

An Old-Fashioned Woman

No clever, brilliant thinker, she,
With college record and degree;
She has not known the paths of fame,
The world has never heard her name,
She walks in old, long-trodden ways,
The valleys of the yesterdays.

Home is her kingdom, love is her dower—
She seeks no other wand of power
To make home sweet, bring heaven near,
To win a smile and wipe a tear,
And do her duty day by day
In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are twined,
As round some reverend saint enshrined,
And following hers the childish feet
Are led to ideals true and sweet,
And find all purity and good
In her divinest motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshadowned still—
God rules the world in good and ill;
Men in her creed are brave and true,
And women pure as pearls of dew,
And life for her is high and grand,
By work and glad endeavor spanned.

This sad old earth's a brighter place
All for the sunshine of her face;
Her very smile a blessing throws
And hearts are happier where she goes,
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,
To whisper love—thank God for her!

At the Last Moment.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

(Copyright, 1902, by Dally Story Pub. Co.)
This day had finished the loading of the vessel for her trip across the ocean, and now, as the sun was sinking behind the shrouds of the ship to the west, the stevedores filed in front of the officer who was checking off and paying for the hours they had worked.

As they received their money the stevedores passed across to the wharf or stopped for a few minutes' conversation with each other, or with some of the sailors who chanced to be near. One of them dropped unnoticed through a hatchway and slipped back into the hold, where the freight had been stowed. Then he made his way among the boxes and bales until he came to a narrow space which had evidently been left by design, for it was long enough for a man to stretch at full length in it and contained water and crackers enough to keep off starvation for a week or ten days. After the young stevedore had crowded into it, he drew a case in front of the opening to prevent discovery by a possible prowler or inspector of the freight.

Then he made himself as comfortable as he could in the narrow space and chuckled at the prospect of reaching the other side without cost. He thought exultantly of what he would do when he got there, and of the other strange lands he would visit before returning home. There was no sense in people spending money to travel when a little shrewdness and a bold face would answer just as well.

He had \$3 in his pocket, the sum paid him on deck a half hour before, but that was as much as he usually had ahead these days. He had given up work, except in case of necessity; and even the \$3 would not have been earned had not this trip across the ocean been planned as part of the gain.

For an hour he remained awake listening to the sounds on deck and exulting in his own shrewdness; then, weary with the day's labor, his head leaned forward and he sank into a sound sleep.

Late the next evening the vessel was to begin her voyage, and during the early part of the day his attention was occupied by the sounds of passengers coming on board and of bag-



Slipped back into the hold, and the last consignments of freight being stowed away. But at length, listening became monotonous, and even his own thoughts, exultant though they were, grew wearisome. He was not accustomed to being alone or to self-communion. During the past few years, when not asleep, he had generally been with boon companions on a street corner, or with them he had been in some mischief. He tried to keep up his interest in the sounds on deck, and think of the fun ahead of him, rather than of the past. But

he could not; it all kept surging over him, again and again, and when he would thrust it away, it returned only more strongly and persistently. Yet he was not leaving much, after all, he told himself, grimly; he had not had a home for three years; he had no position, no friends, no prospects; even the boon companions would scarcely inquire after or regret him. Of all the world there was only just one who believed in and trusted him, and he had not seen her for three years. There had been months when he had not even thought of her or of the lit-



Drew himself up onto one of the wharves.

The rocky farm which he had left because it was too slow.

She had never doubted him for a moment, or ceased to think of the time when he was to provide lovingly for her old age. When some of his worst escapades had been reported she had smiled wistfully, but hopefully. "Sammy's young," she had said, "an' doesn't realize. He's a good boy an' will do better when he's older. Him an' me's goin' to live together ag'in some time; he'll be layin' by for it pretty soon."

Something swelled in the young man's throat as he remembered how many times he had heard her say that and how many times he had declared, in moments of boyish repentance, that he was going to take care of her when he was a man. Even after he left he had once written home that he was "goin' to git some money laid by pretty soon." All through these three years she had written regularly and lovingly, and though he had answered only briefly and at long intervals, her faith in him had not for an instant wavered. Even now he had a letter in his pocket, received three days before, and not yet opened.

