THE POET'S DILEMMA.

as an line for a poem I must seem to start: d plane a Hoosier poet outon of his heart. and tried to work it, mearly no avail; or maring of the partridge he whistle of the quall.

in fancy how he'd take it. and he d marshal all the birds ir their yearly journey southward ne he i find the fittest words!) And the I say that they were flying over dale, I am irumming of the partridge And the whistle of the quail.

har he me the lines are useless, so I'm going to take my gun. And I I hasten to the woodland-It a aduty to be done.

There I liquickly make an ending-A start I seem to fail-The drumming of the partridge As I the whistle of the quail.

- Battell Loomis, in Harper's

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"It's very hard!" said Nannie Nairn, alth a pout. "All the other girls are dressing for Katie Stanbury's charade party, and I am here, all alone, like a wreiched little mouse, with no pleasure, and no prospect of any."

Miss Nairn was rather an exceptional vottag person. Her boudoir was a little square room of hewn stone, with a ball seve window of glass, so high up that she had to c'ime on a stool to look out of it. Her prospect, once safely mounted on the stool, was of rolling green waves, with here and there a silver-breasted gull darting athwart the heaving surface; and her sole companion in the circular tower of Lone lighthouse was an old man of sixty-odd, who read "Blair's Sermons," and amused his leisure moments by working out an unlimited series of these problems, which were contained in a dogs-eared "Chess Manual."

There he sat by the window, where the stormy red of the sunset streamed in like splashes of blood against the wall, musing intently over the black and white squares of the board he himself had painted on the deep window-seat, with the ocean dashing in sheets of foam at the foot of the lighthouse, and the wind shricking around

its from railed top.

"Tucle!" said Nannie, timidly. ** 11 7 11 2 12 11 + 11 - 12 He spoke without looking up from

the board. "May I go on shore tonight?"

"On shore? What do you want to to on shore for?" he demanded petu-

"I haven't stirred out of this disand place for a week!" pouted Nannie; and Kate Stanbury is to have a characle party tonight, and she has invited me.

"Pshaw!" said old Moses Nairn, with one crooked finger hovering over an avory castle, like "Fate" personi-

But can't I, uncle?" pleaded Nammie.

"No, you can't. Michael has gone to see his mother tonight," shortly answered the old man, "and he'll not be back before morning."

"I could row myself easily enough," bleaded Nannie. "I've done it before now, many and many a time."

"I don't choose to be left alone," said Moses.

Nannie opened wide her bright blue

Why, uncle, vou've been left alone here ten," she said.

"That don't signify," snarled Moses "I'm getting older now, and I tell you I don't choose to be left

"I shouldn't be gone long, uncle," "Mall you leave off teasing me?" set leady demanded the old man.

And Nannie retreated, only to fling here's on one of the circular stone steps without, where she burst into

"And Charlie Cotesworth is to be there," she sobbed, "and that young other from Leesborough; and I did

think so much of Katie Stanbury's charade party.

And the shrick of sea-winds, and the thunder of breaking billows against the solid stone foundations of Lone lighthouse was all the answer that returned itself to her piteous plaint.

Nannie leaned out of the narrow, slit-like casement, her dimpled face and red-brown curls framed quaintly in by the jagged stone edges, and looked down to where the newlypainted boat, secured by an iron chain, rocked to and fro in the surf.

"Half an hour to land." she said to herself, "and half an hour back again, and an hour to stay. I could enjoy all the best of it, and be back before uncle could possibly miss me. He thinks, because he likes chess problems and stuffy old books, that every one else must. And he's eightand sixty, and I'm only eighteen; and I've mended all his stockings and ironed all his shirts, and there's nothing on earth to do but to sit and twirl my thumbs. I will go."

Softly the little rebel crept up the stone stairs almost like a moving shadow, in the gathering dusk of the dim old tower-softly she brushed out the glistening spirals of the red-brown hair, and put on her prettiest dress and freshest libbons, shrouding them all with a gray serge cloak.

