

THE OLD HERB GATHERER.

Stiff-jointed, wrinkled, old and wan,
Once fair perhaps; ah, me, who know!
Gilding graceful as a swan,
Breaking hearts. Ah, me, who know!

Her husband died long years ago;
Does she still mourn? Ah, me, who know!
Three children—headstones in a row—
Has time stilled grief. Ah, me, who know!

In summer, she roams o'er the hills,
Light heart or heavy? Ah, who know!
She gathers herbs to cure all ills;
Can aught cure heartache? Ah, who know!

Do scent of flowers and song of birds
Bring comfort to her? Ah, who know!
Silent and chary of her words—
If depths are stirred. Ah, who know!

Mrs. Hyslop's First Boarder.

BY ALBERT J. KLING.

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The Algonquin was not so pretentious a hostelry as its name might lead one to believe. It was a modest two-story affair, placed well back from the street, and presided over by a rather spacious example of the gentler sex, who lived simply and happily under the pungent name of Mrs. Winifred Hyslop. This estimable lady had been a widow now for two years, during which time the Algonquin had been planted, had taken root, and branched into a cosy, comfortable boarding house. From its very inception the rooms were always taken, and the table always held its limit of satisfied eaters. Mrs. Hyslop was a model landlady in no sense than one.

She was now sitting enthroned on the front veranda—enthroned, because no other word fits so aptly when she chooses to adorn the front veranda.

"I do believe he's taking up with both the girls," was her soliloquy, the "he" being the boarder who was the first one domiciled under her humble roof. "And I wonder which will get him? My, but it is exciting! Oh, here comes Fanny now."

Fanny looked worried as she came up the steps. She drew a chair up to Mrs. Hyslop and sat down.

"Are you tired, Fanny?" the latter asked. "And did you meet with much success to-day?"

Fanny's success depended upon disposing of gaudy fancywork made by her own nimble fingers, which, to judge from her work, numbered more than the allotted supply of thumbs.

Fanny sighed. Mrs. Hyslop knew well what this meant.

"It is hard, I know," she sympathized, "to get along in this world. Especially when one is alone," she ended, casting a side glance at the perturbed Fanny.

Mrs. Hyslop hoped this would tow Fanny into the matrimonial channel. And a prologue in this direction did sprout, for the girl sighed again, and said:

"I would lose hope altogether if it wasn't for—"

Fanny's face went red. Then she said in a stage whisper:

"For Mr. Barnston."

"Ah!" breathed Mrs. Hyslop, very much as if she had had a drink of some refreshing beverage.

"You must have noticed," resumed Fanny, "that he has been attentive to me—quite attentive. As I have no mother, I thought all along that I would some day come to you, who have been so very kind to me, and confide in you and ask your advice. You know more about Mr. Barnston than I do. He told me he had been boarding here for two years."

"Yes, for two whole years," put in Mrs. Hyslop. "Ever since I opened up."

"You must have had a rare chance to study him," Fanny said. "You must know if he has any—any qualities that are not—not—good."

Mrs. Hyslop sat more erect. She turned her head to one side pensively.

Fanny now came to the point with almost superhuman abruptness, asking:

"Do you think I ought to marry him, Mrs. Hyslop?"

The suddenness with which the question came made the landlady wince. Then she beamed upon her fair boarder.

"Yes," she began, "Mr. Barnston has been with me a long time. There have



Fanny looked worried as she came up the steps.

been many chances to study him, and I have taken advantage of them. You haven't known him so long as I have, and of course are not so able to judge. I appreciate very much your coming to me. And taking everything into consideration, and to make a long story short, I would advise you not to

marry him under any circumstances."

A cyclone seemed to strike Fanny and her fancywork, for both went to pieces—Fanny on her chair, and the fancywork on the floor at her feet.

"Oh, Mrs. Hyslop!" she gasped.

"I know what I am talking about, Fanny," the landlady went on. "In this case no one than myself could give such intelligent advice."

Mrs. Hyslop talked on. It was a way she had. She went into details, explained at almost marvellous length. And poor Fanny listened.

Finally the landlady halted. Fanny



"Mr. Horton, allow me to introduce you to my wife."

rose from her chair and gathered up her fancywork.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Mrs. Hyslop asked.

"I'm going to do my best to win Mr. Barnston."

"I hope you are not angry with me?" Mrs. Hyslop asked.

"Oh, no, not in the least," was the reply. "I thank you very much for your advice."

