THE MAN WHO WINS.

The man who wins is the man who works—
The man who toils while the next man shirks;
The man who stands in his deep distress
With his head held high in the deadly press—
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows
The value of pain and the worth of woes—
Who a lesson learns from the man who fails
And a moral finds in his mournful wails;
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays
In the unsought paths and the rocky ways;
And perhaps, who lingers, now and then,
To help some failure to rise again,
Ah! he is the man who wins.

And the man who wins is the man who hears
The curse of the envious in his ears,
But who goes his way with his head held high
And passes the wrecks of the failures by—
For he is the man who wins.

—Henry Edward Warner, in Baltimore News.

PRISCILLA'S MISTAKE

BY NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

PRISCILLA stirred the cranberries with hands that trembled from some inward emotion. Somehow her heart did not seem to be in it to-day, the anniversary dinner—hers and Jim's—that had always been her culinary joy and pride. Her thoughts kept traveling back to that day—her wedding day—just five years ago, when their happiness seemed, indeed, almost too full to last in this life.

The woman paused in her preparations to rest for a moment. She sat down on the crude kitchen chair and lifted the corner of her checked gingham apron to wipe away the moisture that had collected on her forehead from bending over the steaming range. For an instant she seemed to lose sight of her surroundings; two big hot tears welled up to her eyes and rolled slowly down each tanned cheek.

A squirrel scampered out on the limb of a sycamore near the kitchen window and regarded her with his head on one side, as though wondering what it was that made Priscilla sad. Just then the little cuckoo clock in the dining room, Jim's present on her last birthday, struck the noon hour, rousing Priscilla from her reverie. She got up hurriedly, and taking down a long agate spoon from a hook commenced to baste the turkey.

From time to time, she glanced half-expectantly, half-anxiously, through the narrow little window for some sign of her husband. He generally came in about that time for dinner, but the minutes dragged themselves slowly by, and one o'clock chimed; still no welcoming face from the doorway. What could it mean? Priscilla wondered, intuitively guessing, what it could be that had power to detain him on this day of all others. With a half-smothered sigh, she crushed back the maddening thoughts that seemed beating into her brain, and made a pitiful effort to hum some bright little air.

Half an hour later, the potatoes were ready for peeling and the rolls had browned to a faultless crust. Jim's wife could not repress the quick thrill of pride that went through her, as she took a snowy cloth from the neat pine linen shelf and started toward the cozy dining room to spread the table for three.

She found 'Lisbeth curled up fast asleep in the middle of the old-fashioned lounge that had come to her from her grandmother, a tiny yellow kitten with big eyes pressed close to her chubby cheek.

The mother's eyes, alight with the joy that is greater than all others, rested fondly upon the sleeping child for an instant. Then she went closer and knelt down by her darling—the miniature of Jim—and kissed the smooth, flushed face.

After the table had been put in order and set agleam with white and gold china and the "best silver," Priscilla went back to the kitchen to put the finishing touches to the array of appetizing dishes spread here and there about the range to keep warm. She waited another fifteen minutes, but still Jim did not come. She was not a jealous or suspicious wife, but how could she help remembering at this time the preoccupied manner he had worn for the past few weeks—the broken, disturbed sentences of his dreams—and more than all, the bits of torn paper she had found in the pocket of one of his old coats while mending it—his agitation when she showed them to him?

As yet there was only a heavy sinking of her heart, a sort of vague, undefined misery which she tried heroically to put down.

The fire needed replenishing, and she started toward the woodshed for a stick of oak, resolutely brushing away the tears that kept coming to her eyes. But somehow they wouldn't stop, and she seemed to walk without seeing, as one in a dream. She selected a stout log to fit the range, and turned slowly to retrace her steps. As she passed the corn crib, voices from the vicinity of the summer house beyond came distinctly to her sharpened ears, and she halted involuntarily. It was his voice, sure enough, and the other, unmistakably that of a woman!

