

### The Fool's Paradise

There was a fool who thought himself a king. He proudly strutted and his head was high; Men laughed who heard the poor fool muttering: "How wonderful am I!"

There was a king whose navy ruled the seas, But ever as he passed in regal state, He murmured to himself: "The least of these in my place could be great."

And would you be a king in purple clad Yet saddened by your common little-ness? Lord, let me be the scoffed-at fool and glad who cannot know nor guess. —S. E. Kiser.

## THE RIVAL'S LEGACY

BY CHARLES STOVAN DENT

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The river was licking the piles of the old wharf in a caressing sort of way, the sky was black overhead, and occasionally a few big drops of rain fell out of the heavenward murkiness and spattered the planking of the wharf in the glow of a few dim lights that were scattered along its edge.

Dent was standing in the glow of one of these lights looking upon the river. He was thinking of a home in the country, of a time five years ago, and of a girl with whom he had had a little misunderstanding. During the estrangement, the girl had married another man and gone away; and Dent had felt a deep loneliness ever since. And to-night, as the roar of the river filled his ears, he was thinking of what might have been.

"Ye look like the man as the woman wants to see, Mister."

Dent felt a tug at the corner of his coat, and looked down. A barefoot child was looking up into his face.

"Do you think so?" asked Dent.

"Yes, I reckon ye are," she said, "there was to a long scar across the man's cheek."

Involuntarily Dent touched the scar with his finger. He had got that from a knife wound while protecting the girl from a ruffian half a dozen years ago.

"An' the woman said your name would be John Dent; an' I reckon now that's it; an' it, Mister?"

"Where's the woman?" Dent had thrust his hands into his pockets and turned about.

"I was to tell you to follow me, if ye're the man."

"I guess I'm the man, little chap. Lead on."

The child hurried away, and Dent followed closely. Half a dozen blocks up the street, they turned into an alleyway and soon entered a building. At the top of a third flight of stairs the child opened a door.

"Ye're to come in here, Mister; an' she as sent me fer ye is a 'yin' on the bed over there."

Dent put his hand upon the child's head gently, then pushed past her toward the bed. But as he approached the woman half raised herself on the bed and fell cringing and moaning to the farther side.

"She's got off again," said the child. "She was talkin' sense all right when she sent me after ye."

John Dent had stopped and was gazing at the woman on the bed.

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed under his breath, "an' ye've come to this!"

"I reckon ye know her, then, Mister?" the child said, having caught his words and looking up into his face.

"Yes—that is, I used to. Where do you live, little chap?"

"Across the hall here."

"Well you can run along now—I'll stay here." He placed a coin in the child's hand, and she moved away toward the door.

"I'm glad you're going to stay," she said, "cause it's lots of bother to wait on sick folks."

When the child was gone, Dent went to the bedside. The woman, still cringing against the wall at the back of the bed, stared into his face, but there was no light of recognition in her eyes.

"Kittie," he began, tenderly, "don't ye know me?"

But there was no reply, and only a vacant stare met his eager inquiry.

Dent stood a moment by the bedside, then turned and went out of the room and down stairs, having closed

the door behind him. In a few minutes he returned and found the woman still in the cringing position in which he left her. Taking a

cup of water he again went to the bed.

"Kittie, you're to take this medicine," he said, holding a tablet between his fingers.

But the woman only stared, Dent waited a moment; then, setting down the cup of water, he reached over and took the woman in his arms. Then, sitting on the edge of the bed, he held her in his lap and, forcing the tablet between her teeth, after a mixture of force and persuasion, succeeded in getting her to swallow it. Then, placing her upon the bed again he drew the covering carefully about her and sat down near by, still holding one of her small hands which he began stroking tenderly.

Under this rhythmic rubbing and the influence of the narcotic Dent had given, Kittie soon fell asleep and was breathing regularly and even peacefully. For four hours the man sat there at the edge of the bed, rubbing the small, thin hand of the woman, while the rain poured upon the roof.

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"Thought Aunt About Due."

"Sir Edward Monson, the veteran English diplomat, who is now visiting America, served under Lord Lyons on Washington under Lincoln's administration, and has many interesting stories of Lincoln to relate."

