

**LAURELED.**

Back from the strenuous wars he comes  
to me,  
He is my son, grown brown, with  
strange scarred hands;  
The mouths of bipod and death in alien  
lands  
Are in his face; his boyish will to be  
Is four-fold won. I glow and weep to  
see  
The trodden meadow blackened with  
the bands  
Of bearded, marching men whom he  
commands,  
With being rearranged he comes to me.

L, small beside him, try to utter prayers;  
I, honored for the laurels that he wears!  
God knows, God knows I stand with  
empty arms,  
And lonesome heart no need of praises  
warms.  
I crush the laurel branch. Oh, God, I  
miss  
The soft-mouthed baby I can never  
kiss.  
—Bookman.

**WHEN FEAR REIGNED**

**J**UST before the civil war broke  
out, I, with my cousin, was in  
New York. We had many friends  
in the city, but being both of an inde-  
pendent turn of character, we preferred  
living by ourselves, so we looked about  
for a boarding-house. The one we hit  
upon was situated in the best part of  
Fourteenth street, and was a fine  
brown stone building, with a most pre-  
tentious portico, and a flight of some  
twelve steps up to the entrance door.  
Now, to understand what follows, it is  
necessary the reader should know the  
position of the room we engaged.

As you entered the hall, the reception  
parlor, as it was called, lay on your  
right hand, and was a very fine room;  
at the end of it were two doors which  
led back and led into the room which  
we were to occupy. These said doors  
were ground glass half way down, with  
flowers on it, but so thick as to exclude  
any view of what was passing in the  
other room, unless you pressed your  
face against the glass, and then it  
would be but an imperfect vision. Our  
apartment was large, and had three  
windows, two only half-way down, but  
the third, a French one, opening on to  
the wooden balcony that ran along the  
back of the house, with a flight of steps  
down to a piece of ground. Our room  
had also another entrance, a door lead-  
ing into a little lobby, very convenient  
for putting our trunks, dresses, etc., in;  
this had again another door into the  
hall.

The dining-room was situated in the  
basement, on a level with the kitchens,  
as were also the servants' bedrooms,  
three in number. The house was several  
stories high, and either by chance,  
or because the purses of the other  
boarders were, like our own, not too  
heavy, two or three floors above us  
were at present unoccupied, and the  
other boarders slept on the top of the  
house. Thus we were cut off from the  
rest of the community by a lot  
of empty rooms; this did not trouble  
us, and all went on well for some  
weeks, but in the middle of November,  
when the season was at its dreariest,  
our landlady, who had not the best of  
tempers, fell out with her servants,  
and they one and all left her at a day's  
notice. Now, as everybody knows, do-  
mestics in New York are rather diffi-  
cult to obtain, so the reader can im-  
agine the dismay of the mistress of the  
house. For two days we managed in  
some way or other; but the boarders  
grumbled, and the merchant said he  
must leave unless he got his meals  
properly; so, driven to her wits' end,  
Mrs. Andrews engaged three servants  
who applied for her place.

They had only just landed, they said,  
to account for their having no charac-  
ters, and, with the fear of losing her  
boarders, it would not do to be too par-  
ticular, and the women, who, by the  
way, were all friends, entered on their  
duties. My cousin and myself pos-  
sessed several articles of fine jewelry;  
these things I saw the new housemaid,  
the day after her arrival, when tidying  
up our room, examining very minutely.  
I did not think much of it at the time,  
putting it down to curiosity. This  
girl's name was Margaret, and I must  
say a more unprepossessing-looking  
person I have seldom seen; not that  
she was ugly, but there was a cunning  
light in her gray eyes, which she  
never raised to give you a fair, honest  
look, and an evil expression in her face  
that would have gone against her in  
any court of justice; but it was nothing  
to me, and, beyond remarking to my  
cousin Bertha that the girl was not  
pleasant-looking, I dismissed her from  
my mind.

