

## SWEET SUMMER TIME.

O, winter may be very nice  
For those who slate upon the ice  
And own a horse and sleigh.  
But for a fest of endless joy  
We'll take the summer time, my boy,  
And take it every day.

Just think of lying under trees  
And watching busy, buzzing bees  
Go in and out of flowers,  
And hearing feathered songsters sing  
While you within a hammock swing  
For long and lazy hours.

Imagine how it feels to strip  
And in the salty ocean dip  
And gambol in the spray,  
And hear the military band  
Upon the mellow moonlit sand  
Without a cent to pay.

Think of the picnic's festive joys  
When all the dear old girls and boys  
Play "Copenhagen" blast;  
Around the rope-stretched ring we stand  
Till some one slaps our wizeng hand,  
And then we do the rest.

And think of fishing fun supreme,  
Or treating sweethearts to ice cream  
Beside the fountain's sound,  
And sailing with the jolly tars,  
Or riding in the open cars  
And on the merry-go-round.

Just dream of sparkling at the gate  
Without a fear of staying late  
Against a paper's law,  
Of wearing zebra blazer coats  
And flannel shirts with open throats  
And dandy hats of straw.

Remember watermelons, too,  
And morning sparkling with the dew  
And fragrant with perfume;  
O yes! Sweet summer cannot be  
Too hot for either you or me—  
Forever may it boom.

H. C. Dodge, in *Goodall's Sun*.



COPYRIGHT 1891  
BY THE AUTHORS' ALLIANCE.

## CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"I remember," fell from Alonzo, as he stood in the full-lighted interior and gazed about him. As in the Sainte Chapelle, there were fifteen windows of superfine stained glass with their designs from Scripture and the lives of the saints, blossoming out of lovely traceries; there were the same polychrome adornments, and the same statues of the twelve Apostles over against the pillars.

"It was so different when I saw it last," Alonzo continued. "The sunshine then flooded it, and now there are these radiant candelabra, brimming at intervals with wax candles. Why is it thus illuminated? What has this dreamy little place to do with all that mundane and dazzling revel that we have just left?"

"It has but recently been lighted, as you will see," said Eric, pointing to a cluster of candles near by. "The king desired this."

"One of his whims, I suppose."

"He has no whims."

"Does he attend service here?"

"Clarimond! My dear Lonzo, you know by this time as well as I do that the king has no distinct religious creed. He has given the use of this chapel to his mother during her stay here; the princess' apartments are not far away from it. I have heard him say that if he should ever be married, his friend, Dr. Wouermann, whom you already know, should perform the ceremony here between these walls. It will be a new shock to conservatism, of course; for that kindly and intellectual old German, Wouermann, is a thorn in the side of the recognized Saltravian clergy. . . . But here is the king now. He is coming to meet you."

Clarimond was indeed advancing toward them, along the central aisle. As Alonzo's eyes met his face its excessive pallor challenged notice. The king extended his hand to Eric's friend, and its flesh felt so icily cold to him that he almost recoiled with a cry.

"Thank you for coming," he said. "I wish to hold a little talk with you, if you will let me." Then he nodded to Eric, and swiftly added:

"Leave us, please, and carry out my other request. I am sure that you will succeed. And pray do not forget that you may freely use my name, sanction and authority." With a bow Eric Thaxter mutely departed, while Alonzo and his master stood together, in the silence and mellow splendor of the charming chapel. . . . It may have been a half-hour later when he returned, accompanied by a lady. The chapel was then quite vacant again, and the lady gave a little joyful cry as she looked about her.

"Oh this is so lovely! And you say that the king wishes to see me here?" Then it seemed to Kathleen as if the king's presence was somehow evolved from out the glimmering softness of the place; and while he drew near to her Eric disappeared.

"You are very good to come," said Clarimond. "I saw how they flocked about you, there in the ball-room. No doubt it was annoying to desert your scene of conquest."

"No, monsieur. I came at your bidding."

He smiled, and now she saw how very pale and sorrowful his face was—how it plainly betokened some severe trial, though of course she could not conjecture what.

"You are to do something more at my bidding," he said; "that is, if you will."

