

A SONG OF THE SETTLEMENT.

I sing a song of the West land, Though how shall a life be but half To capture the blue horizons That swallow the prairie trail!

And how shall letters and paper Impression the breadth of life! They know, who travel the prairie, We know the song of its strife!

The shouting nights, when the blizzard Is riding across the plain, The lazy hum of the west wind At play with the gleaming grain.

The sigh of the sleeping grassland To the low hung golden moon, The song of the waving wheat-cops Abreast with the crown of noon.

The low hoarse voice of the hunter, His eyes and their warning gleam, The creep in nocturnal silence, The old log trail to the stream.

The sudden rap of a rifle, The fall of a startled moose, The day-long wail and evening The song in the old canoe.

The gleam of snow through the shadow, The echo of sharpened steel, The crack of the falling timber, The poplar's earthward reel.

The ring of sleighs on the home trail, The glimmer of lights afar, The glow of the abanty firelight, The gleam of the evening star.

The wail of wolves in the darkness, The children's song in the light, The large sweet grip of the daytime, The awe of the great deep night.

But how shall letters and paper Bring aught of its life to you, The fruitless toil of the many, The scant success of the few!

The hopes and fears of the prairie, Its words to the sons of men; Nay, how should a volume hold it, The home of the London Spectator.

—H. H. Bushford, in the London Spectator.

AT THE HIGH TIDE OF LOVE

A Tale of the Soul-Flood. By William Arch M'Clean.

VICTOR IRVINE was a man of decidedly peculiar appearance, habits and thoughts. He was large in frame. He had long, straight hair, that fell around his head like so many strings. His little dark eyes went skipping from one thing to another. On one occasion he greeted friends with effusive politeness; on the next, passed them without recognition, occupied with his thoughts. People called him a crank. They smiled when his name was mentioned, intimating that something was not quite "right in his upper story." He was known, however, to a man of intellect, a scholar. His neighbors said he made his living with some horrid smelling stuffs he called chemicals.

Victor had a hobby that overshadowed all other peculiarities, which he confided to those with whom he was intimately acquainted. To these he invariably explained a strange philosophy that possessed him. He would introduce it by speaking of the mysterious attraction of the sun and moon upon the great oceans; how under their influence there was the ebb and flow of the tide twice a day. Then he would conclude by saying that the greater part of the human body was a liquid formation; that this same overwhelming watery composition was subject to an ebb and flow as in the oceans; and that it was a fact that he recognized fully in his own body.

There was a cause for this philosophy of Victor. His mother was of a highly nervous temperament, and very delicate in health. Her physician had ordered her one year to the sea. She had gone early in the spring. In a cottage by the sea she passed many weeks, most of the time with her face toward the great expanse of water.

As the flow of the tide came in with a roar and a boom, there was an exhilaration in it that was conveyed to her that gave her hope and courage. It was a stimulus to her spirits. Life was richer than at any other time. Then would follow the ebb, with its muffled break, with its subtle slipping away of waters. It brought a change to the woman. There would be a relapse, a passing away, a tameness, a spiritlessness.

Each day of the whole summer the ebb and flow in the woman, in her spirits. In the fall a baby—Victor—was born. He came at midnight at the greatest roar and rush of high tide. Then the ebb set in. As the mother lovingly gazed at her child she faintly murmured: "He came at the flow of the tide; I go at the ebb." So it proved.

Thus the strange philosophy of the ebb and flow entered the life of Victor Irvine. The story of his mother's last moments had never been told him. He was, however, not grown to manhood when he first felt and recognized the strange influence of the ebb and flow. It came to be to him that only in the flow—a few hours at midday and at midnight—could he accomplish anything. Then he conducted his chemical experiments, made his analyses. With the rush of the flow thoughts, ideas, conceptions, suggestions burst tumultuously upon him, pouring on the surf of his brain. It was a work of feverish intensity to grasp and save them. If he failed to catch them, with the ebb they went. Work was a drudgery the remainder of the day. At the midnight flow it was his habit to put in permanent form, in writing, the work he was engaged upon. Any treatise finished then was usually received as brilliantly scientific. The moment the ebb was on the pen became impotent.