The third day after the advent of the  
new domestics we went to spend the  
day with some friends who lived at  
Brooklyn; there the conversation turned  
on the number of burglaries, nearly  
always attended with murder, that had  
lately taken place in New York, said  
to be committed by a gang of ruffians  
who wore light linen masks, and who  
had managed to elude justice. This  
description made a great impression  
on me; the idea of waking and seeing  
a white mask hanging over one haunt-

**MARSHALL FIELD'S DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND.**



Captain David Beatty, of the royal navy, was recently privately married in London to the only daughter of Marshall Field of Chicago. Captain Beatty entered the royal navy in 1858 and served in the Sudan campaign in 1898 with the naval brigade under Kitchener. He was mentioned in the dispatches and was decorated with the distinguished service and the Sudan medals. The Khedive bestowed upon him the order of Medjidie. He was wounded in China and in-  
valided home. His promotion has been singularly rapid, but it appears thoroughly  
deserved. Being only 32 years old, he is one of the youngest captains in the  
British navy. Captain Beatty is a man of small means. He has little if any-  
thing besides his pay, but if he remains in the navy it is certain that his  
ability will lead him to attain high rank. He is held in great esteem at the ad-  
miralty.

ed me all the way home. We were  
too late for anything to eat when we  
arrived at our boarding-house, for din-  
ner was the last meal, and that was  
served at seven, now it was nearly ten;  
so, feeling rather hungry, we got Mar-  
garet to go out and get us some rolls,  
made a frugal meal, and then prepared  
for bed.

What induced me I cannot tell, but  
for the first time since we had occu-  
pied this room I examined the fasten-  
ings of the shutters, and found them  
very frail. Much to the amusement of  
my cousin, looking round the room for  
something to place against the window,  
my eyes fell on the fireirons, and a  
bright thought entered my head; I  
would place the shovel against the  
fastening of one window, and the tongs  
at the other, in such a way that,  
should anyone open the windows from  
the outside, these things would fall  
down with a crash. To the French  
window I placed the head of our sofa  
bed, thus effectually barricading that.  
Bertha was much amused at my pro-  
ceedings, but she let me do as I pleased  
about it, for she saw I was nervous.  
"The fact is, Nettie," she said, "the  
horrible stories we have heard to-day  
have alarmed you; but it's all nonsense,  
dear, and I have no doubt very much  
exaggerated. Having now fortified our  
citadel, come to bed." We always left  
the gas burning a little all night, so  
after attending to that I got into bed,  
and fell asleep. I forgot to say the  
doors in the reception-room were of  
course secured, and also the one out  
of the little lobby leading to the hall,  
but the one from our room into the  
lobby we always left open.

I was awakened by a most terrible  
crash, the tongs had fallen down on a  
little marble table, on which were the  
debris of our evening meal, and the  
shutters were open. "Annie," said  
Bertha, "get up, child; they're getting  
into the room," and she bounded to  
the door into the hall and opened it. As  
for me, I was paralyzed with fright,  
expecting each moment to see a white  
mask enter the room; whether the noise  
alarmed them, I know not; however,  
they did not do so; and Bertha, whose  
courage and self-possession never left  
her, turned up the gas to its full ex-  
tent, and refastened the shutters. "An-  
ette," she said, "dress as quickly as you  
can," herself setting me the example.  
More dead than alive, I did as she de-  
sired. All was silent for a little time,  
perhaps for ten minutes, although to us  
it seemed hours, when we heard the  
servants' window open, and a whis-  
per conversation carried on in men's  
voices. Another danger menaced us;  
they were in the house. As I sat watch-  
ing the door from the lobby into the  
hall, which Bertha had unlocked, the  
idea flashed across my mind that they  
would enter from there. "The door!"  
I said. Bertha understood me, and flew  
to it and fastened it. Not one moment  
too soon for, as she did so, the handle  
was turned, and a muttered curse greet-  
ed her ear. However, they were not to  
be baffled so easily, and thinking, no  
doubt, they were all safe, began picking  
the lock.

