I could not choose but wonder, You reemed so fair a thing. For all these long years after The dream has never died. I still can hear your laughter,

Still see you at my side; One lily hiding under The waves of golden hair: I could not choose but wonder You were so strangely fair.

I keep the flower you braided Among those waves of gold; The leaves are sere and faded, And like our love grown cold. Our lives have lain asunder, The years are long, and yet,

I could not choose but wonder, I cannot quite forget.

-Rennell Rodd. CONUNDRUMS.

"Come, Zech, ain't it time to 'tend

xo your chores?" Zech, who was bending over a paper, cooked up long enough to say: "Oh, pa, please let me wait long enough to find this out."

"Find what out?" "It's a conundrum in this paper, and

I cant' see what it means." "I don't take no sort of stock in conandrums." sail Mr., Duryea, testily,

"they won't git your bread and butter for you, I can tell you." Aunt Sophia was sitting in the cerner industriously darning one of the boy's stockings. "No, indeed," she

chimed in. "It's a foolish waste of time to find 'em out. I never bothered' over no conundrums when I was a "But if you had been a boy, Aunt So-

phia," Zech, ventured to say, though with a respectful air, "don't you think it would have been different?"

"Not a mite," and Aunt Sophla pursed her lips in scorn at the idea.

"Yes, my boy," Mis. Duryea remonstrated in a mild tone, "I'm afraid you are wasting some other part of the paper."

"But it's such a satisfaction to make them out," said Zech.

"Yes, and then after they're made out are you any richer?" snapped Mr. Duryea. "I haven't any patience with these time wasters that they put in the papers nowadays." "But this is such a strange one," ar-

gued the boy. "Just listen." "We ain't listenin' to no conundrums,

Zech," said his father, sternly. "Please let me read it to you just

"Readin' it won't do no harm. Dan'el," the mother interposed.

"Read on then and get off to your chores, and remember you must go down to the village tonight with that harness. It ain't to be put off nohow.' It was not a very gracious permission, but Zech was glad to take advantage of it. As for Aunt Sophia, she yea to talk of other trings.

turifed away with a sniff of contempt for the whole proceeding. The conundrum was as follows:

"I saw one day the wildest thing, It had neither foot nor wing; And yet it hurried down the street, Frightning all it chanced to meet.

Making folks run here and there, Bringing anguish and despair."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Duryea, after Zech had finished reading, "L suppose you hadn't gumption enough to look down at the bottom for the answer."

"Why, pa, the an wer isn't at the bottom."

"How do you know?" "They never put it in the same pa-

"Well, you jest look down there and see if it don't tell you what those lines mean," said Mr. Duryea.

"P'r'aps it's in some other part of the paper." Mrs. Duryea suggested. "I'm sure it isn't," said Zech, "for they always put the answers in the next paper." But he good naturedly look on her face, and now and then searched through every page, adding at last, "There's nothing eise about it.

We've got to guess it, that's all." "What was it 'bout, a wild animal?" Mr. Duryea asked, in a tone that he vainly tried to make appear indiffer-

Zech again read the lines. "Wal, now, what sort of a wild ani-

mal could walk without a foot?" "I don't know."

"Or what bird could fly without wings?" put in Mrs. Duryea. "I don't see how it could harry with-

out feet or wings," remarked Zech. "It warn't a kite, I suppose?" came from Aunt Sophia's corner, and the others were too much occupied with their own thoughts to be surprised at her interest.

"No. it can't be that," mused Mr. Duryea, "though it do have no feet nor wings."

"A kite couldn't frighten nobody, and 'twouldn't bring despair to no one but the lazy boy who was makin' it yea said to Zech: "I think you'd better when he ought to be workin'."

"Now, let me see," said Mrs. Duryea, reflectively: "how does it go?"

"I saw one day the wildest thing.

It had neither foot nor wing-" "And yet it hurrried down the street," prompted her husband. "Fright'ning all it chanced to meet,"

went on Zech. "Makin' folks run here and there,

Bringing anguish and despair." It was actually Aunt Sophia who said these two lines, and she seemed to be unconscious of the fact that she was helping with the despised conun-

"Wal, I'm flabbergasted!" exclaimed Mr. Duryea, after he had scratched his head, twisted about in his chair, and nie Smith in Springfield Republican.

drugge bed with his guesting promite and ter see the was able . "Box't was to ne the thing's possible. How can say wild thing hurry along without feet per wings? 'Pears to me there's no sech animal!"

