Over the slopes, the hills and leas,
To the glittering waste of summer seas;
Bocked to rest by the ocean's tune,
As a babe is hilled by its mother's errorn,
Far away from the factories' frown,
And the restless throb of the noisy town,
The sea stars call, the Cross langs low,
And I must answer—I must go.

The road—it waits, and I hear the song
of a rover sung in the city's throng.
The barter all I have earned in strife
for a crust and staff, and a rover's life.
The heed no voice that calls me back,
for my heart is true to the rover's track,
the road is calling, calling low.
And I must answer—I must go!

-Will F. Griffin in Milwaukee Sentinel.

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* The Senora's Chicken

AN INCIDENT AT PANAMA

By STEPHEN KEENE •••••••••••••••••••••••••••••••

A deal depends on the mosqu'o, and one must needs be careful with what kind of mosquitoes he associwas. One of the wrong kind put me in the hospital with yellow fever, and sent me to Taboga.

In the zone "going to Taboga" sigmifies something rather serious, yet not as serious as "going to Monkey Hill" or "to Flamenco Island;" for if you go to either of these latter places you never come back. In other words, Monkey Hill and Plamenco Island are two remeteries of the zone, the one at Colon and the other in Panama Bay.

While I was at work on the large "navvy" camp at Emperador, in March, 1996, I had occasion to go to the Calebra camps one evening for some of my carpenter tools, left there the previous week. In cassing the low ground between the stations, where the low ground between the stations, where the path ran beside the old Prench chantier, past disused dumpcars and a slough overgrown with rank grass, a swarm of mosquitoes rose suddenly about my ears, proved so ravenous that I was bitten more than a dozen times before I could get away from them. To that one encounter the doctors attributed an attack of fever which left me so weak that I could neither rise nor stand It was even worse than that, for I felt numb all over, as if parabacd. The hospital doctor said that this was the sequela of the malarial Sever: I have an idea that it was in port due to the powerful medicines which they gave me. - Be that as it may, they sent me to Taboga to recup-

Taboga is an island seven miles down the bay from the old City of Pa suma, on the Pacific side of the isth-It is a mile and a half in length. by half a mile in width, and rises to a height of nearly nine hundred feet, In fact, it is the top of a mountain half-submerged in the bay. There are two little villages on the island, and a emvalescent hospital for canal em-

Otherwise the island is a kind of plenic ground for the Panama people, and is especially noted for its pine-

As the sanatorium was uncomfortably full of patients at this time, the or in charge sent me to the house a mulatto woman of the island, ed Rafaela Marel, who cooked for Americans there, and for picnic par-Mes. She was noted for her chicken a Famercain, and certainly she made palatable chicken sandwiches.

Senora Marel's house is several hunfred feet up the hillside from the sea. would by no means term her a care housekeeper, yet it was a rather easy place-for Panama. The senora woke a little English; and there were three rooms fronting the sea view, of which mine was the middle

For a week I lay there, nourished for the most part on chicken, looking out on the bay, where our war ships were at anchor, and watching the coastwise camers going and coming from the

One of the two rooms adjoining ne served the senora as a kind of fruit store. Here she had banana mches hung up by the dozen, and a low, broad shelf round three sides of the room were pineapples and custard-apples by the score. Ravbiding fruity odors were wafted in to me through the open door.

What the room on the other side mitnined was not so clear; in fact, I gan to wonder about it, for now and on there were odd, rushing sounds in there, as of pigs, but no grunting.

Quee in the night, however, I was wakened by a single loud squawk. If I had been able to get up and move out I might have settled the quesm by opening the door and looking I was quite helpless, or ight I was. It did not seem to me that I possessed strength even to rise to a sitting posture in my cot.

In had rained heavil yone afternoon and the night was cloudy and dark shortly after 12 the wind rose, blew so hard that my door began aming violently.

I shouted several times for the senno to come and shut it, but she semed to have gone away, or else to

wery sound asleep. At last I drowsed off again, but was swakened by some heavy creature shing furiously over the coverlet of cot. A chair was upset in the

tered off the stand! My first thought was that it must be a rig or a dog that had come in at the open door. Shoo! Shoo!" I yelled. "Get out, you tike!"