"If it lies in my power, monsieur—" she began, and then paused, wondering and alarmed because his mien was so full of that strange, repressed despair. "I hope it will lie within your desire, as well," he answered. "If it does not need you by no means rate it as an act of obedience." At this the king raised his hand as if in signal to someone at the further end of the chapel. Kathleen noticed the gesture, and presently receded.

"He monsieur! I—I did not expect this!"

"Do not refuse to see him," said Clarimond, with great gentleness.

While Kathleen stood, half defiant, half acquiescent, Alonzo came nearer, pausing at her side.

"Kathleen," he said, "may I speak to you? The king, with untold goodness, has given me this happy chance. I fear

you are very angry at me. I think you have every right to be."

"I am not angry," quavered Kathleen. In her consternation, her piteous confusion, she had never looked lovelier than now. "You, monsieur," she said, with a sudden tearful fierceness, to the king, "have told him what I told you!"

"Every word," smiled Clarimond. And they, as Alonzo caught her hand and stooped over it, raining upon it kisses, the king moved away, leaving them side by side.

In a small sacristy a few yards beyond the chancel he soon came face to face with Eric Thaxter.

"Monsieur," exclaimed Eric, with a sort of reverent whisper, "you are doing the noblest act of your life!"

"That is easily said," was the reply, "since my life has not yet been a long one, and few of its opportunities for good deeds have been at all amply exploited."

"Ah! do not say that! Thousands of your poor world certainly show gratitude enough to deny it! But you are suffering terribly. This strain that you undergo is reflected in your face."

Clarimond sank into a chair. "Yes," he said, in a muffled kind of voice, "I am suffering a great deal. The pull, the wrench, is harder than I fancied." As he fixed his eyes upon Eric's face, they seemed to ray forth spiritual grandeur. "My friend, I had no other course than this. There are things that a man must do just because he is a man. But if he be a king as well, then the obligation grows double. We have often spoken together on this question of the rights of kings. You know how I despise them—how they strike me as but a mildewed survival of ancient error. Yet there has always seemed to me something grand, nevertheless, in the idea of a king who could govern himself perfectly while governing his people as well. Then he ceases to represent mere royalty and becomes vested with a tender yet rugged paternity. In those historic cases where some such human union has existed crowned and throned I should say that the possible sacredness and dignity of kings have found their sole true medium of expression. You have seen Dr. Wouermann?"

"Yes, monsieur. Luckily I met him just as he was leaving the ball-room,

"You are not looking well," murmured the princess to him. "Others have spoken of it. I do so hope, however, that your looks mean nothing serious. Bianca, here, has been quite anxious. Is it not true, my darling?"

And the princess, taking the Italian girl's hand, drew her forward a little, the marvelous corsage of precious stones giving forth jets of multicolored light as she moved.

"Yes, yes," fell from Bianca. "We were both greatly worried."

Clarimond sent a kindly glance straight into her blue, solicitous eyes. As he did so it flashed through his mind:

"I will never love any other woman as long as I live. But this maiden might make me the worthiest of queens, the truest of wives. One day I may ask her hand, provided my mother preserves her present change from arrogance to kindness. But not now! Now it would be a horror!"

Mrs. Kennaird, during supper, had received, with furtive twinkles of delight, the attentions of an Austrian archduke and a Russian ambassador. She had not noticed Kathleen's absence. The archduke, who was past sixty but still handsome and of the sturdiest manners, had whispered in her ear that King Clarimond, who did whatever he chose, might perhaps do himself the honor to request the hand of her divine daughter. The elderly Russian ambassador, overhearing this remark as he presented her with an ice end a glass of champagne, declared that his royal master would never have gone to Denmark for a bride if he had had the delight of seeing "Mademoiselle, votre fille."

"Ah! prince," cried Mrs. Kennaird, in her most genial trebles and with her very acceptable if imperfect French, "there has never yet been an American queen, and I imagine there never will be. My poor innocent child has never dreamed of such an honor, and, really, if it were offered to her she would hardly know how to wear it."

The Austrian and Russian exchanged glances. They were both men of very high rank, and it is probable that they abhorred the tenets of Clarimond while respecting and perhaps loving his character. That he should marry an American girl, though her beauty were

referred to the spirit of even this woman's unsurpassable worldliness and ambition, she affirmed in eager whisper:

"He gives me, mamma, all the crown I want—his love! He gives me all the throne I want—his name and his protection!"

THE END.

