OTHSCHILD is a name with

NO 14.

FAMILY EXTINCT

None of the President's Relatives Now

Survive in Buffalo:

The Fillmore family of Buffalo has

VOL. LXVIII.

Nourished where sunshine beats the whole long day. Life held no solace for her darkened hours

Ah! take them back, the words so long unsaid,
The spoken love to starving heart denied;
Yo gave a stone where she had asked for

wait;
Holding your peace—your words are little
worth— She held it in her empty hand and ded.

They came too late, the fragrant, dewy The sweet pink roses lie upon her broast; She passed through wastes whereon no pink bud grows;

> Take them away and bear her softly forth
> Where singing birds and tender grasses For love and roses, all are come too late.

She hath no need for any fairest rose.

-Mary Riddell Corley, in Boston Transcript.

He raised his brows and nodded.

"I think not," he replied absently.

"Perhaps"-she made the suggestion

with diffidence-"perhaps I could tidy

He looked round on the litter in

The room was no more palatial than

its approach suggested. The one win-

dow looked out on the lank telegraph

poles as comrades, and commanded

a charming view of the chimneys over

wardrobe, an old armchair, that did

duty also as a bed; a rush bottomed

The table contained chiefly papers.

wardrobe held old clothes. The cup-

board served as food store for both

"Tidy up? It is all very tidy, thank

"I shall soon be better." There was

She started in alarm. "Oh, what

"My-er-pedicular extremities," he

The Girl stared in astonishment and

"Yes. I beg your pardon. I-was

lady told me if I put them in hot wa-

"Yes-now. I forgot. But it was

the Man of Knowledge slept some-

"Folded up." He indicated the chair

"Won't you let me make it up for

The professor started with astonish-

the depths far below the surface.

At first he was inclined to rebel.

She heaved a deep breath of satis-

The Girl, her point gained, went

quietly on, tidying up and arranging

the couch. She tripped gently out of

the room once or twice and held mys-

A gentle hand touched his sleeve.

"There! Now you will go back to

bed. And I will let the doctor hear.

He saw her depart with a sigh of

relief, and watched the gold crowned

head with its sunny smile disappear

He laid down his pen, his head

ing drink her thought and care had

Mcantime the Girl was interviewing

the professor of medicine. He heard

her story with surprise, then went out

The Head, a grave, clear headed

man, pursed his lips and leaned the

tips of his fingers against each other

meditatively, as he listened to the

"Strange-dear me! Alone, you

and look in again on you later."

Daughter of Eve. Pish!

placed near by.

Girl's recital.

and fetched the Head.

professor's cupboard.

known to him.

ter it would do my cold good."

"Had you not botter geter,

on which he was seated.

you, and then lie down?"

ing chairs."

"But that water is cold."

tained knowledge.

"But you are ill."

was that?" she cried.

turned red.

your bedroom?

"This is it."

the way. For furniture there was a

"Can I do anything?"

"I need nothing."

surprise.

\$ "The Girl From Across." 665555555555556666666666666666666666

"Oh!" said the girl, in a tone of 1 shocked surprise. "Is it here?" A woman from below answered, raucously, affirming that it was the abode

of the Man. The Girl looked up at the attic door in absolute dismay. She was pretty, up." decidedly pretty, and young, and stylishly dressed. She lived over the way in two charming rooms, where pretty girls like herself and nice boys were glad to take tea. She had heaps of friends, and studied at the college.

Why she, the daughter of an American citizen, should aspire to medical honors in Auld Reekie was by no means clear. "Poppa," busy in Baltimore making dollars, pulled his chin chair, a cupboard, a few cooking utenwhisker, and "guessed there were di- sils and some chemical apparatus ploma factories enough their side the grouped round the hole in the wall, streak." But "Poppa' eventually had called by courtesy a fireplace; and to give way, as every one alike had to lastly and chiefly, a large kitchen tawhere Maisie was concerned. So a ble and-the Man. self-possessed damsel of 22 summers and three brass bound trunks, marked Its drawers held some scientific inwith the Stars and Stripes, arrived in struments and a mouse app. The

And He-the man who knew everything, and was a professor at the Man and mice. And the Man concollege-lived here!

