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SHADOWS. The firelight shadows tremble silently

(Shadow and real, they fall about us two)-Oh, am I but a wandering dream of me?
And are you but a wistful dream of you?

Sometimes it seems the shadows are the real; The real seems sometimes faint and shadowy So wondrous true the dreams I used to feel,

For I have all the wonder of my dream, Too rich, too strange, too purple to be true! And the dream's wonder dazes till I seem

To be but dreaming now this dream of you The firelight shadows fall about us two Oh, are your but a wistful dream of your And am I but a wandering dream of me?

—Post Wheeler in Atlanta Constitution

A LEGEND OF ALASKA

THE NATIVES' STORY OF THE ORI-GIN OF THE DEVIL.

According to It, Satan's Sole Passion is a Craving For Food, Which Latter Can Only Be Obtained by a Continuous Performance of Crime.

some good citizen to go to Annette Island. Alaska, and learn the Tsimshean language, for, according to Mr. Duncan, missionary to that place, a Golconda of ancient songs and stories, as well as of aboriginal theology, there awaits a student and transcriber. Mr. Duncan once undertook to put certain things on paper. Choosing one of the patriarchs of the settlement, a man whose memory abounds in antique savage lore, he launched him as a beginning on sataniana. Three days of narration continued without change of top-

"Oh, but I've not half finished," expostulated the hoary ex-cannibal. "We Tsimsheans know all about the devil—absolutely all.' Throughout the old Tsimshean creed

and legends the devil appears as an idle, vicious imbecile, whose sole passion is the desire for food, and whose every crime is committed from that motive. He murders, lies, steals, only to gratify his insatiable appetite, and is, moreover, forever hounded on to fresh villainies by the fact that under no circumstances can be get food honestly. Long, long ago a strange trouble came upon the chief. A son was born to him who as years lengthened acquired no rowth and would take no sustenance. This affliction caused great grief not only n the chief's house, but in all the tribe besides. Sages held council over it, medicine men prayed over it without avail. Never a morsel passed the boy's lips, and never an inch was added to his stature.

One day the watchers of the ocean saw a mysterious shape emerge from the most distant water and move in toward shore. Nearing, it showed as a very aged man, gray and bent, who, unquestioned as unquestioning, made straight for the chief's door. When he was seated by the fireside, the chief's wife, as is the custom of the Tsimsheans, offered food. "I hear that you have a son who will

not eat." said the old man. "Bring him The thing was done, and the stranger, removing a bit of the skin of his own arm, rolled it in a little ball with some of the food before him and put the ball into the child's mouth.

"Eat," he commanded. Then he arose and departed as he had come, never to reap-The boy not only swallowed what had been given him, but turning to the dish

abandoned by the ancient one ate that also.

"Bring more!" he cried. More food was fetched by the rejoicing mother, to be consumed with unabated zest. The happy news flew through the village. The chief's son ate at last. A crowd of witnesses gathered and still the marvel grew. Dish after dish disappeared, and as the boy devoured he grew apace. Finally, the edible stores of the household utterly exhausted, he arose and strode away, and with each stride he spanned a valley, using the peaks as stepping stones.

so monstrous had he grown. The sea teemed with fish and the forest with game, but whatever his need the devil (for this was he) might not put out his hand to take the smallest living thing from either one. Creative power he had, but only for the creation of evil, or rather of futilities-of meaningless trash. From the bark of a tree he once modeled a man of the normal size of man, gave it life and made it his attendant slave. The creature possessed some low cunning, but was quite faithless, so that the two ran together in folly and were mutual thorns in the

Once upon a time the devil, famishing, desired to get food from a certain settlement. Therefore he said to his slave, "I will hang cockleshells in my cars and walk before the village, and do you go in among the houses and cry out loudly, so that all the women hear, 'See where the great chief walks, with mother of pearl in his ears!'

For a great chief does not enter a vilage unannounced or without special solicitation, and the devil as a fool can be neither honest nor wise. He wished to dazzle the women with magnificence, but his pinchbeck nature contented itself and thought to impose upon others with imitation finery-with cockles for the much prized mother of pearl. So he strutted up little slave in among the houses called out, See where the great chief walks, with cockleshells in his cars!"

