

### DRIFTING AWAY.

I read in your bright eyes the dreams of life's day;  
But I'm drifting away from you—drifting away!  
I am drifting afar  
From life's storm and its star—  
And I would I could answer the prayers that you pray!  
But I'm drifting away, dear—I'm drifting away!

I would strike from your life road the thorns that would stay;  
But I'm drifting away from you—drifting away!  
The sorrow—the pain  
You may strive with in vain,  
I would bear; But I go; and I come not again—  
I'm drifting away, dear—I'm drifting away!

You must reap for yourself in life's winter and May;  
For I'm drifting away, dear—I'm drifting away!  
I have given you bread  
And a shelter overhead;  
And may God light the lonely, long way,  
You must tread—  
For I'm drifting away, dear—I'm drifting away!  
—F. L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Constitution.

## THE HIGHER LIFE

AM a girl—or a woman, if you will; for I readily admit my twenty-five summers—of aspirations and ideals. I thank heaven that it is so, and that I am endowed with a lofty nature—a nature that soars above the petty details and sordid considerations of everyday existence, and seeks only to lead the higher life. To me a man's person and possessions are as nothing. I look only at his mind, his soul, which are his real self. The one mate possible for me is a man of beautiful, exalted mind, of pure, sublime soul. He alone could ever be congenial to me. He alone could ever inspire my girlish love. Where may such a man be found? To find him is the dream of my life. And I am not quite sure but I have already found him. I speak of Jack Rendlesham. In the first place, Jack is a gentleman; and that, by itself, denotes some graces of mind. But he is much more. He lives by literature; and although he has not achieved any great work, yet many of the smaller things that he has done, both in prose and poetry, breathe in every line the true spirit of sublime sentiment and lofty imagination.

Jack, of course, is poor. That is as it should be. Have not the great geniuses of the world—the poets, painters and musicians—all started poor? Jack Rendlesham has always sought my society, recognizing in me, no doubt, a kindred mind. That he loved me, I could see from the first. And I also felt that I loved him. I used to picture myself in the capacity of Jack's wife, his inspiring help-mate, his congenial mate, his stimulating partner in the higher life which we were both resolved to lead.

Our home should be a dear little cottage, covered with jasmine and woodbine, in the sweet retirement of some rural paradise. And he and I should always be together, alone with nature and nature's Creator.

There came to live in my neighborhood a young man named Blobbsworth. He was on the Stock Exchange, and was making a great deal of money. This set me against him at once. Nor did his conversation at the outset give me any cause to vary my opinion. It was gossipy, trifling, shallow. He referred to no topic more elevating than the latest success at the West End theatres, nor to any subject more abstruse than motor cars and free-wheel bicycles.

When I came to know him rather better, I found reason to modify, in some degree my former opinion. Little by little signs peeped out, trivial in themselves, but important as indicators, which showed him to be less material than I had originally supposed. At first, I could not believe it; but gradually, and somewhat against my will, the truth forced itself upon me. This young stock broker, in spite of his profession, in spite of his wealth, in spite of his education, his bringing up, in spite of the sordid atmosphere which he had always been compelled to breathe—yet, in spite of all this, he still had a mind; not, indeed, beautiful at present, but capable of becoming beautiful; still had hidden away in his innermost bosom yearnings, longings, vague aspirations towards the higher life.

The more I reflected upon the matter, and the more I studied Mr. Blobbsworth, the more I felt sure that in him I had found the bright exception. I was glad, and yet I was sorry for him, when I realized what a narrow cage indeed it was in which he found himself confined. This was only brought home to me when he asked mamma and me up one afternoon to the house which he had recently purchased in our neighborhood. When I saw the perfect appointments, the enervating luxury of it all, the lawns, the gardens, the greenhouses, the stables—when I noted the obsequious menials, the butler, footmen, gardeners and grooms who were everywhere at his beck and call, when I examined the gorgeous new billiard room he was just building, and the electric dynamo that he was just setting up for the lighting of his house—my heart ached for him.

