Life

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul;
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travel on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

—Henry Van Dyke, in the Outlook.

An Old Man's Diversion.

BY SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN.

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The sun hung low in the west and a breeze from the river stirred the vines that climbed on the Miller's porch.

It was always very quite there late afternoons, and the Miller, an old man, sat there after the day's hard work was done and watched the night settle down.

One afternoon, his reverie was broken into by the sound of voices. He looked out to see a man and a woman walking slowly past his home.

Both were young. The girl was more than pretty—her charm transcended beauty. It caught the old man's eye just as it turned heads on crowded city pavements. A faint fragrance floated by with her, and as the old man leaned from his sheltering vines the sun glinted and rippled on her bright brown hair.

"'Tain't nateral to be as goodlookin' as that 'n' jes as big as a fairy," he said under his breath like.

"Courtin' couples jes naterally take to water."

The two had crossed a foot bridge and stepped over the rocks to settle on the large one which projected into the river.

"I wonder, naow," the old man communed with himself, "ef I should go in? Hit's mighty pleasant out here. I'll jes giv' 'em warnin'." He coughed—a cough that wouldn't have startled a mouse.

A moment later he coughed again and vigorously puffed at his old pipe. Then he settled back in his chair, his nostrils twitching with contempt.

"Jes books," he muttered. "An' she be lookin' like a apple blossom leanin' back thar with them good fer nothin' leetle han's clasped loose like."

The sunset gates unbarred to let the day through, and the good fer nothin' leetle han's" were lifted to meet the clasp of stronger ones above her as she sprang to her feet and turned toward the west.

"Jes books," he muttered again, as matches of their talk floated to him. After they passed he got up and knocked the ashes from his pipe

"Hit pears to me," he said reflectively, "that city fellers be degenerattin'—a-talkin' books ter a gal like that."

"Gosh, Marler," said the Miller the next afternoon, "ef them young folks fon' beat all! Back agin 'n' talkin' bout picters! Pears like they've come a considerable step ter talk picters!"

"'Tain't likely," said the old man as he sat on his porch the third afternoon, and looked anxiously up the road, "that they'll come agin. I 'low they air a-visitin' up at the mill President's. I heerd a party war up thar."

His eyes searched the road that wound from the river to the hill, and he sighed with satisfaction as he sat back in his chair, for the airy white figure on the brow of the hill silhouetted against the solidified clouds was The Leetle Apple Blossom.

The days rounded through perfumed dawns alive with birds, and siddays of shadows and quiet winds to the afternoons—wonderful afternoons in which the sun, big and blobal red, slipped slowly down the sky; golden afternoons, for the man and the maid came always to the rocks in the river.

The two had become the central point of the old man's consciousness. He thought of them by day and dreamed of them at night.

Little personal traits of the girl's reached out to him like caresses. Her

• • A man and a woman walking slowly past.

quick way of leaning forward as she talked, the movements of her slender hands, her laugh with its rippling run of mirth, the lift of her chin.

From a long-gone summer he revoked a memory that lingered like a subtle aroma in his heart—a memory and a grave. He had dwelt with Solitude, it had taught him many things, and as their light talk drifted on and on he grieved that the thoughts of their hearts were never uttered.

"The pity o' hit, the pity o' hit," he moaned. "The Leetle Apple Blossom loves him, Lord, she loves him—an' he's jes tumbled into a bed o' roses with the dew on 'em. Somethin' is a-keepin' back the words, though, 'n' the leetle gal jes has ter wait. But when her lips trimble 'n' she laffs, low like, Lord, I want ter git my ole han's on him."

Time had been reckoned from the afternoon that the young people came into the Miller's life, it was now counted from the day that they went out on it.

"Two evenin's," he would say, "three—four."

The lonely little house by the river; the pathos of the quiet figure whose

His words came in a rush.

face wore always a look of strained expectancy, whose eyes were on the hill.

One afternoon a shadow fell on the Miller's porch.

