Don't let the song go out of your life; Though it chance sometimes to flow In a minor strain it will blend again With the major tone, you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies

And hide for a time the sun; They sooner will lift, and reveal the rift.

If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Though your voice may have lost its

Though the tremuleus notes should die in the throat. Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain, And never a cup of rue

So bitter to sup but what in the cup Lurks a measure of sweetness, too.

Don't let the song go out of your life: Ah! it never would need to go. if with thought more true and a broad-

er view. We looked at this life below.

Oh, why should we moan that life's Springtime has flown,

Or sigh for the fair Summer time? The Autumn hath days filled with paeans of praise. And the Winter hath bells that chime.

Don't let the song go out of your life; Let it ring in the soul while here, And when you go hence it shall follow ; you thence,

And sing on in another sphere.

Then do not despond, and say that the fond. Sweet songs of your life have flown, For if ever you knew a song that was

Its music is still your own. . Kate R. Stiles, in Boston Transcript.

## ON A SUNDAY MORNING &

**\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$** 

"I want to see you, old man," began the letter Richard Minton found on his table when he went home from his office, because you are the only one to whom I can tell my love story The others couldn't and wouldn't under-Run down and stay over Sunday, at least, with me I want you to see her. I have told her all about you and have promised to take you up to call. I'll be at the 7 30 train on the look-out. Don't disappoint me.

"Charles Theodore Gray." Dick reached up and took a dress suit case from the top shelf of his ward-obe and whisked his hand'erchief over its dusty fastenings. The case and its contents had long been undisturbed. He shook out the suit and smiled with satisfaction.

"It's a good thing that evening clothes don't change in fashion," he said, complacently. "But may be they love as a harebell trembles at the wild do. How about that?" he interrogated wind's wooing. He held his arms wide. a chair sternly, and then continued in She saw his dark face transfigured. a relieved tone. "Why, of course not; men have looked the same for the past

fifty years. The next night the two friends faced each other across a small table in the Waldorf-Astoria and Charlie spoke of the subject so dear to his heart. He began with all a lover's fervor, and almost swept the other man away

with sympathy It was not the smoke that made his Richard look at him with clouded vis-

"I know how you feel, Gray," the latter said, reaching out and clasping a ringing voice sweet with a new Charlie's hand in a close grip. "A'b least I recognize the beauty, the sacredness of it all. But I don't suppose such an experience will ever come to me. You must promise me a corner at Evening News. your fireside."

When the friends entered the drawing room of Nathaniel Rose's stately house a young girl standing by the window turned to face them. For a moment her eyes and Dick's met in one long look, and when her glance fell, jealous pain began to stir its wings in his bosom. Charlie touched his arm and drew him away to where another girl waited to welcome him. 'Miss Rose, let me present my friend,

Mr Minton. Gertrude, this is Dick." Minton bent over the friendly small hand extended to him with knightly courtesy. But his heart was saying: "Then she—she is not the one" and

in another moment Charlie was introducing him to "Millicent," and saying, smilingly:

"I did not tell you that Gertrude had

a sister, did I. Dick?" "I don't want to go to church, do you. Mr. Minton?" morning, and Millicent smiled at the fervor,-Boston Transcript. early visitor as she stood behind her father's chair and caressed his tousled

gray head. "No. I do not care to go. That is, if an expressive one, and the old man is incurable and perfectly harmless. He looked at it searchingly. Then he raised his hand and took up the little pink-fingered one. "Trot up and get your bonnet, Millie," he said, "and run on the grass under a tree, with a book along to church like a good little girl.

I want to talk to Mr. Minton." "So do I. So I will stay with you." She kissed her father's cheek, and then perched on the broad arm of his chair. His eyebrows bent over his smiling eyes.

"I hope you realize that mine is an obedient and well-disciplined family, dition of incurability.—Chicago Tri-Mr. Minton," he said with a whimsical glance at the girl beside him. Minton smiled and a light leaped to his glance as it rested on her-a glance which the keen old eyes intercepted . and held while the young man met his gaze, and bowed to his unspoken ques-

"Millie," Mr. Rose lifted the soft. arms from around his neck and put the girl down resolutely, "run upstairs and see if you can find my old portfolio of western sketches.

"Why, papa, you left that in town!" "Did I? So I did. Well, daughter, suppose you run up and see if you

can't find it, anyway." "Oh!" she made a little moue, and

clicked her beels sharply on the polished floor as she marched from the room. Both men listened with smiles on their lips. Then their glances met again.

