THE KINGS.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

A man said unto his Angel:
"My spirits are fallen low,
And I cannot carry this battle;
O brother! where might I go?

"The terrible Kings are on me,
With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:
"Thou wavering, witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure
And only event of things;
The puniest heart, defying,
Were stronger than all these Kings.

"Though out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain;

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringletted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires—

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall."
—From "Happy Ending."

A FRIEND OF CINDERELLA

By ELSIE VERNON

The new girl gave her name as Honora Harding. Some of the pupils looked at her sweet, sensible face approvingly, and thought they would like to be friends with her. But most of the girls of No. 12 were ruled by a rather spoiled and over-dressed girl, Lucille Blake.

"We can't take her up," Lucille said, loftily, when they talked it over at the noon recess; "she looks so common, and her clothes are dreadful. If we make friends with every nobody that comes into the school, our set will be spoiled."

Nora walked home that night with her pretty head held high. Not a girl in the school had spoken to her.

"I'm glad," she said vehemently to herself, "that we must stay in that little cottage for a while, and I'm glad that the trunks didn't come, and I had to wear this shabby old sailor suit to school the first day. Now, I shall see just what those silly, stuck-up girls really think of me. If I had gone as Miss Harding from Oak Place, they would have been friendly enough."

Then chidingly she went on: "Honora Harding, you are actually calling them names because they didn't like you. Are you quite sure that you would always recognize a lady, even if appearances were against her? Oh, I do hope so! I should hate being such a snob that I could not."

Nora soon reached the house on a back street where the Harding family were, as they called it, camping out until the big house was ready for them.

"The trunks came to-day, Nora," said mother, cheerily. "You can have another dress for school to-morrow. That old thing is really too shabby to wear again."

"If you don't mind, mother, I think I will wear it a few days more," said Nora.

"Oh, very well!" said mother, with a twinkle in her eyes. She could make a guess at the reason.

The next morning Nora went straight to her seat when she entered the schoolroom. She had received no encouragement to join the group of girls at the reading-table. She opened the unfamiliar books to look for the lessons.

"I wonder if I could explain a bit about the history," said a gentle voice close beside her.

Nora looked up to see a girl whose dress was even more shabby than her own despised sailor suit. But the girl was smiling in a shy yet friendly way, and Nora smiled back.

"I noticed that you seemed confused over our topics yesterday, and I thought I might tell you how we use them. I am Barbara Franklin."

"Sit down with me, Barbara. It's lovely of you to help me, and it's twice lovely of you to come to speak to me. I thought I wasn't going to have a friend in the school."

They bent over the history lesson, and when the bell rang Nora looked at Barbara, and said, "I believe we're going to be the best kind of friends."

"Oh, I do hope so!" said Barbara, so fervently that they both laughed.

And they were. They spent the first day getting acquainted, and after that, as they said, they "just fitted each other."

"I must tell you," said Barbara, conscientiously, "that my mother is a dressmaker."

"My mother used to be a music-teacher," said Nora, with a queer little smile.

"I suppose that's a bit more elegant," said Barbara. "I thought I ought to tell you, because some of the girls think it will not do to associate with working people."

"Dear me!" said Nora, "I'll never do, then, for all of our family are working people, and there are eight of us. Father earns our living, and mother says she earns several livings looking after the rest of us. I'm afraid we are quite hopeless. We'll just have to hold together, Barbara." And Barbara agreed to that.

"Mother," said Nora one day, "don't you think a Cinderella has a beautiful chance to find out what people are really worth while?"

"Yes," said mother. "Did you find any?"

"I found one friend of Cinderella's that's a treasure, and several that are quite nice."

When the second week drew to a close, Nora invited Barbara to come home and stay with her until Monday morning. When they came out of the schoolhouse a carriage was waiting.

"I think we would better ride," said Nora, calmly motioning Barbara to get in. "It's so far, and we want all the afternoon for a good time after we get there."

"Why, Nora! I thought you lived on Baxter street!" cried Barbara.

"We moved to Oak Place yesterday," said Nora.

