

# If We Knew

If we only knew each other,  
If we knew,  
If our inmost souls, my brother,  
We could view,  
I believe the things that sever  
Would be driven out forever.  
Could the veil be drawn asunder. Now,  
don't you?

If, beneath the action, gazing  
On the aim,  
Might we not see more for praising  
Than for blame?  
Might we not find much unkindness  
Due to our own mental blindness,  
And more sins a cause for pity than for  
shame?

For this body transitory  
Is a sheath,  
Hiding all the spirit glory  
Underneath,  
Hardened man or fallen woman  
Has a strain divinely human;  
Cast no stones, but from Love's blossoms  
weave a wreath.

We are so remote and lonely;  
And we reach,  
Soul by soul, by one bridge only,  
That of speech;  
But this way we keep uppling  
With misjudgment and reviling,  
When we might have given solace, each  
to each.

There is so much joy meant for us,  
That we mar,  
So much music in Life's chorus  
That we jar,  
So great burdens that we carry,  
Which are all unnecessary,  
Could we only see each other as we are!

With an inward gleam of heaven  
Each is blest,  
With his portion of God's heaven  
Is possessed,  
Why this nobler part look over  
That some fault we may discover?  
Why not through the lens of mercy  
seek the best?

Were my heart made plain, my dearie,  
To your view,  
Could you see how it grows weary  
Just for you?  
Then I know the things that sever  
Would be driven out forever,  
We would love each other better, if we  
knew.

## Tobe Johnson's Baby.

BY E. T. BULLOCK.

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The sun shone down hot and parching upon the lonely canvas covered wagon that slowly wound its way across the burning sands towards the village of Bear Creek. The panting horses, wet with dirty foam, labored heavily as the awkward wagon moved slowly along. A tall, lean man with short, stubby whiskers sat holding the reins, and urged on the lagging steps of the tired animals. From within the covered body came the low sound of a woman's voice as she crooned the sweet melody of some old-fashioned hymn. Suddenly the singing ceased.

"Are we almost there?" she asked, with a tired hopefulness in her voice. A head appeared from behind the flap of the curtain. It was rather a pretty head, with its wealth of dark brown hair.

"Are we almost there?" she asked again, pushing her elbows out upon the front seat. The man looked around with a soft smile.

"Yes," he said. "Do you see them low, squatty houses yonder?" The woman nodded assent. "Well, that's hit," he said, as he touched her cheek affectionately. He spoke with a slow drawl, his words dropping as if with studied weight.

In a few minutes the wagon entered the narrow, lane-like street, lined with its rough log huts. At the first sight of the white canvas in the distance the inhabitants of Bear



Creek had collected to watch the growing speck and to indulge in curious speculation as to its occupants.

"It's one 'er them fellers," said a rough-looking individual of capacious girth.

"Yes, dam 'em! They've been 'er plin' in here like bees uv late," responded another.

It was evident that the people of Bear Creek bore no special good-will towards "Ol' Jim Crawford."

As the horses drew the wagon along between the rows of people on either side of the street the man on the seat was greeted by many waves of the hand. He pulled his team into the rude sidewalk near a small group of men. "Ken yer tell me tner way to Jim Crawford's?" he asked politely. A frown spread over the faces of the men. For a minute no one spoke. The man on the wagon waited expectantly.

"Jim Crawford's is right up thar," finally answered a stout young fellow, throwing up his open hand with fingers pointing in all directions. "And when yer git ter the fork of the road, jest take the fork hand." A laugh from the crowd greeted his rough jest. The man on the wagon showed a slight red tinge under the swarthy tan of his face.

"I ain't here to raise no row," he said, looking the short young man squarely in the eye. "But yer could be er darn sight more civil to er stranger." His peculiar drawl affected the risibilities of the crowd, and a loud laugh rang out on the air. When the rough veils had subsided a small girl stepped out from behind the men. Hers was the dark complexion of the half-breed.

"I'll tell yer wher' ol' Jim lives," she cried. The men turned around abruptly. "Jes' foller this road to tner forks and then take tner road ter yer right. Ol' Jim's is 'erbout 300 yards from the last cabin," she said pointing to the distant hut. The men sneered at her and one of them grabbed at her dress, but she easily eluded them and passed on up the street.