"A distinguished old woman," he said the other day, "once called on Lincoln and railed and stormed over some fancied wrong that she had suffered at the government's hands."

"Mr. Lincoln listened to her politely, he talked to her in the kindly way he talked to everyone, and then, after she was gone, he turned to me and said:

"Little Edith heard the other day that a neighbor had shot his dog because it had grown old and cross. She studied the matter out awhile and then she looked up in her mother's face and said:

"Mamma, when do you think papa will shoot Aunt Martha?"

"Goldwin Smith's Good Work."

A unique figure is that of Goldwin Smith of Toronto, who was 82 years old the other day. He has lived and done public service in the United States, Canada and England, and enjoys a large share of esteem and affection in each country. Many years ago he took front rank as a scholar and thinker. A Toronto paper says of him: "In the country in which for much more than a generation Goldwin Smith has made his home he has borne his full part in the fray of human affairs, sometimes on the winning, sometimes on the losing side, exhibiting always a rare degree of personal force and courage of conviction, but never falling also to manifest the patience, courtesy and dignity that are alone consistent with real eminence of intellect and integrity of heart."

"Gorse."

Flaming up the mountain side, Gleaning in the valley, Love blooms gold by palace walls, Lights the dark town alley. For this truth is plain and clear, To deny were treason, When the gorse is out of bloom, Kissing's out of season.

Every day they claim its prize, Light heart and maiden, Every day climb hand in hand, With the bright spoil laden. "Hey!" they sing, and "Ho!" they shout (This is rhyme and reason), When the gorse is out of bloom, Kissing's out of season.

Sharp thorns lurk beneath the flames, Pain may come to-morrow, Pluck the burning love-lit boughs, 'Twill be worth the sorrow, Love must last throughout the year, To deny were treason, When the gorse is out of bloom, Kissing's out of season.

"The Lady."

"Too Well Trained."

They were showing the baby off to a group of Admiring Friends. The poor kid was made to go through his paces like a trained dog.

"How does the chicken go?" prompted mamma.

"Chirp, chirp," said baby, obediently.

"Ah, the little dear," exclaimed the Admiring Group.

"How does doggy go?"

"Bow, wow, wow," placidly replied the Prodigy.

"Oh, you little wizzikin!" fussed the Admirers, with true politeness.

"And how does papa go?"

And here a funny look came into baby's eyes, as he straightened up and said, soberly:

"Shut up oor noise!"

"The Truth of It."

"Yes," said the first shade in the Elysian fields, "I am Sir Walter Raleigh."

"Really?" exclaimed the new arrival. "Say, tell me, what was the real cause of your trouble with Queen Elizabeth?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Raleigh; "she wanted me to call her 'I's' and smoke cigarettes with her and I wouldn't do it, because you know, cigarettes weren't invented then."

"Catholic Standard and Times."

both of Kittie's hands and was lifting her slowly toward him.

"If I get well, John."

A beautiful man smiled for a moment played about her lips, then she allowed her tired head to drop over upon John's ample breast.

THE EAR OF THE COURT.

Counsel at Last Had Got What He Desired.

Many years ago, when Hugh L. Bond was judge of the United States Circuit Court, and was holding a term of the court in Raleigh, N. C., the late Henry A. Gilliam, afterward judge of the Superior Court of this state, appeared as counsel in some of the cases that were being tried before the Baltimore judge. During these trials the rulings of the court were uniformly against the clients of Judge Gilliam, and frequently Judge Bond would say to Judge Gilliam that there was no merit in his contentions and instruct him to proceed to something else.

After the session of the court had been concluded, Col. John W. Hinsdale, one of the leading lawyers of the court, gave a dinner to Judge Bond, and invited all the Raleigh lawyers who had attended the court.

In the meantime Col. Hinsdale had asked Judge Bond what was his favorite dinner dish and had been told "hog's head and turnip salad."

Judge Bond occupied the head of the table, and noticing the dish of hog's head and turnip salad immediately before him had the waiter present the same to Judge Gilliam with his compliments. The waiter did so, and Judge Gilliam seized the knife and commenced to saw on the hog's ear, remarking at the time "that this was the first time during the week that he had had the ear of the court."—New York Times.

