

THE OWNERS OF THE DEEP:

One shall hang to the foiling helm
In the path of the blinding spray
And he shall bark in the crashing dark
For the surf in the open bay;
And he shall hold through sleet and
wind—
Muscle and heart of steel—
And take his trick on the seething
deck,
The guardsman at the wheel.

One shall ride in the racing ropes,
Glittering, thin and white,
And he shall cling to the reeling thing
That's drunk of the cup of night;
And he shall perch on the topmost
spar
In the face of the tempest fangs—
Watching afar, like a wakeful star,
Aloft the lookout hangs.

One shall walk the narrow bridge
To the song the breakers sing,
And he shall rule his kingdom stanch
With the might of a sailor's hand;
He shall hold his hand to her throbbing
heart
Through the passionate hour of wreck,
And the toil and tears of the hurried
years,
The man o' the quarter-deck.

These are the emperors of the waves
That slide through the breathless night,
They rule their own from a reeling throne
O'er shimmering fields of white;
They dare the death of the under-world
Where the souls of the sailors sleep,
They walk as kings where the tempest
swings—
The owners of the deep.
—Alden Charles Noble, in Lippincott's.

Not A Disfigurement.

By Martha Morris.

"I'm quite too delighted to see you, dear," exclaimed Violet Grant as she clasped her cousin's hands in warm welcome, "and of course you know that it's to be quite the biggest ball of the year—and really, dear, balls are quite too delightfully new and fresh to me. They hold some wonderful fascination for me which it is impossible to explain."

"Yes, of course, I understand," returned Veronica, the blase city cousin, and she let her big, blue, handsome eyes travel leisurely over Violet, "you are young and everything is new to you—glitters, as it were, but really it seems scarcely credible that but a few months ago you were in the land of arithmetic and geography, and now you are 'out' and quite the rage, I hear."

concerned, but all the sympathy and suggested remedies were of no avail. Nothing could possibly erase the ugly scar from Violet's cheek, and finally it was declared that she must forego the ball, great though the pain of so doing would be.

"You can write Dudley a little note, my dear," said her mother, when she and Violet were alone; "that will be polite and polite. You must not let him think you rude, and you know you promised him the waltzes. Poor child! I'm so sorry!"

The respective vehicles accordingly arrived, and as Veronica kissed her cousin's good night she had never looked more radiantly lovely. Gems of wonderful brilliancy glittered in her hair, on her neck and arms. Her dress was of some rich, soft, clinging material and she carried herself like a queen as she swept out of the room where her cousin lay upon the bed bemoaning the irony of fate.

Violet laughed lightly and her color came and went quickly.

Great indeed were the changes that had taken place "just a few months ago," for during that time Violet had grown into an immensely pretty and graceful girl. There was a sweet, refreshing simplicity, a charming winsomeness of manner which the worldly-wise Veronica foresaw would inevitably prove fatal to mankind as a whole.

She frowned and instinctively felt that this innocent young cousin of hers might possibly prove to be a somewhat dangerous rival. Only a year and a half previously Veronica had scoffed at the proposal of a penniless, though exceedingly devoted, cavalier, and haughtily refused to even "hear him out," and had finally swept from his presence with the regal air of a queen, demanding that no further attempt should be made to address her on that subject.

Allured by the appealing eyes and coaxing words of his fair partner, Dudley Maitland became the victim of the moment, and it was not long ere he was escorting her away from the throng of merry dancers into comparative solitude.

"This is quite like old times," Veronica said as they entered the cool conservatory and sat down.

"Not quite," returned Maitland, somewhat absently. "Indeed, times have changed considerably since we last met."

This was a discordant note, and Veronica did not feel quite at her ease. "I'm so glad you came to-night, Dudley," she said, as though involuntarily breathing her thoughts aloud.

Maitland raised his eyebrows slightly, but she failed to notice that danger signal.

"Why?" he asked, somewhat brusquely.

"How strangely you speak," she returned, nervously, "but do you really care to know?"

"Naturally I am interested."

