Perces tribe are regarded somewhat like the scions of royalty in matrimonial circles. The maidens from all visiting tribes were brought to Lapwai to find husbands. The customs of the tribes, which were revived for the occasion, were more effective than the Boston man's way.

The marriageable maidens were by common accord quartered in a selected spot in the valley of the Lapwai. At an appointed hour the young men who wanted wives to share their annuities, their homesteads and the affections of their hearts appeared in procession on the hallowed campground. The hour was midnight, and the scene was in a grove of trees made fragrant by the wild flowers, and every heart danced to the music of the rippling waters. The young men marched forth, and none but candidates for matrimony joined the march. They were dressed in their brightest colors, and each carried a white willow cane. As they approached the tents they chanted an Indian chorus that was doleful as the song of an owl, and kept time by beating upon the tents with their canes. The drumming was deafening to the distant spectator and must have been distracting to the waiting maidens in the tents. At last the singing and the drumming had the desired effect.

The maidens came forth, after a delay just long enough to satisfy that universal passion of the mind of a woman to drive a lover mad with doubt. There were more men than maidens; the former kept up the march and the music throughout; the maidens countermarched on the line of the same circle, each selecting a husband from the line. The chosen ones hastened to follow the brides away into the darkness. The unfortunate suitors were left to despair.—Portland Oregonian.

Longevity.

Elijah Glenn has just passed his one hundredth birthday. He is one of the thirteen survivors of the war of 1812, and is as cheerful as a cricket, with the prospect of many years ahead of him.

Some scientists tell us that it is possible for the average man to cover a century, and the wonder is that so few try the experiment. Most of us stumble along through fifty or sixty years, carrying a load of rheumatism and gout, while a slender minority are young at three score, healthy at four score and ten, and not very old or very feeble when they pass the century mile stone.

Every country in Europe produces a goodly number of centenarians, but the crop is largest in Roumania, where it is said one man in every thousand celebrates his one hundredth birthday. One hundred and twenty-five years constitute an exceptional age, but even one hundred and fifty have in several instances been reached.

The nerves are what do the business for us, and we Americans wear our nerves on the outside, where every blast irritates them. Worry makes us old, but how can one help worrying in a political campaign like this.

Some time, perhaps, we shall take life more easily, and then we shall live without wear or tear, and therefore live till we go to pieces like Holmes' "one hoss shay." Without doubt the ideal limit is a century and a half, but, as in all other instances, the ideal is hard to attain.—New York World.

As Old as Noah.

Mr. Reynolds is a bright and well preserved old gentleman, but to his little granddaughter Mabel he seems very old indeed. She had been sitting on his knee and looking at him seriously for a long time one day, when she asked suddenly:

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Why, no, my dear," gasped her astonished grandparent.

Mabel's eyes grew large and round with astonishment.

"Then, grandpa," she asked, "why weren't you drowned?"

Bewilderment of grandparent.—London Answers.

Origin of Colds.

A noted physician says (in Popular Science News) that instead of colds coming from atmospheric changes as people generally suppose, they generally originate by breathing impure air. Ninety-nine percent of what are termed colds are nothing more nor less than the poisoning of the mucous membrane by bad air.

"GATCHING."

Most Agonizing Torture Ever Conceived by Man.

Innocent Persons Buried Alive in Fresh Plaster.

American lawmakers, judges and chief executives might learn many things by studying the methods in vogue in Persia. For instance, they might learn how not to execute criminals, and they might study the advantage, or lack of it, of executing an innocent man as a warning to the guilty.

Five men were recently buried alive in plaster of Paris in the province of Shiraz, Persia, as a warning to highway robbers who had been committing depredations on the road between Bushire and Isfahan. Shortly after the murder of the Shah a succession of robberies occurred, and it was estimated that property worth half a million changed hands within a week. Almost every day travelers were stopped, robbed even of their clothes and then beaten with sticks.

H. R. H. Rukha-ed-Dowleh, Governor of Shiraz, concluded that steps must be taken to stop the robberies. He could not catch them, but he already had five men in prison for refusing to pay taxes. He concluded to execute the five innocent tax-dodgers in order to frighten the guilty highwaymen.

One of the most horrible modes of execution in vogue in Persia is known as "Gatching." A hole is dug in the ground to a depth of three or four feet. A hollow pillar is erected above this. The victim is then placed in the hole and plaster of Paris poured in around him and water added.