Over went the wash-stand, and on the instant I felt the brute land on my feet. I had honestly thought that could not move, but in a sudder ecstasy of fear I drew up both feet and kicked.

Clatter-smash went basin, stand and chairs again, and then swish, with a whiff of repulsive odor, some heavy body dashed across the cot, over my very face!

Before I knew it, I was sitting up, striking out with both hands. The heast, whatever it was, landed with a thump on the floor, and then I heard it crawling horribly, scratching its nails on the tiles! No dog or pig would ever make a noise like that, I was sure. What could it be?

Under my pillow I had one of those little vest pocket electric lights, such as are now sold cheaply at all the large stores. I had brought it with me from home, and had found it very handy at night for looking at my watch. Hastily I now fumbled for it, and finding it, pressed the button. The tiny bright beam plerced the darkness-and there, squatted, blinking, on my trunk, close to the foot of the cot, was the worst looking object t at I had ever seen. It was brown, scaly, horrible, with a ridge of bristling spines rising along its back, and its glassy eyes were fixed on me!

What could it be? I could think only of a Gila monster. Was the island infested with them? Or was it some hideous marine thing that had

crawled up from the sea? My hand shook as I tried to keep the heam of light focused on the horror. Perhaps I dazzled its eves with it. In jumped, struck on the foot of the cot-and about that time I jumped too!

I don't know how I did it, but I leaned out of that cot and actually ran out at the door into the patio! I was shouting, too, shouting, "Help! Help!"

In fact, I nearly ran into the Senors Rafaela, who had heard me call her, and in her own good time was coming to see what I wanted.

Naturally the woman was aston ished. "Senor! Senor Estevan!" she "Is it thou?"

"Fetch a light! Fetch a light!" I cried. "There's a Gila monster in my room!" For that was all I could For that was all I could think of as I staggered about there in the darkness, trying to keep on my

She brought a candle, and after striking a number of matches, lighted it and peered into the room. "Look out!" I cautioned her. "Cudia! It will jump at you!"

But the Senora Rafaela Isughed wholly unterrified. "No tenga miedo, senor" (Do not fear), sald she, soothingly. "Es 'guana solamente," (It is only a 'guana.)

"'Guana!" I exclaimed, "Si, senor. Es 'guana. Lo mismo ticken. All same ticken.

"Ticken?" said I. "What is that? Chicken?

'Si, senor. Muy bueno para la com Very good to eat." And marching in with her candle, she captured the horrible creature by the tail, dragged it, scratching on the tiles, into the other room, and shut the door,

which the wind had blown open. I returned to my cot with much matter for reflection, but had the senora leave the candle burning. Come to think of it, I had never seen nor heard any chickens about the place; "cold yet the senora's supply of chicken" seemed unlimited. "All the same ticken!" Those were her "chickens." then-and I felt rather sick when I thought of the quantity of it which I had eaten.

I imagined that I had something to tell the doctor when he came to see me that morning, "Doctor," I said, "do you know what we are all eating here for cold chicken?"

"Oh, yes," said he, laughing. "It is guana. But it's just as good. Why, all chickens, all fowls and birds of every kind were reptiles once, or are descended from reptiles. It is just as good."

"Oh, all right," I said. "But I have

my own opinion of it." Plainly I could not astonish him that way. He had been at Panama a year. But he did look a little surprised when I got up off my cot and took a step or two. I had been pondering that, too, and concluded that if fear could nut me on my feet a resolute exercise of will power ought also to do it.

In fact, I left Taboga the next day, But I did not partake of any more of Senora Rafaela's cold chicken. These large lizards, however, are quite frequently eaten by the Penamanians. Ugly as they look, too, I am assured that they are quite inoffensive .-Youth's Companion.

Proud of His Dog.

"He's the most pestiferous litle pup in town, sir!" exclaimed the angry neighbor, "and I tell you you've got to keep him at home or I'll take a club to him the next time he comes over here and tramples my flower beds

"You dare to so much as shake your little finger at that dog of mine and I'll knock your head off!" shout-

ed other man. "Who said anything about dog? I mean that youngest boy of

yours."
"Oh, well, that's different. I'll give him a talking too, and whip him if he bothers you any more."-Judge.

