THE LAST JOURNEY.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

The little rraveler set forth
With one last smile of sweet content.
There are no footprints south or north,
To show to us the way she went;
No tiny footprints in the snow.
No flower for token backward thrown,
"Sweetheart," we wept, "why must y
go?"
Smiling, she went her way, alone.

The little traveler went her way.
And set us all who loved her so.
She journeyed forth at break of day—
A long, long way she had to go.
The stars were paling in the sky—
Their kind eyes must have seen her start.
'Come back to us, dear heart, dear heart!'

The little traveler's tiny feet
Have found a path that we must find.
Size w: so little and so sweet!
We cannot linger, left behind.
We stumble, seeking day by day,
O little traveler! Who will send
A cuide to point us out the way
To find you at the journey's end?
—Francis Darine, in Youth's Companion.

Wooing of Is'bel.

By ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE. ******

NE night there was a dance down to Angels," said the Old Settler, "an Reub Bannerton, bein' kinder lonesome, c'ncluded he'd go. He was a mighty modest man, Reub was, an' he was sittin' by the wall, not calc'latin' to dance, when a girl he never saw walked up to him. She was a big girl with square shoulders, an' anybody could see she didn't need much male pertection. Reub looked at her an' then looked away, an' she says: "Hev the nex' waltz with me, pardner?"

"Hev the nex' waltz with me, paner?"
"Reub was new in this country, then, an' didn't know much 'bout the ekality of the sexes. So he sorter shuffled his feet aroun' an' fin'ly says:

"'I'm mighty sorry, but I don't know how ter waltz, which was a le due to his bashfuness, but Is'bel, which was her name, didn't know it then.

"'Oh, come on,' she says, 'that needn't make no diff'rence; I can swing you.'

or.

"Only to be my own, my 'dored one.'

"Reub wan't quite broke down yit, so he says, "Waal, I'm blamed if I will!" But after an hour or two mora he got plum fired out an' made his las' argument. 'I don't want to git married.' he says; 'I ain't got 'nough money to s'port a wife, anyway." "You needn't worry 'bout that, bloved. Only say you love me an' I'll s'port you.'

"Reub see he didn't stan' no show; so he inquires, sullen like, 'Waal, where do you want to take me?"

"To Parson Elder's an' git married to once, b'loved.'

you.'
"So he went, an' if you'd seen the subsekent proceedin's you'd hev thought she could swing him. More'n half the time his feet never touched the floor, an' his face shone so with perspiration that it looked like one of these new-fungled indecent lights. But he kept thinkin', 'Waal, it'll be over pretty soon; I won't hev to stand it long.'

"To Parson Elder's an' git married to once, b'loved."
"All the way to the parson's—seventeen miles it was—they walked, Is'bel leadin' the horse with one hand an' Reub with the other. She didn't take a single chance till after he'd admitted to the parson that he took her till death us do part an' all the res' of it. Then she heaved a sigh an' let go of his hand, tenderly sayin', 'My own b'loved!' She thought a consid'ble heap of Reuben, Is'bel did. Reckon I'd better meander."

The Old Settler "meandered," but at the door he paused for a final remark:

art the door he paused for a final remark:

"I don't s'pose there's no happler couple in Californy than Mr. an' Mrs. Reuben Bannerton, or per'aps I orto say Mrs. an' Mr. Is'bel Bannerton. They've been married seventeen years, an' has five children, but she allers c'insiders Reub the firs' and tenderes' of the lot. She's c'nsid'ble fond of Reuben, Is'bel is." Then he "meandered."—New York Times.

pretty soon; I won't hev to stand it long."

"The waltz ended at last, an' Reub was wonderin' whether he orto thank her for the pleasure or she orto thank him, when she says:

"If it don't make no diff'rence to you we'll go out on the verandy an' sit out the nex' dance. I'm tired."

"It did make a diff'rence to him, for he was gittin' oneasy, but when he come to look at her he couldn't think of any way out of it, so he went.

"The firs' thing she did after they got on the verandy was to grab his hand. Reub tried to pull it away, but she grabbed it firm an' unyieldin' an' says in pleadin' tones:

"Oh, my b'loved one!"

"I ain't neither your b'loved one,' says Reub, soothin'ly, but firmly. 'I

gramed it irim an' unyieldin' an' says fa pleadin' tones:

"'Oh, my b'loved one!"