## COSTA RICA.

The Resources of This Little Central American Republic.

Costa Rica's name indicates her richness. Everything will grow within her 23,233 square miles of territory. The favored people number 214,000. Costa Rica is the great banana country. The cultivation of the banana has increased greatly to meet the demand from the United States. Wheat and other grains are produced. The forests abound in valuable timber. Rare woods for cabinet work and medicinal and oleaginous plants are found, as well as rubber, textile plants and dye woods. Costa Rica, according to the latest statistics, has 250,000 head of cattle, 50,000 horses and other animals. She is also rich in gold, silver, coffee, zinc, nickel, iron, lead and coal. Manufacturing has made some headway. There are breweries, iron and tool foundries and a distillery in Costa Rica. The principal articles that country buys are silk, woolen, linen and cotton goods, toilet articles, wines, liquors, flour, refined sugar, wearing apparel and leather goods. The total foreign commerce of that country amounted last year to nearly \$13,000,000. The United States has recently superseded England in the commercial good graces of Costa Rica. Last year the United States sold to Costa Rica more than one-fourth of their total imports, and took from her 40,000 tons of bananas, 45,000 sacks of coffee and altogether nearly \$3,000,000 worth of goods and bullion.—Chicago News.

## Experience Teaches.

A young man who was ambitious to get an education, but lacked the money to pay his expenses in college, consulted the late Judge — as to what course he would better adopt. The judge had once been in the same predicament and had undergone many hardships while fitting himself for the eminent position he occupied, consequently he was speaking from experience when replying to his young friend's inquiries.

"Would you advise me to go into debt to get an education?" the young man asked.

"Well, that depends on the line of conduct you are disposed to pursue. Would you honestly pay back every cent of money you borrowed to pay for your education?"

"Certainly. I would do that even if I had to work as a hod carrier to earn the money."

"Then I would advise you to borrow."

"What course would you recommend me to take in college?"

"Oh, that's a matter of indifference."

"I beg your pardon."

"It really doesn't matter what course you take in college. If you go into debt to get an education you will get the chief part of it while struggling to get out of debt again."—N. Y. Herald.

## Political War in Washington.

We must all do good in the world according to our natural endowments and the opportunities afforded us. The other day I was riding in a comfortably filled street car when there entered three young women dressed in the narrow sheath skirts of the period. A jolly, portly old gentleman got up to give one of the pretty girls a seat, which she took with a gracious acknowledgment. She seemed rather lost, however, in the generous space vacated by the portly old gentleman himself, so she moved along far enough to let one of her companions share the benefit.

"Well, whether the passengers crowded together imperceptibly or whatever may have happened to the two slender young women did not take up the whole seat, and the third blushingly squeezed into what was left of it. By this time the other people in the car were too much annoyed to conceal their smiles, and the old gentleman himself was a vast glow of satisfaction. "It isn't all of you who are fitted to perform such a wholesale act of gallantry," said he, in a low tone, to a friend in the corner of the car.—Kate Field's Washington.

## Giant Powder in Their Boots.

The princess of Brindisi heard them, and half hoped, half doubted. Eric Thaxter heard them and sighed because of that mystic and grievous Parisian past concerning which he had, perchance, by this time spoken still more discredibly to his dearest friend. Clarimond, king of Saltravia, heard them and thrilled with the pain of sacrifice, though gladdened by that sense of self-conquest which is the sweet wages of promise, of elation, of delicious inebriety.

Bianca d'Este heard them, and hoped.

The princess of Brindisi heard them, and half hoped, half doubted. Eric Thaxter heard them and sighed because of that mystic and grievous Parisian past concerning which he had, perchance, by this time spoken still more discredibly to his dearest friend. Clarimond, king of Saltravia, heard them and thrilled with the pain of sacrifice, though gladdened by that sense of self-conquest which is the sweet wages of promise, of elation, of delicious inebriety.

And so the music played on—music which so throbs, when art is its minister, with souvenirs and prophesies, memories and anticipations.

Angry, austere, choked with a passionate feeling of defeat and insult, Mrs. Kennaird stood beside her daughter a half hour or so later, that night, when Alonzo laid his hand in the hand of Kathleen. The two ladies were waiting their carriage, cloaked and ready, and at the portals of the palace.

"Good-by, good-by," Alonzo said.