Down here in the depth of the hold, alone, with everything he had known about to be left behind, his heart had suddenly grown tender and sore. It might be years before he would see the gentle old face again, and at the thought his fingers reached for the letter and drew it out softly and tenderly. But it was already dark in the hold and he could not see.

For a moment he stroked it remorsefully, then he pushed the case aside and groped his way out among the boxes and bales. He would seek the hatchway or some place where there was light enough to read the letter. He must find out what the old mother had to say; and he would return—he would—and do everything that he had promised. He would go back to the little farm and take care of the mother in her old age. He could make a living there, and that was more than he was sure of in a city.

For an hour there had been the final sounds of departure overhead, but he had not noticed this. As he went forward, however, he was conscious of a peculiar sensation of rising and falling, which told him that the ship was under way.

The hatchway was not closed, but even there it would have been too

dark but for a light somewhere above, which sent a dull shaft into the hold. In this he opened the letter and read: "Dear Sammy: 'I'm down with the rheumatics, an' the doctor says 't will be a long time 'fore I'm out. The nabors are good, but they can't leave their own work an' do mine. I'm 'feared, Sammy, if you don't come, the farm will have to be sold. Tain't wuth much, but I can't look out for it any more.' But don't feel bad, dear boy, if you can't come. It's only rheumatics I've got.

"Ever your loving mother."
The young man choked; there was an unmistakable sob. In a moment he had clambered up the hatchway. A few passengers were standing near the rail or lounging about; but no officers were in sight. It was nearly dark.

Slipping back to the stern of the vessel, which was almost deserted, the young man glanced about wearily. The wharves were a mile away and were shadowy outlines; but he did not mind that, for he was a strong swimmer and a bold one. What he feared was the frustration of a plan which had suddenly formed in his mind.

No one was watching him, however, and presently grasping a rope, he swung himself over the side and from the end of the rope he dropped into the water.

Two hours later he drew himself up on one of the wharves, nearly exhausted, but with a look on his face that had not been there for years. "Now for home," he said aloud; "straight for home." Then he disappeared in the shadow of the great warehouses.

AFTER BUGS, NOT MEN.

Drug Clerk Unnecessarily Alarmed Over Demand for Poison.

He entered the drug store with his lips set, and a look in his eye that denoted a determination that was desperate.

"I want some paris green," he said hoarsely, "right away! I can't wait. They shall die this very day!"

The drug clerk sparred for time as he worked his way to the telephone to call up the police department. "All right, sir," he said, "but it will take a little while to prepare it."

"Nonsense!" said the man, "I will prepare it. They are ready to end their existence. Give me the poison!"

The drug clerk paled and pressed the button for the porter.

"Yes, yes," he said, "how many do you intend to kill?"

"About a million!" the clerk paled again. "Heavens," he exclaimed to himself, "the man is not only a well-to-do murderer, but a maniac as well!"

Then he added aloud: "Are you going to annihilate children and women as well?"

"Children and women?" said the desperate man. "Who said anything about children and women? I'm after the bugs on my roses. Is that stuff ready yet?"

SECRETARY SHAW ENERGETIC.

New Head of Treasury Department Sets a Hot Pace.

Secretary Shaw is the most industrious member of the President's cabinet, says the Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle. Shortly after he succeeded Lyman J. Gage, Mr. Shaw startled the treasury watchman by appearing at the department one morning promptly at 8 o'clock. The doors were unlocked by the wondering attendant, who thought that the secretary's home clock had slipped a cog or two.

The next day Secretary Shaw turned up at the same hour, and he has kept up the practice ever since. Few treasury officials are able to maintain the pace set by their chief. The latter's private secretary, Robert B. Arm strong, comes nearer doing this than any of the others, and he manages to get at his desk somewhere near 5 o'clock each morning. Only once he reported ahead of the secretary, however. The latter gets an early start. He rises at 6 o'clock every day, eats his breakfast at 7, and by the time the hands of the clock point to 8 he is at the department.

It is safe to say that this is something that no other cabinet officer has done for more than a few days at a time.

A MOUNTAINEER'S COMMENT.

Constituent Thought Senator Carlisle "Read Better Than He Looked."

