CHILD LOVE.

carry and worn with the struggle in seeking life's coveted prize, ouds of despair hover 'round me and shut out the blue of the skies; when I feel so discouraged and burdened from bearing the load ms to completely o'erwhelm me while struggling along the rough rou, for relief, that I turn me away from the world and entwine 'round the one who still loves me—this golden-haired baby of mine,

aptations can I not conquer? What battles not win, if the prize cand the mute adoration that beam in my little one's eyes? dimpled arms thrown around me, and her baby voice in my car, unshine forever about me, and all of my doubts disappear, one of hope that inspire me are the love-lights that trustfully shine own eyes of one who adores me—this golden-haired baby of mine.

ms of spring may all wither and the birds lose their power of song, s a sweeter attraction than these to entice me along; s as weeter attraction than these to entice me along; like the sunbeams of noonday, brings gladness and warmth and good cheer, off the shadows of darkness and doubt that are hovering near—way from me forever the riches of carth, but enshrine h of the love of my treasure—this golden-haired baby of mine.

—E. A. Brininstool, in Buitalo News.



GEOFFREY'S WIFE

Case of Where Mistaken Identity Turned Out Well.



HE Longworth family were except Maurice, who was never known to get excited at anything.

In the sex of the same songs, the same amusements, Maurice wondered a dozen times a day how Geoff, plain, plodding, commonplace Geoff, had managed to win such a girl.

"The attraction of opposites, I supling a letter aloud. She laid the m-tinted, perfumed sheet with its and violet monogram on her table, off her glasses and looked at the swith a pleased smile.

"The attraction of opposites, I suplies," he thought savagely. "Geoff was always a lucky dog."

Mrs. Geoffrey did not often speak of her husband. Neither did she write to him.

HE Longworth family were excited—that is, all of them except Maurice, who was never known to get excited about anything.

Mrs. Longworth had just finished reading a letter aloud. She laid the cream-tinted, perfumed sheet with its gold and violet monogram on her table, took off her glasses and looked at the girls with a pleased smile.

"So Geoffrey's wife is actually coming to visit us at last. She will be here in a week's time, and we must be prepared to make her visit as pleasant as possible."

"I wonder what she will be like, and if she is really as pretty as her photograph," said Hildegarde.

"You may be sure she isn't," said Maurice disagreeably; "she would have had her pictures taken full face if she were. Depend upon it, her profile is the best of her."

"For my part," said Evelyn, "I don't care what she looks like, if she is only nice and good fun."

"Well, she won't be that, either," persisted Maurice, who was in one of his "contrary" moods; "no woman with a profile like that ever had a grain of common sense. Look at that nose—vanity; that mouth—frivolity; that chin—weakness and willfulness. No, you won't like Geoffrey's wife, and I shall hate her."

"You have always pretended to disapprove of her—just because we all admired her, I suppose," sald Evelyn, crossly. "You do dearly love to be contrary. But don't go and make yourself obnoxious to her on principle. You'll have to help entertain her—and you can be perfectly charming when you like."

You'll have to help entertain her—and you can be perfectly charming when you like."

Maurice bowed satirically.

"Consider yourself thanked. But that complimentary sugar-coating does not sufficiently disguise the unpaintable pill of your last sentence. I was never cut out for a martyr, and I shall efface myself as absolutely as possible during Mrs. Geoffrey Longworth's so-fourn here. I'll be civil to her, of course, unless she provoke me to be otherwise—but that is all you noed expect. I give you fair warning."

And Maurice tossed away his cigar and sauntered out of the room with a bored expression.

I Geoffrey Longworth, the older bröther, had gone to a Western city several years previously and in due time had taken to himself a wife. Her photograph presented a very pretty girl in a very smart gown.

The Longworths had never seen Mrs. Geoffrey, but she was coming to visit them at last. Geoffrey himself, in his capacity as civil engineer, was going to accompany an ethnological expedition to some ancient ruin in Central America, and his wife would spend the time of absence with her hitherto unseen relatives.

