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TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

CONTINUED.

She sat a moment thinking.

"Nimolau might be trusted," she said. "He is trusted by the priests, but I think he is a rogue. Still, he does my bidding."

"Try it, oh, try it, priestess, I beseech you!" I cried.

She leaned toward me, and her bosom throbbed with a convulsive struggle with some emotion. I could see that I had gained some advantage. I drew my chair closer to hers, and taking her hand in mine, caressed it.

"Think of it, Kaumai, if you had a sister whom you loved, and she was stolen away from you and was to be sacrificed to a heathen deity, whom you knew did not exist—if her death was to be the horrible death to which you would send my sister, would you not weep? Would your heart not be heavy? I love my sister, Kaumai; she is good and beautiful. Help me to save her, and I will love you."

A startled expression, then a softer one, showed in the starry eyes.

"I have never been loved. I have never loved any one but Pele."

I dared draw the lovely hand nearer me. I stooped and kissed it.

"Love me, Kaumai," I said. "Love my sister. We will love you in return. Can you not?"

A violent shudder shook her frame. A convulsive sob broke from her. But she left her hand in mine. Her eyes became suffused with tears. She was not now a priestess. She was an angel. I was enthralled by her beauty. I wanted to snatch her to my breast and devour her with kisses, but the selfishness of the thought bade me forbear. There was time enough for this.

She seemed struggling again with some difficult problem.

"Is it so hard, Kaumai, for one woman to grant life to another?"

She flung my hand from her.

"You will not believe me," she cried. "You do not think I speak the truth when I tell you I am powerless to help you. I swear to you that if it lay in my power you and your sister should depart from here in peace to-day. And now, if you would take me, I would go with you. But what am I to do? If I am a priestess of Pele, I must do as Pele demands. If I am only a woman, as you say, what can I do against ten high-priests? Yet you do not believe me!"

"Yes, Kaumai, I believe you," I said soothingly, "but I am so overwrought with anxiety. Pardon me if I wound you. I did not mean to be harsh."

She flung herself on the rug at my feet and clasped my knees.

"Look at me and tell me you do not hold me responsible for your sister's fate. Tell me. If I am only a woman, I have a woman's heart. Yet you would spurn me."

I stooped and lifted her to her feet. She was sobbing.

"Kaumai, I believe you fully," I said. "Whatever comes, I believe you would help me if you could."

A smile lit up the beautiful countenance and chased away the tears. We stood, she with her face uplifted to mine, smiling at me. I, with one arm still embracing her, as I had lifted her from the floor. A wave of love swept over me. The intoxication of Kaumai's presence thrilled me.

Suddenly there came the sound of rushing footsteps. The shuffling high-priests, exasperated by their failure to find me, were coming to Kaumai to consult. She had said they never entered there, but this occasion was probably too much for their already riven brains, and they intruded upon her presence.

"He is here!" cried one.

Kaumai sprang from me. Instantly she was again a priestess—or a queen. Her face was pale—perhaps with fear. She stood erect, unflinching.

She gave me one look, beseeching and soft.

"Trust me," she said.

As they came rushing in, her voice rose above the din they made. Pointing to me, she turned her gaze full upon me. There was no love in it. Nothing but the rage of an insulted goddess.

"Seize him and take him to the temples!" she cried. "He has dared invade the sanctity of the abode of your priestess. Take him hence, yet harm him not. I would have him strong and well to assist in the sacrifice that must be made to Pele."

I was roughly seized and dragged from the place.

They hustled me into the temples and set a guard over me.

"You will remain here until you die," they said. "You are a false priest. You must pay the penalty."

Half dazed by the sudden change Kaumai, wondering and fearing, I sank into the one chair near her throne and sat exhausted, waiting for further developments.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Two days passed, during which I saw neither Winnie nor Kaumai. For some reason—probably the unusual excitement was the prevailing cause—there was no regular worship with Kaumai on the throne as there had been before. But there were two or more high-priests in the temple all the time, going through a ridiculous lot of rabbish, all to the glory of Pele and extolling their own wonderful virtues. In their songs or chants to their goddess Winnie was frequently mentioned.