The tall man clucked to his horses and the wagon moved on. After driving a few yards he saw to his left across the street the sign of the Big Horn saloon. A sudden idea seemed to strike him. He again pulled his horses into the side of the street and got down from his seat.

"Friends," he said, "will yer all come and take som'thin' with me, jest ter show that tner ain't no hard feelings?"

The crowd was staggered at first but soon responded joyfully, concluding that the stranger was a pretty good fellow although he was going to work for "Ol' Jim Crawford."

"Were der yer hall from, stranger?" asked Shorty Johnson, as they lined up before the bar.

"Kentucky," answered the stranger. The men looked approvingly at the size of his whiskey.

"Anybody with yer?"

A few minutes later Tobe Johnson drove slowly away from the Big Horn, followed by the lusty cheers of his newly gained friends.

It was conceded on all hands that Tobe Johnson was the best fellow that had ever struck a spade in Ol' Jim's diggings. Old Jim, himself, was a stingy, avaricious old fellow who was held in absolute contempt by the citizens of Bear Creek. He lived a short distance from the center of the town—

that is, from the saloons—and, knowing that he was looked upon with no little hatred, he seldom came down from his suburban hut—It indeed, Bear Creek could boast of anything so pretentious as suburbs. Naturally enough the hatred for "Ol' Jim" himself fell also upon the innocent heads of the men who worked under him. So that the village of Bear Creek and "Ol' Jim's Place," as it was called, were as two hostile cities encamped against each other.

But as Time rolled on Tobe Johnson failed to get his share of Bear Creek's disapproval and dislike. He was regarded as a good-hearted fellow of friendly disposition, yet with as strong a will and as firm a courage as was to be found in the two camps. Furthermore, he was a worker, and spent most of his time away from the gambling dens and saloons—something which the miners usually failed to do.

One day Johnson was informed that he was the proud possessor of a son and heir. But his boy came at a dear, dear price—the father. The frail mother, wearied and worn by the hard life to which she had not been accustomed, and without the proper medical attention to uphold her declining strength was in imminent danger of death. For days she lay in a half stupor, moaning piteously the while. Johnson staid faithfully at her side. He tried to argue himself into the belief that she would soon be well again. "She can't die," he would say hopefully. "We will nurse her back to health and strength. No, no—see will not leave me." But within the inner depths of his consciousness he was afraid. The neighboring miners did all they could to help the unfortunate husband. The gentle demeanor of the young wife had planted a touch of tenderness in their rough breasts.

But it soon was seen that the struggle would not last long. And one day, just as the bright sunlight of one afternoon began to fade into the deeper shadows of the evening, the mother breathed a soft sigh and passed to the realms eternal.

After the funeral was over and the miners had returned to their work, Tobe Johnson returned to his hut a sad and broken-hearted man. The baby who had caused his grief he swore he could never love. He never wished to see the innocent little thing again so great was his sorrow. He left the lonely cottage and walked down into the village. The little half-breed girl sat all night by the cradle waiting for his returning footsteps; but no sound broke the stillness of the night save the howl of some lonely dog outside, or the occasional wailing wail of the infant in her charge. Finally, at day-break, the shambling footsteps came up the beaten path. Then a heavy boot beat roughly at the door for admittance. Hurriedly opening the door she returned to the cradle. The staggering figure of a man came in. It was Tobe Johnson, his eyes bloodshot with drink and dissipation. For a moment he gazed expectantly around the room. "Millie," he called. Then seeing the frightened half-breed beside the swaying cradle he seemed to recall the incidents of the past few days. With a dark frown on his brow, he stumbled over to the far corner of the room and fell heavily on the bed.

Tobe Johnson slept long and soundly. He was awakened late in the afternoon by the rough voices of the men with whom he had spent the previous night. Hardened wretches that they were, they wished him to return to the village—to the bar and gaming tables. For the moment he seemed ready to yield. Then suddenly from the cradle came a faint "coo." He turned quickly to meet the laughing blue eyes of his baby. He looked steadily at the little face—'twas the first time since that fatal night. Then



"No, by Jingo, I won't go!" he walked quickly to the cradle and lifted the little thing in his arms.

