

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS OF SCHOOL.



ALWAYS TELL MOTHER.

Always tell mother. She's willing to hear, Willing to listen to tales of despair, Tell her when trials and troubles assail, Seek her for comfort when sorrows prevail. Take mother's hand when temptations entice; Ask her for counsel; seek mother's advice.

Always tell mother. In mother confide; Foster no secrets from mother to hide. Train your thoughts nobly, nor let your lips speak Words that would kindle a blush on her cheek. Mother stands ready her aid to impart, Open to mother the door of your heart.

Always tell mother. Your joys let her share; Lift from her shoulders their burdens of care; Brighten her pathway; be gentle and kind; Strengthen the ties of affection that bind. Tell her you love her; look up in her face; Tell her no other can take mother's place.

Always tell mother. When dangers befall, Mother, if need be, will die by your side, Though you be sunk in sin and disgrace, Mother will never turn from your face, Others may shun you, but mother, your friend, Stands, ever ready, to shield and defend, Mother's devotion is always the same, Softly, with reverence, breathe mother's name. —Leslie's Weekly.

THE KING OF HEARTS.

THE bright spring sunshine was pouring in at the window, flecking with gold the hair of a young girl who stood gazing at a photograph in a heart-shaped silver frame, which held the place of honor on the mantel-piece. Her thoughts were evidently far away from her surroundings, as she failed to hear footsteps approaching, and was only recalled to herself by the maid announcing "Captain Stewart." A flush of burning color swept over Elsie's face, and quick as thought she snatched the heart-shaped frame from its place, and holding it in her left hand, advanced to meet a tall, fair man, whose pale face showed signs of recent illness, and who carried his right arm in a sling.

"Why, Jack?" she said, "I had no idea you were in London; did the doctors give you permission to travel?" Her pretty face was still flushed, and after answering her questions as to his health, Jack Stewart felt a difficulty in returning to their old friendly footing; there was a subtle difference in her manner to him that made him vaguely uneasy.

So it was more by way of conversation than a desire for information that Jack asked, laughingly: "And who is the 'King of Hearts' now? Robert's, Kitchener or Buller?" Then as his glance fell on the vacant place on the mantel-piece, he started and said, more seriously: "The 'King of Hearts' not in his accustomed place? What is the meaning of this, Elsie?"

Once more a blush swept from brow to chin, and Elsie, averting her eyes, remained silent. Then it was that caught sight of the frame in her left hand.

"Why, you have it there?" he said in astonishment. "May I not see your new hero?" Then, Elsie remaining silent, with his free hand, gently took the frame from her unresisting clasp, and without looking at it, laid it face downward on a table near, and, resuming his seat by her side, looked at her with troubled eyes.

But three short months had passed since he had sat in that room, and had gazed from her lips that though she did not love him, she loved no one else; and he had started off to South Africa with his regiment, buoyed up with hopes of ultimately gaining her love. A month ago he had been invaded home, and as soon as his doctors had pronounced it safe for him to travel he had come straight to Elsie, only to find she had a secret from him that bade fair to lessen his hopes. From childhood Elsie had been a hero-worshiper of the most ardent kind, and had a collection of her heroes' photographs that would fill a good sized album. On her



CHILDREN RENEW ACQUAINTANCE WITH THEIR TEACHER.

fifteenth birthday Jack had given her a heart-shaped photo frame, which was destined to contain her hero of the moment, who was laughingly dubbed by Jack the "King of Hearts."

Many and various were the faces he had seen in that frame, but now he feared that the real king had come, who would not only retain undisputed possession of the photo frame, but would also reign in Elsie's heart.

With a visible effort Jack Stewart roused himself from his painful thoughts, and turning to Elsie said:

"As I may not see your new hero, perhaps you will tell me about him?" "Anything you ask me, except his name," she replied, meeting his gaze for the first time.

"He is a soldier, of course?" "Yes," she answered quietly.

"Good-looking?" "Very good-looking," she said earnestly, but with averted face.

Jack, feeling his fears confirmed by her tone, went on hurriedly: "Well, we have got this far, at any rate; he is physically perfect."

"I did not quite say that," she said, looking mischievously at him.

"No doubt you mean that. What about his character. Do you know him very well?"

"I have known him a long while," she answered demurely.

"And I have not even heard of him," he exclaimed in astonishment.

"But it is only lately that he—that I—"

"That you have started a mutual admiration society," he interrupted, rather bitterly.

"Not quite that, Jack," she rejoined, giving him a queer little smile. "But what else would you like to know about him?" Her former embarrassment had left her, and she was quietly attentive to his words.

"Is he renowned for his brains, or for bravery only?"

"His intellectual faculties are quite above the average," she returned, flashing a merry look at him.

He was puzzled by her manner, and continued rather lamely:

"It is his bravery then, that has gained him your favor?"