"Oh, yes, pa," argued Zech, "It wouldn't be here in this paper if it wasn't something real."

"Yes, that's a good paper," supplemented Mrs. Duryea, "it wouldn't have no foolin' in it. Jane said we could depend on it when she left it here for 'he boy to read. She said there warn't no paper like it for young folks."

Just then there came a knock at the door. Mr. Duryea arose and opened it, and by way of greeting to a neighbor who stood there said, "I saw one day the wildest- pshaw! What am I a-sayin'? Come in, Luyster, come in. I've got one of the boy's conundrums in my head, and it came out unbeknownst."

"Conundrums, ch?" repeated Mr. Luyster, as he entered and took the chair that was offered to him.

"Yes," Mr. Duryea answered with an air of apology. "I don't take much s'ock in 'em, they're a waste of time, accordin' to my thinkin', but Zech he happened to read it out-"

"I don't care much about 'em, either," returned Mr. Luyster, "might better be readin' his'try or doing sums. That'd give him a bigger heft toward earnin' his livin" but what's it all about, anyhow?"

Zech read the lines once more. "Well, well, that beats my recollec-

tion. I did a leetle in conundrums when I was a boy, but that takes me. What do you think, Zech?" "I don't think anything. I can't make

it out." "Suppose it war a whale?"

"That's so." cried Zech. "a whale hasn't any feet nor wings."

"Yes, Lut how under the sun could whale go along the street when it can only move in water?" Mr. Duryea said, scornfully; "'taint likely. Besides, who'd ever see a whale in the

"Well, now that I think on't," rewonderful hand at conundrums. I'll fetch her over."

"Let Zech go," said Mrs. Duryea. Accordingly Zech went down to Luyster's place and scon returned with Sar' Ann.

to tea, both of you," urged Mrs. Dur-

Having removed her wraps, Sar' Ann sat down and read the lines herself, but even her penet, atton was not sufficient to fathom the mystery.

"Why, Sar Ann I knowed you to guess a conundrum o...e." her father said, reproachfully.

"Well, I was luc, that time," replied the girl; "but I can't find out this

Then the matter was discussed by them all, many conjectures were made, the lines were taken singly, by twos and altogether, but nothing could be made of them. Finally Zach went to attend to his chores, Mrs. Duryen began preparations for supper and the company settled dov " with Mr. Dur-

But somehow the three appeared to be absent-minded, conversation flagged and Mr. Duryea had to keep arousing himself to the fact that he was forgetting to be amiable. The truth was the lines of the commdrum kept running in his head, and he couldn't think of anything else. The wild thing without foot or wing was uppermost in his mind, and put it down as he would it bobbed up serenc'y every time.

"What are you thinking of, Sar' Ann?" he asked, after a silence of several minutes.

"Oh, Im thinking of that wild animal," she confessed. "I have the words by heart now, but I can't rest until I make out what they mean."

"Sing'lar, but they're kinder botherin' me, too," said Mr Luyster. "All I can see is a wild an inal without no feet nor wings running down a street and scarin' folks half to death."

Aunt Sophia, who by this time was mending instead of darning, made no admission, but there was a puzzled her lips moved as if she were repeating something to herself.

Presently Zech ran in and anxiously inquired: "Did anybody find it out? I wish some one would, for I can't rest until I get the answer."

"chores all done?" asked his father. 'Yes, pa.''

"How many eggs?" "I don't know. I forgot to count them. I was thinking of that wild ani-

mal all the time.' Afterwards Zech declared that this was the first time in his life that his

father failed to scold him for neglecting a duty. When Mrs. Duryea announced that tea was ready she added, petulantly: "You really will have to excuse the "You really will have to excuse the biscuits, for them lines in the conun-

they're burned a little." After the meal was over Mr. Durset down and write to that editor and send him money for the next paper. Then we can get the answer."

drum bothered me so I forgot 'em and

"Well, I wouldn't be so shaller as to send for one paper. Might as well pay for the hull year while you're about

"I think so, too, ma," exclaimed

Zech.

