ALONE.

She sits to-day beside a vacant chair,
Most desolate of all women in the land,
A grave, new-hollowed, and her love lies there!
Life's sheaf of joy dropt from her empty hand.

Dear heart, we women wake and watch with thee,
We, who are happy, share this lonely hour.
We enter in this black Gethsemane,
We share the pangs that test thy fainting power.

So silent is that home of other days!
But how the sweet years of the tender past
Seem filling it with voices full of praise;
What light of God is on its darkness cast!

A perfect sphere, the love that folded thee
And never once could let thee stand apart,
That through all pain and sorrow cherished thee
In the safe shelter of a great man's heart.

That blameless life, that hero's matchless death,
Are thine to keep, until the summons come
Some glad bright morn: "Rise, for the Master saith,
Thy weary days are over, child, come home."

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Congregationalist.

On Wings of Steam

By FRANK X. FINNEGAN

(Copyrighted by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

IT IS 60 miles from Clinton to De Forrest. That geographical fact, hitherto of interest chiefly to the farmers and other shippers from De Forrest who had to pay freight bills, entered into the life of three or four people in a most unexpected way and had its unconscious part in shaping their destinies.

"Thursday, the 15th of the month, I will be here at home again, dearest," said Harry Weaver, clasping closer to him the slender figure of Myrtle Dunne, "and then for our wedding, our long-delayed, oft-postponed wedding."

"I should say it has been long-delayed," pouted the girl, looking up at him, "do you know this is the fourth time we have been as close as this to the date, and each time something has occurred to cause a postponement? Once your train was wrecked on the road; then your mother died the week set for the wedding; then only last year, your firm failed and you feared to undertake married life. Oh, Harry, I have a presentiment that something will happen. I've an idea we will never be married."

"Nonsense, little one," laughed Weaver, "all the things that have happened in the past have been unfortunate coincidences, but now everything is clear sailing and when I finish my present trip on the road, I'll run in here on the 15th and we'll be quietly married by old Dr. Rogers, and then your fears will be at rest. By the way, Myrtle, there was something I wanted to speak to you about. A certain party here has been busy enough to tell me that you have been to dances once or twice with Tom Kelly while I was on this last trip. Now, of course, I ain't jealous, you know, but I wouldn't do that if I were you. I don't think it looks right in a girl that's to be married so soon."

Myrtle had slipped hurriedly out of his arms at the mention of Tom Kelly's name.

"Mr. Kelly and I have been very dear friends since childhood," she said, rather sharply, "and he has been good enough to take pity on my loneliness and offer to escort me to one or two places. Am I to be shut up in a nunnery while you are on the road, I should like to know?"

"Oh, no," said Weaver, hastily, "don't be angry, dear. I meant it kindly. Now I must tear myself away to catch the 7:45 for Clinton. Remember, bright and early on the 15th I'll come to claim you and then no more worrying."

He kissed her and hurried away into the darkness and she returned home very grave and quiet. De Forrest is not a large or a lively place at best, and Myrtle found it very dull when the handsome traveling man was away on the road, which was pretty much all of the time. Indeed, lately she had begun to find it dull when he was there and to wonder what sort of a life she should lead as his wife and whether she were doing right in wedding a man who could be with her but once or twice a month. Of course Tom helped to relieve the monotony. Dear old Tom! They had studied from the same book in school and he seemed to know there was a shadow forming in the mind of his old playmate.

Tom was the telegraph operator at the railroad depot in De Forrest and each time as he was free from the duking of the key he spent with Myrtle. And the traveling salesman had scant courtesy for the good looking operator that night as he waited for his train outside the little window of the station.

A week later Harry Weaver awoke one morning in his berth in a Pullman car and realized with a jump of the heart that it was the 15th of the month—his wedding day. The train was speeding along toward Clinton and he hastily dressed and prepared for the long, slow, 60-mile ride across country in the accommodation train to De Forrest. There were not many trains on that branch and such as there were did not make alarmingly fast time, but Weaver's thoughts were running so fast that he imagined the flying express train was only crawling toward Clinton.

