SPEAK IT OUT.

If you've anything to offer that will aid
the cause of right,
Speak it out.
If you've any truth within you that will
lend the world a light,
Speak it out.
If the fire is in your spirit and the passion
to create,
You will feel it, you will know it. Then
to labor. Do not wait.
Go about it with a purpose that will con-
quer time and fate.
Speak it out.

Should your heart contain a message, make
it terse and make it clear.
Speak it out.
If it's new and if it's true, the world will
listen, do not fear.
Speak it out.
In the realms of soul, expression is the
dominating need,
Tell your thought by art or music, by a
word or by a deed.
If there's light, or love, or beauty in the
product, men will heed.
Speak it out.

Do you say there's nothin new? Some
thoughts bear telling o'er and o'er.
Speak them out.
Just be sure you say them better than
they e'er were said before.
Speak them out.
Do you make the weakling's plea that all
the changes have been rung?
Still we are but babes in progress, for the
world as yet is young.
On the future's lips are sweeter songs than
ever have been sung.
Speak them out.

There are other means than tongue or pen
to tell the things you feel,
Speak them out.
There's the chisel, there's the brush, by
which your dreams you may reveal,
Speak them out.
Should you have no gift for these, yet do
not deem your quest in vain;
Be a worker, for by actions men their ends
may best attain.
Let the deed be your interpreter to make
your message plain.
Speak it out.

Do you thrill with God's great purpose,
that impels you to aspire?
Speak it out.
Does the hope of something better burn
within you like a fire?
Speak it out.
Never called the world for leaders, teach-
ers, prophets, as to-day.
If you have, for love of humankind, a
cheering word to say;
If your brain contains a thought to help
upon the upward way,
Speak it out.

—J. A. Edgerton, in Denver (Col.) News.

AN interfamily quarrel between two houses up on Lynn street, with the consequent estrangement between Conductors Grimes and O'Connor, fathers and husbands of the warring groups respectively, were powerful factors in the last chapter, but Casey's sweetheart, with the sunlit hair, was the cause of the trouble. She was innocent of all evil intent, but between her comeliness and Casey's feelings, the most serious consequences nearly resulted to both parties, not to mention two train loads of Italian laborers and a bunch of the company's money. And if it had not been for that Lynn street feud and the fact that both train crews took sides therein—well, Casey and the girl would not have gone picnicking the next day.

How the feud originated no one seemed to know, not even Casey, and afterward he was too glad to accept the bare fact to inquire. But after the "kids" the mothers took it up, and the fathers had to follow suit to keep peace in their own families. It was serious by this tim . Each of those two men had said things which had been passed along by mutual friends till neither would speak to the other. Oh, they were sore hearted. They met face to face that morning in the little booth next to the office where Casey the train dispatcher held the chair. One glared into space and the other scowled, and they passed. Casey saw them and laughed, and later in the day was thankful that it was so.

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Casey's division ran from Janesville up to Baraboo or thereabouts, and Grimes and O'Connor were in charge of the two gravel trains working the cut north of Janesville. Their trains loaded and shoveled off alternately at the cut and the fill, as the case might be, and small were the civilities that passed between crews.

Casey was rather a young man for so responsible a calling, but there was one line besides train dispatching at which he was even less experienced, and he was finding constantly that his pathway was beset with new perplexities and wonderments. This morning he was absent minded, subject to unwonted starts and other symptoms. Casey hardly knew what was wrong, but he suspected strongly, and so did Annie. It was hard to confine his brain to the work in hand. Instead of train numbers and switches and sidings and stations his mind was filled with such irrelevant matters as the shape of a certain young woman's nose, and the way the sun shone in her hair. But he pulled himself together and got the hang of the day's work before things began to snarl up.

The alternating gravel trains were attended to early. Conductor Grimes and his fifty Italian laborers were sent back to the cut to finish loading their train with gravel. O'Connor and his gang were put to work for a while at the fill, unloading the flat cars that had been filled the night before by the steam shovel. All this was easy. The passenger trains and the through and the way freights were reported O. K., and Casey allowed his mind to wander just a little, prospecting on the quality of picnic weather he and Annie would get to-morrow for their trip up the river. Then he was called back to earth by a message from the operator at the cut five miles above. Grimes wanted to run up to the water tank, three miles further on, to fill the tender. Casey gave the right of way.

