And in them all the storms of passion swell, i, obedient to some sudden spell, 's star gleams softly and all heaven clears, ses, enchantress or whate'er thou art, that strange power dost thou upon the

The one soul seem where real emotions rage, And we but mimes who coldly play a part? Only by thee such miracles are done, Rare Duse, thou whose heart and art are one —Henry Tyrrell in New York Sun.

THE ART STUDENT.

THE ART STUDENT.

I've had some interesting experiences, I can tell you. It's not a bad life, on the whole, but at first it used to be very annoying in some ways. To begin with, they planted me down in such a draft and in the worst light possible, so that I could not see anything, nor could any one 'see me, and then they would not give me a new pedestal—they tried to palm off on me one that belonged to a discarded Nereid, which made me look top heavy, as it was much too small.

However, one day a waiter, who was rushing past with a soup tureen (it was when I stood close to the door of the refreshment room in the gallery, you know), tumbled up against me and smashed a great piece of the pedestal. Afterward, when every one had gone and the place was quiet, I just leaned over to one side a bit and slid down. Hurt myself? Oh, dear, no! I chipped my lyre rather. There was a fuss next morning when the curator came round. That waiter got into no end of a row and had to pay for my new pedestal and lyre. It was a pity I couldn't explain, but he was a poor fool, and I wasn't sorry to see him sacked for his disrespectful clumsiness.

There was a little student who came to draw here, a little bit of a thing, with a sallow face and a slight limp. She was always shabby. Her gloves (one bitton black kid) were very much cracked. She wore a battered black straw hat which had outlived the picturesque stage, with a wreath of limp, stracky roses round the crown, even in midwinter. Her dress, such as it was, was gray linsey, and her poor little square toed boots were patched and repatched. The only points about her were her clean collar and her big, hungry eyes. She worked for the gallery, and I heard her say she gives lessons. I know the pay is very small, because she doesn't have half enough to cat, and she certainly cannot afford to ride or drive, because on rainy days her feet are so muddy. She has very little talent. It is only by dint of sheer obstinacy she manages to draw decently.

very little talent. It is only by dint of sheer obstinacy she manages to draw decently.

Some time ago a young man came here pretty frequently for several months. He's a fine, handsome fellow, very like that sturdy Discobullas you see straight in front of you. By Jupiter! that boy can draw! I could tell he had it in him the first time I saw him handle a crayon. The little lame student was passing him one day, looking more tired than ever, and she tripped over the edge of a barrier that had been put to screen off the Laocoon family, who were undergoing with a clatter, including the poor little soul herself. The other student, whom I will call "The Boy" for distinction, was up in a moment, had put her on her feet again, and picked up all the dispersed articles with a reassuring "All right!" before you could ejaculate "Murcury." She pulled herself together enough to whisper "Thank you," and limped away.

Next day she came early and worked

to whisper "Thank you, and ninped away,
Next day she came early and worked
assiduously. The Boy was there too, He
did not notice her, he was so busy. Presently he felt a timid pull at his sleeve
and looked up. "Hullo," he said, with
that sunny smile of his; "I beg your
pardon, can I do anything for you?"
"W-would you I-l-let me look at your
drawing?" she faltered.
"Certainly, but there is nothing to see."
Well, they chatted a bit after that and
compared notes till the ice was fairly

Well, they chatted a bit after that and compared notes till the ice was fairly broken, so the time flew and the little gray student found she had forgetten all about that tiresome foot of the Hermes which wouldn't come right. After that day they conversed pretty freely. Meanwhile I noticed a great change in herthough she still looked pinched and tired her eyes began to have a new hight in them, the white collar was discarded for a black lace ruffle, the poor tired roses disappeared too, and in their place I noticed a large black feather, which, it is true, soon lost its curl and had certainly seen better days, but still she thought it looked smart, and that cheered her, poor little soul. The gloves, too, were new, or else she had managed to ink over the purple cracks.