It was just at this time that Jack Rendlesham asked me to become his wife. He had asked me a few weeks sooner, before my mind had begun to regard things in the light of a larger Christian spirit; before I had begun to speculate so deeply upon the hidden mysteries of life and the vast problems

of Providence; before I had begun to see that there are other and higher claims imposed upon us than those of mere self-satisfaction. I should unhesitatingly have replied in the affirmative. But now I paused. Was I just fled? Was it right for me to accept the bliss for which my soul yearned, in that dear little jasmine-woodbine-covered cottage with the dear, congenial partner whom I so truly loved? Ah! how hard was it to resist the attractions of that rural Eden!

Then followed for me the most trying week I have ever spent.

It resolved itself into a long, a hard, a bitter struggle between my own selfish longings as a woman, and the higher, larger, wider claims imposed upon me as a Christian. It was 4.45 on a Sunday afternoon. How well I remember the fateful day and hour! Mr. Blobbsworth had called and was drinking his second cup of tea. Just then Jessie, our parlor maid, came and summoned mamma from the drawing room on some domestic matter. I know not to this day what it was—whether the kitchen boiler had burst, whether the coals had suddenly run short; whether the cook had had a misfortune and upset the afternoon's supply of milk, or what. It can have been nothing very momentous, else I should have heard all about it afterwards, which I never did. But the moment mamma had left the room, Mr. Blobbsworth put down his second cup of tea, half-finished, and, coming across, sat upon the sofa at my side. He said something which surprised, startled, amazed me.

"Indeed!" I cried, astonished and confused. "I have never thought of you in that way, Mr. Blobbsworth."  
"Because you have not done so in the past, there is no reason why you should not in the future," he insisted, taking my hand and holding it so fast that it was impossible, without gross rudeness, to withdraw it. "Will you?" he added, gazing into my eyes with earnest entreaty.

As I saw that appealing look, light in an instant broke upon me. The eyes were a man's eyes. But the call of Providence, who, seeing this poor fellow in distress—seeing, moreover, that it was impossible for him to aspire to those altitudes alone—was commanding me to help him.

I sighed as I thought of that sweet little cottage, for which my heart pined, with Jack—beloved, congenial Jack—for my helpmate; which now, alas! I was never to see.

I shuddered as I thought of that luxurious mansion, with all its perfect appointments, its lawns, gardens, shrubberies, greenhouses, stables, with its obsequious menials, butler, footmen, gardeners, coachmen and grooms; with that gorgeous billiard room, and that electric dynamo—all those material obstacles to the higher life, against which it was to be my life-long task to contend and to help my husband contend.

But Providence had spoken with such clearness—had indicated so plainly the non-careerous district to which I was to carry my coils—that to shut my ears to her voice would have been sheer impiety.

So when Mr. Blobbsworth, repeating the question, said again:

"Will you?"  
"Yes," was my humble answer, and I bowed my head—upon his shoulder—in meek acquiescence.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### When Lange Stole Home.

Connie Mack has an endless fund of baseball stories. One of these he tells about Bill Lange, the old Chicago player, asserting that Bill's play in a certain Pittsburgh game was the most daring bit of work he ever saw pulled off.

Bill had reached first. The pitcher threw to that sack, as Bill had taken a big lead. The ball rolled away from the first baseman only a few feet. Few players would have dared take their feet off the sack, but Bill cut for second. The ball went a bit wild there, rolling toward short.

Never stopping at second, Bill tore for third and then turned for the plate. The ball was fielded to Denny Lyons at third, but he was so surprised upon receiving it and finding no man to touch at the sack, he failed to throw to the plate to get Lange. The game was won by that one run.—Detroit News-Tribune.

