THE HOUSE OF PAIN.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES. Unto the Prison House of Pain none willingly repair—
The bravest who an entrance gain—
Reluctant linger there—
For Pleasure, passing by that door, stays not to cheer the sight,
And Sympathy but muffles sound and banishes the light.

Yet in the Prison House of Pain things full of beauty blow— Like Christmas roses, which attain Perfection 'mid the snow— Love, entering, in his mild warmth the darkest shadows melt, And often, where the hush is deep, the waft of wings is felt.

Ah, me! the Prison House of Pain!—what lessons there are bought!

Lessons of a sublimer strain.

Than any e!sewhere taught—
Amid its loneliness and gloom, grave meanings grow more clear,

For to no earthly dwelling-place seems God so strangely near!

—From "Lyrics of Life."

The Commercial Traveler's Story.

Yes, we commercials have our fair share of odd experiences, and we grow case-hardened in time. But there was one occasion when I unconsciously played a queer part in a big affair, and whenever I travel on his head out of the window beside us. line the circumstances come vividly before my mind's eye, and I experience a strange feeling of ner-

not overcome. It happened one night in December, a good many years ago, when I was young on the road. I was traveling by the evening train from Euston to catch the midnight boat at Liver pool for Belfast.

I arrived at the terminus on the stroke of the hour, and barely had it, I thought. time to get my ticket and fling myself and bag into a second smoker before the train moved off.

There were only two other passengers in the compartment, occupying sigh of relief, I settled myself down in a corner and prepared to enjoy a cigar and the latest evening paper.

Before starting to read I took a look at my fellow passengers, for I have always been fond of a chat, and can generally snot a likely talker at once. However, there was little prospect of anything of the kind, for The one opposite to me, a clean-shaven man with a professional the other was lying back in the far corner with his cap over his eyes, smoking a big cigar, and apparently half asleep.

We had got as far as Rugby without a word being spoken, when I suddenly felt my foot jogged in a peculiar way, and, looking up. I met the keen glance of my professional-looking neighbor.

Excuse me, sir," said he, with an odd smile, "Would you mind exchanging papers? I see you have exhausted yours.'

"Certainly," said I, slightly surprised, and we swapped accordingly, while he gave my toe another warning kick.

Imagine my astonishment when I saw penciled on the margin of his paper these words:

"Keep calm. I'm a Scotland Yard Our fellow traveler is Burnside-you know who. Warrant for his arrest waits me at Liverpool; but may have to secure him before we reach there. Rely on your assistance if necessary. Speak to me in refreshment room, Stafford."

Of course I knew who Burnside was-everybody did then. You may remember he was Lord tary, who absconded with her ladyship's diamonds, and made a big stir at the time, though the affair was hushed up afterwards.

I was pretty cool in those days, and read the words over again before permitted myself to take a peep at the redoubtable Burnside himself. He was still smoking lazily, and was evidently unconscious of the proximity of danger. For a week he had eluded capture, and the last item of news was that the police were still working on a clue some days old. The very paper I held contained a paragraph to that effect carefully marked in pencil by my detective friend.

You may guess I was terribly excited by the time we reached Stafford, where a five minutes' stop was made; and no sooner had the train pulled up than I pocketed the paper containing the strange message, and hurried off to the refreshment room.

A minute later the detective joined me, lounging up in a careless style. "Don't look round," he said: "he's

over there at the coffee counter. If he suspects anything he'll bolt. He's expecting some one at Crewe, I fancy, for he sent a wire from the telegraph office at Euston to a party there, and I overheard the clerk asking him about some figures in the telegram-2964, they were."

"Why, that's the number of our

compartment," I said.
"Exactly. It's sure to be a message telling some one to meet him, and, if so, the pair of them may give me trouble at Liverpool.'

"What do you mean to do, then?" "Collar him as soon as we start from here, strap him up, shove him under the seat, and when his precious accomplice arrives at Crewe I'll pitch a yarn to him about his friend being in another part of the train. Then he'll board the train, and at Liverpool the police can formally arrest my prisoner, while I follow the other chap to see what the game is. You see, I don't know which of them has the booty, and that's the main thing

"But supposing some other pasengers have already entered our compartment *

They can't. I've made it all right with the guard. Time's nearly up; better get back. I must buy a couple of strass. You'll help, if nece sary?" labelled the compartment "Reserved." looked up.

"Of course," said I, for the affair

was greatly to my liking. We were just about to start when Burnside, who had settled down in his corner, suddenly rose and thrust

"Guard!" he shouted. "What time do we reach Crewe?"

"Eight-forty-five, sir!" vousness which, try as I will, I can-"Good!" Burnside took his sent again, and the detective and I exbeat fast, and I braced myself up for a dazed manner. the coming struggle; for Burnside

was much slighter in build. We was much stated would evidently have a tough job of Burnside, recovering his senses. it, I thought. "Have they got clean away?"

