THE HAPPY LONG AGO.

They tell us of the good old times—
The happy long ago—
Alas! the world to-day is filled
With nothing much but woe!
Back in the blissful, lovely days,
When all things were so nice,
No icemen's wagons rumbled, and
The people had no ice.

Back in the happy, happy days
When people were so blest,
When life was worth the living, and
The world was at its best
men didn't turn the faucets on
When they were home at night When they went home at night ad plunge as we plunge into tubs
All smooth and clean and white.

he good old days, the fair old days, Fre awnings had been made, low sweet it must have been, when it Was ninety in the shade, To sit beside a window where The sun was shining through While from unsprinkled streets the dust in choking volumes blew!

How glad they must have been who lived in those old, happy days, Where everything was done by hand in good old-fashioned ways, when smoky candles pierced the gloom And babies yelled at night se there were no safety pins ?? give their souls delight.

Ahi happy, happy days long past, When all the world was gay, Ere window screens had been devised To keep the files away, To keep the files away,
When people slept on corded beds
And had their visions rare
While glad mosquitos took their fill— What happiness was there! S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## A Fair Chance.

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T WAS drowsily warm that day, and though a murder case was in course of trial at the county seat, it had aroused no particular excitement in the minds of the inhabitants of Willsborough. The courtroom had hardly more than its usual contingent of idlers and loungers.

For one thing the case had no complications or sensational features, and there was nothing sentimentally interesting in the character of the parties concerned. It was just a country fellow, a piny-woodsman, who had killed his step-brother, and then seemed able to give no explanation for his deed but, "He deviled me till done it." The two, it appeared, had had "words," and suddenly Alpheus White picked up an adz and struck Jim Jordan a terrible blow on the head that killed him instantly. The step-mother and step-sisters of the accused and several of their "kin," witnessed against Alpheus, and bore voluble testimony to the fact that he had always been "full of pyore meanness;" whereas, "Jim had been beliked by all that knowed him." According to them Alpheus had "a gredge" against Jim for could.

Alpheus had previously-borne the reputation of a harmless, peaceable man, not "overly bright," but steady and sober; yet the fact remained that he had killed a man, seemingly upon slight provocation. He did not attempt to deny his crime, or even to excuse it; appearing dazed into submission to his fate. There was nothing in his appearance to excite the sympathy of those sentimental souls who fill the cells of murderers with bouquets. He was just a tall, thin countryman, awkwardly put together, with a freckled face, hair almost colorless, and a long, sunburnt neck amply displayed by the turndown collar of his checked cotton shirt. Only in his pale, blue eyes there was a sad, puzzled, rebuffed look one sees in the eyes of some poor homeless dog that everybody kicks and abuses and drives away.

nd abuses and drives away. The case had been one easily disposed of. The lawyer appointed by the court had pleaded somewhat lukewarmly, the cause of murder. Then followed the district attorney, who referred to the prisoner as a fratricide, likened him to Cain, and the duty of conviction. The jury retired to deliberate.

Alpheus sat with his chin sunken upon his breast, in a sort of mental and physical torpor. The wind brought warm puffs of perfume through the windows from the blooming China trees in the courtyard; a old one. He began to plant on his slow oxwagon crawled creakily along own account, and became modestly Main street, and some pigs grunted and scuffled in the dust.

"It's astonishing how near being animals those piny-woods people are," whispered the district attorney to another lawyer. "That fellow is actually too dull and dense even when his life hangs in the balance."

But Alpheus was not quite so dull and dense. He did not know what fratricide meant, however, he understood dimly that the district attorney had been "talkin' agin him." A vague thought came to his mind that if he had money or influence,

things might go easier with him.

The deliberation of the jury did not

last long. At the verdict, "Guilty," a sort of murmur ran around the room; for there must always be a moment of mounced even upon the most inficant of human beings,

prisoner still remained seated. to his feet he spoke for the first

drawl of the piny-woods. It had a comical sound and some one tittered in spice of the solemulty of the operation.

of the occasion.

Did you ever see a convicted man who thought he had had a fair trial?" one lawyer asked another.

But Alpheus had had no thought of a fair trial when he spoke; he cut him out." would not have known a fair trial from an unfair one.

His mind had gone far, for back father and mother. He remembered his thin, sickly mother, who worked so hard and had so many aches and pains yet was nevertheless always Alpheus could only worry and puttle 'kind-spoken." There were many little mounds in a rude inclosure which, in a more civilized region would have been considered none too good to serve as a pig pen, for of all the children she had borne, Alpheus got "his gal" away from him. alone survived. His father, too, was kind to him, and when he tool his cotton into town, in the autumn, would bring Alpheus a stick of 'striped candy.'

