

The Garden Walk.

The iris walk was all aglow
With stately beauties—row on row,
Pearly and blue, white as snow,
Dusky and blue as old sea's tide,
But the fairest flower was at my side!

Stopping between them, scarce had she
A look for that flushed galaxy,
But laughing went. The acacia tree,
Loaded, hung just too low; her hair
Was powdered with loose petals there!

The trailing, flounced, and silken gown,
Heedless broke my carnations down;
She tore a roseaway, with a frown
Cast it away—"too deep a red
For her waist-ribbons," so she said!

When I came back, the grass dew-wet,
The scent of sweet peas, mignonette,
Was all about me. I forgot
The hour of coming, but I knew
Each petal of the rose she threw
There on the pathway. I could feel
With its red heart, the crushing heel
Trampling out swift all beauty sweet,
Beneath such dainty, careless feet!

THE WOOING OF ANGELA

By E. H. LANCASTER.

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"Neva hear how Teophile come to marry Angela? No? Das one good story. Yas."

Old man Lizana took a long pull at the Anisette, leaned back on the log, clasped his knotted hands about his knees and smiled meditatively at the axes that rose and fell in the hollow. Morton frowned. He did not want to hear the story. Not that he doubted it's being "good." Lizana was a Frenchman. French to the heart. He could tell a story, even a bad story, and not lack for listeners.

Forquid?
I don't know. But, yes; it is this way.

Your Frenchman can be a hog; say things, do things, even write things quite hoggish and altogether dreadful. And yet people smile. Comment? The hog is only a cur-tailed pig after all, with his impudent nose in the air, and his roguish eye squint. Ah, but it is different with your Englishman. When he plays the hog he must needs eat carrion and roll in the mud—the very vilest mud. A hog is a filthy brute, don't you know? And whatever he elects to do, be it bravery or brutishness, John English goes the whole thing. Your American looks on and laughs—if he is not too busy with his money-making.

But this was not a bad story; any girl could have heard it. Why should Morton hold back from the tempting treat?

Well, there were several reasons. The story was hard on his host. This was Theophile Lessier's chopping, and it is hardly fair to laugh at a man behind his back while you drink his Anisette. Rather, one should chop logs into coal kiln lengths, as one is expected to do, as those young fellows down there in the hollow were doing. Running races and guying one another on to exertions truly strenuous. Giving promise of a successful chopping.

"Teophile git hees wood all cot dia time, sho," grinned old man Lizana. He slapped his leg, guffawed, tipped the Anisette jar, and resumed his story. Morton laid down in the grass. He wanted to hear and he did not want to make the old man mad? Out certainty. He was in love with the old man's daughter, the pretty Camille. Old men with pretty daughters are generally popular with young men—at least, it is so on Bayou Des Arcadians.

"Et was dis way," the old man began, "Teophile, he been comin' see Angela long time, long time, yas. Evva since dey was chillun."

Morton nodded. He knew well the customs of the people he had elected to live with. Their long wooings; their early marriages and hard-working, patient lives. Dumb, unresponsive, pathetic, with a strange note of poetic joyousness running through the whole.

Puzzling and foiling alike to psychologist and politician. "Sir," said the psychologist, "your Cajan will give a lazy ha ha, where any other white man would swear and then, sir, turn around and fly into a perfect frenzy of rage at nothing."

"Sir," responded the politician, who

Meanwhile, old man Lizana telling the story of Theophile's long wooing. A pretty tale, all flecked over with moonbeams and wild flowers. A story too, of long, lonely rides through the small hours when the boy, having sat half the night on the steps with his fawn-eyed sweetheart, made his way to the distant logging camp. Riding hard that his team might be the first to role out at crack of dawn.

Old man Lizana sketched it all in graphically, and Morton lay in the grass, giving as much heed to the song of the axes in the hollow as to the slow, drawing voice at his elbow. When the old fellow leaned forward and spread out his toll-twisted fingers, it would be time enough to listen.

Presently that time came. A knobby



"Goin' marry dat girl? Goin' die?"

forefinger slipped its interlacing fellows, and pointed southward.

