Love's First Sunburst.

I feared at first 'twas a direnome spell
Of chills and fever upon me creeping.
My breast in its carriage rose and fell
And the blood through my veins went
hotly leaping.
My brain was afraid with a strange delight,
A sweetly delirious sort of feeling;
My step was so rubbery and so light
It seemed that my head would bump
the ceiling.
And songs arose in this soul of mine
As rich and ruddy as old port wine.

Then flashed a picture upon my brain
In clear-cut lines of a handsome fellow
Whose arms seemed strong as a golden
chain.
Whose voice, full ripened, was soft
and mellow.
And came a memory of how last night
He sat with me as the hours went
fleeting
Till pa appeared in a gown of white
And said 'twas time to adjourn the
meeting.

Then a whispering angel put me on—
'Twas the glad sunburst of my love's
first dawn.

—Denver Post.

The Moment of Vision.

BY WILLIAM MILLOD RAINE.

Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.

She held out the ring to him, stalling in rather uncertain fashion, but Esterley noticed that she was very white. He was savagely glad of it, for at the time he was cold as ice and hard as iron.

"Has the last word been said?" he asked with not a trace of emotion in his voice. "Are you going to turn me away on account of a little thing like this?"

"You may call it a little thing if you like. I don't. When one finds the man she is engaged to marry flirting with——"

"I wasn't flirting. I have told you that before," he answered doggedly. "But of one thing you may be sure, Elise. If you send me away now I shall not return to you."

"You flatter yourself, sir, in thinking I shall want you back," she retorted, "Shall I lay the ring on the table, or will you take it?"

He dropped the ring into his vest pocket, bowed coldly, and turned on his heel. Next moment the street door had clanged behind him. The girl sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. Presently deep sobs began to shake her. Meanwhile Ned Esterley, in a moody, frowning silence, strode down to the Union Depot with his suitcase in his hand. Fifteen minutes later he was on a train bound for Cripple Creek. He gazed out of the window without seeing any of the glory of the winter sunshine, which fell in a sheen of splendor on the white-bine range of peaks in the distance. He was sick at heart, and bitter against the girl who had misjudged him. What right had she to sentence him before she had heard his vindication? What right to vote him guilty of disloyalty because she had found him with Kate Sanford's hand in his, her eyes swimming in tears?

An hour passed, two hours, but Esterley took no thought of the flight of time. It might be five minutes since he had entered the train, or it might be five hours. He neither knew nor cared. His personal problem drove from his mind other considerations.

If Elise were going to believe——

There came a sudden jar, which threw Esterley forward against the seat in front of him. He did not need to be told that the engine had been reversed, and the airbrakes set. There came to him the sharp grinding of wheels on the track, and with it the gradual lessening of speed. A moment later there was a horrible crash. The floor of the car rose to meet the roof. The last that Esterley remembered was plunging forward through the air.

When he came to himself, he found about him a great pile of debris. He was deep hidden in what remained of the car—a mass of broken timbers, of torn iron and of wrenched steel rods—and some ten feet above him was the open air. A white dead face stared at him through the broken wreckage. Gingerly Esterley moved first one arm and then the other. They were free, and he went over himself coolly to estimate the damage. Except for a cut in the head he was quite unhurt, but his legs were pinned down between two great timbers beyond the hope of extrication. He tied a handkerchief around his cut head, and began his attempt to free himself. Had the timbers come two inches nearer together, his ankles would have been

"Has the last word been said?"

snapped like pipestems; had they been two inches farther apart, he would have been free.

Esterley called to a passing brakeman. The man stopped, looked around, and caught sight of him. He called to another man.

"There's a fellow pinned down in this second car, Norton. Send the gang here."

Presently Esterley could see that men were at work with axes, saws, and crowbars to rescue him. He had been conscious without thinking of it that the air was hazy with smoke, but his mind had taken no account of the fact. Now he heard a persistent, faint crackling sound. A horrible fear flashed through his brain, and he clawed his head round. The car behind him had caught fire. His heart contracted and stood for a moment with

"You, Elise? What are you doing here?"

a ghastly horror. Good heavens, he would be roasted alive, unless the rescuing party reached him in time! It was a race for his life. He could see that they were working desperately, but he could not help calling out to hurry for God's sake. He tried frantically to draw his feet from the trap which pinioned them, but he only succeeded in cutting them against the timbers till the blood streamed from his raw ankles.