### Two Child Stories.

"Mother, I am tired; can't the bishop go to heaven now?" said a little girl, during one of Dr. Winnington Ingram's sermons. The authority for this beautiful legend is the bishop of London himself. If bishops are allowed such anecdotal license, the mere layman can hardly resist the temptation to report—or even to invent—stories of the kind.

For instance, there is the story of the little boy who desired in his soul to be devoured by a lion. When asked why, he retorted, "Because, dear mother, the lion would think he had me in his inside, while really I should be in heaven." The exalted notion of deceiving the king of beasts was quite sufficiently alluring to counterbalance the trifling inconvenience of martyrdom by mastication.—London News.

### Russian Commercial Schools.

Commercial schools in Russia are founded by the state wherever they are thought to be necessary. The initiative is always taken by commercial organizations—that is, chambers of commerce and similar bodies—the members of which have previously examined the question. Russian commercial schools are state institutions and are under the control of the Minister of Finance. There are forty-three commercial schools in the Russian empire under the control of the state, and twenty private schools, similarly organized, with state supervision.

### HOW TO START A PHEASANTRY.

These Pretty Birds Can Be Raised in Small Places.

The impression has prevailed for many years that the beautiful pheasants of the old world would not thrive in a small place, and that it was difficult in this country to breed them even on a large estate, but in recent years this theory has been disproved. Pheasants of the most beautiful type have been raised on village lots with scarcely any of the natural environments which formerly were considered essential to their welfare.

In starting a pheasantry on a country place only the breeds which have proved that they can be easily reared should be purchased at first. A pheasantry must be supplied with outdoor and indoor quarters for the birds. A yard forty by fifty feet for a pair of the birds and a warm house fifteen feet square should be ample, although the larger the roaming ground the better the birds will enjoy it. The outdoor inclosure must have a fence ten to twenty feet in height to prevent the birds from hopping over it, and a top covering of wire should be provided as a precaution.

Many of the ordinary varieties of pheasants are no more difficult to raise than fancy breeds of chickens. Their quarters are about the same and their food not much different. A home pheasantry and pigeon loft combined furnish a greater amount of profit and pleasure than where either one is built separately. The upper part of the house for the winter quarters should be built with pigeon lofts where only the fancy pigeons are kept.

The combination of the two in nearby but separate inclosures yields no end of gratification. The pigeons often will fly through the wires of the pheasantry and invade the quarters of the beautiful wild fowls, but neither will in any way interfere with or injure the other. Their nesting and indoor winter quarters, however, must be partitioned off, so that they can never disturb each other's peaceful home life.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Pushing Back the Desert.

In the nineties a wave of population flowed westward over the great plains of the Missouri Valley. It was composed of farmers who tried to raise crops by natural rainfall in the old-fashioned way. The attempt was a failure west of the middle of Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas, and the wave receded, leaving ruin in its track.

Now, as Mr. Charles Moreau Herger shows in the Review of Reviews, there is a hopeful attempt to push back the arid line by scientific methods. Of course irrigation will permanently conquer the desert, but even without irrigation it has been shown that new methods of cultivation will turn a semiarid into a productive region.

A South Dakota farmer, Mr. H. W. Campbell, has introduced the plan of very deep plowing, packing the bottom of the furrow with specially constructed implements and thoroughly cultivating the surface. In this way the moisture that falls is preserved just where the roots of the plant can get at it. Mr. Campbell has raised 142 bushels of potatoes an acre where the crops of his neighbors were failures.

There are certain crops, moreover, such as alfalfa, sorghum and Kaffir corn, which do not require much rainfall. By the use of these and the new methods of cultivation this arid land is being steadily pushed back, and every mile it recedes means the addition of 640,000 acres to the fertile land of the West.