"On time?" he asked the conductor.

"Ten minutes late," was the short rejoinder.

"I thought so," grunted Weaver. "Will we make it up before we get to Clinton?"

"I hope so," said the conductor.

Weaver looked out the window at the flying landscape and nervously drummed on the window sill. He would have almost an hour to wait at Clinton before the accommodation for De Forrest went through. He had made the trip many times and he knew the time table by heart. But an hour to an eager bridegroom on his wedding day is almost a week, and he groaned as he thought of loafing around the dingy little town of Clinton for an hour. When at last its spires and red roofs, so familiar to his eyes, sprang into sight away ahead of the train, he was the first passenger to alight and almost before the panting express had hurried on its way across the continent he was at the ticket office.

"Ticket for De Forrest, one way," said Weaver.

"When are you going?" asked the agent, reaching for the pasteboard.

"When?" asked Weaver, in surprise. "Why, to-day, on the 10:30, of course."

"That train is gone, sir," said the agent.

"Gone?" echoed Weaver, blankly, looking at his watch. "What do you mean? It's only 9:45 now."

"Time table was changed, sir. Went into effect yesterday," said the agent. "No. 4 leaves now at 9:30 daily, except Saturday."

"When is the next train?" asked Weaver, anxiously.

"No more to-day, sir," said the agent, shortly.

"What?" shrieked the bridegroom, "no more?" What are you talking about? Where's the 3:30? I must get there to-day."

"Three-thirty was abandoned in the new time table. No more trains to De Forrest to-day."

Weaver stepped back almost stunned. What should he do? It was imperative that he reach De Forrest without delay. And it was 60 miles away. Driving was out of the question. Suddenly an idea struck him. Why not charter a car and engine? True, it would be expensive, but he was desperate. Five minutes later a message clicked into the office of the general superintendent asking for permission to charter a car and special engine for a run to De Forrest. Two minutes afterward a message came back saying no car could be furnished, but the passenger might ride in an engine for $75. And ten minutes after that a big mogul was slowly backed out of the roundhouse at Clinton, and Harry Weaver, having turned over $75 to the ticket agent, climbed aboard. But the wheels of the big engine had not made a dozen revolutions before the sounder in Tom Kelly's telegraph office away off at De Forrest said to him:

"Hold down freight on De Forest siding. Special engine just leaving here with one passenger for De Forrest. Has right of way over everything."

The ticker ceased a moment, and then came a private message from the operator at Clinton: "Passenger is your old friend, Harry Weaver," and then Tom Kelly knew.

"I'll do the 60 miles inside an hour, sir," said Engineer Larkins, as he slowly sent the great machine over the switches of the Clinton junction and gave her more steam as she hit the main track. "I won't say in minutes," he continued, "but inside an hour."

Weaver climbed up on the little seat of the fireman, for that functionary had a good job ahead of him keeping the maw of the furnace filled with coal, and Larkins began to "let her out." Faster and faster the telegraph poles and trees flew by as Larkins opened the throttle wider and wider. The engine began to fairly hum with the pressure of the steam, and the indicator on the steam guage trembled at 180 pounds. The roar of the wheels filled Weaver's ears and he clung desperately to the seat as the engine rocked back and forth, and the whistle shrieked almost constantly as the flying monster approached roads and towns.

"We're making 47 miles," shouted the fireman into Weaver's ear.

"Oh, are we?" said Weaver. He had an idea that the speed was nearer 147. But his heart was light and happy and his thoughts flew faster than the locomotive and were already in De Forrest. The screaming of the whistle, the roaring of the wheels and the pounding of the heavy tender were almost unheard as he thought of Myrtle and how she would greet him after his long and exciting ride. A half hour passed and he was only 30 miles away when he was startled by the sudden reverse of the lever and the grinding of the brakes.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Semaphore's against us," said Larkins, shortly.

