

A SONG.

When pallid Dawn comes up the sky,  
And Day and Night for moments brief  
Touch hands and lips, the waking Sea  
Bethinks her of some ancient grief.

Haggard and wrinkled, gray and grim,  
She moans the burden of her care,  
The ghost of that wild thing that leapt  
By day the wind's wild sport to share.

Belike the voices of the dead,  
Tossed in her boundless charnel caves  
Since man's first ship was drawn to  
death,  
Haunt her above her beating waves.

Or else there presses on her heart  
The weight of immemorial age,  
Before the sun brings back to mind  
Her youth's eternal heritage.  
—New York Tribune.

Her Second Self.

**M**RS. ST. GEORGE sat alone before her low fire, in her own cozy sitting-room.

To-night, for the first time in her two years of widowhood, Mrs. St. George laid down the widow's cap which had for so long served to conceal the thick auburn braids so artistically coiled about the small head.

Eighteen years had passed since she and Leonard Grover had met. They had been lovers in that far-off time; but he was poor then, with no whisper in the air of the rich inheritance to which he afterward fell heir, just too late for it to bring happiness to either.

She had married very young. She was but 35 now. Would Leonard find her changed, she wondered—he whose coming she waited here to-night.

Simultaneously with the thought came the sound of carriage wheels and horses' hoofs on the graveled path.

She started to her feet, pressing both hands upon her fast-beating heart.

She was glad—oh, so glad!—that the room was dark, when she heard the quick, firm tread; so glad that he could not see the quick blush, which put her matronhood to shame, when the door was thrown hastily open, and three or four swift strides brought him to her side.

"Florence!"  
Oh, how his voice thrilled her—half with pleasure, half with pain!  
"Are you glad to see me?" he questioned.

She strove to answer; but her lips quivered, and no words came.

"Florence," he then said again, and he bowed his handsome head lower, is it too soon to speak?"

"Oh, Leonard," she answered, "can I yet atone?"

And then the bridge of years was swept away, and she sobbed out her happiness upon his shoulder.

"Let me see you," he said at last. "I have not yet seen the face for which I have hungered all these years."

He struck a light, then turned and looked at her.

"My darling!" he said. "It is still my beautiful Florence. What have I done to deserve this hour?"

"Mamma, where are you?" called out a fresh, girlish voice at this instant.

The next moment a girl of scarcely seventeen summers sprang into the room.

"This is my daughter, Leonard—my only child. Maude, let me present you to one of your mother's oldest friends."

The gentleman indicated looked from one to the other—from the mother to the daughter—then back again. Now he could realize the lapse of time—now he could appreciate the changes years had wrought.

The daughter was a fair counterpart of the mother's beauty.

An uncomfortable sensation rose up in his breast—a dumb warning against the inevitable—an unacknowledged desire to retrace life's pathway and conquer time.

Meanwhile the girl pouted the full red lips, as she thought her mother's friend strangely absent; and when he at last forced himself into a few words of greeting, they fell upon dull, unheeding ears.

Then she had gone. The lovers were alone again; but he no longer opened wide his arms, but instead drew a chair to her side, that they might discuss more rationally.

II.

"You must teach Maude to love you," she said to him next morning. "I want first to reconcile her to my second marriage before starting her with its probability. Tell me—do you think her like me?"

"Your second self."

"Ah, I am so glad! You will love her, then, for my sake!"

To love, and to be loved! O'er easy task set by frail woman in her blindness. It was Mr. Grover who must be Maude's companion in her daily

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.



—Indianapolis Sun.

rides—Mr. Grover who must teach her to manage the boat—in these first early spring days.

Maude looked upon her guest as her property. She had long ago laughingly told him how unceremonious had been his welcome to her, and he had wooed and won absolution.

Sometimes Florence sighed as she watched them together, while she sat alone; but she gave to the sigh no name, and thought the tribute to be vanished years.