"No, by Jingo, I won't go!" he cried fiercely to the men. For the moment they were stupefied. Then they bowed their heads and walked slowly from the room.

"Was it the look in the soft blue eyes?" they mused. "Was it the smile of his lost love he saw?"

When America meets Greek the chances are he can't read it.

## ARTIFICIAL EYES.

They Were Made in Egypt Five Hundred Years B. C.

It is not known precisely when or where artificial eyes originated; but the annals plainly show that in ancient times the priests in Egypt and Rome who practiced as physicians and surgeons, made artificial eyes, hands, arms, and legs—the Egyptians as early as 500 B. C. Their method of eye-making is thus described: On the center of a piece of flesh-colored prepared linen, two and a quarter inches by one and a quarter, the flat side of a piece of earthenware, modeled life-size and painted to represent the human eye and eyelids, was cemented; and this linen, coated on the other side with an adhesive substance, was placed over the eye and pressed down. These artificial eyes were therefore worn outside the cavity, and though not strictly artistic in design or detail were no doubt fully appreciated and worn with pride by the monocular Egyptian and Roman "toffs." It is chronicled that one of these artificial eyes was picked up in the ruins of Pompeii, which was destroyed in 79 A. D. The earliest known mention of modern artificial eyes—that is, eyes worn inside the orbit—occurs in an exceedingly rare illustrated work on surgery, written by a French surgeon named Ambroise Pare, and published in Paris in 1561. Pare invented three artificial eyes. The first was a wonderful contrivance. It consisted of a thin metal spring-band which passed half way round the wearer's head, having on one end a small oval plate, which covered the orbit of the eye, and the other end pressed against the back of the head. The oval plate was covered with smooth, soft leather, on which an eye was painted. It would, perhaps, be difficult to devise anything more inelegant or uncomfortable. The second device was a hollow globe of gold, eye-shaped and enameled, which was worn inside the socket—the first recorded artificial eye thus worn. The third contrivance was simply a "shell-pattern" eye, exactly similar in shape to those now used, but made of gold, and enameled. Except that they were made of gold and enameled, the two latter were practically of the same design as the "globe" and "shell" glass eyes of the present day. Pare's clumsy, truss-like appliance and his two gold eyes, which were used only by the wealthy, were succeeded by eyes made of painted porcelain and colored pearl-white, which immediately became immensely popular. Next came the invention of glass eyes, which instantly superseded all others, and still command the public favor.

## STORY OF A GREAT LILY.

Great Growth of the Victoria Regia from a Small Seed.

The great water lily at Kew having died, Victoria Regia, at the Regent's Park botanic gardens, is the only one of the species left in London. A history of the remarkable plant is given in one of the numbers of the Royal Botanic Society's Record. Like many another vegetable wonder, it is a plant of very small beginnings. Very few people would imagine that this enormous lily, with its leaves of eight feet in diameter and flowers eleven to fifteen inches across, covering a space of over 400 square feet, had been grown in the course of a few months from a seed no larger than a pea. Sown in a pot plunged in a tub of warm water, the first appearance of the young plant offers little promise of a future, one or two slender stalks rising like pieces of thin string to the surface, surmounted by tiny leaves, which are not even round, but arrow-shaped, being all that is to be seen. In the course of a few weeks, however, they increase in size and number, so that by the time the tank has been prepared for its reception in May the leaves are equal in size to the ordinary white water lily, and have assumed the petate shape. Cold retards its growth, but no amount of heat seems to hurt it. When exposed to the full glare of the sun in summer the water where it is growing approaches 100 degrees, while the air is so hot and saturated with moisture that very few are able to stop in the house, yet the plant only seems to grow more quickly. The discoverer of the Victoria in its native country was the famous botanical traveler, Haenke, who had been sent out by the Spanish government to investigate the vegetable productions of Peru. He found it growing in the marshes bordering the Rio Mamore, one of the great tributaries of the Amazon, somewhere about the year 1801, but as the whole of his collections were lost no notice of it reached Europe.—Pall Mall Gazette.