I was free, so far as the limits of the temple, the dining-cave and the volcano's crater were concerned. I could wander at will in those places. But the door to my old dungeon had been locked, and the priests carefully guarded against any chance of my getting into Winnie's prison again. Kaumai, no doubt, continued her visits, but I could not get near her. I was rigidly excluded from that part of the system of caves where Kaumai's room was situated.

I passed the two days in a greatly troubled state of mind. The sudden revulsion from hope to despair nearly drove me as insane as the high-priests.

The rumbling of the subterranean forces became louder. Now and then the mountain would be shaken and the lake of lava would be stirred. Here and there a little spurt of lava above the surface gave warning of the dreadful scourge that was to come.

I feared the worst. If we remained in the crater until the lava lake should rise and overflow the present borders, we should be certainly destroyed.

I endeavored to strike terror in the breast of the high-priests by telling them of the danger they were in.

"Do you not know," I said to the leader, "if the volcano becomes active, the lava will overwhelm us and destroy us all?"

"Oh, you prove that you are a false priest and an unbeliever," he returned. "You come here as Lowai's successor and desecrate the temple of Pele by laying hands on her chosen sacred one for the sacrifice. Then you tear away a portion of the wall and seek the presence of the sacred one, where only Kaumai may go. Fleeing from these you dare go into the sacred chamber of Kaumai and rudely insult the priestess. You are lost. Pele is outraged, and her wrath demands vengeance. Kaumai is incensed at your violence, and after the sacrifice of the sacred one, you, too, may be sent to your death."

"But that won't save you. You and Kaumai and all the rest will be slain when the eruption comes."

"But it will not come. Even now we are preparing for the sacrifice. When we offer the sacred one to Pele, she will slay the evil spirits under Kapatoli and still the tumult. You are not a believer, so you must die."

"It must be stopped!" I said almost frenzied, for I knew the crisis was approaching. "My sister shall not be murdered by a gang of lunatics. I will call down the wrath of the government on you, and you will be put to death."

"But you cannot call down anything, because you will be dead."

"I will visit Pele in Haleakala and seek her assistance. She will vent her wrath upon you."

"Not so. Pele knows well her faithful servants. She would not receive nor listen to you."

Just then a still louder roar came from the lake, louder than any we had heard. The high-priest gave a startled look.

"It is time," he said, and hurried away.

The common priests, while no doubt as sincere in their devotion to Pele as the highs, were not so firm in their faith as to Pele's power over volcanoes. One by one they began to depart. I could, I suppose, had I arrayed myself like them—in fact, I was already so garbed—and fastened on my mask, have made my escape by bribing Nimolau, whose cupidity I already knew. But I knew that I would not have time to get aid and return before the horrid plans of the lunatics would be carried out. Winnie was in imminent danger, and I resolved to remain until the last, and see what I could do.

Nimolau now appeared in the temple and took his meals with the common priests. He hung around idly, seeming to keep away from me and completely ignoring me. He was, notwithstanding his lack of reverence for Pele, as suggested by Kaumai, evidently a man of mark and importance in the place, for he was frequently in long, stealthy discussions with the leaders of the high-priests. And once I overheard one say to him:

"Kaumai demands your presence."

Nimolau at once departed in the direction of Kaumai's room.

I resolved to test Nimolau and see if he could not be bribed to help me.

Soon after the interview he had had with Kaumai, I saw him standing alone, gazing into the now bubbling and spitting lake. He studiously avoided me, so I went to him.

"Nimolau," I said, "I am in great trouble. The sacred one who is to be sacrificed in this awful lake of molten lava is my sister, whom I love, and who is loved by friends high and powerful in the government at Honolulu. It is awful to think of such a fate for her. I came here as a priest to find and rescue her. I have failed. Now I want you to help me. You do not believe in this stuff about Pele. I am rich. I will pay you well if you save my sister. The priests tell me that I, too, am condemned to die. Now if you will get my sister and me away from this hellish place I will make you the richest of your race. You shall want for nothing."

He turned his cunning eyes on me and studied me well.

He opened his lips partly as if to speak.

A high-priest came out of the temple and stood looking at us.

Nimolau raised his hand and struck me across the face, and, turning on his heel, walked away to join the priest.