And before old Moses Naira had studied out the "Problem sixty two -white to mate, in four moves," to his satisfaction, the little beat was rocking far toward land, a moving speck upon the surface of the deep, with his niece, Nannie, resolutely leaning to the oars.

As she drew the grating keel upon the shingly beach, and flung the chain over a huge wooden bulkhead to secure it, she turned and looked backward, where Lone lighthouse reared its slender shaft against the deep crimson of the dving sunset.

"Uncle will be lighting the lantern soon," she said to berself.

And away she fled, up the shelving shore, to the little settlement of houses which was by courtesy denominated a village.

Katie Stanbury's house was all ablaze with cheerful lights. They welcomed her with a unanimous cry of delight, and gathered around her declaring that she had come just in time to help them out with "Othello and Desdemona." The lieutenant from Leesborough wrote her name down for the first waltz, and Charles Cotesworth whispered to her to keep at least three dances for him.

"We've borrowed Mrs. Leslie's white satin wedding dress for Desde nona," whispered Katie Stanbury. "Come up stairs quickly and dress,"

The room which they had assigned to Desdemona, as a tiring chamber, was intolerably warm. Nannie threw open the window, and looked out toward fhe sea.

There, still outlined darkly against the sullen red of the stormy western sky, Lone lighthouse seemed to lift a warning finger to her, its crystal eye dim and dark as that of a blind man.

She looked once again, more intently than before, and began to tremble violently.

There was no light in the lantern at

Lone lighthouse. And when Katie Stansbury came up to tell Desdemona that the andience was waiting and wondering, she found the white satin dress lying in a crumple I heap on the floor, the ca idles guttering in their sockets, and the door wide open.

"Goodness me!" she ejaculated, tragically, "what has become of Nannie?"

Nannie, with a strange foreboding of evil at her heart, had flown swiftly down to the beach, heedless of the lientenant's waltzes and Charlie's disappointment, unfastened the boat, and was shooting out to sea with long, regular strokes.

A storm was coming up. The red scowl of the sunset had been no false prophet, as it seemed, for the wind muttered low, and the distant sealine was edged with trembling white-caps, while the nearer waves breaking against the shore, made a muffled roar, and there was a curious, lurid fight in

the piled-up clouds against the western

But of these things Nannie took little need, as she rowed steadily toward the lighthouse-the lighthouse which looked so strange without its usual eye of fire.

"It is not dork yet - not quite dark," she kept repeating to herself. "Uncle may light the lantern at any minute. He has most likely forgotten himself over those chess problems."

And, springing out of the boat at the foot of the lighthouse steps, she ran through the shower of sait spray that made them so slippery at high tide, and, opening the heavily-nailed door, hurried up the winding staircase to the lanternroom.

It was but the work of a moment to light the huge lamp. The crystal reflectors grew raliant at once, and the long wiste banner of light streamed out, like magic fires, athwart the sullen surge of darkening waters below; and then, with a long sigh of relief. Nannie turned to her uncle's apart-

The low fire was burning in the little coal stove; there was no light in the room, but by the glimmer of the red embers she could see her uncle's figure, still bent over the black and white squares in the window-seat. He did not turn at the click of the doorlatch.

"He is asleep," thought Nannie. "He often falls into such brief, heavy sleep of late, I'm afraid he is not as well as he used to be."

She advanced to his side, laying her hand lightly on his, with a smile.

"Uncle!" she said, slightly raising

But the shriek which she uttered, as she snatched it back, rent the air

like a dagger. For old Meses Nairn's hand was cold as marble, and he himself sat there, with his head sunk down upon

his breast, quite dead. All night long she sat there, tending the light in the lighthouse, shaddering at the wail of the storm, and the war of the waves, and still more at the ghostly stillness in the room below. And when the morning broke, wet and windy, and she saw herself reflected in an opposite glass, she perceived that the one tress of hair which drooped over her right temple had turned as white as snow.