* * * * * * *

About this time O'Connor had finished his unloading at the fill, and his long train of empty flats pulled up at the station for orders. The fifty "dagoes" sat complacently in the sun, smoking their black pipes and saying nothing, like so many graven images. Casey sent them along the line to the cut for another load. Casey laughed again at the stolidity of the Italians, and wondered if they ever felt as he did. They did not seem to care whether school kept or not, but then, they didn't know the condition of the train dispatcher's mind, although this ought to have been of vital interest to them. Still, the passengers and the through and way freights were doing nicely, and it was already 10 o'clock.

Just then Annie came by. She ought not to have done so in business hours, but she wanted to ask Casey what lunch to put up for to-morrow's picnic. The dispatcher couldn't resist. He stepped out for just a little "spiel," a very short one. Annie was such a good hand to "josh" with.

Casey returned to his desk at last. Nothing had happened and everything was all right. The operator at the

HE CAUGHT THE LAST HANDRAIL OF THE CABOOSE.

tank wanted instructions. Grimes' engineer was ready to go back, but requested additional orders to take on his train at the cut, and then go rolling down the line to Janesville, without waiting for further telegraphed instructions.

If Casey had been thoroughly himself he would not have granted it, because such a thing is irregular in railroad practice, and two trains nearly always get into trouble when they try to pass on the same track. But for ten seconds it slipped his mind that he had given O'Connor the right of way. And in that ten seconds, having Annie's smile before his eyes and being benevolently inclined to all, he told Grimes' engineer to go ahead.

Then he looked out and saw Annie waving at him from across the track. She, too, had forgotten something. Did he prefer beef tongue or ham in his sandwiches? That was all, or nearly all, and it was quickly settled. He preferred ham.

* * * * * * *

But when Casey got back and looked at his order book he turned white. According to the stories in the magazines he should have drawn a gun on himself or died of heart disease. This is a true account, however, and Casey did nothing of the sort. He shut his lips tight and all the sunshine of the day turned black, and all the pretty things he had been thinking about the girl turned black with it. He jumped to the ticker and tried to rouse the operator at the cut.

The brute was slow and when he did answer he said that Grimes' train had gone. Gone! Casey was almost reaching for the gun in the top drawer. But he didn't. He worked the instrument again.

"Chase it!" rattled Casey, and the operator chased.

In the next ten minutes Casey got his first gray hair.

Now, from the cut to Janesville it is down grade all the way. The gravel train had stood on a siding, and the brakeman had to jump to catch the caboose after he had locked the switch. The track was bad and good sprinting was out of the question. The operator was a long-legged chap, however, and he had a chance.

Meanwhile Casey sat still and waited. He saw the wreck, vividly—the steaming ruin of the engines, the heaped up train and the bodies lying side by side under blankets. Then the inquest and all the rest of the nightmare. There was murder on his hands unless that train was stopped. And if it was stopped—well, there would be words of comment by trainmen, messages over the wire to the division superintendent and orders not ordered by Casey, and it would be all over with Casey's railroad career, to say nothing of Annie and the picnic.

O'Connor had left Janesville long ago and now was plugging along up the grade, with numerous curves ahead and fifty dagoes behind. Grimes' train was rapidly gaining headway, stringing out of the siding and rattling onto the main track, going faster with every yard.

The long-legged operator ran rapidly. Just as the train straightened out for the down grade of the main line he caught the last hand rail of the caboose and was flung off his feet, but hung on and climbed aboard.

And there they stood, the engine puffing and blowing off, and Grimes talking very earnestly with his engineer when the O'Connor train pulled in. It was the long-legged operator who saved the trains—but it was the backyard quarrel that saved Casey. Grimes scowled, O'Connor glowered, conversation was out of the question, and official joint reports not to be thought of. In the feud that had disrupted the neighborhood up on Lynn street, the poor train dispatcher who had nearly sent the two trains over the Great Divide was forgotten.

So Casey and the little lady with the sunlit hair went on their picnic up the river according to schedule.—Paul R. Wright, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

FIGHTING WITH GIANTS.

Major Austin's Expedition Along the Anglo-Abyssinian Frontier.

