

Over the stubbled grass,
O'er the hurrying plain,
Fleet as a cloud I pass,
Hand on the pulsing rein.

Mother and sire withstood,
The bride in her bower alone,
The embers warm from the wood,
And I, like the night, have flown.

A crust and a backward look,
A breath for the heaving steed,
A drink from the ice-bound brook,
And then but speed—and speed.

For them I leave, is the sound
And brilliance of song and light;
For me, the echo from frozen ground,
And the frozen stars at night.

I know not the way I go,
I read not the news I bring,
I halt not at hail of foe,
I ride—I ride for the King.

—Alice Brown, in Harper's Magazine.

THE END OF IT.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

THIS is the end of it," I said. "I cannot live without her, and I do not mean to try. It is now only a question of how to do it. Shall I hang myself?—poison myself?—or jump into the river?"

I could not live to see Rosette Morrel another's; I must shuffle off this mortal coil somehow, and drowning was, after all, really the neatest way to do it—one jump and all was over.

I had read that the sensations were rather pleasant, and a very pretty, clean river was quite handy, crossed by a bridge, where I had often wandered by moonlight with Rosette—"My Rosette," I called her then. Alas! she was mine no more.

She would belong to young Chubb—whose father was a rich builder—before very long, if report said true.

Yes, I would jump from Willow Bridge into the placid river below, but Rosette should not escape remorse. She should know, and all the world should know, just why I committed the deed.

I would leave my hat on the bridge, with a note addressed to her tucked in the band, and I would wear her photograph in an oil silk bag about my neck. She should be talked about, she should not be calmly happy with her Chubb.

I went to the window and looked out. The moon was shining; I could see the gleam of water from afar. This was the fitting time. Sitting down at my table, I wrote the letter to Rosette, and made my will, leaving my watch and other property to Mrs. Ludgate, my landlady, "as a token of gratitude for her kindness," and my clothes to the man who cleaned the windows.

Having placed this document in the upper drawer of my desk, I dressed myself in my best and went out.

I closed the door behind me as softly as possible as I left the house—though there was not the slightest necessity for taking that precaution at nine o'clock in the evening—and sauntered toward the bridge with my hands in my pockets, and an elaborate air of carelessness.

When I reached the bridge it was so charming, the water so clear, the willows so graceful—some one in a boat was playing the flute—there were sweethearts on the water as well as on the land.

I lingered over my suicide as one lingers at the door of a dentist's office. I intended to jump from the bridge—that was what I came for—but I would enjoy this exquisite night a little longer first.

In order to do so, and also to be ready for my leap, I crept under the handrail and went out upon the stone foundation, where I seated myself, deciding to remain there until the moon had set and the boats were no longer on the water.

As I sat there I heard the sound of oars beneath the bridge, and shortly a boat appeared. In it sat two people, a man and a woman. The man was rowing; but just beneath the spot where I sat he shipped his oars and brought the boat to a pause, throwing the rope around a stake and evidently intending to remain where he was for a while.

To this the girl appeared to offer some objection.

"Do please go on," I heard her say. "It is too late to stay any longer; please row me home again, Mr. Chubb."

Surely I knew that voice. "Mr. Chubb!" It was Chubb who was in the boat below there, then, and the girl who was with him was Rosette Morrel, and no other.

It was Chubb that I next heard—it was he who was now speaking.

"Look here, Miss Morrel," he said—not too elegantly, I thought—"there are points which I don't propose to pass. I'm in love with you, and I don't care who knows it—but you can't play with me, as a cat does with a mouse, for ever. It's nine times now that I've tried to propose to you, and every time you've stopped me short—

this time I'll have it out. I've tied the boat up, and here it stops until you tell me whether you'll marry me or whether you won't. If you say yes, I'll give you everything a woman can wish, and be a good husband as long as I live. If you say no, I'm not sure what I'll do—drown you, perhaps."

"Oh! screamed Rosette. "I shouldn't—why did I come out with you?"

"There," said young Chubb, "you know I wouldn't—I love you too well; but now I ask you, over again, will you be Mrs. Tom Chubb, Jr.? I'm well off—dad will leave me plenty—I've got a grand-aunt worth half a million, and I'm her pet. It won't be a bad thing for you."

"I never heard anything so coarse and horrid," said Rosette. "You might be bargaining for bricks."