"Say mother of pearl, knave!" growls the devil, furious. But the slave only cries the louder, "See where the great chief walks, with cockleshells in his ears!" Because, being the devil's invention and an idle, shallow thing, he will do nothing, not even lie, for the good of another than himself. At last a woman comes to her door and bids the slave ask his master in. The devil enters, seating himself by the fireside in silence, for his dignity as a great chief forbids him to speak except through the mouth of his slave. The woman, as etiquette demands, brings food. "Does the great chief like smoked sal-

mon?" she inquired of the slave. "Tell her I do," the hungry devil prompts in an eager whisper. But the slave, being the devil's creation, will do nothing, not even tell the truth. for the good of another than himself. "The great chief does not like smoked almon," he responds, with all heraldic pomp and deliberation, and then, still according to etiquette, receives and devours

the salmon himself. Now the woman, following the law of hospitality, that may not be transgressed. offers a second viand. "Does the great chief like herring roef sho respectfully asks.

"Tell her I do." hisses the devil. grows ravenous in his tantalized fast. "The great chief does not like herring roe," says the slave, imperturbed and as pompous as before, and so they proceeded until all the food in the house had been consumed by the crafty servant. Then the devil, raging, went out and sought till he found a deep pit, whose

Standing on its farther side, he shouted long and loud, and the slave came forth from the house in answer, walking clumsiy because of his enormous meal. "Hurry, hurry!" cried the devil encour-

mouth he covered over with green boughs.

UNEXPECTED HONOR. The Amusing Predicament of a Southwestern Railroad Official. They were talking about having a boon

upon the devil, taking the wings of a

raven, his totem, flew down and feasted on

the body of his tormentor, and so on the

legend runs.—New York Post.

at Hardy, Ark., one fall during the administration of President Harrison. The town is situated on the beautiful Spring river and has the Memphis road. The idea of the boomers was to make a resort of the place, either for summer or winter pleasure seekers. About the time the boom was being planned the announcement was made that Russell Harrison, the president's son, was coming west and would pass through Hardy on his way to Kansas City. It was accordingly arranged that speeches should be made while the train

vils and fireworks. For some reason the Harrison party did not pass through Hardy as arranged, but it happened, remarkably enough, that a private coach full of the Memphis road's officials was fastened to the north bound train that reached Hardy about half past 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The youngest It would seem to be the cheerful duty of 1 member of the party was Mr. B. L. Winchell, the assistant general passenger agent of the road. He was then past 30, but every railroad man in the country who knew Ben Winchell would have said that he did

stopped, not to speak of an ovation of an-

not look more than 20. Mr. Winchell was standing on the broad vestibule at the rear of the private car as the train rolled into Hardy, when a deafening noise ahead caused him to wonder if the engine had blown up. He leaned over the rail and looked forward. A great crowd was gathered and anvils and cannons were being fired by the dozen. The train stopped so that the crowd was placed at the end of the private car. Cheers were proposed and given with a will, and shouts of "There he is!" "Hurrah for the president's son!" and "How young!" were heard on every side. Then the cannons and anvils were touched off again and some of the skyrockets and Roman candles were fired off in the face of the glaring after-

noon sun. Mr. Winchell was dazed. He did understand the meaning of it all. He thought that they were advertising the town, but he could not understand the meaning of the shouts and exclamations. Then it struck him that there might be some important personage in a forward car, and he at once went to look. The train started on before he got through, when one of the officials who had got the hang of the situation met Winchell and rushed him back.

"Hang it, Ben," he shouted, "go back on the platform and bow, make a speech -do something, for heaven's sake! You're

about it, but he went back on the platform and bowed and smiled until he felt like an automaton. Then it was explained to him. The people of Hardy were shocked to learn next day that they had not seen the president's son, and they at once declared all boom proceedings off.—Detroit

Probably Not. It was said of Oliver Wendell Holmes that some of his best jokes were made at times when there was nobody to appreciate them save a chance listener. One such fortunate listener tells of a reply which she, sitting in a street car, heard

Dr. Holmes make to a complaining writer of little wit and less talent. 'I've worked with all my heart on that book," said the young man, who had been treating the doctor to a long account of a recent collection of poetry which he had edited. "I've used my best taste and judgment and research, and I feel confident that nobody could have done the thing better or more thoroughly than I have.

cisms for my omission of a few popular poets and a paltry \$100." "A hundred dollars!" echoed the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table wearily. "Why, I wouldn't have written that book for \$1,-

And what reward do I get? Harsh criti-

000. I'm sure!" The collector of poetry smiled with gratification, but the listener turned to regard a passing dray lest her face should betray her .- Youth's Companion.