Among the latest joys of empire building in Africa are week long fights with giant savages. In an extremely interesting account of his expedition along the Anglo-Abyssinian frontier, Major Austin tells, among other things, of an encounter with the Turkhana, a tribe of giants inhabiting the shores of Lake Rudolph. One night these tribesmen came upon some members of Major Austin's caravan and killed three Soudenese soldiers.

A second attempt to rush the camp was after some trouble beaten off, and when the expedition moved off these gigantic tribesmen hung on to its skirts.

It took a month for the caravan to get clear of their country, and during that time thirty members of the expedition died.

The hostility of the Turkhana seems strange in the face of the entirely different demeanor observed in them by the late Captain Wellby, whose useful life was cut short in the unending war.

When this gallant officer passed through the Turkhana country he found that the tribesmen fled at his approach, leaving their villages entirely deserted.

Penetrating into the bush the captain and his party saw several Turkhana men moving through the forest. They appeared, said the captain, to be filled rather with fear and curiosity than with any intention of hostility.

These warriors, who moved about the bush in little groups, were men of enormous stature, many of them perfect giants in their build. They were magnificent specimens of savage manhood, and all were armed with spears of unusual length.

The most curious feature of their personal adornment was their fashion of dressing their hair. It fell in thick, carefully woven masses right down to their waist, forming a sort of net, in which were primitive trinkets and other ornaments.

As for the Turkhana women, they were so deadly frightened when they saw Captain Wellby and his men, that it was plain they thought their last hour had come. But by his kindliness, and making some little present to them each time he encountered them, the captain eventually overcame their fears, and by degrees the Turkhana women, susceptible like all their kind to the charms of the sons of Mars, lost the despairing look which had overspread their faces when they first saw the white man.

Once, when the captain came upon a party of Turkhanas, the savage giants sprang to their feet and gazed at him in profound astonishment, making no sign either of hostility or terror.

Then, all of a sudden, without any visible cause, they turned and fled, leaving everything behind them but their spears.

Somehow these gentle giants seem to have overcome their fear of white men.—London Star.

Alligators Becoming Scarce.

"In five or six years it will be hard to get alligator skins," said William Raquet, "for the reason that they are all being killed off. Ten years ago it was no uncommon thing to get a skin from ten to twelve feet long, but now it is a rarity when we get one eight feet long.

"This comes from the use of alligator leather in the making of valises. Formerly about the only demand for the skins was for shoes, but now there are very few shoemakers who use them. It was a fad, and the fad has gone out of date. But when valises of the skins came in the demand increased by leaps and bounds. There are hundreds of alligator hunters along the coast and their work is showing plainly. For a long time there were plenty of 'gators along the bayous and the marshes close to town, but now we have to go to West Louisiana and Mississippi and elsewhere to find them."

Mr. Raquet then spoke of the discovery that the back of the alligator, long supposed to be useless for leather purposes, is now used in the heavier valises. Formerly only the skin from the under side was considered of any account, but now all parts of it are of service.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Eiffel Tower as a Meteorological Station.

The Eiffel Tower of Paris proves to be a meteorological station of unique interest, owing to the height of the topmost platform above the surrounding country. The great wind velocity is the most striking feature of the records. The normal velocity exceeds eighteen miles an hour, which is more than three times as great as at a height of seventy feet, and rain gauges are practically useless, on the top platform, on account of the force of the wind.—Success.

Fox Terrier Caught a Thief.

M. Eugene Durand, a merchant at Noisy le Sec, has a fox terrier for which he would refuse a high price. M. Durand called on a customer and left his pony cart with the dog in charge.

Hearing a frantic growling, he rushed to the street and found a man in the cart endeavoring to drive off, while the dog had him by the nape of the neck. The robber was promptly arrested.—Paris Correspondence New York Herald.

WAYS OF THE BRIGAND

HIS MANNERS HAVE NOT CHANGED MUCH IN A CENTURY.

A Standby in Fiction and Art—But Vulgarly Practical in His Chosen Profession—Why He Plunders—How Napoleon Conquered.