She hesitated a moment, doubtful of the propriety of intrusion. He was a you. Mrs. Stamp, my charweman, has great man, and a professor of inte-done everything-I-am very comfortgral philosophy, which is a very abable, thank you.' struse subject to take a degree, still

The Man knew everything-except silence. The Girl sat uncertain what how to compel buttons to remain on was best to say or do. Something shirts, and to keep mice from his pro- splashed under the table. visions, to tidy up his rooms, and the principles of household economy, general comfort and such like trifles, which were not included in the curri- ejaculated. culum of any college he had ever heard of, being even outside the limit of integral philosophy, and, as affairs that chiefly concerned women, of no not expecting visitors, and my land-

Then she went boldly up to the door and knocked.

The Man was sitting at a large taturned up and his feet immersed in a pan of once tepid water. Oblivious to everything outside his

wn thought he sat and wrote.

the scientific booksellers'-and also in adding many lines and furrows on his

Life was short, but the power of man is great. In his short travail he had held the lamp of truth to many hidden mysteries. What secret should escape him? What line of demarcation stay his search? Meanwhile,

there was one thing only-to work. That was why his eyes peered dimly over his dull, dark folios, and his feet splashed in the cold water. He

had forgotten to take them out. His pen shook a little as the crabbed characters formed themselves on the sheets of his manuscript. Doggedly he wrote on, exultant, determined, while some one knocked, unheeding.

"The Principla Vitae." He underscored the headline, and began a fresh paragraph, as some one entered-"The Principle of life is-a pretty girl!"

That is not what the professor But there was a conciliatory pleading meant to write in his great treatise, in her face that even a hard headed nor is it what he would have acknowl- professor, resent it as he would, could edged or realized at any ordinary mo- not resist. ment. I do, not pretend to know the "Now! Just lift your feet a little, psychological reason that explains the please." He looked at her curiously phenomenon. It may have been the from under his shaggy brows. It retina of his eye received an impres- was a child he was dealing with, or, sion which disturbed and dominated rather, who was dealing with him. Of the current of his thought, and auto- what worth was it to resist? He liftmatically his hand transcribed. Any ed his feet and she tucked them in how, it was there, in black and white, the blanket, and unperceived put anand anyhow, she was there also, clad other wrap around his shoulders.

in dainty muslin. He looked dreamily at the bright ag- faction when her task was satisfacure from over his clouded glasses. His torily accomplished. The profressor tired gaze rested on the blue of her still sat over his books. He certainly eyes, the gold of her hair, the red felt warmer than he had done before of her mouth and the freshness of her bright young face, as on a beautiful picture destined only to fade. Then

he sighed, wearily. Even then, however, his mind, bent | terious consultations with the rauon the great work, was not wholly cous voiced woman below. Some more equal to the situation. He addressed ccals appeared in the room, the scrap her laconically, as he would have of fire glowed brighter, the litter of done the charwoman who tended pots and pans disappeared, being rel-

"Well!" he grumped. The pretty Girl looked at him for a moment. A half stifled laugh at his He looked round on the transformasurliness rose to her ilps. Then the tion which had been going on, unbeamused merriment died out from

her eyes, and they renewed their look of sympathy. "You are the professor?" "Well!"

"And I am the girl over the way." "What girl-what way?" He hadn't noticed her! Her femin-

behind the rickety door with evident satisfaction. Now he would be able ine sense was distinctly hurt. Other men's observant admiration was more to really work. "Go to bed," she had said, as though apparent, even to obtrusiveness. But expecting implicit obedience-he a it is not pleasant to feel one has been staid professor, already in his gray needlessly ignored. haired stage, meekly to obey a mere "I live the other side the street," chit of a schoolgirl-filia pulchra-

she explained, flushing slightly. "And study under you at the college."

"Ah, yes." He memorized her now, throbbed wearily. The cold sheets as a collector does an unlabelled speclooked inviting. He stroked them imen in a box. Back row, pink comwith his hand. In 10 minutes nature plexion, a flower generaly on desk in had conquered, and he was resting his front of her. Answers averagely inburning head upon pillows her dainty fingers had straightened and smoothed "Won't you sit down?" he said, with

well meant politness, indicating to and his lips sought gladly the coolher, by a wave of the hand, the only unoccupied chair. She repressed a smile as she noted

its bottomless condition. "Ne, thanks," she responded, "I

would rather stand." There was a pause. He listlessly fingered his pen, but his brain was tired, and moved slowly. The Girl returned to the object of her visit. "I-I-heard you were ill-and brought you these"-indicating the

grapes in the basket.