A Losing Joke. Mr. Jones was clerk in a city office, and owing to the jealousy of his fellow clerks was daily subjected to many petty annoy-

ances. One day his enemies thought they had hit on a plan which would amuse them and add to Jones' discomfort. The next morning when Mr. Jones entered the office one after another came up and said to him in a tone of horror: "Why, whatever is the matter with you? Are you ill? You look simply ghastly." Mr. Jones sat listening quietly for a few minutes. Then suddenly, to the surprise of

everybody, he got off his stool and slipped into the manager's office. A short time only had elapsed when the manager appeared, followed by Mr. Jones, and, addressing the astonished clerks, said: "As Mr. Jones is so unwell I have granted him permission to take a day or two's holiday; so you must divide his work equally among you until he returns."-Pearson's Weekly.

A Chillicothe man, H. T. Houghnay. once occupied the throne of Holland, though only for a minute. "It was when I was a ship officer," said the captain, "that myself and another officer were being shown through the royal apartments

during the absence of the king and the queen. Little Wilhelmina was then only a few days old. The throne was nothing grand in my eyes. I have seen nicer looking barber chairs in America. When the guards were not looking, I jumped upon the throne and exclaimed, 'Behold the king, the king of Holland!' In an instant the soldiers hustled me out of there, and it was only by the most liberal use of Dutch money that I persuaded them not to send me to the guardhouse."—Kansas City Star.

The brier pipes used in the United States were formerly imported to a large extent from Europe. The greater number came from France, but a good many were supplied from England. Now they are al most exclusively made here. American brier pipes are now produced in very great variety and of every quality, from the very cheapest to the very finest, and they are made in better styles and put up more suitably for the trade than those imported, with the result that they have all but en tirely supplanted brier pipes of European make in this market.—New York Sun.

Brier Wood Pipes.

A Bright Youth. A bright young Australian at Perth, when his father killed his mother and suicided, suppressed the news for several hours while he tried to trade "awful tragedy" copy to the Perth newspapers. His enterprise missed cash, for they wouldn't deal. Fancy such a boy being wasted on a community of sand gropers!-Sydney

hey will pick the wires and imbibe poison. When a canary droops and seems ill or shows signs of asthma by a wheezing sound, feed him for a week on boiled broad and milk and mix flaxseed with his bird seed. And so the stilly slave, trundling hope-fully on at his best speed, plunded head-lon; into the trap and was killed. Where-had married everybody's daughter,"

We learn from an Indian paper that Mr.

BENJAMIN WEST.

How the Great Painter Brought About a Revolution In Art. Before the days of Reynolds, Gainsborough and Constable English artists did not expect any one to pay such prices for their pictures as for those of foreigners, or even to buy anything but a portrait.
"What could I do with it?" an English connoisseur is said to have replied to a gentleman who had asked him why he did not purchase a historical picture he great-ly admired. "You surely would not have me hang up a modern English picture in my house unless it were a portrait!" The cause of this low estimate of English art may be seen in the facts mentioned by Mrs. Bell in her "Life and Works of Thomas Gainsborough." She says that the first attempt made in England to represent a modern historical event exactly as it occurred was made by Benjamin West in his famous picture of the "Death of

Such was then the rage for mythological subjects that when it was rumored that West was painting a picture in which the actors were represented in modern costume George III, the archbishop of Canterbury and members of the Royal academy declared that they would have nothing to do with the bold innovator.

Wolfe," exhibited in 1771.

Sir Joshua Reynolds and the archbishop visited West in his studio to urge him to clothe English and French soldiers in the costume of antiquity. West refused, saying that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region unknown to the Greeks and Romans and when no warriors who wore classical costume existed. His visitors went away, but eturned when the picture was finished. Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it for half an hour and then, rising, said to the archbishop: "West has conquered. He has treated the subject as it ought to be treated. I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become popular, but will occasion a revolution in art."

The picture turned the time against the classicism which had prevented English artists from producing original pictures. Even portrait painters, except Gainsborough alone, represented their sitters as Psyches and Cupids, Dianas and Junos, the Graces and the Fates. One artist painted the portraits of a lady and daughter as 'Virtue and Beauty Sacrifleing to Diana."

RILEY'S FIRST HIT. Wrote a Poem "by Poe" and Palmed

It on the Public.