"I ain't neither your b'loved one,' says Reub, soothin'ly, but firmly. 'I ain't never done nothin' to encourage these unman—unwomanly perceedin's of yours. I never saw you 'fore to

nt."
'You are, too, my b'loved one. You
y not know it, but you are my soul's
ity that I've been waltin' fer, an' I
it jus' as soon as I saw you. Oh,
'dored one!'

felt it jus as soon as a saw you my 'dored one."
"Waal, Reub sot there more'n fifteen minutes tryin' to convince her that he wan't her 'dored one, an' that prob'ly her soul's 'failty'd be 'long on the nex' emigrant train, but she only grabbed his hand tighter an' tried to pull his head onto her shoulder. He asked her to think how his mother would feel if she knew how he was bein' led on, but she still clung. She was hit hard, Is'bel was.

sue s.iii cimp. She was hit hard, Is'bel was,
"Fin'ly she let go of his hand to brush a fly off her ear, an' Reub run. Is'bel looked after him, sayin' so that Bill Hawkins heered it, 'He yit shall be mine, my b'loved one; he yit shall be mine."
"Nex' mornin' early Reub started out propectin'. He said he felt zif he was a ha'nted man an' reckoned he'd better seek s'clusion.
"The second day he was out, 'bout evenir', he was sittin' by his cabin door when a horse an' his rider come aroun' the big rock by his cabin, an' a tender voice says:

Renben, Is'bel is." Then he "meandered."—New York Times.

Disguises of Nature.

By a decree of nature, one-half of the world flourishes at the expense of the other half. The sparrow chases the butterfly, but the hawk chases the sparrow. For the problem of life is twofold. It is not enough merely to eat; it is necessary to avoid being enten. Yet nature detests killing for killing's sake. Massacre forms no part of her great plan. So we see that every creature is provided with some more or less effective quality of defense, by means of which the attacks of its natural enemies are rendered less frequent or less deadly.

Thus the antelope, by means of its superior speed, at times escapes from the lion. The armadillo, rolled in its wondrous coat of mail, lies secure among a score of hungry, gnawing foes, while the white hare, scarcely distinguishable from the white snow on which it crouches, is often overlooked by his foe, the fox. But of all creatures none have received more ample protection than the insects. Some of them possess stings, others bite and a few puff out clouds of poisonous vapor to stupefy or blind their pursuers. Again, there are insecty clothed in impenetrable armor, insects covered with sharp spines and prickles and others whose means of defense consist in nothing but a likeness to the objects which surround them.—Royal Magazine.

door when a horse an aroun' the big rock by his cabin, an' a tender voice says:

"'I have found you, oh, my b'loved!'
"Reub ddn't look up, but he says:

"I ain't your b'loved, I tell gou, an' you orlo know it by this time!

"Reub says her voice was low an' cestatic, though somewhat bass, as Is'bel's voice allers is, when she again says: "I have found you, oh, my b'loved!" he kinder hesitated. Then he says:

finity."

"You may have found your soul's finity, but it is due to you for me to suggest that it has not found you, an' I want to know what you propose to do 'bout it, as I said before.'

"It does not matter; to be with you

"'Tt does not matter; to be wan you is enough."
"'Waal, it does matter, too. I'm a lone an lone an lonely man, but if worse comes to worst I can pertect myself. You may be stronger'n me, but you can't lure me. What would the world say if it knew bout this?

"'I can trust my soul's companion.
"By this time Is'ble had dismounted, an', selzing Reub's hand in her own, she says;

"'I'm goin' to set right here till you promise to be my own.'
"'All I've got to say is that you've laid out a long program for yourself.'
"They sot there, an' sot. Is'bel 'peared to be c'ntented jus' to set an' hold his hand, an' Reub tried to whistle an' act zif he didn't know she was there. Every once in a while he'd try to pull his hand away, but she'd grip it the tighter, an' then he could hear her whisperin' low to herself, 'Oh, my b'loved!"
"After a while the stars come out an' begun to play hide an' seek with them through the branches of the pines. It got chilly, too, an' once Reub suggested that he would git a blanker for Is'bel, calc'latin' that he could make a run for it if he could git a start, but she only says, 'Oh, my b'loved!' an' hung right onto his hand. She was hard hit, Is'bel was.
"Bout dusk, too, the builfrogs over by the spring struck up, an' as it grew darker an' darker they became more 'n' more interested in the couple. Firs' a little fellow would chirp out an' say, 'What's he goin' to do 'bout it'? Then the little feller's ma would ask his pa, 'What's he goin' to do 'bout it'? an' his pa would c'nsider for a minute, give it up an' ask anybody that could answer. 'What's he goin' to do 'bout it'? Leas', that's the way Reub said it seemed to him.

"Then, long 'bout ten or 'leven o'clock "'I'm goin' to set right here till you The Funny Side of Life.

Dan Cupid's lot is hard, indeed, And labor is his guerdon: The little god who used to laugh Now bears a heavy burden.

