KNOWLEDGE.

" only we could see what lies ahead, If we might look beyond to-morrow"

I wonder if we should, absolved from dread, Be happy-visaged and contented mortals? Would all the hate and heartaches dis-

Would glee blot out all memories of sor-Would courage come to take the place of

fear, If we could see what lies beyond to-morrow?

If we could know what destinies the fates Are shaping now for us who blindly blunder

And oft in vain assault forbidden gates How would the knowledge profit us, I

How would the knowledge pront us, 1 wonder? Would failure cease to break the hearts of

men? Would night's deep, silent darkness lose its terror? Would he that ought to dig lay down the

would all who stumble cease to grope in

We know that right is right, that wrong is

wrong, That thus it was ordained at time's be-ginning; We know that honors to the wise belong,

That sorrow is the heavy price of similar, Met foolishly we sin and venture where The currents, soon or late, will drag us

nehow all the future weré laid bare, would beholding profit us, I wonder? -S. E. Kiser, in Youth's Companion.

Lost and Won.

600000000000000

A shrill blast from the whistle and a cry. The thresher stopped and the workers rushed to his side. With the greatest difficulty they succeeded in getting him, their master, Chaguy, out of the steel claws of the machine, The wounded man groaned for a moment, then he swore like a trooper His right arm was one bloody pulp from wrist to shoulder.

He was carried to the house, and as the men were carrying him across the yard the servant girl, Jeannine, appeared in the door. She had been scared by the sudden stopping of the thresher.

"What is the matter?"

"It is the master who got his arm crushed in the thresher."

She looked at the bloody stump and begun to sob aloud.

T"It seems to hurt you a lot more than it hurts me," the wounded man said phlegmatically.

They wanted to put him to bed and he refused.

Put me in the armchair near the window."

He was placed in the large, clumsy, uncomfortable armchair. Jennnine brought linen rags and wanted to put a bandage on.

"They won't do any good, Jeannine. Just tie something around what is left and then tell Jean to hitch up and go for the doctor. Let him tell the doctor he must be here before sundown and cut off my arm. Patchwork won't do here.'

Then he said to the others: "Now you just go back to work. It is no use to stop everything because I have lost an arm. The thresher costs enough money to hire, anyway."

When Jeannine and the others had was a strong, powerful man, who cared nothing for the pain. The accident was unfortunate, but the re-sults still more serious. By working from dawn to dark he had been able to do without a hired hand except during the harvest time, even though he had one hundred acres. The two stable had been as tireless as he, but officers. the future he would not he

When she saw how sad her master looked, she continued softly: "Do not worry too much about it, master! perhaps the doctor may be able to save your arm."

He looked at her as she stood there, tall and strong, her firm round arms on her hips. Her face was full of pity, but strong like that of a woman who does not want to betray her feelings. Chaguy thought she had never looked as beautiful as now. "It is not the accident I am think-

ing of," he said; "it is what is to come. I shall have to pay at least 500 francs to a man to do things here, and within ten miles I do not know a single fellow who can plow a straight

furrow. Blame the whole business." "Is that all that worries you?" "Yes, blame it - isn't that enough?"

"You must not talk like that, mas-

ter. "Why not?"

"I will show you why."

She left the room. He turned a little in his chair, but almost howled with pain. He looked through the window across the field. It would take many days to plow them-and here he was sitting doing nothing. Who was to plow the long furrows across the fields and throw out the seed for a new harvest?

Suddenly he heard a voice in the stable-it was Jeanpine: "Hello, Gray, get up, now-come on, now, Charlotte!"

What did that mean? Did Jeannine intend to plow? That would never work, although she had tried often enough in fun. Gathering all his strength, he succeeded in raising himself, and as he looked through the window he saw Jeannine making the first furrow. He was almost moved to tears as he saw how well she did it, and how splendid she looked behind the plow, with her sleeves rolled up, her hair blowing about her head, and her young, firm bosom heaving with excitement.

Chaguy stared at her as if bewitched, then the tears came into his eyes as he exclaimed in despair, "Oh. my God!"

When she came back near the house Chaguy, was an almost superhuman effort, raised the window and called out: "Oh, Jeannine!"

"Yes, master. Don't I know how to plow?"

"I can do it no better myself-but, oh, Jeannine, you are a splendid girl. What a pity I have lost my arm, or I should ask you to be my wife."

She took hold of the plow handles, looked at him, and said in a voice that trembled a little:

"Just as you want to, master: the arm won't make no difference. You know that my two arms are always yours if you want to take them."-American Cultivator.

Catholics in the Navy.