Then he fell quiet, saying to himself over and over again, "Keep cool, Ned Esterley. Keep cool. There must be some way out of this thing. Good God, there MUST." The sweat of agony poured from his face. How slow the rescuers were, and how fast the flames leaped toward him! He wanted to keep crying out to the men to hurry, but he bit back the words. They were doing all that mortal men could do.

Gradually it dawned upon him that he was lost. Great volumes of smoke rolled between him the rescuers, telling him that they could not reach him in time. With the assurance—after the first frantic rush of fear—there came to Esterley a singular coolness. He drew his revolver from his hip-pocket, and laid it on the crook of a bent rod near his hand, where it would be ready for emergencies. Then he got from his coat pocket a note book, and from his vest a lead pencil. One of the brakemen above, hewing away at a cross timber, which barred their way, muttered to the engineer:

"Good Lord, Norton. He's writing. Saying that we ain't likely going to reach him. Ain't he got the bully nerve?"

Esterley first carefully noted down the address to which he wanted his letter forwarded, then wrote his letter.

Dear Elise: Our train has just collided with another, and I am pinned down in the wreckage. The train crew are working to get me out, but they will not succeed, for the wreck is on fire, and the flames rapidly spreading this way. I write this note as my last word to you, and after writing it, I shall throw the note book to the men outside. The crew have already been driven back from rescuing me by the smoke and flames. No, they are back at it again—almost within reach of me, but the smoke and heat are fearful.

"Oh, Elise, girl, our quarrel was all a mistake. It was my fault for I should have insisted on explaining that I was interceding with Kate for young Dick Hazle. You know they were engaged, but had had a lover's quarrel. Good-bye, sweetheart. I have never loved any but you. Forgive my obstinate anger. I can write no more. The flames are all about me. Good-by—till——"

The smoke strangled him. Esterley handed his notebook to the conductor with the request that it be forwarded. With singed hair and eyebrows the trainmen pried at the timbers which held him. The heat was unendurable, and Esterley fell back unconscious just as grimy hands reached for him.

Esterley lay for days in a semi-comatose condition. He had an impression that Elise was hovering about the room, and he was told afterward that he called continually for her. The third morning after the accident he opened his eyes to an understanding of what was passing. Elise bent over him, smiling happily. The doctors had just told her that Ned would get well.

"You, Elise? What are you doing here?"

"Taking care of you."

"Of me? What's the matter with——Oh, there was an accident, wasn't there? How did you know of it?"

"The conductor sent me your note-book."

"And—about Kate——?"

"It's all right, Ned. She came and told me all about it after you left. Will you forgive me, dear?"

He nodded, eyes shining with joy.

A PROFESSIONAL PRAYER.

The Odd Business of an Old Negress in New Orleans.

"Of one of the most unique characters of New Orleans I have found one of the most unique characters I ever saw in an old negro washerwoman," said a man who has lately taken up his residence in one of the more popular avenues of the city, "and she seems to be proceeding along original lines in the main purpose of her life. Washing clothes seems to be a mere incident to the general plan she carries out. She is an interesting old character and can quote copiously from the bible. This seems to be a hobby with her. She has some kind, of construction to put on every line she quotes, too. She can tell you just exactly what it means from her way of looking at it. But this is not the point I had in mind.

"Several days ago I got into conversation with the old woman, and she asked me if I didn't have some family washing to give her. I told her I did not, but encouraged the conversation, as I have a fondness for the negro of the ante-bellum type, finding them always very interesting. She finally threw a quotation from the bible at me, and it was followed by another, and still another, and so on. 'Say, boss,' she said after a while, 'does yo' ever have anybody to do dem 'ere prayin' fo' yo'?' I told her I did not, and, becoming more interested in the old woman, I got her to unfold her scheme to me. She did it without any sort of hesitation.