. over which last he got mixed at times, till one day in a h fits that Venus thought ould hear and snubbed me fear-

on for a couple of months or ent on for a couple of months or
the Boy left off drawing
to gray figure plodded in
but I could see her bite
the the tears of disaplonging for human intermpathy. At last one day
the pencil and sprang up,
and fro and up and down;
a cudden movement flung her
und the feet of my beloved Venus and wailed, "Oh, dear, kind God, make me good, and make me patient, and clever, and wise—clever and wise." She lay there quite still, with her head on the marble, and I saw a tear fall from the eyes of the lovely goddess and glisten in the girl's dull hair like a moonstone. The little gray student lifted up her head pitifully and looked up into the sweet, grave, but (alast for her) sightless eyes. "I am not beautiful like you," she moaned pathetically, "but I will be patient and good."

tient and good."

One morning I heard a soft laugh behind me, and then the Boy's voice. He passed me with a tall, fair girl. They passed in front of a bust of Socrates.

"So you don't think much of him?" she

"No. Why should I?" said the Boy.
"But he is a philosopher and a great

"No. Why should I?" said the Boy.
"But he is a 'philosopher and a great
man," she urged.

The Boy looked straight into her eyes.
"But he didn't know you, sweetheart,"
he said, putting a strong arm round her.
"Don't you know by this time that for
me all art, all knowledge, all philosophy
is bound up in a single word—you—who
are love and philosophy and all art and
beauty incarnate?"

There was a tremulous silence for a few
minutes. Only Yenus and I heard the
deep, quick breaths coming from the huddled little figure concealed behind a pillar. The Boy and the fair girl passed
out, she leaning on his arm and looking
half roguishly, half tenderly up to him.
It was then that I looked around for
the little gray student. She seemed
stunned. After a minute she pushed
back her easel, rose to her feet and came
forward, groping with her hands in a
blind, bewildered fashion, then fell prone
at the foot of the Venus. And the sunshine flickered lovingly down on the
shabby, gray linsy and the rich mosaics
on the floor.

Some one came in a few hours later
and carried her away gently. She has
never returned.

No, I don't blame the boy. It wasn't
anybody's fault in particular. He was
kind to her because he couldn't help it;
he was as sympathetic as the tenderest
woman, and much too good and simple
souled to play with her feelings. It was
just one of those cases where "nobody
lenew."

Going? That's a pity; you're such a
good listener. Come again another day,
and I'll tell you some more.—New York
Recorder.

"High" Game.

Dr. Wynter Elyth, the medical officer

Recorder.

"High" Game.

Dr. Wynter Blyth, the medical officer of health for Marylebone, is the sworn enemy of high game, on the perfectly consistent ground that no valid distinction can be drawn between decomposition in the rabbit and the same process in the hare. If one be injurious, he observed, so must be the other, and though he does not venture to suggest the prosecution of venders of game under the sanitary laws, he does not hesitate to describe this culinary eccentricity as a "filthy and disgusting habit." His arguments, however, are double edged. Admitting that decomposing rabbit is fully as injurious as highly flavored pheasant, we are at liberty to argue that, as the consumption of high game is seldom followed by toxic symptoms, the prohibition in respect of decomposing meat generally is unnecessary.

Common experience seems to show that the products of ordinary decomposition, at any rate in its earlier stage, are destroyed or rendered inert by cooking; otherwise the mortality among the disciples of Lucullus in the upper classes would be phenomenal. The danger lies presumably in the fact that decomposing animal tissues afford a suitable medium for the autocultivation of bacteria other than those of decomposition, the toxic products whereof may resist the influence of a high temperature. We are loath to believe ill of a practice which, if aesthetically objectionable, is hallowed by centuries of apparent impunity.—London Medical Press.

carried a basket, I hastened to help her in with it. "Take care," said the lady, a "I have six pounds of dynamite in that basket, which I am taking to my husbad horror stricken as they glanced first at the frau and then at the basket. My thoughts conjured up visions of the frau and then at the basket. My thoughts conjured up visions of the frau and then at the basket, with it am then station of the Cafe Very in Paris. My runniantions were suddenly disturbed by a porter. The frau rose slowly from the sast and stepped out upon the platform. A sigh of relief came from us all. "Thank heaven," said the woman. "Thanks! You need not look so seared. There are only some dainty morsels of food inside for up husband, but your smoke was so vile."

