

GLAMOUR.

I have read so long in the Book of the
Beave,
I hear the tramp of their feet
In the quiet village street.
I catch the sound of an echo cheer,
From down the night wind, faintly
And the drums' unflinching beat.

I have read so long in the Book of the
Beave,
Their flags go streaming by,
Sharp comes the sentry's cry;
The shaded light of my study lamp
Seems a low glimmer from some still
Camp
Where the sleeping soldiers lie.

I have read so long in the Book of the
Beave,
I march where the heroes are;
Oh my breast I feel a scar.
I turn to go on the ravine night;
The dawn is left by a beacon-light,
And I hear the distant star!
—Lola Wheldon Mitchell, in the Century.

Ladano the Countess

A Good Story With a Moral From
the Washington Post.

HERE was a reception at
the hunting castle of the
Prince, the Chateau of
Friedberg.

In the grand saloon a
group were gathered, and through the half
closed windows the freshness of the
moonlight and the murmur of the Ba-
varian forest entered like a caress. The
chase that day had been a fatiguing
one, and in the choice circle which
gathered around His Highness, the
conversation became familiar and
without constraint. It was in the
midst of this that the valet swung
open the doors and announced the
Count and Countess of Aleneck, and
all heads were turned with eyes full of
curiosity. Even the Prince, ordinarily
so haughty, sat wondering what might
come.

It was the first time that the Count
of Aleneck had appeared socially for
many years, and many foolish and un-
true stories had been circulated about
him. He had married, so it was said,
but far below him, and lived, retired,
on his own estate and yielding only to
the formal demand of the Prince, had
come to present his wife to the inti-
mate circle of the court.

But what a difference between them!
He was a man of noble appearance, of
fine face and noble bearing, and she,
a common woman, with short hair and
a peasant's face, wearing a black dress
with a white collar and cuffs, and
without taste. This circle which un-
mistakably stared at her, did not stop to see the
grace of her eyes, nor the kind-
ness which covered all her features. It
only saw the birthmark, written in un-
deniable traits—plebeian!

She came forward with timidity,
made a rustic courtesy, and said cor-
dially, in a high voice:

"I thank you for this honor, sir
Prince. My husband has always said
that we have a most kindly Prince
for master. We have named our boy
Louis Ferdinand, out of respect to our
Prince."

As she spoke she looked furtively at
her husband. Had she said the wrong
thing that the room was so silent? He
understood the ill-concealed mockery
of the Prince, who heard the words
without reply, and the big slash in the
forehead reddened.

Turning to his wife affectionately,
he said:

"Come, Anna Marie, I wish to show
you the park and the boathouse. There
are some splendid specimens of cedars
and orchids there."

No one detained them. They went
out in the moonlight.

A silence of stupefaction followed
their departure, and then a babel of
voices filled the room.

The Prince, slowly, slightly shrug-
ging his shoulders, said: "It is ridicu-
lous." This was the signal, the raising
of a latch which opened the door to
the torrent of criticism. What a fine
opportunity.

"She's a lady," "Poor Aleneck,"
said another. "Too bad that he seems
so satisfied." "Craggy woman, I wonder
how she inveigled him," said a third.

Major Nylander, the favorite both
of the Prince and Aleneck, answered
General Van Orff jokingly:

"She is not a woman of quality," the
general had said.

"Beg pardon, to me she has many
qualities."

"But she is low born."

"Wrong again; she was born in a
little village 4000 feet above the sea
level."

"Oh, but you are an incorrigible jok-
er. What may her name be?"

charged from there, his comrades, who
baptized him "Silent William," made
an arrangement for him to go with a
workman, a mason, and to work for
his living, and he went contentedly to
carry brick and cement, happy in the
daughter of Salome would bring him
the meals which she had herself pre-
pared.

"She it was who took him under her
protection, and finally refusing all
other (and many of them advantageous
offers of marriage) went one day to
the church with 'Silent William,' and
they were married.

"William has need of me," she said,
"more than the others."

"The village was indignant."
"Some years passed. 'Silent Wil-
liam' carried, day by day, his loads of
masonry and Salome did her full part
with her vigorous arms in earning the
bread for the family growing up
around them. And so it might have
gone on.

"But one wintry day, when the wind
and rain were impetuous, William's
work was to carry his load up a high
scalloping. The other men had taken
refuge from the storm, but he kept
on. At this moment Salome, who had
come with his dinner, terrified at an
unusual gust of wind, cried:

"'William! William! In the name of
heaven, descend quickly!'"

