

**Bereaved.**  
 Let me come in where you sit weeping—  
 Let me, who have not any child to die,  
 Weep with you for the little one whose  
 love  
 I have known nothing of.  
 The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed  
 Their pressure round your neck; the  
 hands you used  
 To kiss—such arms—such hands I never  
 knew.  
 May I not weep with you?  
 Fain would I be of service—say some  
 thing  
 Between the tears, that would be com-  
 forting—  
 But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,  
 Who have no little child to die.  
 —James Whitcomb Riley.

## One Man's Honor

"Are you quite sure that you are really happy, dear—very happy?" And he leaned over the table and touched her fingers behind the friendly waiter of the roses. Forgetful of the ubiquitous waiter, of every-thing but the earnest-faced man before her, the girl impulsively stretch- ed out both hands to him and said with shining eyes:

"So happy, dear, happier than I ever hoped to be—and to think that at last the dream of my life is going to be realized—I shall go home, home to dear England again. I was very little when mamma and Grace and I left the old home after papa's death. But America has never seemed so beautiful to me as our dear home in Surrey." A look of sadness crept into the glowing eyes and she did not notice that the man moved uneasily in his chair and that a gloomy, worried expression overshadowed the bright hopefulness of a moment before.

"We shall go back just as soon as we are married, shall we not, Dick? Dear old Dick, I am so glad that you and not any one else are to give me my dearest wish. Aren't you glad—you don't look uproariously happy—what is it, dear?"

"May, would you mind so awfully if we—well, if we didn't go back to England, after all?"

"Would I mind? Dick are you crazy? Oh, you know I have hoped and waited for that all my life. It used to seem as if it would never come true—till I met you and you told me you loved me. And since then I have thought of it, waited for it day and night."

Dick looked at her questioningly for a moment and then said, a little bitterly: "Do you know, little girl, that at times I have been tempted to think that you loved the thought of going back home better than you did me."

Her face crimsoned painfully, and his heart smote him.

"There, there, little one; that wasn't fair. I was a beast to say it to you—more of a beast because you are going to be put to the test."

"Why, Dick, what do you mean?"

"Just this, Maysie, girlie; we can't go back to England—at least I cannot."

"You cannot go back, Dick? Surely surely you have not committed some crime which prevents you from going back. It isn't that? Say it isn't!"

"Well, I'm not exactly a criminal, little girl, but I might just as well be," he said bitterly. "I should be treated like one if I went back, and every one believes me to be the most despicable wretch on the face of the green earth."

A nameless fear grew in the girl's eyes.

"For heaven's sake, Dick, tell me what you mean."

"I mean just this: If I went back to England to-morrow my own relatives would in all possibility cut me dead. The fellows at the club—in the park—in the street, would pass me with a cold nod; if I offered them my hand not a mother's son of them but would quietly and coldly ignore it. My God, child, you don't know what it meant to me. I went through

at eighteen I kicked over all re- straints and went the pace till—well till I came the worst kind of a crop- per. You see, Margrave and two or three others of the Oxford set came into their money at the same time, and, like a lot of hot-headed fools, we turned London upside down hunting for some new devilment in which to make ducks and drakes of it all. I was the hottest-headed fool of them all and soon found that I had not only established an unenvi- able reputation for wildness, but that I had run dangerously near the end of my tether—things had arrived



"See here, old chap, I'm in a devil of a hole."

at a stage where I could no longer hold my own with the fellows—so I made up my mind to pull up stakes and go to one of the colonies with the remainder."

He sat gloomily silent for a moment, apparently lost in a retrospect anything but pleasant. An impatient "Oh, go on, Dick, please go on," from the girl brought him back to the present again.

"Just before I sailed for Australia—the day before, I think it was—Margrave came to me and said: 'See here, old chap, I'm in a devil of a hole; I need two thousand pounds the worst sort of a way and not another sou can I raise on the estate. I've got to have it, or there'll be a scandal that will break the mother's heart; help me out, for God's sake.'"

"Margrave's mother had been awfully good to me when I was a lonely little chap at Eton—used to have me down for the holidays, and all that, you know—so the upshot of it all was that I promised to let him have the two thou—and it was just half of what I had left—and further, he got me to promise to take the check to the party he was rowing with. I took it, got a receipt for it and sailed the next day."

"For eight years in Australia I got no word from the home folks, but thought that the letters had gone astray, as I was far up country, and finally I went back to England with a nice little pile and a big longing for the society of my own kind again. God, what a home-coming it was. Not a welcome, black looks, veiled insinuations everywhere. One day I asked a chap who had refused my hand, what it all meant. He told me, Margrave's trouble had been the worst sort—low-down, dishonorable treat- ment of a woman we all knew—conduct no gentleman could ever forgive. I had paid the money with my own check—I had left the country the next day—and he—said that he is—let me bear the shame of it all—so I came out to New York and met you. I love you, dar- ling, and you shall judge. Shall we go back to England and straighten things out? It shall be as you say, little woman."

