

DISCIPLINE.

It is the time of waiting that is hard; Slow creep the hours with restless longing filled, The strong desire that will not brook delay, The call to duty that will not be stilled.

Good is not wrought in haste; they hurry not The powers that order in their turn the day and night, The snow and frost, the warm, persuasive rain, The lowering cloud, the noontide's floods of light.

All the creative forces move resistlessly, Veiled in the darkness; and no listening ear, As sentient cells expand, and colors wake and glow, The faintest jar of atoms taking form may hear.

Silence and solitude and patience—these, O, soul, shall have with thee, as well, their way, And no imperious will shall bring thy fate to pass, Nor wild rebellion force thy doom's delay.

—Mary H. Krout, in Denver Times.

A Gular

AND

A String of Pearls

"As wise as Pelham's gular," repeated his Excellency. "Now what does that mean—eh? and what's a gular, anyways?"

"A gular," replied the Squatter instructively, "is a gray parrot with pink trimmings—it is a clever bird and thinks a lot." His Excellency looked grateful, but seemed to expect more.

"And as to his wisdom?" he inquired, blandly. "Why don't they get into Parliament—eh?"

The Squatter ignored the jeer—he was, perhaps, as wise as the gular in question. "Pelham's had a reputation for it," he said, mildly; "if you like I'll tell you how he acquired it." His Excellency nodded and resumed his lemon and soda.

"It happened in the early days," he began, "when the home government sent out the judges along with the rest of the administration—and Pelham was the first. He was in my day, but belonged to the period before it—a dear old soul he was, and a magnificent specimen of the English gentleman, as they used to make 'em. When he sat in the seat of justice he had a really hard time, for he was afflicted with a very tender heart; and the suffering among the convicts appealed to him perpetually. I often wondered what induced him to take to law, but being the fifth son of a poor peer I suppose it was the best thing he could do. He was an immense favorite with all classes, and the prisoners fairly adored him. He was, however, a strict and impartial judge, with a down on circumstantial evidence. He had once been concerned in the hanging of a man for murder. Everything pointed so clearly to the man having perpetrated the crime for which he was being tried that no one had any doubt on the subject, yet the real murderer confessed afterward, and that gave Pelham such fits of continual remorse that he would never admit purely circumstantial evidence again.

"So much so that when an old French Johnnie was brought before him for balling up the gold escort he paid my father to defend him, and the old chap got off. He was tremendously grateful, and presented my father with a splendid cat's eye, all the worldly wealth he had, and gave the Judge his gular—a bird everybody was convinced was his familiar spirit. Then he went into hospital and died, and the Judge went South with the gular.

"Pelham's sister kept house for him. Miss Pelham was as much liked as her brother, and, besides, being a great belle, was devoted to good works and the care of Pelham and his menageries—people were always giving him creatures of sorts. The gular must have thought himself in his native wilds when he got home. He was a highly educated bird, could give out tags of Latin with the air of a bishop, and discoursed fluently in English, while his language in French was anything but fit for the pretty pink ears of Miss Pelham. He whistled, too, everything he heard, and could imitate anything, from the creaking of Miss Pelham's guinea fowl to the Judge's rendering of 'The Message.' He quite took Pelham under his wing, used to greet him in the morning with—'Hallo, Judge! late again! What'll you have for breakfast?' and when he saw the Judge's horse climbing up the hill to the house in the afternoon he would yell out to Miss Pelham, 'Hallo, Fanny! here's the old man; get tea.' Pelham was very absentminded, too, and the gular saved his sister a lot of trouble by reminding him that if he went out with his head uncovered he'd get sunstroke. 'Don't be foolish,' said the gular; 'go and get a hat.' There were a hundred other things, but I forget them. Pelham was powerfully pious, and the gular used to join in the family devotions, till one wondered if it could possibly be the same bird one heard boxing the compass in such a beautiful French accent at other times. Though, to do it justice, it was never very loud, unless it heard the flying foxes in the peach trees, when it made Miss Pelham thankful there was a convent across the road; it gave her a sense of security to know it was there, as a sort of counterblast to the gular.

