



The Vigil of Love.

When the morning sun is peeping
At purpled daybreak, sleeping
In the mist—
When the drowsy birds are crooning
Lays their throats will soon be tuning,
As we list—
When the golden glow, o'er spreading
All the canopy, is shedding
Sunlight, kissed—
When the world, with gladness throbbing,
Wakes to joy that sleep is robbing,
To exist—
Then my love to her is winging,
In a jeweled chariot swinging,
Through the mist;
And my heart of hope is dreaming,
As my messages go streaming
To my queen.

When the gold-red sun is setting,
And the wind is but coquetting
With the trees—
When horizon blue is tinted
With expanse the sun has glinted
Like a fringe—
When the rainbow-sky is blushing,
And the eventide is flushing
With the breeze—
When the twilight lingers lowly,
Fades and fades, and sinks so slowly
To the seas—
Then my thoughts to her are winging,
In a jeweled chariot swinging,
As I please;

And my heart with love is toying,
Hope, expectantly, is buoying
All my dreams.

When the tiny stars, assembling
In a galaxy, are trembling
In the sky—
When the ghostly moon is glowing,
Silhouettes of fancy throwing
Ever high—
When the shadows, grim and sleeping,
Tremble as the winds come creeping
With a sigh—
When but God alone is reigning—
Other powers are merely feigning
Nearby;

Then my thoughts to her are winging,
In a jeweled chariot swinging,
As they fly—
Then my heart cries out in longing,
Years and throbs, with hope prolonging,
Just for her!

Thus it is at eve or morning,
Love my life is all adorning—
Love for her!

Honest, now, did you ever sit in the moonlight, with the rays of heaven's great candles glinting in your eyes, and dream you loved a girl like that? First stage!

And late at night, when all is still, when the owl car has made its last run, and you are out on the porch taking off your shoes that you may not awaken father, have you ever looked into the face of the firmament to dream of her—and seen the big dipper—empty, of course, but, like the star-spangled banner, still there? Second stage!

And have you, "when the morning sun is peeping at purpled daylight sleeping in the mist," ever wondered how she looked in a wrapper—and curl papers? The next time you call, which will be to-night, of course, stay an hour longer and you can see the sun rise on your way home, hear the drowsy birds tuning their pipe organs preparatory to orchestral services in the wood, and reach the third and last stage! Then you can get married and furnish your own gas.

Wedding Expenses.

The ubiquitous newspaper writer has figured the cost of a modern wedding as follows:

Ring	\$1,000
Flowers for bride	300
Gift to bride	450
Gifts to best man	160
Gifts to bridesmaids	250
Preacher	100
Cabs	50
Passage on steamer, bridal suite	500
Ten days at Hotel Carlton, London	250
Passage on steamer, bridal suite	500
Ten days at Hotel Ritz, Paris	300
Fare to Berlin	125
Five days at hotel in Berlin	125
Fare to Vienna	15
Five days at hotel in Vienna	100
Fare to Rome	40
Five days at hotel in Rome	100
Fare to Venice	20
Five days at hotel in Venice	100
Railroad fare to Geneva	40
Trip through the Alps	50
Fare to Madrid	15
Five days at hotel in Madrid	100
Return voyage to America	300
Tips	100
Carriage from dock to new home	5
Total	\$3,600

Just for the sake of comparison, is appended the expenses of Cy Winkle, of Platt's Corners, on the occasion of his nuptials, Miss Matilda Weimer being the other party to the contract:

License	\$1.00
One day's wages	1.50
Minister	2.00
Charivari party	2.15
Drive to county-seat	2.00
Ice cream	.25
Peanuts	.15
Blue fan for bride	.25
Dinner for two at 3c	.75
Supper (bologna 5c, crackers 5c, pop 10c)	.30
New nightshirt for Cy	.48
Sundries	.20
Total	\$11.00

And of the two parties Cy and Tildy had the bangest up time! Money isn't everything in this world.

Drink to the one you love the best. Here's to the fairest ever—And may she live, with me her lord, Forever and forever!

Street Paving.

Bings—The streets in our town are paved with asphalt!