The following article was written for the Washington Evening Star by William Elliot Griffis, LL.D.: A new Macedonian cry—"come over and help us"—rings in our ears. This time it is a woman's. At the opening of the twentieth century the same situation confronts us as that in 1801. Then collections were taken in the churches to ransom American captives held in the prisons of Tripoli. In Mohammedan countries the name of the young United States was the synonym for poverty and impotence. To-day in the same region the United States means wealth and weakness.

On the 3d of September, in the Turkish province of Macedonia, on a road frequently traveled, our countrywoman, Miss Ellen M. Stone, and a party of eleven other persons were surrounded in a mountain defile by thirty or forty Bulgarian brigands, who spoke broken Turkish, wore Turkish clothes and had their faces masked or blackened. The Bulgarian brigands (or were they Turks?) were politely careful to dismiss the English clergyman, his wife and his wife's father, but, in hope of a large ransom ($110,000) they kept the American lady.

The brigand is a preancient character. Long before the days of Barabbas he was in old Greece and Rome. Indeed, without him much of their fascinating mythology would lose point. Every land has known him, and after he has been properly hanged, broken on the wheel, or boiled in oil, his exploits form the staple of nursery lore ever after. The folk lore of China, Japan and India is as full of him as is the England of Robin Hood, Jack Shepard or Dick Turpin. In a Japanese inn one bathes in a tub named after a knight of the road, who was duly cooked according to law. Burma has it Dacoits; Syria knew its patriot spoilers of the Roman, whom Herod rooted out of their lairs only by lowering down the face of the cliffs great boxes filled with warriors. Even yet the way to Jericho offers work for good Samaritans. To travel from Athens to Marathon the student must go armed to the teeth. Italy is the classic home of the brigands, with Spain as a near rival. Who does not remember the brilliant picture of Horace Vernet, in which the French dragon in Calabria pistols the patriotic and picturesque robber? Along the Rhine Schinderhannes is tenderly cherished. The Spanish Jose Maria, the French Cartouche, the Italian Pezza are still the fascinating theme of fireside story.

Indeed, what would art, fiction and the operatic stage do without the brigand, with his peaked and befeathered hat, his chromatic jacket and flamboyant sash, and a whole latticework of black ribbons on his leggins? Who does not remember the ditty, "On yonder rocks reclining?" Is not that gentleman, ever on the decline, none other than Brother Devil, or Fra Diavolo? It is the brigand's business to recline on the rocks and wait for his prey. He lives with the sportive goats. The high hills are a refuge for him, as well as for the coney. Indeed, so much is this chronic loftiness affected by the brigand that popular etymologists, living in England, who remember Roderick Dhu and the general tendency of the Highlander to lift cattle, would derive the word from brigant, a Highlander, and this from brig, a hilltop. But, no! Our friend, ever personally rich in decorative elements, inhabits more genial climes to the southward. His name, in its true derivation, explains why he is often so popular, considered a patriot, the alleged champion of the poor and the terror of the unjust rich. Down at the root, the Italian word means to be ambitious, to be busy and strive, to achieve grand things. Only as the gentleman on the hilltop interprets these terms to the disadvantage of the traveling public does his name have a bad sense, and mean robber or pirate. Next to capture, his business is ransom. Indeed, brigands in the Middle Ages were barons, and the later feudal system was a sort of licensed brigandage. In the days when soldiers had to get their pay in the best way they could—which is largely the situation of the Turkish army officers and soldiers to-day—ransom was a regular business. To-day it may seem a terribly large sum to pay ($110,000) for an unmarried American lady in middle life. We ask, where are the knights errant? Yet think of the fat hauls which were made in the past by kidnapers or abductors of some sort—of Richard I. released on payment (in values of to-day) of $2,000,000, or of King John of France, ransomed for $10,000,000—paid in installments.

Do we associate the brigand with vulgar thieves and pickpockets? How do we injure innocence! Our commercial ideas vary from those of the kidnapers themselves, or of those who look back tenderly upon them. Usually the brigand is a gentleman of property, as he certainly is of standing in the local community. He exists only where government is weak, and where anarchy prevails more or less, as it has long prevailed in Macedonia and Bulgaria. Usually he is in collusion with the authorities, and his plunder is often shared by the military, especially the unpaid military, who are supposed to exterminate him. The brigand is usually a very religious man, and eminently orthodox, with a conscience void of offense. He follows his business in order to pay his church assessments. He vows to the Virgin or some favorite saint to burn so many candles or offer so many prayers, according to the amount of booty collected. By a large ransom he hopes all the more to glorify his God. Not only is this true in Calabria, in Spain, in the line from Vienna to Naples, and all over the Levant, but even Burmese, Chinese and Japanese robbers are devout to the last degree.