My last hope was gone.

I was too much disheartened and sick to even resent the insult. I stood rooted to the spot, watching his retreating figure.

Then two more high priests appeared, and the four engaged in an animated discussion.

They beckoned for me to come to them.

"Come," one of them said, "and see the preparations for the sacrifice."

I followed them stolidly. I was rapidly losing the power to think. I was dazed with misery.

They led me into Winnie's prison.

Kaumai was there, standing proudly and grandly alone, cold, impassive, beautiful. She was not like the lovely Kaumai who had listened to me but two days before and who besought me to trust her. She was the incarnation of indifference, of cruel fanaticism. And yet, at sight of her, my heart beat faster and my blood grew warmer. She was so beautiful. Why was she not more kind?

Upon a table lay my sister Winnie, apparently dead.

I did not see her upon my entrance. She was covered with a cloth. She was robed as Kaumai was and looked calm and beautiful save for the traces of sorrow that were in her face.

When I saw her lying there, I cried out:

"Winnie, my sister, Winnie! Have they murdered you?"

I bent over her frantically and kissed her. Ah! Her breath still came warm and sweet from her.

"What is this you have done?" I shouted, shaking the restraining hand of a priest from my arm and getting ready to make what sort of a fight I could against such odds. "Murderers! Hell-hounds! I call down the vengeance of God upon you!"

Kaumai stood impassive, not looking at me but at Winnie.

Two priests seized me, and in their grasp I was a babe.

"Harm him not!" said Kaumai, in tones that were cold and unfeeling. "I would have him assist at the sacrifice."

"Your sister is not dead," said Nimolau, "but is sleeping. We do that to prepare her to meet the flowing lava, as then she will not feel the pain of death. It is not the law of Pele, to do this, but Kaumai has never before sacrificed a human being to Pele, and she does this to ease your sister's way."

"Horrible!" I cried, turning to Kaumai. "Are you entirely heartless?"

"Has Nimolau not shown that I am not heartless?" she asked.

A black cloth lay at the side of the table. One of the priests picked it up and threw it over Winnie, completely covering her. It was a heavy cloth. Nimolau folded back the edge of it, leaving Winnie's face uncovered so that she could breathe. I thanked him with my eyes for even that kindness.

"That is the sacrificial cloth," he said; and I understood enough.

"Come!" said the chief high-priest; and they led me away.

To pass Kaumai, the space being narrow, it was necessary to go in single file. As I walked before her, I noticed her lips move.

"Trust me. I love you," she whispered, and became as ice again.

What hope was stirred within me as she spoke! Her words bade me cheer. Perhaps, after all, she was sincere, and the nobility that should go hand in hand with her marvelous beauty might not be lacking. When we left Winnie's room, in a half-dazed way, without attaching any importance to this fact, I noticed that only Kaumai and Nimolau were left with Winnie. Afterward I remembered the blow Nimolau had given me, and this, with my fear of Kaumai's character, plunged me again into despair.

But the suspense would soon be over. Patua the fisherman was now on the scene, called, no doubt, to witness the sacrifice, a ceremony evidently as new to him as it was to Kaumai.

Before the sacrifice there was to be a feast.

A long table was spread in the temple.

Around it sat the high-priests and what of the common priests had remained to see the volcanoes stilled by the sacrifice of human life. Patua and Nimolau also sat with them. I sat between two powerful high-priests, but could not touch anything of their fanatical repast.

But Nimolau ate heartily. In fact he proved a perfect gourmand. He called repeatedly for the best things on the table, and they disappeared more quickly than an ordinary man could eat them.

During the feast, one, then another of the high-priests kept up a horrible chanting.

At last that ordeal was over. The table was hurried out of the way.

There was little time to lose. Great spurts of lava could be seen coming from the lake. Jets of steam puffed up from the mass of hot stuffed disturbed into air. I fancied I saw the overwhelming wave of lava upon us each moment, so overwrought was I. The rumbling was loud, but it had been growing for a year.

Kaumai appeared and walked majestically through the temple and out onto the ledge. The high-priests increased their noisy chants and fell into line behind her. The common priests followed.

(To be continued.)

