

(Continued from First Page)

seven field managers of the work in Illinois. The attendance has been fairly good. More would be welcome, especially men, as mostly women and girls are attending. Today is Woman's Day with Mrs. M. G. Tongler, California speaker and a young ladies' quartette as singers.

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that come into my brain, While I look toward the sea; It would seem As though I were there from his white head And those who upon the great level front And spoke in that voice which seemed to him Who lives in Falmes for his Saviour's sake. "The sound of many waters," and had made Thy food to chronicle the ages back And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks. Deep calleth unto deep and what are we That hear the question of that voice sub-line? Oh, what are all the notes that ever rung From your vain trumpet by thy thundering side? Yes, what is all the riot man can make In his short life to this unceasing roar? And yet, bold looker, whart thou to him Who drew'd of the world and heard the waters far Above his loftiest mountains? A light That breaks and whispers of his Maker's might!" —John O. C. Brainard.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

All dying, Egypt, die! Ebb the crimson life this fast. And the dark Phatons shadows gather on the evening haze. Let their arms, O queen, unfold me; Hush thy voice and bow thine ear; Listen to the great triump that thou, and thou alone, must hear. Though my scarred and veteran legions Bear their eyes high no more And my wreathed and watered galleys Brew dark Aetion's fatal shore, Though no glittering guards surround me, Prompt to do their martyr's will, I must perish like a Roman— Die the great triump that thou, and thou alone, must hear. Let not Caesar's sergic missions Mark the hour thus made low. 'Twas no foeman's arm that fell'd him, 'Twas his own that struck the blow; His, who pilloved on thy bosom, Turned aside from glory's ray— His, who struck with the lightning, Madly threw a plebeian away. Should the base plebeian rattle There aloud my name at Rome, Where the noble spines and galleys Weeps within her shadowed home, Thy ear, say the noble spines, Alarms, alarms, circling wings, That her blood, with mine commingled, Yet shall mount the throne of kings. And, for the star-eyed Egyptian, Glorious sorcerer of the Nile, Light the path of Rytian horrors With the spotted and spotted wings, Give the Caesar crown and arches, Let his blood the laurel vine; I can reap the seed of triumph, Triumpling in love like mine. I'm dying, Egypt, die! 'Tis the insulting foeman's cry, They are coming, O queen, to die; Let them front me ere I die. Ah, no more amid the battle Shall my heart exulting swell; I'm and O'rea guard thee— Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

WOMAN'S DOWER.

To all that breathe the air of heaven Some boon of strength has nature given. In forming the majestic bull She fenced with wreathed horns his skull; A hoof of strength as he lent the steed And winged the eagle with his speed. She gave the lion fangs of terror And o'er the ocean's crystal mirror Taught the unnumbered sea-wings To trace their bound path along. While for the monarch of the grove She plumed the warbling of love. The Standard Bearer Crop. Alfalfa is the standard crop of the Great Basin area, as it is of the entire western United States. Among the people of Utah it is known universally as lucerna, the name under which it was first brought into the eastern states and which is derived from the common European name for the plant. This name was probably carried westward to Utah by the early pioneers, who never accepted the California name alfalfa, which has been derived through the Spanish from an Arabic word signifying "the best fodder." —Carl S. Schofield. Two Fallures. Honey Man— married for beauty. Sarcastic Man— You remind me of a friend of mine who married for money. Honey Man— How's that? Sarcastic Man— He didn't get it.—Chicago News.

The Rescue

By... C. AUSTIN JOHNSON.

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So you would like to hear how I, a poor sailor, chanced to marry a pretty wife, possessed of thousands and without exception mistress of the most estate in Santos? Well, come view on the piazza. We have a fine view of the bay there, and I have to listen to the roar of the surf. It reminds me of old times, you know. Light a fresh cigar, and you have nothing like them in the states. I can assure you of that. Add now for my yarn.

Many years ago I was chief mate on a schooner bound east for England in the South American trade. The captain was good enough at heart, but he did not have a good dollar so much that the passion of avarice at times warped the better and prevailing instincts of his nature. I was young, careless and free, without a soul living I could claim as kin, not so happy in my lone state as you are, "wedded man." I had but little responsibility on my shoulders, the skipper taking entire control, even to details.

