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LITTLE JEAN.

She was wedded last night—
  Little Jean—
In a satin gown, white,
  All a-sheen,
And a heaven-joy burned
In her eyes as she turned
From the chancel—a bride!
And the man at her side
Led her out like a queen—
  Little Jean!

She has gone far away—
  Little Jean,
And a tale grave-and-gay
  Do I glean,
As I stand at the door
Of the room where no more
She will come for the white,
Happy thoughts, golden-bright,
Of a maiden's heart, sweet and serene—
  Little Jean!

Like a casket bereft
  Little Jean,
Is the wee room you left
  Yester-e'en!
Ah, the low, empty chair,
And the long mirror there,
And the dainty white bed,
Where you knelt as you said
Your last maiden prayer, all unseen—
  Little Jean!

But my heart is content,
  Little Jean,
For the way that you went
  Dear, I ween,
Is a path blossom-strown,
And you walk not alone—
Human love and divine
'Round you fondly entwine,
And an angel's white wings are your screen—
  Little Jean!

—Lida Keck-Wiggins, in Myerson's Magazine.

THE TIGER.

By W. R. ROSE.

The grizzled old man shook his head discouragingly.

"I like you well enough, Dave," he said, "but you got to prove yourself a man before you can talk business with me."

"Ain't I big enough, major? And old enough? And strong enough?"

"You've got inches an' the years, Dave—I ain't denyin' that. But how about the sperit?"

"I guess I've got that, too, major. Only there isn't anything to bring it out. Tell me how I can prove it for you."

"That's jest it—how can you prove it? Supposin' there was a war to break out tomorrow—do you think you'd have the courage to step up and put your name down as I did in '61?"

"I guess I would, major."

The old man eyed him with disfavor.

"I guess you think you would, Dave. That's a good deal diff'rent from actially doin' it."

The young man sat up a little straighter.

"But really, major, you don't expect me to get out and start war just to prove my courage, do you?"

The old man frowned.

"I don't like to hear you speak in that trifiin' tone about war, young man. You remember what old Tecumpsaid war was. If you'd been up with us in the old cemetery at Gettysburg with the shot and shell—"

The young man hastily broke in.

"Yes, I know, major. That's a part of the history of the country. I can't expect to get any such chance as that."

"Chances like that," said the old man, solemnly, "don't come more'n once in a thousand years."

"That's about 960 years longer than I care to wait, major."

Again the old man frowned at the youngster.

"Dave Craig," he said, "I've got nothin' against you personally. I'm glad to see you prosperin'. They tell me your doin' well with your surveyin', an' I don't doubt your word a minute when you say you can support a wife. But my grandchild comes of fightin' stock an' she can't marry any man till he's proved himself worthy. She ain't goin' to forget that she has a grandfather who bled at Gettysburg. Why, it seems as if 'twas yesterday. There he was up there in th' old cem'tery behind the stone wall——"

"Yes, yes, major, I know. It was magnificent. No wonder you're proud of it."

"I ain't proud of it," snapped the old man. "No man that is a man should be proud of doin' his duty."

"Certainly not major. I didn't mean to put it in that way. I meant that it isn't any wonder your friends are proud of you—and so, for the matter of that, is the entire country."

"That sounds better," said the mollified old man. You're a good boy, Dave, an' I'd as soon give you Millie as I would any youngster I know. But you've got to prove your courage first, my boy. Every time I look at you I have to remember that your father was a parson."

"He was a much loved man, Major Gaines."

"That's true enough. But bein' a parson he couldn't help bein' a man of peace. You look a good deal like your father, Dave."

"I'm proud of that."

"Of course, of course, An' no doubt he was proud to hear people say that you looked like him. I'm always a good deal pleased when somebody notices that Millie looks like me."

The young man opened his eyes a little wider as he surveyed the old man's gnarled and weather-beaten features. Then he slowly smiled.

"I hope you'll take it as a compliment, major, when I tell you that I think Millie is the prettiest girl in the entire county—or the entire state, for that matter."

The old man chuckled.

"Your father was always a great hand for makin' little soft-soapin' speeches like that. He used to fill the contribution plates in just that way. But there, Dave, you give me a proof of your courage an' I'll talk business with you from the word go. Millie knows just what I think about it, an' if she wants you she'll wait."

The young man looked a little disconsolate as he turned away.

"Will stopping a runaway horse do, major?" he called back.

"Yes," chuckled the old man. "But I don't b'lieve there's a horse in the township that ain't too lazy to run."