Morphyn had always been an extreme recluse, but such lack of comfort and dubious surroundings for a man of means was, even to them-grave, studious men of modest, even asce-

tic, habit-inexplicable and unreason-They listened to her story with suspended amazement. Thanked her gravely, and bowed her out.

As she reached the step, the Head coughed. "Miss-Hopkinshaw-er-in future-er-with a nurse-er-in attendance-er-there will be no needto call-that is, a repetition of your opportune visit will be inadvisable." She flushed scarlet. "May I not see

my patient?" "We shall be happy, Miss Hopkinshaw, to give you particulars of his progress, but for you to call there

will be scarcely-er-" Then the reason dawned on her. "I sec."

Her features set fixedly and the words fell coldly-"It would not be proper." -- "Er. He will have every attention," the embarrassed Head explained. The Girl turned on her heel. "Of course, we are more than grate-

ful for your kindness-" but she was gone, and the excuses and reasons which were addressed to empty air, though more fluent of delivery, sounded horribly unconvincing to the two men, the sole auditors, as they reiterated them soothingly to each other. Propriety! Yes, she had acted with American freedom, she supposed, in venturing to knock at the neglected door. Propriety would have left him

fussy old dame who shuts her eyes to everything disagreeable that does not prowl under her very nose." She sat by her window while the sun flecked with crimson clouds the found Reynolds stiff and cold in death. scanty yellow sky over the way. She watched a cab draw up-a sparse figure and a corded box deposited. That was the nurse, she sup-

posed. She picked up a book and

to die. Propriety, as typified by that

tried to read. Night came darkly down. The shops lit their lamps. Unmindful of the darkness she sat in the window seat and brooded with hot checks over the Head's edict. About 9 o'clock she saw the nurse go out. Then she did a daring thing. Putting on her cloak she stole warily up the rickety stair-

He lay apparently asleep. The window was open. The nurse's tea things lay about, but little seemed to have approached Harris, who was dancing been done for him since the morning. with Miss Camp, snatched off his wig The fire was nearly out. Bending and threw it upon the floor. Harris down quietly, she breathed fresh life into the dying embers, freshly piled the fuel, and, with a last look at the fever puckered brow, fled down the heart of North, who fell lifeless to the stair, her heart aching strangely for the desolate man, and in mortal dread

met the owner of the raucous voice lic sympathy was so in favor that he And he lived day and night, ate and

The Head gasped with astonishment. | plete, took one, too-in matrimons, and in this his name and the Girl's where bracketed together equal with hon-

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDI

And the heads of the college fer vently congratulated themselves. whenever they met Mrs. Morphyn, on their unusual foresight in overlooking a Samaritan indiscretion. For, had they done otchrwise, their necessarily frequent meetings would have been to say the least of it, very awkward. -Lady's Pictorial.

TRAGEDIES OF A ROADHOUSE. thateb.

Old Kentucky Inn with Much Crime in Its History. On the turnpike leading to Louisville about 15 miles from Bardstown there stood for years an old house that had an interesting history. The house was erected in 1791, many years before there was any turnpike through this part of the state, and was used as a tavern and a stopping place for the stage coaches when a change of horses was made. It had frequently for its guests such men as Henry Clay, Richard M. Johnson, John C. Breckinridge, Judge John Rowan, Gov. Charles A. Wickliffe, and many others of note. In the early '20s the inn passed into the hands of Capt. James Camp, who continued to run it as a tavern. While living there Camp's wife was riding horseback with several others and was thrown from her horse and killed. This

penings afterward connected with the A few years after this a traveler named John Reynolds stopped over night at the inn. As he failed to appear the next morning a servant was sent in search of him. Being unable to arouse him, he entered the room and He had shot himself during the night, A few years later the old tavern became famous for its lavish style of entertainment. It was frequently the scene of great festivities.

was the beginning of many tragic hap-

During the progress of a ball one night a tragedy occurred which shocked the whole country for miles around. Two young men, Robert Harris and William North were suitors for the hand of Capt. Camp's daughter. Harris, on account of wealth, social position and good looks, was the favored suitor, which so enraged North that he determined to seek revenge.

Harris, who was baldheaded, wore a wig. During the evening in question while the guests were dancing North uttered not a word, but quickly turned upon his heel, drew a Spanish dagger and plunged to to the hilt in the

The tragic event brought the ball to The next day, toward afternoon, she | thy of the entire community, and pubESDAY, APRIL 1, 1903.