"It's me," said his near neighbor, sitting on the step, and putting down a white bowl she carried.

"Be you expectin' company?"

Silence. Men have such refuges.

"The mill's a grindin, well, ain't it?" Silence.

"'Tain't good fer men ter live alone," the neighbor sprang to her feet angrily.

"Be you disgruntled?" she asked.

"I be," grimly.

"Then I'll jes take myself 'n' my boneset home."

The old man reached out and took the boneset.

"Swallowin' war better 'n' ex plainin'," he told himself, feebly. "Anything war better 'n' explainin'."

But there came an afternoon—laughing heart of the river, opal mist of the hills, and joy in an old man's soul. She was coming—she was coming.

She came slowly, and as she neared the river the Miller saw that she was alone, and that dejection was in every curve of her sweet young body.

She crossed the bridge, sat down on the rock and leaned her chin on her hand.

The Miller watched her longingly. As one comforts a child whose hand is sore, he would have comforted her.

Lost in reverie, she failed to see the young vigorous figure that swung down the hill.

The Miller saw it. He knew it well, and as it turned as if to mount the hill, he rose from his chair and shouted:

"Hi, there!" And again, "Hi, there!"

"You be a ole fool, Leander Shipman," he panted, as he sank back into his chair. "A dorgorn fool."

In spite of the fact, he chuckled gleefully.

The man having turned and seen the white, still girl on the rock, ran down the decline, crossed the bridge at a bound and sank down beside her.

His words came with a rush. It seemed he feared he might not say them if he stopped.

The girl listened quietly. So quietly that the old listener's hands clasped and unclasped themselves nervously. But at last she was talking.

"Just a year ago," she said, "a girl met a man who didn't belong in the society that was her natural element. At first his indifference piqued her. She had not known many men who were indifferent to her. We might call her an edition de luxe. Life had been very good to her—at least she thought so until she met the man. After she knew him she found out just how empty the old, gay, smart life was. She wanted to live his strong, vigorous life, to bring to him what he lacked, warmth, intimacy, a woman's love—but she couldn't unasked—and so her prayer was that he might not know."

"Down here they met again—and parted. He held her fingers and said good-bye to her. She was billowy chiffon, lace and perfumed silk to him—nothing more. He thought she couldn't stand life's battle, that bare walls would crush her spirit, and so he left her—to live it out as best she could—with mocking and laughter—and despair."

The girl got to her feet and stood looking out over the darkening landscape. When she turned the man stood beside her.

He made no attempt to defend himself, but his eyes clung to hers.

"You don't deserve me," she said, severely.

"No," humbly.

"Nor this." She put her white arms about his throat.

"I'll be dorgorn ef you ain't a-cryin'," said the old man, soft-like, to himself.

They turned.

Heart of the leaping river, purple dusk of the hills and peace in an old man's soul.

IT SPOILED HIS HONEYMOON.

Happy Groom Mixed with Patent Medicine Terrible Example.

There is one man who recently demanded an interview with the editor of his home paper who is deserving of universal sympathy. He was a recently made benedict.

"My name, sir, is Lambkin," he cried on being ushered into the editorial room. "I was married last week."

"Let me offer my congratulations, Mr. Lambkin," said the editor. "I am glad to see you. By the way, we publish in this morning's paper quite a full account of your wedding."

"Yes, sir, I saw it."

"You have come, perhaps, to order some extra copies," said the editor.

"I have come, sir, for personal satisfaction. Your reporter asked for photographs of Mrs. Lambkin and myself to use in describing the wedding, sir."

"Yes, didn't he——" interjected the editor.

"He said he would have engravings made from them and place them in the article he wrote about the affair."

"Yes. That was done," said the editor.

"And some lop-eared, bow-legged printer in this office mixed up the portraits, sir," continued the ruffled Mr. Lambkin. "You publish me this morning, sir, in your advertising columns as a barber who had suffered for fifteen years from a broken back and a sore throat and had been cured by twenty-seven bottles of Dr. Phillips's Compound Extract of Hankus Pankus, and you placed the portrait of that confounded barber in your account of my wedding, sir. You can stop my paper, sir. And now will you show me the typesetting department of the office? I am on the warpath this morning, sir, and I am going to find the man who mixed those illustrations."

