Ah God! how strange the rattling in the street
Comes to me where I lie and the hours pass.

1 watch a beetle crawling up the sheet
That covers me, and curiously note
The green and yellow back like mouldy brass,
And can not even shudder at the thought
How soon the loathsome thing will reach my face

And by such things alone I measure out
The slow drip of the minutes from Time's caves.
For if I think of when I lived, I doubt
It was but yesterday I brushed the flowers;
But when I think of what I am, thought leaves
The weak mind dizzy in a waste of hours.
O God, how happy is the man that grieves!

Life? It was life to look upon her face,
And it was life to rage when she was gone;
But this new horror!—In the market-place
A form, in all things like me as I moved
Of old, is marked or hailed of many an one
That takes it for his friend that lived and loved—
And I laugh voicelessly, a laugh of stone.

For here I lie and neither move nor feel,
And watch that Other pacing up and down
The room, or pausing at his potter's wheel
To turn out cunning vessels from the clay
Vessels that he will hawk about the town,
And then return to work another day
Frowning; but I—I neither smile nor frown.

I see him take his coat down from the peg And put it on, and open the white door,
And brush some bit of cobweb from his leg,
And look about the room before he gees;
And then the clock goes ticking as before,
And I am with him and know all he does,
And I am here and tell each clock-tick o'er.

And men are praising him for subtle skill;
"And women love him—God alone knows why
He can have all the world holds at his will—
But this, to be a living soul, and this
No man but I can give him; and I lie
And make no sign, and care not what he is,
And hardly know if this indeed be I.

Ah, if she came and bent above me here,
Who lie with straight bands bound about my chin!
Ah, if she came and stood beside this bier
With aureoles as of old upon her hair
To light the darkness of this burial bin!
Should I not rise again and breathe the air
And feel the veins warm that the blood beats in?

Or should I lie with sinews fixed and shrick
As dead men shrick and make no sound? Should I
See her gray eyes look love and hear her speak
And be all impotent to burst my shroud?
Will the dead never rise from where they lie?
Or will they never cease to think so loud?
Or is to know and not to be, to die?

—Richa

-Richard Hovey.

We soon reached Banner street.

It was sometime before my eyes

could take in my surroundings. But

presently I saw a figure lying near

the window, on the floor, on a heap

of rags. It was that of a poor, decent

looking woman. A few words of sym-

pathy and explanation, and I learned

her simple story. The woman was a

stead of healing, apparently had fes-

tered. A large, unwholesome ulcer

was exposed to view as I examined it.

She had gone twice as an out patient

to the nearest hospital, but she could

walk no longer. Her work as a char-

woman had had perforce to be given

up; so there she lay, helpless to move

hand or foot on her own behalf! By

her side stood a little girl of about

six years of age-"our Bess," she

called her-a bright-eyed, winsome

But Billy was the bread winner!

He it was who kept the wolf from the

door. It was he who had boldly gone

into trade in the endeavor to supply

bread. Deeply affected, I listened to

are inclined to the belief that heroes

are made only on special occasions.

and his modest struggle might have

children?" said the poor woman.

Billy might do for a bit by himself;

he is a brave lad! But our Bess-,

And then the poor soul fairly broke

Why, I asked of the woman, did

little lassie.

made an epic,



By the Late Dr. T. J. Barnado.

It was a murky evening at the (I knew Banner street well; the close c. September, and the outlook place was not more than ten min- the children for a while, I will. was drab and dreary. A few splashy utes' walk away. "Come on with drops of rain fell occasionally, and me," I said, "and I will see your the muddy streets were most unpleas- mother. I am a doctor, you know, ant for pedestrians. Truly, an un- and perhaps I can do her some good. inviting night in which to be abroad!

I had been attending the board gave himself up to the new idea, and meeting of a society in which I was trotted off by my side, his tongue interested, and I was absorbed in waging briskly the while. Here was thinking over some few points of an adventure, or at least, an event! the business transacted. I hardly He managed to keep up a never failnoticed, therefore, that as I left Moor- ing stream of small talk which, I began to assail my ear. "Matches, came round, often by very sharp ansir," it said in a curious persistent gles, to the "nice gemman! I walked steadily on, but the voice followed, challenging my atten- few minutes then brought us to the tion. The speaker must have been a corner of a dingy, pestilential lookdiminutive little match seller, for the ing court, lined on each side by tumsound was near the ground. Again ble down two story houses which he repeated earnestly: "Two a ha- looked as though they had been orpenny! Two boxes a ha'-penny! Buy iginally jerry built, and had been out Then after a pause, he of repair for many years back. They resumed: "Could give yer three, but were noisome in the extreme, fetid, there ain't much profit!