Governor C. E. Hughes of New York



Willing little Willie Smith Took a stroll one morning with Grandpa Smith, both fancy free, New York City for to see.

Strolling thus, at length they came To a structure known to fame, Brooklyn Hridge, whose arches spanne Watery leagues, from land to land.

As the old man and the child Stood and watched the river wild, Grandpa leaning o'er the side, Dropped his matches in the tide,

"Wille," murmured Grandpa kind, "Save my matches, do you mind? There's a good boy, jump and get them Ere the angry waves shall wet them."

Willie, with a shout of joy (He was such a willing boy), Leaped into the water's flow Several hundred feet below.

Voices rose from many a crew, River whistles gayly blew, "Ship aloy there, man the hatches! Grandpa Smith has lost his matches,"

Gallant tars the river crossed, Searching for the matches lost, And at last the box was found. Willie Smith? Oh, he was drowned.

MORAL

Children, this should teach to you Simple kindnesses to do. When on little errands sent Always be obedient. Wallace Irwin, in Collier's Weekly,

Toad in Terrier's Throat.

A fox terrier, owned by Louis Genin, of Park street, Bloomfield, N. J., picked up a good-sized tond and tried to swallow it. The creature wriggled and kicked in the dog's throat, nearly strangling it.

The terrified terrier, unable to bark, frantically dashed through the street, turning somersaults and rolling about until women sitting on the piazzas of their homes screamed "Mad dog!"

A police man killed the animal with blow on the head. Then the toad jumped out of the terrier's mouth and hopped away.-New York World.

One Way To Get Out of It.

Johnny took his seat in the arithmetic class, and the teacher immediately asked for the daily exercises. Johnny hadn't done any, principally because a ball game had proved too fascinating, and then, besides, he wasn't particularly sure which one he ought to do.

"John," said the teacher sternly, where is your exercise?"

John caught one terrible glance and esolved to say nothing about the ball eame

"You told us vesterday we were to do the eighteenth. But Jimmy Smith said last night it was the seven-

"Well, you've brought nothing at all," said the teacher.

"Please, sir, I was afraid I'd d-do the wrong one, so I didn't do any!" gasped Johnny.-Washington Star.

Dog Flags Train.

In Muskogee a negro who drives the street sweeper has a fine bird dog. which walks ahead of the sweeper at night and carries a lighted lantern in his mouth. The other night as he was crossing the railroad track he stopped a minute to look back, and see if the sweeper was coming. Being a dog of happy disposition he wagged his tail, and incidentally his head wagged at the same time. The switching crew saw the light moving, and stopped their train. It moved again and they started, and the secsaw motion was kept up for some time, until the engineer was exhausted in operating his reverse lever. He jumped off and ran back to see what the signals meant, and when he saw the cause of it he said something. It is needless to say that after this he will work only on signals that are given higher from the ground.-Kansas City Journal

## Queen Adelaide.

Adelaide, queen consort of William IV., king of Great Britain and Ireland, was the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Meiningen, a state in Germany. Adelaide was born in the year 1792. She was truly pious, being so devout in her religious observances that she rarely took part in any of the simple and innocent forms of amusement so prevalent at that time in court circles. Indeed, it was this exemplary character which might be said to have won for her a king price of other slaves. Well, then: for a husband, for queen Charlotte of England, hearing of Adelaide's virtues, recommended her as a fitting companion for her third son, William, then duke of Clarence.

At Charlotte's suggestion negotiations for a marriage between her son and Adelaide were entered into. The match was speedily made, and the

marriage took place in July, 1818. Although Adelaide and William were the parents of several children, they all died in infancy. In 1830 George IV. died, and, having no children to succeed him, the crown reverted to his surviving brother, next in line,

During William and Adelaide's reign the court of England assumed a pure and elevating atmosphere, proving a model for the young, something which annot be said of it at any former pe-.boir.