"I love her, Mr. Rose," said Minton, as quickly as though this wonderful new glory in his soul had always been

a part of his life. "I love her." "I see." The older man's voice was a bit husky. "So do I. I don't suppose you have told her yet, have you?" "No, of course not. But have I your

permission to speak?" "You are not wasting any time." "Time!" Richard's dark eyes kindled: "what does time matter in a case

of love like this?" "You think yours is a special case, eh? Well, that is natural enough. Every man thinks just so when he falls in love. But Millie is too young to be dreaming of a lover. She is my baby, Minton, and I have tried to make her forget that all her life she has been motherless. Ah, yes, she is too young, much too young! Let me see, she can't be more than-tut! tut! the child is twenty! How time does fly! Now, what are your real prospects?"

Nathaniel Rose left his chair and rested his elbow on the mantel. His pipe in one corner of his mouth, drew it down grimly. But his eyes were kind as they rested on the young man beside him

Dick sketched the situation briefly, telling all his aspirations and aims, and feeling how commonplace it all scemed. But as he finished, the other man shook his head cordially, just as there was a click of feminine heels Outside the door.

Richard made an imploring gesture and the door opened. "Well, daughter did you find that

portfolio?" She gave him a withering look and held her curly head high as she walked across the room and into the recess of the stained glass window. A sin- and send them to the National Zoologgle ray of light shone through the jeweled pane and touched her girlish is especially successful and catches brow with radiance. Richard followed her leaving the old man alone. His gray head drooped low and siin inwer on his breast as he looked, unseeingly into the fire.

Millicent's head was just as high as him with the appealing gaze a little woman gives a big man, as she said, poutingly:

Papa sent me away to get rid of

Richard nodded noting with a lover's giance the wild rose color in the to the mountains in its quest for bands the precipitous sides of the canyons. rounded cheeks-the curling lashes of sheep. Before the party left Washveiling the brown eyes-the perfection ington "Buffalo" Jones said: of the innocent lips. She was so near buffaloes have disappeared, and now I to him—so near! If he only dared—— am to become a hunter of Rocky sentful

quivered

his hand to his throat. "I wanted to —I love you—

wee thing in her soft blue dress. trembling in this sudden tempest of Then she could look no more. "Millie."

She slipped behind the window hangings They hid the tiny figure in their folds and gave no sign.

Ah you cannot muffle a love call with anything so mundane as a window curtain' Mr. Minton also disanpeared and the folds of the dranery lost their symmetry. But there was siblue eyes dim no that which made lence in the room that seemed empty but for an old man sitting quite alone

and gazing into the open fire. Then came a voice from the window, tremor.

Tapa, suppose you were to go up and look around awhile for that portfolio -Grace Duffle Boylan, in Detroit

Spanish Cirts.

A taste for the best reading is not cultivated in Spanish girls, even where the treasures of that great Castilian literature are accessible to them. Convent education knows nothing of Cal-

Love and religion are the only subjects with which a senorita is expected to concern herself. Happiness is thus made to hang on a chance Even where a Spanish girl wins her crown of wifehood and motherhood, her ignorance and poverty of thought tell heavily against the most essential interests of family life.

The Spanish girl is every whit as fascinating as her musical, cloaked gallant confides to her iron-grated latice. Indeed, these amorous serenades hardly do her justice, blending as she It was Sunday | does French animation with Italian

Apparently Lucid Interval

"This." said the man who was driving the visitors through the grounds of I may stay here." Minton's face was the lunatic asylum, "is an inmate who is, permitted to wander anywhere he chooses inside the inclosure."

At this the harmless lunatic, sitting in his hand, looked up and saw them. 'Three big men." he called out, "and

one poor horse to pull them! And its Sunday, too! Gentlemen, I'd rather be your prayer book than your horse, It isn't worked as hard!"

And as the party drove on he resumed his book and his ordinary conbune.

Consolation for a Bride.

When the matron called upon the bride of three months she discovered her in tears. 'Why, my dear, what is the matter?"

she cried. 'I want to die! I want to die!" sobbed the bride. "When-when he c-came home last night he didn't k-k-

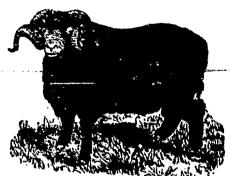
kiss me!" she sobbed. 'My dear," said the matron, you'll get over that. When my husband came

## MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

NOT A SPECIMEN OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SPECIES ON EXHIBITION

mong the Wildest of Our Animals-No Sport More Exciting or Difficult Than Training a Herd -- Eastern Zoos May Share in the Results of the Search.