Of the 15,000 men comprising the crews of the battleship fleet just returned from the Orient 5000 are good and loyal Catholics. Nor are these upholders of the flag Catholics in name only or without the admiration of their non-Catholic comrades. gone, Chaguy began to think. He An incident chronicled from Marseilles illustrates this:

During the stay of some of our battleships at Marseilles about 150 sailors went to mass, but were derided and criticised by some of the French naval officers and other atheistic Frenchmen, Returning to their ships after mass these sailors complained mares that were now resting in the bitterly of their treatment to their

"Wo u to church," said they. "We are Americans. Do you wish us to be "We are made a target for insults and sneers? What are you going to do about it?" For answer every one of the fleet who could get away-Protestants, infidels, free thinkers and Catholics to the number of 1400, marched to mass in a solid body the next day.-Rosary Magazine.



A BRAVE MAN.

Nicolas, Chevaller d'Assas, French captain in the Auvergne regiment, born at Vigan, in the Languedoc, while making a reconnoissance during the night of October 15, 1760. at Klostercamp, in Westphalin, met French camp. He was ordered to him. D'Assas at once cried out, "A mol Auvergne-the enemy is here!" He was killed on the spot .- Bouillet's Dictionary of History.

MOOSE HUNTING UNCERTAIN.

A curious instance of the uncertainty of moose hunting recently occurred on the preserves of the Laurentian Club, in New Brunswick. Mr. Gedney, of New York, arrived one morning at a subsidiary camp in the woods, and found, resting there, a been looking in vain for many days for a trace of big game.

They had intended to start out again after luncheon. Laughingly they asked Mr. Gedney why he did not go out and get a moose while they continued their rest.

The suggestion was accepted, and the new arrival started out amid the good natured banter of the campers. Ten minutes later they heard the discharge of a rifle, and shortly after Mr. Gedney returned to camp.

When he said in reply to the inquiries of his companions that he had killed a moose and had come back to secure their assistance in skinning the carcass and getting the head and meat to camp, the story was for some time treated as a joke, the whole of the surrounding country having been carefully searched for monse for some weeks previously. This particular moose possessed a beautiful head, with a spread of antlers exceeding fifty inches.

WANTED IN SMYRNA.

Israel Ludlow, the aeronaut whose experiments with flying machines have so greatly impaired his health, still perseveres in his aeronoutical researches, and one day he said:

"I bear my accident patiently. At happened, no doubt, because it was to happen. I shall keep on with flying. I am something of a fatalist, I suppose."

He mused a moment.

You know how profoundly they believe in fate in the East?" he said. "There is a story that they tell about it there.

"A certain sultan was giving audience one morning when the grand vizier came and prostrated himself at the foot of the dais.

"'Rise, vizier," said the sultan, graciously, 'and tell me why you are so pale, and why do you tremble so? 'Alas, lord,' the vizier answered, in that shadowy corner by the ivory screen the Angel of Death is standing. For a long while he has stood there, and continually he fixes on me a strange and earnest look."

remaining opportunities, and stubbornly persist to the end. Then came the reaction that readjusted the burden. Becoming more used to the mental depression, it was the more easily borne. He admitted that fact, and bravely trudged along under heavy marching orders. This desirable change for the better was duly noted by those around him, and every effort was made by them to divert his mind into new channels of thought. It thus became his necessity to devote himself afresh to the completion of his memoirs .- From Dr. Shrady's "General Grant's Last Days," in the Century.

FRAD

THE WONDERFUL SHARK.

A prominent Government official who has returned from a visit to Palm Beach, Fla., tells about seeing a huge man-eating shark that was a column of the enemy which was ad- captured at that place. It was one vancing in silence to surprise the of the biggest sharks ever caught in Florida waters, and was evidently a keep silent or else they would kill sailor of many years. The animal measured over eighteen feet in length, had a sword attachment that was as long as an arm, and was of the leopard variety, stamping it as one of the man-cating species, a dangerous beast.

The shark was caught by a shark fisherman. He used a large rope for a line, and had a windlass as a reel. At the end of the line was a huge steel hook, and this was baited with a large bright tin can. The shark bit at the bait and was entrapped. He couple of club members, who had the fisherman ever experienced. It was the interior of the fish, however, that excited the greatest interest When he was cut open, a whole porpoise was found in the stomach. There was also a large piece of partly digested shark, and the head of an ostrich. The piece of shark inside the monster was out of the back, and contained the backbone of the dead animal.