James Whitcomb Riley began his career in a newspaper office in Anderson, Ind., by writing humorous rhymes as "advertising locals"-"doggerel" he called them. At the same time he wrote many rhymes with the serious intention of having them, could not get them published. Even compositions whose worth he had testedthose that "would please people when I'd stand up and read 'em to them''—would be returned promptly by every magazine to which he offered them for publication. The Hoosier dialect was too "low down" for the average magazine editor.

Finally in a freak of boyish indignation, to prove that what editors really wanted was not originality, but imitation, he devised the scheme of writing a poem in imitation of Poe and of palming it off on the public as a real poem of Poe's recently discovered. The scheme was very skillfully planned and very deftly executed and successful beyond anything the clever deviser of it had ever dreamed From one end of the country to the other "Leonainie" was hailed as a veritable "find," a bit of genius' most genuine ore. Riley had his revenge. He had some trouble, however, in proving that he was not an intentional forger.

He lost his newspaper position, but he immediately got another and a better one -on the Indianapolis Journal. "Come and get pay for your work," said Judge Martindale, the editor. The turn in the tide had come. Soon appeared, in 1883, 'The Old Swimmin Hole and 'Leven More Poems." Indiana recognized her own. The "Hoosier Poet" was acclaimed by his compatriots everywhere. But when in 1886 the volume in prose and verse appeared, "The Boss Girl and Other Stories," James Whitcomb Riley became a name as well known in one state as in another.-Chicago Record.

Hiram Powers and Young Leighton. It was on the advice of the American sculptor, Hiram Powers, that as a lad Frederick Leighton was allowed to follow his predilection for an art career. The question was settled in Florence about 1845, when he was about 15 years old. His father showed a portfolio of sketches to Powers and asked if he would recommend him to bring him up as an artist. The sculptor asked for a week to think the matter over. At the end of that time he said, "Mr. Leighton, your son may be as eminent as he pleases." "Shall I make him an artist, then?" asked Mr. Leighton. "That is out of your power," was the reply. "Nature has done it for you." So it was agreed that young Frederick should study to become a painter, but only on condition that he should not neglect any other part of his education in consequence. -Art Amateur.

Refreshing Sleep.

Sleep, refreshing sleep, has a wonderful nfluence. It is the time which the vital force uses to repair the system, to assist digestion and to prepare the whole being for the labors of a fresh day. Even "40 winks" in many cases is a great benefit, and in many cases of fever and nervous troubles patients should seldom be aroused, unless it is absolutely necessary, to ad minister medicine. Opiates, when given, frequently but mock the patient with a seeming relief, only to result in some aggravation of the trouble. They more or ess paralyze the digestive organs, prevent vital repair, goad the brain into feverish dreams and leave the nerves irritated and finally depressed rather than rested.-New York Ledger.

Spruce is not commonly accounted a costly wood, but some of it may be very valuable. Spruce is largely used for the tops of stringed musical instruments, such as guitars and mandolins, the finer grained being the more desirable. The value of rosewood depends upon its color and quality. It ranges in price from a cent and a quarter to 10 cents a pound. Thirty grain Adirondack spruce would be worth more than the finest rosewood. It might be that not one such log would be found among n thousand.—New York Sun.

"Come and dine with us tomorrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into soc

"Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.' " "That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman, "bring him with you."-London Tit-Bits.

Society News in India.

and Mrs. Thambynayagampillal are now on a visit to Kovilkudyirruppu. Mr. Nover put canaries in a painted cage or Thambynayagampillai is the son of Judge G. S. Arianayagampiliai and son-in-law of Mr. A. Jambulingammudelliar.—Westminster Gazette.

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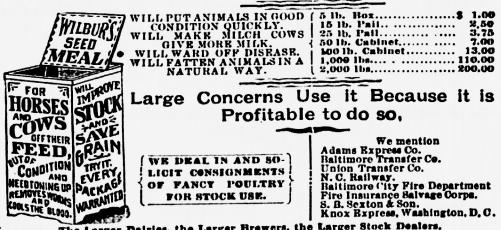
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Baltimore City Fire Department
Fire Insurance Salvage Corps.
S. B. Sexton & Son.
Knox Express, Washington, D. C. We mention

THE TIMES

Luther said that if a man were not strong at 20, handsome at 30, tearned at 40 and rich at 50 he never would be strong, handsome, learned or rich.

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