Of course, our only chance lay in  
alarms the house. "Scream, Nettie,  
as loud as you can," said Bertha, and  
she seized the bell-rope, pulling it franti-  
cally. Fright lent me power, and cer-  
tainly the horrible yells in which I in-  
dulged were enough to awaken the  
dead. The servants ran up after a  
time, but we would not open the door  
to them. At last the landlady and the  
other boarders were aroused, and  
knocked at our door, and we let them  
in. When Bertha opened the shutters  
there was the window up, the pane  
just above the fastening cut away. We  
told what had happened, and our be-  
lief that there were robbers at that  
moment in the servants' room. Margaret  
and the cook turned as pale as death

at the remark; and when the two gen-  
tlemen went to search the house, they  
stood with their back to their chamber  
doors, daring them to enter, and they  
did not.

All the servants were discharged the  
next day, and two weeks after the  
whole of New York rang with the story  
of one of the most horrible murders  
that had ever been committed. One  
of the victims was not quite dead when  
the crime was discovered, although she  
expired a few hours after the fearful  
injuries she had received. But she  
lived long enough to be the means of  
bringing the dread band to justice. A  
widow lady, with her two grown-up  
daughters, three younger children and  
their governess, resided in one of the  
new streets uptown; they were com-  
fortably off, and the lady, whose name  
was Maynard, was in the habit of keep-  
ing rather a large sum of money in her  
desk.

Her house was broken into by men  
with white masks, and the whole of  
the family slaughtered with the ex-  
ception of the governess, who lived  
long enough to tell the story. She had  
been left for dead by the monsters,  
who decamped after their deed of  
blood with all the valuable they could  
find. And it appeared that two new  
servants Mrs. Maynard had engaged  
a few days before were in league with  
the robbers, and had assisted them in  
the commission of their crimes. The  
servants were arrested, and, finding it  
was all up with them, the youngest,  
who turned out to be no other than our  
Margaret, confessed to having been  
engaged in no less than fourteen bur-  
glaries. The band had several women  
in their employ; their part was to get  
places, and by that means let the men  
into the houses. Moreover, she ac-  
knowledged that their motto was  
"Dead men tell no tales;" so they gen-  
erally added murder to robbery. The  
whole band was broken up after that;  
but we never forgot the escape we had  
had; and were most particular after,  
while in New York, to have our rooms  
upstairs.—New York News.

**Advantages of the Doctor.**  
Physicians, like clergymen, are con-  
cerned in trying to make their fellow  
men better, but they have a great ad-  
vantage over the clerical brethren in  
being able to shape their lives accord-  
ing to their whims and necessities with-  
out undue criticism from their fellows.  
We prefer that our doctors should be  
good men. We insist that they shall  
have a high degree of professional  
honor. We expect them not to be un-  
duly mercenary, and not to grudge a  
fair measure of their time to the public  
service. But we don't concern our-  
selves about what they eat, or drink, or  
smoke, or how they choose to have  
their share of sun, says a writer in  
Harper's Weekly. We don't even in-  
sist that they shall practice what they  
preach, and we should be disappointed  
if we did, for though doctors spend  
their lives in efforts to induce people to  
take care of their health, it is unusual  
for a busy doctor to take even ordinary  
care of himself. His sleep is broken,  
his meals are irregular, he overworks  
himself; very likely he smokes too  
much. But as long as our confidence in  
his skill is unimpaired we don't criticize  
him.

Doctors are supposed to know what  
is good for themselves, and in their  
hands we leave the responsibility for  
their own cases as well as for ours. To  
be sure, we scoff a great deal at the  
medical profession, carp at its contra-  
dictions and remark upon its limita-  
tions, but in the long run the good doc-  
tors get the credit that is their due,  
even though its arrears may not come  
in until after they are dead.

A woman never realizes the trouble  
and work necessary to get hold of a  
dollar.

**SINGLE TREE HAMMOCK.**

The novelty of the hammock shown  
in the picture consists in its ability to  
keep on the shady side of the tree at  
all hours of the day, and it also has  
the advantage of being adapted for use  
on a single tree or the side of a house,  
where only one support is available.  
Of course, it will not curve from end  
to end like the ordinary hammock, but  
it has a swinging motion of its own.