One of the most characteristic mammals of North America, the Rocky Mountain sheep, is rapidly disappearng, and it is feared that in a few years ; will become totally extinct, unless measures are taken to preserve specimens in captivity. It is a remarkable fact that not one of these animals is to-day captive and on exhibition. The general public knows little of this animal, as hunters and explorers in the Rocky Mountains are the only persons who have been able to observe it.



"Buffalo" Jones, whose efforts to behalf of the Rocky Mountain sheep. ical parks. It is not known as yet Richard's breast, and she looked up at that if the experiment is made with ting contests, which appearance has lambs only it will be successful.

Recently "Buffalo" Jones and his party got to Redstone, Col., from which place the expedition will reach out inam to become a hunter of Rocky She was gazing at him, childishly re- Mountain sheep. The Smithsonian In- alarm are off, bounding up the mounstitution wants them, and I have ac-"I believe that you wanted me to cepted the contract to furnish them, go away, too. You did? Oh-h!" You may not know it, but the fact is You may not know it, but the fact is the small pools and springs to drink, Tears stood in her eyes, her sweet lips | there are none of these animals in caplivity, and only a few of them are "Shall I tell you why? The man's left; so it is now or never. For forty voice was strange and broken. He put | years I have been among the wild animais of America, and you cannot mentell him, your father, that I love you tion a species that I have not captured. Now I expect to finish my long She was further from him now. The career as a hunter with a chase after whole width of the window, a bonnie sheep. I have reports that bands of sheep have been seen in Montana and mistaken for vowlders. For protection Colorado, and if they are there I will the sheep relies on ears, eyes and nose, soon have some of them, and you will Washington. I will take two experi-

sheep have been seen in Montana and see them in the Zoological Park in enced hunters with me, and pay my own expenses, for I take all the chances and will receive nothing from mal's stupid curiosity. It has the deliver the sheep. The task will be no easy one, but will be full of the sort of adventure that I enjoy, The sheep have been so persistently hunted that what are left have been driven to he most inaccessible parts of the mountains, and they are extremely wild, but it no matter where he may be or how

wild he is." Located the Herds.

When "Buffalo" Jones reached Redstone he and his men made a thorough search of the surrounding mountains and soon located three herds, and found the sheep much more plentiful than he had expected. He pitched his camp, eight miles from the town, and his. hunters soon got the bearings of a flock of fifty sheep.

The methods used in securing the sheep are humane and sensible. lassoing or shooting will be practised. 'n'v 'he lambs will be captured, and to facilitate the work a pack of shepheld dogs has been taken along. The sheep will be trailed to their lambing places, and when a ewe and a lamt ere found together the trail will be followed by men and dogs until the lamb is caught. The dogs wil be muzzled and taught to hold the lamb with their paws until the hunter arrives. A cow will be kept in camp to furnish milk for the lambs. Accompanying Mr. Jones is his daughter, Miss Olive Jones, who had the honor of capturing the first lamb for the expedition. Miss Jones saw a ewe hide her lamb on a precipitous ledge in the mountains near Redstone. She reported the find to her father, and they proceeded to the place. There was no way in which a human being could climb around to the ledge, so Mr. Jones and his daughter went to the brow of the cliff, far above the ledge. There "Buffalo" Jones fastened a rope about his daughter's body under her arms, and lowered her down the face of the cliff to the ledge. Then, with the lamb in her arms, the girl was pulled back up the face of the cliff. It was a daring feat, in which the risk was very great Hard and Difficult Sport.

Hunting the "big horn" is one of the hardest and most difficult of sports. They are extremely wary and cautious animals. It is the only kind of big game on whose haunts cattle do not trespass. In size the 'big horn" comes next to buffalo and elk, while an old ram will sometimes be almost as heavy as a small cow elk. In his movements he is not light and graceful like the antelope; his mary hous agenty proceeding from his sturdy strength and wonderful command over iron sincarried proudly erect by the massive er of Colorado. This was readily neck; every notion of the body is granted under the circumstances. The ews and muscles. The huge horns are carried proudly erect by the massive made with perfect poise, and there seems to be no ground so difficult that

cracks or breaks in its surface the big horn will bound up or down it. with ease and with no seeming effort. Governor Roosevelt, who has hunted the "big horn," is eloquent in his devotes a chapter to its characteristics. in speaking of the surefootedness of the "big horn," Governor Roosevelt can make are truly startling in strong | serve; contrast with its distant relative, the prong horn, which can leap almost any level jump, but seems unable to clear the smallest height. In descending a sheer wall of rock the 'big horn' holds all four feet together and goes down in long jumps, bounding off the surface almost like a rubber ball every time he strikes it. The way that one broken ground is a perpetual surprise to any one that has hunted them, and the ewes are quite as skilful as the rams, while even the very young lambs ices, to take an "eye-opener." seem almost as well able to climb, and certainly follow wherever their elders bottom unharmed. Their perfect soilstep, even on the narrowest ledge when

covered with ice and snow."