Almost a mile ahead on a high pole beside the track a long yellow arm jutted out warningly. The engine slowed down and stopped near the switch tower.

"Stock train wrecked four imle's further on," reported the fireman after a call on the operator, and Weaver almost tore his hair.

Four hours later the track was cleared and the big engine pulled into De Forrest. Down from the cab dropped a famished and wild-eyed man, blackened and desperate looking.

"Here's a message for you, Mr. Weaver," said the station agent. Weaver glanced in and saw a new operator. He tore open the envelope hurriedly and read his death warrant:

"Very sorry. Could not wait for engine. Tom and I were married at noon.

"MYRTLE."

Allison is said to have consumed 24 years in the preparation of his "History of Europe;" but many important literary enterprises were also carried on by him during this time.

THE HOUSEHOLD

CRYSTALLIZED FRUITS.

They Form a Delightful Adjunct to the Housekeeper's Store of Holiday Dainties.

The manufacture of these sweetmeats is really quite a simple matter, coming easily within the capabilities of the ordinarily clever housewife, while the expense of preparing them is very small. Of the various fruits best adapted to this purpose, peaches, pears and plums, pineapples, cherries and currants, are the most generally used, and are prepared as follows: Stone the peaches, plums, etc., by making a small incision in the side, through which the seed is slipped, pare and quarter the pears, and cut the pineapple into slices half an inch in thickness, across the fruit. Weigh and allow an equal quantity of the best white sugar, make a rich sirup, adding one small cup of water to each pound of sugar. Boil for a few minutes, together, then add the fruit and cook gently until clear, but unbroken. Remove carefully on a wire strainer and let it stand about an hour, or until perfectly cold, then sprinkle liberally with powderd sugar, and stand the strainer on a dish in a moderately warm oven for two hours. At the expiration of that time turn the fruit, sprinkle as before with the sugar, repeating the process until the juice has quite ceased to drip, and the outside is dry and crystallized. It is then removed from the oven and allowed to get perfectly cold, before being packed away in small boxes between layers of waxed papers. Thus packed and stored away in a dry place, it will retain its perfect condition for an indefinite length of time, forming a charming adjunct to the housekeeper's store of "extras." It is perhaps necessary to add a word of caution in regard to overheating the oven, the exact amount required being ascertained by experimenting, since too great a degree of heat will most effectually change a delicious sweetmeat into the toughest of leather.—Good Housekeeping.

PRINCESS WALDEMAR.

Member of Denmark's Royal Family Who Has Achieved Distinction as a Sculptor.

The object which attracted the greatest attention at the recent charity bazar held in Copenhagen was the sculptured hippopotamus, modeled by Princess Waldemar of Denmark. The princess, who has long since preferred the study of art to social festivities, and who has won no little success as a painter, has now determined to devote her time almost exclusively to sculpture, a step that has won universal approbation from the leading art critics of Denmark.

Princess Marie of Orleans is the wife of Prince Waldemar, youngest brother

PRINCESS MARIE OF DENMARK.
(Wife of Prince Waldemar, Known as the "Sailor Prince.")

of Queen Alexandra. She is said to be the most popular woman of the court of Copenhagen, and is a remarkable character. Shortly after her marriage she had an anchor tattooed on her shapely arm, saying: "I am a Danish sailor's wife, and I want to do just as the others do."

Beside her penchant for sculpture and sailing, the princess has another hobby. She is an enthusiastic fire fighter, and has just been adopted by the Copenhagen fire department as an august mascot. Some have gone so far as to call her the "fire laddie princess," and report has it that she does not object to the title.

American society is doubly interested in Princess Marie just now, because she and her husband will visit the United States next January, a compliment paid to this country in return for the visit of the United States ship Hartford, which cruised in Danish waters last summer.

Peculiar Sect of Women.