In the year 1837 William IV. died. and as queen dowager Adelaide sur-vived him twelve years. She was prestne at the marriage of the young and beautiful Queen Victoria and the later life was spent in works of charity and religion. She also endeared herself to the people of England by pursued in regard to William's illegitimate children, taking them under her own supervision and doing all for them that she could have done had they been her own offspring.

During her life no word of calumny ever stained her name, and no act of selfishness can be laid to her door. Other queens there were who left their names more indelibly printed on the pages of history, but none were there more noble and true; none were better as woman, wife, queen and friend. -Birmingham Age-Herald.

## The Gamekeeper's Daughter.

In all the great, green, quiet park there was no little girl or boy to play with; but for all that, little Georgina, the head gamekeeper's daughter, nev er knew what it was to feel lonesome She had such a playground and such playfellows as most of us have at times dreamed of but none of us have in reality.

In the first place, she lived with her good father and mother in just such a thatch-roofed, diamond-paned, roseembowered cottage nestling beside a little mirror-like lake among century old trees, as one sees in picture books, and reads of in poems and songs of Old England.

Almost as far as she could see the level, green park stretched away, broken here and there by clumps of giant oaks, and beyond up against the sky was the blue line of hills that formed the edge of the world; and this lovely world was all her own, for, of course, Georgina, the only child, ruled in the pretty cottage as completely as her father lorded it over his many furred and feathered subjects.

In whatever direction she chose to wander she saw her playmates waiting, as she always supposed, for her

to come and play with them. On the little lake by the cottage floated and quacked and honked ducks of every color, white geese and gray, and black geese, and graceful, longnecked swans. At quite the other side of the lake she might see at the same time a herd of fallow deer, their brown bodies dappled with spots of snowy white, their heavy horns contrasting strangely with the slender tree-like horns of the red deer.

Innumerable little gray rabbits hopped noiselessly about in all directions, and English pheasants-the hens in modest buff, the cocks in gorgeous brown, blue and gold-darted swiftly among the underbrush; but the queerest of all her friends were the gray kangaroos-"Hoppityhops? Georgina called them. The grounds around the cottage were fenced off from the surrounding park, but Georgina had so frequently accompanied her father outside in his search for pheasants' nests, or to see how the deer fared, that she felt perfectly at home even when alone.

Perhaps her greatest joy was in coaxing acquaintance with the timid baby deer. If she came suddenly upon one hiding in the grass or behind a stone, it frequently remained quite motionless, curled up into the smallest possible space and pressed flat to the ground, only its watchful eye proving that it was wideawake and very anxious. In the leafy forest this would be its safest course, for there its protective coloring would render it almost invisible, but in the open park, on the green grass, its inherited instinct for concealment failed it, and it was all too visible to friend or foe. Georgina would creep up ever so quietly and sit down beside it. Sometimes she even succeeded in stroking its soft coat. Then the mother deer would circle anxiously around, coming as near as she dared, her great ears thrown forward, every nerve tense, and ready to spring away at the least hostile move; but it always ended by the fawn suddenly scrambling to its long thin legs, and, with little cries of alarm, dashing over the greensward to join its mother and find concealment in the deep shadows of the cool forest .- J. M. Gleeson in St. Nicholas.

## Prices of Slaves.

"Slaves," said the Socialist, smiling grimly, "should be interested in the

"Before the war a good strong man was worth \$2500; a woman \$1,-500, a child, \$500.

"In Rome, in the Golden Age, a laborer only cost \$100, and sometimes after a great victory and an influx of captives into the capital, it was possible to buy strong, capable slaves for

"Skilled slaves, men with trades brought higher prices. Cicero paid \$1000 for a scribe; Catiline had a cook that cost him \$2500.

"A gardener was worth \$300, a blacksmith \$750, an actor \$5000, a physician \$10,000."-Louisville Courler-Journal.

Was the Best Man.

In Eldorado a bridegroom gave his best man an envelope containing a twenty dollar bill to be given to the clergyman after the ceremony. The best man is found to have given the preacher an envelope containing a one dollar bill.-Kansas City Star.

Agreed For Once.