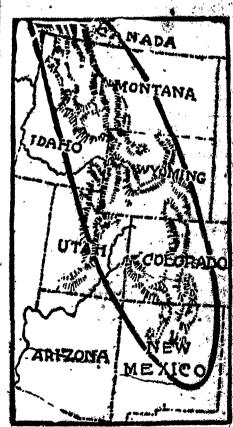
in June. and "Buffaio" Jones has sereserve the buffalo in captivity have waited until they were half grown his church!" given him fame and his sobriquet, is chances of catching any of them would now devoting his time and money in have been slight. At best his occupation is hazardous and extremely diffi-He is now in Colorado, at the head of cult. The ewe soon after the birth a well equipped party, which will cap- of her lamb leads it to join the herd. ture as many of the sheep as possible The ewes; lambs and yearlings and two-year-old rams go togeoher. The ical Park, in Washington. If the party young but full grown rame keep in small parties of three or four, while more sheep than the Washington the old fellows with monstrous heads 'Zoo" can care for, it is likely that keep by themselves, except during the specimens will be sent to other zoolog- "rutting" season, when they wage savage war with each other. thrive in captivity, but it is thought tered and scarred from these butgiven rise to the ridiculous idea that they were in the habit of jumping over precipices and landing on their heads, lantic to America. The Rocky Mountain sheep prefers to live among the rocks and rough, almost inaccessible, mountain tops, and Occasionally they go down into the valleys and along the grassy slopes to feed. When this happens they are unusually alert, and at the slightest tain sides to a safe place. At night and early in the morning they go down to

but return to the heights as soon as they have satisfied their thirst. After feeding they always choose a peak from which they can command a view of all the surrounding territory. In color they harmonize with the yellowish brown of the earth and rocks, and south, as follows: and when motionless they are ossily and its senses are remarkably acute. when it hears, sees or smells anything Express. that boder danger it is off like a flash. It is as wary and quick sighted as the antelope, but has none of that anisound sense of the white tail deer, but has a much shyer nature and much sharper faculties.

Skill Required.

Governor Roosevelt says that the "big horn" is one of the most difficult of American game animals to kill, on if there is one left I propose to have, account of its shyness and the difficulty of reaching its place of abode. To get a shot at it the hunter should be absolutely noiseless. He must be careful not to step on a loose stone or start any crumbling earth; he must always hunt up or across wind, and he must other trains daily except Sunday, take advantage of every crag and bowlder to shelter himself from the watchful quarry. While keeping as high as office. Telephone 050 A so State street possible, he must not go to the summit, as that would bring him out in too sharp relief against the sky. And all the while he will need to pay good heed to his own footing or else run

the risk of breaking his neck. From



this it will be seen how difficult is the task that "Buffalo" Jones has undertaken in his effort to get specimens of the Rocky Mountain sheep. That he will be successful there can be no! doubt, for he thoroughly knows the animal and its habits, and he is an intrepid hunter.

Before starting on his quest "Butfalo" Jones was compelled to get a permit to capture the sheep from the Governor and State Game Commission-Attorney-General of the State decided that, in view of its being a scientific seems to be no ground so difficult that home last night he did kiss me, and it being horn" cannot cross it. There is probably no animal in the world his superior in climbing. No matter how sheer a cliff, if there are ever so that that the first of its kind ever issued in the first of its kind ever issued i

Church Dedicated With Whiskey. The Congregational church at Aus tinburg. O., was dedicated as a house of worship by breaking a bottle of whiskey over its upire. This town, lopraise of this animal. In his book, cated six miles south of Geneva will "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," he mest June celebrate the 199th analysis cary of its settlement, and the old church, near its geographical centre has the distinction of being the first frame "The perpendicular bounds it church built upon the western re-