Barbara gave her one amazed but comprehending look, and then got into the carriage, and they rolled away in state across the city, and out to the hill where stood the most beautiful home in the country. Sweet, shy little Barbara was introduced to the jolly family as "my dearest friend," and she was welcomed royally.

"You'll really belong to us," a big brother assured her. "Nora's dearest friend has practically to live in the house."

Under their friendliness Barbara forgot her usual reserve, and showed what a charming girl she was. And the family agreed that Nora had made a wise choice.

On Monday morning the girls of No. 12 were fairly buzzing with excitement.

"It just can't be possible," said Lucille, petulantly.

"But it is," said another. "I saw them on Saturday. Nora and her mother and brother were in the carriage, and Barbara Franklin with them. I asked mamma about it, and she said that the girl in blue was Mrs. Harding's youngest daughter. And she knows, for she met them last winter before they moved here. We made a dreadful mistake in not being friendly with her. Mamma says she is such a lovely girl, and so clever."

"She acts now as if she thought Barbara was the only girl in the world," said another, watching the two girls as they came up the walk together.

"Well, I can't say much for her taste," said Lucille. "I never saw anything in that quiet Barbara Franklin."

But "Cinderella" and her friend were more than content.—Christian Standard.

WISE WORDS.

Where there is most weal there is most wealth.—A. M. Fairbairn.

Our fears are always greater than our foes.—Ram's Horn.

Wisdom is always good to learn, whose wisdom soever it may be.—A. M. Fairbairn.

You must learn to deal with odd and even in life, as well as in figures.—Woman's Life.

If you wish for anything which belongs to another you lose that which is your own.—Epictetus.

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as being so one's self.—Sir Arthur Helps.

Have an aim in life, keep thinking about your aim, and you will avoid many ills and troubles.—Green's Fruit Grower.

The greatest thing in the world is a good man, and all good flows out of the spring called a great heart.—N. McGee Waters.

Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them, and power flows to the man who knows how. Don't worry!—Gospel Herald.

The surest pleasures lie within the circle of useful occupation. Mere pleasure, sought outside of usefulness, is fraught with poison.—Beecher.

If you want to know how much a thing is worth, ask the people who do not possess it; if you want to know how little it is worth, ask the people who have it.—Woman's Life.

It is not the merely cold or the merely emotional woman who can influence a man's life, but the woman with self-control, which, in its highest form, is self-abnegation.—Woman's Life.

I like people who have noble impulses and make noble mistakes, who love and hate strongly, who can disagree with you and disapprove of you, and yet who could sacrifice anything for you.—Woman's Life.

Lord Kelvin's Work.

Lord William Thompson Kelvin had a very important part in the laying of the Atlantic cable lines. He was the chief electrician and advisory engineer at the time of the laying of the first line in 1857-58, and again in 1865-66. For his distinguished services in this direction he was created a Baron by Queen Victoria in 1892.

Lord Kelvin rendered distinguished services also in 1869 as electrical engineer for the French Atlantic cable, the Brazilian cable in 1873, the West Indies cable in 1875, and the Mackay-Bennett cable in 1879.

Besides this great work in the advancement of the ocean cables, Lord Kelvin found time to invent what is known as the mirror galvanometer and siphon recorder, used in connection with submarine telegraphy. He was the inventor, also, of a mariner's compass, a navigational sounding machine, and many electrical measuring instruments that are in universal use.—New York Times.

SHANGHAIED COWBOYS.

Jacob Russ, alias Arizona Jake, had been in many disturbances of the peace and had arrested many desperadoes. His weapons were, first, his coolness; second, his quick and certain aim with his revolver. A banker once, desiring to send some gold dust to San Francisco, put it in charge of Jake and four others of the same kind, knowing that it would be safely transported. The dust was duly turned in, and the guard determined to do the town.

This was before San Francisco was visited by the great earthquake and fire, and there was a deal to be seen there. What a cowboy would be interested in was not palatial residences, or libraries, or scientific institutions. The party was rather inclined to sample the product of corn and rye distilled into whisky and after a three days' bout sank to sleep in a ginmill near the bay.

