

TOWN OF WEIMAR.

AN EVENING WHERE THE POET
GOETHE LIVED AND DIED.

The Famous Author of Faust Did Not
Dwell in the Lap of Luxury—The
Goethe House in Which Are Relics
of the Past—Some Pertinent
Moralizing.

A short, shrill whistle. The train stops. Alighting, a low and narrow depot building meets the eye. We are in Weimar. A sleeper and porter town it has seldom been my chance to find, writes Wolf von Schlegel. It seems as if nothing could ever happen there, certainly as if death could never come here—He would lose his way. And yet that is the town where Goethe, the serene Olympian, lived and died. Strange. But if one reads the records of those days it seems that more life in Weimar than anywhere. Here we are, and of course, want to see everything in the shape of interesting memories of the great poet.

It is a long way from the depot to the Goethe house, which contains the bulk of the sights. The bell is rung. A man in livery opens and peers out. Can we see the inside? No, he says, it is too late for today. But to-morrow night in this horrible place I shiver at the thought. The dull place, I have noticed this, for he has to whisper kindly: "If the gentlemen will go over to the drug store there, just around the corner, he will probably be able to get a ticket, although at double the price—four marks a person, children half-price."

Thanks to this hint a few moments later we find ourselves inside the Goethe house. It is indeed replete with highly interesting relics of Goethe and his time. The guide, of course, after the manner of guides, insists on showing everything in his own way, and to do his lesson, parrot-fashion, never stopping a minute for breath. However, there is enough to see and read even without him.

The whole building is in that mongrel architecture so common in Germany a century ago. The older portion is severely plain. Then, many years after Goethe came first to inhabit it, when his finances were in a more affluent state, for it is an old-time error that Goethe during his life was rolling in wealth. Nothing is further from the truth.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning. At the top of the westwing the stamp department is a warning.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "MISS."

A Word That Triumphed Over Evil
Associations.

"Miss" is commonly assumed to be an abbreviation of "mistress." In the days of the Middle Ages, however, it was not so. It was a term of respect, and was used by the nobles to address their daughters.

But, after all, one is inclined to think, after seeing all this, is to be seen of these Goethe relics, so plain, so unpretentious, and almost mean, that it is not so the mar; it and viewed in that light they are, perhaps, even more interesting than when looked upon as the mere personal belongings of a great man.

AN ANIMATED POSTAGE STAMP.

It Changed the Course of the Drunkard
Who Saw It—A Story From Kansas City.

There died the other day in Kansas City a man who lost his passion for drink in a peculiar manner.

From his youth the man had been an unrepentant tippler. One night several years ago he stumbled into an obscure saloon at midnight, gave his order, and lolled against the bar for support. A man standing nearby took an envelope and from his pocket an address, and from another a stamp, which he moistened with his tongue. Instead of adhering to the envelope, as the man intended, the stamp slipped from his fingers and fluttered to the floor.

The unrepentant tippler saw it fall, and staggered forward to pick it up. Just as he was about to grasp it, the stamp struck a sign on the wall, and fell to the floor. The man, who had been drinking, saw the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed. He looked at the sign, and his mind was changed.

LAST MAN ON EARTH.

WHAT IS THE DREAD FATE THAT
AWAITS THIS MORTAL?

Many Theories as to the Manner of
Life and Death That Will Be the
Portion of the Last Relic of Hu-
manity as It Now Exists.

Astronomers tell us that the day must come when the earth will be swept by the moon, wheel through the heavens, waterless, lifeless. But long, long before that time man will be extinct, and will have disappeared so utterly that not so much as the bleached skeleton of a human being will be visible on all the millions of square miles of the surface of this planet.

Unless by some huge and universal cataclysm the whole race is swept away, the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

How will he die, this last relic of the teeming millions that once thrived on the face of the globe and ruled the undisciplined masters of every other living thing? There are many fates that may befall him. He may go mad with the horror of loneliness and himself and his own miserable existence. He may be eaten by the vast reptiles and giant insects which will then probably infest the solitude.

But his fate may be far weirder and more dreadful. Scientists say that, as the sun burns the coal and timber we are so richly supplied with, we let loose into the atmosphere an ever increasing volume of carbonic acid gas.

Much of this is taken up by plants, but not all. In the process of breathing, filling the valleys and mounting slowly to the hill tops, where the last remains of animal life are striving for existence. The last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Again, it is said that the earth as it gets older is cracking like dry mud, and higher and higher the continents are rising. The last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose these earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

Suppose the earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man on earth will be a very old man, and he will be a very old man.

THE BALD EAGLE AT HOME.

No Chooses a High Tree For His Of-
fensive Nest.