Wings—That's nothing. Where I live they are copper-lined—and not safe at that when hold-up men get busy!

SPRINGS ON THE PUMP.

Simple Invention Does Away With Much Labor.

The pump is still largely used all over the world despite the extensive introduction of water systems in suburban and even in country districts. The task of pumping is always unromantic or irksome. It is an occupation that no one delights in, and while it frequently happens that a gentleman will cut down a tree for exercise,



it never occurs to him to pump a couple of tons of water to the surface from the bottom of a big well. This would afford just as much exercise and be of as much practical use. In country houses and other places where there are tanks to be kept filled by hand it is a matter of some difficulty to keep the reservoir filled. With the spring arrangement shown, which can be readily fastened to almost any pump, the labor is greatly cut down. It is true that the work is not made entrancing and that the children will not cry for the pleasure of pumping, but the work will be made much easier, as the springs themselves will lift a certain amount of the water.

Immense Whale Brought Ashore.

This morning, while two fishermen named Hansen and Peterson were out fishing, they saw just outside the Graves the body of a whale some distance away, says a dispatch from Hingham, Mass. They rowed out and attaching a line to it drew it up onto the shore at Cohasset harbor.

It was sixty feet in length, nine feet through the body and thirteen feet across the tail. It gave the appearance of not having been dead more than a day or two, as decomposition had not set in.

It is thought to have been killed off the coast by a harpoon bomb and then drifted in. It is attracting much attention, being the largest fish, whale or any other kind ever brought into Cohasset.

A Dangerous Opponent.



She can "serve" and "lob" and "volley." Play the game with vim and dash. But it isn't very jolly. When she gives my heart a "smash."

Poet's Brother Still Lives.

C. E. Whittier, a brother of John Greenleaf Whittier, is a resident of Winnebago county, Iowa. He is past seventy-six years of age and in good health. He is engaged in farming, and is looking after 100 acres of corn that he has in this year. He bears a strong resemblance to his famous brother.

Has Read Bible Often.

John Shuler, aged seventy-three, one of the most highly respected citizens of Hughesville, Penn., is an ardent student of the Bible. He has read it through from Genesis to Revelations forty-three times, and soon will have made it forty-four times.

GUARDIANS OF THE POLE.

Ice Giants That Baffle Efforts of Daring Explorers.

How near the North Pole has man gone? The record stands: Fridtjof Nansen, 272 miles; the Duke of Abruzzi, 250 miles; Robert E. Peary, 343 miles.

Nearly 300 years ago, in 1607, Hendrik Hudson, the discoverer of Hudson river and Hudson bay, approached to within 620 miles of the pole.

In a word, the history of polar exploration is the history of an advance from 80 latitude to 80.23 north to latitude 86.33 north.

Peary, who has just announced his intention to start on another exploration, first saw the Arctic in the summer of 1886. He went no farther north than Disko bay, on the west coast of Greenland, latitude 70 north. He started north again in 1891, and in July, 1892, penetrated as far as Independence bay and Peary channel,



which lie about on the 83d parallel. For the third time, he started out in 1898, and in April, 1902, he turned back at latitude 84.17.

What stopped him? What stopped the Duke of Abruzzi? What stopped Nansen? What may stop Peary when he dashes north again? In a word, what may stop any man trying to reach the pole?

Ice—sharp valleys and steep hills of ice—ice with almost human energy—ice bears, as one of the adventurers has described them, which leap and utter hoarse cries and give hugs from which there can be no release—ice fiends, as Nansen once spoke of them, that are always growling and threatening, and that creep in upon you at night to crush you, and that lay snares to trap the man who relaxes his vigilance one minute of the twenty-four hours.

Two-Handled Stone Sledges.

Thirteen hundred stone sledge-hammers have been taken out of tunnels made by prehistoric men in the iron mines at Leslie, Ariz. They are made of black hematite and have no other finish than a groove about the middle of each, showing where formerly they were bound by the withes to wooden handles. Greenstone and jasper used by the aborigines for war axes were not hard enough to chip away the hematite and expose the pockets of red oxide of iron which the savage used as a paint. The form of some of these hammers shows that they were fitted with two handles, so that the operator could hold one in each hand.

