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Sunset Wings.

To-night this sunset spreads two golden wings
Cleaving the Western sky;
Winged, too, with wind it is, and winnowings
Of birds; as if the day's last hour in rings
Of strenuous flight must die.

Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinions sway
Above the dovecote-tops;
And clouds of starlings, ere they rest with day,
Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play,
By turns in every copse;

Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout receives—
Save for the whirr within,
You could not tell the starlings from the leaves;
Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm heaves
Away with all its din.

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

On the High Seas.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

They were going out to the Philippines to teach the young ideas how to shoot, or, as an institute lecturer once expressed it, to teach the young shoots how to idea.

The deck of the El Cid quite teemed with enthusiasm, educational, religious and otherwise. But one man hung on the rail and sulked.

Three days out from San Francisco and he had seen nothing of her. It was not mal de mer, of that he felt convinced. What it was he did not say. He smoked and sulked and sulked and smoked.

His fellow-passengers eyed him critically, wondering if he had soured on his government job already. They were the rather inclined to this opinion from a description he had given of the population they were destined to enlighten and elevate.

"A race of mongrels," he had cut intersely when an enthusiast across the table from him was descanting upon the little brown man's virtues.

"Do you suppose he is homesick?" a girlish looking teacher asked of the man lounging beside her.

"The Lord knows," he returned, flecking the ashes from his cigar. Then, as though his reply struck him as rather a discourager to conversation, "I suppose he thinks this is what Carlyle would consider a case where one's resource is to talk little and that little from the newspapers."

The girl laughed.

"It seems outrageous to joke about him when he appears to be so unhappy."

"Was it his uncomfortable mood you were pondering so deeply when I came up?"

"No," she smiled at the idea. "I was thinking about Drake and Cavendish and the villianies they committed in these waters and then get praised for when they went home."

"Medevial morality was a queer thing," he admitted. "I dare say ten or twenty generations from now ours will appear as queer."

"I wonder if it will," she mused.

"Of course," he assured relentlessly. "If the march of progress is to be continued onward and upward, we must resign ourselves to figuring in the far future as cut-throats and thieves. Drake and Cavendish were innocent children compared to the captains of Spain; but those same red-handed Spaniards Christianized most of these islands. They built churches with one hand while they butchered natives with the other."

"How dreadful of you!" she protested.

"Not at all. The only trouble is that your mind has not learned to regard piracy as an approach to the angels."

"I do not think it ever will."

"Just you wait until you have had a round with the little brown man and the brown man's children. You will find that they are not the little innocent dreams of darkness your imagination and the newspapers have led you to believe."

The sullen man had drawn insensibly nearer. The speaker's pessimistic views coincided comfortably with his own evil mood. The girl spoke after a pause.

"I shall expect to find my pupils disfigured mentally and morally by the degraded civilization that has been forced upon them," she said.

"You will also expect to find in them some trace of their man-eating

One man hung on the rail and sulked.

ancestors, won't you?" he mocked, lazily. "Let me give you a piece of advice. Don't go into this expecting to combat only the evils of a degraded civilization. The wild beast is in them, too. No doubt those early civilizers were a tough lot, but these islanders were no saints. Christianizing a savage is a good deal like making love to a woman—be too gentle and meek and you get despised for your pains."

"Don't you know," the girl said, turning toward him confidentially, "of course, I wouldn't say it publicly, but I have always thought that there was a good deal more of the savage in a woman than in the man. Look how she admires the bloodiest kinds of deeds, so they be bravely done. And she has a hundred times the stoicism that a man has. You know that Ruskin always said if it was not for the women there would be no more wars. Now, of course, he was inclined to be severe with the sex—he had suffered by it—but I sometimes wonder on my soul if there is not a good deal of truth in that saying of his."

The sullen man had ceased to listen. The other man's words filled his ears: "Be gentle and meek and you get despised for your pains." He

"It is extremely pleasant, isn't it?" her listener remarked.

moved away with the alacrity of hope. He knew the number of her berth and before night he would know more.

When she opened the door in response to his knock she found him standing upon the threshold with a matter-of-course air.

"The sunset is fine. I want you to come up on deck and enjoy it."

"Thank you, but I have some studying to do," she replied sedately.

"Oh, bother," he returned, with a careless masterfulness that astonished her. "You have been doing nothing but study for the last four days. I began to think that you had gone back on all your seafaring principles and were having an attack of mal de mer."

She smiled, more at his manner than at his words.

"Come on," he urged, "don't you know that sunsets are catalogued along with time and tide? Wait for neither man nor woman. Besides, you ought not to cut the acquaintance of waters made famous by Drake and Cavendish."

Still she hesitated. She had promised her pride to avoid his society during this long voyage, and pride, like Shylock, is prone to demand the fulfillment of her bond.