One day came her awakening. Maude and Mr. Grover had gone for their afternoon ride, but it had extended beyond its wont, and she had grown anxious and ventured forth to meet them, striking into the forest path which was their favorite way.

A half-mile from her home she met Maude's horse, riderless. Pale with terror, she hastened on, when suddenly she stopped, rooted to the spot.

Almost at her feet knelt the man her heart had loved always, and in his arms he held Maude's unconscious form.

"My love! my life!" he said, each word being borne distinctly to her. "Speak to me once—just once! Oh, Maude, are you hurt? My darling! my darling! Would that I might have given my life for yours!"

Then he stopped and pressed his lips to hers. A long, fluttering sigh escaped them.

"Leonard!" she whispered! "Leonard!"

"I am here, dear," he said.

And then he laid her down out of his arms, as though, with returning life, he remembered the duty it brought with it.

The mother sprang forward. "Do not be alarmed," Mr. Grover said, gently, on seeing her. "Her horse threw her. I think there is no serious injury."

When a few hours later they knew that there was no need for anxiety on Maude's account, Florence shut herself up within her own room to fight her battle.

"I cannot give him up," she moaned. "He does not know his own mind. He will forget this child, and she—she cannot love him."

And, for the first time in her life, there came a feeling of bitter resentment, even against her daughter.

They were sitting together in the library as she entered.

"Leonard," she said, "I think it is time we told Maude the truth."

The man's face paled. She could almost see him gird his soul for the conflict, and crush out his heart behind his honor.

Even Maude looked up, with a suspicion of coming trouble.

"It is only this, dear," she said, turning to her daughter. "Has not Mr. Grover told you that he is an engaged man?"

Then she saw that the steel had struck home. The girl answered nothing as she turned two wet, reproachful eyes to him, who dare not meet their gaze.

"I must congratulate Mr. Grover," she said, calling up all her woman's pride to her aid.

Then she hastened from the room to hide the burst of tears.

The two were left alone.

"Does she suspect, do you think?" Florence asked, gloating over his torture.

"She must know," he answered. "I

am ready, Florence, to fulfill my bond."

"Release me, Leonard. I find I cannot marry you."

Five minutes ago she would have thought herself incapable of the sacrifice; yet there she stood quiet and calm, giving no outward sign of the inward whirlpool, nor the torture that wrung her as she watched the weight lift from his soul at her words.

A little later he came to her, Maude blushing, radiant with happiness, by his side.

"Will you give her to me?" he asked. "I loved her, Florence, because she was your second self!"—New York Daily News.

RUSSIA AT CLOSE RANGE.

Canonization of St. Seraphim Called Together Over 100,000.

The act of canonization of St. Seraphim on Aug. 1, 1903, was treated by the Russian authorities as a purely domestic concern. Diplomatic representatives were not invited. Few foreigners knew of the matter beforehand, and those who asked for permission to attend were informed that all the accommodations of the monastery had been assigned. Even the leading British advocate of union between the Anglican and Orthodox churches fared no better. An Englishman and myself were, as far as I know, the only foreigners that went, and we were made to feel that our presence was undesired. Notwithstanding this, and the discomforts we shared with peasants wearing sheepskin coats and birch bark footwear, we were richly repaid by the opportunity to study Russia at close range, and to witness a marvelous manifestation of the faith that expects and creates miracles.

The function of canonization called together a camp meeting of more than one hundred thousand people, a veritable nation assembled in faith, a theocratic witenagemot. Besides at least ten myriads of peasants, artisans and small tradesmen—Russian accounts say 350,000—the ceremonies demanded the presence of the imperial family, mobilized an army corps and no inconsiderable number of police, and attracted a host of civil and military dignitaries and clergymen of all grades. The complicated action and interaction of the autocratic, bureaucratic and hierarchic machinery of church and state were laid bare to an unusual extent. The Emperor and the court visited the haunts of the hermit, and drank and laved themselves with water from the miraculous spring beside which his hut was built. His uncorrupted remains were placed in a costly casket beneath a massive silver canopy of monumental proportions, both the gifts of his Majesty, and the monastery was proclaimed a seat of miracles, a Russian Lourdes—Century.