Two days later Mrs. Hyslop was again sitting upon the front veranda. A frail creature in white, with a last year's sailor on and a music-roll in her lap, sat beside her. Both were gazing absently across the street.

"I don't see how I shall get through the summer," the frail creature said.

"Almost all of my pupils have now gone to the country to stay for the summer. I must make a living somehow."

"You poor dear," solaced the feeling widow. "No one knows that better than I do. When my dear husband died he left me almost destitute. But I thought at once of starting a boarding house, and the first thing I knew Mr. Barnston—"

The frail creature suddenly raised her eyes. She was the other girl with whom Mr. Barnston was "taking up," as his landlady put it.

"Mr. Barnston came, and before long I got more boarders than I could accommodate," ended Mrs. Hyslop.

Again she had set the ball rolling Barnstonward, and again her hopes rose, for the frail creature with the music roll at once plunged headlong into the subject of Mrs. Hyslop's first boarder.

"Of course," she said, "you must have noticed that Mr. Barnston has been paying attention to me of late. He seems to be very nice. He is always so gentlemanly."

"He is indeed," put in the landlady. "There have been times," went on the girl, "when I felt as if I just must come to you for advice about Mr. Barnston. If any one could give it, I knew you could. Do you think he would make a good husband?"

Having had experience, this time Mrs. Hyslop's calm was something to wonder at.

"My dear Louise," she began, "I feel deeply the honor you put upon me. Yes, I have studied Mr. Barnston very closely for the past two years. And of late I have noticed that he thinks very well of you. But Mr. Barnston is—is—well, Louise, dear, I wouldn't marry him if I were you."

For a moment there was silence on the front veranda. Then Louise burst out:

"I believe you are in league with that cat Fanny. I know you are, just because she gave you that dolly for your parlor table. I suppose if I had things to give to you, you'd say it was all right for me to marry Mr. Barnston. I won't ask you to tell me what you have against him, because you'd make up things. But just bet Fanny'll have a hard race to win. From now on I am going to do my utmost to cut her out."

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The greatest day in the Algonquin's history dawned bright and clear.

"Just a perfect wedding day," came from all sides.

From early morning there was constant bustling. Everybody was will-

ing and did lend a helping hand. The boarders could hardly await the coming event. The wedding supper was to be a most sumptuous culmination.

By noon the house began to take on its decorations. The boarders who came for their midday meal were loud in their praises of the excellent taste manifested. And when evening at last came and they began to assemble in the parlor, there was a veritable buzz of talk about things in general. Finally the guests had been ushered in, all but one, and that one would not witness the ceremony. In an upper room she sat alone at an open window, with a handkerchief to her eyes, weeping. She could hear the minister's voice as he made them man and wife. Later, when she heard the hilarity below, she knew that it was all over. But she still sat at the window. She saw the carriage drive up and halt at the stepping-stone. She heard loud talking on the sidewalk. She saw figures scurrying back and forth. Then she heard a chorus of rice thrown against the carriage, more shouting, and then the sharp bang of the carriage door. Afterward the patter of horses' feet, and the sound of wheels on the cobblestones. Then more shouting.

Within the vehicle sat two very happy beings. The ride to the station was short, and when they entered their train Mr. Barnston was surprised to see, seated at the other end of the car, a former chum of his.

Barnston and his bride had hardly got comfortably seated when his friend left his seat to go to the smoker. As he came abreast of the newly wedded couple he recognized Barnston and halted:

"Jove, but I am glad to see you," Barnston said, raising and taking his friend by the hand, "Mr. Horton, allow me to introduce you to my wife, formerly Mrs. Winifred Hyslop, of the Algonquin."

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A Mormon Family Reunion.

A Salt Lake City correspondent sends us a clipping from a Mormon newspaper describing the family reunion of Grandfather Merrill. This prolific gentleman, an apostle of the Mormon church, is the father of forty living children, and his living grandchildren number 126. Nearly all of these honored the occasion with their presence. The newspaper correspondent delicately suggests the harmonious relations which subsist among the various wives of the patriarch. "From the many expressions of love and esteem it was evident the kindest and best of feeling exist in the hearts of all members of the family. Many tears of joy were shed when the different mothers narrated the experiences of the early days." Incidentally one is reminded by this story of the strange fact, substantiated by all observers, that the Mormon women, who have suffered the most from polygamy, and gained the least advantage, are the most fanatical and incurable adherents of this abominable doctrine.—Chicago Standard.

