

MADELINE.

Visions, visions of the night, Wherefore are ye given? Tempting is your smiling light As a glimpse of heaven; Tempting, your too brief smile, Angels of my vision; Linger, linger, then awhile, Make my heart elysian.

Know ye little Madeline, My sweet, my brown-eyed daughter? Sing us now the songs divine, O'er the living water; Where the bright birds stoop to lave In the crystal river— In the iris-crowned wave, Floating on and e'er?



WILKINS HIRED MAN RAN AWAY

SUNDAY morning, while Mrs. Wilkins was at church with Tommy, Mr. Wilkins, in defiance of the social ethics of Lake Hill, put on his overalls, and raked in hand, attacked the carpet of dead leaves that covered his lawn. He knew that his wife would make a scene if she caught him, and he knew that his Sabbath-breaking would furnish another argument against returning to his life, and he anticipated considerable yelping from his male neighbors, and in spite of all these misgivings, he raked the leaves into rustling piles and watched with dogged satisfaction the columns of blue smoke that rose among the oaks from his unholy fires.



WATCHED THE COLUMNS OF BLUE SMOKE.

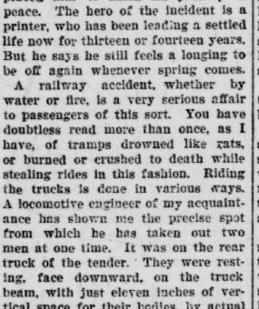
While he was bending over a russet mound of leaves he heard a voice: "Mister, I'll clean up that lawn for a meal." It was a low, strong voice, musical of tone and so opportune that Wilkins let his rake fall and looked about. The stranger was a tall, lean young man, dusty from a long walk, but trim and clean as to clothes and person. "I'll just go you," said Wilkins, opening the gate. The big fellow walked, he dropped his coat on the ground, and fell to work without a word. After getting back into his Sunday garments the man of the house watched his rescuer. The latter had laid aside his round, felt hat, disclosing a bullet head, closely shaved. The worker's clothes, new, cheap and coarse, ill fit the wearer, and as Wilkins watched him swiftly and silently clearing away the dead grass, weeds and leaves, his heart misgave him, and he murmured to himself: "An escavator, I'll bet."

MRS. PIPER A TELEPATH

NOTED PSYCHISTS BELIEVE HER DEMONSTRATIONS GENUINE.

Subliminal Self Action—Subject May Have Been In Rapport With Dr. Hyslop, Drawing Unconsciously Upon His Mentality—A "Trinity" of Everyday Life. Phenomena of the sort that give a creepy feeling of chill to the layman in those sciences that border upon the supernatural were discussed recently at the meeting of the Psychological Section of the Medico-Legal Society, at the Plavano Hotel, in West Thirty-fifth street.

Tramps on the Cars. The box car is often entered by springing the door off its iron way at the side opposite the seal. A party going one way will do this for a party going the opposite direction, and then, when all are in, springing the door back again. Since everything externally is in the best of order, long trips may be made in this manner without disturbance or interruption.



Luminous Flowers in France.

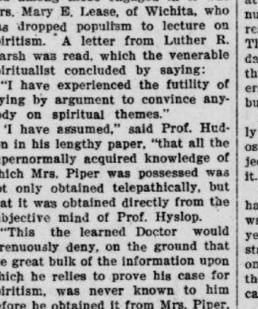
Luminous flowers and fruit are the latest novelties in the decoration of French homes. The idea was obviously suggested to the inventor one National Day evening, when the boulevards were decked out in their gala garb. Garlands of electric blossoms were first used to decorate the streets of Paris on festive occasions during the Exhibition of 1900. They were at once voted the most effective ornaments of their kind ever imagined. The idea was developed, and tulips, violets, roses, marigolds, a dozen sorts of flowers, with a glowing ball of electricity that encased in the petals of brilliantly enamelled metal, now blossom forth in the trees of avenues and in the shrubs of gardens whenever Paris has a public fête. A little extra refinement of workmanship has sufficed to adapt the luminous flowers for home decoration. Now all really modern Parisian drawing rooms are converted into magic gardens. Everywhere, of course, there is the usual profusion of fresh flowers. But the natural blossoms appear to have acquired a supernatural radiance and glow. On closer examination it is found that here and there artificial blooms made of suitably-tinted glass have been placed in the hearts of which shine electric lamps. The same electric flowers are used together with luminous fruit for the dinner table. They are, in reality, artificial fruit, wonderfully imitated in delicately-colored glass, each containing a tiny electric lamp—London Telegraph's Paris Telegram.

EPIC OF THE COWBOY.

AWAITING PATIENTLY THE ADVENT OF A SYMPATHETIC GENIUS.

The Man Who Will Write It Must Have Eaten the Tonic Vanishes—It is a somewhat Hazy Character and a Peculiarly Heterodox of the Far Western Range. Who is there to write the story of the cowboy? asks the New York Mail and Express. Will this wandering heart and restless spirit never be paled in well-balanced colors? Will there never be a just, correlative study of his virtues and his weaknesses? There have been Owen Wister (perhaps the best), Alfred Henry Lewis, Hough, and many others, chiefly magazine writers. But there has been something missing; the study has not been comprehensive enough.

STEER WITH NEEDLE IN ITS HEART. The Stock Yards Furnish a Marvel for the West. The heart of a Texas steer recently slaughtered at the stock yards has given rise to much interest among physicians and expert pathologists. In that most vital organ of the animal there was found imbedded a large darning needle, and examination showed that it had been there for some time. The steer was a full grown one.



Life in the White House.

The president and Mrs. Roosevelt always begin their day with the children at an 8 o'clock breakfast. Then, after she has been sent to school, the president's wife passes her mornings much after the fashion of any matron would be a hundred to one against any other man than the genus cowboy—the toughest physical mortal on earth. In either event, he has had his dollar a day. This is one example of his nervous, strenuous existence. The average cowboy drinks hard, wears hard, has elastic, ethical ideas—but he lives hard, and he is not a saint. A normal standard of morality cannot be applied to him. He must be taken, as he is—an able fellow of many sides, who can turn a hand at almost anything, who is sometimes a bluffer, but usually crammed with courage, and seldom a liar. He is a man of many loves, but this is his part of his life; he knows no better. The expression of his animal self is to him a part of nature. Withal, inconsistent as it seems, he has a sense of chivalry. In no part of the world is a good woman as safe as she is alone with the rough cowboy-puncher. She represents to him a thing apart, and it lights up a pathetic side of him.

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