A week later Mrs. Geoffrey Long-

of absence with her hitherto unseen relatives.

A week later Mrs. Geoffrey Longworth arrived, a tall, self-possessed young woman, irreproachably gowned. She had a charming smile, a liquidly sweet voice and a perfect manner. Mrs. Longworth and the girls greeted her with affectionate kisses, and Maurice bent his dark head before her, his languid brown eyes flashing with reluctant admiration.

"Like-very like—not altogether she," he quoted under his breath as he dropped into his chair at the tea table. He felt bewildered. This girl was so unlike what he had expected. She was glorious, with her large, darkgray eyes that were violet in the shadow, the ripe bloom on her oval cheeks and the splendid lights and shadows of her dead-black hair. Why had he always fancied that Geoffrey's wife was a pallid blonde? He was guite ready to pronounce her divine.

Mrs. Geoffrey was accustomed to speedy conquests. She had read in his eyes, successively, surprise, admiration, full surrender. It was such delicious flattery.

"I think I am going to like my prother-in-lay yery much." she said

cycs, successively, surprise, admiration, full surrender. It was such delicious flattery.

"I think I am going to like my brother-in-law very much," she said, when she was alone, and looking at her charming reflection in the glass. Then she gave a little sigh.

"What a pity—and what a shame!" she murmured. "If Geoff just knew. But he doesn't. He's buried in the Central Africa ruins by this time—or is it Central America? And I, Mrs. Geoffrey Longworth, am here, meaning to have the very best time in the world, and not to be bothered by conscience. Conscience, indeed! I left it behind me. And who could have imagined that poor, plain Geoff would have such a handsome brother?"

Mrs. Geoffrey speedilly won her way into all hearts. Geoffrey's mother and sisters adored her, his old friends admired her, and even those most merciess of critics, his former sweethearts, could find no flaw in her. She was an emphatic success.

him.

"He hasn't any address," she said frankly, when Mrs. Longworth asked her for it. "Dear me, don't you know he is simply buried in Central America? He can't write to me or I to him until he gets back to the coast. Anxious? Oh, no, not at all. Geoff has a chronic habit of turning up safe and sound."

"To think that I should have hated you once!" said Maurice to her one

"To think that I should have hated day.

"I knew you liked me against your will at first," said Mrs. Geoffrey. "Why was it?"

"I never liked your photograph?"

"Isn't it a good one?"—demurely.

"Good? Well, I suppose it is as far as features go. But it isn't you. The expression is altogether wrong."

Mrs. Geoffrey got up and turned the photograph in question toward the

"Isn't it a good one?"—demurely.

"Good? Well, I suppose it is as far as features go. But it isn't you. The expression is altogether wrong."

Mrs. Geoffrey got up and turned the photograph in question toward the wall.

"There! Let it stay so. I never liked it myself, but Geoff thought it was excellent."

One day Maurice made a discovery. It was at Mrs. Anderson's garden party, where Mrs. Geoffrey carried on a rather marked flirtation with Charlie Scott. She was somewhat more given to such an amusement, people thought, than a young woman who had a husband exploring Central America ruins ought to be. But Mrs. Geoffrey was serenely indifferent to public opinion. She smiled at Charlie Scott with eyes serenely indifferent to public opinion. She smiled at Charlie Scott with eyes and lips, talked to him in her velvety undertones, and finally disappeared down a shady path with him.

Maurice lad been watching them with a scowl. When they passed out of his sight he went home. It was of no use to pretend to himself that he was angry at Mrs. Geoffrey's fiftrations on Geoffrey's account. Fie knew that he loved and he was honestly appailed. He shut himself up in his room for the rest of the day and tried to think the matter squarely out. Eventually he came to a resolution and by way of keeping it he began to avoid Mrs. Geoffrey whenever it was possible and to treat her with grave, cold politeness when it was not.