### Importance of Accurate Watches.

"That time is money is an old adage, but it has been brought strictly up to date by the railroad men, who say that time is 'life and money,'" said a jeweler of Boston at the New Willard. "I do a large railroad trade in watches, and from statistics kept it is shown that since 1898 the railroad wrecks have been reduced one-third because the men were equipped with accurate timepieces. In other words, one-third of the wrecks before 1898 were caused by variation in the time of watches carried by the different men in the service of the companies. Under the system now in force on practically every railroad in the country the engineer, the train crew, including the brakeman, baggage man and flagman, as well as the train dispatchers and train masters, must be provided one and all with watches that will not vary thirty seconds from standard time. Every week every man in the service carrying a watch must have it inspected in order that it may be known that it is accurate and in good condition, under penalty of discharge."—Washington Star.

### "Silk" That is Really Tin.

Of course British critics say that the practice of adulterating silk with tin originated in Germany. At any rate it is common enough now.

All silk is mixed with more or less foreign matter to give it weight and stability. Vegetable substances were formerly used for the purpose. In dyeing silk the necessary boiling reduces its weight about one-fourth, taking out the natural gummy substances. The weight is sometimes restored with tannic acid; tin is more common—most of all in cheap black silks.

Very soft "wash" silks are apt to be pure. Burn a scrap and nothing remains but ash. A tin-weighted scrap, when carefully burned, leaves a residuum like excessively fine wire gauze.

### Sealing Wax as Stamps.

The Amir of Afghanistan has determined that the postage stamps manufactured during the reign of his father should be used up, no new ones have as yet been issued. The entire stock has now been exhausted, and pending the acceptance of a new design, sealing-wax, impressed with the official stamp, is being used.

## The Funny Side of Life.

**ALWAYS LUCKY.**  
A jolly fisherman was he,  
As jolly as you'll ever find;  
While some caught big ones in the sea,  
He caught still bigger in his mind.  
—Washington Star.

**CONUNDRUM ANSWERED.**  
A teacher once asked a class of little folks where wool came from to make so many useful things.  
"I know," piped Frederick; "from wolves!"

**BAD TERMS.**  
Walling—"Bogert and Appleton are not on speaking terms, are they?"  
Nelson—"Well, yes; but they don't use very good terms, I'm afraid."  
—New York Herald.

**GRATITUDE.**



Mr. Fish—"Thanks, old man."—New York Sun.

**NOT IN HIS LIST.**

"Our son seems to be goin' right in for culture," said Mrs. Cornstossel.  
"Yes," answered her husband in a tone of slight disappointment; "every kind except agriculture."—Washington Star.

**PAINFUL EXPOSURE.**

Richard—"Uneducated people often have a lot of insight."  
Robert—"That is so; our new maid knows that she is a better cook than we've been used to."—Detroit Free Press.

**CONSIDERATIONS.**

"You must not forget that there are millions of people whose interests are at stake."  
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "and millions of dollars, too."—Washington Star.

**AILMENT.**

"I settled that fellow's hash for him."  
"Was he mad, doctor?"  
"No; that's what he wanted me to do. He was suffering from indigestion."—New York Herald.

**A SUBJECT FOR DEBATE.**

"You know he married Miss Milhons."  
"And they do not get along?"  
"No. They can't agree about what portion of the wife's income the husband ought to have."—Puck.

**A DRAW.**

"Diplomacy is a curious game," said one statesman.  
"It is," answered the other; "it is one in which the most satisfactory results are achieved when both sides can go home and claim a victory."—Washington Star.

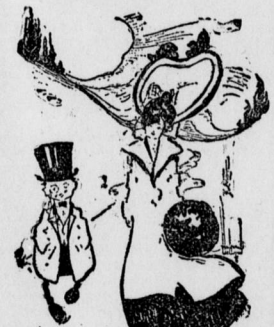
**CAN'T HELP THAT.**

Street Car Magnate—"You patrons are a mighty narrow lot, I must say."  
Patron—"How can we help it? We were broad enough until we were pressed into our present width by being jammed into those human sardinerias."  
—Baltimore American.