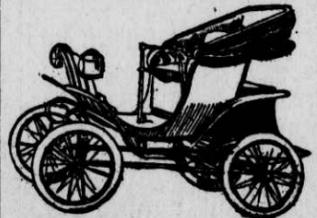
SWINGS LITERALLY AROUND THE TREE.

and it can be made quite as comfort-  
able for resting as those now in use.  
The attachment to the tree is made by  
a ball and socket joint and the two  
hooks, with the suspending cables, the  
joint allowing the hammock to swing  
laterally in substantially the same  
plane. By providing duplicate heads  
for suspending the hammock it can  
be moved around the tree into another  
position as the day advances, thus al-  
ways keeping under the shady side of  
the tree, and when not in use it folds  
up flat for storage in small compass.  
The inventor is Malachi D. Huff of  
Carthage, Ill.

**QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S AUTO.**

Royal Lady Takes Great Pleasure in  
Driving the Machine.

Queen Alexandra has become posses-  
sed of a victoriette, which she has learn-  
ed to drive herself. Seated for two, its  
framework is articulated, so that it  
adapts itself to any unevenness of road  
without stress or strain. The single  
motor is of 4 horse power, of four pole



QUEEN'S ELECTRIC MOTOR CARRIAGE.

type, and can be worked to five times  
normal capacity without any injurious  
effects.

The batteries are fitted in the rear  
portion of the carriage, and contain  
sufficient energy for thirty-five or forty  
miles on one charge. The car is elec-  
trically lit and fitted with japanned  
lamps, relieved with silver-plate fit-  
tings; the wheels are of bicycle type,  
and fitted with 3-inch pneumatic tires.  
Speed of car is from six miles to four-  
teen miles per hour.

The Queen herself has become an ex-  
pert driver, and derives great pleasure  
from this pleasing little vehicle, which  
is now quite familiar in the neighbor-  
hood of Sandringham.

**OLD GENTLEMAN'S MISTAKE.**

He Intended to Be Kind but Was Mis-  
understood.

He is a fine old gentleman, every one  
who takes daily trips on the street  
car line will say so. He is kindly con-  
siderate of the rights of his fellow pas-  
sengers, and, though he usually occu-  
pies the end seat, it is not because he  
insists upon having, but because his fel-  
low passengers insist that he shall have  
it. His politeness is of the old, old  
school, and his deference to the ladies  
is beautiful to behold, says the Indian-  
apolis News. He has been seen time  
and again when the conductor was  
slow or remiss in his attention to wom-  
en with babies and washerwomen with  
baskets to assist in taking them, with  
their incumbrances, off and on the car.  
In view of these things, the happening  
of yesterday was pathetic.

A young woman, indeed an extremely  
handsome and well-dressed young woman,  
was seated before him. The old gen-  
tleman noticed a bug in the knot  
of hair bunched above the white neck  
of the fair young woman—a shining,  
green bug, nearly as large as one's  
thumb nail. He leaned forward to per-  
form an act of kindness; he would  
brush the insect away. He brushed.  
The bug, to his view, but took a firmer  
clasp on its lodging place.

The old gentleman made a second at-  
tempt. With thumb and finger he seized  
the insect and pulled vigorously. The  
young woman turned at this; fire was  
in her radiant eyes, anger in her voice.  
She uttered but one word—  
"S-I-R!"

It was enough. The old gentleman  
was paralyzed. He attempted to ex-

plain, but his tongue refused to make  
an articulate sound. Covered with con-  
fusion he touched the electric button  
and alighted at the next crossing.

A few of the passengers smiled; one  
or two even laughed. The bug was a  
Brazilian beetle attached to a long pin  
in the young woman's hair.

**IS LAKE ERIE DRYING UP?**

Startling Report Which Comes From a  
Government Official.