Among the villagers on the Volga in the province of Samara a curious sect of women has made its appearance. It was originated by an elderly peasant woman in Soznavo, called the "Blessed Mother." These women have fled from the villages around into a remote district, where they live singly in holes dug out of the face of the hill. They lead a life of fasting and prayer, and believe themselves called from the world which they think is shortly about to perish in general conflagration. The "Blessed Mother" has "ten wise virgins" as a sort of bodyguard, and the sect believes that these 11 women are possessed with miraculous powers.

GRACES LONDON PULPIT.

Mrs. James Brown Potter Is Asked to Assist at Sunday Evening Services.

Mrs. Potter, the American actress, has been offered a salary by a London church to assist in the Sunday evening services. The plan is that she recite for the congregation at a given time in the course of the exercises. She will dress in her own conventional garments and in no way introduce sensational features.

London is still talking of the tremendous sensation produced by Mrs. James Brown Potter the first Sunday she electrified a fashionable London church audience by her recitations. The rector, with whose family Mrs. Potter was visiting, proposed to her that she recite certain hymns as an addition to the evening service. Mrs.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

Potter agreed to do so and readily consented to do all in her power to make the recitations as effective as possible.

The following Sunday evening, just as the rector finished his sermon, she stepped in front of the audience and with great feeling recited one of the most touching hymns in the Episcopal hymnal. Many of the audience were moved to tears. The church, which had been packed in anticipation of the innovation, was as still as the proverbial pinfall during the talented woman's part of the programme. Mrs. Potter was dressed all in white and recited in a low but perfectly distinct tone.

Mrs. James Brown Potter will be remembered as the society woman who foresook the social world for the stage. Sixteen years ago she was a belle at Newport and New York, and her pretty home in Washington square was the center of New York life. But discontent entered and Mrs. Potter took to the stage. For many years her husband expected her to return, but gradually hope died out and it became known that the brilliant society bud had become no less a brilliant flower of the stage.

In the Potter home there was a small child, Anne Urquehart Potter, called "Fifi," who was left to her father's care. Miss Potter recently married Mr. Stillman, son of the New York banker. Between mother and daughter during the many years that have intervened there has been little communication. Once they met, some years ago, but no tenderness passed between them.

Mrs. Potter is one of the most striking woman of the stage. Not young in years, she has preserved her girlish looks and is positively youthful on the stage. At her country seat near London she spends her days out of doors, and when a reporter visited her recently she was picking roses in the garden, the very picture of sweet 16 in figure and in artless grace.

HOW TO TALK WELL.

An Accomplishment That Adds More to the Beauty of Home Than Rich Furnishings.

A gracious presence and cheerful, well-modulated voice have more power to create beauty in the home than all the luxuries that money can buy. The parent and teacher cannot overestimate their moral value also. They forestall opposition, allay irritation, and prepare the way for receptivity. What is called "personal magnetism" is largely capable of analysis. If a stiff, uninteresting person has genuine kindliness and sincerity, though he have only ordinary endowments, he can be transformed by correct training.

A husky, dull or weak voice may be made pleasant and clear, a slovenly enunciation may become elegant, a slouching gait dignified, and an unattractive person may become winsome. The charm of manner consists in its graces, its simplicity and its sincerity. Cultivate a pleasant manner of laughing. Keep the voice sympathetic and cheerful. A mother or teacher with a querulous voice is responsible for much misbehavior.

Look with interest, but without staring, at the person with whom you are talking. Do not let your eyes wander over her clothes or round the room. Be simple and sincere. Be yourself a good listener while another is talking. While talking to a number of people scattered round a room, even though you are telling the story especially to one, let all the others feel that their presence is recognized and their interest is appreciated. Hold each one pleasantly with your eye.—Watchman.

Story Told by a Mother.

Little Bessie had been burned several times and was warned to keep away from the stove. One day while in the garden she chanced to be stung by a bee and running to her mother exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I didn't know the bugs carried stoves with them!"

CLAIMS ARE SIFTED.

Getting Money Out of the Treasury Is Hard Work.

All the Powers of Government Are at the Disposal of the Court of Claims Which Investigates Every Petition.