The ship Sarah Rose was sailing out of San Francisco Bay, the rising sun shining on her stern. The captain, a short, thickset, ugly-looking man, walked the quarterdeck, getting her out of the harbor as best he could with three or four miserable looking men who knew very little about seamen's work. The truth is that Captain Banker was such a fiendiish tyrant that the only way he could get a crew was to take what he could find in places frequented by sailors, get them drunk, carry them aboad and sail away before they got sober.

"Mr. Hale," he said to the first mate, "get 'em up."

Mr. Hale commenced the rousing of a dozen or more men who were lying on deck by kicking them, each kick accompanied by an oath. When roused they would open their eyes, at first stupidly; but, seeing themselves at sea, would exhibit great surprise. After much effort they were all aroused and lined up on the deck for inspection.

"You're a fine lot of lubbers to ship for able seamen," growled the mate. "And you fellers over on the end o' the line, I reckon the only ship you ever sailed in was a prairie schooner."

"You're dead right," said one of the men last addressed, "but we'd like to learn the trade—at least some of us would—if you'll give us a chance."

"You'll have a chance, and if you don't make the best of it you'll learn seamanship at the rope's end."

With the second mate the first chose two watches and the lot were ordered for'ard. It was not ten minutes before the man who had spoken for "the end of the line" walked forward. He was followed at different distance by four others. The mate ordered him back, but the man paid no attention to the order. The mate seized a belaying pin and rushed at the mutinous sailor with it raised high. There was a report and the belaying pin dropped to the deck. The mate had been shot through the wrist.

The first mutineer passed on and the next appeared before the mate, ordered him to throw up his hands, at the same time shoving an enormous revolver up against his nose. The first man, when within twenty feet of the captain shot off his right ear. The captain pulled a pistol, but the mutineer dropped it on the deck with a bullet before it could be fired.

"Do you know," roared the captain, "that this is mutiny, and mutiny is punished by hanging?"

"I know that you drugged me and my men when we were celebratin' and brought up off to this ship against our will."

The second mate was below with half a dozen men, the only regular crew of the Sarah Rose, and depended on by the officers to enforce orders. They were a lot of desperadoes, but were well treated and well paid. Two of the "end of the line" men were at the forecastle gangway. As the mate, who, on hearing the shots, had rushed for'ard, ran up the gangway he found himself pinned below by a cover that had been put over the opening. He ran aft, calling to his men, and, reaching the after gangway, saw a man leaning over it with a revolver. It exploded, and the mate's cap followed the ball. The men below drew back. Then a cover was run over the gangway and battened down. This left only the captain, the first mate and the few men who had been working out the vessel to oppose the five men who had taken possession of the ship. Only the latter were armed.

"Cap," said the leader, "I venture to introduce myself as Jacob Russ, commonly called by those who love me for my gentle disposition, Arizona Jake. As I told you, me and my friends would like to learn navigatin', and we'll teach you how to treat respectable citizens in accordance with the law of the land. What trail do you follow, cap?"

The captain hasitating to reply, Jake tipped the end of his nose with a bullet, whereupon he admitted that he was bound for Puget Sound.

"I think we'd prefer a short trip southward. You might land us some where about Santa Cruz."

The captain required a little more gentle coercing before he made up his mind that the only course left him was to get rid of the tartars he had caught on the best possible terms. So it was agreed that he would run the ship to Santa Cruz, using the men he had on deck, who were to work under the revolvers of the mutineers. Under a fair wind and good weather the Sarah Rose was run into port, a boat was manned and the five mutineers were rowed by those of the crew who wished their freedom to shore. The gig was left at the dock and the five disappeared. — Dalles Optimist.

A RIFLE AND A SLEEPING SWITCHMAN.

Paddy Flynn, who is now an engineer on one of the fast trains of the B. & N. W., was a fireman four years ago, and owes his promotion in part and a very fine diamond pin entirely to his quick and most remarkable action in time of extreme danger. He is a remarkable rifle shot, holding several cups and medals for his prowess as a marksman at county and State shooting matches. On the principle that as he was running out of Omaha he might at any time be called upon to look at the barrel end of a rifle, Paddy always carried his favorite firearm with him. He was never called upon to use it against bandits; but this peculiarity of his was of good service in one emergency.