"She is a professional prayer, and offers to no small sum out of it from what she told me. She told me she was praying once a week for the lady next door, who had employed her to pray for her husband to quit drinking, although he is a very light drinker, to my own knowledge. The old woman seemed to be very proud of her calling, and whatever other people may say about it she is an enthusiastic believer in the efficacy of her own prayers."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Somebody Had Blundered.

Col. McClure is said to have been the narrator of the tale of a traveling Celt, who, stopping for the night at a Harrisburg hotel, found the rooms all engaged. The host the landlord could do for him was to put him in the same bed with one of the negro employees of the hostelry. The Irishman rebelled at first, but finally consented, leaving explicit directions that he was to be called early in the morning. A party of politicians who had heard the arrangement between landlord and guest paid the waiter to black up his room-mate before going to sleep. In the morning, when the Celt was called, he arose, made a hasty toilet, descended to the barroom sent in his order for breakfast and asked for a drink as an appetizer. As he raised the glass, he caught his reflection in the mirror behind the bar, and rushing wildly back to the landlord's room, cried out:

"Faith, an' yez huv woke up th' wrong man! 'Twas the Orishmon not th' nayger—that wanted to be called earrly!"

Litigious John Bull.

As a race the English people must be very litigious, for judicial figures given out in a recent parliamentary return show that on the average, in 1900, one person in every twenty-five in England and Wales went to law during the course of the year. These are, of course, average figures, based on the fact that there were 1,210,680 civil cases begun during that year. The London Express in explaining these figures declares that "the cantankerously litigious person and the tradesman who is unfortuncte in the number of customers who will not pay their debts bring up the average."

Italians Like Squid.

There is joy in Little Italy over the arrival of the squid market. The squid, known to the scientists as loligo vulgaris, is also called the inkfish by the natives of the Jersey coast. It is a repulsive looking creature, somewhat resembling the octopus, or devilfish, although much smaller. At certain seasons of the year it is the bane of the fisherman's life, but when they are so plentiful as to completely fill the nets they are shipped in barrels to Philadelphia, where they find ready purchasers among the Italians. No one else would eat them.—Philadelphia Record.

Made Senator Kittredge Talk.

Senator Kittredge of South Dakota takes pride in never saying more than "Yes" or "No" to newspaper men. One day recently a correspondent interviewed him, but was unable to get more than the monosyllables named in reply. Finally he asked: "What is the largest city in South Dakota?" The senator looked his surprise as he answered: "Sioux Falls." The correspondent bowed and left. Meeting a friend a few moments later he said: "I have all you fellows beaten now. I have just added the words 'Sioux Falls' to Senator Kittredge's vocabulary."

Modern Necessities.

"What would you rather have," said the young woman who asks abrupt questions, "money or brains?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "there used to be a time when we were a simple and unpretentious people, when mere money would suffice to win success. But now politicians have become so wicked and alert that you've got to keep your eyes open all the time to spend your money so that it will do you some good. Take my word for it, you've got to have money and brains, too."

THE SPICE OF LIFE

LIGHT SIDE OF THINGS AS SEEN BY THE JESTERS.

When He Was at Martinique—A Bull Egg Market—Professor Suggests Path in Life for Yearning Soul—Limit on Germ Theory.

Limit on Germ Theory.

"Mrs. De Vinne has gone the limit on her germ theory."

"What has she done now?"

"Why, so long as she only insisted on boiling the water and milk the family didn't object, but when her husband and his brother invited their old chums to dinner, and she got hold of the champagne and boiled it, then there was trouble."

A Bull Egg Market.

"So the show went through without a hitch, did it?"

"Yes; the success was tremendous. How do you account for it?"

"Well, you see, eggs were tremendously high."

The Reason Why.

"John," asked Mrs. Roland Parke, "why do you call our front lawn a grass plot?"

The perspiring suburbanite leaned a moment on his trusty lawn mower after his daily tussle with the tall grass, and said savagely:

"Grass plot? Why, because it looks like a confounded conspiracy on the part of the grass to break my back every summer!"

Domestic Bliss.

Mecker—Did you tell that cook that I kicked about the roast, at dinner last night?

Mrs. Mecker—Yes.

Mecker—What did she say?