But the mother died, and after trying to "do for himself," Alpheus' father brought home the widow Jordan with her noisy, quarrelsome brood of children. She took a dislike to Alpheus at first sight. It was not Alpheus at first sight. It was not jealousy-with her coarse, buxom good looks, she would have thought she had no occasion to be jealous of her sickly, faded predecessor, or any of her belongings-but she declared that the "young 'en was jes too pizen ugly to live; as ugly as a valler nigger dog." As she and all her progeny were black-haired and black-eyed, Alpheus' tow head was naturally not admired by her. He slunk out of her sight as much as possible, but she quickly appointed

him the drudge of the family.

"Mary Belle," she would say, "don't you spile your skin over that fire. Alpheus has got to stir that pot." Or, "Here, you Alpheus, do you think I'm goin' to let my Jim break his eternal." back totin' them buckets o' water

from the springs?" feebly to protect him; but he was a to silence. weak-minded man, easily reduced to and though he might pity his son in secret, he dared not raise his voice

to defend him. The Jordans were all better looking and quickerwitted than Alpheus, and they were not slow to make him feel this; tormenting him in various wavs.

"He ain't none o' our kin," they would explain to visitors.

Jim, who was the nearest his age, was especially malevolent in his devices for the discomfiting of Alpheus. The only time Alpheus had ventured to resent Jim's aggressions, his stepmother's heavy fist had hammered into him the wisdom of suffering in silence. As their mother made a drudge of him, so the young Jordans made him the butt of their clumsy ridicule. It was Jim who gave him the name of "Fiddleneck" by which he became known throughout that years, had always been jealous of he became known throughout that him, and "spited" him whenever he piny woods settlement. The rural him, and "spited" him whenever he pense of the appropriate was tickled by the title. "Don't it jes' hit off that long, red neck o' his'n!" exclaimed Abram Beechby: "Jim shore is the

fellow to give names that sticks." Yet Alpheus was a good, harmless creature, who would have asked nothing better than to live on kindly terms with his step-relations. As he grew older the settlement had no definite grievance against him; but when one is shy and awkward it is "sullen-like"-and the second Mrs. White spared no words to make it believed that her stepson was "hard to get along with."

II. Shortly after Alpheus reached manhood his father died, and the larger part of the little farm fell to his share.Mrs. White was indignant that the law gave her only a third, and, in fact, went into hysterics when she to be hers.

"Oh, my po' paltry thirds!"she ejaculated, with tears of wrath. "If this ain't onjest, there never was on jestice in the world. Here's me that's worked like a nigger on this place, became eloquently impassioned upon an' done for that man year in an year out, an' wore myself out tryin'

put off with thirds!"
But the law is law. Alpheus gladly gave up the cabin to his stepmother, and built himself another as far removed as possible from the successful, owing to his industry. All of which did not endear him to the Jordans.

Jim had also reached man's estate and in gala attire, profusely scented with "cinnamon draps," with his black, curly hair well oiled, he was a typical piny-woods lady-killer. In addition, he was a hard drinker, poker player, and an idler-in short, and sisters admired him greatly as a

dashing blade. Alpheus' nearest neighbors were lately moved in from an adjoining county. Moses Miller, who was as and planting, and they soon became

da, and began to court her in a bash- grow up; I can't make up my mind ful way. Linda, who had no "high whether I want to be a priest or a "I—nuver—hed — a—fair—chanst," notions," looked favorably upon him, | nun.' "—Detroit Free Press.

he said aloud in the queer, jerky and all seemed to point towards an everyday ending to this humble leve-

he "mos volit his sides alauchis" as he expressed it. "The idee o' that old sneak, Fiddleneck, co'tin' a gall" he cried, slapping his leg. "Darned if I don't sail in an'

Jim was prompt to act. He began to lay siege to simple Linda, and soon dazzled her with his dashing the days of his childhood, to the ways. He ridiculed Alpheus incessittle mud-chinked log cabin in the santly, never speaking of him to clearing where he had lived with his Linda except as Fiddleneck, and naking her ashamed, finally, of having received Alpheus attentions. Help-less as ever under Jim's persecutions,

> over the situation. But the climax came when Alpheus was passing one day in front of the old cabin, and Jim, hailing him, coarsely taunted him with having

> "Not that I vally her this much."

to learn you a lesson."
Suddenly the world swam red be fore Alpheus' eyes. It seemed to him that this crowned all the unkindness, insults and indignities that had been heaped upon him in his childhood and boyhood. He struck at his step-brother as an animal attacked by another would strike, inspired by the instinct of retaliation, and with-out thought of consequences.

Yet who knew all this but himself? and he had not words in which to tell it.