"You see, I don't understand Spanish very well and will have to study it steadily during the voyage."

"Then," he interrupted her, "I'll tell you what we can do. We can practice speaking Spanish together while we are admiring the sunset," he laughed a little exultingly. "Haven't you found out now that I do not intend to take no for an answer?"

"But the sunset must be gone by this time," she objected.

"Probably it is, but there are still the stars. Rest assured that as long as life lasts there will always be something of interest for us to look at."

"Yes," she agreed, "the world is in itself a wonderful mystery."

"Aye, but I meant they would be interesting because we looked at them together. The world in itself may be wonderful, but I have tried it for four days without you and found it considerably more of a bore than a mystery. Please get your coat and come up on deck. Everybody up there is talking sixteenth century pirates and you know I am all gone bad on history. If you do not wish to see me cast down in the dust before my fellows, come and give me a lesson on the reign of Elizabeth."

And then, because this suggestion of superiority flattered her, or *because* of the over-persuasive light in his pleasant gray eyes, the girl laughed and unbent.

"Where shall I begin?" she asked, when they had dropped into step and were walking comfortably beneath the early stars.

"Drake is what everybody is talking," he said, happily.

She plunged into the subject with encyclopedic exhaustiveness and carried the navigator from his obscure cradle around the world to his famous grave.

"It is extremely pleasant, isn't it," her listener remarked appreciatingly, "being together this way beneath the stars? Don't you find it so?"

"Why, yes," she said, surprised into a forgetfulness of that pledge to pride. A forgetfulness that prompted him to draw her closer and speak in low, eager tones.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the girl, when they strolled on deck after supper, "what has come over the spirit of the sullen man's dreams?"

"Heaven, I should judge, from present appearances," replied the man, thoughtfully, flecking the ashes from his cigar.

NOW RECONCILED TO HIS JOB.

Sam Realizes the Importance of Ice in the Water Coolers.

Sam was the bright and precocious negro boy, who, during the winter, ushered in Senator Hanna's many visitors at the Lafayette square residence. He was quick, smart, and interesting, and, furthermore, was altogether faithful. When the Senator left town he provided Sam with a place in the treasury department at $45 a month, easy work, 9 to 4 o'clock.

Sam's work consisted largely in putting ice in the water cooler. Having ushered the president, members of the cabinet, and senators to Mr. Hanna's corn-beef hash breakfast table, the boy thought his new duties beneath his dignity, and protested. His chief took him to the office of Assistant Ailes, who, at that time, was the acting secretary of the treasury.

"Sam," said Mr. Ailes, "I am told that you are dissatisfied with your work?"

"Well, yes, sir, I am."

"Rather count money or stamps or dictate letters, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, sir, I had."

"Sam, the present acting secretary of the treasury, when he was older than you, was working in your place at the same pay. If you only have to put ice in the cooler, put it in well. No knowing what will happen in the future."

And Sam went cheerfully back to his work with visions of future greatness, aided by Senator Mark Hanna's influence.—Washington Correspondence St. Louis Republic.

PUG DOG REPLACES "DA MONK."

Brooklyn Organ Grinders' Innovation Excites Comment.

Is the day of the organ grinder's monkey entirely gone? City ordinances, S. P. C. A. influences and a probable scarcity in the monkey market have combined to do away with the comical little creature, which has always been a children's favorite. The question asked above was suggested by an unusual sight seen on lower Fulton street this morning, says the Brooklyn Times. An organ grinder with one of the old-style instruments, which always, in the reporter's boyhood days, not so long gone by, was accompanied by a "monk," passed by on his way to the upper residential districts. Instead of a monkey, however, he had with him a pug dog, which he led by a string. In answer to a question by the reporter the organ grinder said:

"Da monk he maka da lot trooble; da olda gal she keek, say da Etalian hurta da monk, da cop he pulla me and da monk in. I pay da lot mon for da monk; had trooble. Da dog he pleasa kid same da monk, no costa mooch, no so mooch seek, no trooble."

This explanation was perfectly satisfactory to the organ grinder, who evidently gets as many pennies with the dog as an attraction as he would with a monkey, but the reporter could not refrain from thinking of Mickey Finn, and quoting:

"It maka da monk sick; men, too."

He Wanted a Cab.