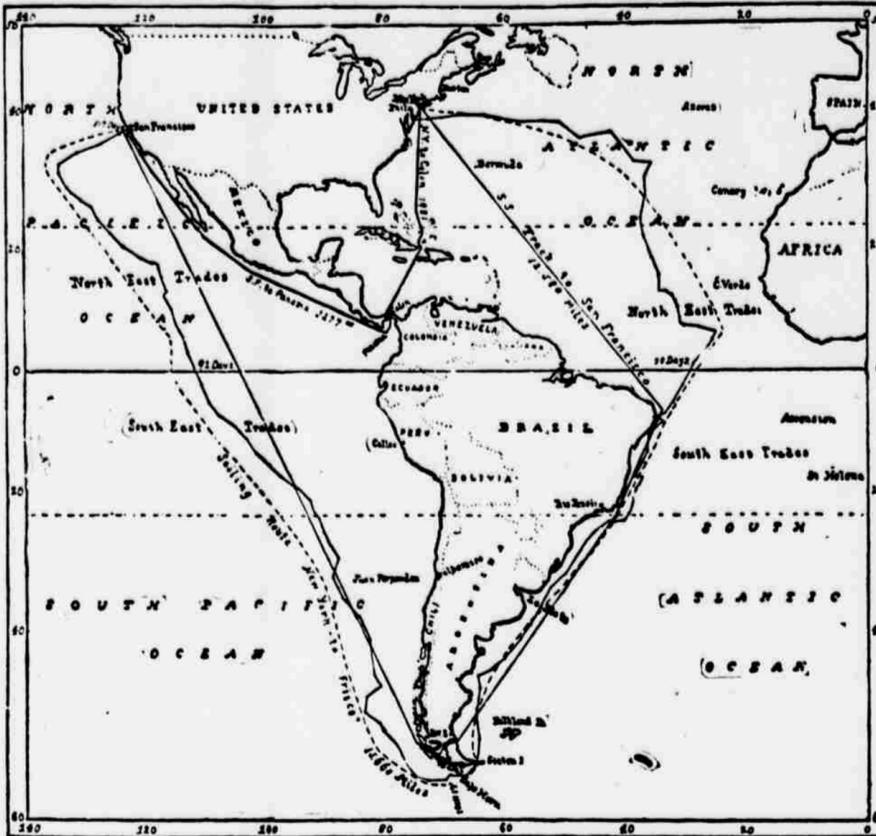
"But, Dick, think what it would mean to that other woman and those children—Oh, I couldn't, dear—and yet when I think of how you have suf- fered, I could do anything, dear, dear Dick—"

She buried her face in her hands for a moment, and the man watched her eagerly, anxiously.

"Dick, there is just one thing in the world I have always wanted more even than to go home; and that is to marry a hero. We'll stay here, dear, and you shall forget the pain and the hurt in my love."—Vivian Clare How- ard in Chicago Examiner.

M. Nazon, who died recently, had been mayor of the commune of May- nels since 1854.

# PANAMA CANAL WILL SAVE 7,000 MILES OF TRAVEL



Now that the Panama canal is an assured thing, a little study of the accompanying map will show some of the advantages to be gained.

The heavy line running south from New York is the steamship track to Colon, and the distance is 1981 miles. At an average speed of fourteen knots per hour, which is a moderate and economical pace for the modern steamship, the voyage could be made in an hour or two less than six days.

From Panama to San Francisco the distance is 3277 miles, which, at the same average speed, would require nine days and eighteen hours' steam- ing. Say sixteen days for the ocean voyage, and allow four days for pass- ing through the canal, and the whole trip would be made in twenty days, or inside of three weeks.

At present a steamer must follow the solid line running off to the south- east to Cape St. Roque. Once around this cape the course follows the coast in a southwesterly direction to the Straits of Magellan, thence out into the Pacific, where a straight course can be steered for the Farallone islands, just outside of San Francisco. On this track the distance is 12,589 miles, which at the same average speed would require thirty-seven and a half days' continuous steaming. Allowing for delays in the Straits of Magellan, and for coaling, and the voyage would take all of forty days, or just double the time of the Panama route.

The sailing track as indicated by the line of dashes is 15,660 miles, and while our best clipper ships have

made the outward voyage in 100 to 110 days, many a good ship has taken a full four, five and even six months on the voyage.

Again turn to the chart and follow the zigzag line out around the "Horn." This is the actual track of a sailing vessel, one of the last of the good old wooden square-rigged ships built in Bath.