"All right; here's the money. 'Tain't a bad idee to hev 'em around." "But how about the harness, pa?"

"That can wait." "And Zech," said Aunt Sophia, in whose eyes there was now an expectant look. "If you aint got paper and ink handy you'll find 'em in my writin' box on the table over there."-S. Jen-

DISCOVERED BY A YANKEE ON BRAZIL'S COAST.

No Mosured a Conssisten From the Conernment-ile Received Four Hundred Dutlars a Ten For the Stag-Then the Government Declared Itself In.

An American now holds a monopoly of all the sands of the seashore of Brazil. That is probably the only country in the world the sands on whose beaches are so valuable that people would seek concessions for digging them up and shipping them abroad. It appears that on some parts of the Brazilian coast the sands of the shore are composed not only of iron and aluminum, but also of those rare and valuable metals known as thorium. yttrium, lanthanium and cerium. These last four metals are comparatively new to science, but are of great value. Thorium, until it was discovered among the sands of the Brazilian coast, was supposed to exist nowhere except in Norway. It is a metal somewhat resembling tin.

Some years ago John Gordon, an American living in Rio de Janeiro, happened to learn of some strange metallic sands which existed on the shore of the province of Bahia, near the little town of Prado. He had samples of this sand analyzed and discovered that it was made up almost entirely of the metals named. Then he felt that wild joy which must possess a man when he discovers a gold mine, a coal mine or an oil well, and set about getting possession of his valuable find. The Brazilian government reserves to itself a strip along the coast of the country extending inland for 108 feet from a point midway between high and low water mark, for Government defensive purposes, and calls the strip the "marinhas." So Mr. Gordon, not liking to be too specific as to what he wanted street? That ain't it, or I miss my or too modest in his askings, obtained from the Government a concession allowing him to dig up and ship away marked Mr. Luyster, "my Sar' Ann is a "any and all sand contained in the you get right down to facis?"

"marinhas." The little town of Prado is difficult of access, and can only be reached after four or five days' travel by slow coasting vessels from Bahia. When it is reached there are sometimes ten "Now, take off your things and stay days at a time when a steamer cannot enter the harbor on account of the shallow water over the bar. But bought a lot of property adjoining the around this planet?" beaches where the precious sands were. Then he had vessels go to Prado and load sand ostensibly for ballast. The languid Brazilians could not imagine! what the Yankee was up to; but as! they have long ago given up trying to comprehend the madness of the English and the Americans, they shrugged their shoulders and lit a fresh cigar-

For a considerable time things went on smoothly and prosperously for Gor. I am quite sure." don. Then the Brazilian Government accidentally discovered that an article sician of yourself, are you?" \$400 a ton. Here was an explanation help you?" of the doings of the crazy Yankee up

Mr. Gordon objected, and declared ter. Which would you i ve?" that his concession protected him from any such tax. There was considerable discussion, but finally he was forced to pay an export tax of twenty-two per cent., a tax of two per cent. for "sta- mean that the apartment was lacking tistical purposes" and a tax of two in warmth. and one-half per cent. for "federal purposes" on the value of every ton shipcent. more. The Brazilians may not of making a proposal. know enough to make use of the natural richness of their beaches, but all tome are born.—Ch.ta_o Post. the world cannot beat them in knowing how to squeeze a well-paying bus-

Not content with this, the Governor of the State of Bahia declared that the me, are you dad?" Federal Government did not have jurit claimed, and that part of the deposit for your bad behavior?" . belonged to his State. He seized a part of the beach and refused to al- joke, like when you told the grocer this -this friend of yours can't do low any sand to be removed from there you were ; ing to settle with him." unless under a concession from the State, which, of course, meant, practically, a concession to the Governor, as his influence was supreme in his a burglar in the house! What shall we ing in New York, about dusk, a greatois own government. The State of Bahia do?" then gave out three concessions for the removal of 15,000 tons of the precious suggested the Caim, Resourceful Wosand. Finally Gordon was brought to man. terms and made a compact with the Governor. He took over the concess gasped, after a short struggle. sions for the removal of the 15,000 tons and agreed to pay the people to whon the concessions had been granted \$11 for every ton removed until the 15,006 tons were gone, and to pay to the Government of the State of Bahia \$5 a ton heavy that when I saw an advertisefor every ton removed, in addition to ment which promised to tell how to all the other State and Federal taxes save grocers' bills, I sent the half-a-