The Methodist minister visited Alpheus in his cell. He was a good, earnest soul, and was touched even to tears by the thought of this poor, ignorant creature standing unfriended on the brink of death.

In response to his pious words, Alpheus still mumbled his one plaint, I nuver hed a fair chanst." "But put all that behind you, poor

sinner!" cried the minister, "put it behind you like the rest of life. Repent, and look forward to the life

"Yes, I'm sorry I killed Jim, but somehow-I dunno"-Alpheus thought Alpheus' father had at first tried and words trailed off confusedly in-

The minister was with Alpheus to submission by his loud-tongued wife, the last, exhorting, consoling and encouraging; and Alpheus learned to cling to him as a child in passing through a dark place would cling to a friendly hand. Something of the consolation the minister tried to bring home to him penetrated his dull mind, and his formless ideas slowly shaped themselves into the words: "Reckon if I'd always knowed 'bout gittin' a fair chanst Over Yander, I wouldn't 'a minded so 'nuch missin'-it here."

In which, without knowing it, Alpheus acquiesced in the words of the philosopher-that "in order to endure this life it is necessary to imagine another."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

#### QUEEN VICTORIA'S TACT.

How She Compelled the Prince Consort to Kneel Before the Tomb of Napoleon.

A biography of Marsh has been published recently in Paris. Not the least interesting part of the work is that which refers to the extraordinary popular demonstrations that marked the state visit of the late Queen Victoria to the French capital, says a London paper. When the English sovereign, with her consort and heir, went to the Invalides to look upon the tomb of Napoleon the scene was one which seems to easy to get the reputation of being have greatly impressed the marshal,

who thus describes it: "Everybody was profoundly moved. Not a word was spoken. Each person stood gazing at the coffin and was lost in thought. Prince Albert was in front of me in the red uni- day, for French, Portuguese and Dutch form of a field marshal; at his side stood the queen, and standing beside her was the prince of Wales, dressed in his highland costume, with his velvet coat, his purse of fur learned that the whole farm was not and the kilt; at the right was Princess Mathilde, whose features, so pure, standing out in the light of torches, recalled too vividly the features of her uncle. After a moment's pause of reflection, of absolute silence, the queen with an expression on her face of severity, calmness and meditation, turned to to raise his brat fittin an' here I'm the prince of Wales, and, placing her hands on his shoulders, said; down on your knees before the tomb of the great Napoleon.' It was a fine exhibition of the keen political tact, as well as of fine human feeling on the part of the queen."

#### . A Pussled Child.

"It is a great mistake to suppose that nuns have no sense of humor," remarked a girl who had just returned from a month in a Roman Catholic hospital. "They are just as bright and clever as other women. The sisters told me a great many amusing stories while I was sick. One of them-Sister Angelica-has thoroughly worthless; but his mother two brothers who are priests and two sisters who are nuns. The only sister who is outside of the official church is married and has one dear the Millers-new people who had little girl, five years old-Hilds. Of course, the child knows all about her two uncles who are priests, and her quiet and hard-working as Alpheus, three aunts who belonged to the had made the young man's acquain- church sisterhood. The other morntance in the course of their plowing ing, at breakfast, little Hilda looked very serious; instead of eating with emotion in hearing sentence of death friends. Moses had an only daugh- her usual hearty appetite she seemed ter, Linda, not pretty, but with a to be meditating; and her mother pleasant comeliness, and gentle, kind-became alarmed. 'Are you sick, ly ways that suggested goodness of Hilda? she asked. 'No, mamma,' Some one took him by the arm and heart. The probable thing hap said the little girl, slowly, I'm just helped him-up, and as he stumbled pened: Alpheus fell in love with Line thinking about what I'll do when I



WHILE THE BRAIN IS ASLEEP.

The Muscles and Organs of the Body Continue to Perform Their Customary Functions.

If the organs of the body cannot be said to sleep neither can the voluntary muscles. Witness the phenomena of sleep-walking, the postillions in stage coach days who slept in their saddles and cavalrymen who do it today; infantry who have been known to sleep on forced marches; sentinels who walk their beats, carrying their guns in a fixed position while they sleep. People who talk in their sleep are familiar to all of us. Experiments made by Speir, Armstrong and Child on 200 college students of both sexes showed that 47 per cent. of the men and 37 per cent. of the women talked in their sleep. A number of things might be proved by these statistics. Of these sleep talkers one-half of the women and one-third the men are able to answer questions while asleep. More women than men could answer questions on any subject, not alone that of which they had been talking. It has also been found that most sleeptalkers are under 25 years of age, says a scientific authority.