"Well—have me for my beauty and talents, then," said young Chubb. "I'm willing, so that you do it. Anyway, give me a kiss and say, 'All right, Chubby, I'm yours.'"

He seemed to be taking the kiss without her permission, for she screamed: "Go away! I hate you! Beauty and talent, indeed! You haven't either. Row me home at once. Have you—indeed! No—no—no—no! There now!"

"It's true, then," cried young Chubb, fiercely; "it's true, then—that they've been telling me, that you are just jacksonapes, Ned Tomlinson—and I believe it, I do."

"Edward Tomlinson is a gentleman, at all events, and a man worth ten of you," said Rosette. "Help! help! help!"

Whether young Chubb really intended to throw Rosette into the water, I do not know—I rather think not. I believe it was only that in his wrath he plunged about recklessly as he made efforts to unfasten the rope; moreover, I doubt if Rosette thought that he intended to drown her, but at the moment my terror was very great. I sprang to my feet, intending to descend to the water's edge, but the stone was slippery, my feet slipped from under me, for one moment I staggered and clutched the empty air—then down I went.

I was no swimmer, and I had my doubts about coming up again, and since I had heard Rosette's words, life had become very sweet again. But I did come up, and some one caught me by the collar and hauled me into the boat—it was Chubb.

"Oh," said he, "it's you, is it?"

"Edward!" cried Rosette.

"How did you happen to fall from the skies?" Chubb asked.

"I heard a lady scream for help," I spluttered, "and came to her rescue."

"O Edward!" sighed Rosette; "if you had been drowned—and for my sake—who so little deserved it—and she burst into tears.

"This is simply sickening," observed young Chubb, beginning to use the oars furiously.

He pushed the boat close to the bank and leaped ashore.

"Catch," he said, extending the oar he had used as a leaping pole, to me. "You can row that lady home, if you like; I resign the honor."

He was gone.

I was very wet. The water dripped from my garments into the boat, so that Rosette was obliged to tuck her little feet under her. But I was very happy, for we had a long, long talk, and a full explanation, and she forgave me, and I forgave her.

I told her why I was on the bridge, and she wept bitterly.

My hat and the letter I had written to Rosette had both been lost in the river. But when I reached home I found my will and tore it into bits.

I am forty years old now, and my conduct at twenty-one seems simply idiotic. But Rosette and I have been uncommonly happy, have a large family about us, and bow politely to Mr. and Mrs. Chubb, who return our salutations, as we pass each other when we drive out of an afternoon.—New York News.

Disinfection of School Books.

At the last meeting of the American Public Health Association, held in Havana, Cuba, Dr. Walter D. Greene, of Buffalo, N. Y., stated that in 1902 the school books of the city of Buffalo, especially those used by the children in the lower grades, were filthy. A method of fumigation of the books was then instituted.

For the three years preceding the disinfection the average number of cases from scarlet fever in Buffalo was 875, and each year thirty-six deaths were due to the disease. The three years following the disinfection of the school books the average number of cases was 523 and only eighteen deaths occurred each year from this cause.

Willing to Help Him Out.

After the doctor had examined the patient and the man's wife wanted to know the nature of the illness, the conscientious physician said:

"Your husband's condition is such that it will take some time to differentiate the symptoms to arrive at an accurate conception of the malady from which he is suffering. The treatment must be symptomatic. I must first make a diagnosis."

"I hope you can make it of calico," remarked the woman, "for I haven't a piece of fannel in the house."—New York Press.



THE OPPRESSIVE MOTOR-CAR.
Pinned beneath a touring-car,
Jane smelt gasoline and tar;
And she felt a vague unrest
From the weight upon her breast.
—Sunday Magazine.

A PAIR OF BIRDS.
"Isn't the doctor's wife beautiful? She has a neck like that of a swan."
"Quite so. And the doctor has a bill like that of a pelican."—Judge.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS.
Mr. Wise—"What did you do at your Audubon Club to-day?"
Mrs. Wise—"We passed a resolution condemning cuckoo clocks."—San Francisco Call.

TECHNICAL DEFENSE OFFERED.
"What reason does he give for not paying his wife alimony?"
"He says that marriage is a lottery, and hence alimony is a gambling debt."—Collier's.