"He turned to her as he heard her
cry, and, mistaking his footing, slipped
and fell. He was quickly carried to
the hospital, and hovered many days
between life and death. The whole
village, hearing the news, openly con-
gratulated Salome on the approaching
decease of her husband.

"Far better for him and for you,"
said they.

"One day when she arrived at the
hospital she found the bed empty. An-
other room had been taken for him.
They took him there that morning.
Was he dead? Her heart leaped to
his throat. Coming to the door indi-
cated, she knocked and was met by
an old man of noble appearance, who
said briefly that his son was sleeping,
and received no one. Salome answered
humbly, she did not seek the son of
monsters, but her husband, William
Hosi.

"He tried to make her story short,
but a voice came from the room. 'Let
her enter, father; she is the good wife
of the late William Hosi.'"

"With a cry of savage joy the woman
rushed to his side, threw herself
on her knees beside the bed and cried
out between laughter and tears. 'My
God, I thank Thee! Then, raising her
eyes, she was confounded with the
change in his countenance. The no-
bility of his face had returned to him,
his energetic will, his brilliant eyes, im-
perious voice, the joy of living, had
come back again. Even her boy, Sep-
her, trying to hide in the skirts of her
dress, sobbed out: 'Father is not father
any more. He has changed.' When Sil-
ent William reflected on what had
passed, he could now remember the
attack on the hill, atilly, but the
other life, as a mason, lay hidden un-
der a shade, only the love of Salome
and that last call for pity which
brought about the fall from the lad-
der remained and the doctors declared
that this had in some sort re-es-
tablished the life which was lost at Se-
dan.

"One never knew what passed that
morning between the two, but the first
words of Salome, when she came to
understand all that had happened,
was:

"And now you have no more need
of me, William, adieu." And she got
up from her knees to go.

"Ah, well," said Major Nylander,
with a careless air, "it is certain if the
Count of Aleneck had repudiated his
wife Salome, whom I must call now
Anna Marie Hosi, his savior in those
years of distress, now that he had
come to his own, the humiliation of
this evening would have been saved
him."

The signal for supper was now giv-
en. The lackeys opened the doors, and
all prepared for the somewhat cere-
monious entry into the grand saloon.

When Maximilian d'Aleneck and his
wife reappeared, calm but very pale,
all eyes turned to them again.

"Then His Highness, the Prince, step-
ping forward to Anne Marie, offered
her his arm and said with a gracious
smile, so all could hear:

"Madame the Countess, will you do
me the honor?"

Wiles of the Taxidermist.

These are busy days for the taxider-
mist, and his little tricks are the
amusement and amazement of the
amateur hunter. A successful gunner
brought in a beautifully-marked wood-
cock and wanted it mounted. "Save
me the body," he remarked, after the
preliminaries were settled. "Impos-
sible," said the taxidermist. "See this
table. It has arsenic on it, and I am
afraid some of the poison might ad-
here to the flesh; you are poisoned, I
am blamed. It would not be safe to
give you the body." That stereotype
reply usually results in the customer
yielding the point—and the duck. The
latter is either eaten by the taxider-
mist and his family, or he passes it
along to some friend with his compli-
ments. The experienced hunter lays
down the law. "See here, no fooling.
Skin my duck on a piece of clean pa-
per and send me the body. Dye hair!"
There is no further controversy.—New
York Press.

Considerate.

He was the most awkward dancer
at the swellest ball of the swell wait-
ing place, and she the most graceful.
After they had literally bumped their
way through a waltz she smilingly re-
marked to a group of admirers that
she had danced since she was a little
tot.

"Don't be discouraged," he answered
in a kindly tone, "you'll get the knack
of it yet."—Detroit Free Press.



GOOD ROADS

For Government Appropriations.

FOR over a century we have
been pottering and fudging
about the making of
the roads we are just obliged
to use, from January to
December in every year of our mortal
lives, and yet multitudes have spent
all their days in driving and trudging
over bad roads, because there has been
no concerted effort made to make an
advance in this needful business which
would permit a rod or two each year
of the turnpike so that it would stay
in good order for a dozen or twenty
years without repair.

Millions upon millions have been ap-
propriated for rivers and harbors, yet
the every day road, the road that nine-
ty-hundredths of the population are
obliged to use, if they go anywhere,
has never had a dollar from the Fed-
eral Government or a fraction of help
from the National Treasury. Money is
voted for all sorts of things regardless
of the taxpayers' necessities, right at
their own doorsteps.