One Sunday afternoon, when it was already almost dark, at four-thirty o'clock, Paddy climbed into the cab of No. 4, then the fast mail train between Omaha and Lincoln, which had right of way and was supposed to have all switches locked for it. With the Irish fireman, of course, was his inseparable weapon.

About fifteen miles of the journey had been made, and the express was going into a station where it was scheduled to pass a slow local which had taken the siding. Glancing instinctively at the switch, the engineer was horrified to find that it was still set for the sidetrack, and that there was every chance of a terrible rear-end collision, which, with both trains full of passengers, must involve great loss of life. At the switch, his head between his hands and his red lantern in front of him, was the rear brakeman, who had evidently gone to sleep while waiting for the express, forgetting to throw back the switch for the main line.

The engineer reduced his speed as much as possible and turned to speak to Paddy. At that moment a rifle shot rang out and the red lantern was shattered to fragments. The brakeman awoke to see the oncoming headlight, and quick as thought threw the switch to the proper side. He had no time to lock it; but he held it for the minute while the express passed.

Such remarkable presence of mind attracted the attention of the chief officials of the company, and the presentation of the pin was the result of a report by the engineer. When Paddy was congratulated on his quick wit, he grinned and said:

"You see, gentleman, the boys always did be havin' the laugh on me because I toted my gun in the cab; but I always told 'em I'd have the laugh on them some day. Besides, it was an easy mark, and as I turned the same trick ten years ago I knew it was a cinch unless the boy at the switch lost his head." — New York Tribune Sunday Magazine.

AN INCIDENT OF MORGAN'S RAIDERS.

This thrilling incident happened on the morning of July 14, 1863, on the Little Miami Railroad, which ran out of Morrowtown, Ohio. John Redmon was the engineer of a special train filled with recruits who were to be taken twenty-five miles away to Camp Dennison.

Just before the start was to be made, word came that General Morgan and his cavalry were in the vicinity; but the volunteers were enthusiastic and wouldn't hear of delays. They were enough, they said, to take care of all the guerrillas in the Confederate army!

Everything went well for the first two-thirds of the journey; but at Loveland word was received that Morgan was nearby, lying in wait for this very train. The trainmen were anxious to turn back; but the army officers and recruits insisted so strenuously that they go forward, boasting that they were sufficient protection, that one of the railroad officials told the engineer to proceed if he wished to. Redmon had his favorite locomotive, the John Kilgour, and didn't know what fear was; so he signaled "All aboard!" and started.

Morgan's raiders suddenly appeared at Danger Crossing, only four miles from their destination, and opened fire; but the engine men ducked, and the train went ahead at full speed. The volunteers set up a great shout of derision for the Confederates and praise for Redmon; but a short distance farther on a huge pile of ties and rocks had been placed on the track and when the Kilgour struck it, it was hurled into the ditch beside the track.

The fireman was instantly killed; but Redmon escaped without being seriously injured. The volunteers were easily captured by the Confederates and sent to a Southern prison.—Sunday Magazine.

Three Words Would Do.

Taft took five thousand words to answer the question "What is whisky?" He might have answered it in three by adapting General Sherman's definition of war. — Philadelphia North American.

Comprehensive Charge.

"All cheese is spoiled," remarked the vegetarian boarder, "but some kinds are worse spoiled than others."

How a Fortune Was Made in the Sixteenth Century.

In his article on Jacob Fugger, in Harper's, Paul Van Dyke gives a picture of the extraordinary operations of this man who loaned money to kings and to the church, established enormous mining enterprises, controlled certain trades, and was altogether the prototype of the financier of to-day.