Into the tides of this man's life floated two objects which became of absorbing interest to him. One was a woman, the other a chemical mystery. He had come upon an element in his chemical studies that he could not satisfactorily explain to himself. He realized that it might be a new element. He might be the discoverer of that which would startle the scientific world. So far the element had eluded him. He had not only been unable to satisfy himself of its existence, but also what its characteristics were, or whether it might not be a known element in a new form.

The woman—Mary Ames—was a warm-hearted, whole-souled woman; a woman who, with a broad, tender, human sympathy read life and the various species of natures that possessed mankind she knew; a woman who could see good where others saw dross. She understood Victor Irvine. She gave him credit where others had given ridicule. She respected the man, the student. She found a man who could be honest and true, a man who could love.

The love of Mary Ames became a staff for him to lean on. Through her eyes he took a new view of the earth, of mankind. He was irresistibly drawn to her. Then it was, when the rush of the incoming flow was flooding itself through him, that thoughts, feelings, affections for Mary possessed him. It was then, when the flow pounded on the surf of his heart, he cried to himself, "This is life, life."

Victor was so situated as only to be able to see Mary in the evening. There was always an inclination to remain late with her, which he never yielded to. He had always gone before the rush of the midnight high tide. For this reason he had not spoken of the love that possessed him, and had not had a chance to pour it out in a rush of words in the flow. The ebb brought him a timidity that was painful. There was an ever-present fear that she would slip away from him in the undertow.

One day he came to her in the morning. It was a holiday. As he lingered he felt the coming of the midday flow. Their conversation grew exceedingly bright. In the waiting for the highest tide he was overwhelmed with the thought that he must tell Mary of the love he had for her, that consumed him. He spoke out:

"Mary—darling, you are so sweet—so sweet—you are so grand—so grand. I have something I have been going to tell you—tell me, dear, then he stopped. The ebb was on. He felt it. He could get no farther. He stammered.

"The ebb—Mary—I will tell you at another time."

Several weeks passed. It was not told. It was the month of March, at the time of the vernal equinox. Great storms raged on the ocean. The tides were running high.

One night, in the worst fury of the storm, Victor was in his laboratory, busy at work. He was experimenting. The element he had been hunting for had turned up. He had made several successful analyses. It seemed to him that he almost understood the secret that had been eluding him. It was not yet 10 o'clock. It was more than two hours until the ebb. In that time the mystery would be known, the problem solved, and the world would credit him with a discovery.

The flow rushing on in great surges brought other inspirations. There was Mary. How sweet love was, how glorious! It was almost his. Would it ever be his? Life without it was a dead, empty thing. It must be his.

Away out came two great waves toward the shore of the soul of Victor Irvine. They rolled, tossed and pitched as they moved in. On one perched the secret of chemistry that he had been diligently searching for. On the other love rode.

The two waves were in fearful struggle the one with the other. They raised their high heads and broke into angry feathery caps. They chased each other, one seeking to swallow the other. The contest was a wild, tempestuous one. At last, with a roar, they went together and, breaking, flew far up the beach, love riding triumphantly in.

It was then that Victor fled through the rain to the home of the woman he loved. Higher, greater swells were rising out on the waters, following each other to the shore. As onward they came he poured out to the woman the tale of his life, the misery of his loneliness, his pathetic strangeness, the sweetness of the love he bore her, the wealth of happiness there was in it. Before the ebb came he had the answer of the woman. It was satisfactory. There was no regret for the lost secret of the laboratory.

As the moons waxed and waned the secret came back to the inmate of a happy home. It returned as Jewett that night of the storm.—New York News.

Is Jewish Exclusiveness Breaking Up?