Handowed by centuries of apparent impunity.—London Medical Press.

A Woman's Wit.

The other day, says a correspondent from the other day, says a correspondent from the management of the road and will until an extension from the Portugues's frontier at Massikesse to Fort Salisbury, the seat of government in Mashonaland. —Engineering Magazine.

The Pipe Craze In the East.

Upper Broadway and Fifth avenue in New York swarm with men whose at the indicates that they are in Mey Son." These perambulating fashion plates bite the amber tip of a title indicates that they are in Ollie 18's English to smoke a pipe in public places and also on the street, and that settles it. But it is in New Haven and like smallpox pustules. Thin, concave the destruction of the Cafe Very in Paris. My runniantions were suddenly disturbed by a porter. The frau rose slowly from her seat and stepped out upon the platform. A sigh of relief came from us all. "Thank heaven!" said one. I tremble out by a porter. The frau rose slowly from her seat and stepped out upon the platform. A sigh of relief came from us all. "Thank heaven!" said one. I tremble out by a porter. The frau rose slowly from her seat and stepped out upon the platform. A sigh of relief came from us all. "Thank heaven!" said one. I tremble out by a

On the Track of the Microbe.

Science is pressing relentlessly on the heels of the microbe. The latest method of coping with this minute but potent source of disease is toliterally east it out to the abiding place in which it has installed itself. Micro-organisms contain substances for the most part heavier than water, and this fact has led to the introduction of a method of separating them from water, milk and other liquids by centrifugal force. A speed of about 4,000 revolutions a minute serves to clear a large number of microbes from the liquid and render it limpid.—Exchange.

Hard on Johnny.

Mamma—No, Johnny, one piece of pie is quite enough for you.

Johnny—It's funny. You say you are anxious that I should learn to eat properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practice.—Texas Siftings.

THREE FAMILIES AND

That is the material out of which the popular author

CONAN DOYLE

constructs a delightful story of English suburban life, replete with strong human interest, that we have se

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An Inaugural Ode.

He went to the Capital City,
In the midst of the bustle and din,
To see how a great and grand federal state
Doth usher a new ruler in.

And he gazed on the backs of the people, And he heard the loud trumpet's blare. And his feet marked time to the merry chime Of the good old church bells there.

And he paid \$10 a minute

For the fun of a knocking abou

For the fun of a mauling and hau

For the fun of a deafening shou

But he saw not the man elected,
He heard not the great man's speech,
He saw no parade, though for seats he had
paid,
For the crowd kept them out of his reach.

And when he returned to his homestead His clothing was tattered and torn, And down in his soul was a surplus of dole Mixed in with a leaven of scorn.

And he said with a sigh that was tearful, And a face that was dreadful to see, "Despite the hard seats and the acrobat's

weak,
The circus of old suits me!"
— Harper's Bazar.

THE STAGE AS A PROFESSION.

THE CANADON—

IN COMMON—

It is the muterial out of the popular author the popul The circus of old suits me!"

—Harper's Bazar.

One of Africa's Latest Marvels.
Only five years ago a magnificent harbor was discovered at the mouth of the Pungwe river, about 115 miles below the Zambesi delta. It is about two miles wide and six miles long and on its northern shore has arisen the town of Beira, where 500 Europeans, half of them British, are now living. Beira is one of Africa's latest marvels. Probably no white man six years ago had ever seen the barren promontory of sand it occupies. On Nov. 28, 1892, a locomotive that had been put together in Beira puffed through one of the streets and a little way out of the town, for Beira is to be the port of Mashonaland, the region of mountain and plateau, where British enterprise is opening new goldfields.