As Senator Latimer remarked: "One
hundred and sixty millions areas of
land were given to the Pacific rail-
roads" to help those bonded syndicates
to build up a paying investment for
themselves, while the most important
and most needed public improvement,
namely, country roads, have had no
help at all.

He said also: "More than a third
of the seventy odd millions of our pop-
ulation live away from the cities and
towns"—are, in fact, country people.
They live on an average of from one to
twenty-five miles from the nearest
town or city. Upon this class depends
in large measure the bodily comfort of
the whole country, and the wealth of
the country is drawn primarily from
their labor.

It is a self-evident proposition that
the advancement of our agricultural
classes should be a primary concern
of every statesman and patriotic citi-
zen. The necessity of their education
in mind and in improved methods and
means of production and of their con-
tentment in their vocations cannot be
overlooked. * * * But a more seri-
ous tendency is the inclination of the
"farm people to go to the cities. If we
could do away with this evil, some
means must be devised to make farm
life attractive and pleasant, and to give
to that class of our people some of the
benefits and advantages enjoyed by
the other classes. The Government
must stimulate and aid the people in
this work.

"The burden of building and main-
taining these roads should be distribut-
ed equally among all the people. The
State must either levy a tax to do this
work, or the Federal Government
should do it."

Senator Latimer's proposition is to
collect half from the State and half
from the general Government, and do
the work well from the beginning to
the end.

Here is one of the Senator's plain
illustrations:

"Take, for instance, the farmer who
owns 100 acres of land valued at \$80
per acre, who has farm animals, farm
implements and other property which
will amount to \$4000. Levy a five mill
tax on his property, which will amount
to \$20. I hold that under the provi-
sions of this bill there are three ways
in which he would make 100 per cent.
and pay his taxes. This farmer would
haul at least fifty tons over these roads
in a year, eight miles being the aver-
age haul, and twenty-five cents per ton
per mile, and under the present state
of the roads making \$100 in expense.

"By reducing the cost of transporta-
tion one-half by reason of improved
roads, he could move the fifty tons for
\$50. He could pay his \$20 tax and
save \$30."

Another reason given by the Senator
was the uses made by the Government
of these roads in mail distribution. The
people are now made to pay for their
mail privileges and also provide the
roads over which the mails travel.

But the main point in the argument
is the existence of a tremendous sur-
plus in the Treasury, which is now
loaned out to national banks without
interest. He denounced this method
of assisting one class to the injury
of the taxpayers as unjustifiable, and in-
sists that this money should be used
to benefit the people who need these
good roads, and who have contributed
so largely to the revenues of the na-
tion, and who get no return or benefit
from this accumulated surplus. He es-
timated the surplus at \$260,000,000,
and \$158,000,000 has been loaned
to national banks without interest,
while the country roads must be built
and maintained by the labor of the
people who live in the vicinity, and
even their mail privileges must be paid
for, while their taxation continues to
be heavy.

Experience in Massachusetts.

In Massachusetts, when they first
undertook road building, the commis-
sioner laid down the rule that the
work must be well done, whatever the
cost. The cost was to be kept as low
as was consistent with safety, but the
construction must be good at all
events. The most expensive sections
of road were selected for improvement
first; for, as a chain is no stronger
than its weakest link, so a road will
permit the transportation of only such
a load as can be hauled over the worst
part, and to improve the worst part is
to improve the whole. Consequently,
in Massachusetts the cost of original
construction has tended downward a
mile. This gives satisfaction, as in
other States the cost tends upward.

TEACHING GERMAN CHILDREN.

Using the Surrounding Country as an
Object Lesson to Pupils.