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## Down English Lanes

(Special Correspondence.)

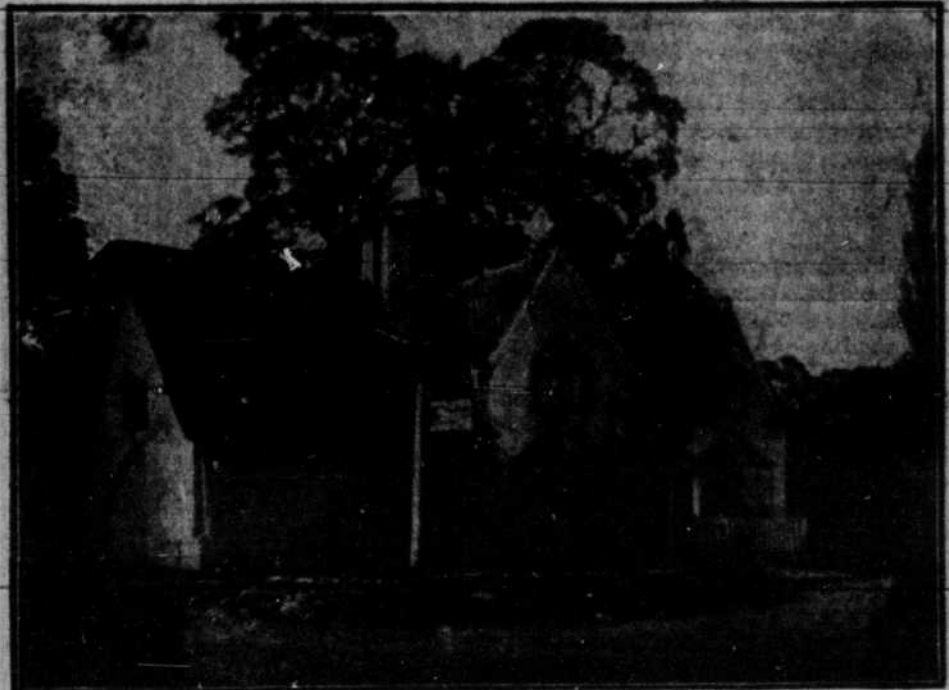
Have the pastoral beauty and serene philosophy of "The Complete Angler" never awakened in you a wish to spend a modern day in the footsteps of the sweetsouled preacher of the simple life who wrote it—to walk in the cool shade of the honeysuckle hedges where he once walked to watch country children cropping cul-verkeys in the same meadows that he trod, and the "trouts" disporting themselves in the silver streams he fished, to meet perchance with honest Coridon and Brother Peter at an inn?

If you are in London, nothing is more easily accomplished. The book, you remember, is in two parts. The scene of the second part is laid in the hill country of middle England, but that of the first deals with the region traversed by the River Lea. This stream, whither during twenty years or more the kindly sempster of Chancery lane was wont to repair on fishing trips, flows in placid beauty past the outskirts of London, inviting meek and thoughtful hearts to simple cheer and contemplation. Tottenham hill, up which Walton stretched his

over. While in Cheshunt the road catches somewhat of the spirit of town manners and for the nonce is no longer a road, but High street. It is graced with divers public houses with poetic signs, as "Rose and Crown," "The Roman Urn," the "Haunch of Venison" graced, too, with picturesque shops and dwellings, their entrance level with the pave. Some have dormer windows and gables and some have lattices that swing out; some have their gardens beside them on the street, but with high brick walls to screen their pleasant walks from the public gaze. One thinks of them as still echoing on wet nights to the sound of clinking pattens and calls of link boys. Past all, the street goes not in a hurried straight line, but in leisurely curves, whereby you see at one time but a modicum of all that the thoroughfare has to show and of that a part always slipping around a turn, continually lures you on.

The River Lea.

So through Cheshunt you come shortly to Broxbourne, where nearly



The Crown Inn.

legs on many a fine, fresh May morning when the seventeenth century was not so old as he, is still Tottenham hill, though in these eventful centuries the metropolis has crept northward till Tottenham town is quite swallowed up and the monstrous double-decked trams, gandy with insistent advertisements of soap and milk, rumble through it binding White-chapel to Edmonton two miles further on. If Edmonton strikes you as a familiar name it is because it was at "The Bell" there that John Gilpin, good citizen of credit and renown, was to have dined upon that fateful day when he mounted the calender's horse and galloped, much against his will, quite past Edmonton into enduring literature.

