LIFE.

PESSIMIST.

There is never a thing we dream or do
But was dreamed and done in the ages gone;
Everything's old; there is naught that is new,
And so it will be while the world goes on.

The thoughts we think have been thought before;
The deeds we do have long been done;
We pride ourselves on our love and lore
And both are as old as the moon and sun.

We strive and struggle and swink and sweat,
And the end for each is one and the same;
Time and the sun and the frost and wet
Will wear from its pillar the greatest name.

No answer comes for our prayer or curse,
No word replies though we shriek in air;
Ever the tactiturn universe
Stretches unchanged for our curse or prayer.

With our mind's small light in the dark we crawl,
Glow-worm glimmers that creep about,
Till the power that shaped us, over us all
Poises His foot and treads us out.

Unasked, He fashions us out of clay,
A little water, a little dust,
And then in our holes He thrusts us away,
With never a word, to rot and rust.

'Tis a sorry play with a sorry plot,
This life of hate and of lust and pain,
Where we play our parts and are soon forgot,
And all that we do is done in vain.

OPTIMIST.

There is never a dream but it shall come true,
And never a deed but was wrought by plan;
And life is filled with the strange and new,
And ever has been since the world began.

As mind develops and soul matures,
These two shall parent earth's mightier acts,
Love is a fact and 'tis love endures
Though the world makes wreck of all other facts.

Through thought alone shall our age obtain
Above the ages gone before;
The tribes of sloth, of brawn, not brain,
Are the tribes that perish, are known no more.

Within ourselves a voice of awe,
And a hand that points to balanced scales,
The one is love and the other law,
And their presence alone it is avails.

For every shadow about our way
There is a glory of moon and sun;
But the hope within us hath more of ray
Than the light of the sun and the moon in one.

Behind all being a purpose lies,
Undeviating as God hath willed;
And he alone it is who dies
Who leaves that purpose unfulfilled.

Life is an epic the Master sings,
Whose theme is man and whose music, soul,
Where each is a word in the song of things,
That shall roll on while the ages roll.

—Madison Cawein, in Smart Set.

"GRIP," THE TALKING CROW

A True, Fascinating Story.

By Eudora Block.

GRIP came into my possession in this wise: One day in April I chanced to meet a couple of urchins who had been robbing crows' nest, thinking they were doing a vast good for the farmers by exterminating the robbers of their cornfields. I had long believed that the crow was not so black as he was painted, and that for every kernel of corn he stole he destroyed many grubs and insects, which would have injured the crops far more than the bird could have done with all of his depredations.

A sorrier object I never saw than this poor kidnaped baby crow crouching in the folds of a ragged and tattered old hat. He was very ugly in his half-fledged feathers, with large head and long beak, but he looked so pitiful that my heart went out to him at once.

We soon had made a bargain. The boys then ran off with happy faces and still happier hearts, clutching a few dimes in their little fists, while I proceeded homeward with my newly found pet wrapped in my handkerchief.

As soon as I had reached home I placed him in a good-sized chicken crate under a large pine tree in the front yard, where I fed him bread and milk, which he gulped down greedily, and, like Oliver Twist, kept, crying for more, until I thought his appetite never would be appeased. I kept him in the crate for several days, feeding him very often. When he saw me approaching he would spread his wings, open his mouth, and shrilly "Caw, caw, caw!" for something to eat. His appetite was voracious. He would eat anything given to him; meat, bread, cake, fruit, eggs, all went greedily into his gullet. I wondered how the parent crows ever kept filled the maws of a hungry family.

Grip's babyhood did not last long. He grew so rapidly that in three weeks he was a full-fledged crow, with beautiful glossy black feathers, of which he was very proud.

A large bed of pansies near the house, which was my pride, was his especial delight. Every morning I would pluck the blossoms, which were so like little faces that smiled up to me. Grip was always on hand to assist me, but he would ruin every flower by snipping it off, and he did it so spitefully I knew that he was jealous of the flowers I loved.

"Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," I would say to him, sometimes using a little switch to drive him off. The moment I was out of sight, however, down he would swoop again into the pansy bed, and "snip, snip" would go their heads. There was scarcely an hour in the day when some one was not calling out, "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," for the whole family kept watch over those pansies.

At times Grip would be very loving. Alighting on my shoulder he would cuddle down close to my face, uttering soft little croaking notes. Then he would slyly pull the pin from my collar, and begin snatching at the hair pins in my braids. At other times, when I called him he would not come to me, but would alight near me, and look at me so impishly while I pleaded, "Come here, Grip; come, Grippy, come here."

One day I was coaxing him thus as he hopped along on the top board of the fence. He put his head down and seemed to be choking and swallowing. After several such spasms he uttered the words, "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," very distinctly. I could hardly believe my ears. Grip, my crow, could say three words: "Go 'way, Grip." For a long time he had chattered and made guttural noises. He would scream and laugh like a young imp. But now he could talk, and, aside from being surprised I was delighted. He soon learned to say "Go 'way, Grip," without effort, and not long after that I heard him say, "Come here, Grip; come, Grippy, come here," in the same coaxing tone I used to him.

Rainy days were his delight. Then he held high carnival on the woodpile, where he would chatter and laugh, coax and scold by turns: "Come here, Grip, come here," in a soft, coaxing tone; then harshly, "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way." It sounded as if two children were quarreling.

Later he learned to say "All right," "Hurry up," and almost any hour in the day he could be heard, if not seen, practicing his new accomplishments.

During that fall I taught the district school, half a mile from home. It was a pleasant walk in good weather. Grip was on hand to see me safely on my way each morning. He would hop or fly along, or ride on my shoulder, until he came to the bridge which spanned the creek just half way to the school house. Then he would fly up in a tall willow tree bending over the water. Thus far would he go, but no farther.

One morning, however, he alighted on the window of the school house, tapping loudly with his beak upon the glass to be let in. The children all knew Grip. He was famed throughout the neighborhood for his powers of speech and his impish and cunning pranks. Immediately the hands went up to beg permission to let him in, with promises to be good and to study hard.

The unanimous request was granted, and Grip flew to my desk and began picking up pencils and pieces of chalk. Then he went from one desk to another, looking for more pencils. No doubt he thought he had struck a rich field. I must confess that lessons were forgotten, so intent were the children in watching this strange bird, which hopped from desk to desk and peered into their faces in such a curious way.

Alas! he came to an untimely death. One night he failed to meet me at the willow upon my return from school. No one had seen him that afternoon.

I found him in a shed, crouched upon an old barrel, looking very sick and miserable, and with green stains upon his bill. The can of Paris green was found overturned in the barn, and that told the story. The poor fellow had been eating the poison. He refused food, uttering plaintive little croaks as I stroked him and said "Poor Grip!" I left him for the night, hoping his crow constitution was strong enough to resist the deadly poison.

In the morning I found him sitting as I had left him, but no soft croak greeted me. He was cold and stiff in death. Do you wonder that my tears fell freely, and that I felt no shame in weeping for a dead crow?—St. Nicholas.

Titled Convicts in Jail.

A Vienna paper states that few people have any idea of the large number of men and women of noble birth undergoing penal servitude on the Continent, says the London Express.

It estimates that Russian prisons alone contain 12,000 aristocrats, while there are several thousand noblemen in the penal establishments of Italy. Two Dukes of Notarbartolo are, for instance, at present undergoing penal servitude for life in the Italian prison of La Maddalena for the brutal murder of a young officer whom they had swindled at card playing and who had threatened to denounce them as card sharpers.

Among the convicts in a Belgian prison are Prince Charles de Looz Coswarem, who committed a number of gigantic frauds and one crime of violence, and the Marquis of Varela for the murder of his own mother.

In France there are several hundred titled aristocrats in prison, and though no statistics are available regarding Austria and Germany, the same state of things is said to exist there, also.