"In those days the Thursday Island fisheries were unknown, and one of the discharged convicts, who owed the Pelhams a lot, went up there by chance and got a tremendous haul of fine pearls and traveled back to present them to the Judge's sister. Neighbor of them had the least idea of the value of the string till Miss Pelham went there at a ball given by the Governor, and then some expert saw them and fairly electrified the Judge by saying the centre pearl alone—it was con-

siderably larger than the rest—was worth thousands.

"As soon as Pelham got home he and his sister had in his clerk—a discharged prisoner, a gentleman who had been sent out for being in some Irish rising of sorts—and showed him the string, asking him at the same time to try and find where the donor had gone to, so that he might be informed of the value of his discovery. Then he went off to bed, leaving the pearls in a dispatch box on the table, and forgetting to lock it, in his usual absent way. In the night a tremendous storm came down, and swept through the house in a hurricane, carrying everything into the veranda. The clerk Connolly came rushing in, shut the windows and doors, and picked up the scattered books and papers, assisted by the butler, another time-expired man. The dispatch box was found lying on the floor, its contents blown away and the pearls gone. Pelham insisted that they must be somewhere near and made the men spend the rest of the night searching with him through the room, but with no result. Both men were naturally rather frightened; there had been a number of small robberies, and the Governor, a rigid old martinet, was determined to put crime down with a heavy hand.

"He was very fond of the cat. 'The cat,' he used to declare, 'is worth a regiment in keeping order in a half-criminal community like this.' Pelham was opposed to it with all his might, and the two were constantly at loggerheads. The Governor got wind of the disappearance of the necklace, and instantly sent a guard and shut up both Pelham's men in Boggo, saying he would give them five dozen apiece unless they owned up to the pearls.

"Connolly was a delicate little chap and he almost died at the thought of it. The other chap confessed on the spot; said he had been standing at the door and seen Connolly take out the string and put it in his pocket, a statement which the Judge declared was a lie, and one encouraged by the Governor's use of such a brutal form of punishment. He didn't blame the butler, but he stuck to it. Connolly couldn't have taken the pearls or he would have seen him. Meantime, there was a rowy row between the law and the administration, and the pearls kept out of sight. Miss Pelham went to the Governor and begged him to give Connolly a week's reprieve before he was brought up for sentence. And in that time she fairly turned the yellow stone house inside out, and still no sign of the necklace. She was sitting on the veranda one night with the Judge, talking and wondering.

"I cannot imagine," said she, "where they can have got to."

"I'd give a hundred pounds to know," replied Pelham, gloomily; "poor little Connolly won't last three months if he goes back to the quarries."

"I've looked everywhere," said Miss Pelham, and she looked up at the gular. He was sitting demurely on his stand, and winking his red-rimmed eyes as if he knew all about it.

"'Ho! ho! ho!' he chuckled; 'look under the table!'"

"She sat looking up at him in amazement, while he kept repeating, 'Look under the table!'"

"She got up. 'I will,' she said; 'every table in the house!'"

"Now, she had removed everything out of the dining room where the dispatch box had been left, and the carpets had been taken up. The floor had been laid with very green wood, and when the covering was removed the boards were found to have shrunk. It was sunset, and the light came in level with the house, which, like most houses, was raised a little on piles to keep out the white ants. She walked across, looking down, and suddenly she cried out and the Judge rushed to her side. 'Look!' she gasped, pointing downward. He put on his spectacles and looked, and there between the cracks they could see the string of pearls lying on the black soil beneath the floor.

"Connolly was returned to the Judge, of course, but it was still a mystery how the pearls got there, and for a long time no one found out. Then one night while they were all at supper a great storm came down, and the wind tore through the French windows and carried, among other things, a silver goblet off the table. It was rolled along the floor, out of the window and across the veranda and dropped on the top step. Then the blast veered and the goblet was blown through the steps and right under the house.

"The gular screamed as it rolled, and Pelham stood gazing as one enlightened. 'That's the very way the pearls went,' he said to his sister, 'and not one of us had the sense to think of it but my wise old gular.'—Ladies' Field.

A Disappearing Island.