An old friend met us. He first showed as a black spot far up on the shore, then drifted grandly down upon set pilions, tacking in and out like a yacht working to windward. It happened he was slanting shoreward when he passed, and at 40 yards his snowy head and tall, broad, brown fan showed to fine advantage. We could see the polished yellow of his hooked bill and the fierce flash of his marvelous golden telescopic eye as he turned upon us, then back to his tireless searching of the water and the wave line along shore.

For years this eagle, hoary old beach comber as he is, has patrolled the shore daily for miles, seeking what the birds should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree? Should you visit the foot of the tree?

IF I WERE YOU.

I wouldn't think about distress,
If I were you;
I wouldn't even confess
To ever feeling blue,
But when the sun is well disposed
To shine upon our friends and foes
I'd be content with even less,
If I were you.

Just let it rain or snow or shine;
'Twill bring no gain
To blame misfortune or repine;
The longest lane
Will end sometime, and every day
Roses will bloom along the way,
Because of rain.

Then sing your songs; cry if you must,
But keep in view
The healthy soul inspiring trust
That's always due
To them that strive to live above
All earthly things—excepting love;
I'd let all other treasures rust,
If I were you.

—Facts and Fiction.

FATE OF A CAESAR'S ASHES.

Shakespeare's Conject Finds a Coun-
terpart in Reality.

When Shakespeare put in the mouth of Hamlet the curious conceit about the dust of the great Alexander having become loam and then stopping a bung hole in a beer barrel, he had seemed to reach the ultimate extravagance of imagination. Yet, near the Forta Salaria, a still more unexpected extravagance was revealed after the excavations carried out there. In these a cippus, or sepulchral urn, containing a cinerary urn of rare oriental alabaster was brought to light. The inscription on the cippus revealed that the ashes contained within the urn were those of Calpurnius Piso Licinianus, who, in February, A. D. 68, was proclaimed Caesar by the Emperor Galba. Four days after Galba's death in his thirty-first year. His were the ashes that the alabaster urn contained.

The precious urn was given to a workman employed on the premises to take care of. Some days after, when the proprietor of the place asked for the urn, he found it empty. "Where," said he, "are the ashes that were here?" The workman, surprised, said that he gathered them together and, with his usual facility, chose an occasion when I was very cross.

"He did it a little more awkwardly than usual, too, deliberately choosing the old fashioned method of offering me 'him and heart'."

Here she paused to drink some chocolate, and the girl in blue asked breathlessly what she said.

"Oh," remarked the other in the tone of one relating an event of no importance, "I told him that I believed I was already provided with the full quota of bodily organs, and that I wouldn't deprive him."

"What did he say?"

"Well, Belle, that's the funny thing. He seemed to brace up, and said positively that at any rate there was no doubt about my having my full share of chest! And I was so delighted to find a man capable of even that much repartee on being rejected—that I accepted him!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Nerve Won.

"It was such a good joke on me," said the girl in gray to the girl in blue as they stirred their chocolate, "I must tell you."

"You know how John has been proposing to me at regular intervals ever since he was out of knickerbockers. Well, he did it again the other night, and with his usual facility, chose an occasion when I was very cross."

"He did it a little more awkwardly than usual, too, deliberately choosing the old fashioned method of offering me 'him and heart'."

Here she paused to drink some chocolate, and the girl in blue asked breathlessly what she said.

"Oh," remarked the other in the tone of one relating an event of no importance, "I told him that I believed I was already provided with the full quota of bodily organs, and that I wouldn't deprive him."

"What did he say?"

"Well, Belle, that's the funny thing. He seemed to brace up, and said positively that at any rate there was no doubt about my having my full share of chest! And I was so delighted to find a man capable of even that much repartee on being rejected—that I accepted him!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Nerve Won.

"It was such a good joke on me," said the girl in gray to the girl in blue as they stirred their chocolate, "I must tell you."

"You know how John has been proposing to me at regular intervals ever since he was out of knickerbockers. Well, he did it again the other night, and with his usual facility, chose an occasion when I was very cross."

"He did it a little more awkwardly than usual, too, deliberately choosing the old fashioned method of offering me 'him and heart'."

Here she paused to drink some chocolate, and the girl in blue asked breathlessly what she said.

"Oh," remarked the other in the tone of one relating an event of no importance, "I told him that I believed I was already provided with the full quota of bodily organs, and that I wouldn't deprive him."

"What did he say?"

"Well, Belle, that's the funny thing. He seemed to brace up, and said positively that at any rate there was no doubt about my having my full share of chest! And I was so delighted to find a man capable of even that much repartee on being rejected—that I accepted him!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Nerve Won.

"It was such a good joke on me," said the girl in gray to the girl in blue as they stirred their chocolate, "I must tell you."