At the time when John G. Carlisle was senator from Kentucky his speeches were widely printed and attracted a great deal of attention. One day when the senate was in session a mountaineer from the wilds of Kentucky presented himself at the door and asked to see Senator Carlisle. The visitor wore homespun and leather boots and was travel stained and dusty. He explained that he had read Mr. Carlisle's speeches and considered them great, and he walked more than a hundred miles in order to see the senator from his state. Mr. Carlisle was busy at the time and the clerk informed the visitor that he could not be disturbed. The farmer looked disappointed and seemed reluctant to depart. Finally, he asked if he might be taken where he could just catch a glimpse of the great man he had walked so far to see. The request was granted and Mr. Carlisle was pointed out to him. After a brief scrutiny the farmer turned to the attendant:

"Reads a heap better'n he looks," he remarked sentimentally, and prepared to walk back to Kentucky.—New York Times.

Occasion's everything, but the rub is to know an occasion when you see it.—"The Lady Paramount."

FAMOUS UNION SPY

ELIZABETH VAN LEW SERVED THE GOVERNMENT WELL.

Her Home at Richmond, Va., the Center of Southern Federal Intrigue—Romantic Episode in the Life of Remarkable Woman.

(Special Letter.)
HE spot in Richmond at present most frequented by strangers is the old Van Lew house, lately owned and occupied by Miss Elizabeth Van Lew, the famous Union spy, who rendered more assistance to the Federal government during the civil war than any woman within the confines of the Confederacy, and carriages filled with tourists empty themselves daily before its entrance.

The place, purchased since her death, eighteen months ago, by an organization and converted into a club house for men, has been renewed

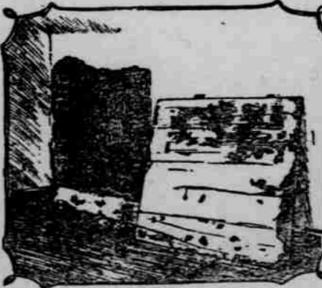


Elizabeth Van Lew.

without being essentially altered, and here may still be seen the hollow ornamental columns on either side of the parlor mantel in which were concealed communications from Gen. Grant and the authorities at Washington, the attic where fugitives from Libby prison awaited an opportunity of escape through the lines, the secret chamber beneath the eaves into which they crawled when discovery threatened, the outlet through the roof for sudden flight when detection was imminent and the strange figure on the basement wall of the mistress of the mansion herself, which started out upon the application of some renovating chemical like writing with sensitized ink when exposed to fire.

Perhaps her most dramatic achievement was the surreptitious removal of the body of young Ulrich Dahlgren, the son of Admiral Dahlgren, who was killed in King and Queen county, Va., and whose untimely end his mother never ceased to mourn. Buried near the spot upon which he fell, his remains were removed three weeks later, by order of the Confederate authorities, and placed in Oakwood cemetery, near Richmond. On the afternoon of the same day Martin Lipscomb, the contractor for the burial of the Federal and Confederate dead, was visited at his home on Franklin street by John Lohman, a German builder, and an unsuspected agent of Miss Van Lew, who represented Admiral Dahlgren as crazed by the death of his son, and besought him for the sake of humanity to disclose the whereabouts of the body and assist in its restoration to the distracted father.

Through a change of directions on the part of Gen. Elzey, then in charge of the city department, the interment of the young officer had not been entrusted to Lipscomb, and piqued by this and moved by the appeals of his visitor, he promised to give him the desired aid. At 10 o'clock that night, therefore, he repaired to the cemetery. Lohman, with his brother and a negro gravedigger, awaited him, and amid a fierce thunder and hail storm, the very batteries of heaven seeming to be turned upon them, they executed the task, carrying the body to Lohman's house, on Chelsea Hill, north of what is now the Richmond Locomotive works. There they found Miss Van Lew with two or three Union



Door to Secret Chamber.

sympathizers. The former cut off a lock of the officer's hair, and Lipscomb having agreed to provide a metallic coffin for the remains and Lohman to undertake the transfer through the lines, the party separated.