"Don't—don't cry," he was saying, half-pityingly, half-tenderly. "Good God, it's hard enough as it is—but to see you like this—Margaret!"

Priscilla did not wait to hear more. Her great dark eyes had grown black with indignation, and pain marked livid streaks across her face. With a sudden, crazed impulse, she turned quickly and ran toward the house. Only once she turned her head over her shoulder to glance back. Her hand went to her breast in a little gesture of despair that women employ when all the light seems to die out of their life at once. She did not even stop to think, but sped on—on as fast as her feet could carry her, to the old-fashioned lounge in the dining room where 'Lisbeth still slept her pure sleep. The woman's breath came in quick, dry sobs, and for the first time she broke down, as she bent over the child. She paused, wavering. The next minute Jim's false eyes looked up into her own through the baby's guileless ones, and her resolution was taken.

For a moment she closed her eyes to shut out all the happy past forever, and a prayer for the future —for strength, endurance—went up to the God she had worshiped in hours of ease as well as in those of pain. Then she locked her white lips determinedly and crossed the hall to her own little bed room. It was the work of an instant to snatch up a hat and wrap for herself and something for the child; to find the little pile she had laid aside for a rainy day—for her and Jim and the baby—and pass out alone into the world.

Some irresistible thing seemed to impel her to take the path that led around back of the vine-screened summer house and to look for the last time, unnoticed, upon the face of him who had been her world—her very life—now irrevocably lost to her. As she neared the familiar spot, something seemed to clutch at her throat and a strong rush of feeling made her shiver.

IT WAS HIS VOICE, SURE ENOUGH, AND THE OTHER, UNMISTAKABLY THAT OF A WOMAN!

For a moment she stood still, irresolute. A soft wind lifted the loose hair that lay about her hot forehead, and cooled the fierce throbbing of her temples.

She leaned her head in a tired little way against the great, sympathetic trunk of an aged oak, and hugged 'Lisbeth close to her breast. Just then the breeze, blowing in that direction, again bore her husband's voice to her, and she strained her ears to catch the words—the last she should ever hear from his lips. The sound of the familiar tones that had been dearer than all others to her caused the scalding tears to rain down the woman's face and burn her very soul, but with a sudden access of pride she controlled herself and—waited.

"Here is all the money I have—take it and go, and for Heaven's sake—for your own sake—try to live right. God knows I am not the man to kick a woman because she is down, and my own sister at that. Good-by, Margaret, —try to be a woman——"

Priscilla heard, and her breath came and went in quick sobs of relief; her heart beat wildly in her bosom and a great flood of thanksgiving poured in upon her soul. She realized it all now, and understood. Gathering their child closer in her arms, she turned and fled noiselessly across the lawns that separated the summer house from their home.

Ten minutes later Jim came in, and his wife's unclouded welcome—the first for many a day—made his great kind heart throb with a new joyousness.

He disappeared for a moment to change his linen for dinner, and Priscilla dropped on her knees by the chair he was wont to occupy, and kissed the arm where his hand would rest.

"The truest, kindest, noblest man in all the world!" she told herself softly, as she set the steaming, fragrant dishes on the table. "And to think that for one moment I doubted him—my husband!"

When Jim came in and took his place opposite to her, she threw him a radiant smile and leaned over to kiss the baby.

"It is nicer even than our wedding day, dear," she said, as she fastened 'Lisbeth's bib about her throat.

Jim's eyes met those of his wife in an answering smile and he took up the carvers.—Home Magazine.

Suicide of a Mine Mule.

A mule deliberately committed suicide by drowning in the Hoffman mine, near Frostburg. The animal was hitched to a post in the mine, but broke away and ran down the incline to the water, the mine being partly flooded, and plunged in. All efforts of the driver to get the mule out were unavailing, and the animal stood in eight feet of water, with its nose on the bottom until life was extinct. —Baltimore Sun.