"Is Jewish exclusiveness becoming a legend rather than a reality?" asks the London Chronicle in connection with the following date from Australia which would seem to suggest an affirmative answer. In New South Wales, according to the recently published matrimonial statistics, during the last year no less than sixty-seven Jews selected husbands from the Church of England, while seventeen mated with Catholics and eleven found their affinities in the Presbyterian fold. One hundred and fifty-one Jews were united to Anglican wives, sixty-two to Catholics, thirteen to Presbyterians, twelve to Methodists, four to non-denominationalists and two to Congregationalists, while a solitary son of Israel is reported to have wed a Baptist. Altogether out of 781 Jewish marriages, 341 were more or less "mixed"—a favorable showing for modern Anglo-Israelitism.—Baltimore Sun.

The Funny Side of Life.

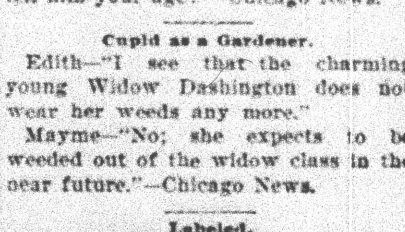
Popular Fictions. A dab or two of history. A fragile thread of plot. Great gobs of talk and love and gore.—The rest, it matters not.—Life.

On Toast. McJigger—"The robin is a very timid bird, isn't it?" Thingumbob—"I guess so. At any rate, the average restaurant cook can make it quail."—Philadelphia Press.

Female Amateur. Miss Thrifty—"I want to give my fiancé a surprise on his birthday. Can't you suggest something?" Miss De Flipp—"Well, you might tell him your age?"—Chicago News.

Capit as a Gardener. Edith—"I see that the charming young Widow Washington does not wear her weeds any more." Mayme—"No; she expects to be weeded out of the widow class in the near future."—Chicago News.

Labels. SAUCY KATE



—London Punch.

Scouted Trouble. Mrs. Goss—"Why did they leave so early in the season?" Mrs. Sipp—"Mrs. Jones went home because her husband didn't send her \$500, and Mrs. Brown went because her husband did send her \$500."

Her Higher Life. "Do you find it difficult to attend to your social duties and keep up on the art and literature of the times?" "Oh, no. I always try to devote at least fifteen minutes a day to art and literature."—Chicago Record-Herald.

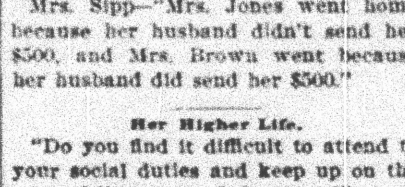
Hard to Avoid. The Parent—"If he would but apply himself to his books! But he will not take the trouble." The Pedagogue—"Nay, then, if he is so averse to trouble I can see large quantities of it coming his way!"—Puck.

Brevity. "Do you think that brevity is the soul of wit?" "Well," answered the man who is always thinking about money, "the biographers of some of the brightest poets indicate that they were very short."—Washington Star.

An Embarrassment. "Why don't you praise your wife's cooking once in a while and cheer her up?" "I'm afraid to try. Every time I say anything is particularly good it turns out to be something that was purchased at the grocery."

The Desperate's Doom. And how were you finally captured?" "I was completely wore out," answered the Western desperado. "By fatigue and hunger?" "No. Girlie newspaper interviews 'n' havin' my picture took."

At the Boarding House.



Chorus of Boarders—"Is this all we have for supper?" Mrs. Sly—"Yes. We will have light suppers hereafter so that we can get through early and play ping-pong. Good idea, isn't it?"—New York World.

Working Him. Borroughs—"Say, old man, can you break a twenty so I can get a five-dollar bill out of it?" Markley—"Sure; here you are. What's your twenty?" Borroughs—"Oh, you misunderstood me. I thought you had a twenty. Thanks! One five will do."—Philadelphia Press.

THE MYSTERIOUS WOODCOCK.

Disappears in Moulting Season and Then Appears Again.