His bow and arrow cast aside,
His woe he scarce can smother;
With Dun's tucked underneath one arm
And Bradstreet's in the other.
—New York Times.

HIS. ENGAGING REMARK.

SEVERED HIS CONNECTION. Were you discharged from your las

"No; they didn't want me any longer, and so I left."—Brooklyn Life.

THE LANDSMAN AT SEA



"What was the matter, Captain?"
"Oh, nothing at all, but the engineer thought the screw was broke."
"Well, no one could see it under the water, so it would not matter anyway would it?"—The Moon.

YIELDED TO THE INEVITABLE. Bilson—"So you have a titled son-in-law? I suppose you consider him a high honor?"

nigh honor?"

Tribbler-"Well, yes, he did come rather high, but Carrie seemed sort of set upon buying him."—Boston Transcript.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ALL Ho-"I kind o' think I've seen you be-fore. Ain't you a shop girl at Bar-gen's?"

gen's?"
She-"Sir! I'm a saleslady."
He-"That so? I'm an elevator gen
tleman at the same place,"-Philadel
phia Press.

AT A STREET CURNEL.

Old Crusty (to beggar)—"Look here,
my fine fellow. An able-bodied man
like you should work, not beg. You
ought to be given in charge."
Beggar (bitterly)—"I'm safe agin you,
anyhow, if there's any givin in it.
You ain't no giver."

OUITE DIFFERENT.

QUITE DIFFERENT.

May—"But why do you think he made a mistake in taking up music as a profession? I always thought he played the fiddle rather well."

Ann—"It's quite evident that you never heard him perform upon the violin."—Brooklyn Lifte.

IMMEDIATE RESULTS.

One day my, little brother insited on staying out in the rain. On being asked why he did not come in he said:
"I have to get watered so I'll grow."
Next day he said: "Yesterday I was only up to my nose, and I've grown to the top, of my head in the night, because I stayed out in the rain."

WHAT DID HE MEAN?



Spinsters Drink Less Tea.

Along with other characteristics of spinsterhood that have gone glimmering down the aisles of memory and tradition is that of devotion to tea. The spinsters of to-day drink coffee, good and strong, much more frequently than tea. Not a few of them demand even stronger beverages, but for none of them would the teapot be an appropriate emblem. Tea no longer serves, perhaps is not needed, to soothe the wounded vanity or console those women who are outside the matrimonial palace of biles. "Afternoon tea" still stands as a convenient term, but it includes almost everything execut tea, and when that harmless beverage is served it is so doctored that the tea-drinking old maid of tradition would not recognize it.—Tacoma Ledger. 'What's ye goin' ter do?"
ppe—"Well, I t'ink I'll open Pete-"Wha Phil Uppe-

-"Wid dynimite?"-Detroit Free

WHY HARRY WEPT.

"Why, Harry, what's the matter?" asked a mother of her four-year-old hopeful, who was crying as if his heart would break.

would break.

"G-grandpa slipped on the s-street
and g-got his c-clothes all m-muddy,"
sobbed the little fellow.

"Well, don't cry about it dear," said
the mother. "I'm glad to see you so
kind-hearted and sympathetic, how-

ever."

"It a-ain't that," solbed Harry.

"S-sister s-saw him and I d-didn't."—
Chicago News.

HER DOUGH "RIZ" ALL RIGHT.

The Embarrassing Experience of a Kind.

Hearted Woman of Skøwhegan.

A medicine bottle, a mirror and a bunch of keys, all sticking to a chunk of dough as large as your head was the sight that met a Skowhegan woman's view when she opened her satchel in the Skøwhegan car en route to Lewiston.

in the Skowhegan car en roue to Leviston.

She had wondered for some time what it was that was swelling out the sides of her satchel in such an unproportionate manner, and she opened the satchel to find out. She struggled to close it, but she could not. The man in the rear seat looked over her back to see what the matter was. The conductor stopped to look at her in her helpless state.

"What's the matter, madam?" he inculred.

helpless state.

"What's the matter, madam?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing. Bread is rising, can't you see? Oh, get away."

She got her fingers in the drugh and then she got mad. She tried to pull them. She tried to close the satchel, but it would not close.

"Confound that thing." she said, and the satchel, comb, mirror and dough disappeared out through a window.

When she tells her friends about the case now she laughs at the horrid fellow-passenger and conductor, but she did not feel like it them.

She was coming to visit a friend in Lewiston. The friend admired her bread very much and said it was the best in the world, so, not having any bread ready to bring with her, she selzed upon a large piece of dough which was raising in a pan before the fire, and, wrapping it in a napkin, she placed it in her grip with the above result.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The Russian Succession.