An interesting treatise on the edu-
cation of children in Germany has
just been published by Mr. George
Andrew, one of His Majesty's Inspec-
tors of Schools, in the course of which
he remarks that "the subjects treated
at first are the school and its surround-
ings, points of the compass, main
streets, squares, bridges, public build-
ings, churches, etc. Then the lo-
cal river (Die Spree), its source, course,
fall, island, peninsula, docks, canals,
etc.; next the local heaths and
woods—known to most of the children
—give the rudimentary ideas of flat
and rising ground, hill and valley,
mountain chains, etc. Similarly the
street traffic and railway stations
are dealt with, while Berlin and the
neighborhood suggest the difference
between the capital town, town and
village, and so the extension to the
province of Brandenburg is made. The
lessons include also some elementary
ideas about the sun, moon and stars.
On the more historical side a begin-
ning is made with some account of the
present Emperor and his family. It
is evident that the children have a fa-
miliar knowledge of the various mem-
bers of the Royal House, as the readi-
ness with which they can tell the
dates of the various royal birthdays
proves. The lessons then proceed
backwards to the Emperor's more im-
mediate predecessors, story and inci-
dent being frequently resorted to, to
interest the children. In similar fash-
ion, some of the most important local
historical associations are touched
upon. The whole subject is one which
an intelligent teacher can make de-
lightfully interesting to a class, but
it certainly postulates intelligent teach-
ing. A pleasant introduction and com-
panion to geography in the wider
sense. It conveys to elementary
classes impressions much more living
than those dreary paper definitions of
the obvious river and the self-evident
hill."

Not in a Hurry to Die.
Maude—"Don't you know that cig-
arettes are a slow poison?"
Ferd—"Well, do you suppose I
want to die in a hurry?"—Louisville
Courier-Journal.

Fully Armed.
"No," said Minerva as she sprang
fully armed from the brain of Jove.
"No, what?" queried Jove.
"I'll never be taken for the Venus
de Milo."—Houston Post.

On the Ocean Liner.
"He's been running after that girl
for six months."
"Why don't he stop?"
"He's afraid if he does she'll be run-
ning after him."—Judge.

An Inducement.
Tired Mother (to restless child)—
"Now you set still! I've driven you ten
miles to enjoy this entertainment, and
you shall enjoy it, if I have to pull
every hair out of your head."—Life.

Friend of Matrimony.
"What do you think of this plan to
forbid the marriage of weak-minded
people?"
"I don't approve of it; without mar-
riage the world would go to the dogs."
—Houston Post.

In With a Plunger.
"I wish to enter and take an active
part in the battle of life. What would
you advise me to do?"
"Get married," wrote the editor of
the "Replies to Queries."—Fort
Worth Record.

His Conclusions.
"I'm afraid, Johnny," said the Sun-
day-school teacher, rather sadly, "that
I shall never meet you in the better
land."
"Why? What have you been doing
now?"—Pick-Me-Up.

His Idea of Trouble.
Policeman—"Was that big guy who
was talking to you looking for trou-
ble?"
Cutting Hint—"Yes; he wanted to
know where the marriage licenses are
issued."—Comic Cuts.

More Causes for Solemnity.
Father (who has been called upon in
the city and asked for his daughter's
hand)—"Louise, do you know what a
solemn thing it is to be married?"
Louise—"Oh, yes, pa; but it is a good
deal more solemn being single."—Judy.

Revised.
Pincher—"I believe in that old say-
ing about taking care of the pennies.
You know it, don't you?"
Spenders—"Oh, yes. Take care of
the pennies and the dollars will take
care of your heirs."—Philadelphia
Press.

True Friendship.
Harold—"My trusted and bosom
friend, Jack Armstrong, has cut me
out in the affections of Dolly Giddy-
gum! What do you think of that?"
Jerold—"Why, I think that's the
kind of a friend to have, old chap!"—
Puck.

Just Why He Is a Tramp.
Charitable Old Lady—"But why do
you go tramping through the country
like this, my poor man?"
The Vagrant—"Well, mum, the truth
is, I've heard that these 'ere Pullman
cars is rather stuffy."—Glasgow Even-
ing Times.

Little Woman's Query.
Ethel—"Pa, why does Uncle Frank
always say, 'Beware of the widows'?"
Pa—"Because, my child, widows are
supposed to be expert in catching hus-
bands."

Ethel—"Gracious! I wonder if I'll
have to be a widow before I can get
married?"—Philadelphia Press.

By No Means.
"Five dollars," said the medium:
"Thanks. Now a spirit wishes to speak
to you; a female spirit; would you like
it materialized?"
"Er—can you tell who it is?"
"Certainly! It is your mother-in-
law."

"Oh, no. Here's another \$5. Don't."
—Fort Worth Record.

How to See the Wind.
Select a windy day for your experi-
ment. Take a polished metallic sur-
face, two feet or more, with a straight
edge—a large hand saw will answer.
Hold this at right angles to the wind
(i. e., if the wind be north hold your
surface east and west) and incline it
at an angle of forty-five degrees, so
that the wind, striking, glances and
flows over the edge.—Chicago Journal.