Veronica toyed with the petals of a rose-bud and her eyes were cast upon the ground.

"Because I have wanted to see you, to speak to you, to tell you how bitterly sorry I am for my cruel words! I think I must have been mad!" she said softly. "I came back to the drawing-room," she went on in the same tone, while her eyes remained still downcast, "but you had gone, and I have never known a happy moment since!"

But it is the unexpected that inevitably happens, and it certainly occurred in this case, for through the sudden death of a wealthy uncle, a "railway king," Dudley Maitland had succeeded to that personage's vast possessions, and Veronica, reading the turn events had taken, resolved if possible to recover, by strategy, if by no other means, the ground she had lost. Hence her visit to her aunt's country house.

"You won't mind sharing my room, will you, dear?" cried Violet, as the little circle sat and chatted over their afternoon cups of tea, "you see the house is literally packed, and—"

"Oh, I shan't mind anything," replied Veronica, deliberately, "that is, provided I have a good time."

"Her beauty," said Veronica to herself, "if I could only mar that, not permanently, but just temporarily, to prevent her from attending this ball. What can—what can I do?"

She walked over to the looking-glass. She surveyed the accessories on the dressing-table. A little accident happens so easily, she mentally concluded, and she lifted her head with an air of superiority and self-satisfaction characteristic of her nature. And later on, when Violet returned to her room she was delighted to find her cousin looking so fresh and radiant.

"What pretty hair you have, child," remarked Veronica later.

Violet only laughed.

"Do you really think so? Mr. Maitland often declares that it looks as if I have been playing among the current bushes, but I think he likes it just the same," replied Violet, innocently.

"Now, mine absolutely will not wave," said Veronica, slowly, still regarding her cousin—"of course, I mean not without recourse to pins and tongs, etc. Naturally curly hair is indeed something to be right down thankful for."

"Is it, really?" asked Violet, laughingly.

"It is." And then both cousins lapsed into silence.

Finally the time arrived for both girls to retire for the purpose of lingering long over their respective toilets—a matter of utmost importance.

Suddenly there was a loud shriek of dismay and Violet's loveliness was marred.

She dashed into her mother's room with eyes blinded with scalding tears.

"Look! Oh, look!" she cried, scarcely knowing what she said. "I shan't be able to go to the ball! Oh, and I'm dying to go! Did you ever see such a fright before? Veronica did it, but it was quite an accident! Do not scold her for it," seeing the look of dismay on her mother's face, "she is as distressed as I am. Oh, but it does seem hard; I shall be marked for weeks!"

"But, however did it happen, dear?" asked Mrs. Grant, as soon as she was able to speak.

"The tongs, dear," replied Violet, still sobbing. "You see, she was doing her hair and the hot tongs sprang from her fingers and struck my face! It was purely an accident, but I am so sorry!"

"So am I, Vi," returned the elder woman, "so am I."

Apparently Veronica was terribly

this hour, when you ought to be doing duty to the people in general?"

"I wanted you," he replied tenderly, "and you are more to me than all the people in the world."

"But look at me," she said, shyly; "I do believe I am disgraced for life. Do you not think so?"

And for an answer she was clasped in a warm embrace and kisses were showered upon her. And later, when Maitland left her, there was a new and even softer expression in her eyes, a brighter and more winsome expression about her mouth. Her heart was happy, and she went up the old oaken staircase humming the air of an old love song.

"Have you enjoyed yourself, Veronica, dear?" exclaimed a voice, and a curly head appeared above the bed-clothes.

Veronica was silent for a time, her heart beat too fast.

"There was no one in particular that I wished to see," she replied, finally. "Dudley Maitland was there, but he was infinitely disagreeable, and eventually made himself conspicuous by his absence."

Violet's face became dyed with blushes.

"Veronica," she half whispered, "he came here. He asked me to marry him, and—"

"Asked you to marry him?" repeated her cousin, incredulously; "I suppose you said yes."

"I did, dear. He saw this terrible scar but he does not mind it in the least, so he told me. So you see, dear, you were the means of bringing us together after all."—Chicago Tribune.