Mrs. Mecker—She said I might inform you, with her compliments that there were no strings tied to you and if her cooking didn't suit you it was up to you to take your meals elsewhere.

In Our Flat.

Agent—You say that you can't sleep at night? Well, let me sell you a clock with a luminous face.

Smythe—Don't need it.

Agent—But how can you tell the time at night?

Smythe—By the neighbors dropping their shoes. Mrs. Brown drops her promptly at 11, Mr. Topfloor at 12 and old Bender at 1.

The Right Place.

"Is this where you make trouble?" asked the little man at whose elbow stood an aggressive looking woman.

"Tain't is the marriage license bureau," answered the man behind the desk.

"That's what I meant," said the little man, as he sidled and reached into his pocket for $2.

They Would Cure Him.

"I wish," she sighed, "I could break little Willie of the habit of calling names!"

"You can," responded the gruff neighbor promptly.

"How?"

"Discharge the nurse and send him out to play with a few rough boys some afternoon."

Hard on the Dog.

"Billingsley has taught his dog to sing."

"Does he sing well?"

"He sings as well as Billingsley could teach him."

"I never heard Billingsley. Is he a good singer?"

"Well, the dog has been shot at seven times."

Foxy Youth.

She—Really, I don't feel like walking. My feet have bothered me a good deal lately.

He—You must be exceedingly nervous.

She—Nervous?

He—Yes; otherwise you wouldn't let such little things bother you.

Increased Interest.

"Did you call that trust magnate to the stand?"

"I did," answered the man who was conducting the investigation.

"I suppose he add..d a great deal to the interest of the case?"

"He did. It is now more mysterious than ever."

An Unobliging Man.

"No, they haven't been friends since they took an ascent together in the captive balloon."

"Did they fall out?"

"Not exactly. She got angry because he wouldn't cut their names in the balloon as a memento of the trip."

An Admiring Tribute.

A noted Missouri scrapper died recently, and his admirers raised a monument over his grave bearing these words:

"He was always looking for a fight with a man of his own size."—Atchison Globe.

Fruitless.

Little Willie—Pa, what does this paper mean by saying it was a fruitless search?

Father—It probably applies, my son, to the quest of some man who was looking for pineapples on a pine tree.

Her Path in Life.

"Professor," said Miss Skylight, "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism.

"What are your natural inclinations?"

"Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a life-work that shall be marvelous in its scope, and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty!"

"Woman, you're born to be a milliner."

Horrible!

Man (in drug store)—"I want some consecrated lye."

Druggist—"You mean concentrated lye."

Man—"It does matmeg any difference. That's what I can..tain. What does it sulpaur?"

Druggist—"Fifteen cents. I never cinnamon a man with so much wit."

Man—"Well, should myrrh, myrrh! Yet I am..ia a novice a..' it."—Ex.

Beating the Stock Market.

"Yes, sir, I have the best of inside information and I would be glad to sell you the secret of beating the stock market."

"Well, I'll tell you," returned the cautious stranger, "just you try it first, and if you win——"

"Yes, if I win——"

"Why, then you'll be rich enough so that you won't have to sell any secrets."

Chance for a Profit.

"Why should I advance money for your campaign expenses?" demanded the speculator.

"Just as a business investment," replied the man who wanted to be a legislator. "I know something of the character of some of the measures to be introduced at the next session, and I am confident I will be able to declare a dividend before it is half over."

"Old Boy" Has a Mortgage.

"Brethren: They say Babel is so strong that a man's spirit goes right on doing the same thing after death that he did in life."

Gallus—"That can't be true about your case."

Timothy—"Why not?"

Gallus—"Look at your habit of spewing snow from your wais."

Without the Paternal Check.

She (after the elopement)—I have received a letter from my father. Dear papa is so absent-minded.

He—In what way?

She—He inclosed a lot of millinery and dressmaking bills and forgot to put in the money to pay for them!—New York Weekly.

One Definition.

"What is a politician?" asked the boy.

"A politician," replied his father bitterly, "that is a successful politician, is a man who can evade his promises without seeming to break his word."

His Grade.

"I did have a trade once, ma'am," said the tramp, "but I got it up for a profession."