"Angela's papa leve down yondah. He fesh for de factry. Mebbe he be gone week, mebbe mont." Neva know. Eef he find pliante shrimp de first day—"the heavy, stooped shoulders came into play. 'Twas while he was gone das Angela and Teophile fall out. I neva hear what he do but Angela git m-a-d. Call heem polecat. Den Teophile he git mad, too. But hees mad was diff'rent from Angela. Girl git mad more quick dan boy, but boy stay mad, das-so, yas. Teophile, he go down to de store and mek beeg brag. Say he want neva goin' marry des lay low. By-en-by here come Teophile, walkin' mighty beeg and whistle. Shake out hees sail and slide off from de wharf, slow and quiet. Dey want moch breeze. Eef was jes' before day and mos' always eet's mighte steel jes' befo' day. But Teophile keep sleepin' away, sleepin' away, till he get good piece out and old man ain't showed up yet. Dere was his boat all tied up and dere was Teophile. Where was the old man? Jes' den a leetle skeef poke eets nose out from under de wharf. I see a man's back an' den de old man's cap and Angela. No. He goin' sell hees horst and buy boat. Den he goin' way. Long way, yas. Over to Louisiana. And he did. 'Cajan don' talk for nothin'. He sell hees horse and buy hees boat—and jes' 'bout dat time Angela's papa come home.

"Down to the store dey tell him 'bout beeg brag Teophile mek. How he say he ain't neva goin' marry Angela, and how he goin' start early next mornin' for Louisiana.

"Old man didn' say moch. No, das 'Cajan's way when som'in' goin' happen. But me, I know. Early next mornin' I go down on de wharf and sompin' black on the las' seat, and den I know what's goin' happen.

"Szo, but dat skeef move, yas. Ran like scared deer. And Teophile's boat goin' slow, more slow. De wind almost dying out. Den Teophile, he catch on. He git out hees oars and begin to pull. Pull h-a-r-d. 'Twas fonne, yas. Heem in dat beeg boat, and das skeef runnin' like scared deer. Fonne? Yas. But it didn't las' long. 'Bout tree minutes old man pull in hees oars and stand up. Dey want no more black t'ing on de las' seat, but dere was sompin' against de old man's shoulder and sompin' close to hees cheek. And Teophile's sail so steel it couldn' scare a fly. Leetle while ev'ling mighty quiet, den de old man's voice come over de wat'—

"'Goin' marry dat girl? Goin' die?'"

"Teophile, he look at de old man over dat gun, look at de sail, look all round. Den he pick up de line and row heem to Angela's papa. And de next day he marry Angela!

"Down to de store, dey say 'Teo-

phile and Angela mek op. But me, I know how dey come mek op." The old fellow's guffaw caught the attention of the youngsters coming up from the hollow in search of the Anisette jug.

"What's de fon, Pere Lizana?" they shouted to him. Morton got up and walked away. His mouth felt a little dry. There might be something very picturesque about this breach of promise suit that was heard, tried and decided all inside of three minutes by an old man in a boat, while the beautiful early light broke over the dreamy waters, but Morton's soliloquy took another turn.

"That's the way with these cussed 'Cajans. When their blood's up they don't care that for the laws of God or man. The women are beautiful and obedient, the men peaceful as well-fed steers if you don't make them mad. If you do—" Morton found his horse, mounted it and rode away. He had decided not to stay for the dance that would wind up the chopping. Camille would be there? Yes, but then, it was Camille's papa who had just been telling him that "one good story."

DESERVED TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

Unparalleled Fortitude Exhibited by German Forester.

Fritz Werner was a German forester. One day a stag gored him frightfully in the abdomen.

As the infuriated animal pulled out his antlers, backed away and prepared for a second charge, the injured man propped himself on an elbow and fired just as the stag was closing in on him. The animal fell dead and the man fainted away.

When he recovered consciousness he found that he could not attract attention by shouting. He realized that he was out of the beaten paths and that unless he dragged himself to a frequented place he would surely die. So he began dragging himself through the forest in the direction of his employer's house, three miles away.

He started on his journey at noon; at 3 o'clock the next morning the occupants of the house were aroused by the explosion of a gun nearby. Investigating they found the forester in a dead faint, and nearly dead from loss of blood, lying on the lawn. By his side was a smoking gun.

When the injured man got so that he could speak and tell his story, his master asked him:

"But why did you drag that heavy gun all the way?"

"I knew that I couldn't shout when I did reach an inhabitable place," was the reply, "so I brought it along to attract attention. I didn't think of it until I had crawled for half a mile, then I crawled back and got it."