Ghosts With No Originality.

When you have read one of these stories you have read them all. Although the behavior of ghosts may appear eccentric when judged by the standard of conduct prevailing among the living, their habits are, in fact, most regular, they seem to possess the little character of originality, and probably their ideas are very limited. Some of them walk along the passage or up the stairs; others knock on the walls or furniture, ring bells, slam doors or break crockery; now and then you come across one who shrieks; and there seem to be a few specimens who appear (and disappear). But their faculties do not go beyond this. A very remarkable proof of their limitations or their slavish adherence to tradition, is that, though I have before me at the present moment a dozen authenticated ghosts who have been heard walking upstairs, there seems to be no case on record in which a ghost has been heard walking down. Why anybody should think it worth while to chronicle the movements of such uninteresting creatures, I cannot understand. An account of the day's doings of a flock of sheep would be very much more exciting.—London Truth.

Only a Dog.

In Kalamia, Wash., there lives a large bird dog, who certainly follows out a line of reasoning, which in its policy and knowledge of human nature would reflect credit on any human philosopher.

Singling out the stranger in the town, he follows him, respectfully, but persistently, until the person followed stops to remonstrate with him on his attentions. He (the stranger) is confronted by an earnest dog face, with eager, brown eyes, which try hard to convey their owner's wishes, while a plummy tail wags most persuasively.

Some person who knows the dog and his "little game" is usually near to give an explanation, and the person so appealed to instantly "digs up" a nickel, which is most gratefully accepted, and he may follow the canine highwayman to the nearest meat shop, where, gravely depositing his nickel on the counter, he receives a five-cent soup bone, and trots out. The queer part is, he never asks a resident of Kalamia, but singles out the stranger, invariably! And he never asks the same person twice. Talk about human and brute intelligence! Where is the dividing line?—The New Century.

The Inspection Elevator

"The way things are going now," said an architect who stood watching a gang of masons and miscellaneous workmen employed on a big building of his own design, "I shall not be at all surprised if the time comes when the elevators in skyscrapers will be set running up and down through the air by some ingenious device, and the buildings with dismally yawning doors elevators. No sooner is the skeleton of a new building in place nowadays than the elevator becomes an important part of the structure, and many buildings with dismally yawning doors and windows and apparently insecure walls, display prominently the sign, 'Elevator Now Running.' That does not mean a freight elevator, either, but a lift for the accommodation of passengers who have an eye on the building as a possible future location and wish to pick out desirable quarters in good time and have them partitioned off to order."—New York Times.

A Romantic Spot.

County Surveyor Ike Hendren spent several days of the past week surveying on Rocky Run. He tells us that one who lives in a busy mart like Harrodsburg would hardly believe that a spot so wild and romantic could be found within eight miles of the town. He informs us that near the centre of this territory is an imitation Niagara, a cataract with a waterfall of sixty-five feet, at the base of which is a pool of crystal water in which the minnows play all day long and from which the sparkling bubbles start singing and dancing along on their way down to the old Kentucky River, a mile away. He says that he does not believe that five people in Mercer County ever viewed this idyllic spot.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Herald.

THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA.

That is Menelik's Title, and He is a Descendant of Solomon.

And who is the Emperor of Ethiopia? Those who happen to know may consider it an absurdly easy question to answer. But such is the ignorance of things most necessary to know in which our people are sunk, that only a few are aware that Menelik II. of Abyssinia has borne that title since 1889. He used to be called the negus, his full title being negus negasti, meaning king of kings. The Abyssinian monarch used to be a mere King of Choa. But now he rules the united kingdoms of Choa, Goojjam, Djimma, Kaffa and Watawa, with some other provinces. Consequently he is an emperor.