This mortar, known as gatch, soon hardens, swells and obstructs the circulation of the blood. The suffering of the victim is awful—words cannot picture it. Death does not afford a welcome relief for hours and each minute the agony grows more intense.

A correspondent of the London Graphic witnessed the execution. Not knowing the fate in store for them the men walked to the place of execution without fear, surrounded by a howling mob. The mob was kept back from the torture place by a cordon of soldiers.

"They were taken into a high-walled garden, a guard being placed at the entrance," writes the correspondent, "and in a short time the first to be executed was brought out. Round his neck was a steel collar with a chain, which his guard held tightly in his hand. Some one offered him a pitcher of water, from which he eagerly drank, and then, not knowing to what awful death he was doomed, he walked calmly and without a word to his well. It took nearly an hour to fill the well with gatch, during all which time the sticks of the soldiers were in use to keep the crowd from pressing too close and hampering the movements of those employed with the gatch.

"When the gatch became solid and tightened on the poor prisoner, his yells were frightful to listen to, and as they were carried over the walled garden, those waiting their turn realized that the death to which they were doomed, so far from being the painless one they had hoped for, was instead of a terrible nature. When, three days later, I passed along the road, I found capitals had been added to the pillars, covering the heads of the poor men, who had thus horribly been done to death."

The correspondent says that the Governorship of a state is held by the man who makes the largest present to the Shah. As the Governor collects the taxes and must force the amount of this present from the people as well as a substantial sum for himself, the condition of the people is pitiable. Unless they struggle to raise the amounts demanded they are liable to be thrown into prison or they may be executed at the pleasure of the Governor who has bought this office.

Danger in Cutting Corns.

At a recent meeting of a county medical society Dr. Sallinger reported a case of gangrene in a person suffering from diabetes. The slightest injury to the feet of individuals afflicted with diabetes is liable to cause fatal gangrene, and such persons are especially warned against allowing their corns to be cut or pared. Oxygen was used in this case with partial success, but death finally resulted from a second injury.—Home Queen.

Germany had 29,700 university students last term, the law students outnumbering those studying in any other faculty.

Railroad Men Superstitious.

"The belief of railroad men in ghosts is proverbial, but it is really strange to see how thoroughly the superstition pervades all ranks and how firmly fixed it becomes in the minds of men," said Robert Inkton, of Harrisburg, Penn., at the Ebbitt. "Now, I am an old railroad man myself, yet it surprises me at every turn to see how each section of railroad in the country has its own particular ghost story, which has entire credence with every man on the line. The Pittsburg branch of the Baltimore and Ohio, on which I traveled recently, has a curious legend with a ghost attached.

"It is the fixed belief of every man on the line, that whenever there is to be a fatal accident a spectre engine appears on the track in the vicinity of its scene. The phantom engine always goes just ahead of the one from which it is seen, and, so it is said, many an engineer has reversed his lever in mortal fear of a collision, only to see the engine ahead disappear when he has come to a full stop. Then the engineer becomes uneasy, for he knows, or thinks he knows, that some one on the road is sure to meet with a sudden and violent death before long. He does not sleep soundly until he hears of a fatal accident. Then he again breathes freely, for he knows that the prophecy has been fulfilled, —Washington Times.

Indian Sizes Up the Biker.

The Western Indians, although not fond of work, do not approve of indolent white men. The "heap good white man" in their estimation, is the white man who works hard; and to sit by and watch him as he toils seems to afford them never-failing pleasure.

Some young "warriors" of the Black-foot tribe sat in the shade one day, watching a group of laborers who were constructing a grade for a branch railroad in Montana. They were commenting upon the workmen and their work, when a bicyclist, the first that they had ever seen, came riding along the newly completed grade. He had got off the train at the last station and was going to the fort a little further on.

The Indians watched the white man without a word until he passed beyond a knoll which hid him from view; then they expressed their sentiments concerning him.

"No good white man," one remarked.

"No," answered another, with great scorn. "Heap lazy white man—sits down to walk!"—Youth's Companion.

A Remarkable Conscience.

"I'll tell you the queerest thing you ever heard," said Chief Dickinson of the fire department the other day, "and it is a true story at that. In 1864, toward the end of the war, I was at Fort Lincoln, at Washington, the leader of the band of the 150th Ohio Regiment. The war was hot, and, of course, we were all intensely interested in the very latest we could get about it. Newspapers were scarce and when we managed to get hold of one we regarded it as a treasure.