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Illustrating the Point.

"You see," said the young man who was explaining the mimic war, "the attack is carried on the same as in actual warfare, except that the missiles are only technical. Now, suppose that I am commanding a brigade and I should be charged by a regiment of the enemy—"

"Technically?" asked the young woman.

"Certainly. And suppose they fired upon us—"

"Technically?" repeated the young woman.

"Yes; yes. And I should be encouraging my men to make a last stand—"

"Technically?"

"Of course. And I should get in range of the enemy's fire, and should be shot through the brain—"

"Oh," interrupted the fair damsel, "I know that would have to be technically, too!"

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Reason for Child's Answer.

Bishop Brewster of Connecticut tells this story illustrative of his wife's cleverness. One day they visited a mission school, and in kindly catechizing the children he asked:

"Who is your neighbor?"

A dead silence followed the question. Finally one little girl raised her hand and made the most unexpected and amazing reply, "God."

On the way home the Bishop said to his wife:

"Now, what do you suppose that child had in mind to give such an answer?"

"I suppose," replied Mrs. Brewster, "that she was following that rule of a great many older people, 'when in doubt play trumps.'"

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Was it Indeed but a Dream?

I dreamed that you kissed me, dear—
Was it indeed but a dream?
To my heart you lay very near—
And can so much happiness seem?

In the rush of the night you came;
My hair was stirred by your breath,
And my blood would have leaped into flame.

Had my sleep been the slumber of death,
And when you had kissed me, love,
A rose you laid on my mouth,
Did you think I could traitorously prove
O one sweet flower of the South!

I thought that your lips still cling
As I drank in the rose's perfume;
And a golden censor was swung,
And a glory enfolded the room.

—Charles Henry Webb.

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Insanity Ratio in Ohio.

In Ohio one person in each 400 has been adjudged insane.

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Trade of South America.

The trade of all South America is not equal to that we have with Canada.

THE SPOILS OF BABYLON.

Antiquarians Revel in Finds from Ancient City.

The ruins of Babylon continue to yield antiquities of the very highest interest to the excavators who represent the German Oriental society. From the center of the square site which extends for miles on both sides of the Euphrates, at a place now called Nischan-el-Aswad, the Germans have taken 400 tablets, one being a syllabary in two languages which may add a good deal to our knowledge of the languages written in cuneiform signs, and another, a litany, which was chanted by the priests of Marduk or Merodach at the temple of Esagila. Marduk was one of the twelve great gods and was represented in heaven by a constellation. In some of his traits he was like Hercules, in others like Zeus. A striking discovery was the site of a temple of the god who was the Babylonian forerunner of Paalon, the physician of the gods in Homer, and of Aesculapius in later centuries. This god of physicians was worshipped as Ador or Nineb. Amulets, cylinder seals, reliefs showing hunting scenes and colored tile work of a very high artistic value are among the German spoils at Babylon during the past season.

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NEW IDEA FOR EXPRESS TRAINS.

Makes No Stops, But Drops Passengers Off at Stations.

A model of a new device was recently shown before the members of the British Association, by means of which it is possible to put passengers off at any station along a railroad without stopping the train.

The model showed a circular track. The last carriage on the train was slipped as each station was passed, and passengers wishing to alight at the next station would proceed to the last carriage, the train being of course continuous on the American plan, so that access could be had right through. Then the slipped carriage had deposited its passengers and taken up a fresh load, it would be started and the next train would be allowed gradually to catch it up. It would then form part of the new train until, having passed a sufficient number of stations, it came to be the last carriage again, when it would be once more slipped. Of course the cars would be electrically driven, and the author exhibited a model showing how by an electrical device it could be shown in the separate car and in the overtaking train how far the two were apart.

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Life's Scars.

They say the world is round, and yet I often think it square.

So many little hurts we get,
From corners here and there.
But one great truth in life I've found,
While journeying to the west—
The only folks who really wound
Are those we love the best.

The man you thoroughly despise
Can rouse your wrath, 'tis true;
Anger in your heart will rise
At things mere strangers do;
But those are only passing ills;
This rule all lives will prove,
The rankling wound which aches and throbs
Is dealt by hands we love.

The choicest garb, the sweetest grace,
Are oft to strangers shown;
The careless men, the frowning face
Are given to our own.
We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the besting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those who love us best.

Love does not grow on every tree,
Nor true hearts yearly bloom;
Alas for those who only see
This cut across a tomb!
But, soon or late, the fact grows plain
To all through sorrow's test,
The only folks who give us gain
Are those we love the best.