The days when this church was built were avowedly the days of whiskey. It was the day when the drink was poured out freely by all who attended the "raising" of a building and when everyone partock of it as we of the present would drink a glass of lemonade. Elyen the Rev. Giles W. Cowles, the hero of Austinburg and veteran minister of the will vanish over the roughest and most county, partook of the "firewater," and pastors subsequently filling the pulpit of the church stopped at the village store, before and after attending were-

The "raising" of the church soon pled a whole week, having been begun lead. Time and again one will rush on Monday morning and completed on over a cliff to what appears certain Saturday afternoon. On the last day death and will gallop away from the the entire community was upon the scene to witness the dedicatory ger confidence seems to be justified, how- mons. As none of those erecting the ver, for they never slip or make a mis- building would climb to the top of the spire, which is over 100 feet from the ground, the services of a lake sailor were procured. With a rope in his hand he climbed to the topmost point The lambs of the mountain sheep of the edifice and as the last timber are brought forth late in May or early was placed he drew a bottle of whiskey from the ground by means of a rope. lected the most propitious time for and, breaking it over the spire, shouttheir capture, for should be have ed: "Three cheers to the new

The present mode of handshaking about which so much her been said by the way of hostile criticism, seems to have originated with the Princess of Wales. She was afflicted with a swelling under the right arm, and during the first day of her convalescence and found it very painful to shake hands in the usual manner. She tried a new way—that of extending the arm and drawing the offered hand toward her. how the Rocky Mountain sheep will horns of the old rams are siways bat- The new way of shaking hands was at once imitated by the great ladies of the court and also practiced in the stegant society of Paris, and thence diffused it. self all over Europe and scross the AL

> When you are tempted to complain of your lot in life, visit a hospital full of clippled children.

Imagination is that faculty which enables us to believe that the things we want and can't have we are a great deal better off without.

West-shore RAILROAD-

IN EFFECT JUNE 3. 1900. All trains and depart from N. Y. C. & H. Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and all points east, west, worth

LEAVE GOING EAST. \*6:05 A. V.—Continents) Limited.

From A. M. Boston and New York 5:58 P. M. Newark Local. 6:05 P. M.—National Express. 49:25 P. M.—Atlantic Express.

LEAVE GOING WEST. \*rator A. Mi-Continental Limited. \*4:38 A. M. St. Louis and Chicago

†8:05 A. M.—National Express. \*7:13 A M —Buffalo Local. "10:15 A. M. Pacific Express. 4:23 P. M. -- Buffato TRAINS ARRIVE.

From the East. A. M. #13:08, 4:39, 2-59, "7:10, "10:10. P. M. ... "Z:18. From the West, A. M. - 6:00, 0:07. \*x0.e8-P. M, -- 5:48, 5:55, \*9:20

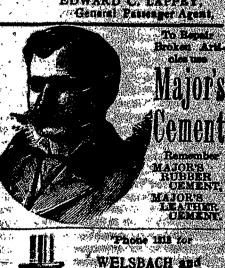
Denotes daily
Denotes Daily except Monday, All and baggage checked to destination at City corner Comithian, or at Amedea's under Power's bank, also at New York Centra Station. Agents of Westcott Express some pany are on all through trains to check baggage and engage cab or carriage, ste.

C. E. Lamberts J. C. Kalbfielech. Gen Pass Agt., Diet Pass Agt., New York X Y

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg. Trains leave West Ave station as follows 7.00 A. M. Week days for LeRoy, War

A. M. Week days for LeRoy, War, eaw, Perry, Hornellsville, Salamanca, Bradford, and Jamestown, 9.00 A. M. Dally, Fast Ventibuled Express for Pittsburg, Salamancs, James-town, Chantauqua, Lake, Cambi dge Springs, Chicago, Bradford, DuBols and Butler, has cafe car and elegant high back 4.10 P. M. Week days for LeRoy War saw, Perry and Hornellsville. 8.46 P. M. Dally, Pittsburg night ex-press for LeRoy, Watsaw, Bradford

and Pittsburg. Sleeper from Ashford. 9 80. A. M. Sunday only, Silver Lake Special for LeRoy, Waterward Silver Lake, TRAINS ARRIVE. 5.to A. M. Dally from Pittaburg. 12.30 A. M. Week days from Perry 6.30 P. M. Daily from Pittsburg. 8.45 P. M. Week days from Bradford. EDWARD C. LAPPRY,



THE CHITCH

THE A. SE. SECONS imita, connecting for minga-law tork. A. M. except Sunday, never to Eliming, Dabaville and S

na aprivat 7:18 A. M.

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