"One day I was fortunate enough to get hold of a copy of the Philadelphia Inquirer, which contained a lot of war news. After I had read it I handed it around among the boys, and finally loaned it to a man named Breyemeier. Yesterday who should walk into my office but Breyemeier, who returned the paper with thanks. He was looking over his old papers to get information to assist the widow of an old comrade in getting a pension and ran across the Inquirer. What do you think of the conscience of a man who would return a paper after all that time?"—Cleveland Leader.

An Extraordinary Canary.

Mr. Willet C. Durland of Union Hall street, Jamaica, is the owner of a canary possessing extraordinary vocal powers. It never tired of singing "and was the admiration of all who heard it, until eight months ago, when it suddenly and for no apparent reason, became absolutely silent, uttering scarcely a chirrup for days at a time. Mr. Durland at last tired of keeping a canary that did not sing, and finding a young chip-pie bird on the lawn one day, he put it in the cage and let the canary go. About sundown that evening the canary returned and hopped about on the window sill, evidently making a plea to be received back into the family. This was too much for Mrs. Durland. She put the little creature back in its cage, and the next morning the household was awakened by a flood of joyous song. The canary has been singing ever since, and the Durlands are sure it considers its being set free a punishment for its long silence and that it is now trying to make amends. —New York Recorder.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Love suffers, but it never forsakes. The broader the way the more it is traveled.

God waits to help every man who needs help.

The fatter the pig, the better it likes the mud.

No grave can be made deep enough to hold the truth.

The best pilot always steers his ship in deep waters.

What a subtle enemy to greatness is the newspaper portrait.

Keep praise alive and there will be no lack of joy in the heart.

It is a waste of breath for a preacher to preach higher than he lives.

The business of the preacher is not to defend the gospel, but to preach it.

Fight shy of the man who claims to be a Christian, but never pay his debts.

No man has any mercy on his own besetting sin, when he sees it in another.

There are times when standing still is a greater test of faith than going to the lion's den.

The world has been robbed by the man who dies without leaving it better than he found it.

The man who gets rich in a hurry generally becomes poor with the same rapidity.—Ran's Horn.

A Woman's Rights Bird.

One of the most interesting species of birds, says the London Daily News, is the rednecked phalarope, a beautiful bird, of which we see little in these islands, but which is upon its native heath in the arctic regions of America. It is especially remarkable because, as rarely happens among birds, the female is larger and more brightly colored than her mate. And it is the hen bird that does all the courting.

"The male," says Mr. Elliot, "is as coy and retiring as the most bashful maiden, turning away from the proffered attentions, first to this side, then to that, even flying to the opposite side of the pool, or to another near by; but all in vain, for he is followed by the fair one who has chosen him from his fellows, and there is no escape. At last, like any other poor bachelor so beset, he yields, and the nest a slight structure of dry stalks, is placed in the center of a thick tuft of grass. The eggs are four in number. On these the poor male, a victim to woman's rights, is obliged to sit the greater part of the time, the female amusing herself on the pool near by."

Pat's Two Reasons.

There is an Irish porter employed in a large commission house in New York, one of the kind that will make a witty reply to any sort of question. He is very fond of expressing his views in general, and has great admiration of his arguments. If he fails to get a listener he will talk to himself in lieu of something better. A member of the firm being annoyed one day at his constant muttering, which he was unfortunate enough to hear, sent for him.

"See here, Pat, did it ever occur to you that your constant talk and muttering is a great annoyance to people who happen to be around? Why on earth do you chatter away to yourself, anyhow?"

"Shure I have two reasons for doin' that."

"Two reasons! Well, what are they?"

"One of them is that I loike ter talk to a sensible man, and the other is that I loike ter hear a sensible man talk."—Harper's Round Table.

His Blunder.

A former minister to the United States from Argentina found great difficulty in learning the English language.

"I make often many meestake," he said, "when I speak Americano. I make bad blunder the last time I am received at the White House. A beautiful ladee tell me something which happened in your civil war. She say she see it. Now, I think to myself, I will be polite and make the senora's grand compliment.

"It is impossible that you see it, madam," I say. "You must have been born many, many years before the war."

"All the time," he added, "I meant after the war. But I made a meestake. I say before. No, the ladee was not pleased. See felt much contempt."—Washington Star.

Wagner's violin teacher, Robert Sipp, who is now ninety years of age, was present at this summer's performances at Bayreuth.