Irreconcilable Difference.

Mally—What makes you so haughty when you meet George? Why don't you make up with him?

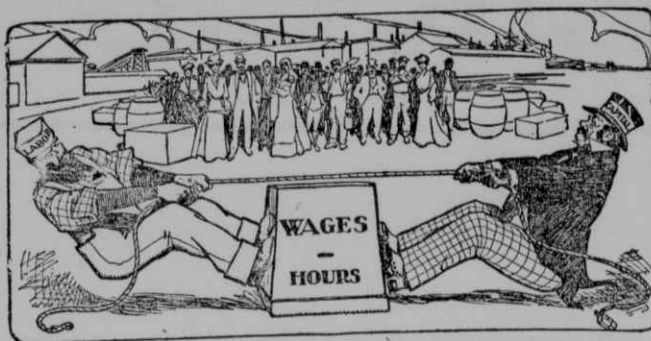
Polly—Because I should have to demand an explanation and I can't remember what it is I'm supposed to be offended about.—Detroit Free Press.

A Snob's Grievance.

"Young man," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I had to work for my money."

"Well, father," was the chilly reply, "enough people in our set are throwing that up to me without your talking about it."—Washington Star.

STRIKES AND THEIR CAUSES.



In recent years the growing frequency and persistence of strikes as a means of clarifying the industrial atmosphere have forced themselves upon the attention of those who, although not active participants in such expedients, share in all the results of industrial agitation. The magnitude of some recent strikes has done much to emphasize the damage done to business and the interest which the general public really has in the sense of being a third and impartial party. In the last few years conciliation and arbitration have come forward as remedies for strikes. In the United States strikes have never been illegal unless accompanied by violence, but in Europe they were until recent years prohibited by law.

Among the great labor upheavals in this country one of the most historic is the strike in 1877 on the Pennsylvania Railroad, in which much damage was done and troops were called out. In 1883 the telegraph operators were called out, and the entire American telegraphic system was tied up. The famous Homestead strike at the Carnegie works in 1892 was the most bitter industrial conflict in American history and involved a sanguinary battle between private detectives and unionists, in which many were killed and wounded. The memorable Chicago strike of 1894 originated in an effort of the newly-organized American Railway Union to obtain favorable terms for the striking employes of the Pullman car works. There were street railway strikes in several large cities in 1900, and in the following year a great steel strike. In 1902 the anthracite coal strike came nearer to producing a famine in that commodity than any previous event.

The causes of strikes are manifold. The most frequent cause, however, is the wage question. In prosperous times strikes are likely to occur on account of demands for higher wages. In times of business depression there has been much industrial trouble on account of attempts to decrease wages. The regulation of working hours has also furnished frequent cause for labor upheavals. Many of the recent strikes have had their origin in a determination of the members of trades unions to affiliate only with fellow members. Quite as frequently a resolution on the part of the employer to avoid discrimination between union and non-union labor has been productive of industrial trouble. Of still later origin is the sympathetic strike, in which the workmen of one trade, convinced of the righteousness of the cause of a body of striking workmen of another trade, decline to labor at their usual avocation until justice prevails.

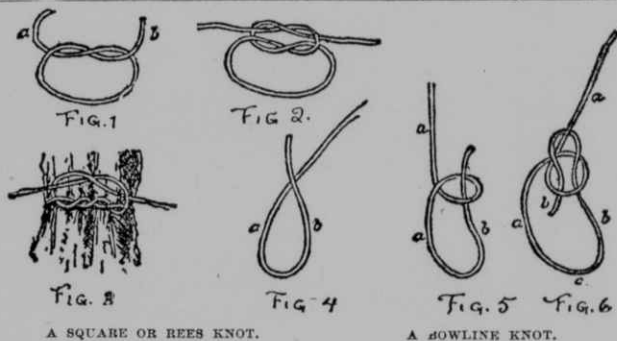
HOW TO TIE KNOTS.