That unrepentant young person had come home from the garden party in radiant spirits. At first she looked upon Maurice's chilling attitude as the result of pique. When she realized that it was something more serious, she held a council of war with herself. "This won't do. Oh, dear, what a mess! I might have known some such predicament would result from my folly. What will he think of me? And oh, what will Geoffrey say when he finds it out—for of course he will find it out now? He will be dreadfully angry."

And Mrs. Geoffrey cried a little—not very much—for she wanted to look her best that night and trade to the pa

with a very bad grace. Muriel is fond of gayety, and she thought it would be infolerably dull here. Just after Geoff went away the Havilands invited Muriel to spend the summer with them at their country place. Then Muriel came to me and—and—begged me—to—to—come down here in her place and pretend to be Geoff's wife. Oh, I know what you will think of me for consenting! But it seemed just a joke at the time. Muriel was determined on it—and I was just a wild, thoughtless girl. So I came. When I got here and your mother and the girls and every one were so kind and good to me—oh, I felt dreadfully about it. But it was too late. I had to carry out my imposture. We never meant to let Geoff know—but he will find it out now, and so will everybody—and you will all despise me."

lespise me."

Muriel finished her confession with
downfall of tears. Maurice stepped
orward and clasped her in his arms.

"And you're not married?" he ex-

"And you're not married?" he exclaimed.

"No, indeed—and never will be unless—unless you will have me. Can you ever forgive me?"
Maurice's answer was wordless, but eloquently convincing.

"Eut what will your mother and sisters say?" whispered Muriel, dolefully. "They will be so horrified and shocked."

"They will forgive you for my sake."

shocked."

"They will forgive you for my sake," said Maurice, reassuringly.

"And it isn't my fault that I'm not your mother's daughter-in-law," said Muriel, with a little laugh. "I'm sure I am very willing to become so. After all, I'm not really sorry I came, for if I hadn't I'd never have met you."

"I always said that photograph wasn't like you," said Maurice triumphantly.—Springfield Republican.

wasn't like you," said Maurice triumphantly.—Springfield Republican.

An Embarrasing Legacy.

The Town Council of Paris is not sure that it ought to accept the legacy of the late M. Strada. He left to Paris his house at Passy, where he lived, the furniture of the principal rooms, including pictures, bronzes, curios and books, with 60,000 francs a year to arrange and keep it up as a museum. There are many rare and valuable objets d'art in the collection of M. Strada, but perhaps too many pictures painted by himself. The testator was unknown to the world. His poems just missed being first-rate. It was the same with his paintings, his sculptures and his bronzes. He had noble longings and humanitarian yearnings. But his mind was not sufficiently Independent of his feelings for it to produce any masterpleces of intellect. Strada had the disadvantage of being born with a golden spoon in his mouth. His impressions had not been rubbed in by hardship, with the result that everything he did wanted snap and had the taint of amateurishness. The impulses to write, to paint, to sculp and to compose music were strong in hirn, but knowing little of the battles of life, he had only his own freams to write about. One of the causes of his failure to whir renown lay in his never knowing when to leave off—a common fault of those who live in a dreamland.

Australlanism.

australianism.

At present the Australian Commonwealth pays £105,000 a year for the use of a small British squadron, which is supposed also to wander round Maroliand, Flji, and half the South Pacific. Australia has no control whatever over this squadron, but the understanding is that, if attack really comes, it will be found somewhere within these very wide limits, and ready to do its duty. But the limits are too wide for the squadron to be anything like a reasonable security, and at least one Admiral frankly informed this country that if war really eventuated the squadron would probably make for the seat of hostilifes regardless of the agreement, and leave Australia at the mercy of any casual cruisers which managed, on the wide ocean, to dodge the British vessels. Obviously, under these conditions, it is time for the Commonwealth to give up subsidizing this unreliable fleet and to spend £300,000 or £500,000 a year on a fleet of its own—one that will be here when wanted, and which should be strong enough to cope with at least a few casual cruisers. Australia thinks of cutting the knot by getting measured for its own cocked hat.—Sydney Bulletin.

was a palled blooke? He was a

NEWSPAPER GROWTH.

Marvelous Development of the American Press.