He was "held up" and he "gave up," Thus does Brazil encourage enter. Snively-"What method of saving did prise and attract business people with the reply advise?" "It told me to file capital. The Gordon matter has been them carefully." made once or twice the subject of consular reports, but the United States Government does not seem to have been able to help the sand-digger. A report was received the other day from H. W. Furnis, United States Consul at Bahia, stating that the Governor and Mr. Gordon had come to a final in off his bate!" agreement on the terms stated, and that the Governor had, in return, given him permission to remove sand from the lands of the State on the same day, looking down at his legs, "how I terms for the next twenty years. With happened to buy these pants. It seeins regard to Mr. Gordon's right to the to me I never in my life saw a pair of rest of Brazilian beaches there has, as pants as ugiy as these are. I wonder yet, been no question.

RETRIBUTION

The scene is in the hospital.

Huddled up on a sest in the wilth com is the slender neurs of a woman oung and with glorious raddy baix. byery few minutes a tonder-heartiff urse walks past the door and with . look of infinite pity glances in at the ray, anxious face by the window Wowhile ther impulse is to enter and ruters-wollet a elocator or acresiona such evident distress. But each me something in the sufferer's attle-140-Destarps the unconscious though umistakable pride with which she . les to concest her emotion causes ne would be sympathizer to sigh and LOVE DREILLY SWAY.

Presently a brisk step crosses the iled corridor. A tall man in a white men jacket stands before the waiting

It is the surgeon. Furtively wiping bor even, who clances up at him " n painful eager

"is it over?" she asks in a trembling Poice. "Yes," he answers, "the operation is

over." "Will he will he live!" she gape. Drops of perspiration bead her foreread, and she twists her handkerchief servously between her clenched fine.

"Yes, madam. Your husband will ive, but--" "But wha! Oh, wha!"

The surgeon regards her plyingly. "He will be a cripple for life," he mys at last. "One leg is at least three nches longer than the other." The woman screams and bursts into

torrent of weeping, "Miserable wretch that I am!" she O 8. "It is my fault-all my fault! Why did I ever insist on his giving me i de sealskan sacque for a Christman presenti

· Crimutta Compliment. "Look here," said the man who was standing in the doorway, shaking a watersonked umbrella at the clouds, are you the person who keeps saying hat this old world is all right; that it's a good, sensible sort of world, when

optimist. 'In spite of the fact that we've bad about sixteen bad days to one when che Sun shone?"

'Yes.' "Well, I can't agree with you Did you ever study astronomy?"

"You probably know that there are Mr. Gordon went up to Prado and measureless expanses of space all

"Yes. "Well, that being the case, I can't have any respect for an earth that hasn't sufficient irtelligence to get in some place out of the rain."-Washing. ion Star.

Making Up Her Mind. "Why, Ethel, want are you doing Meg? Has there been a lovers' quarwith that big medical work in your rel?"

"Well, Arabella, you'd never guess, You are not going to make a phy-

called "monazite sand" was being received in Europe and America from Which of my two suit as I love enough Brazil, and that it was worth about "Marry. What do you think of that?" "How can a cyclopedia of medicine I don't know. Sometimes he some way

"Well, it's this way: Mr. Sponduat Prado, who had been sending away licks is fifty-seven years of age. He is the next week he never comes at allthose foolish shiploads of sand. And worth one hundred to usand dollars, here, also, was what most appeals to and has consumption. Mr. Dukkats is opportunity of levying a tax. To make Bright's D.sease. I thought perhaps up for lost time they put the tax on this medical book would help me to make up my mind. I have about de. stained-glass window-

> What She Meant. "This flat is so odld," she said. But pray make no in ake, she didn't

Not at all. What she meant to intimate was that ped. In addition, if any of the sand the mane young min who had been was landed at the city of Bahia, he calling on her twice a week for wix they are thirsty. Megwas directed to pay a tax of one per months could not warm up to the point Some lats are bult, you know, and

> Settle With Bim. Father-"Come, young man, get your coat off and come with me!"