Just as the train flew through the third station beyond Stafford the detective, who had been fidgeting behind his paper, suddenly began to wipe his lips with his handkerchief, age to bolt?" the ends of the same seat; so, with a and then rose as if to get something off the rack. With one bound he was on Burnside and had him pinned in the corner with his knee.
"Quick, get his wrists!" he said.

I saw that his face was covered by the detective's handkerchief, from both were middle-aged men of re-served appearance, who would hardly He struggled frightfully for a moment hurried back to the carriage, and our

"It's all right now," said the detective, "but he very nearly had me he was an ordinary passenger; and as air, was buried in his paper; while plugged. Faugh! Open the windows, our man commenced to pace up and

stood by it until my friend returned. true, and y "Everything right?" said he. show us you "Good! I've wired further instructions to Liverpool. I'll relieve you

now if you want a drink." I rushed off for some coffee, for I was feeling cold. But no sooner had I put the cup to my lips than the bell tective's-I mean Burnside's. rang, and I had to swallow the stuff at one gulp, half scalding my mouth, and then make a bolt for my carriage. I was only just in time, for the train had begun to move. The guard held flat morocco leather case. Pressing open the door and banged it to after me; and then; to my horror, instead of my friend whom I expected to find waiting for me, there was the blackbearded man in the far corner of the carriage, covering me with a revolver.

"The game's up, my friend," he said. I was too astonished to reply, and sank down helplessly on the cushions, forgetting my blistered mouth in sud-

den terror, for I knew I was completely at the ruffian's mercy. my friend there, and undo him. Mind,

no tricks." I obeyed, in a kind of stupor, and presently Burnside was sitting up on changed glances. My heart began to the opposite seat, rubbing his brow in

"Are you all right, Barker?" said was a powerful looking man, and the detective, though wiry and close-knit. revolver pointed at me. "Oh! you've come, Burt," said

"We've nabbed one of them; but

not the one we want." 'Good!" said Burnside, turning to look at me. "How did the other map-

"Well, I was waiting for you at Crewe, according to your instructions, and I spotted our man immediately, though I was rather surprised at your absence. However, I thought you'd I jumped over and laid hold of turn up presently, so I followed him Burnside's hands, just as he was when he left the carriage. The begstruggling to reach his pocket. Then gar went to the booking-office and took a ticket for Glasgow. Then I kept my eyes skinned, for I knew deign to notice a youngster like my- or two and then seemed to collapse. friend here then left him. I didn't bother about him, though, thinking

WHAT IS A MAN?

A LITTLE SOUL bearing up a corpse."-Epictetus.

"The masterpiece of over-daring Nature."-Zoroaster.

"The glory and the scandal of the universe."-Pascal.

"One more lump of clay to hold the world together."- Emerson. "The End of Man .- To do his duty,

and to tell the truth."-Stoics.

quick, or we'll be succumbing to the down, I waited over at the bookstall

chloroform ourselves. too soon, for already the drug was managed to play some trick on you, beginning to make my head swim. and I determined not to let him out The detective, meanwhile, was secur- of my sight. Then the bell rang, ing Burnside's hands and feet with a and in he jumped, closing the door couple of stout rug straps.

he had finished. "You nabbed his hand just at the right moment. I'll man. But the beggar had gone!" mention your name in the proper quarter if you'll give it to me, and who knows but you might come in for a recognition from his lordship!"

I gave him my name, but on condition that it would not be published in the papers.

"I'll see to that," he said; "and now, help me to place our worthy friend under the sent."

We lifted Burnside with some difficulty and rolled him under the overhanging curtains, placing his head

against the detective's black bag. "Good!" said my alert companion, but his arm shows a trifle, so I'll too. Look here, what's your name? place the foot-warmers in front. There you are! Half a dozen people might look into the carriage and

never dream he was there."

"When he comes to, though, he'll commence to shout." "I'll gag bim just before we reach Crewe. He'll be all right, never fear." this business.'

Now that the crisis had passed, I began to grow cheerfully interested chap," said the other. in the affair, and looked forward with eagerness to the second act in the little drama which was being played before our eyes.

Sure enough, when the train slowed up at Crewe, there was a tall, heavily The detective!" beared man standing on the platform inspecting the numbers on the carriages.

compartment. We don't want the side?" beggar in here if we can help it."