Weed, Bennett, Greeley, Prentice and Raymond—the grand "we" of the lold school—were in a small company when they virtually ruled public opinion. There were only 254 daily papers in existence in 1850. To-day there are 2226. In 1850 the combined circulation of the papers was 758,454, while in 1900 the circulation of the 2226 was 15,102,156. The aggregate number of copies issued during the year 1850 was 426,409,978, while in 1900 it was 8,186,248,749. It must be admitted that this growth in circulation has followed a change in the so-called mission of the newspaper. A half century ago no statesman felt secure unless he had the editorial support of the papers. The press did not then, as now, express and lead public opinion, but formed it. To-day the highest calling of the newspaper is to truthfully furnish the newspaper is to truthfully furnish the newspaper is

that ruin us.—Franklin.

If you would know, and not be known, live in a city.—Colton.

The way of the world is to make laws, but follow customs.—Montaigne.

We carry happiness into our condition, but cannot hope to find it there.—Holmes.

Children are unconscious philose phers. They refuse to pull to piece their enjoyments to see what they are made of.—Henry W. Beecher.

made of.—Henry W. Beecher.
Energy will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man without it.—Goethe.

Creat, ever fruitful, profitable for reproof, for encouragement, for bullding up in manful purposes and works are the words of those that in their day were men.—Carlyle.

Extract From Thrilling Sea Novel.
Instantly the captain sprang upon the quarter deck.
"Double reef the main halliards!" he shouted. "All hands lay aloft to furl the jib boom! Port your starboard mizzen mast! Clew up the gaskets! Belay, there! Belay!"
"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the brave sallors, as they came dashing up the forward binnacle.
The condition of the ship was indeed perilous.

forward binnacie.

The condition of the ship was indeed perilous.

A tremendous sea had unshipped the main hatch. Great waves swept the vessel from truck to keelson. Staggering from the force of the shock she rolled helplessly in the bilge, now burying her nose deep in the forceastle and anon shaking herself free from the lee scuppers that threatened to engil her. Amid the dearening spume we scumble stood the dauntless yetche captain, lashed firmly to the bowspriand issuing his orders in ringing tones. "Clear away the capstan!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Stand by to heave up the main sheet! Belay, there! Belay!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

At this moment the gallant ship suddenly luffed and bore away upon her starboard peak, leaving a foaming wake to leeward.

Saved by consummate seamanship—but it was a narrow escape!—Chicago Tribune.

but it was a narrow escape!—Chicago Tribune.

Hotel Proprietor's Big Income.
The lessee of a New York hotel who thought he had earned enough to retire from business and enjoy his fortune in leisure recently had an offer for his rights in the business that he had built up. After a consultation with his lawyers he settled on \$8,000,000 as a reasonable sum. There was no formal consent to sell for that amount, but that was the figure that seemed just after a hurrled view of the situation. There came from the intending purchasers an intimation that they were willing to do business immediately on that basis. Luckily nothing definite was done until the lawyers set out to make a more thorough investigation as to the value of the property based on the income it yielded annually. On that basis the hotel was vastly more valueble than it had at first been considered. The proprietor's personal profit for the last eight years had averaged \$1,000,000. In view of these profits the price placed on the hotel was increased to a figure which it was quite impossible for the syndicate to pay. In view of the large amount he found himself to be earning annually, the proprietor was quite satisfied to remain in harness a few years longer.—New York Sun.

Marriage Makes a Difference

By Miss Lillie Hamilton French, in "My Old Maid's Corner."



ARRIAGE, in deed,

ARRIAGE, in deed, does make a difference to women, and we who are the old maids might just as well learn. My own first awakening came when I saw my married sisters calling to their stalwart young husbands to help them over some puddles in the road. And what a fuss they made! When they had been helped over, they went on and left me, the youngest, behind. I called for assistance, too, it seemed so agreeable to command it. One of my sisters, her hand still in that of her husband's, looked back and said: "It's easy. Step on a stone and jump." Then cuddling closer to her husband, she walked on, not turning again.