—Woman's Journal.

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Light as a Healing Agent.

In view of the growing importance of the application of light as a healing principle in medical science the medical congress which recently convened at Wiesbaden invited Prof. Bie of Copenhagen to read a paper on the subject. The lecturer explained the principle of employing light for healing purposes after excluding its chemical effects. The results obtained by this method in cases of smallpox, according to the lecturer, are such that the question is raised whether the light treatment shall not be made compulsory. Prof. Bie approves the apparatus invented by Dr. Finson of Copenhagen, with which the latter has achieved such remarkable success in cases of lupus, but urges that no one but qualified doctors should be allowed to apply the light treatment, as disturbances are apt to occur which render it necessary to break it off suddenly.

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Had Chinaman's Sympathy.

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other evening, incident to a discussion of the Chinese question, told a story on himself.

"Some years ago," he said, "when I had to make a frayed collar do service as long as possible, I undertook to show a Chinese laundryman, in dumb show, that I wanted several collars turned inside out.

"He seemed to understand, but as he handed me the check he inquired: 'You no Melican man? You no speak English?'

"And he seemed quite sorry for me." —New York Times.

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Proof of Filial Affection.

When a Carthage father became so badly jagged a few nights ago that he could not walk, his muscular son threw him over his shoulder and "toted" him home much as he would have carried a sack of flour—an exhibition which tends to disprove the theory that filial affection is decreasing.—Kansas City Journal.

A Three Days' Jag

On Sulphuric Acid.

Ex-Representative Morgan of Missouri tells a good story about an old toper in the state of the muddy water. When he first settled down to practice the town boasted of a drug store run by one of his friends. The store had a soda fountain and back of this, with the bottles of liquids otherwise medicinal, was placed a bottle of whisky. In the town was an octogenarian, known as Uncle Billy. It was Uncle Billy's habit to step into the drug store every morning, pass behind the counter, and help himself to a tumbler of whisky.

"Good mornin'," he always said, and "Good mornin', Uncle Billy," everybody said to him. That was about all that passed in a conversational way as he made his regular morning call.

One morning Uncle Billy had made his regular visit to the habit of the whisky bottle, and was just disappearing through the door when the druggist discovered that Uncle Billy had drunk out of the wrong bottle. He had taken his potion from a bottle of sulphuric acid. Well, the druggist was almost panic-stricken. Uncle Billy had gotten out of sight, meantime, and the druggist closed the door of his shop, and in fear and trembling sent for his friend, the struggling young lawyer who later represented the state in congress. When told the situation

Morgan advised that the only thing to do was to open the doors just as if nothing had happened and to await developments.

Both momentarily expected word of Uncle Billy's death. Three days passed and no word came. Finally they were about to conclude that he had dropped dead from his dose of the poison in some obscure spot where no one had yet come along to discover him, when Uncle Billy, looking a little the worse for wear, but smiling all over, walked in rather nervously. The druggist was beside himself for joy.

"Glad to see you, Uncle Billy," he exclaimed, and repeated. "I am certainly glad to see you this morning. I've got a bottle of the finest brand of whisky I want you to try."

"Sorry," answered Uncle Billy, "but the fact is the last time I was here I got some that was a leetle bit different from anything I ever had before. But it was the finest I ever tasted, and I think I will stick to that."

And the old man, who, instead of being killed by the poison, had gotten a three days' jag on it, insisted on being allowed to sample the sulphuric acid again.

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A practical joke is a fool's cowardly insult.

Life's Plans Seem

Sadly Out of Joint.

If, indeed, the intention was that life should mean happiness, how sad has been the blundering! For consider, for one thing, the pitiful ignorance which has resulted in such tragic suffering to humanity. As a matter of fact, man has been cheated of his birthright, supposing him entitled to happiness, for he has not been compelled, unaided, to wrestle with the problem of fitting himself to his environment? Through long ages, by sweat of brow, travail of spirit and onerous physical toil, he has struggled to adjust himself to conditions into which he was thrust. He found no paradise of happiness free to all. Life is a perpetual struggle, not elysium, says Vogue. Not only have millions been the victims of hideous slavery, but the whole race, from all time, has suffered cruelly because of ignorance, the most pathetic phase of this suffering being the unpremeditated cruelty and injustice which results from ignorant parentage. Can those who claim happiness as a birthright explain why sentient beings predestined for