Ancient blood is expected in an emperor, and it is remarkable that he of Abyssinia, the most obscure of the imperial line, is of the oldest stock of all. At least, that is his claim. Allu, his father, came of the old royal family of Ethiopia that traced its descent to Menelik I. son of Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. Allu was eldest son of a great chief named Sella-Selassie, under whom the kingdom of Choa attained to its highest pitch of power. Now Sella-Selassie's own name had formerly been Menelik, but he had been warned by a monk to change it, otherwise he would suffer great misfortune. He should, however, said the monk, call the son of his first born by the name of Menelik, and the child so christened would one day be the conqueror of all Ethiopia and the greatest of her rulers since the days of Menelik I. son of Solomon. As soon, therefore, as the grandson was born he was named Menelik. The really curious thing about this story is that it was certainly told and related by an Italian traveler some years before Menelik I. conquered Ethiopia and consolidated his realm.—London News.

France and the Peanut.

Can it be that the hot roasted peanut is destined to be to France what the baked bean is to Boston? Strange things have been unearthed by the State Department, but none stranger than that the Yankee's pet fruit is rapidly becoming the Frenchman's perpetual delight.

The American "goober" has already stormed the French vaudeville theatres and opera houses, and the latest advices declare that it is successfully holding the fort against all comers. The floors of popular restaurants are carpeted with the shells, and the walks in the public grounds are speckled with the shucks.

Marseilles alone consumed 10,000 bags of the American dainty and loudly called for more. The merry note of the roaster's whistle is heard on the street corner, and every day is circus day over there.

It seems, however, that a plebeian product from Africa is having the audacity to question America's supremacy as the peanut country of the world. It is cheap, this African peanut, and on that score it appeals to a frugal and indiscriminating public.

But cultivated taste declares unreservedly for the American nut, regardless of expense. Score another triumph for our glorious institutions!—New York News.

The Penny Sit-Up.

We are ahead of London in some things, far behind in others. A young artist, who styles himself a "nature student," made a study of the slums of London while abroad recently and spent a night in what is known as the "Penny Sit-Up." His description is vividly pathetic. This institution is for men only. It consists mainly of a large shed, with row after row of benches having high backs. The inmates pay a penny each, for which sum they have the privilege of sitting up all night and sleeping with their heads resting on their folded arms, which are supported in turn by the backs of the benches in front of them. At midnight the place is crowded almost to suffocation. Each sinner is allowed sixteen inches of space of bench. It must indeed be horrible to sleep in that posture night after night. I do not see how one could obtain any actual rest or relaxation. As a matter of fact, there can be no rest without relaxation. Many persons have a heart affection that would surely kill them if they slept in an upright position, while others suffer from shortness of breath whenever they lie down. It is a queer old humanity.—New York Press.

Found High Out.

"Mind, I was in a strange town, dealing with a strange man, and I tried not to act strange, and still the fellow found me out," said the newly married man. "My intended wife and I had a sentiment about spending our wedding night in our own home. The honeymoon trip was not to begin till the following morning. That required laying in a stock of provisions for breakfast. On the morning of the wedding day I called at the nearest grocery store and ordered a supply. There was butter and salt and eggs and sugar and—well, everybody knows the string! Understand, I did everything a bridegroom is not expected to do to throw the fellow off the track. I ordered things offhand, not from a fool slip of paper, but from memory. I talked to the pretty cashier and ate an apple out of a barrel as if I had been born in the place, like the store cat. Everything conceivable I did and thought I had the grocer completely fooled when, on handing me the packages, he said:—

"Well, sir, I hope you'll give us your trade when you get settled."—New York Times.

Beyond Our Vision.

If a bull may be permitted: There are many beautiful things in life that we never see until they are out of sight.—New York News.



THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

The butterflies in cloth of gold arrayed
Were once as white as snow;
By magic was the transformation made
Long centuries ago.
The fairy queen, whose jeweled cloak and
crown
Were dim beside her eyes,
One summer's day her chariot car drove
down
Whose steeds were butterflies.

"Oh, blossoms pale," inquired the grateful
queen,
"What can I do for you?
Would you be like the rose on yonder
green,
Or like the violet blue?"