The next morning at an early hour the arrangements were completed, and the coffin lifted into a cart and covered with fruit trees. A single mule was attached, and, with the statement that the trees were to be set out on his farm, Lohman drove safely down a double line of pickets in the direction of Laurel Station, on the Fredericksburg road, where, beneath a sassafras bush, a third burial was effected. Meanwhile, Admiral Dahlgren wrote President Davis, asking for the return of the body, and in-

closing five twenty-five dollar gold pieces for attendant expenses. A ready assent was given, but upon investigation the grave was found to be empty, and as young Dahlgren's order to burn Richmond and kill the president with his cabinet had aroused intense feeling at the south, his friends believed that there had been foul play—a conviction retained until after the cessation of hostilities. The precipitate action, too, retarded the object which it was meant to hasten, the restoration of the body being delayed until three weeks after peace had been declared.

Recalling the fate of Mrs. Surratt, it is still a matter of surprise that, suspected as she was throughout the war, Miss Van Lew should have been allowed by the authorities to go at large.

Her services in the cause of the Union were not positively and fully known, however, until after her death when ex-federal officers, who had been concealed in her house—one of whom now occupies a government position in Washington—visited the place and disclosed the secret chamber and the movable step leading out through the roof. That her services were recognized by Gen. Grant is evinced by the fact that, upon hearing of the evacuation of Richmond, he dispatched his aid-de-camp, Col. Parke, to see that she was properly cared for, and when his army entered the city, paid long visits to her at her home.

One of his first acts, too, after he became president, was to make her postmistress of Richmond, a position which she held for eight years, and her receipts from which amounted to \$30,000. She later had a government position in Washington, which she retained until Cleveland came into power, when she resigned. Her mother died in 1870, after which her home was shared by her brother and his two daughters. One by one they passed away, however, leaving her at the last alone in the old house, haunted by the memories of more than a century. Her course during the war, and her affiliation with the negroes after it alienated the people of Richmond, who withdrew from all association with her. Only one or two close friends continued to cling to her; and her pathetic plaint, when sickness and old age had overtaken her, was: "I'm so lonely; nobody loves me."

No stone marks the green mound beneath which she sleeps in Shockoe Hill cemetery, but a strange coincidence identifies it. The space reserved for her in the family lot was insufficient to admit of her grave being dug in the usual way, and it



View of Van Lew House.

lies north and south, as did those of the federal soldiers buried in Confederate cemeteries, as did that of Ulrich Dahlgren.

Hay to Build Apartment House.

One of the finest buildings that have ever graced Washington, aside from the government structures, will be the new apartment house about to be erected by Secretary of State John Hay. A row of very good houses belonging to Mr. Hay on fashionable Connecticut avenue is being torn down to make room for it, and a much-used alley in the square will be closed, as he is the owner of all the abutting property. Each suite of rooms in such a well appointed apartment house rents for more per annum than the full amount of the average man's salary. It does not require the brain of a mathematician to guess at Mr. Hay's future income from this building alone, with its eighty-four suites to say nothing of the cafe.

The Wrong Side for Tracts.

Robert Kettle, a Glasgow manufacturer, was one of the warmest advocates which the cause of teetotalism ever had in the commercial capital of Scotland. He was always willing to speak a word in season to promote this reform. Usually he carried about with him a bundle of tracts which he distributed at houses and shops where he happened to call. One day he gave a few to a young lady. Visiting at the house two or three days later he noticed his friend had used the tracts as curl papers. "I see, my lassie," he said, "ye had made use o' the tracts I left wi' ye but"—this to spare her blushes—"ye've put them on the wrong side o' your head, my woman."

Have Refused Titles.

Some of the greatest men England has produced have resolutely refused to accept titles even when urged to do so. Carlyle was a notable instance in the field of letters, Mr. Gladstone in the field of politics. The order of merit will meet cases of this kind and will be a higher badge of honor than any title. Carlyle accepted the Prussian order of merit. Lord Kelvin is now the holder of both the Prussian and British orders.

Has Regular Schedule.

It has come to be regarded as settled that when Col. John Jacob Astor runs into and smashes a farmer's wagon with his auto the cost of the damage is \$100. He has paid several bills of that amount on account of wreckage caused by his flyer.

Mr. Phillips' Poetic Secret.
A biographer of Stephen Phillips, endeavoring to account for his success, lays particular stress on the fact that, having been educated at Stratford-on-Avon, he had "unique opportunities of imbibing the same air as the master of poetic drama."