He got out and closed the door, leaving me alone with the thief, who had been duly gagged, and was now papers began to float before my eyes. breathing heavily, with every sign of I had been fooled utterly and comreturning consciousness. I felt some- pletely. what uncomfortable, I must confess, when the bearded man passed the to answer for it, too. carriage and glanced sharply in; and, fearing he might return and subject the carriage to a closer inspection, I suddenly remembered the newspaper rearranged the foot-warmers and in my pocket. transferred my bag to the other side, so that the view under the seat was lieve me, look at that!"

completely blocked. Presently a porter came and it, with evident surprise. Then Burt

to see what would happen. As you I lowered the windows, and none hadn't turned up, I knew he had ouple of stout rug straps. behind him. I waited half a second "That's all right," he said, when for the guard's 'Right away!' and then I made a rush and followed my

"Through the other door? "Yes. I was too late to follow him and then, just as I spotted you under the seat, and tumbled to the whole plant, in comes our friend here and

delivers himself up like a lamb." By this time I had begun to see that there was a mistake somewhere, dicament. I turned hot all over and

and that I was in a very awkward prea funny feeling crept down my spine. "Gentlemen," said I, "I'm afraid there's been a terrible mistake."

"Yes," growled the man named Burt, "and you'll jolly soon find out,

I told him, adding that I was traveling to Belfast on business. "Drop it, and own up," said he.

'Come, you may as well tell us where you've put the swag. "Swag! What swag? I can assure

you, gentlemen, I know nothing of

You know how to chloroform a

"It was the detective, not I," replied, in dismay. "The detective! Who on earth are

"Who-my friend, who's "Look here, young man, you're either very deep or a big fool. Do you know that we are detectives and

you talking about?"

"You wait here while I get the that your precious friend whom you guard to put a reserved label on this have assisted to escape was Burn-"Burnside!" I repeated, horror struck. Visions of prison cells and crowded courts and my name in the

"Yes, and you'll precious soon have

It was in vain that I explained: they wouldn't listen to me. Then I

"There," said I, "If you don't be-

They took the paper and examined

and, feeling easier in my mind, I "Look here, we'll want to see into jumped out, closed the door, and this affair. If this yarn of yours is "Look here, we'll want to see into true, and you're a genuine traveler, show us your credentials. Open your

I picked up what I thought was my bag, and then started back in dis-

may.
"Why, this isn't mine, it's the de-

The detectives jumped to their feet and laid hold of the bag. It was locked, but in a trice they had forced it open, and from its depths drew a the spring, Burt released the lid, and a blaze of dazzling light met our eyes.

"Well, I'm blessed!" said Burt, "He's gone off with the wrong bag. These are Lady A——'s diamonds!" These are Lady A——'s diamonds!"
It was true enough. I remembered

having moved my bag under the opposite seat, and Burnside in his haste, must have mistaken it for his own, to which it bore a strong resemblance.

The detectives fell back on the seat and began to laugh.

"You're a deep one; but not deep one one, but not deep one one, "he went on. "Just fetch out prove my bona fides. I was detained Of course, I had a bit of a job to at Liverpool that night, and released on ball next day. Luckily the affair was kept out of the papers, and I escaped with the only indignity of receiving a severe official censure for my imprudence.

Burnside got clean away, as you doubtiess remember, and I heard no more of the affair until some six months afterward, when I received a check for lifty pounds from his lordship, who, it was rumored, was not sorry that Burnside had escaped, once the diamonds were recovered. But I don't think I should enter on a similar undertaking again, even with the prospect of a reward ten times as big. -Waverley.

********************* The Deep Waterway For Illinois.

Writing of "Another Phase of the Deep Waterway Problem," Ebin J. Ward says, in The World To-day:

"The inevitable conclusion follows that, if the State takes possession of the water-power rights of private individuals, nothing can be accomplished with the \$20,000,000 toward the construction of the waterway. However, for the \$20,000,000 a waterway, after the plans of the United States engineers, can be built from Joliet to Utica, provided the State leaves private owners in nossession of their private property, as does the plan of the United States for a waterway down the valley. The idea of the Government or of the State developing and distributing hydroelectric energy, is so foreign to the universal conception of the proper functions of government, that the inability to do so should be regarded as fortunate.

"Therefore, why should the State abandon the construction of a waterway, merely because it cannot secure the water-power for its private gain? Let us have the waterway, but let the State use its powers for governmental purposes only."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

When Poverty comes in the door True Love engages her on the spot to do the cooking.

The manager of a temperamental "star" knows that all luminous bodies are not heavenly. Chivalry died of a congestive chill

the day the first short haired woman appeared on the streets. 'I waited for the river to run by, mother," and now I am too old and

stiff myself to run, A man is never so much a man as when he is trying to convince some woman she isn't anything but a wo-

man. A good name should be chosen for a book, but if you want it to bring you great riches get the right press agent.

To the opltimist the rains of April bring the roses of May; to the pessimist the same showers bring forebodings of rheumatism.

The only tie that binds is a love knot.

Many a peach hath the disposition of a lemon People who live in glass houses

ought to invest in shades. The thoroughfare known as easy

treet is payed with dough. Because a girl is chicken hearted

no sign that she is feather headed. In the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Easter

They who pawn their opportunities rarely have the wherewithal to He fests at jars who never had a

maiden aunt who invited herself to live with his family.