Waltham Cross.

Through a land of market gardens, the old highway winds. That is probably why there are so many costers' carts on the road—queer diminutive donkeys about the size of rocking horses and as patient; their small feet twinkling and pattering on the hard roadbed till one's heart is touched by their industry. Following them, you come, by and by, around a bend upon the village of Waltham Cross, with its antique cross in a fork of the ways, and an old-fashioned inn. The cross is one of the very few remaining memorials to the good Queen Eleanor, who, dying in the north some six centuries ago, was borne thence to London over this road and in every town where the funeral cortege rested there the king ordered that a cross "of cunning workmanship" should be erected to her dear memory. Readers



Cottage in Cheshunt.

of the Angler will remember that it was at an ale house near Waltham Cross that the king of those beggars lodged who afforded Piscator such entertainment.

Ancient Pillory Near Abbey.

A mile away, in the entry of the parish church at Waltham Abbey, stand a pillory and a pair of stocks which may have been "mist" by those careless vagabonds. The carpenter loves to show these relics of the olden times to visitors and to explain that under a considerate law the unfortunate fixed in their might be pelted, but only with soft things.

A thousand yards beyond Waltham Cross the highway turns to the village of Sheshunt, lapped in a flowery bed, for here are the famous rose gardens whose product is shipped the world

a century ago was printed a very tasteful edition of the Angler. The channel of the artificial New river—really new in Walton's day—here crosses the line of the high road. Passing through a wicket, you may turn down the fields toward the slender spires of Lombardy poplars, whose long line half a mile off marks the course of the Lea. A shady road past a mill leads to the bank of the little river, flowing amid rushes and willows and by green meadows, where wild flowers grow and the earth smells sweet—a scene of such perfect earthly peace and beauty that we seem to hear again the voice of the reverent master of anglers saying: "I'll tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank and looked down these meadows I thought of them as Charles the emperor did of the city of Florence—that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holy days."

There is a cosy inn, the Crown, by the waterside with pretty gardens at its back, and there if you choose, as doubtless you will after your long walk, you may have tea in one of the summer houses. A steaming hot pot of hohoea, a cold joint, a household loaf and jam, a bit of lettuce, a breeze off the river in your face the while, and the sunbeams filtering through the leafy screen to the music of bird notes—is not Arcady come again? Afterward, when the sun drops behind the village hill and the long afternoon shadows are swallowed up in the gathering twilight it is pleasant to stroll up the tow-path by the river's margin in the wake perhaps of Broxbourne lovers two by two. How still the air is. There is none of that insect clamor to which the ear is so accustomed in our American summer nights, that it is never quite realized until one is removed from it.

Exact Measurement.

Gov. Hoch, of Kansas, tells a good story on a friend of his in Topeka, who recently became engaged to a charming young girl.

"This happy young lover chanced to be in one of the department stores of that town when his eye caught a glimpse of a jeweled, belt that he thought his fiancée would like to have. Going over to the counter he asked the saleswoman to place an assortment of them on the counters so he could make a better choice.

"What size do you wish, sir?" she asked.

"The prospective bridegroom blushed and stammered:

"Really, I don't know."

"He rased around the store for a few seconds. Finally he said:

"Can you let me have a yardstick for a moment?"

"The saleswoman went and got him a yardstick and he placed it on the inside of his arm from the shoulder to the wrist, and in a few moments he exclaimed, triumphantly, to the surprised saleswoman:

"Twenty inches, please."

Jane's Superstition.

"Jane has another of her dreadful toothaches."

"Why doesn't Jane have the tooth out?"

"Jane wants to save it."

"Why?"

"Because she believes in odd numbers. If she lost the tooth she would have only two left."

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Attorney-At-Law.

Office on Fremont Street, below P. O. Las Vegas.



In the glow of one of these lights, and locked the door behind him. In a few minutes he returned and found the woman still in the cringing position in which he left her. Taking a