"He is the truest, bravest and best man in the world," she answered, with earnest, shining eyes.

"Elsie!" it was almost a cry. He rose from his seat and turned away from her.

"What is it, Jack?" she asked; and going over to him she made him look at her. Something in his face frightened her, and she said again: "What is it?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered; "only I conclude this to be your way of telling me that all is over between us."

"That depends on you, Jack," she said softly.

"I wish it did," he answered sally, but incredulously.

"But it does, Jack. Look at that photograph."

It was almost a command, so he, with evident reluctance, took up the frame and looked at the face within it.

"Elsie!" and that one word contained a mingling of relief, wonder and, above all, joy.

For it was his own face that looked up at him out of the heart-shaped frame. —The Penny Pictorial Magazine.

SWELL INDIAN GIRL.

Miss Tookah Turner, a Highly Accomplished Quarter-breed Cherokee. The most beautiful Indian girl in the West, according to photographers, is Miss Tookah Turner. She is a quarter-breed Cherokee girl, and lives at Muskogee, I. T. Her father is a wealthy merchant. He is a white man, while her mother is a Cherokee Indian. Miss Turner is highly accomplished, having graduated from several colleges and schools of music and art. She is considered the swiftest dresser of any of the girls of the Cherokee tribe, and that is saying a great deal. Some of her clothes are made in Paris. She has a fine collection of diamonds and jewelry. Miss Turner has none of the features of an Indian, and one would not be-



MISS TOOKAH TURNER.

lieve she was part Cherokee unless told of the fact. She is proud of her ancestors, but it is likely she will marry a white man, as most of this class of girls do.

Having an Easter Affair.

Having is now a far different affair from what it was half a century ago when nearly all the work was done by hand with much bigger crews of men than are now found in the field. Two men will harvest as large a crop now as half a dozen could then and do it in much less time. The work is less picturesque than in the old days, but it is easier and the crop is secured in better condition. It used to take a month or more for the average farmer to get his hay, but now a period of two weeks sees the greater part of the crop under cover and in many cases the owner of the small farm finds a week sufficient for the task.

Favorite Food for Animals.

Sea lions, seals, walrus and pelicans are fed on fish when in captivity; monkeys, young lions and hippopotami drink milk—a full-grown hippopotamus will absorb fifteen quarts of milk in a day. Polar bears live on bread; monkeys like fruit.

Though men do a share of the world's creditable deeds, when it is said of them "Just like a man," nothing complimentary is intended.

When an old maid knows how to smooth a man's plume, an ideal wife is lost to the world.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Comments on Everyday Matters by an Original Genius.

Most people just believe things; they don't know them.

A 10-cent man can work a dollar scheme on some people.

A man who is slow pay, nearly always disputes his account.

An Atchison man's name is Stephens, but his daughter's name is Stephan.

If time flies too fast for you, invite your kin to make you a month's visit.

What under the shining sun do women who board find to occupy their time?

People are going back on medicine and law.

Some subjects of conversation should be shunned as religiously as pie at midnight.

When a man goes anywhere with a woman, he always comes back with a veil in his pocket.

In every crowd there is a Smart Aleck, who does a great deal to spoil the enjoyment of others.

When a widower calls on a girl, the gossips say it means something. It does; it means he is lonesome.

If you knew what people say of you behind your back, you would faint. Don't imagine that you escape.

"I know one thing that ought to be done," said a man to a reporter to-day. "I know a hundred," the reporter replied.

A woman is told so often in her youth that she is an angel, that when she discovers the truth later on, she can't get over it.

The neighbors complain that the only time a girl in their part of town stops grumbling to her mother is when she sings "Cheerfulness."

Some women seem to have nothing to do but poke their heads out of a door, or window, and insist upon talking to every passer-by.

As a man gets older, he finds that he has to be submissive to slights and insults because he spent too much peanut money when he was young.

The women say too much about the virtue of being true to one's ideals, considering that people outgrow ideals faster than they outgrow fannels.

It should not escape comment that after a woman's kin have visited her, she doesn't appear to have as much faith as she formerly had in her husband.

After a man gets along in life, he begins to notice that he looks like the men whose pictures appear in the papers in connection with "before taking" announcements.

Here is a rule you can always depend on: When a woman takes great interest in "stories" on others, there is a "story" on her, and she is trying to coax people to forget it.

Don't make frequent calls on the girl who enjoys novels; you will interrupt her some day at the chapter where the hero is telling his love, and she will never forgive you for the interruption.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

By a new method of attaching shades to the rollers the cloth is not injured and the shade can be adjusted as to length without cutting, the roller having a metallic strip inserted in the slide and held in place by clamps to grip the shade.