That curious chant with its quaint presented a set of creeky and very comment at length checked my progress. My thoughts were effectually small hand firmly into mine, and broken into. I stopped, and at a without delay we began to climb up of the various names and addresses glance took in the scene and the and up, until at last we reached a with which she supplied me, so that speaker at once. I saw a sight, com- back room on the top floor. The boy we could verify the facts and assure mon enough, alas, in London—a lit-ran in first, while I waited outside. ourselves that there was genuine the street vender, shoeless and stock- Only a minute elapsed, when the need and friendlessness in the case. ingless, his bare feet well mudded, his door was opened, and in response to a I left with a promise that, if all trousers ragged, his jacket jorn. muffled "Come in, sir," I entered, Trousers and jacket were all he had to cover him from the drizzling rain and shivering fog. A queer little old down; no table to fill up the bare course, I saw to the immediate needs patched cap was perched on one side of his head in a knowing fashion, pathetically at variance with the sad lines of his face. The child looked to me about eight years of age; but I one felt that there was a decent and like the nice gentleman? Shail guessed him to be nine, for he was of

stunted growth "Sold much to-day?" I inquired.

He shook his head. "Six boxes ain't much-only t'ree

"a'pence for the lot." "Who sent you out?"

"Mother." "And why does mother send out a

chap like you?" "She can't help it; she's werry

"Where is she?"

"Home

"Anybody else there?" "Sissy."

"How old is she?" "Oh, she don't count! She's littler than me-lots littler."

"Do you make much money?" "Sometimes, if I'm lucky,"

"Are you often lucky?"

'Not 'xactly often; I wor in real luck yesterday.

"How's that?" "Such a nice gemman kem along and says he: 'You are a poor little chap; and he gev me a bob. Oh, he

wor a nice gemman, he wor My young companion had wasted no words, and now, when such emphasis was laid upon this particular gentleman, I felt he was being held up for imitation!

Why don't you go home with your three ha'pence?" I continued.

"Tain't no use," said the boy. "Tain't no use going home with lit-

tler nor a tanner, sir!

Must you always have a tanner? she not go to a hospital? The ques-The little head was nodded quickly and emphatically. Clearly six-pence was the irreducible minimum. "Well, now," I said "tell me where tion was hardly asked when I felt rebuked. "What would become of the

your mother lives." "Thirteen Plough Court, Banner treet, St. Luke's," was the prompt

were wined away, and as I looked at the calm, resolute face, I discovered where Bill got his bravery from 'Well, then," said I, "why not try

refuge, while you are taken to the hospital and properly treated?" "Ah, yes, sir!" replied she eagerly, 'that's what I would like; but then

I don't know how to set about it." Then, to my surprise, she added, in the simplest, most matter-of-fact tone imaginable, "! have been prayin' to the Lord all the time I have been aere to take care of the children, and to

keep our Bess from the streets. Here in this wretched room, deprived of everything, depending absolutely upon a child of nine years of age for food and fuel-here lay this decent, industrious creature with a firm trust in the God of prayer, and in her breast there still burned the flame of faith and hope

"Yes, indeed, God has His own in every nook of the great city! Poor Mrs. Rider was a Christian woman, strong in prayer, and drawing in simple trust upon all the powers of the Omnipotent.

"Look here, sir," continued the woman. She put her hand under the pillow, and pulled out a leaf of a well known religious weekly journal, "Look here, sir, read that!" under my very eyes she placed a short narrative of one of my own rescues which had been reprinted in its columns! How the page had drifted to her I know not; but the last lines of the story contained the statement of mine which has been so often repeated, and which all my readers know so well: "Never during all these years have I refused a single destitute child who has made application at our doors." "There, sir," said the poor creature, not knowing in the least to whom she spoke. "I have been hopin' and prayin' that God would let Billy and our Bess get in there. I know they'd be safe, and they'd both be together, and then I'd go in cheerful to the 'ospital."