London Crime.

Rarely does any official report contain such depressing matter as that on prisons just issuel from the Home Office, says the London correspondent of the Baltimore Herald. It formally records that during last year the number of people in prison increased by between 17,000 and 18,000, as compared with the previous year. In London criminality had so largely increased that between 3000 and 4000 prisoners of both sexes have to be transferred to provincial jails for lack of adequate accommodation in the metropolis. Nor is this terrible growth of lawlessness of an abnormal character; it appears to have acquired normality, judging from the fact that the number of London commitments increased from 38,373 in 1891 to 53,591 in 1901.

Cuvier's Collection Doomed.

The splendid cabinet of comparative anatomy in Paris begun by Cuvier, the distinguished naturalist, in 1796, and the completion of which occupied 21 years, is to be demolished by the authorities of the Jardin des Plantes. Among the numerous valuable specimens gathered and classified by Cuvier are the embalmed remains of the huge rhinoceros brought to his Versailles menagerie by Louis XIV. and which the gay monarch used to visit each week attended by his court. The carcass thus honored by the king and his sycophants was saved with difficulty by Cuvier in 1793 from the incensed revolutionists, who desired to burn it because it had been one of their "tyrant's" amusements.

Heroic Army Nurse.

A recent general order issued by Gen. Chaffee in the Philippines brings to public notice a heroine in the person of Army Nurse Alice Kemmer. While on leave she learned that a nurse was needed for two smallpox patients in the isolation hospital at Manila. Though she had never had the disease she relinquished her leave and volunteered for the duty. For two months, April and May, 1902, she was shut up with these patients, living in the room with one of them, an officer's wife, while the other, an enlisted man, was in an adjoining room. In intensely hot weather, without a relief, on duty day and night, she nursed them both back to health and with them was finally discharged from the hospital.

Deputy Sheriff Jane McWilliams.

Mississippi claims the honor of having the only woman deputy sheriff in the United States. Miss Jane McWilliams of Holly Springs is the chief deputy of her father, who holds the office of sheriff of Marshall county, and she actively assists in the discharge of the duties of the office, both in civil and criminal business. A few days since Miss McWilliams captured Arthur Gammon, a noted diamond thief, or at least, she followed his trail, and through her work he was landed in jail at Memphis.

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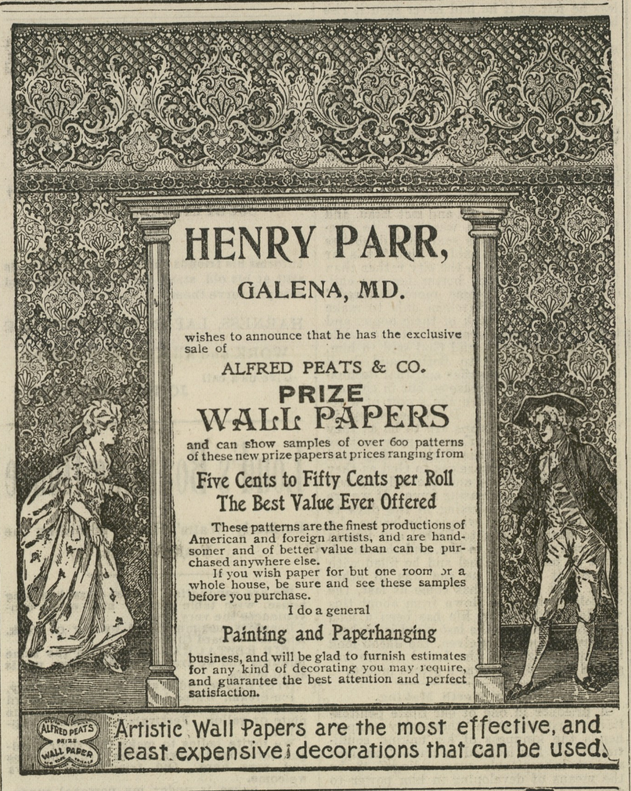

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