By the next day's sunshine, a richlyfreighted ship rode gallantly into port, with a half hundred passengers, who would have been food for fishes if Nannie Nairn had not stood valiantly to her post.

But no earthly consideration could ever induce her afterwards to enter the dreary stone walls of Lone lighthouse; and the silver lock, shining out from among the golden curls of her hair, bears an everlasting testimony to the night of terror which she passed among the winds and the waves. with Dea h for her only companion.

And the rev lighthouse-keeper has made a store-chamber of the apartment where Moses Nairn died of heartdisease.

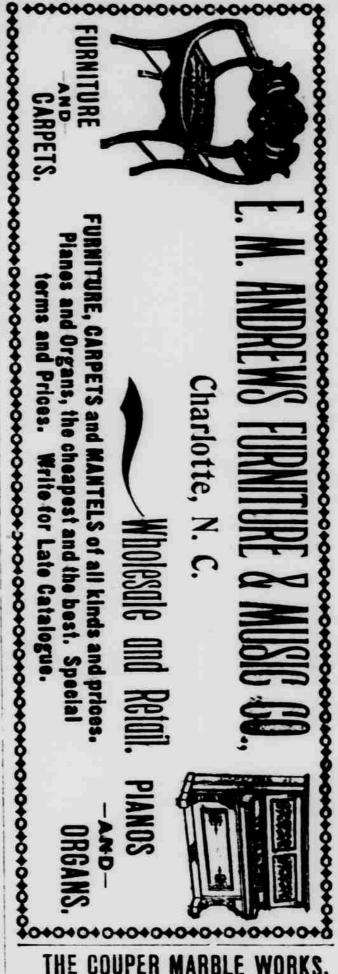
"I've no superstitious notions," said he; "b t all the same, I'd rather occupy some other room myself."-Saturday Night.

The Points of a Cat.

A good cat - the kind you want to have in the house, if any-will have a round, stubby, pug nose, full, fat cheeks and upper lip, a well developed lump on top of the head between the ears, betokening good nature. A sleepy cat that purrs a good deal is apt to be playful and good natured.

By all means to be avoided is a cat with thin, sharp nose and twitching ears. It must be remembered also that a good mouser is not neces-arily a gentle or desirable pet. Although any good cat will catch mice if she is not overfed, quick, full, expressive eves generally betoken a mousing cat.

The greatest mistake—and probably the most common one-in the care of domestic cats is overfeeling, particularly too much mest. In the wild life a cat has exercise which enables her to digest food. In the lazy house life the same full feeding leads to stomach troubles and to "fits."-Woman's



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Our navy is only in its infancy, but It is about as lusty an infant as can be found anywhere among the nations, and it can be truthfully said that no navy, even the one considered the nearest full grown, is in any way anxious to try the experiment of spanking it.

Preserving Order in the Philippines.

There would be no need of a large army to preserve order in the Philippine Islands. In 1851 the Spaniards only had seven battalions of infantry, two squadrons of lancers and about 1,000 artillerymen. The latter, and the sergeants of the other troops, were Spaniards, the others natives. This force was kept in Manila. Cavite was garrisoned by the navy, and the rural districts had a native police under Spanish officers. This army was large enough until the Spanish-French expedition to Cochin-China caused new battalions of infantry to be raised for foreign service. Subsequently Spanish misgovernment and over heavy taxation made the natives rebellious; and then came the supposed need of more troops. What was really needed was justice, official honesty and moderate taxation. - The Independent.

General Adjutant von Petroff, now postmaster general of Russia, introduced novel letter boxes throughout the Russian cities, and ordered the more frequent collection of letters from the boxes. The new boxes stand on corners of streets, so that the public can reach them from sidewalks; the letter carrier who collects the mail opens them from the street side without even dismounting from his wheel. All the collecting carriers have been provided with tricycles having a large receptar's for the mail matter in front of them.

Poverty is no disgrace, but it is seldom used as a testimonial of ability.