The Russian Succession.

It was hoped and expected in Russia that the Czar's only surviving brother, the Grand Duke Michael, who now bears the title of Czarevitch, would shortly be displaced from this position by the birth of a male helr-apparent in the direct line, but for the fifth time since his marriage Nicholas II, has been disappointed, and this time more acutely than before. Four daughters have been born to him at pretty regular intervals since 1855, but now the imperial court physicians certify to the premature confinement of the Empress.

Imperial court physicians certify to the premature confinement of the Empress.

The question of the Russian succession is by no means clear. According to a decree of the Emperor Paul of 1797, the succession is by right of primogeniture, with proference of male over female heirs, but this must be a different law from that of our own royal house, otherwise the Czar's brother would not be his present heirapparent in preference to his eldest daughter. Since the accession of the Romanofis Russia has been ruled at various times by four Empresses, but it is not certain that, failing the present Czarevitch—whose constitution is by no means robust—his position as the heir-apparent would not be taken by the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Viadimir, the handsomest and ablest member of the imperial house—a kind of cross in character and accompilshments between Nicholas I., our antagonist of the Crimea, and his son, Alexander II., the emancipator of the serfs.—London Chronicle.

Alexander II., the emancipator of the serfs.—London Chronicle.

Stolen Watches Not Pawned in Paris.
Of watches alone there are received at Mont-de-piete and the twenty-two branch offices from 1000 to 1200 a day, about 350,000 in a year, the average lean on a watch being thirty or forty francs. The official assured me that in this great number of watches scarcely one in 1000 has been stolen, the fact being that people who have come dishonestly by watches or other property fight shy of the Mont-de-piete. The reason of this was presently made plain as we watched the formalities of record, and I realized how difficult it would be for any one to do business here under a concealed identity. Every client receiving a loan greater than fiften francs must produce some official document—an insurance policy, a citizen's voting card, a permit to carry arms or a rent receipt bearing his signature and throwing light upon his station in life. For loans under fifteen francs the client is simply required to show an envelope sent through the mails to his address. All these facts with various others, are duly inscribed upon huge record sheets, so that whoever deals with the Mont-de-piete exposes himself to a scrutiny that must be ungrateful to folks of shady antercedents. Indeed, certain persons make this a grievance against the Mont-de-piete, and declare the Paris system an impertinent intrusion upon a client's privacy, which would a ma point badly taken if the client is an honest man.—Century Magazine,

badly taken if the client is an honest man.—Century Magazine.

The Shriveling of the Earth.
Measured by the yardstick, the world to-day is as great as in the days of the Pharoahs. A hundred years ago it still retained that formidable girth. To-day, measured by the hourglass, the planet has shriveled into a mere miniature of its former self. Under the compressure of electricity, steam and steel-bridges, a spectacle is presented of practical time and space annihilation. Seas have been dried up, continents pushed together, and islands wedded that this might be. Nations once isolated are now in earshot of one another, and the markets of all peoples line a single street. American wheat-fields are days, not mouths, away from British bakeshops. New York is on the outskirts of London and Paris not a block away. Deep sea cables and land wires hem the buyer; and sellers of the world into a vortex of competition, whose diameter is a minute, and within whose circumference are gathered all the produce and the purses of mankind.—National Magazine.

If you would have your affection re-

If you would have your affection riprocated get stuck on yourself.

The Sanatorium Treatment of Tuberculosis

By Dr. Herbert M. King.

By Dr. Herbert M. King.

HE climate must be neither very cold nor very warm for the treatment of the consumptive. It must be dry, but not dry enough to hold dust suspended in the air. The air must be stimulating and the elevation should be more than 1000 feet above the sea level.

Two things are needed in the successful treatment of the consumptive—hyperaeration and increased nutrition. There should be systematized feeding to the limit. Exercise in the is increased above the normal it is at the expense of the well-being of the patient. Take as an analogous example stall-fed animals, which are prone to tuberculosis.

The laboratory of a consumptive sanatorium should be equipped for medical research; there is little research at these institutions except at the one at Saranac Lake.

The minimum time for an incipient and ancomplicated exact the one at Saranac Lake.

anne Lake.

The minimum time for an incipient and uncomplicated case in a sanatorium is three months; for a more advanced case, six months or more. If they have clean homes and wholesome occupations, they may then go home.

In acute cases liquid food should predominate. As pulse and temperature fall, more proteids should be given. Baths, according to the ability of the patients to stand them, should be indulged in, and light outdoor exercise is beneficial. Games, such as croquet, outdoor bowling, archery and modified golf may be pursued, but not until the patient is tired.