The dots represent the noon posi- tions from day to day, the voyage commencing on June 17 from the Delaware capes. While the straight lines show the distance gained each day they do not always represent the actual path of the ship, as when the wind is ahead the ship may tack back and forth across the line a number of times in the twenty-four hours.

The track indicated is 16,226 miles long, but there is no doubt that the ship covered more than 17,000 miles on this voyage.

This voyage of 117 days was the record run of that year, and was especially good because the Horn was rounded in midwinter.

The reader may wonder why the sailing track runs so far to the east- ward on leaving New York. The reason is that to take advantage of the northeast trade wind a ship must get well off the coast to make a fair wind of it, otherwise she would have to beat her way along the coast of Brazil, and thus lose much time. Again in the Pacific the same "trade" carries the ship far to the westward of San Francisco, and not until she has reached the zone of prevailing westerly winds (above 30 deg. north)

can she swing around and head in for "Frisco."

Because of this same wind the sail- ing track from Panama to San Fran- cisco would be an immense half-circle.

By the canal route another great saving can be made in going to Hono- lulu. For a steamship the distance would be 6,646 miles, or about 1,000 miles more than to San Francisco, but by way of the Magellan straits the ship would have to steam 13,200 miles, or twice as far.

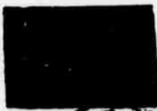
The sailing vessel could save very much, and after picking up the north- east trade on leaving Panama she would have a fair wind all the way to the islands, while a voyage around the Horn would be 14,970 miles long and necessitate a long battle with the heavy westerly gales in that far southern latitude.

Nothing would suit the old Cape Horn "shell-back" better than to be able to "cut across lots" and thus escape the much dreaded "corner" which has sent so many of his mates to "Davy Jones' locker."

One thing more might be mention- ed, and that is the voyage to the Philip- pines. While the distance (11,500 miles) is practically the same either by Suez or Panama, in case of war between this country and a foreign power the latter route would be far better, for many reasons.

With this canal once open for busi- ness there will be no further neces- sity of sending a big battleship on a dangerous 15,000 mile "hurry up" voyage to reach a place but a little over 3,000 miles away.

## FIRST STAMP IN AMERICA.



PAID

Bernhard Becker Esq

Bristol Mass

(Fac Simile.)

Collectors and philatelists become enthusiastic when they speak of the famous Brattleboro, Vt., postage stamp, which is said to be the first ever issued in America.  
 Lt. Frederick N. Palmer, who was Brattleboro's postmaster from July, 1845, to November, 1848, was the inventor of the stamp which we re- produce. The facsimile herewith presented was prepared by the direction of Major F. W. Childs, when he was postmaster. This was at the request of Dr. Frederick N. Palmer was born in Belfast, Me., in 1815, and came to

Brattleboro some time in 1836 as a music teacher. He became a student of the law and studied in the office of Judge Asa Keyes. In 1840 he married Miss Ellen, oldest daughter of Judge Keyes, and five years later he was appointed postmaster.  
 It was during his three years in- cumbency that he inaugurated a num- ber of improvements in the office, and in 1846 issued the little stamp for which collectors are now willing to pay fabulous prices. It is stated that one has been sold at the extraordi- nary price of \$175. It is said that only two Boston collectors saw boast

of owning a Palmer stamp. One was bought about fifty years ago for sev- enty-five cents. The other, bought in 1882, cost in the vicinity of \$100.  
 It is said that a Mr. Collins of New York has the only uncancelled Brat- tleboro stamp known to be in ex- istence. He has won the philatelic blue ribbon for securing the rarest stamp on the American catalogue, and that means the whole world.  
 Great Britain adopted the use of postage stamps in 1840, and Bra- ti in 1831. The United States did not com- mence to use them until July, 1847.

## The Road Yesterday

There is a road to yesterday—  
 A wondrous thoroughfare,  
 Where wanders breezes idly clay  
 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 starry 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 in- accessible North Pole. Anthony Fais, 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 fur- ther 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 up- ward of 11,000 feet in height, is now known not to exceed 9,000 feet, and is probably not even that. In the moun- tain ranges bordering Victoria Land on the side of Ross' Sea are many peaks between 12,000 and 15,000 high, including Mt. Victoria, Mt. Melbourne and Mt. Herschel, and Capt. Scott's discoveries show that these high mountain ranges extend several hun- dreds 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 re- searches 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 fail- ure.



"Are you quite sure that you are really happy, dear—very happy?"  
 It once, but not even for you could I go through that hell a second time."  
 "But, why, Dick, tell me why—what have you done?"  
 "It's not good hearing for innocent ears like yours, little sweetheart; but it is your right to know. I have told you that when I came into my money