We were to the southward of the line, outward bound, and upon the eventual light in question, which truly ran an errand in my life. I had the first watch. The wind was light and the sea calm as though asleep. We had all our light kites set to the gentle breeze, running through the water not over three knots an hour. Absorbed in my own thoughts and re-very things, I was leaning idly over the railward watching the bubbles and phosphorescent light playing about the rest, less redoubt when a tomb on my arm from the man at the wheel brought me to myself.

"What do you call that, sir?" he inquired, pointing over the quarter. I gazed in the direction pointed out by the man and, to my intense surprise, saw a bright light, not unlike a ball of fire, which threw a lurid, tremulous light across the dark waters. "It can't be the moon, sir," said the seaman, with an inquiring look. "The moon's rising in a quarter hour. It's not a comet, either, for it's coming south-southwest? No, that's something far as sure as my name is John Watkins, and I'll rouse out the captain at once."

In another instant I was rapping in no gentle manner at the skipper's stateroom, who turned out in a hurry. "What—what is the matter?" he stammered, rubbing his eyes. "Is there a squall coming, or is it a fire?" "No, sir, it's a pretty night as I ever saw. But, Captain Thompson, there is a vessel on fire to leeward of us and I will, if you say so, run down to her assistance."

"I'll be on deck in a moment. Don't be on a hurry. Don't like to run the vessel off her course—prolongs her voyage. And, leaving the sleepy skipper grumbling to himself, I regained the deck.

In a few moments the old fellow was by my side. "It will cost money to take all hands off your craft and feed them till we make a port." "True, sir; but is human life to be reckoned or valued by money? In all ten minutes I had the loudest over the side, and a stout westward craft the sea was too. A bag of biscuits with a beaker of water, was stowed away in the stern sheets, and bidding the lads to go with will, we shoved off from the sides of the old brig. I saw the tall, bent form of Captain Thompson peering down upon me for a moment, but the next instant the boat rose on the bosom of a swell, and that was the last I ever saw of my old skipper.

The brig quickly faded from sight, hid by the haze of haze which had suddenly arisen, and, in fact, I was conscious of a strange change in the appearance of the weather. The stars had entirely disappeared from the firmament, and the gully, veil which had so mysteriously hid me, lay down on the horizon I noted a dark bank of clouds. The heat was intense, the stout seamen wiping the perspiration from their streaming brows as they labored at their oars. Not a particle of air disturbed the glassy waves. All nature appeared to be hushed into a terrific calm. I must confess I felt rather apprehensive, but I gazed about me, and looked back in the direction where I knew the old brig must be, rolling and pitching like a cork on the long swell, which every moment was increasing. But my fears and apprehensions soon vanished from my mind by matters of more pressing interest.

It was not the fact of the brig being visible that caused me uneasiness, but the startling knowledge that a great convulsion of the elements was about to burst upon us.

The dark bank that had at first risen rapidly until the entire heavens were obscured. The atmosphere had grown dense, and the darkness was simply dense, relieved only by the now dimly visible bank, which occasionally threw out a gleam of light.

A strange, indefinite, rushing sound pervaded the air, a slight ripple ruffled the stagnant waters, a cold gust of air fanned my cheek, while under the black, frowning clouds I saw a white flake rapidly rushing upon us.

Louder and louder grew the sounds of the rushing bank, which occasionally with a wale of my hand I fastened the seaman to pull the boat round so.

The ship had evidently been on the same time, the flames having full control of the forward portion. The forecastle had gone to leeward, the gallant foremast was a sea of fire. The mainmast was already tottering, and I knew there was no time to lose. The sea was white with foam, and as yet did not appear to be in the portion of the vessel. The decks were strewn with remnants of provisions, half open casks and articles of clothing. No trace of a human being could be seen.

Diving down into the main cabin, which was half filled with black twilight-smoke, I took a hasty glance at the rich hangings, appointments and ornamentation surrounding me, showing that the unfortunate ship had been destined to carry passengers. The sharp, shining gleams of writhing steel from aloft penetrated through the broad skylight, throwing every object with a ruddy glare.