It is during the months of August and September that the mystery of the woodcock's life begins. This is the moulting season, when the bird changes its plumage before beginning its journey southward. At this time it leaves the swamps. Where does it go? That is a question which has never yet received a satisfactory answer, although each sportsman and naturalist has his own opinion and many the spun theories have been advanced. Some say that the birds move toward the north, some that they seek the mountain tops, coming into the swamps to feed only after nightfall; some that they seek the cornfields. And there have been many other such theories. Probably the truth lies in a mean of all these statements. I think it probable that the birds know the loss of their feathers renders them to a certain extent helpless and more exposed to the attacks of their natural enemies, and they therefore leave the more open swamps and hide in the densest and most tangled thickets. It is certain that they scatter, for at this season single birds are found in the most unusual and most unexpected places. Years ago when shooting in Dutchess County, New York, I knew one or two swamps which we called moulting swamps, where, in August, we were sure to find a limited number of birds. These swamps were overgrown with rank marsh grass and were full of patches of wild rose and sweetbrier. If we killed the birds which we found there, we were sure, in a week or ten days, to find their places filled by about the same number.—From "A Woodland Hermit," in Oting.

Morals and Environments. Slavery was not considered wrong by the great Greek moralists, whose ethical views on many other topics were at least on a plane with those of modern times. In the same way the English colonists, who at home would have scouted the very idea of slavery, soon became in the Southern States of America the most ardent and sincere advocates of the system; even the clergymen of the South honestly refused to consider slavery a sin. Had the Northern and Western States been subjected to the same climatic and economic conditions, and had they been so far from their homes that they could keep themselves shut off from contact with the more advanced industrial civilization of Europe, they would have completely shared the moral views of their Southern brethren. Men are what conditions make them, and ethical ideals are not exempt from the same inexorable law of environment.—Political Science.

The Traction Engine on Farms. The farm hand and the farm horse are rapidly being supplanted on the level tracts of the West by the traction engine. The farms are large, comprising several hundred acres, sometimes a thousand, and usually without trees or stones. Under these conditions the engine can do any kind of work. It is a compact little machine run by gasoline, and not at all like the ordinary attachment to a threshing machine. It runs a "gang plow," with five in a row; three or four harrows at a time; is coupled when desired to a separator for threshing grain, runs the mill for grinding cattle feed, and hauls farm wagons to market laden with grain. In fact, there is scarcely a thing about farm work that the little traction engine will not do.

A Royal Tie. For a royal engagement to be broken off after it has once been announced is an event so rare as to be almost unique. Prince Siegfried of Bavaria, and the Archduchess Annunciata, whose marriage, it is now announced, will not take place, stand almost alone among European royalties. The closest parallel we can think of, curiously enough, concerned an Austrian Prince and a Bavarian Princess, for the Emperor of Austria was intended to marry the elder sister of the late Empress, and his suddenly falling in love with the royal lady who subsequently became his wife sent quite a thrill of consternation through the German courts.—London Globe.

Wags Kill a Snake. "We witnessed a fierce combat between a snake and a wasp a few days ago," writes the Belvidere correspondent of the Kiowa County Signal. "The wasp would watch his chance to sting the snake and then fly to a cactus. The snake would crawl to the plant, but would not strike while the wasp remained there. The wasp made several false attempts to fly at snails in the cactus and the snake to strike. The reptile in striking became attached to the cactus and could not get away. The wasp then flew away, and in a few moments returned, bringing with him several of his friends, who settled upon the snake and stung him to death."—Kansas City Journal.

The Smyrna Fig in California. Smyrna fig raising has at last been successfully established in California on a large scale on the Stanford ranch at Vina, by the employment of the blastophaga as an agent for the fertilization of the fruit. The fruit is reported to be of an excellent quality and the industry of fig raising and curing is now to be prosecuted on an extensive scale. This means a valuable addition to the State's industries and the production of an article of commerce for which there exists a market the world over. Up to date this market has been almost wholly supplied by Asia Minor.—San Francisco Chronicle.