Tommy-"You're not going to lick "Certainly. Didn't I tell you this isdiction over as much of the beach as morning that I would settle with you Yes, but I thought it was only a'

> Together. Ha!" cried the Nervous Woman, starting from her slumber. "There is

"Impossible!" the Nervous Woman

"Let us put our heads together,"

; but where were her teeth?-Dennit Journal Another Swindle.

crown right away for the information."

Virginnee. Mistress-"Bridget, what business has that policeman in my kitchen every

Bridget-"Shure, mum, he's a sarjint, and he says he has to come in to see if any common constable is sneak.

A Kansan Wail. "I wonder," we heard a man say to selected them?"-Atchison Globe.

Ah, mel What tricks does memory [lay

An me! What tricks does memory to a like passing years have held.

And hopes that lived in vigor meet.

And hopes that lived in vigor meet.

And this he all that I can my.

Those nowers remind me of some girl—

Wish I knew which cas

—Someytis Journal.

ERS CROXIONS

Mrs. Croxione was simply as of lady. She would have resented being called anything but old almost as much an also would have resented being call. ed anything but a lady. The puly difference between these two unmistakable attributes of here was that she had been old for a good part of her life, but a lady from its first hour. Looking at her, you felt convinced that, as a haby she must have goods and tried and taken her nourishment, all in the most ladylike manner imaginable.

And she must have been old for a very long time, you felt, even if you knew nothing about the date of her ladylike debut in the world. The reglater of her family would have testified to her being just sixty-two, but her perfect satisfaction with old are meemed something that could not have grown on anybody in less than a generation. She had no children of her own, but the had a niece. Margaret Perricks by name, who was as her dewalter.

Mrs. Croxtone lived in the Perricke. family and blessed it, but she was Margaret's ow apeculiar blessing. The Perr cke boys had a father, and a good one, as fathers go, and, besides, they were three of them all beyond the are where much fathering is really needad. Margaret had no mother, and there were no other Perricke girls.

"Don't you want to play on your guitar this evening, dear?" Mrs. Croxtone asked, as Margaret came and "Those are my sentiments," said the nestled on a low stool at her feet.

"Unless you want me to, auntle." "My dear, I never feel the least interested in your playing except when you feel in the humor. - Don't you want to do drawn work?'* "No, auntle. Why?"

"Is he coming this evening!" Mrs. Croxtone asked, inconsequently, "Tell me if you want me to go upstairs and leave the room to you or go to sleep by the fire." For answer Margaret butled her fice

In Mrs. Croxtone's lap, and her voice said indistinctly from the folds of the soft dress: "I never ---- to leave a room where I am, auntle." "How absurd! What is the matter,

For the space of three minutes the was slience, and then Margaret said: "I

Of course; Meg, len't there a bargain beiween us?" not mind so much if I did know. But

must tell you."

and sometimes another. "One week he comes three times, and

Margaret nodded: Then, when he has ctared away twoany South American Government—an sixty-five years old, and has incip,ent or three weeks, he comes back, looking thing that almost seemed arousement as good and penitent as a sint in a

> Margaret was solbling. Then there Years amou At least, I oun be as stoke was a little pause. Mrs. Croxtone went on: "When he is reform a young man, get it over beton most saintly he calls himself a brute- you become his wife. You understand and other such names, doesn't he?"

"How do you know, auntie!" "Dear, how do I know that dors don't drink when they are not thirsty?" 'Oh, auntie! don't call him that!" "I don't dear. Guadrupeda drink nothing but water, and that only when

"What is it, auntle?" "It is time for me to tell how long ! have been old." Meg raised her head, "Are you going to tell me now?" she said.

"I say, It is time. I promised to tellyou when the time came. Listen There was a man who was in some from moon to moon! respects, twice the man-some men are: For instance, he could break a colt in half an hour that no one else could break in a month. You know, dear, anything of that kind. And I have seen him get on a vicious horse, throw the horse on its side, and jump out of the saddle in time to keep from getting burt. But that was nothing. One even. ruffian, much bigger than this man was quished against me on the sidewalk and hen leered at me. This man I am telling you about gently pushed me aside rnd then, as coolly as it he were going hair, to be sure, hung on the to oren a door for me, proceeded to break that rufflen's jaw with him fit. He really did break it, for I afterward sow the fellow when he was in a hor-

pital. "So, cor sidering I wan only twentytwo when all this happened it is not wonderful that I cared something great deal-about a man like that And it len't wonderful that I should have been glad to become his wife when he e. ked me, is it?" "Oh, auntie! You don't mean so

to say-"Yes, I do, dear" Mrs. Croxtone eye: were swimming with tears but she kept her vo ce steady. Let me go on."