Swimming in Skirts.

To settle the question whether skirts were an impediment to swimmers two young lady visitors, well known in Vienna society circles, dived into the lake at Geneva in complete summer toilets, with the exception of hat and boots. Passers-by, believing that the young ladies intended committing suicide, put out in boats to their assistance. The ladies, however, refused all offers of aid, and with difficulty swam to the shore, a distance of 100 yards. A carriage was in waiting, which rapidly conveyed them to their hotel.

Pagoda Hat.



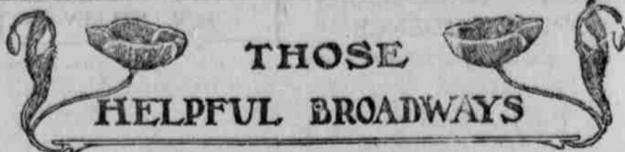
A German inventor has devised a hat that he claims would be useful in uncertain climates. It is telescopic and worn shut in fair weather, but when it rains it forms a complete covering for the wearer.

Blacksmith's Large Practice.

Alvin Brown, blacksmith at Upper Gloucester, Me., recently shod in one day seven horses from seven different towns, each being driven seven miles to reach the shop.

First Use of the Dahlia.

The dahlia was introduced into Europe for the value of its bulb as a substitute for the Irish potato, which it resembles when baked.



THOSE HELPFUL BROADWAYS

They were on their way home at 2 a. m. As they turned into their own quiet cross town street after leaving the cars Mrs. Broadway sighed wearily.

"Dear me," she said, "how glad I am to get near home once more, but how very lonely it seems around here. I don't believe there is a soul abroad except ourselves."

Broadway looked sharply up and down the street. "Yes, there is," he said. "There is a woman ringing the doorbell at the house across the street. She seems to be having trouble to get in."

The apparently forlorn condition of the past-midnight prowler touched a sympathetic chord in Mrs. Broadway's bosom. She had been locked out herself on several occasions, and knew how it went.

"The poor thing," she sighed. "Let's go over and ask her if we can be of any assistance to her."

The woman on the doorstep gave the bell another push as she saw them approach, then turned and faced them.

"I'm in a terrible fix," she said, helplessly. "I have no key and this bell seems to be broken, and I can't make anybody hear, and I don't know how in the world I am ever going to get in."

Mr. Broadway reached over the stone balustrade to the front window.

"I think," he said, "there may be a way. I think I may be able to boost you in through the front window. I am sure I can if that window is not latched."

He pressed upward on the sash and the window rose slowly and with a slightly creaking sound. "It is all right," he said, and pushed still harder. "Now," he said, when the aperture had assumed proportions commensurate with the anatomical structure of the woman, "if you can bridge the chasm you will be all right."

"Oh, I can do that easy enough,"

said the woman. "I can crawl in, I am sure."

"Very well," said Broadway, "here goes."

It required considerable reaching and scrambling on the part of the woman and much lifting and balancing on the part of Mr. Broadway, but the passage through the window was finally effected and the woman landed on a soft rug inside.

"I'm safe," she whispered. "Thanks, ever so much." Then she closed the window.

The Broadways hurriedly descended the steps. "What number is this?" she asked when she reached the street. "Did you notice?"

"One hundred and eighteen," he said.

Mrs. Broadway was the first to see the sequel to their samaritanism in the evening paper.

"No. 118—118," she said, wonderingly. "Why, that is where we helped the woman in through the window last night, wasn't it, Jasper?"

"Yes," said Broadway. "What about it?"

"She—she lied," panted Mrs. Broadway. "She made that up about living in the house. Nobody lives there—that is, nobody was home last night. Everybody is away in the country. Even the servant in charge happened to be away last night and that woman knew it. She—she was a thief. She must have had accomplices. A little woman like her could never have got away with all the stuff the papers say she took. It all comes of your lifting her in through the window. The idea of a man of your age lifting a strange woman, anyway! I didn't approve of it at the time, but I didn't like to say anything; you are always so apt to accuse me of being jealous every time I open my head about such things. But she certainly was smooth."