"And why didn't you stick to the profession?"

"I am stickin' to it. I'm a miner by trade and a striker by profession."

That's Different.

A Missouri man refuses to accept a legacy of $12,000 conditional on changing his name. There are plenty of girls in Missouri, no doubt, who will change their names for half the amount.

Only Happened Once.

The Bride (on the honeymoon)—Why, you only bought one ticket, dear.

The Groom—By Jove! I never thought of myself.

Way Before the Volcano.

Tramp—Lady, can't yer help a man who was at Martinique?

Lady (giving him a dime)—Poor man. When were you there?

Tramp—About fifteen years ago.

New Metal Discovered.

Consideration has been given in Paris, France, to a new metal, which is not a compound, but simply a molecular modification of aluminium similar to that which is supposed to make steel from iron, says Iron and Steel. It is called evabrite, is as bright as silver and as stiff as steel. The aluminium is absolutely unoxidable and cheaper than brass. When tested in the telephone shops at Paris it was found to be equal to every claim. The engineers propose that evabrite be substituted for nickel and copper in telephone and telegraph apparatus.

Portable Electric Lamps.

Portable electric lamps are being introduced into the German army, and mounted patrons will be supplied with them, according to the United Service Gazette. The advantages of such a lamp will be very pronounced for field duty, and especially during inclement weather. The medical corps will also find the lamps of great value both in searching the field for wounded and when operations have to be performed in the hospital tent.

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

MRS. LUCILLE LANE DEAD.

Famous Washington Beauty Noted for Her Eccentricities.

Mrs. Lucille Blackburn Lane, who has just passed away, was the youngest daughter of former Senator Blackburn of Kentucky and one of the prettiest women in the capital. She was

married to the late Thomas F. Lane, and after his death traveled widely, became a convert to Buddhism and last year energized herself in marriage to Chevalier Prentanovec. The marriage, however, did not take place. In 1898 Mrs. Lane shocked society at Washington by shooting herself with the intention of suicide. Two years subsequently her husband put an end to his life with a revolver, and Mrs. Lane's name came again before the public. She had spent almost her entire life in Washington.

WAS PRAISED BY THACKERAY.

Woman Whom He Called "the Prettiest in America" Is Dead.

A cable message from Florence, Italy, confirms the report of the death there of Mrs. Charles Godfrey Leland, whom Thackeray thought the prettiest woman in the United States. Mrs. Leland was stricken with paralysis eighteen months ago.

She was the wife of Charles G. Leland, the author, widely known for his ballads written thirty-five years ago under the pen name "Hans Breitmann." She was the daughter of the late Rodney Fisher and great grandniece of Cesar Rodney of Delaware, one of the signers of the declaration of independence.

When Thackeray visited the United States he was introduced to Mrs. Leland, then Miss Fisher, at Philadelphia, and was impressed by her beau-

ty. On his return to England he declared in an interview that she was "the prettiest woman in America."

VOLCANIC DUST A FERTILIZER.

Theories of Scientists Disproved by St. Vincent Eruptions.

There is one remarkable fact in connection with the recent volcanic eruptions in the West Indies, which tends to disprove the statement of certain scientists that volcanic dust is not a fertilizer, namely: that in the gardens in Kingstown, St. Vincent, where volcanic dust has fallen many inches deep, there has rarely been such a splendid show of flowers. They have come out in a wonderful way, so that every one remarks it. It is recorded that after the eruption of 1812 the quantity of produce on the estate was unprecedented. As illustrating how suddenly death came during the eruption, it is stated that in some houses in St. Vincent people were found still sitting round their tables at tea. One man had a mouthful in his mouth, and had evidently died with a word on his lips. Another had a pipe in his mouth and his hand outstretched for a match.

Kipling Declines Knighthood.

The London Academy publishes the news that Rudyard Kipling might have been knighted along with Gilbert Parker and Conan Doyle, but that he declined the offer. The Academy further states that Mr. Lecky refused a peerage, contenting himself with membership in the new Order of Merit.

Welcome Old Regiment Home.