HE WAS SCARED WHITE.

Strange Effect of Terror on the Negro Cook of a Ship.

Fear of death in the midst of a storm which threatened to send the schooner Fred A. Small to the bottom is said to have changed Herm Blanco, a full-blooded negro, into a white man. The change lasted three days. Then, so the story goes, Blanco's natural color asserted itself once more, and he resumed his place on shipboard as a man of ebony.

"I had heard of a negro turning white from fright," said Captain Z. R. Thompson of the Small, "but it was the first time I ever saw such a transformation. Ordinarily Blanco is as black as night, but while the storm lasted he was almost as white as snow."

In a wrecked condition the schooner came into port yesterday, and was towed to drydock. Three weeks ago she left valparaiso with a cargo of wood, birds, and monkeys. Six days later she ran into a severe storm. For four days and nights her crew was kept on deck. On the fifth day topmast and bowsprit went by the board. All this time Blanco, the cook, is said to have grown whiter and whiter.—New York Mail and Express.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

Women Have Long Been Interested in the Important Problem.

The problem of how to keep young, or to keep from looking old, has engaged the thoughts of both men and women ever since the world began. Women especially have shown a deep interest in the vexatious matter, for their influence with men has always depended much on physical freshness and beauty. Numerous writers have contributed their views as to defying the riddle of the ravages of time. The latest well-known writer to discourse on the familiar theme is Max O'Rell. Without giving a recipe for the preservation of beauty, M. Blouet drops many useful hints as to the causes which lead to the unnaturally early disappearance of youth in some people. Bad temper and a lack of humor are, in his opinion, the two greatest enemies of youth and beauty. Max O'Rell thinks that with the aid of a sense of humor and good temper a woman can be young and beautiful until 50. After 50 he can offer no advice on the subject.

Municipalizing Industries.

The Italian government is favoring the municipalization of public utilities on the principle already adopted largely and successfully in Milan. The schedule of services that may be municipalized embraces water, lighting, tramways, busses, baths, warehouses, abattoirs, markets, bakeries, electric power derived from rivers, bill-sticking, the conveyance of coffins to cemeteries and the establishment of night refuges for the destitute.

No service may be municipalized without a referendum. If the proposal is rejected it cannot be brought forward again for three years. Compulsory powers are given to buy any private company's works after the expiration of five years from the time of the original concession. Employes may be given a share of municipalized industries.

Pensions for Employes.

H. H. Vreeland, president of the Metropolitan street railway of New York, has arranged a pension plan whereby those who have been at least twenty-five years in the service of that corporation and have reached the age of retirement will receive from 25 to 40 per cent of their annual salary. The system includes all employes whose wages are less than $1,200 a year.

CARDINAL GOTTI, NOW PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA, PROBABLY LEO'S SUCCESSOR.

CARDINAL GOTTI

It is announced that Cardinal Gotti, whom Pope Leo is said to have designated as the new pope, has been made prefect of the propaganda, or official in control of the church's affairs in the United States and countries where the Catholic is not a state church, to succeed the late Cardinal Ledochowski. Cardinal Gotti was born in Genoa, the son of a dock laborer. He was made a cardinal for good work in settling church difficulties in Brazil.

Cardinal Vannutelli will replace Cardinal Gotti as prefect of the sacred congregation of bishops and regular discipline.

The selection of Cardinal Gotti to succeed the late Cardinal Ledochowski in the most important post in the gift of the pope is universally regarded as indicating the pontiff's personal wishes as to the personality of his successor. Cardinal Gotti has long been considered the most likely of the cardinals for succession to the papal throne. He belongs to the reformed branch of the Carmelites.

CLARA BARTON'S LIFE WORK.

Red Cross Leader Honored in All Countries But Her Own.