First, make a plain overhand knot as in Fig. 1. Take the end B, place it over and under the part A, and draw the ends tightly; then it will appear as in Fig. 2. If you place the ends in the other direction they will make what sailors call a "granny knot," a term of ridicule used of one who ties the knot thus through mistake. The square knot can be easily undone. If you want a knot that will not slip in doing

engaging the word of the Czar, I can say to you that any solution which will aid the interests of France in that question will be received in a most favorable manner by the government of his majesty."

I then returned to France and consulted Monsieur Casimir-Perier, who was then president of the council and minister of foreign affairs, and Monsieur Burdeau, minister of finance.

Monsieur Burdeau soon called me to the ministry of finance. "I have



A SQUARE OR REEF KNOT.

A BOWLINE KNOT.

up bundles with twine, take another turn, as in Fig. 3.

Lay the parts together as in Fig. 4. Then curl the part A over B, bringing the end up through the loop as in Fig. 5. Now carry B around and under A, passing it down through the loop as in Fig. 6. This knot will not slip. A man can sit in C and be hoisted to any height in safety. This is the kind of a knot to make if you want to lead an ox or a horse by a halter, as it will not slip and choke the animal. This is really the most important knot that is made. It is handy in making fast a boat's painter and in tying fish lines and sinkers.

RUSSIA AT PANAMA.

How Near that Nation Came to Bulldozing the Isthmian Waterway.

The work at Panama which the United States government has just undertaken narrowly escaped being finished under the auspices of the Czar of Russia, as a sort of complement to the Trans-Siberian Railway. Mons. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, in a history of the canal project which he contributes to La Nouvelle Revue, narrates the circumstances, which are certainly not generally known.

In 1894, not long after Russia began the Trans-Siberian, he says, it occurred to me that the Panama canal was in some way a complement to that undertaking, as the Suez had been to the American transcontinental railways. It seemed to me that then was a proper time for Russia to manifest her friendship for France in a tangible way by helping to re-establish the work at the isthmus. So I applied to Monsieur De Witte with that in view. "What is the opinion of the French government in the matter?" he asked. Then, in a way to suggest that he conveyed the wishes of Czar Alexander, he added: "If it conforms to yours, without

studied the question with Monsieur Casimir Perier," he said, "who will call you in a few days to tell you that the French government is favorable to joint action with Russia, and that consequently there is a basis on which to re-establish the Panama work. To-day it is the friend who speaks. In a few days you will be officially informed."

Unfortunately for Monsieur Bunau-Varilla's plans, however, the ministry fell before Monsieur Casimir-Perier had called him to receive his reply. By a singular fatality, within a year Czar Alexander was dead, President Carnot was dead, Burdeau was dead, and Casimir-Perier was out of politics.

The Dreaded Artist.

The thought of possible cartoons cannot well be absent from the minds of men whom all the world knows. L. A. Tollemache, the author of "Talks with Mr. Gladstone," tells a story in the book—a story which presents the statesman in an attitude not familiar in ordinary representations of the great man.

One stormy day during one of Mr. Gladstone's visits to Biarritz he walked from his hotel to call on Mr. Tollemache, who was amazed to see that Mr. Gladstone came without an umbrella.

Mr. Gladstone laughingly explained that if the high wind had happened to turn his umbrella inside out, a picture of him in that forlorn plight would have found its way into half the comic papers of Europe.

At the Concert.

Ida—How did your Uncle Hiram enjoy the classical program?

May—Not at all. Why, I wore out a shoe prompting him when to applaud.

All the world's a stage—and all the women insist on having speaking parts.