LOST AND FOUND.
Lady—"Oh, that big dog isn't the one I advertised for. My dog was a little fox terrier."
Boy—"Yes'm. Your dog's inside of dis one!"—Puck.

MIRACULOUS.
"Where've you been?"
"On a deer hunt."
"How'd you come out?"
"Fine! Wasn't mistaken for a deer once."—Fort Worth Record.

STOICISM WORTHY THE NAME.
Younger Sister—"What is stoicism?"
Elder Sister—"Stoicism is the ability to congratulate the fiance of the man you wanted to marry, without showing any disappointment."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

VERY TOUGH.



First Boarder—"What bird lives the longest?"
Second Boarder—"Judging from the fowl we had at dinner, I should say chicken."

DIPLOMATIC.
Clara—"Have you bought your spring hat yet?"
Belle—"No. I always wait a few weeks after buying my coat, to give George a chance to get over the shock."—Detroit Free Press.

A COMMON CASE.
Brodway—"Toe bad about old Gett-locks."
Manhattan—"Why, what's the matter with him?"
"He started in to make enough money to retire on, and made so much that he's got to work overtime to take care of it."—Life.

A JAB AT HIM.
"Oh, my!" complained Mrs. Diggs. "I never had such an unsatisfactory day's shopping."
"Huh!" snorted her husband, "I suppose you were trying to get something for nothing."
"Yes, dear, I was hunting for a birthday gift for you."—Philadelphia Press.

CHOOSE THE LESSER EVIL.
Higgins—"Chewing gum again? What do you do that for? Surely, you cannot really enjoy it?"
Wiggins—"I don't chew gum because I like it, but because it is good for dyspepsia."
Higgins—"But wouldn't it be pleasanter to have the dyspepsia?"—Boston Transcript.

TRIED HARD.
She—"After six weeks of married life, Arthur, I have reached the sad certainty that you do not love me."
Arthur—"My dear!"
She—"It's no use protesting; you should have married some credulous, stupid girl!"
Arthur—"Well, darling, I did my very best."—Brooklyn Life.

Florida State News.

Judge Locke Now Senior.
The retirement of Judge J. J. Jackson of the United States court for the northern district of West Virginia from the federal court leaves Judge James W. Locke of Jacksonville dean of the federal courts, in date of commission.

Judge Locke was appointed by President Grant in 1872 to be judge of the United States court for the southern district of Florida, and has held that office continuously for thirty-three years.

Judge Jackson was appointed in 1861, by President Lincoln. His resignation took effect March 14. He became well known as the "iron judge." He was a terror to labor unions in West Virginia, and he it is who has sent "Mother Jones" and other leaders and officials of organized labor to jail for contempt. Time and again he was the target of severe criticism, but his honesty and stern integrity were never questioned.

The next oldest appointment to that of Judge Locke of the southern district of Florida is held by Associate Justice John M. Harlan of the supreme court of the United States, who was appointed in 1877.

New Asylum Officials.

The board of commissioners of state institutions at its meeting in Tallahassee, the past week, adopted a resolution requesting the resignations of the superintendent, Dr. V. H. Gwinn, and the physician, Dr. E. Christie, of the Florida hospital for the insane at Chattahoochee. This action was precipitated by disagreements which have developed between these two leading officials, and it was deemed to be for the best interest of the institution to ask for their resignations, to take effect upon the qualifications of their successors.

The board also elected Captain B. F. Whitner of Sanford to be superintendent of the hospital; Dr. R. L. Goodbread of Mayo to be physician, and Dr. James H. Randolph of Tallahassee to be assistant physician. The assistant physician was provided owing to the largely increased number of patients now at the hospital.

Road building will progress in Duval county, although the government expert road builders have been called off by the department of agriculture and sent to other sections of the state, where sample roads are being constructed under government supervision. On account of the delay in receiving material, and the consequent delay in the road work, Expert Eldridge of the roads inquiry division of the department, was transferred from Jacksonville to Gainesville by Director Martin Dodge, and the only conditions upon which his services could again be secured by the county commissioners was that the county pay Mr. Eldridge's expenses. At the last meeting of the board of commissioners it was decided to go ahead with the road building without sending for the expert.