One of the curiosities of Southern England is the disappearing island of Derwentwater Lake. It rises in the lake at intervals of a few years, and after a while disappears. Its height above the surface of the water is not more than a few inches, and its area varies from a few square feet to two acres. The phenomenon is accounted for by the nature of the lake bottom, which is of peat, and the island is really a blister-like upheaval of the bottom. The months of July and August are the time when the phenomenon is most likely to occur, especially when the weather has been very warm.

Deaf and Dumb Tea Party.

Some 250 persons, all of them deaf and dumb, were entertained at tea recently in the lecture hall of St. Saviour's Church, in London, by the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb. Finger speeches were given by Sir Arthur Fairbairn and others, and an exhibition of sleight-of-hand wound up the proceedings.

Pluck and Adventure.

COOLNESS OF C. E. CONRAD.

THE recent death of C. E. Conrad, one of the pioneers of Northern Montana, and one of its best known and highly respected citizens, recalled many interesting stories in which he was the central figure. He was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of the State, he founded the town in which his beautiful home was built, he was the president of the town site company and of the bank, had large interests in many important business enterprises, but never aspired to public office.

One of his friends, speaking of the dead man, said: "He was one of the coolest men in the face of danger that I ever knew. He was also one of the best Indian traders that ever came to this country. He had great power over the Indians, and made them do as he wished. He was a member of Moseby's band, which became famous in the Civil War for its daring, although he was only sixteen years old when he joined the command.

"I remember," said one of his old friends, "one time, when he was one of a small party sent to the Blackfoot Reservation to arrest an Indian boy who had been charged with killing a calf belonging to the Conrad Company. There was at least five thousand warriors camped at the place. We found the boy, and neither he nor his father denied that we had the right person. Just as I had put the boy on a horse and was binding him there the father raised his rifle, levelled it at my head and said something I could not understand. The leader of our party whipped out his six shooter and was about to shoot the Indian who was aiming at me. Another Indian gave a warwhoop, and in a moment we were surrounded by a thousand warriors, nearly all of whom were armed. Things looked pretty serious for us, and if Healy, our leader, had shot we would have been wiped off the face of the earth. But Mr. Conrad grabbed his gun and compelled him to put it up, told the Indians that the boy would not be harmed if they allowed him to go with us; that he would be tried at Benton for killing the calf, and that, even if he were found guilty, he would be returned safe and well. 'And if you kill us,' he said, 'the soldiers will come and kill you all. Make the father of the boy put down his rifle and we will promise not to hurt the boy.' The rifle was taken from the angry father, but the crowd would not make room for us to ride away. Conrad, after parleying with them for quite awhile in vain, told us to draw our guns, but not to shoot until we had to. Then he told the Indians that the first man who touched the horse's reins he would kill instantly, and that if they gave us any trouble we would kill the boy, even if we had all to be killed in return. After a moment's hesitation they began to give way as we advanced. When we were clear of them we put up our guns, and were thankful that through the courage and good management of Mr. Conrad we had escaped with our lives. The boy got two years in the penitentiary, and returned to his tribe a better man, having learned a trade in prison."

Another friend told a story of how Mr. Conrad had been taught a lesson in hospitality by an Indian. "Conrad used to have a cabin near his place of business," said the story teller, "where he allowed the Indians to 'put up' when they came to trade. One day an old Indian, known as Tail Feather, a famous hunter, came with an unusually fine lot of skins and furs, and Conrad, being anxious to make a good trade, told the old man to make himself and his family at home in the cabin, which they did. The next day the Indian's wares were examined, and a trade, highly satisfactory to the white man, was consummated. But Tail Feather was so well pleased with the cabin and its comforts that he told his host that he would stay several weeks. Conrad hinted that other Indians might come and require the place, but the old Indian would not take a hint, and finally had to be told that he must move on.

"I will go," said the crafty old man, "but you have taught me a lesson. Next year, when I come with a load of skins, I will trade when I am ready to return home, and not when I arrive. I have learned that you like me better before than after the trade." Mr. Conrad said that Tail Feather had taught him a good lesson in politeness as well as in Indian business matters.—New York Tribune.

SAILOR GIRL'S ADVENTURES.