**BUSINESS.**

Merchant—"Did you find out what that gentleman wanted?"  
New Clerk—"No, but I found out what he didn't want."  
Merchant—"What? How dare you—"  
New Clerk—"And I sold it to him."  
—Catholic Standard and Times.

**THOSE TALL GIRLS.**



Cholly—"Yes, indeed, my love for you has broadened me greatly."  
Sweet Kathleen—"It hasn't lengthened you out any, has it, Cholly?"  
—New York Times.

**HIS RIGHT TO A MEAL.**

"Don't you think it's unwise," said the first partisan, "to be so sanguine about your candidate?"  
"All right," retorted the other, "just wait till after election and then I'll have a right to crow."  
"That's what you will, but I don't think you'll care to eat all you'll have a right to."—Philadelphia Press.

### ABOUT AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

They Would Girdle the Earth Eight Times at the Equator.

It has occurred to the Booklover's Magazine to calculate, among other things about our American railways, that "on an average a passenger travels three and a half millions of miles before he is injured and sixty-one and a half millions of miles before he is killed. The average traveler could journey sixty miles an hour, twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year for 120 years before, according to the law of probabilities, he would be killed in an accident on an American railway."

In view of the lamentable yearly returns of railway wrecks, the comfort in these calculations is largely theoretical, where it is not confined to the accident-insurance companies.

Others of the magazine's items are more impressive. The 200,000 miles of railways in the United States would girdle the earth eight times at the equator.

There are two miles of railroad in this Republic for every three in the rest of America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australasia combined.

The United States has six times as great a railway system, in mileage, as Germany or Russia, seven times as great as the United Kingdom or Austria-Hungary, twenty times as great as Italy, twenty-three times as great as Spain.

The present capital of American railroads, including stocks, bonds and floating indebtedness amounts to about \$12,000,000,000—about \$150 per capita of population or \$750 per family.

The average citizen made eight railway trips in 1901 and pays about \$22 per year in fares.

The railways of the country employed in 1901 an average of 1,071,000, representing about 5,000,000 persons, or one-fifteenth of the population.

Wages of these employes for 1901 amounted to \$610,000,000—more than half the operating expenses of the roads—and averaged, roughly, \$570 per man.

**WISE WORDS.**

Dishonesty is a forsaking of permanent for temporary advantages.—Bovee.

No man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.—Southey.

It is never other people's opinions that displease us, but only the desire they sometimes show to impose them upon us, against our will.—Joubert.

Every manner of living, each of our actions, has a particular end in view, and all these ends have a general aim—happiness. It is not in the end, but in the choice of means that we deceive ourselves.—Aristotle.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

It is certain that there is a great deal of good in us that does not know itself, and that a habit of union and competition brings people up and keeps them up to their highest point; that life would be twice or ten times life if spent with wise or fruitful companions.—Emerson.

How to live?—that is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem is—the right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances.—Spencer.

The man who prospers too easily is not likely thereby to develop the finest type of character. In spiritual work immediate and abundant reaping tends sometimes to be productive of spiritual pride, to a man's own undoing and to the undoing, probably, of the work itself.—J. S. Mayer.

Most people go through life with closed eyes and minds. They do not notice what goes on about them; they have no curiosity about trees, birds, stars, the mechanism of locomotives, the art of sailing, the wonders of electricity, the endless variety and movement of things in the world in which they live. They do not learn as they go on in life, because they have not formed a habit of learning.—Success.

**Composition of Old Bricks.**

Some of the white bricks of Nippur, in their black ebony cases, engaged the other day the attention of a group of students at the University Museum. "These bricks, thousands of years old, ought to be studied through the microscope," one of them said. "The microscope might reveal strange secrets in them. I once examined microscopically a brick from the pyramid of Dashour. It contained Nile mud, chopped straw and sand. There were also in it bits of shell, some fish bone and some fragments of dead insects. A shred of string was interesting—it showed that these people had used string just like ours. There was also a shred of cloth, as finely woven as our best hand looms can produce to-day. Altogether, the microscope brought to bear upon relics of the past brings to light much that is of interest, and might, if more widely employed, occasion some important discoveries."—Philadelphia Record.