Humor of
Today

Hard Grab.
"Two a lot of shipwrecked sailors—
They had eaten all their stuff,
So they tried to eat the tender,
But they found it far too tough."
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

An Inference.
May—"His fiancée is quite wealthy."
Belle—"How do you know?"
May—"I judge from her looks."
—New York Press.

His Angel.
Figg (pointing)—"That woman saved
my fortune for me."
Trigg—"How?"
Figg—"Jilted me."—Judge.

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that the wind, striking, glances and
flows over the edge.—Chicago Journal.

Woman's
Realm

Interesting Cloth Coat.
An interesting cloth coat shows
three tucks introduced crosswise from
above the bust line. The fullness thus
liberated is caught in again by three
darts, which are stitched well down,
the skirt fullness hanging loosely.

Poetry of Dress.
The secret of the American girl's
style is her individuality of taste. She
knows what she likes, and she dares
to express this liking in what she does
and in what she wears.

Her fads and frills are her personal
fancies. When expressed, they be-
come the poetry of dress, says the Wo-
man's Home Companion.

And there is nothing exclusive about
this poetry; it is a living spring from
which every one may drink. Not to
all, of course, is it given to originate;
but it should be possible for all to se-
lect and adapt.

Women's Occupations.
A report from a recent meeting in
England under the auspices of the
Women's Trade Union League, says
the Youth's Companion, states that the
list of employments made out there
showed women of the United King-
dom to be auctioneers, architects, bar-
tenders, blacksmiths, brickmakers, but-
chers, chimney sweeps, tailors, rail-
way porters, veterinary surgeons, and
one of them a dock laborer. The oc-
cupations of brickmakers and butchers
are the most popular among them all,
the former claiming three thousand
women and the latter four thousand.

A Rest Camp.
A rest camp in the Egyptian desert,
where faded nerves and ragged diges-
tions may be repaired, is the happy
conception of a Swedish woman. To
each patient is given a tent, no male
being allowed within the lines, the
domestic labors of the camp are car-
ried on by female attendants, and nei-
ther papers nor letters are permitted to
reach the patients. Sun baths and
sand baths play a prominent part in
the cure, for upon the sun and air the
originator of the camp relies for her
greatest remedies. Not only must the
clothing of those who seek the camp
be of the lightest description, but fruit
and cereals constitute the bulk of the
diet, and books, needlework, and the
distractions of the fashionable spa are
banished.

Mohairs to Be Popular.
Probably the most fashionable fab-
ric for the great majority will be mo-
hairs, the plain qualities leading and
the "fancies," as they are termed, be-
ing second, while, aside from mohairs,
colonnies will be second in the race.
Voiles will be worn by the ultra-fash-
ionable. It must be remembered that
the manufacturers are making or have
already manufactured the goods for
the coming spring and summer of 1905,
and that buyers for the smart shops
are now placing and have been for
weeks orders for these goods, there-
fore, if it is shown what fabrics are
selling best it is easy to determine
what will be worn. In silks, the chif-
fon taffetas, crapes and tussahs will be
favorites. Soft failles and Shantung,
and, of course, the standard Indias and
foulards will be more or less in de-
mand.

The Sofa Pillow Habit.
The soft cushion habit grows on a
woman. She begins by making a few
pretty ones and putting them in ap-
propriate places and ends by taking
the cushions from the children's backs
and making up sofa cushions with
them. She begins by embroidering
a few little flowers on her sofa cush-
ions with everything from the kitchen
stove to family groups embroidered,
painted, photographed and burnt on
them. Spenders—"Oh, yes. Take care of
the pennies and the dollars will take
care of your heirs."—Philadelphia
Press.

True Friendship.
Harold—"My trusted and bosom
friend, Jack Armstrong, has cut me
out in the affections of Dolly Giddy-
gum! What do you think of that?"
Jerold—"Why, I think that's the
kind of a friend to have, old chap!"—
Puck.

Just Why He Is a Tramp.
Charitable Old Lady—"But why do
you go tramping through the country
like this, my poor man?"
The Vagrant—"Well, mum, the truth
is, I've heard that these 'ere Pullman
cars is rather stuffy."—Glasgow Even-
ing Times.

Little Woman's Query.
Ethel—"Pa, why does Uncle Frank
always say, 'Beware of the widows'?"
Pa—"Because, my child, widows are
supposed to be expert in catching hus-
bands."

Ethel—"Gracious! I wonder if I'll