A singular story of the sea was told at the Bristol police court. A girl of fifteen, who first gave her name as Ellen Gordon, but afterward admitted that she was Esther McEwan, was charged with wandering abroad without visible means of subsistence. The prisoner, who was clad in a rough suit of men's clothes, cried bitterly, and hid her face as she stood in the dock.

A river policeman stated that when in Prince's street that morning he heard some men talking about a woman dressed as a man who was being paid off at the board of trade offices. His inquiries there proved fruitless, but outside he saw the prisoner standing among some other sailors. When she spoke to her she burst into tears and admitted her sex. He believed she had sailed as messman and steward. She was being paid off from the steamship Gem, which had just arrived at the Bristol docks.

At the police station the accused stated that her sister lived at Wishart, in Scotland. She admitted she had completed three voyages as mess steward, dressed in boy's clothes.

Asked by the bench if she would go back to her sister, to whom they could telegraph, the prisoner said she did not wish to do so, as she left on account of her sister's harshness.

The magistrate's clerk: "Could not you get into a Scotch ship as stewardess?"

McEwan—"When my hair gets longer."

The bench ordered a remand until the next day.

McEwan, it is stated, had accomplished only one of her voyages upon the Gem, which vessel she joined at a port in Scotland.

Further inquiries into the case have brought to light a remarkable story of her adventures in boy's clothes. She had been living with a married sister at Wishart, near Glasgow, and while there she sometimes worked as a boy, but the reason of this is not clear. A book came into her hands containing the story of a girl who, unhappy at home, ran away to sea dressed as a boy. Esther McEwan thought this plan so attractive that she resolved upon a similar escapade. In September of 1901 she ran away to Dundee, and there went as cabin boy on board a coasting steamer called the Discovery. On this vessel she remained only a fortnight, landing at Newport. She gave her name as Allan Gordon.

From Dundee she shipped in a boat bound for Valparaiso, and, having completed the voyage, she was discharged at Cardiff. At Penarth she soon obtained another berth, this time on board the steamship Gem, where she acted as mess room steward. No one suspected that she was a girl until Alexandria, the vessel's destination, was reached, and here each member of the crew had to pass the doctor, with the result that the girl was compelled to admit her sex. The captain of the Gem, therefore, brought her back as a cabin passenger, but she appears to have continued to wear the boy's clothes during the return voyage. It is probable that the reason of the "mess room steward" being transferred to the cabin did not remain a secret aboard, and it is not surprising that the sailors talked the matter over on reaching port.

The girl is now receiving kindly care and attention. She is a quick-witted child of fair education, and from remarks which she has let drop it is clear that the rough manners of sailors on the ships on which she sailed were very repellant to her. She did not like the sea at all, and had she only known the way in which she would have had to rough it she would never have run away. The two discharge notes which are in her possession relating to her voyages to Alexandria and Valparaiso are made out in the name of Allan Gordon.—London Telegraph.

Impossibility of Socialism.

By the Rev. Dr. Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn

ASSING individuals into a compact body will never better our country. If we want a great State we must have great individuals. We can never get a great republic out of a company of vagrants, rowdies, people who are willing that others should work for them. That is why socialism is one of the great evils threatening our Nation to-day. Its growing strength is not to be despised. It has elected four Mayors in New England and unless a check is put upon it will elect forty in the near future. It is a trust which paralyzes the interests. It divides up until what is parcelled out is unsatisfactory to all who have a share in the division.

Suppose there are forty houses in a block, and instead of each man owning one for himself and keeping it in order each man owns one-fortieth of the house he lives in and one-fortieth of each of the others. Will he care as much if the stoops are swept off on a snowy morning, and will he keep the back yards in as good order as if it was his own house? Every man's home is his castle. He has given his promise to one woman and she has sworn fealty to him. But suppose socialism steps in to plan this home according to its rules. Do you believe that their children will be better if reared by nurses appointed by the State, as socialism decrees? Socialism in other domains would be just as objectionable.

Submerge the individual in the State, as socialism ordains, and you destroy domestic institutions—stifle the life-blood of the Nation. Better let every man bear his burden, and in his purpose to succeed he will do far more for the world than if he were a mere atom in a great industrial creation.