When peace is on, one hears little

of Clara Barton. When calamity lets loose then America's Florence Nightingale is at the front with her "calamity fire engine," as she calls the Red Cross.

Miss Barton is on her way from Russia, where the seventh triennial of the Red Cross has recently adjourned. It was held under the patronage of the Empress of Russia—Maria Feodorovna—and represented every country except China and Mexico. It was a notable gathering assembled to discuss matters relative to their humane work, how better to advance it and how to increase its value.

Is it true that the United States fails to fully value the services of Clara Barton now that she has demonstrated the work of the Red Cross? Will the American people give post mortem instead of ante-mortem praise? Clara Barton has lived 72 useful years—a significant statement! Distant nations delight to honor her. Kings and queens have bestowed decorations, jewels and medals upon her. What has America done? Is the adage true in her case concerning the prophet not without honor save in its (or her) own country? Ask any soldier or sailor who has met with disaster or witnessed it—ask him where he places Clara Barton in the history of this country. Proudly does she wear upon her breast the famous iron cross of Germany, signifying unusual services performed.

Man's Railroad Rights.

The story of the two actresses who compelled the railroad to run a sleeping car from Denver to San Francisco, because they had through tickets, brings out the experience of one obstinate man. He hails from Boston, and his name may be Young. Some years ago he and his wife held through tickets on a sleeper whose other passengers all left somewhere between the Missouri and the coast. Mr. Young insisted on being carried through without transfer, and he succeeded. But when he bought tickets at San Francisco to return he asked if they gave a ride through without change. The agent glared at him and asked: "Is you name Young?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"It's got this much to do with it: If your name's Young, those tickets are not good for a continuous ride. If you are not Young, they are."

That's the reputation a man gets, says Brooklyn Eagle, for insisting on his rights.

CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

Irish Nationalists Dislike His Appointment on Commission.

Lord Alverstone, whose appointment as a member of the royal commission to South Africa has been protested in the commons by the Irish nationalists, is the lord chief justice of England, to which post he succeeded in 1900 on the death of Lord Russell. Prior to his elevation to the peerage Lord Alverstone was Sir Richard Everard Webster, baronet and queen's counsel. The latter rank in the higher branch of the law he attained at the age of 36, which is believed to

be record age for this distinction. At present Lord Alverstone is probably the ripest judicial scholar in England.

Describes Heaven's Mansions.

A plainly-dressed woman is distributing circulars from door to door in Brooklyn daily, and collecting a few cents when she can. The circulars contain printed matter entitled "Many Mansions." One pretends to describe the heavenly home of a prominent politician who died recently and another describes what the writer terms the heavenly home of an evangelist. Another declares that Mr. McKinley's home in heaven is built of pale pink marble, very highly polished, with windows five stories high and broad steps of solid Guinea gold, with a door of superb pink pearl.

The circular is signed "Mrs. Mary Jane Alexander, the Many Mansions Evangelist," and gives her address in Pacific street, Brooklyn. Mrs. Alexander says she has predicted many things that have come to pass in heaven.—New York Sun.

Must Become Russian Subjects.

The Russian government has ordered private maritime companies to discharge all foreigners who refuse to become Russian subjects.

Fatigue Is Man's Enemy.

Fatigue is one of the greatest enemies of the human race. Modern physiology shows that it is the cause of nearly half, and perhaps more, of the several hundred catalogued diseases that prey upon man. In our age, with its high pressure, its hot and bitter competition, and the unrelenting struggle for survival, its moral and physical ravages are steadily increasing, says Ainslee's Magazine. Cities, in which an ever larger proportion of our people dwell, are biological bothouses, and, for some, furnaces, forcing development prematurely, and encouraging late hours and excitement and consuming nerve and brain.

Fine Theory Upset.

The theory that one cannot do any good for himself by attending to the business of others is ruthlessly upset by the fact that the late R. G. Dun, the father of the mercantile agency system, left an estate of $4,693,029. The late Mr. Dun did considerable rubbering.—Washington Post.