## "Isigud" Used for Cholera.

A remarkable product of the island of Samar and one which scientific inquiry may prove of great benefit to the human family is the seed called "isigud," or the fruit of San Ignacio, known to commerce as "Cathalogan seed," on account of the large quantities grown in the vicinity of that town. It is in large demand among the Chinese, who use it as an efficacious remedy for cholera. It is asserted that no one ever died from cholera who used this remedy.

## Lavis' Memorial Church.

A memorial church has lately been erected and dedicated on the site of Jefferson Davis' birthplace in Fairview, Ky. A slab of Tennessee marble set in the wall bears this inscription: "Jefferson Davis of Mississippi was born June 3d, 1808, on the site of this church. He made a gift of the lot March 10, 1858, to Bethel Baptist church as a thank offering to God."

## A High Standard.

They have a new way of testing the quality of whisky west of here. They inject three drops into a jack-rabbit, and if he doesn't lick a bull-dog in six seconds the goods are rejected.—Crazy (N. D.) Courier.

## When They Were Reminded.

Sunday School Teacher: Now, children, what did Pharaoh say to Moses?" Children: "We don't know." Teacher: "Oh, yes you do. He told Moses to go and do something. Now, what did he say?" Class: "Go way back—and sit down!"—Baltimore American.

## Emperor William's Soldierly Habits.

Emperor William is a soldier even when he goes to bed, for he sleeps on a regulation camp bed, such as his officers use. The bed clothing is of the rough regimental pattern. He retires at 11 p. m. and is up and dressed soon after 5 a. m.

## Prisoners in British India.

No fewer than 587,884 prisoners were in the prisons of British India in 1899-1900, an increase of 92,064 over the number for 1891. Of this huge total only 24,555 were females, which is a smaller proportion than in western countries.

## New Words in Science.

Various new industries, which have arisen in New York of recent years, have called for the addition of new terms to the language. In electricity, the result has been bewildering, the new words being hardly adopted as common English.—New York Letter.

## Hunt Birds on Horseback.

Kentuckians of the blue grass region hunt birds on horseback. A Kentuckian hunter must not only be willing to stand while the owner dismounts and goes to look after a covey of birds, but must also allow the owner to fire a shotgun from its back.

## King Edward's Statue.

The discovery has been made that the metropolis does not possess a public statue of the king. The omission is to be repaired, for it is proposed in the city to celebrate the coronation next year by the erection of an equestrian statue of King Edward in a leading thoroughfare.—Liverpool Courier.

## Cigarettes Consumed in Germany.

Last year 385 tons of cigarettes, valued at \$1,737,000, or fully five times as many as ten years ago, were consumed in Germany. These cigarettes came from France, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Turkey, Egypt, Algeria, and the United States, 60 per cent coming from Egypt.

## Shoeing a Dead Horse.

Mr. Pleger, a Ripley blacksmith, has just performed the unusual feat of shoeing a dead horse. A horse taken to him would not raise its hind leg, and Mr. Pleger and another man took the animal to the village green and threw it. Someone sat on the horse's head, and after the animal had been shod an attempt was made to get it on its legs again, but it was found to be dead. The explanation is that the horse had a weak heart, and died from the shock of being thrown.

## When You Order

Baker's Chocolate or Baker's Cocoa examine the package you receive and make sure that it bears the well known trade-mark of the chocolate girl. There are many imitations of these choicest goods on the market. A copy of Miss Parlova's choice recipes will be sent free to any housekeeper. Address Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

## Empress Eugenie's Home.

The Empress Eugenie is now settled down in her English home. It is reported that the empress is about to build a small convent in the beautiful grounds at Farnborough hill to the memory of her husband and their son.

## Swapping Game.

A building in a Georgia settlement displays this unique sign: "School of learning. Lessons given in poetry writing and novelty. Also will teach music to you, and dramatics. Hides and wool taken for cash. Also, as the winter season is coming on, oak wood and kindling."

## Tramps Stole City Posthouse.

Tramps recently stole the municipal posthouse of Crawford, N. J., and carried it into the woods for a winter home for themselves. The thieves did not know the building was infected and at last reports were occupying their new quarters, in blissful ignorance of the danger of disease they were tempting. The people of Crawford do not larry near the woods, and opinion is divided on the question as to whether the joke is on the tramps or the town.