To this day in some parts of Italy and France, Napoleon is held in execration, because he made the roads safe and compelled the abolition of the romantic profession by having every brigand promptly shot, whether he committed murder in the name of the church or for more selfish motives.

Brigandage is a disease of government, and brigands are the parasites that fatten on the dying body politic. It cannot exist where law is equal and government honest and strong.

We must not be too hard upon the Turks, because such an episode of road robbery has taken place within the Sultan's dominions, lest he and others might inquire whether, even in this proud land, our transcontinental express trains are not sometimes held up by robbers. Miss Stone was kidnaped while going between the villages Bansko and Diumia in the Balkan Mountains. For twenty-three years she has traveled safely through Macedonia and Bulgaria, having spent during the last year no fewer than 144 days in touring with Bible women and training young girls. Amid such a variety of languages she has found that English is the best for unity in education.

There are home lessons for the American people in this new Macedonian cry. When a century ago Mohammedan fanatics in the Barbary States kept all Christian captives for ransom, compelling even powerful European nations to pay heavy indemnities annually, it was the American navy that blew to atoms this scheme of brigandage on the high seas. Our naval captain humbled the Barbary powers, vindicated the American right to travel and trade, and thus set a precedent to the whole civilized world. In 1901, despite all our self-conceit and vanity, the United States is still in Turkey the synonym of wealth and weakness, since a few years ago even a Secretary of State hinted that the American missionaries should leave the Turkish empire. Yet yield one point to the Turk and he will gladly take all. If the United States cannot protect peaceful missionaries, it cannot protect our commerce or c[illegible]ns anywhere.

Savage Diplomacy.

During the recent convention of college presidents and scientists who make up the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, Dr. G. W. Atherton told a story of Captain Pratt, the distinguished educator of Indian youth, which convulsed the other delegates. Some one had referred to a resolution "in due and proper form, reduced to writing." Dr. Atherton replied briefly in the quiet, contained manner befitting the President of Pennsylvania State College: "The gentleman's reference to a resolution 'reduced to writing,' suggests to me the story of an Indian boy and Captain Pratt. In the course of some cogitation over the boy's disregard of the precepts of our civilization, Captain Pratt asked the boy of what he was thinking. 'If you please,' answered the Indian, 'I was thinking of a dream I had last night. I dreamt I went to heaven, and when I got there I saw a great big blackboard; and, Captain Pratt, your name was there in big letters. Yes, sir, your name was there, written in your own hand.'"—Washington Star.

A Tale Almost Too Good to Be True.

During the blizzard of '99 I started one day from the central office of the Bureau of Charities to distribute money to some cases reported for "instant relief." In an attic I found a poor widow, a seamstress, with one child, a boy of six. The room was cold and bare; there was no fire, the windows were loose and snow lay upon the floor. The boy had been kept in bed for two days to keep warm. I asked the usual questions and gave the woman $2. All this before I discovered the boy. Suddenly his head bobbed from beneath the bed-clothes, and at sight of the two bills his eyes became moons. "Gee-e-e, Mister! All that for us? Then we can give some to Ted Burns' mother down stairs to buy coal. Can't we, Mom?"—The Rev. David M. Steele, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Relic Hunters at the Milburn House.

"The Milburn house in Buffalo and the grounds about it have been so preyed upon by relic hunters since President McKinley's death that a police guard has been placed there for protection," said a Buffalo man the other day. "Plants were pulled up, limbs of trees broken off, and anything that could be carried away has been stolen by the seekers of souvenirs. Some of the worst of the relic hunters even tried to break off pieces of brick from the corners of the house. The guard was placed about the house as a last resort, when it was found that nothing else would keep the crowds within bounds."—New York Times.

She Has Tried Suicide Forty-five Times.

Bertha Merriner has the suicide habit, according to the police surgeons. She made her forty-fifth attempt to end her life by swallowing laudanum. Police Suregon Miller saved her life. The young woman has tried all poisons, in greater or less quantities, to effect her purpose. Once she swallowed a quantity of chewing gum. Miss Merriner is twenty-seven years of age and pretty notwithstanding the effects of the poisons.—Denver Republican.

