

DRIFTING AWAY.

I read in your bright eyes the dreams of life's day; But I'm drifting away from you—drifting away!

I would strike from your life road the thorns that would slay; But I'm drifting away from you—drifting away!

You must reap for yourself in life's winter and May; For I'm drifting away, dear—I'm drifting away!

THE HIGHER LIFE

I AM a girl—or a woman, if you will; for I readily admit my twenty-five summers—of aspirations and ideals.

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.

Our home should be a dear little cottage, covered with jasmine and woodbine, in the sweet retirement of some rural paradise.

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.

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.

Russian Commercial Schools. Commercial schools in Russia are founded by the state wherever they are thought to be necessary.

It was just at this time that Jack Rendlesham asked me to become his wife. If he had asked me a few weeks sooner, before my mind had begun to regard things in the light of a larger Christian spirit...

of Providence; before I had begun to see that there are other and higher claims imposed upon us than those of mere self-satisfaction.

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. Blobsworth had called and was drinking his second cup of tea.

"Indeed!" I cried, astonished and confused. "I have never thought of you in that—that way, Mr. Blobsworth."

As I saw that appealing look, light in an instant broke upon me. The eyes were a man's eyes. But the call was 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 helpmeet; which now, alas! I was never to see.

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

So when Mr. Blobsworth, 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.

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.

Never stopping at second, Bill tore for third and then turned for the plate. The ball was fielded to Dennis 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.

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

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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.

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.

Many of the ordinary varieties of pheasants are no more difficult to raise than fancy breeds of chickens.

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.

In the nineties a wave of population flowed westward over the great plains of the Missouri Valley.

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.

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.

"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'."

"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.

"Silk" That Is Really Tin. Of course British critics say that the practice of adulterating silk with tin originated in Germany.

All silk is mixed with more or less foreign matter to give it weight and stability. Vegetable substances were formerly used for the purpose.

Very soft "wash" silks are apt to be pure. Burn a scrap and nothing remains but ash.

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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.

CONUNDRUM ANSWERED. A teacher once asked a class of little folks where wool came from to make so many useful things.

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."



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.

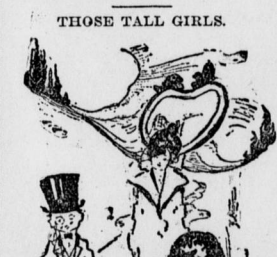
AILMENT. "I settled that fellow's hash for him." "Was he mad, doctor?" "No; that's what he wanted me to do. He was suffering from indigestion."—New York Herald.

A SUBJECT FOR DEBATE. "You know he married Miss Millions." "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 sardinerics."—Baltimore American.

BUSINESS. Merchant—"Did you find out what that gentleman wanted?" New Clerk—"No, but I found out what he didn't want—"



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."

ABOUT AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

They Would Grille 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."

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

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 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.

Dishonesty is a forsaking of permanence for temporary advantages.—Bovee. No man was ever disappointed 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.

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.

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 galling, the wonders of electricity, the endless variety and movement of things in the world in which they live.

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.

is a question whether Mt. Terror is a volcano, but Mt. Erebus was smoking in February, 1901. Both Capt. Scott's and Borzhrevink's expeditions confirm Ross's 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.

The Road to Yesterday

There is a road to yesterday— A wondrous thoroughfare, Where wandon breezes idly play And blossoms scent the air.

There is a road to yesterday, The grasses grow beside, And trees that spread and swing and sway And shade the pathway wide.

There is a road to yesterday, And we may trace its gleam In flecking shade or dancing ray Upon some little stream.

There is a road to yesterday, And each one knows its start— The portal to this wondrous way Is held within the heart.

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—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.

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's Sea are many peaks between 12,000 and 15,000 feet, including Mt. Victoria, Mt. Melbourne and Mt. Herchel, 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

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