"From trade to all parts of Europe and the New World and from mining the Fuggers had made great profits. But the most profitable of all their enterprises was the loaning of money to princes, from whom they received privileges, obnoxious to the feelings of the people, that enabled them to turn this money over with great rapidity. In 1511 the Fugger fortune amounted to 245,463 florins. For about a generation after Jacob's death, in 1525, the property of the family continued to increase. In 1546 it was over 5,000,000 guiden. And this balance sheet meant that, besides paying the expenses of a very large family, they had twenty-five-folded their property in thirty-five years.

"The Fugger capital was for the next hundred years more and more invested in loans to the Spanish Hapsburgs, though member after member of the family withdrew from the business and retired to his estates. By the middle of the sixteenth century they were probably the richest bankers, merchants and promoters Europe had seen. But their huge fortune went as it came, and the Fuggers declined with the Spanish Hapsburgs as they rose with them. The estates they bought have remained with some of their descendants, become nobles and princes, but by the middle of the seventeenth century their five millions of gulden and three millions more were gone, lost in the decline of wealth and power of Charles V.'s descendants and successors.

"The churches and charities they founded survive."

THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS.

Stogies His Regular Smoke—What He Uses When He's Feeling Rich.

"All things," said the man of moderate means, "impress us by comparison. If a man had lived all his life in a palace it would have to be a very grand sort of a place indeed that would seem anything particularly fine to him, whereas if he had lived always in a shack a very modest house would seem to him luxurious.

"If since they first came in we had been driving steadily a ten thousand dollar automobile then obviously it would take quite considerable of a kerosene cart to give us any added joy in that line, while if we had been accustomed constantly to ride in the subway, even the simplest of gasolene gigs might give us great glee. All things go by comparison.

"Take, for instance, smoking. My regular smoke is a stogie that costs $1.45 a hundred, but I buy also for special occasions a special brand of cigars for which I pay $2 a hundred; I buy a fifty box at a time for a dollar. Commonly I smoke the stogies, and I think they're pretty good, at a little less than a cent and a half a smoke, but if I happen to strike a little streak of luck I blow myself to a couple of those choice smokes out of the other box, in which really I find great pleasure.

"It's all by comparison. Some men would have to pay $10 for a cigar to get any fun out of it. I can get a lot of fun out of a two-center.

"And speaking of great pleasure, I'm glad I have not exhausted all my great pleasures; I've still got them all, or mostly all, to enjoy. My capacity for novelty and enjoyment has never been much taxed; it is still practically poundless. I have got life ahead of me, not behind, and when I do get money, as I certainly hope to do some day, everything will be new and charming to me and I shall enjoy everything immensely.

"I've got something to look forward to, anyway, and I think there's something in that."—New York Sun.

The Age of Young Men.

The young man just out of college gets a good many hard knocks, both from hard-headed business men and the funny columns of the newspapers. Here is a story from a writer in the Chicago Post which helps to balance the account:

"So you've just graduated from college?" snapped the head of the firm. "And I suppose you think you know enough to run the business if I give you a place?"

"I hadn't considered that phase of the matter," replied the graduate. "I called to inform you that I have combined all your rivals, and am willing to let you into the combination if you will talk business."

The Forests of the Niger.

The insects of Africa are expert disease carriers, and they come in such numbers on the Niger that one hardly dares to use one's lamp or go too near a light of any sort at night. These forests on the Niger are deadly places for all their haunting attraction and take a big toll both of European and native life. Yet the first three days on the Niger, with all its mud and its smell and its mangrove flies and its frogs and its crickets, are enough to give the newcomer an inkling of the drawing power, the fascination, of what is probably the most unhealthy country in the world. —W. B. Thompson, in Blackwood's.

AMOUNT EATEN IN 70 YEARS.

In That Time Man Consumes Ninety-Five Tons.

If a man of seventy-five was starving, it would probably be little comfor to him to think that he had consumed in the course of his life 53¾ tons of solid food and 42¾ tons of liquid, or about 1,280 times his own weight in both solids and liquids, but it would be true.

Being a man of average appetite and purse he would have eaten fifteen tons of bread, which would have made a single loaf containing 1,200 cubic feet and appearing about as large and the average suburban home, and on this bread he would have spread one ton of butter. If his bacon had been cut in a single slices, says Harper's Weekly, the strip would have been four miles long, and his chops placed end to end would have extended two miles.