THE REWARD OF PATIENCE.

Old Bill Jones,
He used to kick
An' never worked
A single lick.

An' Hiram Smith
Worked night an' day
An' never had
A word to say.

When workin', Bill
Seemed at a loss,
An' so they had
To make him boss.

An' Hiram, he
Works with a will
A tryin' hard
To please ol' Bill.
—Washington Star.

Freddie — "What's a kleptomaniac, dad?" Cobwigger—"A person who has money enough to pay for what he steals."—Judge.

The Bachelor—"Bah! You save money by stinting your wife." The Married Man—"And you save money by not having any."

"Come over and play wid us, Jimmy." "Oh, chee, I can't. Grandpa's visitin' us, and mamma sent me out to amuse him."—Life.

Some people wed, I have been told,
Because of animosity;
But more for love, a lot for gold,
A few from curiosity.
—Philadelphia Record.

"Don't you despise people who talk behind your back?" "I should say so. Especially at a concert or during an interesting play."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Old Aunt (despondently)—"Well, I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer." Nephew (reassuringly)—"Don't talk like that, Aunt. You know you will!"—Punch.

"Look here, boss," said the beggar, "you've given me a counterfeit." "Is that so?" replied the good man. "Well, keep it for your honesty."—Philadelphia Press.

You'll get more praise than you deserve,
Though fellow mortals jeer and laugh.
You know they will not have the nerve
To scold you in your epitaph.
—Washington Star.

"How do you keep your treasurer honest?" "All his money is marked, and if a dollar of it gets into circulation we know it and promptly jump on his bondsmen."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Kate — "Martha declares that the men are all alike." Edith—"Then you can't blame her if she takes the first one that comes along. You may depend upon it, that's just what she will do."—Boston Transcript.

Bunker—"I used to get considerable amusement out of golf." Ascum—"Ah! Then you don't play any more?" Bunker—"Yes, indeed. I was referring to the time before I began to play."—Philadelphia Press.

"I throw myself upon your mercy," sobbed the 200-pound heroine. The villain sank beneath her weight. "I now realize," he murmured, "what is meant by the power behind the throne."—Philadelphia Press.

Nervous Tourist—"Stop, driver, stop! There's something wrong! I am sure a wheel's coming off!" Driver—"Arrah, be aisy, then, yer honor. Sure, it's the same one's been comin' off thin these three days back!"—Punch.

Finnick—"If you'll notice the poets invariably refer to the earth as 'she.' Why should the earth be considered feminine, I'd like to know?" Sinnick—"Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."—Catholic Standard.

Tess—"I told Miss Sharpe what you said about her sewing-circle; that you would not join because it was too full of stupid nobodies." Jess—"Did you? What did she say to that?" Tess—"She said you were mistaken; that there was always room for one more."—Philadelphia Press.

The Hearth Cricket.

Mr. James Rehn, of the American Entomological Society, has made a special study of the cricket life of Philadelphia. As a result of his studies, he writes:

"Most Americans were formerly familiar with no other cricket than the black field cricket, but recently a light brown species with bars of dark brown on its head, has made its way into our cities, and this visitor is none other the hearth cricket, the friend of Caleb Plummer and John Perrybingle. It cannot be denied that we have always had, so far as we know, the little minstrel; but recent years have seen a very great increase in their numbers in and around Philadelphia. His chirp is quite different from that of our black crickets, and he shows a great preference for the vicinity of a stove, where he soon lets himself be heard.

"The hearth cricket is found over the greater part of Europe, inhabiting dwellings and outbuildings, but the insect particularly loves the vicinity of a fire, such a situation as Dickens graphically describes in his 'Christmas Stories.'"—Philadelphia Record.

The Mystified Ermine.

Many of the provident peeresses are already purchasing the ermine robes that they will be required to wear on the great occasion of the coronation, and no doubt their economical foresight will be repaid, for there is no question but that the price of ermine must rise as a consequence of the unusual demand. To the unfortunate ermine, hunted to death more zealously to supply the demand, the chain of causes and effects must seem very mysterious.—Country Life.