"If I kept on, Mayourneen, until I told you everything I want to say,' wrote the ardent young Irish lover to his sweetheart, "I'd still have several volumes to write you, darling." -From "Eve's Epigrams," in the New York Telegram.

Bibulous.

"Nevertheless," said the young Roman, "he is an ambitious poet. He would serve the muses all his life."

"But," replied his elder, "he makes the mistake of supposing that Bac-chus is one of the muses."-Catholic Standard and Times.

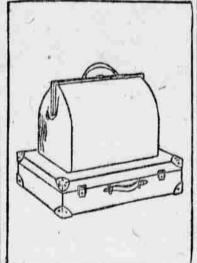
The capacity of the Atlantic cables 300,000,000 words annually. Only 25,000,000 are sent.

HOW CROOKED SUGAR SCALES WERE WORKED BY CROOKED WEIGHERS

ROD CONNECTING SCALE WITH WEIGHING PLATFORM-

Two Bags in One.

How often have we stood thoughtfully in front of a pile of clothing, a suit case and a valise and wondered which bag to take. The shirts wouldn't go in the valise and the suit case wouldn't hold it all, so we were obliged to take both or a trunk



Two Chicago men got their heads together and decided to combine the two and get a patent on it, so now we have the combined suit case and valise, which will hold as much as a to form vertically arranged hooks, small trunk and can be carried about which fasten over the side of a pot. with ease. The illustration shows how the two are combined. Necessarily the suit case used is one of the smaller sizes, as otherwise the contrivance would be so bulky that it would discount its convenience in other directions. With this combination a man may feel sure that his suits and shirts are lying flat and not creasing and at the same time he will have all the smaller articles he needs ready to hand in the valise on top.-Boston Post.

Clock Stuttered, Too.

A droll sort of a fellow, given to stuttering, met an old college chum on the street. They had some hours together and other things. As the tardy one stealthily ascended the stairs on reaching home, out of the darkness came his wife's voice: "What time is it?" she asked,

sternly. "It is j-j-j-just 1," he stammered. The words were scarcely uttered when the old fashioned clock on the landing gave four laborious strokes.

"Do you hear that?" she asked, sharply. "But my d-d-dear." he rejoined, pleasantly, "y-you mustn't mind that c-c-clock. It's 1-1-1-like me."—Suc-

Sherlock Holmes Again.

cess Magazine.



"Do you know your chickens come over into my garden?" "I thought they did."

"Why?" "Because they never come back." -New York Telegram.

Street Railway Fares Abroad. In the cities of Great Britain the population of which is 200,000 or more the average rate of fare for street railway travel is 1.1 cents a passenger mile. In the cities of Continental Europe the average rate of fare paid for urban transportation is one cent a passenger mile. On the overhead and underground rallway in the city of Berlin, Germany, the average rate of fare paid is 1.25 cents a passenger mile. It is quite apparent that the people of Europe-in spite of the general impression here to the contrary-are paying

States.-Railway and Engineering Keeps Spoon in Place.

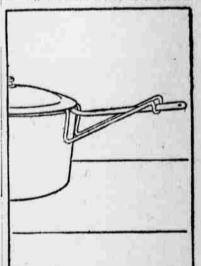
Review.

a higher price for a poorer service

than are the people of the United

When the number of kitchen utensils and helps invented is compared with the number of inventions in other lines, the percentage of the former is nothing short of remarkable. It will not be long before the cook will be eliminated entirely and the dinner will be cooked by a series of wires, weights and pulleys run by the kitchen clock.

One of the latest devices to help the cook is the spoon rest, designed by a New York woman. This consists of a single length of wire bent A long end with a loop to it extends



out from the other side of the pot. in cooking some dishes it is necessary to have a spoon always handy to stir the contents. Heretofore this spoon has annoving habit of falling in own an or out of the pot at critical moments, but with the rest just describe handle can be placed in the latthe whole kept in place by the the pot, or even without it .-Post.

Study of Catacombs.

A chair of Christian archaeology has been established in the University of Rome by direction of the Minister of Education and Professor Marucci has been appointed as its first occupant. "Marucci, whose entry into the faculty has created much excitement in church circles, is known as the best informed archaeologist of the Vatican," says Figaro, "and the only surviving pupil of Rossi, who made the catacombs a life study."

Brigham Young.

Brigham Young had just been presented with his hundred and fifth son. A careworn look came over his brow as the news was broken to him, and he sighed deeply.

"I don't know what I shall do if this thing keeps up," he said. "Looks to me as if sooner or later I'll have to start a fresh air fund."- New York



UNITED STATES COVERNMENT HOSPITAL AT COLON, PANAMA.