"A poor man's chances for becom ing rich," declared the optimist, "are

as good as they ever were." "Yes," responded the pessimist. "Just about."-Washington Herald.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Words never fail a smooth hypo-

There's always room for a few more

-at the bottom. A funny story gets more applause than sensible talk

It's a woman's plain duty to be as

handsome as she can. Jonah was the first man on record

o get inside information. It takes a fool to fool himself into

the belief that he isn't foolish. Popularity is an article that isn't displayed on bargain counters.

It's up to a married man to be a husband-not merely an ex-bachelor. When a society woman attempts to put on style, it looks much like a take-

No, Alonzo, a man seldom puts his foot in it when he takes a step in the right direction.

Female suffragists, Cordelia, just plain women—and the plainer they are the more they suffer.

It is far better for a girl to remain single than marry a good-looking man, for he will monopolize the mirror.

Probably nothing tickles a fat woman more than to encounter another woman who is much fatter than herself.

It depends a great deal on the size of a man's bank balance whether his ailment is gout or just ordinary rheumatism.-From "Pointed Paragraphs in the Chicabo News.

LEARNING FROM OUR SCHOOLS.

Europe Thinks American System Nearly Perfect, Except for Absence

of Trade Institutions. When Sir Alfred Mosely last year sent two hundred teachers to the United States to study the American public school system his main object was to gain information on which to found the necessary reforms in schools in England it appears now that the observations made by the teachers' com-

mission abroad will benefit all Europe. Opinions expressed by British teachers on their return are being reflected in educational papers throughout Germany, Austria and France. In Germany a discussion of the problems has already caused school boards to take steps for the introduction of important innovations.

While the general educational cheme followed by American schools is heartily applauded, German pedagogues join their British colleagues in their criticism of two very important points, namely, the employment of female teachers in boys' classes and the absence of technical training, in which France leads, with Germany a close second.

"But for want of trade high schools, the American public school system might be called perfect," says one au-

thority. Herr Ullmann, of Berlin, provincial chool director, remarks:—"In prevailing conditions trade schools are an absolute necessity. Our boys cannot all become professional men. Many branches of commerce and industry are so specialized that training is absolutely necessary. Unless we provide this training our schools will turn out a lot of idlers and jacks of all trades who have no future unless their wealthy parents can stake money in of some venture,"-Berlin Correspond-

Common Nest for Cat and Hen. Bowdoinham cats are their sagacity, but it remains for the intelligent feline owned by Mrs. Samuel Donnell of that town to cap the

ence of the New York Herald.

"Our cat has taken a strange place to rear her last kittens." Mrs. Donnell told the Journal Friday. "Her children were born in a hen's nest, ever since she has persisted in keeping them there. The queer part of it is the philosophical way in which

the hen seems to take the matter. "When she wants to lay an egg she pecks at the kittens, who are too small to resent it, and if the mother is near she pushes them gently from the nest. Just as soon as the hen has laid her egg the cat grabs the kittens and puts them in the nest again and it is no unusual thing for cat, kittens, eggs and hen to be all together in one glorious mixup.-Kennebec Journal.

Sermons in the Library.

In the Congressional Library are six alcoves and 124 shelves filled with volumes of printed sermons, making a total of about five thousand volumes, more or less. Most of them are old and out of print. As Mr. Spofford says, the publication of sermons has gone out of style. The first book on the first shewf in the first alcove contains a collection of Lyman Abbott's sermons, delivered from the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and published under the title "The Life That Really Is." The last volume on the last shelf in the last alcove is a ponderous tome, bound in pigskin containing the homilies of an Italian monk named Zuccolo, on "The Divine Evangelists."

The librarians say that Phillips Brooks is read more than any other sermonizer. Rabertson, an English preacher at Brighton, comes next, and then Beecher, Spurgeon, Charles Kingsley and Professor Swing.-Washington Star.

The Bishop of London has ruled that the Church of England, not being responsible for civil marriages, a clergyman of that church can officiate at the wedding of a divorced person whose previous marriage took place in a regCONCERNING PHE CLASS PIE.