Masons will appreciate the humor of this story: Few men in Brooklyn were better known or more liked than Sherlock, proprietor of The Abbey, an enormously fat Amphitryon, whose feasts were never interrupted by officious Jupiters. When Sherlock was initiated into his lodge in Brooklyn the night was fearfully hot. On that famous pilgrimage to Jerusalem which all initiates are required to make his perspiration rolled off in torrents, leaving a watery trail behind him. Blindfolded he staggered along, inwardly praying for relief. The conductor, not shortening the journey an iota, but rather drawing out the agony, happened to be an old acquaintance of Sherlock, who finally recognized his voice. When he said: "Now, gentlemen"—there were several initiates in the party—"your journey is nearly ended; you are within 120 miles of Jerusalem," Sherlock gasped, "George, don't you think we'd better hire a cab?" The utter weariness, wretchedness, anguish and despair in the voice caused an explosion that broke up the ceremony.—New York Press.

Mixed Metaphors.

A German lady in a town in Ventura county had a daughter who was her mother's pride, says the Los Angeles Herald. The mamma leans somewhat of a reputation as a Mrs. Malaprop, and is also a prosperous merchant. On one occasion the daughter, who assists her mother in the store, was, by dint of hard work among relatives and friends, chosen as queen of a street carnival to be held in the town. Maternal pride riot in the elder woman's breast. To a friend she burst forth in this ecstatic strain:

"O mein Mollie! She vas so beautiful as nefer vas! Dere vas no gerrel so beautiful as mein Mollie! Und she vas sooch a good cook—mein gracious she vas sooch a good cook! Und she vas sooch a good tressmaker—O dere vas no gerrel like mein Mollie! Und she vas de best clerk vat I effer had in mein shtore! Und she vas a good musicianer—O mein Mollie vas de greatest gerrel vat effer vas—she vas just a Jack of all rabbits!"

Ought to Be a Go.

Sue Brette—She's got a new play for next season.

Polly Pinktites—That so? What is it?

Sue Brette—Musical comedy in three acts and nine dresses.

God has given the poet an imagination so that he can have the pleasure of thinking of things he would do if he had money.

FAMOUS HOPE DIAMOND

Rumor That Senator Clark of Montana Will Purchase Valuable Gem.

Negotiations for the sale of the famous Hope diamond to a rich American have been in progress ever since the big blue gem was brought to the United States last November.

The price of the diamond is $500,000.

It is known that the Hope diamond was recently sent to Senator Clark's office at No. 49 Wall street, and that he examined it with great interest. While he has never been known as a collector of rare gems he is known in Europe and America as a large purchaser of paintings and costly works of art.

The Hope diamond came to the United States on Nov. 26, 1901. It was brought over by Simon Frankel, of the firm of Joseph Frankel's Sons of Nassau street. The diamond was brought in the safe of the German liner Kronprinz Wilhelm in a plain pine case screwed to a shelf.

The Hope diamond is one of these rarest of gems, a perfect blue diamond. It weighs 44⅜ carats, and is cushion-shaped, reflecting a deep sapphire blue light from nearly 200 facets. As to its origin, that, like the history of many other famous gems, is shrouded in mystery. In its present size and form it dates back only to 1838, but there is good reason to believe that it is half of what was once the celebrated Tavernier diamond, one of the crown jewels of King Louis XV.—the Kohinoor of the French crown.

The Tavernier diamond was bought in India in the early part of the eighteenth century by a French traveler. It was said at that time to have been one of the royal jewels of the Pharaohs of Egypt. At any rate, it was brought to France and sold to the king.

In 1792 it was seized by the revolutionists along with the other crown jewels and placed in a strong box in the Gardemeuble. From there it was stolen more than 100 years ago, and no trace of it has ever been found. In 1830, however, a trader named Daniel Eliason appeared in London with a blue diamond about half the size of the missing Tavernier gem, of which he could give no history. This was sold to Henry Thomas Hope, ancestor of the present Lord Hope. In 1874 there turned up in Geneva another blue diamond, exactly matching the Hope diamond in size and color, and experts believe this gem, known as the Brunswick diamond, and the Hope diamond, are the halves of the lost Tavernier jewel.

A blue ribbon friendship is better than an honorable mention love.

Bessie and Her Auto

In a gown that is a vision
Noted for its close adhesion
To the figure it is privileged to pinch—
To the figure in its shaping
Like the hourglass it is aping,
Swelling out in both directions from the cinch.
With her soft eyes proudly blinking,
As the pretty queen is thinking
Of the envious admiration she will win,
Charming Bessie looks so queenly
As she gracefully, serenely,
Lifts her skirts and mounts her auto for a spin.

Down the avenue she's sailing
While a film of steam is trailing
In her wake as fleecy as a bridal veil;
At the knob her foot is banging
And the gong is loudly clanging
At pedestrians who turn a deathly pale!
See them rushing helter-skelter,
Seeking for a place of shelter,
While the fair 'mobilist's features flash a grin.
For it is her sweet opinion
None dares question her dominion
When she's out upon her auto for a spin.