Waterways Are a Necessity.

By Professor Lewis M. Haupt.

IN view of the great and manifest economies of waterways it may seem inexplicable that, with but few illustrious exceptions, their advantages have apparently not impressed themselves upon railroad managers and legislators in general. By the recognition and use of these economies the most progressive nations of the European continent have been able to maintain large military and naval establishments, besides providing from the public treasury for the construction and maintenance of their extensive systems of internal waterways, while the United States has permitted her canals to become gradually extinguished.

One by one these earlier avenues of communication have been absorbed and abandoned; and yet statistics show that the cost of transportation by these artificial channels is about one-third only of that by rail, while by open water it is still lower. A nation that ignores an economy of sixty-six per cent, in transportation is wasting its resources and imposing onerous burdens upon its people. The possibilities of this country are magnificent; and yet but few of them have been developed, and in these cases the work has been done largely by private corporations or local interests. The Erie Canal still exists, a monument to the enterprise of the Empire State of which it has ever been the backbone; but it is becoming too weak to bear the greatly increased tonnage, and must be strengthened and enlarged unless it is desired to divert the traffic to the down-grade route through Canada. Owing to the growth in the dimensions of vessels, the antiquated coast-wise system of canals, made necessary as a means of defense by the lessons of 1812, is no longer able to pass more than about three per cent, of the trade of the contiguous bays and sounds. These channels barely pass the smallest torpedo-boats, and are wholly inadequate to meet the requirements of an interior, strategic line as an indispensable part of our coast defense, not to mention those of the millions of tons of coast-wise commerce, only awaiting their enlargement and National control.

The great work nearing completion under the State of Illinois, connecting Lake Michigan with the Illinois River and having in view the ultimate creation of a fourteen-foot channel to the Gulf of Mexico, is one that must commend itself to the country as being of immeasurable value. The connection of the vast deposits of coal in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia with the iron ores of the Lake Superior region by means of a ship canal across the portage separating Lake Erie from the Ohio River should be pushed with the utmost dispatch.—The Forum.

INQUISITIVE MOOSE.

Not infrequently the pine lumber cutters are surprised while at work by the presence of inquisitive moose and deer, who evidently cannot understand the meaning of the rhythmic fall of the axe. Instances are on record in which choppers have been killed by the infuriated onslaught of bull moose, probably vexed at having been brought long distances to see nothing more interesting than men chopping down trees.

An irascible sportsman, disgusted with incompetent guides and uncooperative companions in former years, set out on his autumn campaign with only a lad, who was to act as camp attendant. The little chap was furnished with an ancient tin horn with which to summon his master to meals or when his presence was desirable at the tent.

One evening his call was answered by a hoarse blast at a distance, and the lad, not knowing what it meant, kept on repeating his blowing, until to his amazement and fear a huge moose came rushing out of the woods in a state of wild excitement.

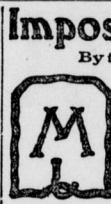
The creature stood staring in astonishment at the caller for a full minute, during which the old hunter was within thirty feet of him in most perfect misery. The hunter had the long-coveted chance to kill a moose and secure a stupendous head, and his weapons were a fishing rod, a shot gun and an empty cartridge belt.

His survey ended, the lordly moose gave a snort of disgust and turned away, and the hunter's opportunity was gone.

MAN AGAINST ALLIGATOR.

C. A. Clouser, proprietor of the Oakdale Poultry and Stock Farm had a lively experience recently. Mr. Clouser has a number of goats. Of late he has missed two or three, and was suspicious that some of his colored friends were helping themselves to meat. This morning he caught the thief in the act. Just back of his house is Lake Copeland. For a year he has at times noticed a good-sized alligator in the lake. This morning, as he was looking over his pets, his attention was arrested by the bleating of a goat at the margin of the lake. He ran to the spot, and found the gator with the goat in his jaws, but tangled in some grapevines, so that he could not get into the water with it. Mr. Clouser seized one end of the animal, while the gator stuck to the other. Finally he succeeded in forcing the gator to loosen his hold and get back into the lake. The goat was already dead. Now Mr. Clouser has a shark hook, baited with the viscera of the dead goat, and set in the lake. He hopes to secure a gator.—Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

The mission of France, according to Leroy-Boileau, is to build a Trans-Saharan railway to the Lake Chad region, which he looks on as a kind of Eden, with fertile soil and valuable metallic deposits.



dividual far more than the other trusts which weigh against the country's interests. It divides up until what is parcelled out is unsatisfactory to all who have a share in the division.