Tradition has it that once upon a  
time, for a single day, since civilization  
obtained a footing on this contin-  
ent, the bed of the Niagara River was  
dry and the cliffs down which the  
mighty waters have since plunged with-  
out cessation stood forth naked and  
black and frowning and grim. The  
phenomenon was explained on natural  
grounds. The same thing may happen  
again under similar circumstances,  
though such an occurrence would at-  
tract more wondering visitors probably  
than does the great cataract now as it  
roars and surges and flashes in the sun-  
light from century to century. It must  
suggest to most people a surprise of  
hardly less degree to be informed that  
Lake Erie is in danger of becoming so  
shallow as to offer serious obstacles to  
navigation. We can conceive of the  
Niagara being dammed at its source,  
but few have ever dreamed that the  
vast expanse of water which furnishes  
it its life current would ever perceptibly  
shrink.

That is the startling report, how-  
ever, that the chief engineer of the Ma-  
rine Department of Canada has just  
made. He has returned to Ottawa from  
a tour of inspection of the upper lakes,  
and states that Lake Erie is lower than  
was ever known to be the case before.  
This condition is due, he thinks, to a  
series of dry seasons, to the drain  
made by the power development works  
at Niagara Falls and to the fact that  
dredging the Tonawanda canal has  
made it easier for water to escape from  
the lake. He considers it imperative  
that the United States government  
adopt remedial measures at an early  
date, else navigation upon its present  
basis will be seriously interfered with.

He offers no suggestions as to what  
remedies should be applied. The sea-  
sons are not likely to remain always  
dry, though when a body of water like  
this great inland sea is appreciably af-  
fected it is about the most startling  
commentary yet noted upon the policy  
of stripping the country of its rain-  
gatherers in the forests of the North-  
west. Lake Erie at best is one of the  
shallowest of the great chain. There  
are three divisions in its floor, increas-  
ing its depth toward its outlet. The  
upper portion has a level floor with  
an average depth of about thirty feet.  
The middle portion, taking in the prin-  
cipal part of the lake, has a mean depth  
of from sixty to seventy feet. The  
lower portion varies from 60 to 240 feet.  
These measurements were taken a  
number of years ago and are not ap-  
plicable to the reduced depth that has  
been reported.

The area of the lake is 9,600 square  
miles, or more by nearly a fourth than  
that of the State of Massachusetts.  
But it drains only a narrow margin of  
country around it and receives no riv-  
ers of importance, the Maumee being  
the largest on the American side. It is  
more than 300 feet higher than Lake  
Ontario. It is one of the most impor-  
tant factors in our system of lake nav-  
igation, and furnishes business for  
many flourishing towns and cities. The  
present report concerning it may be a  
false alarm, a passing sensation,  
though we do not expect representa-  
tions for the sake of sensation from  
scientific gentlemen in government ser-  
vice. No harm can come from a care-  
ful investigation of the conditions, to  
say the least.—Boston Transcript.

**Stated the Case Plainly.**

Here is a letter from W. O. Town-  
send, a farmer living on the Santa Fe  
near Marceline, Kan., which brought  
immediate settlement when received by  
the claims department of that rail-  
road:

"Dear Sir—I have only one wife and  
five children—no mother-in-law. Last  
Monday night, about two and one-half  
miles east of Marceline, the cars hit  
Spot on her caboose end. We found her  
Tuesday morning, April 16; she was  
as dead as a dirty doormat. She left  
a son to look for her. Spot was a  
common 10-year-old Muskeg cow, worth  
\$25. She was a fair milk-  
er; of a kind disposition. During the  
seven years we owned her she never  
bit any of the children. Please send  
me \$25 that I may get a cow, so we can  
have milk for that calf and children,  
and oblige."

**A Helpful Hint.**

"Sir," began the beggar at the res-  
taurant door, "won't you help me to  
get a square meal?"

"No!" snapped the man who had just  
come out. "But stay! Yes, I will.  
Here's a tip for you. If you succeed in  
raising the price of a square meal don't  
go in that joint for it, for you won't  
get it."

During the first six months of mar-  
ried life, a woman thinks so much of  
her husband that she is willing to cook  
what he likes, and this is the time in  
her housekeeping career when she  
doesn't know how.

**A GREAT ACTOR.**

Artist Who Discounted Booth, Barrett  
as Richard Mansfield.