David Craig found Millie waiting for him on the bench just around the bend in the road and close to the old spring. She shook her head when she saw his sober face.

"Poor David," she said. "I told you how it would be."

He dropped onto the bench beside her.

"I've got to save somebody from a burning building, Millie," he said. "Or flag a train that is running to destruction; or snatch a child from before a racing automobile." He looked around at the girl. "Do you suppose your grandfather would consider it a high grade of courage if I ran away with you, dear?"

The girl shook her curls vigorously.

"You'd better not attempt it, Mr. David Craig. I'm not going to cross my grandfather—not even to help along your desperate endeavors to prove your courage. Grandfather is an old dear, even if he is a little prejudiced in his views. He's all the relative I have, Master Craig, and I'm not going to hurt his feelings, nor destroy his confidence, by any such foolish act."

"All right, Millie, I merely suggested it to see what you would say. But you'll wait for me, won't you, while I prowl about looking for a good opening for an ambitious hero?"

"I'll wait for you, David. But you mustn't let me drift into spinsterhood while you do the prowling."

"I'll be as expeditious as possible, dear. What's that?"

"Sit a little further along, David, someone is coming."

The someone proved to be a red-haired boy in a light wagon driving an ancient white horse. He drew up his steed opposite the young people.

"Hullo," he called to them.

"Hullo," David called back.

"Sparking?"

David frowned darkly.

"Move along," he growled.

The boy grinned.

"Just come over from Boiseville. My name is Shorter. Bob Shorter."

"Goodby, Bob Shorter," said David Craig.

"Most people call me Reddy," chuckled the boy.

"If you're ready why don't you go?" queried David Craig in a highly sarcastic tone.

But the boy showed no disapproval of this somewhat broad hint.

"Guess you haven't heard of it," he said.

"Heard of what?"

"Mebby you wouldn't be settin' there if you had heard of it."

"What do you mean by that?"

The boy leaned a little forward. His eyes shone.

"There's a tiger running loose!" he hissed.

"A tiger!"

"A royal Bengal. Jim Sturgis told me it was a man eater, an' Hi Paine says it's thirteen feet long an' heaveir'n a steer."

"What are you talkin' about?"

"'Bout a tiger that escaped from a show in Boiseville. It got outen its cage some time las' night, but the circus folks didn't let on it was gone until this mornin'. More'n fifty men is lookin' fer it with guns an' clubs."

"Which way did it go?" queried David Craig.

"The circus folks think it struck out for th' big woods east o' th' town. But jest as like as not it whirled round an' come this way. I feel a trifle skittish 'bout it myself. But I'll bet ol' Jim here would run like all get out of he smelled any tiger smell. Thought I'd stop an' tell you."

"Thank you," said David Craig.

"Thet's all right," cried the boy as he gathered up the reins. "I didn't want you to feel surprised of you saw a monstrous cat boundin' across the fields. So long." He chuckled to the old horse and the wagon rattled along. Suddenly he pulled up. "Whoa!" he cried. "Here's the Boiseville Times." he called to David and tossed the paper." And he started up the old horse again.

David Craig opened the paper and stared hard at the tiger story.

"Millie," he said, "here's my chance, I must catch that Bengal tiger."

The girl laughed.

"There are fifty brave men ahead of you," she said.

"But perhaps the brute came this way. No, I can't expect any such luck. At the same time I'd like to meet the striped chap if I had my gun and Nero with me."

"Nero?"

"Yes, that's the big mastiff that Tom Cooper left with me when he started for Florida last Monday. He's a splendid fellow—the biggest dog in the county." He stopped suddenly and stared at the girl. "By Jove, Millie," he cried, "I have an idea!"

"You alarm me, David."

"Don't laugh. This is serious."

"That's still worse."

"Listen, Millie. Take that paper home with you and read the tiger story to your grandfather. Read it slowly and carefully. Act scared. Don't let your grandfather forget about it. Talk tiger to him till the air is full of stripes. Understand?"

"David Craig, what are you up to?"

"I'm going to prove myself a hero before yonder sun dips below the western hills, and don't you overlook it."

"The sun?"

"No, the heroism. You do your part and I'll look after the rest. Come now, hunt up your grandfather and get busy. Don't forget that he's a maneater!"

"Who, grandfather?"

"No, the tiger. Away with you."

He watched her till she disappeared around the turn in the road.