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS

A cotton company of Philadelphia has acquired a tract of land in the Transvaal. It is said that experiments have shown that cotton can be grown much cheaper in South Africa than in this country.

A trade paper says, in answer to a correspondent, that the felt cloth of which hats are made is composed chiefly of the hair of rabbits, hares or goats, mixed with wool. These substances are thoroughly mixed together, and are then pressed and beaten until they adhere and form a compact, but flexible material.

The trade between Jerusalem and Kerak has greatly increased, and the number of tourists also. So the merchants have organized a company, and the first motor-boat is soon to move over the waters of the Dead Sea, which have not been used for transit for centuries. The boat has the suggestive name of Prodnosis. "The Forerunner."

An experiment that may result in a permanent lowering of the price of meat is now making in northern Florida. The waste lands that extend around the gulf to the Teche country of Louisiana are being utilized for cattle-raising. Summer droughts and winter blizzards make the western country an expensive and often doubtful field for this industry. The present high price of meat is due, in part, to the drought of a year ago, in which the whole herds perished. On the Gulf lands there would be no such hazardous conditions.

A schooner has just returned to San Francisco after a six months' voyage to the coast of South America, bringing news of the discovery of a gold mine that will rival the famous Treadwell mine of Alaska. It is on an island off the coast, but the discoverers will not tell its exact situation, because they have not yet secured a concession to work it. The ore in the mine, of which the schooner brought nearly a ton in specimens, is of fair grade, and it is said that there is an immense quantity of it. The mine is so easily reached from the coast that it will be simply a proposition of quarrying it out.

The appearance of a new star in the constellation Perseus, and its rapid expansion into a nebula, which has been going on for some time past, have revived among astronomers the theory that some nebulae may be formed by explosion. About 1870, Professor Bickerton, of Canterbury College, New Zealand, showed that, if two stars should graze one another, the abraded parts, if relatively small, would have so high a temperature that they would at once become nebulous, and that the nebula so formed would, under certain conditions, continue to expand until dissipated in space. The present expanding nebula has been growing at the extraordinary rate of several thousand miles a second, and is in many ways, one of the greatest celestial wonders of the time.

The only place in the world where that form of carbon known as the black diamond, or bort, is found in marketable quantities is in Bahia, in South America. The substance is used for points for stone drills and saws, and is powdered and used to polish diamonds and other precious stones. There is a wide and growing demand for it. The black diamond is found with the ordinary diamonds in the Bahia fields, and brings about ten dollars a carat. The largest carbon ever found weighed 3150; it was bought from the miner for \$16,000; was afterwards purchased for \$25,000; and was sent to Paris, where it was broken up and sold to the trade. The average size is about six carats. The annual output is decreasing as the demand grows larger, and the price is mounting. It is probably only a question of time when a black diamond combination will be formed to work the small area with modern machinery. The present methods are very primitive.

The Abbey's Funeral Roll. Some notable names have been added to the roll call of the Abbey under Dean Bradley. Charles Darwin, Archbishop French—himself once Dean of Westminster—Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson and William Ewart Gladstone are among the names that have been added to the burial roll of the Abbey under Dean Bradley's supervision, and nobody will quarrel with them. It will surprise many people, perhaps, to know that only ten persons have been buried in the Abbey in the last twenty years, and that only two of these were women—Lady Louisa Percy and Mrs. Gladstone. These, with two poets, two architects, an archbishop, a scientist, a queen's printer and a statesman, complete the roll of the great dead who have been buried in Westminster Abbey since Dr. Bradley became Dean.—St. James' Gazette.

Some Good Advice. The country editor should not fail to realize the influence he may exercise in the shaping of public affairs, says the Spirit Lake (Iowa) Beacon. He should counsel wisely, read carefully, think deliberately and express himself in no haphazard fashion. The editor of a country paper who delivers half-baked opinions and slashes around simply to attract attention, is accountable for a serious waste of opportunity.

GRAVES AND PROSPERITY.