Everyday Heroes.

By Andrew Carnegie.

THIS is the heroic age, excelling all others in the number and service of its heroes. There is a hero in the Philippines to-day. He was a wise Judge and strongly opposed our forcing ourselves upon the people there, but at the call of duty he went to serve his country, and benefit that people. The highest office, save one, in the land was within his reach, the height of his ambition at home. He resisted the temptation, impaired as his health was. He elected to plunge into the waves, as it were, to save the drowning people who needed his help. Judge Taft is a true hero; he has risked his life for his fellows.

A fireman hero in New York recently—I wish I could remember his name—rushed into danger through fire and smoke to rescue a child, and fell in the attempt. Such instances occur almost every week, in one or other of our cities. Physicians almost daily sacrifice their lives in their noble calling.

Verily we live in a heroic age, and it becomes us to celebrate, applaud and honor these grandest of heroes, who remind us by their acts that they feel "the fittest place where man can die is where he dies for man." There should be a National organization akin to the National Life Saving Society, or, perhaps, better still, that society should appeal for funds to support the families of such heroes and add a department to administer the fund properly.

The family of no hero who loses his life while trying to rescue a fellow man should ever suffer want, nor should the hero himself, if injured. He deserves a pension, with the thanks of the community, as well as a gold medal to be worn afterward and handed down to his family as a badge of true nobility. There is a worship which uplifts, a deference which exalts, a tribute which raises all who give it, and this meeting will fall to justify itself if we assemble to do honor to a hero and are not ourselves, in contemplation of his act, raised in some degree to heroic level.

The great advance which all religious bodies are making and must continue to make or perish is along this road, the recognition of the truth that the kingdom of God is within man here and now, and that in order to merit heaven in the future or to be fit to exist there it is necessary that we begin to make something of the real heaven here now on earth.

Evil of Society Gambling.

By Julia Ward Howe.

FEAR that the evil custom of playing for money has made considerable progress in fashionable society. Heads of families in our gay cities are sometimes made aware of the interchange between their own and other young people of checks intended to cover recent losses at cards.

Young ladies are heard to boast of the gains of a season at Newport—these gains, in some cases, exceeding \$1000. We hear of invitations to fashionable houses which are declined by youths of small or moderate incomes, who cannot afford losses at the card table.

This feature of our time appears to me a reversion to the habits of a low stage of civilization, in which poverty of object induces the passion for games of hazard which is common among of foreign people.

It seems also to be a part of that aping of foreign customs which shows itself a good deal among our people of wealth and leisure. Royalties and persons of high rank in the Old World have been known to indulge in gambling to a ruinous extent, and the custom of playing for sums large or small still prevails in European countries.

This fact may lead certain young people to consider it a trait of aristocratic breeding to risk money in games of chance. The better culture attainable in modern society should do much to eliminate this false impression. Our Western World is rich in opportunities of social intercourse. Our young men and maidens meet freely in college, in the professions and in the diversions appropriate to the season of youth.

Pity were it if this innocent freedom, profitable for mutual help and good understanding, should be made subservient to unworthy tastes and dangerous passions. In this land of ours the State has prohibited the lottery system. The church has set herself resolutely against rattles at fairs.

Public opinion in either avenue ought to set itself against this cruel love of a gain which necessarily implies loss to others. It is a truism among us to-day that the exercise and enjoyment of liberty must found itself upon good sense and good morals. If we wish to avail ourselves of American freedom we must adhere to American ideas of good conduct.

The standard of the Puritans may be enlarged and advanced by a culture more liberal than theirs. It should not be degraded by a course of action based upon a concept of life poor, mean and empty.—New York News.