From stateroom to stateroom I hurried, but found them all empty until I came to the forecastle. There I experienced some difficulty in opening the door, the smoke every moment becoming more dense and respiration more difficult. Exerting my strength, the door flew open, revealing a confused mass of white drapery lying on the stateroom floor. The very sight made my heart beat quick with apprehension, and, stooping, I soon ascertained that it was a woman. Placing my hand over her breast, I felt it throbbing, and without further delay I rushed on deck with her in my arms. Through the companionship I was staggered, with a sensation similar to my head, gasping for breath, but still retaining my grasp on her I had saved. The fresh air revived me, and the pain left my head, so that I was enabled to pay proper attention to the woman who lay helpless in my arms.

Then, for the first time, I looked at the face of my burden, and by the bright light of the wreck I discovered she was both young and handsome. At that moment the mainmast went crashing over the side, sinking with a hiss in the black water. A shower of cinders and sparks, a column of roaring flames shot on high, followed by excited shouts of the men, who had leaped, panic stricken, into the boat, urging me to follow.

Clasping the lady in my left arm, I used my right in guiding down the ship's side. The men's oars were poised. I gave the word, and the next instant we were clear of the vessel, which was now wrapped in flames from stem to stern. Dashing some water into the lady's face, I began to chafe her hands. The treatment, though rough, had the desired effect. Her eyes were closed, but she was conscious. Her face was painful, but in a few moments was fully herself. In a few words I told her how she had been saved and assured her that as long as I lived she would be in safety on board the brig. In return she told me that her father was the Senior Jose Gonzalez of Santos, the wealthiest planter in the island. She had been born in Spain, where her father had a large number of relations, and had taken passage for home in the Spanish ship. The ill fate of her voyage she knew not, but she had been carried to her unknown, had caught fire during the night. A panic ensued, and, overcome by terror, she faltered away. Probably, in the excitement and alarm which followed her absence was overlooked, and when the boats shoved off from the ship the Senorita Maria Gonzalez was left unconscious in her stateroom.

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SHORTHAND.

The Quality That Appears to Be Lacking in All Systems.

The faculty of all systems of shorthand is that what seems easy to the eyes of the filii party may be terribly difficult to the cold gaze of a stranger. Of the innumerable systems of shorthand that were the vogue a century ago how many survive today? asking a London writer, "Name and forgive me, wait a moment or two, and I will give you a system that will appear to the reader as effectively as to the original writer. Perhaps you were to illustrate the best shorthand writing of the ancient Romans we might find out selves on the road toward a solution of the problem.

For the Romans were on affectionate terms with shorthand. Did not know, speaking of Calpurnia, express surprise that an emperor of so many mounting parts should nevertheless be an ignorant in shorthand, and did not Titus Vespasianus pride himself on his facility in the use of stenography both for business and amusement? So fond were they of the sport that he de-lighted to give his amanuenses around him in order that they should tilt against each other in the stenographic field. It may be that but for the rediscovery of the art in England toward the end of the eighteenth century the curious Peppas would not have been moved to write his diary.

VENEZUELA.

Beauty of the Country and the Impression It Leaves.

The beauty of the country is the first and the most lasting impression. To the eye it appears at every turn in the valleys of cloudy peaks, or when on the mountain side to see through the limpid air valley after valley between the protecting hills, to breathe the life-giving air. The forest is all green, most perpetual; he is only half a man who does not for a moment forget the needs of civilization in the intoxication of primitive nature. The loveliness of Venezuela is something far different from that of the Andean ranges farther west and south. It is more tropical, and the mountains do not rise to the height in which the senses are stifled by grandeur, which can be enjoyed most when they are not in the way of the scene. The Andes, the Alps or the Rockies are bold and austere. They need no life. Life is not meant for them. But such contrasts and changes as are constantly presented to the eye in these softened landscapes are more exquisite when they are pottering about on the surface trying to imagine that he is of some real importance on the earth. —Rendler Magazine.

"It's a fact," said Towne, "that my wife is able to dress on comparatively little money."

"What?" exclaimed Marryat. "Oh, come now, what do you mean by 'comparatively little'?"

"I mean on little compared with what she thinks she ought to have." —Catholic Standard and Times.

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