"Yes, sir," said the old man, unosten-  
tatiouly annexing a prune while the  
groceryman's back was turned. "You  
fellows kin talk all yer wanter about  
Booth'n Barret an' John L. Sullivan an'  
Richard Mansfield, but I ain't never  
hearn that any of 'em ever played  
more'n one part in th' same show.  
Pshaw! Anybody kin do that, but  
when it comes down to doin' five or six  
parts, I call that actin'. I think the  
greatest actor I ever seed was with th'  
last 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' troupe that  
came through here. Lord, but it was a  
fine show! Two 'Uncle Toms,' two  
'Topsies,' two 'Lawyer Markses,' two  
everything. First I seed of th' feller he  
was beatin' the snare drum in the street  
parade an' leadin' them Cuban blood-  
hounds at th' same time. That night  
he took tickets at th' door, an' when  
the curtain went up I seed that he was  
actin' the part of 'St. Clair.' Later on  
in th' play he acted one of th' 'Lawyer  
Markses,' then came out as that quaker  
chap, an' 'tween acts derved if he  
didn't do an acrobatic specialty that  
wuz fine. Gosh, but he wuz sweatin'  
when th' curtain went down, and I  
thought he'd be near dead, but dog-  
goned if he wasn't at the door sellin'  
pictures of 'Little Evy' as we went out.  
I happened to be down town late that  
night, and who should I see goin' long  
th' street but that actor. He was  
wheelin' the trunks down to the depot.  
Now, sirs, he's what I call a great  
actor!"—Kansas City Independent.

**MARQUIS OF ORMONDE**

Succeeds King Edward as Commodore  
of the Yacht Squadron.

The Marquis of Ormonde is now the  
commodore of the Royal Yacht Squad-  
ron, succeeding King Edward in that  
position. The Duke of Leeds has been  
made vice-commodore.



MARQUIS OF ORMONDE.

Lord Ormonde is one of the most no-  
table men in the Irish peerage. He is  
the hereditary chief butler of Ireland  
and vice-admiral of Leinster. Born at  
Kilkenny Castle on Oct. 5, 1844, he suc-  
ceeded the second marquis, his father,  
in the great estates of the marquisate  
in 1854. He was educated at Harrow  
and joined the First Life Guards in  
1863, retiring with the rank of captain  
ten years later. The marquis has al-  
ways been devoted to the pastime of  
yachting and is himself an excellent  
sailor. His duchy is the daughter  
of the first Duke of Westminster.

**Deficient in Dead Languages.**  
Cardinal Pedro Goncalves was a pious  
man who believed in the gospel of  
peace. He noticed one day that a  
priest in his train carried a short sword  
under his cloak. The cardinal reproved  
him, saying that a cleric should not  
carry arms.

"True," answered the priest humbly,  
"but I carry the weapon only to defend  
myself should I be attacked by a dog."  
"In that case," said the cardinal,  
"and if I saw a dog running toward  
me, I should begin to recite the Gospel  
of John."

"That," returned the priest, "would  
be a wise thing, indeed, but may it not  
be that there are some dogs that do not  
understand Latin?"—Youth's Com-  
panion.

**The Lowest Price.**

A cheap-jack butcher brought his cart  
to a standstill in Petticoat lane. A  
miserable old woman eyed closely the  
heap of bones and gristle which was  
referred to by the butcher as joints and  
steaks. She was evidently very poor  
indeed, as she hesitated to pay 3d for a  
scaleful of "selected bits."

"Ere, ave'em for tuppence," growled  
the butcher.  
"Too much," said the woman.  
"Ave 'em at a penny."  
Still the woman hesitated.  
There was a look of pity, mixed with  
disgust, on his face as he yelled:  
"Still too much? 'Ere, 'ang it! I'll  
turn me back while you sneak 'em!"—  
London Spare Moments.

**Japanese University for Women.**  
The Japanese university in Tokio, ex-  
clusively for women, is approaching  
completion, and will be opened some  
time this year. Three rich Japanese  
men have given enough to insure the  
completion of the buildings.

"Dog on it," a boy says, when invit-  
ed to a party, "I hate to be introduced."