Dangers of Life.

A beautiful ship sailed out of the bay. Unconscious of reef or storm; The sunbeams danced on the laughing waves That fondled her graceful form.

But the night came down, and the storm burst forth, And a hidden rock was there— The fair ship struck on a treacherous ledge.

And sank, mid a cry of despair!

A fair young girl with her innocent heart

Baled out on the social sea; A breath of flattery filled each sail, And life was an ecstasy.

A hidden reef, and the passion storm

Lurked cruelly there to ban— She trusted love—and her life was wrecked

On the traitorous heart of a man!

How fair she looks even lying here

With the city's nameless dead, The golden hair over her waxen brow Like an angel's plume spread.

O, mother, who waits for the dear one's voice

That evermore is dumb! God pity us all, for we know not how Or when the end may come!

—P. S. Cassidy in the Washington Times

New Use for Bees.

Down on Long Island the farmers have discovered that persons suffering from rheumatism and sciatica can obtain relief by allowing honey bees to sting the affected parts. This is a very unpleasant process and entirely unnecessary. The poison of the bee sting is chiefly formic acid. This acid is also found in stinging nettles, in ants and some varieties of caterpillars. There is no difficulty in preparing formic acid, and it would seem that physicians might find it advantageous to experiment with it as a remedy for rheumatic troubles—either in acid form or in formates. Certainly some means can be devised of introducing it into the circulation less painful than allowing bees to sting a rheumatic sufferer by wholesale.

Great Day for Tipplers.

John Massengale, a wealthy 60-year-old ranchman of Macon county, Missouri, was married last week to the widow of his cousin. He and his intended drove to a preacher's house in Macon, and were married as they sat in a buggy. Then the happy bridegroom called up his lawyer by telephone and told him to see that for the remainder of the day no saloon-keeper should accept money from his customers. "It's my treat," said he, "and you send the bills to my ranch." Such a jamboree resulted as Macon had never before seen, which was probably the bridegroom's idea of a fitting celebration.

The Vital Question.

It was during the heat of the great campaign. The orator of the evening became eloquent as he reached his peroration. "Men of the 'Seventh Assembly District, are you husbands, are you fathers are you men? In a word, are you willing to sell your suffrages?"

"Now, that's business," cried a rough voice from the crowd. "How much will you pay for them?"

STREET VIEW, GRANSTOWN, BAHAMAS



Life in the tropics has little of the strenuousness associated with the struggle for existence in these northern climes. Nature provides

almost every necessity, and the climate breeds habits of indolence, so that the happy languor of the inhabitants of the Bahamas is

not surprising. Our illustration shows a street scene in Granstown at midday, the time of the inevitable siesta.

TO DESTROY WILD BEASTS.

Scheme in India That Closely Approaches Actual Warfare.

In spite of the many plans which have been tried by the Indian government, there is no diminution, but rather the contrary, in the number of deaths caused by wild beasts. Various conjectures are hazarded to account for this failure of the executive, but it is pretty well agreed that the destruction of game by sportsmen and by drought compels tigers, leopards, wolves, and hyenas to prey to a greater extent on humanity.

Whether that be the case or not, Lord Curzon has unquestionably gone the right way to work by resorting to the novel expedient of employing Goorkha soldiers in some of the worst infested districts. Born sportsmen as they are, and perfectly fearless, they readily take up with this new sort of military duty, and there seems every likelihood that the venture, if persevered with, will be crowned with complete success. Wolves are, it appears, much greater delinquents than the more lordly carnivora; they are debilitated with nearly 300 deaths per annum in the United Provinces alone.

But they will have a hot time of it when the Goorkhas carry out their proposed scheme of a scientific jungle hunt, much on the lines of Lord Kitchener's blockhouse system. First one patch, then another, will be surrounded and cleared by detachments marching concentrically, the intervals between them being filled up with beaters thumping on tom-toms as at a tiger hunt. There will be a reward it may be assumed, for every wolf or other man-killing animal slain, but the Goorkha does not need any monetary inducement to enlist his best services for such thoroughly congenial work.

Big Length of Cable Laid.

