In the storm-beaten dome of the abbey's lone height Thrilled the tones of a quiet and simple refrain, And the echoes crept out on the dim, sobbing night, And were borne thro' the lowering mist of the rain. With a smile that had lost all its haughty disdain. Breaking over the gray of his wizened old mien, Stood a form at the portal, who paused to survey As the crude, lowly flock should make way in their hearts For the peace of the morrow-the Prince's own day.

Calm and rapt were the faces uplifted in prayer To the cross with its Burden enshrined in each soul, As they worshiped the Sanctified welcoming there, And in humble devotion drew into his fold, Crude and lowly and child-like in trust to behold-'Twas in silence Prince Carlos gazed over the scene; O'er the forms that were kneeling in simple array, O'er the dim, narrow aisle with its carpet of sand And the cross at the altar rude-graven and gray.

Prone to linger, he passed thro' the dim, curtained door And was whirled thro' the darkness and calm of the storm To the brilliant cathedral ere vespers were o'er. On his mantle the light shimmered fulgent and warm And as courtiers paused and bowed low to his form, O'er his lips thrilled the murmur, 'How precious is power! And how grateful tonight is the heart that I bring For the rank that exalts me in honor and ease To repose in the trust and the smile of the king!"

'Twas a murmur by flattering pageants unheard, And the empty thanksgiving was lost in the throng; But engulfed in his own feeble heart every word



THE PRINCE.



In his velvet-strewn chamber, all mellow with light, Where the shadows like spectres played over the wall; Long he tossed thro' the stillness that reigned with the night And in dreams of the natal day soon to befall, Fought the fight of rebellion with memory's dark thrall. From the dim-shrouded vistas of fame-burnished years Issued myriads of phantoms to claim him their own, As they pointed, with fingers relentless and grim, To his life's vain advance with its harvests unsown.

Clear and calm as a chime breathed the quiet word, "Come,"

Like the far-straying tone of an anthem sublime, And with fingers unsteady and eager and numb, Wide he opened the lattice that clanged to the wind. In his breast stirred a joy all unknown nor defined, As he stepped from the casement out into the storm, Where the rain dripping over the dim, hanging eaves, Drenched the vestments that clung to his shivering form, Ere it fell with his tread on the dank, trampled leaves.

Thro' the castle's broad portals and out on the hill, Past the gaunt, sighing oaks and the wide swelling stream, Over fields with their seeds lying shrouded and still-On and on, like a spectre that glides thro' a dream, Toiled the wavering steps in the darkness unseen. "Prince of Peace, great Redeeming One, teach me thy will!" Rang the cry from his heart, long a stranger to prayer, Till beyond where a lonely hut lifted its height, Rose a voice like an answer awaiting him there.

Low and wretched with poverty stamped at its door, Rude and mean as the squalor it mirrored within, Crouched the lowly abode of the crushed and the poor. Far removed stood its frown from the world's eager din-Like a fugitive hiding the blot of his sin; And in shrinking Prince Carlos passed in from the rain, Where a candle-gleam lighted the threshold of stone-In to tremble with awe in the presence that reigned Where the scythe of the Reaper crept claiming his own.

'Twas a child's fading eyes that beamed into his face With the dawn of eternity stamped in their blue, As the shadows that thronged thro' the desolate place-Mantied o'er with a hush that was hallowed and new-Drew aside for the Angel of Peace to pass thro'. 'Twas a child clinging fast to a hardened, brown hand, As a father bent over the withering form, And in silent rebellion crushed backward the pain In a heart that was hardened from conflict with storm.

'Twas the child of a serf, sinking into his rest, But the child of a king with a message sublime, Laid a gem-studded crucifix down on his breast And with trembling lips breathed of the mercy divine \$\$\$**\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$**\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$**\$**\$\$\$**\$**\$

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Cried for meaning and stirred as in passionate song, Woke the echo, "Humility only is strong." And Prince Carlos sank back on his crimson-hung chair, But the smile on the kingly face close to his side, With the warmth of the royal hands' clasping was dimmed, And the furrowed old visage grew stern in its pride.

With the vesper hymn stirring thro' steeple and dome And the vesper bells pealing their song in the rain-Like a thunderous atabal dinning each tone-Clanged the storm in his heart that was throbbing with pain, But he fancied a solemn voice whispered his name, Speaking out from the cross with its garlands of bloom---O'er the odorous incense and flowers' winged breath-"Let the sinner prepare and the haughty submit, For the Sinless has suffered and yielded to death."

Once he dreamed that with knights of mediaeval renown, And with vassals attending in glittering mail, Over deserts he toiled and thro' forest's dark frown As he searched thro' the world for the mystical Grail; And in fear of the end, should he falter or fail, He awoke, as a voice that had guided his dream Seemed to whisper of promise and triumph to be, Swelling softly the shadows that compassed him 'round, Till they rang with the solemn words, "Follow thou me!"

That should welcome a lowly one close to His shrine. And a prince and a serf in contrition bent low When the feeble life failed in the midnight's still hour, As the rustle of mystic wings stirred thro' the gloom-"In humility only is refuge and power."