A month ago 35 miles of the railroad had been completed. The route for nearly half the way to Massikesse lies along the Busi river. Its total length is less than 200 miles, its longest bridge has a span of about 300 feet, and the cost of the road is estimated at about \$5,000,000. The Mozambique company, a Portuguese corporation, is carrying out the work, but by arrangement the British South Africa company is to have certain privileges in the management of the road and will build an extension from the Portuguese frontier at Massikesse to Fort Salisbury, the seat of government in Mashonaland.

—Engineering Magazine.

To Genius.

Mrs. Miller on the Platform.

Olive Thorne Miller is the latest recruit to the ranks of author-readers. She has begun a series of "Bird Talks" in schools and academies in and about New York. The idea of the talks is to interest the young in the life and habits of birds and make them acquainted with our common birds and to teach them how to identify those they see.—New York Letter.

To Genius.

Isaw a figure in the path of time
Toll upward through the agest he was crowned with melancholy myrtle, and subime.

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Toll upward through the agest he was crowned with melancholy myrtle, and subime.

Toll upward through the specific with derision paid
For Markow Endership are choing, dreamy shade,

Haunted by spirits that have lived before.

Haunted by spirits that have level are choing, dream with the adult and the sold particular through the search was considered.

GEMS IN VERSE.

THE STAGE AS A PROFESSION.

Mrs. Kendal Talks About Advantages and Some of Its Disadvantages.

There smile the sun's approving radiant beams A brighter twinkle has each merry star; Joy and delight and bits are ever near, While sadness, care and grief groan from afar.

Oh, do not seek that garden on the earth!
It is and ever shall to us be near.
We need like children only to become,
And, lo, we have that kindergarten here!
—From the German

An American Wife In London.

An American girl, who has become an English woman by marriage and who knows both sides of the Atlantic, says "that the right thing to do in order to insure the greatest happiness on earth and experience the greatest privileges is to be born in the states and marry abroad, because here the girls get all the attention from the men, while in London the society girl is nowhere, and the young wives are the attraction. Englishmen think they are terribly bored if they have to talk to a young girl and will sometimes be positively rude if forced to take one out to dinner." — Brooklyn Eagle.

A Long Felt Want to Be Filled. Some paddle their canoes along upon life's troubled sea In a happy, careless, don't-care way, with voices full of glee. With many a splash and many a dash they row themselves along, But their boats don't make much headway, for their strokes are never strong.

take one out to dinner." — Brooklyn Eagle.

A Long Felt Want to Be Filled.
A long felt want is about to be filled in English society. It is stated that a number of ladies of limited means but unlimited position are about to form themselves into a chaperon society, and act as duennas to those young ladies who may be intrusted to their charge. To pienies, race meetings, concerts, these ters, dances—almost anywhere will these devoted matrons be prepared togo in order to protect their fair charges from the dangers of inexperience, prevent them flirting with "ineligibles," and where possible smooth the path to a rich and brilliant marriage.—London Letter.

Weaming Eagle Want to Be Filled.

How their strokes are never strong. There are others still who row along the course from day to day. Who never splash and never dash and haven't much to say.

—Frank Marion.

The Life Beyond.

The Life Beyond.

The star is not extinguished when its sets Upon the dull horizon; it but goes to shine in other skies, then reappear In ours as fresh as when it first arose. He priver is not lost when o'er the rock. It pours its food into the abyse below; Its scattered force regathering from the shock, It hastens onward with yet fuller flow.

The bright stundles not when the shadowing orb Of the cellipsing moon obscures its ray; It still is shining on, and soon to us

Wyoming Family Polities.

A Wyoming man was asked, "Do married women vote with their husbands?"
He answered: "Usually, but on the same principle that men closely associated vote alike. Politics is table talk, but it has not been known to wreck a family. The husband of a woman who was a member of the Democratic state convention is a Republican to the backbone, but they live happily and are prosperous."

Will burst undimmed into the joy of day. Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live:
Star, stream, sun, flower, the lack poolly thing instinct with husyant hope, Hastes to put in its purer, finer mold. Thus in the quiet joy of kindly true with the word of the properties of the properties. We bid each parting saint a brief farewell:
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell:
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.—Horattles_Bonar.

To Genius.

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