happiness are not put in the way of achieving it? For instance, is the fate which is supposed to dispense happiness asleep, or gone on a journey, that it permits northern capitalistic unholy love of money to combine with southern parental greed for the torture of children, in the process of mill money getting? If happiness be the designed portion for humanity, then are life's plans sadly out of joint, for the most cunning of malevolent spirits could not possibly devise greater variety or more lacerating kinds of misery than those which human beings in all grades of society are made to experience. Apart from the inevitable personal sorrows which affect all, how is it possible for any but the very young or the very selfish to be happy in a world where the majority are miserable because of disease, little health, dire poverty, incapacity, onerous labor or cruel anxiety? Life as discipline for character-building is an inspiring conception. Life as an abortive happy hunting ground is an appalling theory.

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Some of the Popular

Cures for Rheumatism.

American men of science have returned to an old cure for rheumatism, in the shape of bee stings. The scientific explanation is that a bee when stinging injects formic acid which is a cure for rheumatism. What probably happens is that the patient, after having sat for some time on the beehive, forgets all about the rheumatism.

It is, probably the long continuance of damp weather which has inspired so many newspaper correspondents to give the world just now their notions on cures for rheumatism. We referred briefly the other day to the American revival of cure by bee stings—a measure heroic enough to please every Simon Stylites in the world; and now we are told in the press of a cure by means of a mole's foot worn next to the skin, suspended from the neck by a silken cord so that it hangs a little below the chest. In many jewelers' shops one may see "rings for rheumatism," it being a common faith among even educated people that a metal ring worn on the little finger of

the left hand is a cure infallible. But of all these notions the most interesting and probably the most popular in England is that known by the name of the potato cure, as the London Globe says. It is said that if a person suffering from rheumatism will carry a potato about with him he will find himself free from pain and distress. It is asserted that a potato carried in the pocket of a rheumatic person will speedily become as hard as a rock, while in the keeping of a person free from the complaint it remains in its ordinary condition. Therefore it would appear as if the explanation of "faith" in this case does not apply—as it would perhaps in the matter of charms. So far as we know, science has no pronounced judgment on the potato cure, but it would certainly be interesting to obtain a scientific explanation of the hardening of the potato.

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Revenge may be sweet if one could forget.

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VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FRONT.

Embarrassing Mistake Made by a Visitor to Hayti.

That the character of the frequent revolutions in Hayti tends decidedly toward opera bouffe is attested by a story which has gained currency in the navy department during the last week. It emanated from a man who held, under one of the mushroom governments of Hayti, the post of admiral of the Haytian navy, the same office held by Admiral Killick, who is reported to have gone to the bottom with his ship, the Crete-a-Pierrot, when it was sunk by the German gunboat Panther.

The admiral was standing in the doorway of a hotel in Port au Prince in company with another American, who was familiar with Haytian customs.

Down the main street came a band of negroes. They were ignorant looking and seemed little inclined to march ahead, but were forced along against their wills by the persuasive powers of long black whips in the hands of brilliantly uniformed persons, evidently officers of the Haytian army.

"Who are those—convicts?" asked the admiral, turning to his friend.

The friend appeared surprised, for he had just finished talking of the revolution reported to be raging outside Port au Prince. "Why, no indeed, they're not convicts," he replied. "They are volunteers going to the front."

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WHAT MOST IMPRESSED HIM.

How Young Moody Came to Admire Fortitude of Stephen.

Paul D. Moody, son of the evangelist, was a class deacon and a power of righteousness in his class at Yale—1901. To his strength of character were added companionable qualities that made him very popular with his fellows.

One day Paul was induced to get into the exhilarating game of "nigger" through a conspiracy it devolved upon him to pay the rigorous penalty of the game, which consisted in crouching against Alumni hall while the other participants, fifty feet away took three shots each at him with a tennis ball. Great was the hope of the Philistines that a worldly, undecorous cry would burst from the target at some stinging hit, but none came.

"I guess you swore under your breath once or twice, anyway; now, didn't you, Paul?" a fellow player asked, when the ordeal was over.

"No, I didn't," replied Moody frankly. "But, I tell you when 'Bob' Robertson (the 'Varsity pitcher) was throwing, I appreciated as never before the magnificent fortitude of Stephen, the stoned martyr."

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Newfoundland Sparsely Settled.

The island of Newfoundland—a territory as large as the state of New York—has only about 250,000 inhabitants, and these are sprinkled along the coast line.