Twenty ordinary-sized bullocks have supplied him with beef, eighteen tons of which he has eaten, along with five tons of fish and 10,000 eggs and 350 pounds of cheese. If he had elected to have all vegetables served at once they would have come to him in a train of cars the pod containing all his peas being over three miles long.

He has had 9,000 pounds of sugar, 1,500 popunds of salt, eight pounds of pepper and 100 cans of mustard. Three ponts of liquid a day would have amounted to 76,600 pints, or 42¾ tons. If he had been a smoker, he would have burned about half a ton of tobacco in a pipe, or if he preferred cigarettes would have smoked about 250,000.

Facts About Crowns.

The lightest of European crowns is the state crown of Great Britain, which was made for Queen Victoria 66 years ago. Although it weighs only two pounds, seven ounces, its value is $1,600,000. One enormous sapphire came from the signet of Edward the Confessor.

One of the rubies has a sadly tragic history. It was at one time in the possession of one of the great kings of Granada, whom Pedro the Cruel invited to his palace and basely murdered through greed of this gem.

In the pope's treasure house are two crowns which are valued at $2,500,000. One of them was the gift of Napoleon to Pius VII, and contains the largest emerald in the world. The other, the gift of Queen Isabella of Spain to Pius IX, weighs three pounds and is worth $1,000,000.—Chicago Journal.

THE STORY OF THE PEANUT SHELLS.

As everyone knows, C. W. Post, of Battle Creek, Michigan, is not only a maker of breakfast foods, but he is a strong individualist, who believes that the trades-unions are a menace to the liberty of the country.

Believing this, and being a "natural-born" scrapper for the right, as he sees it, Post, for several years past, has been engaged in a ceaseless warfare against "the Labor Trust," as he likes to call it.

Not being able to secure free and untrammeled expression of his opinions on this subject through the regular reading pages of the newspapers he has bought advertising space for this purpose, just as he is accustomed to for the telling of his Postum "story," and he has thus spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in denouncing trades-unionism.

As a result of Post's activities the people now know a whole lot about these organizations: how they are honeycombed with graft, how they obstruct the development of legitimate business, curtail labor's output, hold up manufacturers, graft upon their own membership, and rob the public. Naturally Post is hated by the trades-unionists, and intensely.

He employs no union labor, so they can not call out his men, and he defies their efforts at boycotting his products. The latest means of "getting" Post is the widespread publication of the story that a car which was recently wrecked in transmission was found to be loaded with empty peanut shells, which were being shipped from the South to Post's establishment at Battle Creek.

This canard probably originated with President John Fitzgerald, of the Chicago Federation of Labor, who, it is said, stated it publicly, as truth.

Post comes back and gives Fitzgerald the lie direct. He denounces Fitzgerald's statement as a deliberate falsehood, and underhanded and cowardly attempt to injure his business, having not the slightest basis in fact. As such an effort it must be regarded. It is significant that this statement about "the peanut shells" is being given wide newspaper publicity. In the "patent inside" of an Eastern country paper I find it, and the inference naturally is that labor-unionites are insidiously spreading this lie.

An institution (or a man) which will resort to moral intimidation and to physical force, that will destroy machinery and burn buildings, that will maim and kill if necessary to effects its ends, naturally would not hesitate to spread falsehood for the same purposes.

We admire Post. While we have no enmity toward labor unions, so long as they are conducted in an honest, "live-and-let-live" kind of a way, we have had enough of the tarred end of the stick to sympathize thoroughly with what he is trying to do. He deserves support. A man like Post can not be killed, even with lies. They are a boomerang every time. Again we *know*, for hasn't this weapon, every weapon that could be thought of, been used (and not simply by labor unions) to put us out of business, too?

I am going to drink *two* cups of Postum every morning from this time on, and put myself on a diet of Grape-Nuts. Bully for Post!—*Editorial in The American Journal of Clinical Medicine.*