The Dark Continent sold goods to the United States last year to the extent of $9,500,000.

WOMAN'S REALM

MIDSUMMER FABRICS.

Organdies, Muslins, Laces and Voiles of the Dautiest Designs.

One sees little but summer goods nowadays at large shops. One of the daintiest designs of the sheer fabrics is the pin point dot of black or color on white ground. Ordinary Swiss muslin seems to be next in favor, and makes charming gowns, but all light and summery goods are in demand.

* * *

While white is popular for "dressy" gowns, the average woman of good sense and taste prefers colors for her ordinary wearing apparel, not wishing to be dressed at all times as if for a garden party. China or navy blue, lettuce green or wood brown grounds, with delicate motifs of white, may be as bewitchingly pretty as one pleases, and infinitely more serviceable than white. The quantity of lace that is now used for trimming makes it possible to impart every airy charm to any color if the fabric is filmy and fine.

* * *

The so-called "wash suits" frequently are far removed from the possibility of easy laundering, so elaborately are they made, but the "shirt waist suit" of dark pique or linen is a useful addition to any woman's wardrobe. Neither material is thin enough for extremely hot days, it is true, but either is perfect for the cool days that are frequent in the summer months, on which organdies and muslins are imprudent.

* * *

Gowns of guipure or Cluny lace are highly favored this season, being less perishable than other laces. A lovely costume for a garden fete was made of a flounce of Cluny on a white taffeta drop skirt, with a tunic of all-over Cluny. The flounce and the tunic's hem were edged with a scroll design of narrow gold braid, and the former was headed with a band of broader width.

* * *

Some of the new guipures have a touch of delicate color in portions of the design, and the effect is charming. Some ingenious women have been known to introduce a thread of color into white laces by outlining the most prominent flower or figure in the pattern. The coarser laces may be made immensely chic in this way.

* * *

One can hardly go astray in the choice of thin fabrics, as mousselines, chiffons and all other diaphanous materials, plain or embroidered, are equally liked. Linen and silk gauze, organdies, Lyons grenadines and Calais laces may be selected as one chooses with no fear of mistake.

* * *

Apropos of the rage for white, it may be remarked that white hosiery, so long threatening a return, has actually arrived and is begging for admission to modish wardrobes with such success that one may expect to see stockings of finest white silk and lisle worn by fashionable women whose gowns are white. They will be invariably in the most delicate lace openwork effects.

* * *

Voile is of all woolen fabrics the best adapted to summer wear. A fetching tailor made costume of pearl gray voile, lately shown, had a waistcoat of palest blue taffeta fastened with tiny silver buttons. The collarless Eton was trimmed with a stitched band of the taffeta, edged with silver braid a quarter of an inch wide, and the narrow circular flounce on the skirt was headed by a similar band applied in an almost battlemented design, edged above and below with silver braid. White voile and tan are popular, also, for summer tailored gowns.—New York Tribune.

Rest Rooms For Business Women.

There are in the down-town Chicago business district more than a dozen rest rooms, where the self-supporting woman may enjoy an hour's comfort when she goes to lunch. Of these the one called the "Noonday Rest" may serve as a type.

Established several years ago by a few earnest and enthusiastic women, within a month the "Rest" had 600 members, with many more on the waiting list. To-day the membership roster shows 1200 names, and the "Rest" is in every sense of the word a club home. A fee of twenty-five cents a month entitles a self-supporting woman to join. This procures for her the freedom of a suite of well furnished rooms, including reception hall, office, library, music room, parlor, bedroom, sewing room, lunch and lecture room. No article on the menu costs more than five cents, and as many of them cost less than that sum a good hot luncheon may be obtained for ten cents.

Between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock daily 1200 young women may be seen in the dining-room, which is airy and light and tastefully decorated. The members enjoy the privilege of a circulating library of 600 volumes. Current literature magazines and the daily newspapers are on the library table, and the members read these in rooms adorned with painting and statuary that have been bought at the annual exhibitions of Chicago artists. The rest rooms are provided with lounges and rocking chairs, and a matron is always in attendance, while a woman physician gives her services free of charge.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Concerning Sleeves.