Another sale of considerable importance has recently been completed at Hastings, whereby the one hundred-acre farm and equipments of W. C. Middleton of St. Augustine become the property of Morris Holmes, John Shipman and E. E. Durkee of Saratoga, N. Y., for a consideration of \$10,000. Mr. Durkee bought property at Hastings last year, since which time he has made a careful study of potato culture, and has today one of the most promising fields in that settlement. Like many others, Mr. Middleton this year lost part of his first planting, but his large sixty-acre field is now showing up well. Mr. Middleton had intended to dispose of his Hastings farm interests, as he has many other enterprises occupying his time.

On April 6 the qualified voters of Arcadia will vote to bond the city for \$30,000, as follows: Thirteen thousand dollars for waterworks, \$12,000 for brick school building, and \$5,000 for clay street. The meeting was largely attended, and very enthusiastic. The city is making a rapid and solid growth, and the improvements are very much needed. Gradually the wooden buildings in the business part of the city are giving way to handsome brick blocks.

C. B. Duffie, president of the Apalachicola Northern railway, states that work on the road will begin at once. The work of employing hands for grading is being pushed and it is thought that sufficient men can be secured to begin breaking dirt at once. Mr. Duffie states that the work of building the road will now go forward as fast as money and men can do the work.

Dade Fair a Success.

The Dade county fair held in Miami has passed into history, and is one of those things that go to make the history of Dade famous. The fair was held when the city and the town north of Miami were filled with visitors, who had an opportunity to see the matchless display of Dade products. Others came from distant states. During the fair thousands expressed their surprise at the wonderful display. A gentleman from New Jersey who for years has been connected with the state fair of his state, said "I have been connected with the fair in our state for the last twenty years. I have always thought that there was no state in the Union that could outdo New Jersey, either in county or state fairs; but Dade county, the jumping-off place of the United States, has done us one better. I acknowledge the corn; New Jersey is not in the play."

At a recent meeting of the Ministerial Association of Gainesville, which a religious census, which has been under course of compilation for the past two months, was submitted an alarming condition of affairs was shown to exist in a city of the refinement and culture of Gainesville, with all its educational and religious advantages. The report shows that the army of children there, only about half of them attend any Sunday school or church, and, since the census takers declare that the only source of information was secured through the parents of children, and express doubt if many of the children reported as "regular attendants" at Sabbath school ever saw inside of a church, except on special occasions.

Jacksonville is to have another million dollar company. The result of the recent conferences in Savannah between the factors and the allied exportation companies has made necessary to organize a company for the exportation of naval stores in order that Jacksonville should continue to be the base for operations. Factors in Jacksonville, after the results of the conferences in Savannah were known, were determined to protect Jacksonville against any differential on manufactured goods of this character, and to do so it is absolutely necessary that the company in question shall be formed. The conference in Savannah terminated by making all the places where naval stores are sold open markets.

If the people of Jacksonville and Duval county should build, during the coming summer, a hard-surface road from South Jacksonville to Atlantic or Pablo Beach, it would be up to the people of St. Augustine and St. Johns county to rebuild the old North Beach bridge, place some hard road building material over the old roadbed of the defunct North Beach railway, an open up direct communication with Jacksonville by way of the Atlantic beach. This is a possible and highly probable proposition. The beach is good from a point near Mayport to the way down to North Beach Point just opposite the northern end of St. Augustine.

The government dredge will complete the work of cutting the canal connecting the Biscayne Bay with the Atlantic, and the canal will be formally opened with appropriate ceremonies, in which the mayor, city council and press of Miami will take part. There is still a large amount of work to be done before the canal will be finished, but the most tiresome and difficult portion of it will be ended when the broad Atlantic can mingle its waters with those of Biscayne Bay.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland, accompanied by Dr. Bryant of New York, his family physician, left Princeton, N. J., Monday for a three week's trip to Florida. Mr. Cleveland recently suffered a severe attack of gout and is taking a pleasure trip to recuperate.

The New Orleans Gulf Steamship company has decided to include Key West in its ports of call on the Gulf coast and will inaugurate the service on March 26, when the steamer Alpha sails from New Orleans for Key West. For the present it was decided to make semi-monthly trips touching Cedar Keys, Tampa, Bradenton and possibly other Gulf ports and if the business will warrant it, a direct run will be made as often as the business demands. Colonel J. C. Whalton has been appointed agent for the line, and has made arrangements with the Commercial company to land at the military wharves.