A careful examination showed that the backbones were larger than the backbones of the captured shark. A number of scars on his body showed that he had been in conflict with another shark, and the finding of a piece of the adversary showed that the conflict had ended in the death of the opponent; that the victor had then swallowed a juicy portion of his adversary. The presence of the ostrich head in the stomach of the maneater was regarded as undoubted proof that the shark had probably just arrived in Florida waters from Africa, and that he had made the trip in two or three days. The head was not digested, and the process of digestion had only just begun. There is only one estrich farm in Florida, and when that institution was communicated with, the owners said that they had not lost an ostrich in a year. The ability of a shark to pass a fast steamer in one minute's time is well known to travelers, and there is no doubt that the shark had been in African waters and had captured a stray ostrich, or the head of one that had been killed, and then started across the Atlantic, reaching the Florida waters before the ostrich head had begun to digest .- New York Tribune.

AN ANGLER'S HARD LUCK TALE. In Southwestern Colorado, with two of my friends, I stepped off the narrow gauge train just at the entrance of the Black Canon, at a point which was recommended to us as one of the most favorable places for trout fishing along the wild Gunnison River. One day, while fishing right under a cliff formed by one of the

Time's Problem. By Elbert Hubbard.

ME has always been a puzzle to philosophers.

10.04.24

They could -never explain, or account, or trace its ginning and end.

And they cannot yet.

While we can calculate the end of worlds and solar systems, time stretches away illimitable, unfettered and uncontrolled. The principal thing that differentiates man from animals is

his cognizance of time. Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign which shows that they are speculating about time. Birds and fowls go to roost when it grows dark, and get busy when light

returns. When a total eclipse happens, chickens accept it as a matter of course,

and hunt their roosts; while we foretell the coming eclipse by the use of a watch and a calendar.

And what of the eyeless fish in caves and in the depths of the sea that see no light?

Time must pass as it does to a prisoner in darkness who soon loses the power to even approximately measure time. Prince Peter Kropotkin, in describing the horrors of solitary confinement,

says the kind jailer who allowed him to keep his watch thereby saved him from insanity

We divide life up into periods of time, and thus make it endurable.

You lend a man money and in a year he pays you back with something ad-ditional-or he doesn't. Anyway, he should.

Where did the extra money come from?

Time produced half of it. Such is the power of time. Time mitigates all grief, cures all sickness, satisfies revenge. And Shakespeare says: "What is time but the shadow of earth on the background of eternity?"

The Bible contains nine hundred and sixty references to time.

In order to picture endless time, or eternity, a good old preacher I used to hear put the matter this way: "If once in a thousand years a tiny bird came from a far distant planet, and carried away in his bill a single grain of sand, the time would come when this entire earth would be gone-but it wouldn't then be sun-up in hell."

"Does time exist outside of our consciousness?

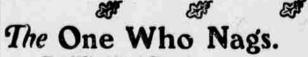
did it in a fit of insanity.

she

nagging.

It certainly does. It goes on, just the same when we sleep, and if we should fail to awake, it would still go on. It will go on when watches cease to tick, when all animal life ceases to breathe, when stars cease to shine and suns to set.

How can time cease? By no leap of mind can one imagine .- New York American.



By Winifred Black.

WOMAN seventy years old shot and killed her cousin, a woman of eighty, the other day.

The two poor old creatures lived in two bare little rooms at the top of a rich man's house.

They were poor relations.

They did not eat their meals with the rest of the familythey didn't like "new-fangled cookin'," they said, and they hated

to dress for dinner-so every day they slipped down the back stairs into the rich man's kitchen and ate what was left of the rich man's dinner. And the rich man's friends all said how good he was to give the two old

women house room. They had little plants in their windows upstairs, and one of them had a

on the whole, they might have been rather comfortable. But the oldest old woman did not like the way the youngest old woman did her hair, and she said her rheumatism cure was the best, and she wouldn't let the youngest old woman alone about it. Every morning, when the two old women crept down the stairs, the old-

est old woman said something sarcastic about the youngest old woman's hair, or lack of it, and one day she went into the youngest old woman's room and

took her bottle of rheumatism cure and emptied it out of the window, to "kill

the sparrows," she said; and that night the youngest old woman took a cheap

revolver and shot and killed the oldest old woman-and the Coroner said she

Yesterday the youngest old woman died herself, and they buried her in the rich man's family lot, right beside the woman she had killed.

I wish every nagger and every bully and every hectoring tease would read the story of the two old women and of what happened to the one who did the

Insane? No, she wasn't insane. She was just nagged. She was one of the quiet, peaceful sort, who couldn't "answer back"-so

I'd rather live with a thief and a murderer than dwell under the same

"IE ideal wife epidemic is breaking out all over the West, and five

pages and pages of letters from men describing the ideal wife.

or six of the big papers in the middle-sized towns are running

Not one of the letter writers wants a beauty; not one cares

Poor desperate old creature!-I'm glad she is at rest.