OLD TOOLS FOUND IN MINE.

Implements Used Two Centuries Ago Discovered in Massachusetts.

A remarkable collection of implements used by miners in 1653 has been discovered in a deserted shaft of the Sturbridge graphite mine at Webster, Mass., ninety feet below the surface.

The discovery includes a wooden pump stock, twenty-five feet long and almost intact; a section of chain formerly weighing fifty pounds and now tipping the scales at but five, and some hammers of ancient make.

More than this, it has become positively known that the Sturbridge graphite mine was the first mine of any kind discovered and worked in the United States.

The discovery was recently made by C. E. and Francis Husbands, of Philadelphia, expert graphite men, who are now operating at the mine.

For something like 219 years these implements have lain in ice-cold water deep in the ground, and in the line of ancient tools, are probably more valuable than any others in the country.

An investigation conducted by the Philadelphia men has developed the facts, which first became known outside to Edward S. Hill of Webster, president of the Massachusetts Graphite company, which owns the property.

Mr. Husbands and son believe they are now in a fair way to unearth a very rich bed of graphite, and it was during their investigation that the relics mentioned were discovered. In cold water, away from the air, the pump had lain for more than 200 years, apparently, and is to-day in almost a perfect state of preservation.

HAD A GOOD THING.

Mr. Rockefeller's Opinion of the Medical Profession.

When Mr. William Rockefeller had appendicitis Dr. McBirney was called in to perform the necessary operation.

After his recovery Mr. Rockefeller received the doctor's bill in due course, and, drawing a check, went to pay the account in person. In the conversation which followed appendicitis was naturally their main theme.

"You told me," said Mr. Rockefeller, "while I was sick, doctor, that everybody in the world had a vermiform appendix."

"With a few exceptions I believe that to be the case," answered the doctor.

"And that sooner or later," pursued the oil magnate, "every one would have to be operated on, either to cure or prevent the disease."

"That is the generally recognized opinion among the medical fraternity," was the answer.

"Well," said Mr. Rockefeller, rising, "if you will pardon me saying so, it seems to me that you have a better thing of it than has the Standard Oil Company."—New York Times.

Rivalry Over Beethoven Statue.

Much rivalry has existed between the cities of Leipzig and Vienna for the possession of the remarkable statue of Beethoven, recently executed by Max Klinger of Leipzig. Subscription lists were opened in both places, but it is now proposed that the city council of Vienna finally decided to make no contribution to the fund, so Leipzig now has the best chance of securing it. It represents the labor of fifteen years and depicts the great German musician seated upon a bronze throne which is supported by symbolical figures in relief. An eagle, chiseled in black marble spreads its wings at the feet of the massive figure. The unconventional treatment as well as its fine execution has created quite a sensation throughout Europe. It is said to have cost $37,500 for materials alone, and is held by the sculptor at a purchase figure of $100,000.

No Boat Free from Danger.

Once upon a time a small boy asked permission of his father to go rowing in a boat with a friend.

"You may go, my son," said the parent, "if you are careful to keep away from the rocks."

"Certainly," replied his son; "we are going in deep, clear water, where there are no rocks."

They went, and as it happened, his friend was a fool. So, when they were from shore, he swayed the boat from side to side, thinking that it was great fun to do so. Finally the boat turned bottom side up, and the occupants had a very narrow escape from drowning.

Moral—Rocks may appear in any water when there is a fool in the boat.

Two Hundred Miles to Buy a Hat.

A writer in the Boston Journal is responsible for the following story:

"What are you doing in Boston?" I asked a friend of mine, a New Yorker, the other day, as we met in Postoffice square.

"Came on to buy a hat."

"Why come to Boston for that?"

"Well, you see, in New York when you put on a new hat all your friends promptly remove it and look inside to see if it was bought at a swell store. Not having the price the swell store wanted and being favored with a railroad pass, I came on to buy mine here and fool the crowd. Going back to-night."

Sagasta Long in Harness.