Then he turned and walked briskly toward his home in the village. When he reached the general store he went in and bought two small cans of household paint—one can of brown paint and one can of yellow paint. He bought a small, flat brush, too.

It was late in the afternoon when David Craig reappeared at the home of Millie and her grandfather.

She was on the porch as he came up the driveway.

"Where is your grandfather?" he asked in a low tone.

"Gone out to the barn."

"Have you talked tiger to him?"

"Yes, Dave. I've got him quite nervous and anxious about it. Is there anything new?"

"Yes, Millie." He looked toward the barn a little anxiously. "They were mistaken about the route the tiger took. He is coming this way. He is almost due."

"Coming here?"

"Yes, Millie. Oh, he's a fine tiger—a regular work of art! You mustn't irritate him. He has a nasty temper. I guess he feels ugly about his stripes."

"What do you mean, David Craig?"

"I mean that I've got a tiger that was made to order and exactly fits the occasion. And all the materials required were one mastiff dog and two cans of paint."

"David Craig, I'm ashamed of you."

"You'll call me hero before you're an hour older.

"It's a shameful deception."

"You don't mean to say you would prefer the real brute?" He looked around anxiously. "I hope your grandfather isn't going to stay in that barn all day. Hark."

A clear whistle that seemed to come from the clump of trees across the nearest field, shrilly sounded.

"What's that?" cried the girl.

"The tiger is coming, David answered. "Where's your grandfather?"

"Here he comes," the girl replied.

"And here comes the tiger!" cried David.

Sur enough a huge tawny beast was bounding toward them across the big field. Yellow and brown stripes, and there were streaks of white on his hideous face.

"What a frightful creature!" murmured the girl.

David Craig sprang forward.

"The Tiger!" he roared. "Run for the house, major, run!" The old man looked up. He followed the direction indicated by David's outstretched hand.

"Run, grandfather," shouted the girl. "Quick, quick! It's the man eater!"

The beast was fast nearing the hedge when the old man caught sight of it. He turned and ran like a deer for the open door.

Just as he reached this haven of safety the huge brute bounded over the hedge and made straight for the young man.

"In, in!" shrieked David.

"David, David!" screamed the girl as the old major, pushing her before him, crowded into the hallway and slammed and locked the door behind him. The next instant he and the girl watched for the expected tragedy from the sitting-room window.

As the beast approached him David made ready for the attack. It came almost instantly. The striped brute rose up on its hind legs and precipitated itself against the young hero. The latter grasped it instantly by the tawny throat, and for a moment they swayed to and fro, the brute making desperate efforts to free himself from David's dogged grip. Then they went down together and rolled about on the soft turf, and now the man was upmost and now the tiger. To the pair at the window it looked as if the man's chance for victory was too slight to be considered. Over and over they rolled, getting further and further from the house. And then, with a suddenness that was a shock, the man and tiger arose together and the man still had the brute by the throat and side by side they ran down the driveway and turned into the pathway across the field. Still side by side, the man urging the brute onward, they raced across the field, and presently disappeared amid the trees of the distant bit of woods.

"Fine," gasped the excited major. "I didn't think the lad had it in him."

A half hour later the hero returned. His face was flushed, his hair matted and his collar unfastened.

The girl was waiting for him on the porch.

"Oh, David!" was all she could murmur. Before she could go any further she suddenly choked up.

"How was it?" whispered David.

"Splendid," the girl whispered back.

"Isn't Turk the great mimic

"Much better than the tiger

"Here's the Boiseville after paper," murmured David. "The ght the tiger near there just n. Don't let the major see t y. Better burn it as soon as you

The girl suddenly gave him a warning look. He glanced up.

The major was standing in the doorway.

"Come up, David, my boy," he called to the young man, "come up. I want to shake you by the hand, my lad, and say to you that your courage is the real Gettysburg kind. You can have Millie any time you want her. But what did you do with the tiger?"

"I put him in safe hands," the young man replied.

"His keeper's?"

"Yes."

"Good. You ought to be thankful to the brute, David, for givin' you just the opportunity you was lookin' for."

"I am very thankful, major."

And he took Millie's hand.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LIKE A STREAM OF FIRE.

Illuminated Shells for Use in New Automatic Guns.

A new and important function has been added to the already deadly shell—visibility of its flight at night. By means of a torch attached to the base of the shell it is possible to watch it throughout the entire course and to see clearly the exact point at which it strikes. With the automatic guns now fast coming into general use and firing one-pound shells at a rate of four shots a second, a practically continuous stream of fire is thrown which can be directed like water from a hose, without using the sights of the gun, and without knowing the range.