In Guatemala a resident has patented an apparatus to prevent ships from sinking, having folded air reservoirs from the ceiling of the different compartments, to be unfolded and inflated to fill the compartment when the ship leaks.

Watering troughs are kept full without wasting the water by a new automatic attachment, which has a large wooden block suspended on the ends of a pair of levers above the tub, with a shut-off valve controlled by the levers to stop the water and start it as it rises and falls.

Two Westerners have designed a neat sample case and display stand, which has a series of telescopic tubes arranged to lock in a closed or extended position, with trays attached to opposite sides of each tube, and adapted to open and close in conjunction with the movement of the tubes.

Refuse can be burned without danger of setting fire to a building by a new receptacle, which is formed of corrugated iron or other fireproof material shaped into a pot, with a flange extending beneath the bottom and holes cut at intervals in the sides to increase the draft.

Free Passes in France.

The legislative free pass is still universal in France. Every member of the Chamber of Deputies has free traveling on any railroad in the country, and is furnished with a medal of identification to make sure that he gets his privileges. In the matter of pay they are better off than the British member of Parliament, though their indemnity of \$5 a day is small beside the \$5,000 a year of the United States Congressman.

Norway's Ancient Wooden Churches.

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old, and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost Arctic winters because they have been repeatedly coated with tar.

Artificial Limbs in Ancient Egypt.

Artificial legs and arms were in use in Egypt as early as B. C. 700. They were made by the priests, who were the physicians of that early time.

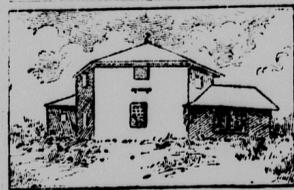
An old bachelor says that a man is sometimes ensnared by the same kind of extravagant dressing in a woman that he kicks about after marriage.

HISTORIC OLD FORT HAYS.

Noted Spot in Kansas Where Thrilling Incidents Occurred.

One of the noted military posts of the country was Fort Hays, Kan. In 1866 Fort Fletcher was built at the junction of the North Fork and Big Creek. In 1867 a flood destroyed it, drowned several soldiers, and swept away mules, wagons, tents and barracks. Then Gen. Phil Sheridan chose a higher site, and Major Gills of the Seventh United States Cavalry directed the building of the new fort, which was begun at once. It was named Hays in honor of Gen. Alexander Hays, who commanded a division under Hancock in the Civil War, and was killed in the Wilderness campaign.

Many noted officers have been stationed at Fort Hays. Gen. Phil Sheridan was in command in 1868, and previous to that date Gen. Hancock directed military affairs in that department. Gen. Custer made many of his remarkable Indian campaigns from there. From 1867 to 1871 his command was there. Custer was succeeded in 1871 by Col. Oakes with the Sixth Cavalry. The last officer in command at the post before its abandonment was Major John R. Yard of the Eighteenth Infantry. Many years before he had been there with the Tenth (colored) cavalry. In connection with Custer, it may be



THE ARMORY AT FORT HAYS.

noted that the last survivor of the memorable massacre on the Little Big Horn in 1876 died last April in Cheyenne, Wyo., when "Billy," the General's old war horse, died. "Billy" was found wandering about on the battlefield, passed into the possession of Mr. Thomas F. Talbot, of Cheyenne, was kindly cared for, and his body lies buried in the garden of the Talbot residence, the place being marked by a stone slab.

After the fort had been built, Hays City sprang up around it, and in early years it was an open question whether Hays City or Dodge City was the "tougher" place. In 1870 the little place had thirty-seven saloons, every one a gambling place, most of them dance halls. The cowboy and the bluecoat made things lively in these resorts, for there was no love lost between them. One night the cowboys lynched three colored soldiers. They were hung from the railroad bridge west of town, and their dead bodies were found dangling there the next day.

For years the place was the cowboys' trading point. The surrounding coun-



OFFICERS' ROW, FORT HAYS.

try was a vast cattle range. On Aug. 23, 1869, Wild Bill (William Hickock) was elected marshal, and while he was in command he killed four men. One of them was a soldier of Custer's Seventh Regiment, and Mr. Hickock deemed it judicious to leave town before the expiration of his term of office, he saying that he had no contract to whip the whole army.

In August, 1872, Pony Donovan was arrested on a charge of horse-stealing, and was confined in the jail in the basement of the court house. One night some one shot him dead there, and fired the court house. It burned down, and all the county records were destroyed. The new court house likewise burned down. Then another was built that yet stands.

A "place with a history" is a small tract of land northwest of Hays City. It contains the graves of forty-five persons, many of them unknown, who met violent deaths in various affrays or by assassination. "Boot Hill" is the name of this neglected place, chosen because most of the corpses were buried with their boots on.