I thought for a few moments before I answered. At length I said slowly: "I did not tell you who I am; but now I must let you know. The poor woman looked up with something like alarm written on her I continued: "My name is Barnardo, and I have a great many poor girls and boys in my keeping. And really that is why I asked your little lad to bring me here to-day, Now, if I can help you by keeping

It is impossible to describe the emotions of wonder and amazement which passed over that poor sufferir : mother's face! The tears poured Without more ado the little chap down her cheeks.

"Billy," she called, and the boy ran quickly to his mother's side. "Bess, dear," she added; and then, holding the two children in her trembling hands, she said: "This is the gentleman that has all the little boys gate street station a timid little voice could not help observing, always and girls. I told yer God would hear me, and now He's just sent him here to take and keep you both until I am well again.

As for me, I felt at once humbled, encouraged and thankful; humbled to think that in any hour of darkness and difficulty I had ever doubted that God heard and answered prayer; encouraged by this fresh proof of our Father's guiding hand; and thankful for the opportunity thus afforded me recking of slime and neglect. No. 13 of stretching out a heiping hand to one of our Lord's own children

There and then I entered fully into the mother's story, and made notes proved right, I would admit the chil-The room was literally devoid of dren to the homes for a time while furniture. There was no chair to sit the mother entered the hospital. Of floor space. Yet there was a mar- of the family, but not until I made velous air of peace, and even of com- Billy tell me once again the story of fort, in that empty garret! All, for the "nice gemman. instance, was wonderously clean. And

"Now, Billy, what shall I do to be gracious air about the place which give you a shilling now, or shall I spoke well for its human occupants, take you both into my home, and

send your mother to the hospital?" Billy hesitated; but there was no feeling of doubt in Bessle's mind. The words were hardly out when she sidled over to me, and placed her liftle hand trustingly in mine. Billy said more slowly: "If mother wor well, I think it would be nicer to have widow of about forty-five. She had the shillin'; but I'll go with you, sir, injured her leg, and the wound, to- all right."

Ere long one of my good woman helpers was in the room supplying the wants of the patient, bringing food and fuel and a few needed garments to the children, while I obtained an order giving admission to the hospital to this poor member of 'the household of faith.

And that was how Billy and Bess came to be counted among the greatest family in the world, 5450 strong! -Sabbath Reading.

The Leech a Weather Prophet.

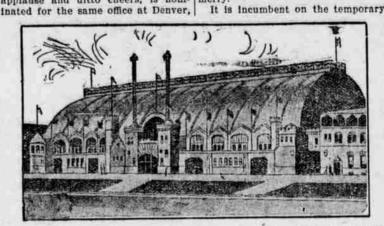
A leech confined in a vial of water prove an excellent weather will mother, sister and himself with prophet. If the weather is to continue fine the leech lies motionless at the simple, homely, heroic story. Men the bottom of the vial and rolled together in a spiral form. If it is to be rain, either before or after noon, Yet in truth the finest heroes are it is found to have crept up to the homespun, and often hidden in ob- top of its lodging, and there it rescurity. Billy was of the true stuff, mains until the weather is settled. If we are to have wind the poor pris oner gallops through his limpid habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests until it begins to blow hard .- The Scotsman.

A Word From Josh Wise Look on th' bright side. Ef ye be come baldheaded ye kin set in th' down. Yet in a minute the tears front row.



asm." citizen is nominated for the Presidency of the United States at Chicago, man to the platform; the band plays, applause and ditto cheers, is nom- merry.

"tremendous enthusi-|There is usually little trouble over | tion, adopted the platform. "tumultuous applause," and the election of a temporary chairman. "resounding cheers," some American The chairman then appoints a com-citizen is nominated for the Presi-mittee to escort the temporary chairand when, later, some other American the delegation from Mr. So-and-so's citizen, with ditto enthusiasm, ditto State makes a lot of noise, and all is



COLISEUM AT CHICAGO WHERE THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION WILL BE HELD.

the male population of the United chairman to make a speech. He toit was done, why it was done, and "who done It."

At a National Convention each the delegates gather. They do a lot of "conferring" with each other and

William H. Taft.