Details of Making and Manner of Bak-

ing the Tom Sawyer. "What? You didn't know they ever put potatoes in clam pies Why! They always do; always; only" said a man who knows all about clam pies,

"there's right ways of doing it, and

wrong ways. "Some people put boiled mashed potatoes into clam pie, which, of course, is wrong; and then some people put in potatoes cut into cubes or dice, which is foolish and frivolous and out of keeping with the clam. The real way to fix potatoes for a clam pie is to take medium-sized potatoes and peel 'em and then cut them into not very thick strips of uniform thickness, so that they'll look nice in the pie and so that they'll

all cook alike. "And then some people chop up the clams for a clam pie, a terrible mistake to make. Chopping the clams messes 'em all up, and that way you lose half the juices of the clams lost In the chopping bowl. The true way to fix the clams is this: You take medlum-sized clams of uniform size and lay them on a board and slice them into pieces not too small; they look better that way, and they are better, and so they taste better,

"Of course, you have for the ple a number of thin and narrow strips of pork of the sort that has a streak of lean in it; and when you have got all the ingredients ready, composing, so to speak, the pie stuff, you cook them all together, partly, enough so that when you come to put this filling in the ple and put the ple in the oven to bake, the baking will bring the whole pie out cooked perfectly.

"Now, of course, there are all sorts of clam pies; small individual clam pies, and pies cooked in dishes of various larger sizes, to be cut up and served; and different people may have different notions size and shape is best for dishes to cook clam ples in; but the best clam pies I ever ate were cooked in a dish about fifteen inches in diameter by about three and a half inches.

"The nies baked in this dish were made with no bottom crust, but with a crust all around the walls of the dish, and of course, the crust on top, And whenever a clam pie was baked in this dish there was brought into use with it a teacup which was especially reserved for this purpose only and which was used in the manner that I will now describe to you,

"This teacup was a very deep cup, or a very tall cup when you turned it over, bottom up, and made of thin china. And when the filling was in the pie and it was all ready to put on the top crust that tall, thin cup was set in the centre of the pie, bottom up, and then the top crust, wih a hole in it of exactly the right size at the centre, was put on the pie, leaving now the bottom, or as we now have it placed, the top of the cup, projecting up at the centre above the top

crust like a little dome. "The object of the dome? Why, as the pie bakes the steam within, or a good part of it, rises not to saturate the top crust and make that soggy, but it rises in the cup, to be condensed in the dome and go back with all its flavor and richness into the ple itself, making the filling rich and elegant, as it ought to be. While the crust remained nice and light; and then when you came to eat your portion or portions of this clam pie you could break up that nice light crust and sop it in the juices of the ple if

"And when you get a hold of a clam ple built like that, why, then you begin to realize what a great joy a real

clam ple can be."-New York Sun. Birds Cutting Away Pillars.

Birds are cutting away the pillars of the Koscius to county courthouse, which has long been regarded as one of the most handsome county capital buildings in the state. The exterior is constructed of limestone, and for many months sparrows and pigeons have been pecking into the stone for gravel. In consequence many of the pillars on the second and third floors have been more than half eaten away, A similar condition is found on the first story. Several hundred pigeons have made their home in the belfry for years. The county commissioners will take some action at the next regular meeting to eliminate the danger of portions of the building falling down.-Warsaw correspondence Indianapolis News.

Bees Have an Inn Sign.

At Grantham a remarkable sight has been witnessed outside a public house known as the Beehive Over the doorway is a hive in which bees store their honey, and it is believed to be the only "living" public house sign in England.

The sunshine of Saturday surprising effect and the occupants of the hive were swarming, much to the discomfort of those who desired to enter the inn to quench their thirst. Thousands of bees were flying about and a large crowd of persons stood at a respectful distance watching the landlord collecting them in another hive by the side of the footpath near the door .- The London Standard.

Sizing Her Up.

"You don't seem to like Miss Gabble, Mrs. Malaprop," remarked Mrs. Browne. "Why is it?"

"I detest her," replied Mrs. Malaprop, "because she's nothing but a scandal mongrel and everybody that knows her will collaborate that statement."-Philadelphia Press.