It might be possible to avert another tragedy.

roof with a petty nagger .- New York American.

By Winifred Black.

stood it as long as she could, and then she committed murder.

to plow. He would have to get a bired man, and that would cost him at least five hundred francs a year. How was he to make that money?

When he had reached this point he was filled with remorse for not having kept a promise given to a dying person. It was his wife who would not die until she was satisfied she had arranged everything so that her death would mean the smallest possible loss. During her long illness this thought had worried her. Her fear did not arise from the thought that the heritage should be scattered, for she had no children, but from love of the soil, to which she had devoted the work of her Hfe.

At last she found a way out, and said to her husband: "Chaguy, I have thought it all over. You are only thirty, and not fit to remain a rich, as Motley remarks, only in chilwidower, first because you are too young, and next because a farm without a housewife does not amount to everything. You must marry Jeannine. She has been with us ten years and never given any cause for complaint. She is young and strong and willing, and that makes up for the fact that she can bring no dowry. Promise me to marry her, and I can die in peace."

Chaguy had promised, but he had always put off the matter. Not that he was blind to her robust beauty or her quick hands, but he was always thinking of what improvements he could make if he were to marry a widow or girl with money. And thus three years had passed and he was still a widower.

His blood was boiling now when he thought of himself with one arm. fit only to weed turnips. Who would marry him now? Nobody-not even Jennnine. He would have to have a stranger cultivate his farm, his income would go down, the value of his farm would deteriorate and his savings would disappear. That arm would cost him a pile of money. If he had only kept his promise-then use of the tubercular pupils .- Medihe would have had Jeannine; but, of cal Journal. course, she would leave him now, too

Jeannine entered.

o'clock."

Holland's Little Julie.

The name of Holland's new "Little Julie" is in every way of good omen for the house of Orange, which will have no lack of blossoms in the next generation if she follows her great-ancestress' example, for it was Juliana of Stolberg who made good her Nassau husband's claim to be called William the Rich. He was dren. But five sons, headed by William the Silent, and seven daughters amounted to wealth indeed from the patriotic point of view. All those five illustrious brothers owed much to the mother whose letters, written to them in hours of anxiety, still survive. She advised them, "with as much earnest simplicity, as if they were still children at her knee, to rely always, in the midst of the trials and dangers which were to beset their paths through life, upon the great hand of God."-London Chronicle.

For Tubercular Children.

Separate schools for tubercular children may be established in Philadelphia in the near future. The new school code specifically prescribes that children suffering from tuberculosis cannot be admitted into the public schools and at the same time provides for the compulsory attendance of all children between the ages of sit and sixteen years. It is the opinion of the educational officials that the only solution of the problem is to set aside special schools for the

"Women are sacrificed by the thou-"The boy has gone," she said, "and | sands in the name of marriage," says the doctor ought to be here by 2 Mother Tingley. And some men.-Rochester Herald.

"The vizier wrung his hands.

'Lord, I would not die,' he said. Lord, grant thy slave permission to set out forthwith for Smyrna. Thus, it may be, I will escape the dreadful visitant.'

"The sultan, with a nod, granted the vizier that wish and the poor man hastened forth with all speed to make ready for the journey. Then the sultan beckoned the angel to him.

"Art thou,' he said, 'truly the Angel of Death?'

'Yes,' replied the other, indifferently.

"The sultan nodded his head. Then he said, gravely:

'Why hast thou looked with such strange carnestness at my vizier?'

'Because,' said the angel, 'I wondered what he was doing here, for I have orders to kill him in Smyrna." -Washington Star.

GRANT'S HEROISM

The story of General Grant's sickroom was, as all the world knows, a sad one. With no desire to display the harrowing side of his physical suffering, I still wish to describe the manner in which he bore his trials under the many adverse circumstances which tested to the utmost his remarkable fortitude, stubbornness of will and Christian philosophy. His wonderful self-control, which seldom deserted him, not only made him the least complaining, but the most dutiful, of patients. The study of his different moods in his long wait for death was a revelation in resignation which could never go unheeded. To fit oneself to the burden of sickness requires time and patience. It was at first hard for him to submit to the inevitable. View the situation as he might, there was still the ominous shadow over his immediate future. The willing submission to fate strains the strongest philosophy. Still, like others under like circumstances, he resolved to face the enemy, and trust to adapting himself to new conditions. This explained his deep gloom when the real nature of his malady was first announced to necessary for the few working days

plateau supporting rocks, we were aroused by a rumbling noise which was distinctly audible above the roar of the stream.