IN THE PRESIDENTIAL PANTRY

The Favorite Sons (in chorus)-

'Somebody's taken a bite out of my

is virtually in command of the situa-

tion. With it lies the arranging of

the details, the "framing up" of the

procedure of the first session, the se-

lection of the temporary chairman,

and, in a great many cases, though

not always, the program making of

the whole convention, temporary and

permanent organizations, nominating,

It is the chairman of the National

Committee who calls the convention

to order, usually about noon upon the

day set. This year the Republican

National Convention will be called to

order by Harry C. New on June 16,

and the Democratic Convention will

be called to order by Thomas Taggart

The convention called to order, the

chairman requests the secretary to

read the call for the convention,

which is done. Then the roll call is

gone through, and this takes a lot of

time. The next step is the announce

ment by the chairman that the com-

mittee offers to the convention as its

temporary chairman the name of So-

longed cheers, and by a viva voce vote

Mr. So-and-so is unanimously elected.

There are loud and pro-

and platform building.

-From the Journal (Minneapolis.)

ticket, but little else.

States, or the great majority of it, at variably takes advantage of the opany rate, will want to know just how portunity. He "sounds a keynote." After the speech various resolu-

tions are offered. Usually these have been arranged for in advance, State has its own headquarters, where and the temporary chairman works according to a printed schedule, calling on John Doe and Richard Roe at the right time, so that there may



William J. Bryan.

be no hitch. Committees are appointed; one on resolutions, which will with delegates from other States. have the drafting of the platform; They hold meetings and elect chairone on credentials or contested seats; men and honorary vice-presidents. one on permanent organization. The honorary vice-president has a These are the important ones. When seat on the platform and an extra they are all chosen, and there has been a lot of hand-clapping and cheer-Prior to the calling of the convening, as well-known men are appointed tion to order the National Committee to this or that committee, the temporary chairman announces an ad-



Year Dilemma -From the Washington Star.

During the recess a lot of real work is done. Three or four men, som times more, but never many, get together in a back room of a hotel and talk and smoke cigars. They are the

Part Played by Committees.

At the second session of the convention the committees report. They have held sessions in the meanwhile and have decided the contests, arranged for the permanent organiza- |der.

Committee on Contested Seats that on Permanent Organization,

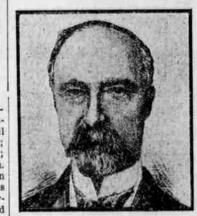
however, are ready and they report. The contests decided, no matter how, the permanent roll of the con-vention is made up and called. Then the Committee on Permanent Organization reports, and the permanent chairman is named, cheered and escorted to the platform. The pro-cedure is identical with the election of the temporary chairman. The permanent chairman, too, must make a



Gov. Johnson, of Minnesota.

speech. It, too, is of the "keynote" variety.

The Committee on Platform reports after the permanent chairman has made his speech. When the matter of the platform is disposed of, either by the committee reporting or by the announcement that it is not ready to report, the permanent chairman announces another recess; may-



Vice-President Fairbanks,

be until the next day, possibly till later in the same day.

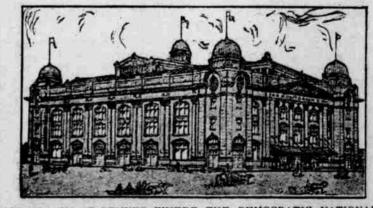
Now back to the little room go the four or more bosses who do the heavy work; back to the hotel lobbles, the theatres, the cafes, the sight-seeing tours go the other delegates. Compromises are effected, promises are made. Eventually, in the back room



Judge Geo. Gray. Gov. Folk. and not in the convention hall, what

is to be done is finally determined as a rule.

Again the convention meets. the platform has not been adopted it is now. Then nominations are in or-



AUDITORIUM AT DENVER WHERE THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION WILL BE HELD.

Brief News Notes About the Conventions,

The Roosevelt third-term bug which attacked Washington as well as other parts of the United States a week or two ago has disappeared.

Governor Albert E. Mead, of the State of Washington, stated his benot accept a renomination.

The threat of capital to go into politics and make its influence feit, Journal, Carrolina, Passouri, Just as labor threatens to do, has caused perturbation in both parties.

The Chicago Tribune finds Johnson leading for Democratic Vice-President instructed, and will be subservient to with twenty-two per cent. of the votes. Ex-Governor Douglas, of Massachusetts, is second with sixteen per cent. Chanler gets only seven per lief that President Roosevelt would cent., Culberson and Gray still less, and Hearst brizgs up the rear.

Wyoming, California, Missouri,

The Rhode Island delegation is un-

Even yet the vision of a Roosevelt stampede is disturbing the rest of the more nervous of the Republicans.

It is altogether likely that as a result of the convention of the National Association of Manufacturers there will be formed a business men's political party no take a hand in the approaching campaign.