Evidently, then, with the muscles and organs of the body all working, it is the brain only that sleeps, and by no means all of the brain. The senses of sight, hearing, touch, smell and taste may be very much awake while the subject sleeps. A sleeping person hears and answers questions, rearranges his bed clothing, covers his eyes to keep out light, draws away his hand when the experimenter tickles it. A child is broken of the habit of sucking his thumb while asleep by putting aloes on it. He is conscious of the bitter taste and dreams of wormwood. The nerves, then, and the brain centers corresponding to them are awake. A busy lawyer, exhausted by overwork, one. night went out to supper with some friends, ate, talked and walked with He had not been drinking; the man was simply asleep during the whole evening. His conscious memory—that is, consciousness itself-slept.

"The American Rhine." In 1606 Henry Hudson, "the bold Englishman," urged his little Dutch boat, the "Haalve Maan," up the river that the Iroquois had christened the "Cohatatea," but which the English afterward rechristened the "Hudson." He courted the favoring winds until he anchored the "Half Moon" off the bank, near where now stands the city of Albany. Others had discovered the river before his had pushed the prows of their boats into the lower stream as early as 1524-'30, but to Hudson belonged the honor of navigating the stream for any considerable distance. And so it is conceded that the name of that early navigator has been justly bestowed upon "the American Rhine." The movement to celebrate the tri centennial of the coming of Henry Hudson, is now taking tangible form, though the nature of the observance, is as yet undecided. - Four-Track

Racket.

O'Grady-What's all the noise oi ear in th' pa-arler? Bridget-That's th' ping-pong rack et.-Detroit Free Press.

KEUKA'S PECULIAR FISH. A Pretty Variety Which Is Found to This One New York Lake Only.

An interesting sight to the angler on Lake Keuka-for it may be seen in no other New York state wateris the fantastic capering of a curious little fish that gathers in great schools near the shores of that gem of western New York lakes Some evenings these fish may be seen breaking the water with their lively play for miles, leaping and skipping and tossing themselves about in revelry, states the New York Sun. They glitter in the slanting rays of

the setting sun like burnished metal. Their scales have all the luster of mother of pearl, and all its wonderful play of rich color.

These fish may be seen sporting in great shoals sometimes for evening after evening and then perhaps they may not be seen for weeks at a time. Their appearance along the shores is always a welcome sight to the lake trout fishermen, for this brilliant and sportive little fish is one of the most killing baits ever found for trout. It is known to fishermen as the sawbelly, and is very appropriately named. From throat to tail its belly line is set with spines, like the teeth of a very fine scroll saw. This fish grows to a length of about five inches, and is evidently a member of the herring

night approaches The fish disappear with the coming of dawn. Where they go to no one has

family. It always makes its appear-

ance in vast shoals, and always as

ever learned. A seineful of these lustrous fish, with the moonlight falling on them as they are drawn from the water. is something that would pale the spangles of Harlequin. The sawbelly dies instantly when it is out of water. But as it is useful to the fisherman only when dead, this is as it should be. The luster does not leave the them, and the next day remembered scales after death, and it is this peculiar brilliancy of the fish that it its value as a lake trout killer.

One way in which the sawbellies are preserved for the use of the fisherman is to put them on ice. If they are to be kept against a possible scarcity of them they are salted down

dry and kept in a cool place. Some fishermen cure the sawbellies by placing them on wire screens and keeping them in the open air. They dry gradually and take on an appar ent enamel of mother of pearl. This method of drying them toughens the

After they are cured on the flat screen they are placed on the sides of a concave screen, which shapes them for the gang of hooks on which they are to be used, giving them the natural curve of a live fish hastening through the water.

These sawbellies had been in Lake Keuka for time out of mind, but it never occurred to trout fishermen that they would make a good bait, the big silver troll alone being used. It was Seth Green, the father of fish culture, who finally discovered their value and invented the rig that bears his name.

Wild Tales.

Towne-He tells some of the wildest, hair-raising stories I ever heard. Browne-His own experiences? "Oh, no; purely imaginary. He's drumming up trade for a fake cure for baldness."—Philadelphia Press.

PROSPERITY--WILL IT CONTINUE?

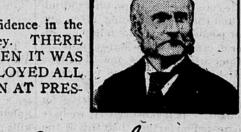
BY HENRY CLEWS, New York Banker; Author of "Eigh Years in Wall Street," Etc.

The outlook for a prosperous year is very bright if the crops pan out well. It now looks as if there would be a large harvest.

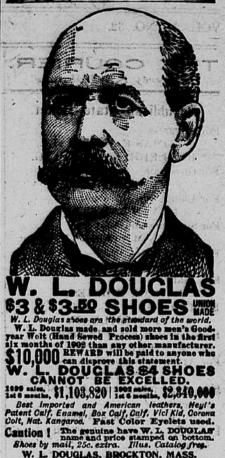
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