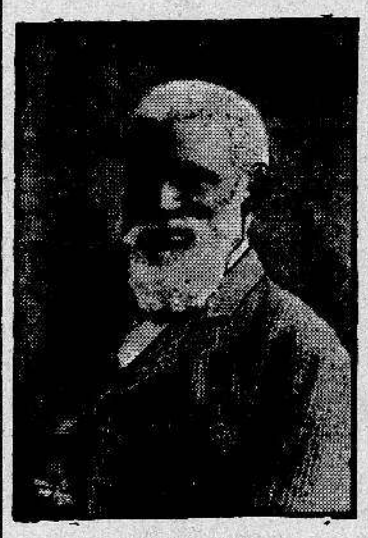
[Special Washington Letter.]

"PEOPLE who want to get money out of the treasury, through the court of claims, do not realize the difficulties which lie in their way," says one of the experienced officers of that court.

"For example, we have under consideration the claim of a man for $100,000 for the use of his insulated wire during the civil war. This man secured that amount from a telegraph corporation, and he expects to recover that much from the government. But there is where he makes a great mistake, as so many others like him have done and are doing. He thinks that this court of claims is a very small part of the federal government. As a matter of fact, this court of claims is 'the whole thing,' because we have at our disposal all of the powers of all the executive departments of the government. In this case, by way of illustration, we informed the secretary of the treasury of the claim, and requested that a secret service agent be sent abroad to ascertain whether or not this gutta percha insulation was invented by this claimant. We thus ascertain that this insulation was discovered and patented in Germany long before the civil war. It costs considerable to get this information, but it knocks out the claim of $100,000, leaving the government upwards of $95,000 ahead; for without this information the government would have been obliged to pay the claim.

"In like manner we can call upon the war department, navy department, department of agriculture and all other powers of the government in defending the treasury against these numerous and usually enormous claims. Here is an instance of a man who makes claim against the government for supplies furnished the federal soldiers during the civil war. In every claim of this kind the claimant must establish the fact that he was loyal during the great conflict. This claimant swears to his loyalty, and a number of his friends make similar affidavits. Well, we sent to the division of rebellion records, and there, in the records of the confederacy, we find that this man was disloyal, in that he furnished aid and comfort to the confederate soldiers. We have a dozen copies of his signature, and it corresponds with his signature to-day. Of course, he did not know that the government has possession of the rebellion records, and hence he did not know that we would easily have means to disclose his disloyalty. In common with all other claimants, he is waiting for the money which he claims; but, like a majority of his kind, he will be disappointed.

"Here is a colored man making claim to a large sum of money because of destruction to property by federal troops during the civil war. He makes oath that his master went into the rebellion and left all of his property to the colored man. It was in Alabama, and the colored man swears to his loyalty, as well as to the ownership of all this property. We have here the state laws of Alabama which were in force during the civil war, and it is provided that 'no negro shall own any property; not even a dog.' That settles this claim. The negro is simply used as a cat'spaw

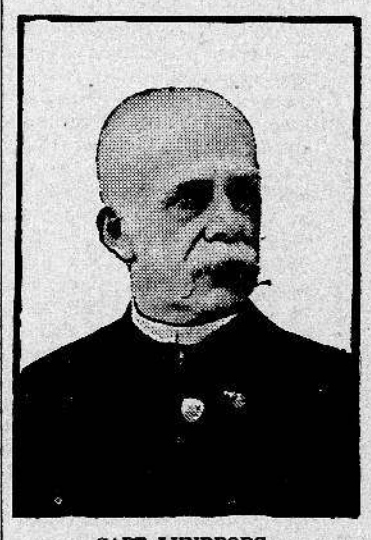


SILAS WRIGHT.
(Colored Claimant Who Wants an Alabama Plantation.)

by his master, who was disloyal. The government will not pay that claim."