Much of practical value was learned from the Japanese-Russian war. In repelling the attacks of torpedo boats it is easy to imagine how difficult is the work of the gunner when the searchlight of the battleship suddenly picks up a moving torpedo boat, where but a moment before the sea was blank. There is no time to find the range or elevate the sights. The swiftly-moving destroyer must be hit, and hit hard, before it reaches the 800-yard mark, where it will discharge its first 18-inch Whitehead. The time allowed to a gunner in which to strike some vital part is a little over one minute, and his responsibilities are great. The suddenness with which he is called into action makes his work difficult. It is for these emergencies when accuracy and extreme rapidity of fire are demanded that the illuminated shell is expected to be mose effective.

Exhaustive tests by the army and navy show that by its aid field batteries can go into action at night without any previous knowledge of the range, and that it promotes the effectiveness of fire from coast artillery by showing the exact trajectory of the shell, the drift by the wind and the amount of "lead" necessary to strike a swiftly-moving vessel at long range. Without the data gained by watching the flight of the first shell the correction for wind and speed of a moving target would be largely a matter of guess, and while the range can be correctly given, and the sights accurately set, it still requires uniform velocity of the shell for accurate work.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Egg of a great auk laid in captivity in the year 1846 has just been sold for $1,400.

Spain has greater mineral resources than any other country in Europe, including iron, copper, zinc, silver, antimony, quicksilver, lead and gypsum.

The burning of Rome in A. D. 64 lasted for eight days and destroyed five-sevenths of the city. In the great fire of London (1666), on the other hand, the flames swept over only 436 acres.

In the Friends' burial grounds in Salem, N. J., there stands the largest oak tree in the state, and possibly the largest in the United States. It is now used as the "trademark" of the New Jersey Forestry Association.

The loss of life and property through children playing with fire and matches is so great that the British fire prevention committee has offered a prize for the best warning story on the dangers of such play.

The drum has been abandoned by the French army. The reason for this is the short term service. It takes a year and a half to make a drummer, so that no sooner would one become proficient than he would have to return to civil life.

The mole is a nuisance when it turns up the lawn or goes down a row of some favorite crop, but it is claimed that the mole is a friend of the farmer, living upon worms and grubs, the benefit he imparts being greater than the damage inflicted.

Spaniards have sprung from a greater variety of stocks than any other European people. The country itself was known to the Greeks and Romans by the name of Spania, Hispania and Iberia, and the earliest known race of inhabitants were called Iberians, but almost from the time Spanish history begins the Celts had invaded the country and had intermarried with the Iberians.

A driver of a train from Glasgow to Aberdeen saw a bird fly across the track directly in front of the locomotive, which was travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour. At Stirling, the first stopping place, he went forward to investigate, and found a fine specimen of the barn owl dead, but clinging to the hand-rail in front of the smoke-box. Strange to relate, not a single feather had been ruffled.

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For Oxford, 11.12 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. week days.
For Clayton and way stations, 7.19 a. m. and 2.11 p.m. week days.
For Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia, 7.19 a.m. and 2.11 p. m. week days.
For Harrington, Seaford, Delmar and way stations, 7.19 a.m. and 2.11 p. m. week days.
For tickets and other information apply to Ticket agent.

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Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railway Company.

Schedule effective Sept. 11th, 1905.

Trains leave Daily except on Sunday.

West Bound.		
Ocean City	6.40 A. M.	2.05 P. M.
Berlin	6 56 "	2.21 "
Salisbury,	7.47 "	3.18 "
Hurlock,	8.37 "	4.10 "
Easton	9.11 "	4 45 "
Claiborne,	9.55 "	5.20 "
Ar. Baltimore	1.20 P. M.	

East Bound.		
Baltimore		† 4.10 P. M.
Claiborne	*9.45 A. M.	† 7.45 "
Easton	*10.18 "	† 8.22 "
Hurlock	*10.53 "	† 8.56 "
Salisbury,	*11.45 "	† 9.48 "
Berlin	*12.30 P. M.	†10.33 "
Ar. Ocean City	*12.45 P. M.	†10.45 "

East Bound, Saturday Only.
Le. Baltimore . . . . 3.00 P. M.
Easton, ... 7.12 "
Salisbury . . . . 8.38 "
Ocean City . . . 9.35 "

† Daily except Saturday and Sunday.
* Daily except Sunday.

Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railway Company.

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