"Oh, make us like your yellow locks," they
said,
And blushed at speech so bold.
The fairy stooped and kissed them where
they swayed,
And lo! they all were gold!
—Detroit Free Press.

A TELEPHONE.

You will need two pieces of strong, thin paper (parchment is just the thing), enough cardboard to make two hollow cylinders about three by four



Ali Baba Puzzle.

Alli Baba's wife is measuring the gold. Find Cassim and the captain of the thieves.



piece over one end of each cylinder and tie it. When the paper dries make a little hole in the centre and run a piece of heavy thread through. Tie a knot in the end of the thread that is inside the cylinder and pull the other end is against the inside of paper. Now tie one end of the string to one thread and the other end to the other thread. If you will keep the string tight without letting it touch anything you should have no difficulty in speaking through the phone a distance of 150 feet.—Washington Star.

HOW THE CAPTIVES SLEEP.

The writer, who received permission to visit the Central Park Zoo late at night in order to note the different positions in which animals and birds rest, observed some curious things. To one fond of natural history such a visit is most interesting.

In the lion house the lioness was lying on her left side at full length, while the lion, couchant, rested his head on his crossed forepaws, his hind legs being half drawn under him, and the tail curled in toward the body.

The pumas, tigers and leopards were all resting on their sides, in nearly every case lying on the right side. The hyenas—pariahs and scavengers of the forest—rested with their hind legs drawn under them, the forelegs stretched out, with heads slightly bent to the right. Nearby the two-horned rhinoceros was lying at full length on his left side, gently snoring. The hippopotami showed only their heads and backs above the water.

No longer looking for peanuts, the elephants lay stretched out on the floor, their huge legs lying out at full length and the trunk curved under the body. They were all resting on their right side. Close by, in the deer house, the different deer had all crouched low for their rest, with forelegs bent under them and the hind ones drawn up, while the head was turned to the right and rested on the side of the body.

The oryx, with its long horns, was resting with its head away from the body, the horns making an arch over the shoulders. The alpaca simply looked like a large ball of black wool. The camels lay on their stomachs, with their fore and hind legs bent under them, while their heads and necks were stretched straight out.

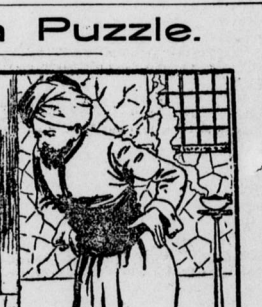
The monkeys were squatting about their cages, their heads bowed down over their chests, the arms resting on the thighs of the hind ones. A baby monkey was sleeping cuddled up in the arms of its mother, its little eyes peering out inquisitively at the midnight visitors. In the smaller animal house, given up almost entirely to civet cats, "pommus and such like, every animal had curled itself up into the smallest possible space, burying the nose under the stomach, with all the paws drawn up close to the body. The bears were resting in various positions, some lying out at full length, others curled up. The two polar bears were huddled up in a heap, with their noses buried deep in their white fur, and forepaws crossed over the eyes.

The llamas, zebus and American buffalo were resting as cows rest, with their forelegs drawn under them and their hind ones drawn in. The porcupine was lying on its stomach, its head bent to the left, with the quills standing out in every direction. The emu was resting with the first joints of its legs on the ground, the body a short distance above, and its head buried in the plumes.

Most of the birds were resting on their perches, their legs bent under them, and their heads tucked under a wing—in every case the right one. The parrots had only drawn their necks in, while the pelicans slept squatting on the ground, their heads drawn well back, and their ponderous bills resting on their breasts.—Forest and Stream.

A HAIRPIN WATER MILL.

Fasten two hairpins together with a little wax or by tying at several points with thread so that they look like one broad hairpin with a groove running along it. Bend the ends of the compound hairpin at right angles, but in opposite directions, so that as the pin lies on the table one end points up and the other down. Spread the legs of the pin and balance it on the point of a lead pencil stuck on a saucer with wax.



Malta's Dense Population.

Malta is the most thickly populated island in the world. It has 1300 people to the square mile. Barbadoes has 1054 people to the square mile.