Physician Says the "Body Snatcher" is Least Busy When Falls Are Few. Will ghosts haunt graveyards about Indianapolis the coming winter? Commercial prosperity is not conducive to prosperity in the anatomical departments of the medical colleges.

"Good times," or "the full dinner pail," means only to the head of the dissecting room that bodies will be scarce. For the scarcity of subjects varies, always, with prosperity. When the poorer classes are doing well they are able to bury their dead, while during hard times there is a plentiful supply of bodies for the medical students' knives.

In Chicago, and in many other cities, where the college authorities are less reticent than in Indianapolis in discussing this most gruesome phase of medical college work, it has been stated that a body famine is on.

In Indianapolis last winter graves were robbed until families of deceased felt compelled to guard many country graveyards. The wholesale body stealing was the result of prosperity, a young doctor says. He said:

"In hard times the Indianapolis medical colleges have none too many subjects, and when the supply is diminished some other means must be resorted to. The law compels the colleges to dissect and makes some provision for bodies, but it is not ample. The law should provide for more than it does.

"There would then be much less fear on the part of respectable people. When medical colleges are holding out big inducements for bodies what assurance have you that the undertaker who is employed to bury a relative has not substituted a cargo of bricks for the body and let the college take the corpse? How do you know that the grave will not be robbed by adventurous students the night after the interment? None.

"In some of the larger cities there is never a scarcity of bodies. In New York, for instance, where there are so many thousands of very poor people, the colleges are able to sell the bodies to the students at \$1 a part, cutting it into three parts. Here in Indianapolis the body is cut in five parts and each part furnishes two students with work. They pay \$5 each, so the Indianapolis colleges get \$50 a piece for bodies.

"I see no reason why bodies should not be imported from the cities where they are plentiful and cheap."—Indianapolis Sun.

WISE WORDS.

If courage is gone, then all is gone. Everything may be retrieved except despair.

All crowns are more or less crowns of thorns. Hurry not only spoils work, but spoils life also.

Men are more helped by sympathy than by service. There is no greater misfortune than prosperity in evil.

Relieve distress, but do not undermine independence. If we share the burdens of others, we lighten our own.

Anything which familiarizes us with evil is itself an evil. To be a man is to have "the will to do, the soul to dare."

A day's worry is more exhausting than a week of work. Know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong.

To know what is just, and not to practice, is cowardice. It is more important to do right than to be prosperous and happy.

Life's smallest acts and humblest duties flash with divine meaning. Men make money; some, it is said, "roll in money;" how few enjoy it.

Do not think what you would like to do, but what you ought to do. Talking should be an exercise of the brain, rather than of the tongue.

If you take home one of Satan's relations, the whole family will follow. Wise men cheer and wall their loss, but cheerily seek how to redress their harm.

She "Can't Talk Back." It seems an odd reversal of things in the parrot world where only the male bird is endowed with organs by which he can reproduce human speech, the female being wholly denied the power of such acquisition. "And what a harsh, unpleasant jargon he makes of it, too," remarked a woman customer, when given this information by a fancier, adding, "Naturally!" Whereupon her escort retorted, "You may be sure the others make up for it in parrot talk, and probably poor Jack has to hear more than many of his human brothers in affliction." Then he remained quite silent while the woman bought an expensive male bird, extra volubility warranted, and ordered the bill sent in his name.

Duties of a Workhouse Porter. The porter of the Mere (Wiltshire) workhouse recently wrote to the guardians for an increase of salary, which then stood at £14 per annum: "I am gate porter, storekeeper, caterer, brass polisher, assistant gardener, assistant nurse, mortuary attendant, tramp and labor master, fumigator, barber, messenger, ladies' hairdresser, etc. I have just balanced my small account for the twelve months, and find, after buying clothes and other necessities for the purpose of making myself presentable enough to attend the gate, board room and church with the inmates, that I am minus the means to have a little relaxation from the monotony of workhouse life." The guardians have increased his salary to £14.—London Daily Mail.