"Before I married him I saw him a It is intoxicated once, and then I tries to break off with him. But he almost groveled at my feet. He called himsel a brute, too. And I believed all he said about 'reforming,' as he called it. He talked so well, proving dearly that his only hope of salvation was in having me to guide him through life, as he how it happened that I deliberately said, that I almost felt it to be my duty to marry him. Older people

The service was a service of the ser first Buil Run-we coulded and

AND I WAY THEY DOOR STAN

"He may wrote he o when he have of he had in said he wis not worther o What to you think I a list to show you. I got w to get me appointed a nurse under they called the Sanitary Company and vintalize all bigsit to be seen him. I was very near him some though he did not know it andaure you dear I wasn't trying to see on him. You will believe that. Been heard a good deal about him. The talked about him, and about how. they put it be always did his bent se in time or a bullet and always selection to late, and they said he had twice been promoted for prayery and twice reduced for drunkenness, ... All last-wait a minute dear, I shall better presently-

Margaret was ellent, while Mrs. C ione sorbed softly and prepared he self to tell the and of her story. "Why dear, one day in Georgia. was consing from the commissary of fice with medicines for my ward, and trees are bles and lo versumos a lem ing a prisoner. The captain politicated begged into to go on as quickly a l could aline want me to be there and he said his orders were peremptory. Then I looked and saw that it was all husband, and he saw me, but he train to look as I he didn't know me. I to the officer it was my husband and sakes if they would delay the execution till I could you the general. The peop young empirin didn't know what to do. This mair had been insubordinate that the very morning—and had slapped the adjulant's face on parade, and they were obliged to have him shot, accord-wie ing to marrial law

While we were all standing the my bustowid said; as coolly as it has were in a billroom: Madam, you bey made a vely distressing mistake. My name appears to be the same as your from what you say. But the Crosses ou are thinking

other regiment, "I think I neut have fainted at this I indistingly heard a sun so of while liay on the ground-one gun. Th "I don't know what to say I would jumped up kied he was dead. He be not hem handouned, and he wreathed a ride from one of the

"Darling muntis, you now t think Clayton Mr. Perrin would do much an awful thing as that, do you?" And the old lady amiled with some as she maid: "Perhaps not dear. Bull that was all over more than thirty

maz Margaret modded and lapsed into reverte. She was wondering whether Clayton Porris would kill himself with a heart-breaking He and a heart-by en smile on his lips for her sake-indesperate last attempt to keep her from

grelving for him.

as he was But, dear, if you want to

The same Clayton Perrin in a course came back and patiently called himself a catalogue of ugly names tors Margaret's benefit. She ruthless in terrupted the recital with: "Way: don't you myent some new names for a man who can't stay in the same mind Then whe brushed aside his expressit sions of numble appeal for mercy.

want to ask you something. Will you's

- answer me truly? "I wear I will." "If you were going to be shot this minute. Don't be frightened. Louis say 'll'-and you thought it would pale me to see you shot-

"Wouldn't it!" "I don't know That's another que tion. Never mind. I don't know just how to put that I'll ask you another On your word of honor Clayton Page rin, would you rather be shot dead o

keep sober for two years?" Perrin started, "Margaret," he said speaking in a nusky voice, "you are mocking me How can you!" "I am not mocking, Not 1, Es must snawer my question. Could Je keep perfectly cober for two years save your life?" I believe I could.

Would you rather give up at Your life?" No need to go farther Cayton B in was completely suared by Margan et's startling legic. He broke down once-by acclinate pald—iwo months after tale rewerk interviews was given a notice some and did finally manage to perfo prescribed lest. Before by wit yes probation was out he pickles to: mission of the unexpired tors, i wain. Then he tried to be havers, senting, and repositions, but expands valu. This last twelle wight abra &

more successful it. Margaret shad had he benefit of carrain co. Always ready 'My two desert" and to the weaking, "I show to nower at my soids in the

COMMENTAL SECTION OF THE SECTION OF