Automobile Stage Lines.

Automobile stage lines have been established, or are to be established, in many states, according to information in the Motor Age.

Peculiar Name for Town.

A little town in Arkansas is called Maryhattiana, having been given that name by C. R. Webber, who chose this method of perpetuating the names of his wife and two daughters.

Regulating Speed of Automobiles.

The new law in New York for the regulation of automobiles permits a speed of eight miles in cities and villages and twenty miles in the country.

THE BEST RESULTS IN STARCHING can be obtained only by using Defiance Starch, besides getting 4 oz. more for same money—no cooking required.

You may succeed in convincing a man against his will, but what's the use?

TYPEWRITERS—WE SELL ANY less than half price—Our leader, THE MODEL A MANHATTAN \$50.00. F. S. Webster Co., Boston Bldg., Kansas City.

When a man has stomach trouble he never at a loss for something to occupy his mind.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

If the evil in men is visible it is an easy matter to overlook all the good.

WANTED FOR U. S. ARMY: able bodied unmarried men between ages of 21 and 35, citizens of UNITED STATES, of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write ENGLISH. For information apply to Recruiting Officer, 115 West 5th St., Kansas City, Mo.; Masonic Temple, St. Joseph, Mo.; 218 College St., Springfield, Mo.; Main St. Joplin, Mo.; or 4th and Ohio Sts., Sedalia, Mo.

Don't you know that Defiance Starch, besides being absolutely superior to any other, is put up 16 ounces in package and sells at same price as 12-ounce packages of other kinds?

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, Notre Dame, Indiana.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Notre Dame University, one of the great educational institutions of the West, which appears in another column of this paper. Those of our readers who may have occasion to look up a college for their sons during the coming year would do well to correspond with the President, who will send them a catalogue free of charge, as well as all particulars regarding terms, courses of studies, etc.

There is a thorough preparatory school in connection with the University, in which students of all grades will have every opportunity of preparing themselves for higher studies. The Commercial Course intended for young men preparing for business, may be finished in one or two years, according to the ability of the student. ST. EDWARD'S HALL, for boys under thirteen, is a unique department of the institution. The higher courses are thorough in every respect, and students will find every opportunity of perfecting themselves in any line of work they may choose to select. Thoroughness in class work, exactness in the care of students, and devotion to the best interests of all, are the distinguishing characteristics of Notre Dame University.

Fifty-eight years of active work in the cause of education have made this institution famous all over the country.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Notre Dame, Ind.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of St. Mary's Academy which appears in another column of this paper. We do not need to expatiate upon the scholastic advantages of St. Mary's for the catalogue of the school shows the scope of work included in its curriculum, which is of the same high standard as that of Vassar and Bryn Mawr, and is carried out faithfully in the class rooms. We simply emphasize the spirit of earnest devotion which makes every teacher at St. Mary's loyally strive to develop each young girl attendant there into the truest, noblest, and most intelligent womanhood. Every advantage of equipment in the class rooms, laboratories and study rooms, every care in the matter of food and clothing, and exceptional excellence of classic conditions—all these features are found at St. Mary's, in the perfection of development only to be obtained by the consecration of devoted lives to educational Christian work, in a spot favored by the Lord.

IRONING A SHIRT WAIST.

Not infrequently a young woman finds it necessary to launder a shirt waist at home for some emergency when the laundryman or the home servant cannot do it. Hence these directions for ironing the waist: To iron summer shirt waists so that they will look like new it is needful to have them starched evenly with Defiance starch, then made perfectly smooth and rolled tight in a damp cloth, to be laid away two or three hours. When ironing have a bowl of water and a clean piece of muslin beside the ironing board. Have your iron hot, but not sufficiently so to scorch, and absolutely clean. Begin by ironing the back, then the front, sides and the sleeves, followed by the neckband and the cuffs. When wrinkles appear apply the damp cloth and remove them. Always iron from the top of the waist to the bottom. If there are plaits in the front iron them downward, after first raising each one with a blunt knife, and with the edge of the iron follow every line of stitching to give it distinctness. After the shirt waist is ironed it should be well aired by the fire or in the sun before it is folded and put away, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.