Their Place.

Birds-Nests. ettiest human birds-nest of all room necessary for the convenience of arin County, California, built the guest but at other times the box of rect stem of a redwood much leaves are somewhat of a nulsance of might be thrust on a pencil. shocked he necessary woodwork of thirty for with their bark left on, so but the sense of fitness was not sense of fitness was not

stood m earth pra ing. To t from the base of the tree. steep side-hill on which it cook the reticable as well as enchants was let down in the morn-the inmates went ashore to and thos ir breakfast, and remained couhl fe v stretched across the chasm but at night it was drawn up. that the e in the redwood bunks within el the soft stir and quiver o ough the still nights, knowing were as out of reach as in a balloon. When the wind cradle would rock-but alth the steadfast dignity of a There could be no fear with balcony down a nch trunk passing up through

ttiest of Human

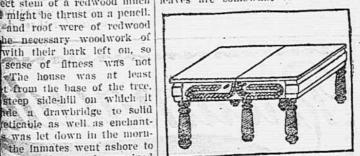
shocked.

looking through tree tops

PRESENT MEAD OF FILLMORE LEAFLESS THE HOUSE OF DINING TABLE ROTHSCHILD.

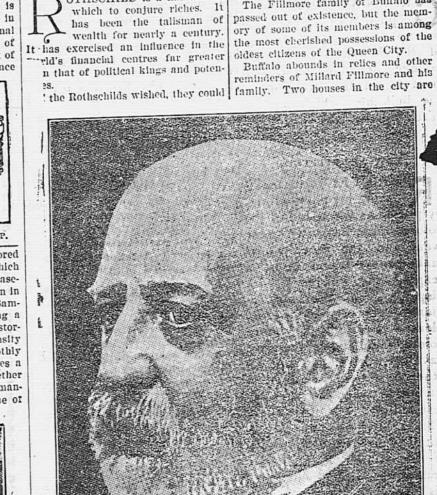
Flexible Arrangement of Slats Takes

When company comes to dine it is customary to insert an extra leaf in the table to provide the additional



SLATS FOLD INSIDE THE TABLE TOP.

around the house, and must be stored away wherever there is room, which generally means in the garret or basement. A much better plan is shown in the illustration below, the idea of Samuel Dusenbery. Instead of having a set of large leaves to be held in storage, with their well-known propensity to warp and refuse to fit smoothly when needed, the inventor provides a series of narrow slats, secured together by webbing muci. after the manner of the roll-top to a desk. One of



LORD ROTHSCHILD.

cause the wreckage of most of the pointed out to the youth as the man-

ceeded his father, Baron Rothschild, In another corner is the iron cradie-

in all European cal

Lord Rothschild, the present head of the house, personally supervises all the collection of the Buffalo Historical airs, while the eldest L Walter Roths-

financial institutions in the world. sions of the former President, while Their influence over wealth must be on the walls of the Historical Sociefigured not by millions, but by billions ty's Art Gallery are several paintings of the President and members of his The present head of the Rothschild family. In the office of the society is family is Lord Rothschild, who suc- an old mahogany desk he once used,

The home of the Rothschilds is in tious Fillmore, accompanying a daring England, though they are represented young woman of Batavia, was swung Among the most valued articles in

like basket in which the usually cauacross Niagara's gorge on a cable.

head, accompanied by incoherent never married, avoided women's socimurmurs that might have been the ety and became a recluse. result of despairing pessimism or alcoholic stimulant. Mention of the nurse evoked only a sniff in reply, tothe contemptuous production of a gin bottle, suggesting a vice which the

ment. "Young lady! None ha' waited disapproved of-in others. on me to that needless extint, sin-sin And he was lying there-worse than my ain mither died-and she were a alone-in such care. That women so fcolish wummun." He relapsed into the broad Doric on special occasions | degraded crept into the ranks of an honorable profession, she knew. But when the cold current was stirred to that he should be at the mercy of one of these! That night she watched The Girl's eyes filled with tears. the woman out, but dared not to go "Then it's time some one did it for you now," she murmured. "Oblige me, Mr. Morphyn, please, by taking

In her doubt and despair turned inyour feet out of that water and changto the street. Amid the flare of the lamps, she saw a figure with bonnet and cloak awry drop out of a common bar and into the seething crowd. The Girl flew back, and up the

rickety stair. The raucous one met her at the head, her voice more husky than ever. "Time some 'un come," she said, "Lor' 'elp 'im!" and in her grief she puled again, with a broken sob, at the bottle. The Girl went in and bent down over the lonely man.