Nearly the entire town of Leavenworth lined up at the depot to receive the Sixth Infantry. It is one of the most famous regiments in American history, and has been commanded by Zachary Taylor, H. B. Hazen, W. S. Hancock and A. McD. Cook. It was organized in 1798 and was first stationed in Fort Leavenworth in 1829.

City Must Pay Heavy Damages.

Belgian cities are liable for all damage done to private property by rioters, and Brussels has accordingly been ordered by the court to pay $4,000 for windows smashed during the riots of 1899. The rioting last spring was much more serious, and a larger bill will have to be met by the city.

Dog Had Killed Many Sheep.

In a suit filed at Marquette, Mo., it is alleged that one dog killed $800 worth of sheep.

Spain's Hot Wind.

The solano is a hot southeast wind, loaded with fine dust, which blows across Spain.

Persons, Places and Things

HE GAVE IT VERBATIM.

Australian Reporter Turns Tables on Parliamentary Critics.

An Australian reporter, with a sense of humor, has demonstrated yet again the risk courted by the wight who removes his gloves before handling the humble "representatives of the press." Fault had been found by some of the members of the Sydney legislative council because many of their speeches were not published verbatim. Whereupon, the reporter in question hit upon means of confounding his critics literally out of their own mouths. He did so by reporting one speech exactly as it was spoken. This is how it read in print:

"The reporters ought not to—the reporters ought not to be the ones to judge of what is important—not to say what should be left out—but the members can only judge of what is important. As I—as my speeches—as the reports—as what I say is reported sometimes, no one—nobody can understand from the reports—what it is—what I mean. So—it strikes me—it has struck me certain matters—things that appear of importance are sometimes left out—omitted. The reporters—the papers—points are reported—I mean—to make a brief statement—what the paper thinks of interest—is reported."

MAKES STAGE HIS VOCATION.

Son of Wealthy Illinois Banker Takes Up Theatrical Life.

Jerome Harrington, son of George C. Harrington, a wealthy banker of Watseka, Ill., has been signed by Harrison Grey Fiske to play the role of Lieut.

Col. Bunner in the coming production of "Captain Molly" at the Manhattan theater, New York.

Mr. Harrington was graduated from Chicago university in 1900 and studied banking with his father. His love for the stage, however, proved too strong to allow him to spend much time in a counting-house, and, getting a chance to play the role of the Tammany sheriff in "A Man from Mexico," he took it. He was so successful that Mme. Modjeska took him into her company, in which he played eight Shakespearian roles with credit.

In "Captain Molly" Mr. Harrington will be one of the principal supports of Elizabeth Tyree.

TITLE FOR LOUISVILLE BELLE.

Miss Ellison's Engagement to Sir Charles Ross Announced.

Miss Patti Burnley Ellison, whose engagement to a rich English land owner, Sir Charles Henry Augustus Frederick Lockhart Ross, has been announced, is the third Louisville girl within a year to marry a substantial title. Her wedding is set for the middle of November. Her predecessors were Miss Grace Carr, who became Lady Newborough, and Miss Lillian Langham, who became the Baroness Von Sternberg.

Miss Ellison, who is an accomplished musician, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ellison and is descended from a noted revolutionary

family. Since her graduation a few years ago Miss Ellison has spent her time in travel and thus she met Sir Charles last winter in London.

Remedy for Sea-Sickness.

Sprinkle two or three drops of petroleum on a piece of lump-sugar, and the feeling of sickness will disappear immediately. This is not nearly so nasty as it seems, and, it is alleged, has never been known to fail. If a second dose is required it may be repeated in about ten minutes. But the first is generally quite effectual.

The Largest Vat.

The largest oak wine vat in the world is being erected in a San Francisco cellar. When finished it will have the proportions of a two-story cottage, and could accommodate four quadrille sets on its end. The famous Heidelberg tun has a capacity of 50,000 gallons, while the western one will hold 80,000.

Popular Taste in St. Louis.

On separate days Capt. Hobson of Merrimac fame and Evangelist "Sam" Small were attractions at the Piasa Chautauqua assembly near St. Louis. Hobson drew the bigger crowd and St. Louis people are unable to decide whether to be proud or otherwise of the fact.