"Till to-morrow!"

"Till to-morrow!" Kathleen repeated.

"Till to-morrow, my wife!"

"Till to-morrow—husband!"

Mrs. Kennaird had overheard the last murmurs of farewell. With her face pale and full of nervous tremors, she moved toward Alonzo.

"I'll never forgive you," she gasped.

"Never! You've kept her from a crown—a throne!"

Alonzo, stung, was about to reply,

but Kathleen caught her mother by the wrist, and with the same ardor of self-assertion which had more than once re-

## PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The Kingdoms of the Earth Can Become the Lord's By Political Action Only.

One Sabbath evening, not long ago, I had the pleasure of listening to an able discourse based upon the following text from the book of Revelation:

And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in Heaven, saying, the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.

Taking as his subject the millennial reign of the Lord Jesus Christ, the eloquent preacher earnestly descended upon the glories and beauties of a civilization in which the hearts of all men were filled with a supreme love of God and loving veneration for His laws, and with a love for their neighbors, equal in intensity to the love they bore themselves. With burning words of eloquence he pictured to his audience a state of society wherein there was no need of or use for penitentiaries and jails, lawyers or judges; and in which sinks and slums, dens of iniquity and haunts of vice, saloons, gambling halls and gilded palaces of sin should cease to exist, because there would be none found willing to operate and carry them on and from the fact that none would have a desire to frequent or patronize them. Growing enthusiastic in his theme, he advanced the idea, no doubt a true one, that a strict compliance with the law of God would so conduce to health and vigor, and tend to longevity, as to a great extent to render unnecessary the services of physicians. In short, he pictured a state of society in which the infinite love and mercy, truth and justice, holiness and perfection, of an infinitely wise God should be manifested, so far as possible, in finite man.

Profoundly impressed with the sermon, a train of burning thoughts has since that night been constantly pressing for recognition in my mind. It will be observed that, in the language of the text, it is the "kingdoms of this world" that are to become the Lord's. This phrase emphasizes the truth that it is as governments, nations or communities that human beings are to be come subject to the authority and rule of the King of kings. That is to say that kingdoms, nations, governments, will not be obliterated or destroyed, but that "some sweet day," when the Word of God shall have done "its perfect work," the governments of this earth will become subordinated to the government of the Ruler of rulers, and all laws and rules of government will be based upon the eternal principles of truth, justice and equity. This central idea or thought permeates and pervades every book in the Old and New Testaments. If there be those who scoff at religion and Christianity, carpings critics of the Word of God, who point with pride to the evolution of humanity, it may be well to remind them that the purest, noblest human beings and the greatest, grandest governments are but lame and feeble imitations of the perfect man and the ideal state written of in the Word of God, from Mount Sinai to Calvary. After from seventeen to eighteen hundred years of evolution neither men nor governments have been able to prove by *living examples* and practical illustration that it was possible for a human being to have imagined or originated the ideal type of human beings and human governments set forth in the Word of God. It must be remembered that while it is true that water cannot rise higher than its source, it is also true that water will find its own level.

But, my reader, you doubtless think that this is irrelevant matter to appear in a political newspaper and wonder what I am driving at. I will tell you. All popular governments are inaugurated and sustained by and with the consent of the governed. Specifically is this the case in the United States, where, theoretically at least, we have a government of, by and for the people. In the freeman's ballot the citizen of the United States has a most potent instrumentality for good or for evil. Upon the soil of the United States of America, I firmly believe, is to be fought out the battle for the supremacy of God's word, commonly called "human rights." Here in America it is to be decided whether man is to be accorded his God-given rights, under a government of just and righteous laws, or become a slave to organized greed and avarice under laws of corrupt selfishness. If the United States ever becomes the "kingdom of our Lord and His Christ," it will become so by virtue of righteous political action on the part of those who love the Lord. We have heard a great deal of late years about men voting as they shot; why not commence to vote as you pray? Is it not time that Christians apprehended the fact that they can in no wise better manifest their Christian faith than by taking their religion into politics and assisting in instituting God's government upon earth—among men. The parable of the talents is much commented upon. There is perhaps no talent for the use of which man will be held to a more strict accountability than the God-given instrumentality—the American ballot.

Is usage accursed of God and a curse to man? Destroy it with the ballot. Have usurpers appropriated