Crow Indians Wealthy

Tribe in Montana Owns Three Million Acres of Land and an Irrigation System

"The Crow Indians," said J. E. Edwards, who is government agent for that tribe, in talking with a Washington Times reporter at the Ebbitt, "have a magnificent reservation of over 3,000,000 acres of land in Montana. I think it is about the best reservation in the United States. They want to sell 1,150,000 acres, and there is a prospect of such legislation being enacted by the present congress.

"There are about 2,000 of the Crows. They came nearer maintaining the purity of their Indian blood than any other tribe. At the same time their numbers are decreasing. Consumption has done its fell work among them, and its ravages continue. It seems strange that they should be such easy victims to this disease, considering the robust original stock and their active outdoor life. But it is true that there is no community, nor race, in the world where the mortality is so great from tuberculosis as among these full-blood Crows. It is largely due, many think, to their imprudence in personal exposure and neglect of simple rules of health.

"They have about $700,000 invested in irrigation facilities, and are about the most industrious Indians in the country, raising large crops of wheat and hay. The older ones retain many of the primitive ways of the aborigines, but the rising generation is copying the civilization of the whites."

A Gladstone Escapade.

It is very hard for any of us to realize that the world's great men were once boys, and often mischievous and fun-loving boys at that. Children are always delighted to hear of some frolic indulged in by some great man when he was a boy, and so they will surely appreciate the following:

Next door to Mr. Gladstone's home when he was a little boy lived a lady who gave large evening receptions, and during the evening there would be many coachmen and footmen waiting outside. Gladstone and his brother would go on the top floor of their house, armed with squirt guns, with which they squirted the coachmen and footmen waiting in the street below. Henry Chaplin said the way in which the venerable statesman chuckled at the recollection of these youthful escapades was most amusing. He said that Mr. Gladstone became quite convulsed when he proceeded to tell him how delightful he and his brother were to hear the servants expressing their wonder as to where the rain came from.

Marriages of Convicts.

Marriages between convicts continue to be permitted in the Andaman Islands. Last year the superintendent received sixty-eight applications for such unions. Of these, four free and thirty-two convicts were sanctioned and the balance (thirty-two) were refused.

It was the brotherhood of man rather than the sisterhood of the saints that Christ revealed.

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Jan. 27. 1900. CHESTERTOWN MD

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Standard and Registered Vol. XV.

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Bay Stallion, whorl in center between the eyes, white at bottom of right hind heel, foaled April 6th, 1897 ; 15½ hands high, weighs 1000 pounds Bred by Wm. Russell Allen, Pittsfield, Mass. I have owned this horse since he was two years old. He is stylish, has good disposition, is a fine driver and shows speed though never having been trained. His breeding should recommend him to any one wishing to raise first-class drivers. Sire Lancelot 6860, record (5) 2.23; Champion, sire at 5 and 6 years old.

FIRST DAM :—Mintaka, half sister to Refina, 2.08¼ ; by Chichester 6247 (2.25¼), sire of Luxon 2.11¼ ; Stornaway 2.19, and eight others.

SECOND DAM :— Mina Wilkes, dam of Refina 2.08¼, and sister to Kentucky Wilkes 2.21¼; by George Wilkes 519 (2.22), sire of '23.

THIRD DAM :—Minna, dam of Kentucky Wilkes 2 21¼; Madison Wilkes 2.24¼, grandam of Refina 2.08¼, etc., by Red Jacket (inbred Morgan.)

FOURTH DAM :—Undine by Grey Eagle ; Lancelot 6860, (2 23) is young at the stud and is the sire of seven, including Lyric 2.14¼, Malvolis 2.17½, and Unhamen 2.22¼ ; by Messenger Duroc 106; dam Green Mountain Maid, dam of nine; by Harry Clay 45

Lancelot colts from mares by Chichester have been his best. The Austrian winners at two and three years old, Darling Boy and Trolley Girl being bred this way. He is the fastest and youngest son of Green Mountain Maid, dam of Electioneer. the king of trotting sires.

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