Clean and Unclean Money.

By the Rev. Dr. P. S. Grant.

S the man who has done some wrong to be denied the right to do some good? All these big gifts to institutions proceed either from motives of contrition or else the man is not so bad as we think him. I think it is pretty generally understood that all those gifts are in a sort of way an explation, a sop to relieve the conscience. The more public the gift the more fully it is understood that the man is sorry.

Some man to-day consolidates a few railronds and demands and gets a few millions of dollars for his pains. Are we going to refuse the gift of the man who has made his money in this way, saying that it is tainted money? We must not be too squeamish about these gifts under the present industrial situation. We see the college professor who is giving his best so inadequately paid that he well-nigh starves. Out of all this giving we may arrive at a state of society when we will not try to wring the last cent out of our neighbor but rather enjoy the blessed pleasure of giving.

Great gifts from tainted fortunes are acts of restitution. Judas's money was not put in the treasury of the temple but devoted to the use of the community as it was "blood money." That is the only use for these vast fortunes. There is no fear that gifts to educational institutions from such sources will result in the elimination of free thought in those colleges and the substitution for them of views peculiar to the donor. Let us-take all the money we can from such sources. They cannot restrict education or act in any way harmful to the public weal.

0 The Law and the Penalty.

By George Harvey.

By George Harvey.

O such of the students of evil as wish to understand its nature rather than to practice it, there has been nothing more dismaying than the apparent uncertainty and even inability of the law in the case of many offenders against it. Not only the law which is supposed to be administered in what are drolly called the courts of justice is of this faltering and erring effect, but the law by which a man of bad conscience judges and punishes himself, when there is no statute made and previded for his misdemeanor, is equally inoperative. It has been noted by those who have much to do with criminals that remorse is apparently more the effect of temperament than of responsibility, and that those feel it most who need feel it least. The guilty man is said to be more concerned in getting off than in lamenting his misdeed; and this fact, if it is a fact, has been turned to account by the agnostic science of a period which seems now closed, in disestablishing the notion of a moral government of the universe. That science discarded the old idea of Comeuppings in the affairs of men, and left the strongest to survive, without regret, by whatever means he would. It concerned itself with the physical and intellectual evolution of the race, and allowed the individual to wander in darkness as to what would happen to him if he did wrong, even what would happen to him from himself, or from the god within him. But there are signs that this sort of science has had its day, and there is an obvious return to some of the former ideals, especially among the psychological inquirers. These find it their business not only to ascertain new facts, but to revise the conclusions of science in regard to the old ones. The soul is once more having a chance and conscience is coming back to its own, at least in the interest of the spectator. Whether it will come back a chastened and instructed conscience, or the sick and crazy thing it too often was, a Bourbon that has learned nothing and forgotten nothing, remains to be seen. What

0 0 0 Success---Its Cause and Effect

Merit and Work, Not Luck, Are the Watchwords.

By Emily Elsnor.

Watchwords.

By Emily Eisnor.

UCCESS! Is there a brighter word in our entire dictionary? Does it not scintillate with all the good things of life? Is it not Success, or even an approach to it, that entices the weary traveler into dark and unknown paths, buoyed up by the bope that this beacon light may cast its rays o'er the end of his journey? When you hear of a successful man, you instantly conjune up visions of a pompous, self-satisfied gentleman, leaning back in his office chair and toying with his watch chain, while, complacently, he looks from the high pedestal of success down on the tolling mob at his feet. He entertains royally, his dinners are the talk of the town, his wife's gowns and jewels are the envy of the women of her set, and the finest tutors of the gentle arts and graces are engaged to teach his children the very latest fobles in culture. Take it all in all, the petals of roses are cast in thick, soft profusion in his path, while the thorns are thrown into the road that the unlucky ones may tread thereon.

"Luck—that's the thing," you grumble, enviously. Jealousy rankles in your breast, and you shuffle along, cursing the fates that deal thus fortunately with one man and harshly and ungenerously with another. "What's the good of starving?" you say. Luck is against you and you might as well give up. "Down with the rich!" you cry, striking the universal chord of the unfortunate. Instead of studying the science of accumulating money, you study the evils of accumulated wealth.

Thus you go through life, bemoaning your own fate, and in your heart envying and hating the successful man. You like to tell the story of so and so, the successful man, who in your boyhood days was proud to be seen playing marbles with you; and you like to wind up dramatically: "See him to-day. He is rich—I am poor; we are farther apart than the poles. He scorns me. His money separates us. The fates will it so?"

As a matter of fact—the fates had nothing to do with it. The man of sound mind and body, the man of will, energy