The fever had left him, but something else was fast obbing with it. The life, hope, and the lonely soul were speeding out to the dancing waves of the unknown sea. The waters sang in his ears. The spray bubbled and foamed through rosy beams of sunlight, and the hymn of the Unknown sounded eternal over all. A few drops remained in the hol-

lowed bowl of an emptied brandy bottle on the littered table. She poured them out, and hastily diluting gave them to the dying man.

The rainbow land and emerald seas turned leaden hued, the water gurgled and droned painfully. . . The Man opened his eyes. . . Did he know egated to the crowded depths of the

A step on the stairs. The dour Professor of Medicine's broad shoulders darkened the door. "Lassie, forgive me," he said. "I

thought-"Yes, you thought," she answered bitterly. "Now it is time to do." "Then let me help you," he said,

humbly. "He is dying," she replied, in a choking voice. The gnarled face of the old Scotch loctor looked sadly into her own. Its rough features softened with a !ook

of regret for his misjudgment, and the mute appeal in them was irresistible. They shook hands as they bent silently over the dying man. "Tonald," the broken professor cried, "you know me? I've kem to pull

ye thro'."

The Man's eye wandered slowly around the shabby room in search of her. . . . She knelt by his sire. The wan face turned paler-the feeble lips quivered. The Girl bent her head. . . He recognized her

presence. "Sin. . . sin . . my ain mither died"-he murmured, and, clasping her slender hand, his mind passed back to the river of endless song.

the college Head regard too seriously the breach of decorous restriction, for the Girl took her degree after The professor, coming to the conclusion that his education was incom-

About a year later a stranger, named Golson stopped at the old tavern for

the night and was assigned to the room gether with a-shake of the head, and | in which Reynolds had taken his life, A few hours after retiring the report of a gun was heard, and upon investigation it was found that Golson had rancous voiced one evidently strongly shot himself through the heart. It was afterward ascertained that Golson had lost heavily at caads in Louisville, and becoming despondent, ended his life. He was a native of Nashville and was on his way to that place. Other incidents of a tragic nature

occurred at the old inn, and it was finally described and fell into decay. At this time only a few moss-covered stones and a heap of earth mark the place where the old building stood .-Bardstown (Ky.) Standard.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Nightcaps and cotton ear wads are sighe provided by the proprietor of a hotel at Vyitra, Hungary, for those of his "ullguests who retire early and do not wish | casual to be kept awake by a gypsy band idyl, which plays nightly at the hotel.

The British Museum has acquired a Chinese banknote of the fourteenth century, which was discovered in the ruins of a statue of Buddha, at Pekin. Paper money was not introduced into Europe till the seventeenth century.

Marriage seems to have a large percentage of success in Russia. The London Express reports that on November 22, 1852, twenty-four couples were married in the same church in Novi-Vinodol. On November 22 last there were twelve of the couples left to celebrate their golden wedding in the same

The largest and strongest freight cars in the world have just been built for the Monongahela connecting railway of Pittsburg, and are to be used within the limits of that city. Every one of these cars, weighted to its full load, will carry 100 tons. Only the highest class railroads of our country would care to take the risk of transporting such a weight over its bridges and trestles.

Professor Retter recently introduced to the society for Internal Medicine, in Vienna, a woman with a musical heart. For the past four years she has suffered from palpitation and about eighteen months ago she noticed for the first time a peculiar singing noise in her breast, which was also audible to other persons, and rose and fell in strength and pitch. The sound is said to be due to a malformation of the heart valves, which sets up vibration.

Engineers, as most of us know, are famous for their ready resources in emergencies. During the recent Chinese war it was necessary to get a number of troops across a river in a great hurry, to prevent the enemy taking an important position. There was no bridge and there were no boats. An engineer took a detachment to a village near by, raided it and came back with a number of coolies, each carry-But the Man did not die. Nor did | ing one of these large painted coffins which every Chinaman keeps in his house. With these as pontoons, a bridge was improvised, and the men got across in time, thereby saving the loss of much time, ammunition and rhaps valuable lives