Under-sleeves are still in favor, made of lace, chiffon, batiste, liberty silk or any material different from the rest of the gown. They fit close to the arm or are in puffs, and some even are shirred; but none of them are ugly or exaggerated. The sleeve that stops just at the elbow, or a little below it, finished there with a turned back cuff, is not nearly so popular as it has been, probably because it is usually unbecoming. It is much less graceful than the sleeve that finishes below the elbow in a ruffle or flares in an exaggerated copy of the coat sleeve. Thin gowns look well with elbow sleeves, but one style that is fashionable is most unbecoming; this is the sleeve finished below the elbow with folds of muslin or silk and without ruffle or flare. It is one of the most trying styles ever designed, and yet seems to have a firm hold on the affections of many women. An attractive sleeve which looks equally well made of silk, muslin, or cloth, is just a little larger than the arm, and reaches not quite to the wrist, where it is finished in squares, and shows underneath a full puff of the same material, gathered into a band. The reason this is so becoming is that it has lines long enough to make the arm appear graceful.—Harper's Bazar.

A Woman Farmer.

Mrs. Minnie Eshleman Fleetman, of California, a former society girl of Philadelphia, owns and manages a farm of twenty-eight hundred acres, with its varied interest of dairying, stock farming and fruit growing. In her palm bordered orchards and vineyards are grown raisin grapes, pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, prunes, oranges, almonds and olives. For her immense herds, Mrs. Sherman grows all of her own feed, the cows in summer being pastured on alfalfa, and as the season advances, [illegible] from the first crop of [illegible] then on corn from the silo, and later on green rye.

In addition to the dairy which supplies its immense economy, Mrs. Sherman has a large number of thoroughbred horses and a big herd of fine Berkshire swine. Among the lessons which Mrs. Sherman learned by a sad experience was the fact that the beautiful Jersey cows which have found nourishment on a seven hill pasture in a cool, moist climate will not thrive on fields of alfalfa in a warm, dry valley. These have been replaced by the stately Holstein-Friesian stock, of which she is said to have now one of the finest herds in the country. Her large barns contain all the latest improvements for the comfort of the cows and for keeping down all insanitary growth of [illegible] mental to the dairy.—New York Tribune.

A New Field For Women.

Women have invaded another field of industry in New York City, and it behooves the "sandwich man" to look out for his job. She enters upon her new vocation timidly and travels in groups for company, perhaps for moral support. Time will probably embolden her to stalk alone for the elusive customer. In the shopping district six young women may be seen any pleasant day, dressed in the quaint stage garb of New England. Of course, nobody in New England or anywhere else ever dressed that way in real life. They wear sunbonnets and spotted shawls and jaunty invite sufferers from headache to see somebody's one minute cure. It is a tribute to the cosmopolitan character of New York City to say, and say truthfully, that since the first day or two of their appearance they have attracted no more attention than does the man who carries a straw hat on a pole and calls it a Panama on his portable sign.—New York Times.

Chiffon veiling in white, black and vivid tints is extensively used for hat trimming.

Pearl gray and fawn colors are expected to be leaders in fall tints in millinery.

A box of Parisian design is made of white chiffon roses, with green centres, heavily spangled with stars.

For early fall wear it is predicted that plumes will be extensively worn—eiders, black, white, beige, [illegible], pearl gray, old and maize.

Many of the summer frocks are worn with chokers. In such cases the bodice is generally finished by a deep yoke of embroidered batiste or silk.

While the soft lawn or silk [illegible] a great degree taken the place of the stiff collar, a white stock with [illegible] is a favorite [illegible] of wear.

An attractive shirt waist for a lady is on circular waist, a circular yoke coming in a stitched band at [illegible] and trimmed with three rows of [illegible] band around the bust.

Long black and white cotton [illegible] are very much worn this season. They are put on the day before they are to be used, a little at one side, modeling the [illegible] in some instances.

Rosettes of baby ribbon matching the color of the gown and combined with innumerable loops of black velvet ribbon of the same width represent a new idea in garniture for thin muslin gowns.

The collarless gown brings the pearl necklace into vogue to such an extent that the supply of real pearls cannot meet the demand. But it is the price and not the small supply which is the usual obstacle to owning such a necklace. So the imitation pearls have come into the breach in greater perfection and beauty than ever before.