In May, 1867, Lookout stage station, six miles west of Hays, was raided by Indians, and four men were killed and scalped. Later the same year six railroad section hands met a like fate near Victoria, fifteen miles east of Hays. Another railroad laborer was killed by Indians, dying with his shovel in his hands. A contractor living near town was shot dead by an arrow which whizzed through a knothole in the side of his shanty. His widow became crazy in consequence, and rode about the country, seeking revenge, a terror to the superstitious redskins. She got into print as the "Wild Huntress of the Plains."

But in 1876 Hays City began to improve. Indians occasionally came to town, got drunk, and engaged in rows with citizens or soldiers, but nothing serious resulted. In 1880 the old fort was abandoned, and Hays City has developed into one of the most thriving little towns of the West, surrounded by vast wheat fields, the tenanted buildings of the fort alone reminding the visitor of the stormy days of the past. And even they will soon be but a memory, for an agricultural and nor-

mal college is to be established at the old fort, and the reservation lands are about to be turned into a public park.

The pictures of the armory and officers' quarters that accompany this article are from photographs taken a short time ago.

THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY.

The Highest Railway Station in Europe Cut Out of a Rock.

We have only gone about half a mile when the train stops. We are at Rothstock Station, the temporary terminus of the line. Gletscher Station was opened in the summer of 1898, Rothstock only in August, 1899. It is the highest railway station in Europe, 7,950 feet above the sea, and 1,000 feet higher than the mountain station of Platina. But what a station it is! From the tunnel two cave-like openings are cut out to the face of the precipice. One of these leads to a rocky platform on the side of the bold, tower-like crag of the Elger Rothstock, which here juts out from the mountain wall. A small box with glazed windows is the only building. It stands in the archway of a rock, and serves as the station master's office, for there is a station master in blue uniform and bright red cap, with a staff of one boy to assist him. When the line has progressed further the station will be larger and better equipped, with dining and waiting rooms cut out of the rock and a number of bed-rooms for travelers who do not care to go in one journey up to the ravellid air of the higher regions. The tunnel is now being driven beyond Rothstock. The work of excavation is done by six boring machines, driven by electricity. These cut out a number of horizontal bore holes, and when they have gone deep enough cartridges of dynamite are fixed in them, the borers and the workmen are withdrawn to a safe distance, and the fuses are fired by means of an electric switchboard. Then the debris is cleared away, the sides and roof of the tunnel are roughly trimmed to shape with pick and chisel, and the borers are brought up for another attack. The rock is so hard that even with the best workers and the best appliances the advance is slow. There are over six miles of tunnel yet to be made, besides the excavation work at the stations and the boring of the great vertical shaft for the elevator at the top, a shaft about 250 feet deep. Ten years will see it all finished, says Herr Gobat. From the Rothstock arches one has a glorious view down the valley of Grindelwald. The permanent station about half a mile further on, to be known as "The Grindelwald Gallery," will command even a better prospect. The line will then curve through and round the mountain to Elger Station—10,430 feet high. This station will look out upon the fields of ice and snow between the Elger and the Schreckhorn. The railway will then run under the summit of the Monch to the Aletsch Guggi Glacier Station, in the rocks above the Jung-

frau Joch. This station will look down on the great Aletsch Glacier, the largest in Europe; and the giant pyramid of the Jungfrau will rise close in front of it. Beyond the station the line will pass through the sharp, narrow ridge of rock that supports the ice of the Jungfrau Joch. It will ascend by a steep grade in the heart of the great rocky rib that juts out eastward from the summit; and it will then curve and zig-zag around the cone, always deep in the live rock, ending at last in a large chamber, from which the lift will be worked which will carry the traveler up the last 250 feet, and from which he will step out upon the summit platform. —Cassell.

Precious Stones.

Many of the precious stones now owned by Queen Victoria formerly belonged to Indian princes. The famous Koh-i-Noor came into her possession on the annexation of the Punjab in 1849.

One of the rarest gems in Queen Victoria's collection is a green diamond of marvelous beauty. It has never been set. She owns three crowns. The most artistic one, which was made over forty years ago, is of gold, literally covered with diamonds. It is composed of 2,673 white diamonds and 523 rubies, besides many smaller stones. Before this crown was made the Queen wore a gold band studded with precious stones. This band is to be seen in most of her earlier portraits. The great crown, which rests in the Tower, is over 100 years old.

The Queen is sentimentally attached to pearls, as is the German Empress, who has fine specimens in her jewel cases; but as she did not wear them enough they lost their color, and had to be immersed in sea water for several months before they regained their beauty. This process is not often resorted to, but it was entirely successful in this case.

Peculiar Graves in Zululand.

The most curiously decorated graves in the world are the natives' graves in Zululand. Some of these mounds are garlanded with the bottles of medicine used by the departed in their final illness, and the duration of the illness is guessed by the number of bottles.