I can remeber, too, the wife of some college professor who had been asked to meet me when I was perhaps twenty-eight. "Why, I thought you were married," she said to me as we shook hands. "If I had known you were single, I never would have worn a long dress." It was her only dress, I learned afterward—that was why she said "a" and not "my"—a black slik dress, by the way, which she had worn for years, and which she made "low neck" for dinner parties by unfastening the few top buttons. These early experiences, and my having married sisters, taught me much. Probably every other old maid has learned, too, that timidity and helplessness, for instance, so engaging in wives, are considered ridiculous in spinsters. Is not a timid old maid laughed at the world over, and is not a timid wife cherished?—The Century.

Has the Era of Great Wealth Come to Stay?



The Passing of the Beard. By George Harvey.



T present nothing is plainer in a world that loves its little mysteries, and likes to keep the observer in a state of tremulous suspense about a good many things, than the fact that it is beginning to shave again. It has always shaved, more or less, ever since beards came in some fifty years ago, after a banishment of nearly two centuries, from at least the Anglo-Saxon face. During all the time since the early eighteen-fifties, the full beard has been the exception rather than the rule. The razor has not been suffered to rust in disuse, but has been employed in disfiguring most physiognomics in obedience to the prevalent fashion, or the personal caprice of the wearers of hair upon the face, where nature happut it, for reasons still of her own. For one man who let nature have her way unquestioned by the steel, there have been ninety-nine men who have modified her design. Some have shaved all but a little spot on the under lip; others have continued the imperial grown there into the pointed gastee; others have worn the chin-beard, square cut from the corners of the lips, which has become in the allen imagination distinctively the American beard; others have shaved the chin, and let the mustache branch across the checks to meet the flowing fringe of the side-whiskers; others have shaved all but the whiskers shaped to the likeness of a mutton-chop; the most of all have shayed the whole face except the upper lip, and worn the mustache alone. All these fragmentary forms of beard caricatured the human countenance, and reduced it more or less to a ridiculous burlesque of the honest visages of various sorts of animals. They robbed it of the sincerity which is the redeeming virtue of the clean-shaven face, and of the dignity which is the redeeming virtue of the clean-shaven face, and of the dignity which is the redeeming virtue of the clean-shaven face, and of the dignity which is the redeeming virtue of the clean-shaven face, and of the dignity which is the redeeming virtue of the clean-shaven face, and of the dignity w

0 0 Industrial Problems and American Self-Reliance

By President Theodore Roosevelt.



T is no easy matter to work out a system of rule or conduct, whether with or without the help of the lawgiver, which is shall minimize that jarring and clashing of interests in the industrial world which causes so much individual irritation and suffering at the present day, and which at times threatens baleful consequences to large portions of the body politic. But the importance of the problem cannot be overestimated, and it deserves to receive the careful thought of all men such as those whom I am addressing to-night. There should be not yielding to wrong; but there should most certainly be not only desire to do right, but a willingness each to try to understand the viewpoint of his fellow, with whom, for weal or for wee, his own fortunes are indissolubly bound.

No patent remedy can be devised for the solution of these grave problems in the industrial world, but we may rest assured that they can be solved at all only if we bring to the solution certain old time virtues, and if we strive to keep out of the solution some of the most familiar and most undesirable of the traits to which mankind has owed untold degradation and suffering throughout the ages. Arrogance, suspicion, brutal envy of the well to do, brutal indifference toward those who are not well to do, the hard refusal to consider the rights of others, the foolish refusal to consider the limits of beneficent action, the base appeal to the spirit of selfish greed, whether it take the form of plunder of the fortunate or of oppression of the unfortunate—from these and from all kindred vices this Nation must be kept free if it is to remain in its present position in the forefront of the peoples of mankind.

On the other hand, good will come, even out of the present evils, if we fact them armed with the old homely virtues; if we show that we are fearless of soul, cool of head and kindly of heart; if, without betraying the weakness that cringes before wrongdoing, we yet show by words and deeds our knowledge that in such a Government as ours each of us must