**Duelling Encouraged in Austria.**

The Socialist paper, Arbeit Zeitung, of Vienna, publishes a secret decree of the Austrian minister of war directed against the Anti-Duel League. The decree is to the effect that officers and cadets in the army on service or otherwise must not join the league. Those who are already members must leave it. The army in Austria is decidedly in favor of preserving the duel.

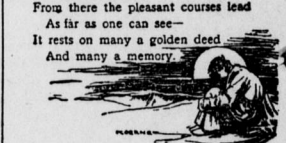
## The Road to Yesterday

There is a road to yesterday—  
A wondrous thoroughfare,  
Where wandon breezes idly play,  
And blossoms scent the air.  
It stretches long and far and straight;  
It wanders up and down;  
It passes many an open gate  
And many a little town.

There is a road to yesterday;  
The grasses grow beside,  
And trees that spread and swing and sway  
And shade the pathway wide.  
Its flowers are a goodly sight,  
And it goes on and on  
And leads to many a stary night  
And many a cloudless dawn.

There is a road to yesterday,  
And we may trace its gleam  
In flecking shade or dancing ray  
Upon some little stream;  
Or we may see it, when, with eyes  
Half-closed, we hear a song  
That calls up many a glad sun-se  
And many a twilight long.

There is a road to yesterday,  
And each one knows its start—  
The portal to this wondrous way  
Is held within the heart,  
From there the pleasant courses lead  
As far as one can see—  
It rests on many a golden deed  
And many a memory.



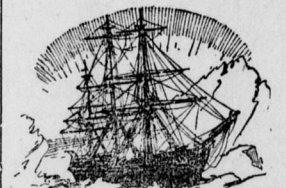
W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.

**BOUND TO DISCOVER POLE.**

**American Expedition Hopes to Plant Our Flag There.**

Another American expedition is about to start in search of the inaccessible North Pole. Anthony Fala, a young Brooklyn explorer, is in charge of the party. Capt. Edwin Coffin will go as skipper, while Ziegler is backing the attempt. The party will shortly sail from Norway on the good ship America. Every effort will be made to plant the Stars and Stripes in the frozen North.

The discovery by Capt. Scott, the leader of the British Antarctic expedition, of mountain ranges with points rising to a height of from 12,000 to 15,000 feet above the sea level, farther south than ever before known,



together with the volcanoes, still further differentiates the topography of the known parts of the two Polar regions. In the Arctic regions there are no volcanoes, and the highest mountain possibly is Petermann Peak, on the east coast of Greenland, which, formerly supposed to be upward of 11,000 feet in height, is now known not to exceed 9,000 feet, and is probably not even that. In the mountain ranges bordering Victoria Land on the side of Ross' Sea are many peaks between 12,000 and 15,000 feet, including Mt. Victoria, Mt. Melbourne and Mt. Herschel, and Capt. Scott's discoveries show that these high mountain ranges extend several hundreds of miles still further south with mountainous peaks quite as high. It

is a question whether Mt. Terror is a volcano, but Mt. Erebus was smoking in February, 1901.

Both Capt. Scott's and Borchgrevink's expeditions confirm Ross' report of open water during the summer months in Ross Sea when once the ice on the parallel of Cape Adare is passed.

**The Age of Pompeii.**

Prof. Dall Osso, inspector of the Museum of Naples, has just published an article in which he affirms that researches and excavations prove that there existed a Pompeii nine centuries before our era.

**Club Frowns on Marriage.**

In Berlin a club of the "disengaged" has been formed by young men who, having broken with their sweethearts, regard marriage as fated to be a failure.