Broadway read the account of the robbery gravely. "We'll be in luck," he said, "if the authorities do not light on us as her accomplices."

Work Way Through College.

The quality of ambition that led Abraham Lincoln to close a day of hard manual labor with poring over a book by the light of a pine knot is not known to the present generation. Scores of young men and women are to-day repeating Lincoln's heroism in forms adapted to the demands of modern life. Brain and sinew are being turned to account to yield, beyond living expenses, a surplus sufficient to afford educational advantages.

Abundant examples of this spirit are furnished by the Middle West. Visions of round dollars finding their way into his pockets as a result of mowing lawns or currying horses have lured many a young fellow from the farm and from the miscellaneous occupations in a small town to the pursuit of knowledge.

Ample illustration of such a movement may be had from the statistics of earnings of students in the Academy of Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, during the last year. The Academy registers 485 of the 1,800 students on the Evanston campus, and of the 485, 65 per cent have earned money, much or little, from September to June, amounting in the aggregate to more than \$12,000. This sum is exclusive of the summer occupations, common to students, through which money enough is often accumulated to pay a large share of the next year's expenses. The \$12,000 represents in some cases small amounts from irregular employments such as clerical work, which enables the student to spend on concert tickets and general pleasure a dollar here and a dollar there that the home allowance will not cover. By many a young man, however, his share of the \$12,000 has been expended on the necessities of life. Raking out furnaces and building up the fires before daylight on winter mornings has meant lodgings for more than one young fellow with a thirst for knowledge, while meals in a

students' club have been paid for with shoveling snow or washing dishes.

Prospective lawyers and doctors and preachers are at present learning preparation for future careers by developing business in butter and eggs shipped in from the home farm, or by working up a trade in coffee and spices (a popular business enterprise), or by assisting in laundry management. Others run boarding clubs, or clerk in stores, deliver daily papers, collect bills or read gas meters. Some young men reach college equipped with a trade and can serve as barbers, cobblers, or carpenters. Not a few take stenographic notes and run typewriters, or report for Chicago newspapers the impossible happenings of student life. Many pulpits within a radius of sixty miles of Chicago are regularly filled by preachers who attend recitations on the campus from Monday to Friday and go to their charges for Saturday and Sunday. Uncle Sam's life saving crew, housed on the edge of the campus, gives employment to a group of able-bodied students, and pays them a good salary for faithful service. In fact there is scarcely any field of employment necessary to modern life which has not been invaded by ambitious students, provided it is of the sort that will leave a margin of time for study.

The path of the student who works his way is not strewn with roses, and the career of such a young man calls for genuine heroism. The time given to earning money must, of course, be subtracted from the total sum of working hours, and only the remainder is available for study. Consequently the number of years given to the course must be lengthened or else the wage-earning student finds himself at a disadvantage beside the student who has no responsibility outside his books. However, this disadvantage is in no small number of cases offset by greater sincerity and earnestness on the part of the poorer student.

INSISTED ON THE BOX.

She Wanted to Be Sure Her Gift Was Taken Care Of.

Albert C. Bates, librarian of the Connecticut Historical Society, has had many inquiries from visitors to the collection rooms in Hartford regarding the camp effects of Nathan Hale, the martyred Revolutionary spy, which, up to a short time ago, were kept in a large case in the main hall. Some changes in the disposition of various curiosities has been necessary this season, and the Hale articles are now hidden from sight in the great safe in one corner of the room. In showing them a few days ago, Mr.

Bates related an amusing fact regarding the old powder horn which is kept in a glass-covered box.

"The horn was presented to the society by a Connecticut lady," he said, "and we had removed it from the box, placing it, with other Hale relics, in a large case. One day this lady came to the rooms and noticed that the horn had been taken from its original box.

"Oh, I can't have that!" she exclaimed. "That horn is too valuable to be taken from its box at all. I must insist that my gift be kept just as it was presented."

"So we recovered the box, fitted the horn in its position, and there it is."—New York Times