Then we saw the body of a sheep floating down the stream; in another moment we saw two sheep being carried down the torrent; the next moment the body of a lamb fell within a foot of where I was sitting. Then followed a veritable shower of sheep. One of my companions was struck senseless, and before I could go to his assistance I was struck on the head by a large ram and was carried into the raging river.

In this part of the Gunnison rocks protrude above the surface of the water, and no one can cross the stream without assistance and hope to come out alive. I was hurled from side to side and from rock to rock. wnen, after being carried down the stream fully ten furlongs, I was washed up on to a pile of sheep that had accumulated on one of the rocks. I was bruised and scared to the point of insanity, but I managed to reach the shore, although my life was again imperilled by reason of a break in the dam of sheep which had temporarily bridged the stream.

The explanation of the shower of sheep is as follows: The sheep and cattlemen, who each claimed the plateau as their grazing ground, had been engaged in bitter warfare. The cattlemon maintained that where the sheep were allowed to graze the land was rendered unfit for cattle to graze upon, owing to the fact that the sheep cropped the grass so closely that there was nothing left for the cattle. On this particular morning the sheep were in corral, and the angered cattlemen took advantage of the absence of the herders, opened the gates of the corral, stampeded them, and ran them to the edge of the plateau, over which 2500 of the sheep were precipitated .- Chicago Tribune.

Monkey Had Good Memory.

During a performance in a variety theatre at Copenhagen a monkey named Morits suddenly sprang off the him. It was this discipline that was stage and threw himself into the arms of a man in the audience. It was discovered that the man had been Morleft to him. The only relief in the situation was to make the most of the its' master four years before.

a thing about style, and every one of them puts his 101 heart and swears that he doesn't care whether his wife is pretty, or clever, or intertaining.

Marriage by Accident.

All be wants is an old-fashioned girl, who will love him and mend his socks, and look pleasant when he comes home from the office.

Dear me, girls, aren't you sorry you spent so much money on those rats

and puffs and swishy frocks and things? The men don't seem to like them, after all-when they're writing letters. The real man-the sort of chap you see down at Asbury Park and Atlantic City, and even at Far Rockaway once in a while-oh, he's different. He may say he likes an old-fashioned girl, but you introduce him to one and see how quick he will remember that he has an engagement somewhere else.

The ideal wife is a good deal likke the ideal husband-a creature of the magination.

The very man that sits down and writes a letter about the nice, humble, quiet, modest, unassuming little housekeeper he intends to marry, will fall in love the very next minute with a great big Gibson girl, all hat and complexion

And the very girl who declares-on paper-that she won't marry a handsome man for anything, and that she can't bear a "swell-dresser, will run away and marry a \$20 a week vaudeville actor just because he has dark eyes years a lovely spotted waistcoat that just matches his socks.

We can fool ourselves whenever we want to, but we never can fool her for a minute. When she has enough tall people in the world she gets all the short men to falling in love with the big women-and the next generation is middle sized.

When there are too many blonds she starts every blond man to falling in love with a brunette-and that question, is settled. The neat old maid marries the prodigal son, and the giddy gusher settles down and makes a fine practical wife for the staid man of business, and we who think we are doing the whole thing haven't a word to say in the matter. It's a kind of relief to realize that this marrying business isn't as much of a responsibility as it might be after all,

History Amply Justifies Great Britain's Perturbation By Henry S. Brooks.

HAVE read with interest the address delivered at Mohonk by the President of Columbia University relative to the "so-called war scare" in England.

Are the fears of the designs of Germany unreasonable? The "war lord" of Germany is an avowed disciple of Frederick the Great, who, it will be remembered by students of history, threw

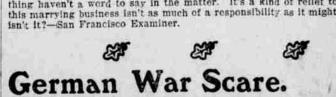
his armies on Silesia without a word of warning, and plunged all Europe, Great Britain included, into one of the longest and bloodlest wars ever recorded in history.

Great had no quarrel with the Empress Maria Theresa. He Frederick the covered Silesia and took it. His own explanation of that dreadful act of agpression was that he wished to make himself famous! He succeeded. He ob tained Silesia and is recorded in history as Frederick the Great. History also records that when the war was concluded the fields of Ger-

many were cultivated by women and dogs harnessed together to the plow!

We have all profound reverence and respect for the principles advocated at The Hague Conference, echoed at Lake Mohonk, but it is only yesterday that Austria, emulating the act of Frederick the Great, seized Bosnia and Herzegovina, tearing the "Treaty of Berlin" to shreds, defying the parties to it, is it not said at the instigation of the present German Emperor?

and high-heeled shoes. and Hurrah for good old Mother Nature!





Men Also.