One of the most important claims that has been before the court for a long time was that of Charles G. Lundborg, who demanded a judgment of $250,000 for an alleged use of certain plans and specifications prepared by him in the construction of vessels for our navy. Under date of May 8, 1885, the secretary of the navy published an invitation "to all engineers and mechanics of established reputation, and all reputable manufacturers of vessels, steam engines, boilers or ordnance, having or controlling regular establishments and being engaged in the business; all officers of the navy, and especially all naval constructors, steam engineers and ordnance officers of the navy, having plans, models or designs of any vessels, or of any part thereof, of the classes authorized by the naval appropriation act of March 3, 1885, to submit such plans, models and designs to the secretary of the navy."

This claimant, Lundborg, submitted plans which were never used nor returned to him. Because the department did not return his plans the claimant has asserted that they were accepted and that he was entitled to the amount set forth. As a matter of fact, the plans presented by Lundborg contained nothing of value that was new; and such suggestions made by him as were valuable were already in use in British, French and American war vessels. For example, the claimant lays particular stress upon his tank system of raising and lowering the bow and stern of a vessel. The court of claims disposed of this contention by showing that Mr. Froude, the eminent authority upon naval construction, had in 1872 in illustration of this theory made a series of tank experiments which were well known to the shipbuilding world, and wide discussion followed. It was further demonstrated by the court of claims that the navy



CAPT. LUNDBORG.
(Claims a Fortune for an Alleged Naval Discovery.)

department has in its possession plans of all of the public and secret improvements in naval construction held or in use by the naval powers of the earth.

This court was established by act of congress, February 24, 1885. It has general jurisdiction of all "claims founded upon the constitution of the United States or any regulation of an executive department, or upon any contract, expressed or implied with the government of the United States, or for damages, liquidated or unliquidated, in cases not sounding in tort, in respect of which claims the party would be entitled to redress against the United States, either in a court of law, equity or admiralty, if the United States were suable, except claims growing out of the late civil war and commonly known as war claims," and certain rejected claims.

It has jurisdiction also of claims of like character which may be referred to it by any executive department, where the amount in controversy exceeds $3,000, or where the decision will furnish a precedent for the future action of any executive department in the adjustment of a class of cases, or where any right, authority, privilege or exemption is claimed or denied under the constitution. An appeal only upon questions of law, lies to the supreme court in all cases; but the findings of fact by the court of claims are final, and not subject to review by the supreme court.

There are five judges who sit together in the hearing of cases, the concurrence of three of whom is necessary for the decision of any case. The court sits in the department of justice building on the first Monday in December of each year, and continues in session until the following summer, or until all cases ready for trial are disposed of.

During the sessions of the congress scores and sometimes hundreds of bills are introduced authorizing the court of claims to consider cases which are barred by lapse of time. The statute of limitations bars consideration of cases which are based upon facts which are alleged to have occurred more than six years previously. It was only by congressional enactment that the claimants mentioned above, Lundborg and others, secured standing in this court. These cases demonstrate the carelessness of some congressional committees in such matters. If congressmen had gone into those cases as carefully as they should have done, the time of the court of claims would not have been encroached upon, because the bills would never have been passed.

The attorneys and assistant attorneys employed by the government for this court render valuable service of which the general public hears nothing. Their salaries are from $2,000 to $3,000 per annum. The attorney who looked up the laws of Alabama and defeated that one claim earned his salary for about 40 years by saving so much to the government, and that same attorney will save the government perhaps half a million dollars a year, by painstaking endeavor in a number of cases requiring knowledge, acumen and diligence.

"I will not take a case before the court of claims if I can avoid it," says ex-Congressman J. Hale Sypher, one of the oldest practitioners here. "In the first place, the fee is always contingent, and in the next place the work is hopelessly hard. The attorneys for the court are all able lawyers, and, as your friend told you, they have all of the resources of the government back of them. Although I believe they sometimes reject good claims, on legal technicalities, they undoubtedly save the government many millions by disproving and causing the rejection of unjust claims.

There are lots of wheels within wheels in this great big ramifying government of ours, and therefore it happens that we never hear of the good work done by many faithful public servants.

SMITH D. FRY.