Self-Imposed Taxes.

GENERAL ROY STONE said recently in a speech at Parkersburg, W. Va.: "Among the taxes which the farmers pay are some that are unavoidable, and these it is useless to talk about. There are others which farmers impose upon themselves, which they hesitate to share with others, which they submit to without a protest, and even cling to when they are being removed. These taxes we cannot talk about too much. These are taxes, too, which bring no useful revenue, nor even support a tax gatherer; they are burdens as needless as the traditional stone which bothered the grist on the way to mill.

"Through the failure of the Government in the original surveys of the public lands to lay out a scientific system of roads, and divide the lands accordingly, farmers have been left to lay out the roads for themselves, and generally they have put them on farm lines, going over all the hills that come in their way. The result of this is the hill tax in hilly regions and what may be called the square corner tax on the prairies.

"The amount of hill tax I have estimated in one county in New Jersey, and found that needless hills double all the cost of hauling in the county, making practically a money tax of $100,000 annually to the township. The people have paid this tax for 100 years, and yet they wonder why they are poor. In the prairie regions, for want of the diagonal roads which the Government should have laid out, the farmer, to reach a point ten miles to the northwest, for instance, travels seven miles north and seven miles west, adding forty per cent. to his distance, or, for the average of all travel, twenty per cent. This is the square corner tax.

"The mud tax is probably about equal in total to the hill tax, and this, again, doubles the cost of all wagon transportation; yet many farmers are opposed to stone roads.

"However, the farmers themselves are doing away in many places with the enormous burden of the fence tax and with it will go the snowdrift tax and the waste land on the roadside. They are slowly abandoning narrow tires and tracking wheels. Moreover many of them begin to realize the enormity and absurdity of the hill, mud and square corner taxes, and we may hope in time to see in this country, as we do in France, beautiful hard roads everywhere, winding through farms, with crops growing close to the wagon tracks and the roads serving perfectly every purpose of public use and private convenience.

"You ask how all this can be accomplished without a burden of taxation which will neutralize its benefits. I answer that it is all being done to-day in a hundred places in the United States, and there are farmers who acknowledge that they are getting rich in these hard times solely by reason of the improved roads which have been forced upon them, and are paying with perfect ease any additional tax they impose. These improved roads are being built in many ways and in various forms of construction, and every year's experience reduces the cost and brings about an easier procurement of the necessary means.

"It would be a very long story to go into the details in this direction, and I would not be prepared to say which is the best of the many methods of construction and of payment. Both need to be greatly varied to meet the conditions in the various States, and a great study of local legislation is now [illegible] but the vital question is for the farmers themselves to settle generally whether they want good roads, and whether they will accept the help of those who are willing and anxious to join in paying the cost of road improvement. If they will take up the subject in all their organizations and appoint active working committees to visit the nearest accessible localities where good roads prevail, and to urge such legislation as will make them attainable everywhere, the work will soon reach a point where its own momentum will carry it forward.

"The expense of your able secretary that is necessarily is wasted annually in this country through bad roads is supported by that of other statistics, and from them it appears that the tax thus imposed takes one-quarter of the whole value of all farm products in the United States. To think that this tax is a burden great enough to engage the best attention of this Congress. It is a practical and practicable field for its exercise. What the Congress says on this subject will be listened to everywhere, while when it goes on other subjects they fall on deaf ears."

Abandoned Trips.

The proposed transcontinental automobile trip announced by the Cleveland Plain Dealer has been abandoned, owing to the impossibility of driving the machine through the sand deserts of the Pacific of America. Everything went well until the desert was reached, and although 130 miles were made through it, the last thirty miles were impossible, and the venture was reluctantly given up.

Ultra-Fashionable Chirography.

An Antioch girl writes such a fashionable hand that when she recently received an invitation to go to a picnic the young man interpreted it as an acceptance and appeared on time with his horse and buggy.—Atchison Globe.

THE OLD FASHIONED BOY.

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy—
A lad with freckled face,
With freckled white, mouth tangled hair
And mirth devoid of grace.

Whose feet toe in, while his elbows flare;
Whose knees are patched all wave;
Who turns as red as a lobster when
You give him a word of praise.