Senor Sagasta, so long Spain's prime minister, and well entitled to be called her "grand old man," is now nearly 80 years old. He began his career as a newspaper reporter. At intervals since he went into politics he has resumed his original occupation as a newspaper correspondent, but his country has had too urgent need of his services to allow him to follow his favorite occupation for any great length of time. To him, quite as much as to the queen regent, belongs the credit of having preserved the Spanish throne from overthrow in troublous times.

Roman Philosopher's Words.

You will do the greatest service to the state if you shall raise, not the roofs of the houses, but the souls of the citizens; for it is better that great souls should dwell in small houses rather than for mean slaves to lurk in great houses.—Epictetus.

THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

ONLY TEN CENTS IN CASH.

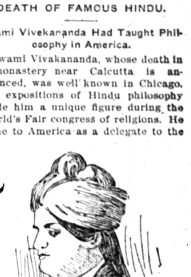
Infinitesimal Credit in a Day's Business Amounting to $1,323,694.

The Chatham National Bank of New York a few days ago furnished a striking example of how small an amount of actual cash is needed to transact settlements between banks through the clearing house. The bank in question had a credit balance of 10 cents. The clearances that the bank settled that day amounted to $1,323,694, and there was only 10 cents in actual cash transferred, the smallest credit balance, so it is said, that any New York bank has had in the clearing house since 1872. On this basis the cash transaction, in comparison with the volume of the bank's clearances, amounted to the surprising figures of .000,000,075 per cent. Of course, such figures are exceptional, but they conclusively prove the very small amount of cash that is actually transferred in bank clearances owing to the clearing house system, which results in an enormous saving both in time and money.

DEATH OF FAMOUS HINDU.

Swami Vivekananda Had Taught Philosophy in America.

Swami Vivakananda, whose death in a monastery near Calcutta is announced, was well known in Chicago. His expositions of Hindu philosophy made him a unique figure during the World's Fair congress of religions. He came to America as a delegate to the



congress and was one of its most prominent figures. Long after it had closed he remained in the country preaching and writing. He went to New York, where his Indian costume and new ideas created a furore. He returned to Chicago the year after the congress to be again welcomed, this time as a "fad."

The swami drew great crowds to his meetings, and religious leaders were of the belief that he would create a cult with a large following if he continued. His teachings were deeply philosophical and his method of expressing them clear and concise. He was a man of great personal magnetism, and with his succinct thought and language succeeded in making his influence felt.

The swami remained in America until western ideas and customs palled, and then suddenly disappeared. While here he was invited to the best homes and the women flocked to hear him. He wrote several books while traveling about the country and these for a time had considerable vogue.

SPALDING IS FIRST CHOICE.

Bishop of Peoria May Be Elevated to Chicago Archdiocese.

The Right Reverend John Lancaster Spalding, Roman Catholic Bishop of Peoria, heads the list of three bishops, from whom the successor to Archbishop Feehan in the Chicago diocese will

be named. Bishop Spalding is well known and highly esteemed for the austerity of his life and the liberality of his views. It is believed in Catholic circles that the Pope will elevate him to the archbishopric.

Cat Causes Much Trouble.

Rev. Cyrus H. Stinson, pastor of the leading Congregational church in Stratford, Conn., has a decorous fad for raising fancy fowls. In the past month or so he lost several of his pets, so he bought a small rifle and lay in wait for his enemy. The other evening he saw a large cat prowling about his hennery. One bullet was enough, as the reverend gentleman is an excellent shot. The four-footed marauder proved to be the pet cat of his most influential parishioner, Dr. H. M. Knapp, a wealthy physician, who is said to have severed his connection with Mr. Stinson's church after a stormy interview with the preacher.

Would Provide Better Teachers.

Prof. Hugo Muensterberg, the seismic essayist, recently urged that in the interest of scholarship the present democratic custom of paying the professors of a given college nearly equal salaries should be given up and great prizes be offered to eminent men as an incentive to research. He suggested $10,000, even $20,000,