Another stretch of the long Canadian-Australian cable has been completed, the big cable-laying steamship Colonia having placed on the Pacific ocean's bed its one load of 3,540 miles of cable, which it took out from Victoria, B. C., Sept. 18. The captain of the vessel reported that everything went splendidly on the voyage, and that there was not a hitch of any

kind. The route over which the stretch of cable was laid has a remarkably even bottom, and this simplified the work, although the section is said to be the longest in the world. This now leaves a section of 2,100 nautical miles between Fanning Island and Suva, in the Fiji Islands, to complete the cable.

Could Not Work Judge.

Judge Foster of the New York court of general sessions has put the stamp of legal condemnation on the idea that

EVERYTHING UNDER ONE ROOF

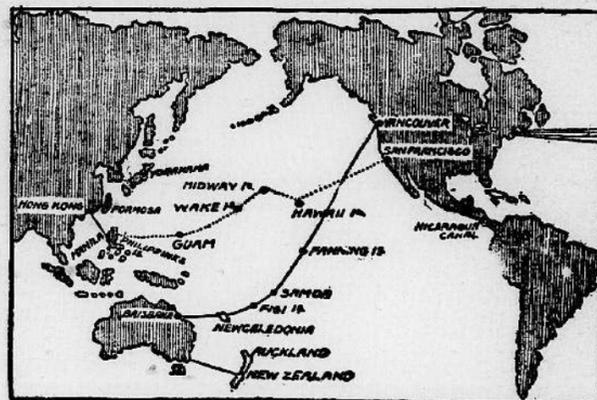
Discovery of a Man From Up the State in a City Hotel.

"I never appreciated the completeness of your big hotels," said the traveler from up the state, "so much as this trip.

"I got in about 7 one night and went to one of them I had to get into my evening clothes in a hurry and hustle to keep an appointment.

"I'd just begun to get ready when I discovered that I couldn't open my

CABLES IN THE PACIFIC



New Line Just Completed Between Vancouver, B. C., and Brisbane, Australia. Dotted Line Shows the Projected American Cable From San Francisco to the Philippines.

it is wise for a woman to marry a criminal for the purpose of reforming him. The judge was asked to suspend sentence on a young man convicted of larceny because the accused was engaged to "an estimable young lady." His honor refused, saying he had investigated the fellow's record and found it bad. He added a hope that the young woman would also investigate and take back her promise to marry. Then he sentenced the man to six months in the penitentiary.

trunk. Something was wrong with the lock and I thought I was up against it for fair.

"On general principles, I hit the button for a bellboy and told my troubles. "Is that all?" he says. "I'll send the locksmith up in a minute."

"Do you keep a locksmith on all the time?" I asked.

"Sure," he says.

"In about five minutes a man floated in with an outfit that would have opened a burglar-proof vault. He had the trunk open while I was taking off my coat and vest.

"But that wasn't all. He had to take the lock off, so I said:

"Where'll I send this to now so's I can get a new lock on in a hurry to-morrow?"

"Send it out!" he says. "You don't need to. I'm only the night locksmith, and I haven't got all the tools handy, but if you'll send for the day locksmith in the morning he'll put a new lock on it for you in a few minutes."

"And he did. Maybe that's nothing new for you New Yorkers, but to a man from a cross-roads village like Rochester, it seemed about the limit on having everything under one roof."

—New York Sun.

Hardly the Same Thing.

Senator Mason of Illinois is the possessor of a fine voice. He exercises it frequently when at his home by singing melodies that strike his fancy. The other day he received a compliment upon his vocal abilities. At least he thought it was a compliment until it was explained to him. The senator tells the story.

"I was out at my summer home," he said, "and as usual I went around singing. One day my daughter came to me.

"'Father,' said she, 'Mrs. X. thinks you have a fine voice.'"

"I was quite flattered.

"'What makes you think so?' I asked.

"'Oh, she told me the other day that you sang heavenly.'"

"Well, for a minute I wanted to send for Mrs. X. and ask her if she wanted any passes. Then my daughter finished the compliment.

"'She didn't say it was heavenly, but she said the same thing. She said it was unearthly.'"



"Das one good story, yas." had once paid a 'Cajan's poll tax in order to get his vote, and had not gotten it. "Sir, if one of those pig-headed, numbskulls gets an idea into his head, nothing short of dynamite will get it out. You may talk yourself as hoarse as a dry-weather frog, while he sits there rolling cigarettes and saying 'Das-so, das-so, yas.' By the great Lord Harry, sir, when you leave him he is exactly where you found him."