A boy who's long with an appetite,
Who rifles the pantry shelf
To eat his "pie" with resounding smack—
Who isn't gone on himself.

A "Robinson Crusoe" reading boy,
Whose pockets bulge with trash;
Who knows the use of rod and gun,
And where the brook trout splash.

It's true he'll sit in the easiest chair,
With his hat on his tousled head;
That his hands and feet are everywhere,
For youth must have room to spread.

But he doesn't dub his father "old man,"
Nor deny his mother's call.
Nor ridicule what his elders say,
Or think that he knows it all.

A rough and wholesome natural boy
Of a good old fashioned clay;
God bless him, if he's still on earth,
For he'll make a man some day.

—Detroit Free Press.

Jingles and Jests

"You seem to have a lot of relations. How do you keep track of them?" "I read the obituary column in the papers every day."—Judge.

"Git onto her givin' him a flower?" "But yer can't depend on golls, Chimmy. To-day dey'll give yer a flower an' ter-morrer a Crow-down."—Puck.

"Did you hear of that duel between those two medical students?" "No. Pistols or swords?" "Neither; they prescribed for each other."—Tit-Bits.

Two things there are that women
Well jump at in a trice;
These things are rash conclusions,
And timid little mice.

—Philadelphia Press.

"Oh, mother, stop; I want to look at that man just run over by the car." "Come along, do! There will be another presently, a little further on."—Life.

Prison Keeper—"You will have to work here, Moriarty, but you may select any trade you wish." Prisoner—"Well, if it's all the same to you, sor, O'd like to be a sailor."—Tit-Bits.

The world is full, we all agree,
Of men of little worth,
Whose only business seems to be
To take up room on earth.

—Philadelphia Record.

Clarence—"Why do you say the wedding was patriotic?" Algernon—"Well, the bride was red, the groom was white, and her father, who had all the bills to pay, was blue."—Baltimore World.

Bank President—"I suppose I had better notify the directors that you have appropriated $100,000." Cashier—"Yes, and while you are about it, ask them where there is a good place to invest it."—Harper's Bazar.

Impecunious Poet—"Good news, dear. That poem of mine——" Wife—"Has it been accepted at last?" Poet—"No, but I've learned that there is a new magazine just started in London that I haven't submitted it to yet."—Glasgow Times.

"What is your vocation?" asked the cannibal king, sternly. "I—er—I am a weather bureau man, your majesty," ventured the weather man timidly. "Turn him loose," commanded the cannibal king; "he has been roasted enough."—Ohio State Journal.

"How about our great scheme to benefit the masses?" asked the bookkeeper. "What about it?" inquired the editor of the sensational sheet. "I don't know how to charge up the cost of it," returned the bookkeeper. "Shall I open a charity account?" "Charity nothing!" retorted the editor disgustedly. "Charge it up to the advertising account, of course."—Chicago Post.

New York's Big Reservoir.

The area of the Jerome Park Reservoir is over 300 acres, and the cost of the land was about $2,800,000. There will be about 10,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock removed, and the 50,000,000 square feet of surface inside the reservoir walls will be laid with from three to six inches of concrete.

The contractors had to purchase 250 acres of land on Long Island Sound where they could deposit the excavated earth and rock, and five miles of railway had to be built in order to carry it there. When the reservoir is finished the retaining walls will not be conspicuous from the outside, although in places they will be more than thirty-six feet deep on their inner slopes. In some few places the walls will stand from eight to ten feet above the surrounding country.—New York Times.

The "Angelus."

Millet had hardly been dead ten years when from one hemisphere to the other both the French peasants and the American cowboys nailed up the "Angelus" over their heads as a holy image. It is said that when Millet had finished that picture he showed it first to a peasant, one of his neighbors at Barbizon. The latter gazed long and silently at the two humble laborers, pausing with bowed heads over their furrows in the midst of their work; and as Millet, by look and gesture, questioned him, and awaited his opinion, the worthy fellow said: "The bells are ringing, are they not, sir?—We don't see them, but they hear them." "Come," said Millet, "that is all right. I see I have made myself understood."—Pall Mall Gazette.