In a reckless way she forces
Men who drive the vulgar horses
To skedaddle from the middle of the street,
And she doesn't care a penny
For the blessings (?), which are many,
That are fired at her with fervid vocal heat,
And the wheelman whom she grazes
Fill the air with dark blue blazes,
But for that she doesn't care a safety pin;
To the curb they must go scootin'
Or she'll smash them sure as shootin'
When she's burning up the roadway on a spin.

She's of modest disposition
In her home. You'd think her mission
On this planet was directed from above;
Not a sweeter smile was ever
By an angel flashed—no, never,
And her eyes are gentle as the eyes of dove,
But her traits so meekly humble
From their base take a tumble
And a spirit of wild recklessness creeps in
When she grasps the waiting lever
In a fit of scorching fever
And is off upon her auto for a spin.

One of the Best of Ian Maclaren's Stories

Mr. Beecher's funny story of the "loaded" drummer which the Journal published last Sunday reminds me that good stories have no local habitation. Ian Maclaren, in his interesting experience of Drumtochty, brought together under the title of "Auld Lang Syne," tells a story of "Jamie" Soutar, who possessed a nippy tongue, which he was very fond of exploiting at the expense of humbugs of all sorts. Dr. Watson says one of Jamie's most felicitous strokes was his guileless response to the humiliating invitation of a lay preacher, who had secured the Free Kirk for an exhoration meeting to wake up Drumtochty to a sense of its sinful condition, not being aware that the people of that village carried their religion deep down in their souls and not upon their sleeves.

"'Now, my dear friends,' said the exhorter, 'all who wish to go to heaven, stand up,' and Drumtochty rose in a solid mass, except Lachlan Campbell, who considered the preacher ignorant of the very elements of doctrine, and Jamie.

"Much cheered by this earnest spirit, the preacher then asked all present who wished to go elsewhere to declare themselves after the same fashion. No one moved for the space of thirty seconds, and the preacher was about to fall back on general exhortation, when Jamie arose in his place and stood with great composure.

"'You surely did not understand what I said, my aged friend.'

"Jamie indicated that he had thoroughly grasped the preacher's meaning.

"'Do you really mean that you are ready to * * * go * * * where I mentioned?'

"'A'm no anxious for sic a road,' said Jamie, blandly, 'but a' cudna bear tae see ye stannin' alane, and you a stranger in the parish,' and Drumtochty went home satisfied that it was not always safe for strangers to come patronizing the village upon their superior goodness, at least while Jamie was to the fore."—H. S., in Boston Journal.

SELF-PROTECTED PLANTS.

Southwestern Vegetation Either Armed or Armored.

Writing in The Century of the Southwest (Arizona and New Mexico particularly), Ray Stannard Baker has this to say of the self-protected plants of the desert spaces:

"In the green hills one loves to lie on the grass, to brush against the trees, to pick a twig here and there and taste the tart sap, but the desert allows no such familiarity. Everything that lives within its confines is either armed or armored. Every cactus stalk is covered with a myriad of spikes and hooks as sharp as needles, that warn one to keep his distance. Thread not on the cactus with your heavy shoes even, for the barbed spines will often pierce thick leather; every rider of the plains has had the experience of picking cactus spines from his bare flesh. The mesquit tree, which is a near relative to the honey locust, is covered with thorns, so that you trespass at your peril; the cat's claw strikes at you as you pass, tearing your clothing and lacerating your skin. Even the agaves and the yuccas, the green foliage of which looks soft enough in the distance, are armed with leaves each of which is a double-edged sword with a spear point. The leaves of the spreading bunches of bear grass, which covers a thousand desert hills, often are so stiff, needle-pointed, and rasp-edged that no animal ever ventures to touch them. Even the greasewood and the strange paloverde tree—the 'green pole' of the Mexicans, a tree with branches, but with almost invisible leaves—while having no spines, yet know well how to protect themselves. Break off a twig of either and the smell of it that clings to your fingers will cure you of further deside to meddle."

A Final Decision.

It was while Judge Celora E. Martin of the New York State Court of Appeals was on the Supreme Court bench, says the New York Times, that a self-important young lawyer was arguing a motion before him. Tiring of the attorney's grandiloquence, Justice Martin interrupted him and started to render an adverse decision.

"But your honor does not understand the case," still urged the attorney, who saw that things were not coming his way. "Permit me to explain the law. I have here some of the latest decisions of the Court of Appeals in which it is held——"

"Motion is denied with costs," again interrupted the justice. "Have you any later decision than that?"

Many Suicides of Soldiers.

The suicide death rate in European armies far exceeds the rate of the country to which the army belongs.

The master poets love to deal with the victory of the vanquished, which the world's thinkers know to be greater than the victory of the victorious.—"Nathan Hale."