O'er the lichen-stained abbey all dim from the storm, Broke the day's lustrous monarch enthroned in the east, And high over the cross glimmered down on a form Lying under its shadow forever at peace. When the chimes swelling out on the dawning had ceased, Strangers lifted the jeweled hands stiffened and chill, And they wondered at finding Prince Carlos alone, With his silent and haughty lips blanched of their pride In the smile of a wanderer anchored at home. BERTHA ANDERSON KLIENMAN

CAMELS TO BE USED FOR TRANSPORTATION IN NEVADA

IS an established fact that there , millions upon millions in mineral ith lying untouched in the heart that part of the west known as overy of gold in almost utities in the midst of Sahara, a yearly toll in balance, a yearly ton in has been exacted by the le treasure. The desert of from the horde of ad-dats who, while endeavtheir thirst for gold, int which is far more With the discovery at Tonopah in 1900, the hat is considered the s country has been un-stop to count the cost on there are millions

ow well under way to rors of the desort that expected to not an imhe task-that of imato this country from rely the ingenuity of d must have reached le obstacle when the for gold mining purposes ted to, which is about to

so recalls the effort of It to combat the forces e same way. It was in son Davis, who was then conceived the idea camel corps in the missioned Maj. Henry ceed to Cairo and ar-Egyptian government o import into the Unitber of male and female

Shortly after the arrival of the mis-sion in the orient, there occurred an episode which almost ied to inter-national complications, and caused his d that part of the west known as be Great American Desert, which lies withwest of Salt Lake and extends to a Sierra Nevadas, a waterless waste Beary when the second that when Major Wayne and Lieutenant Porter, requestdiscovery of gold in almost permission to purchase and transport to this country a small herd of camels as a scientific experiment, the viceroy was extremely gracious, and as a mark of his good will and interest ordered that six camels, the finest obtainable, should be surchased and presented to the United States government through the representatives sent with the mis-sion

sion This was very gratifying to the offi-cers, who were notified that the gift was ready to be delivered to them. Dress uniforms were donned and a large detail of sailors was brought ashore to act as a guard or boner for the royal gift. When the American representatives arrived at the viceroy's palace at the hour appointed imagine their consternation and indignation to find awaiting them six of the most mangy, flee-bitten and de-crepit representatives of the camei tribe they had ever seen, several of which had to be propped up on their feet to keep them from lying down and shuf-ling off the mortal coll, frankly con-ceding that their time to die from old

age and disease was some time overdue. Wayne and Porter, after an interval of silent indignation, withdrew with their escort and immediately notified the vicercy, through the American con-sul, that they must decline to accept the gift, it being guite evident that either his highness was pleased to ex-ploit a species of very low comedy or offering a direct insult to the United States.

a number of male and female is for service in the and tem country in compaigns the indians, and for rapid ation of the mails and sup-the navy department, in har-it the mission, ordered Ad-vid D. Porter, who was then ant, to take command of the Supply and proceed to the transporting the camels to try. States. Immediately upon the delivery of the diplomatic note there was a hurry and bustie, a running báck and forth, in and around the viceroy's palace the erusi of which had never before occurred in the recollection of the oddest slave. Suddenly a horseman, richly dresset and gorgeously decorated, dashed mad-ly from the malace over to the consul-ate, requested an immediate audience with the American officers, and, hardly waiting for breath, poured forth in five



amels would not be discovered until | on the camels with marked respect they were far away over the sea. The matter was quickly adjusted, and diplomatic relations resumed, but it cost the avaricious steward something

cost the avariations steward something which was probably worth more to him than the six camels—his head. In addition to the gift of the viceroy. a number of the fine dromedarles, the bluebloaded races of Oman, were pur-chased, together with camels trained to carry heavy burdens, and all were placed on board the Supply, which was in readiness for the return trip. While at see, six calves were born in While at sea six calves were born in the heard, and every possible care of them was taken. Lieut. Porter being untiring in his efforts to safeguard his Alternational and the barrier of the safeguard his charges against injury. Although se-vere storms were experienced during the entire trip, only four of the young camels died and port was made at Indianola, Tex., and the herd of 34 desert steeds landed on American soil, be-ing a gain of 1 over the number they started with, and all in excellent

MARCHED TO SAN ANTONIO.

As soon as a good rest had been givin the animals the herd was marched to San Antonio, a distance of about 130 miles, where it was proposed to establish a camel ranch. Strange to say, the cavairymen did not take kindly to the new mounts. While they thought nothing of riding off-hand the wild nothing of riding off-hand the wild horse of the plains, it was another mat-ter when it came to havigating these "ships of the desert." whose gait when in motion would discount the best effort of a rudderless link in a Chinese si-moon, and ther would doubtless have concurred with Kipling's idea that the tamel was 'n devil, an ostrich and an orphane entitie in one." In this case, as, in almost everything new, thue were many who were frank-by shorthest of the camel corps of the viscent automation of the proper-care and handling of camels many of the herd became diseased and died. As late as 1876 camels were used in Nevada and Arizona, but they after-ward disappeared. Many believe that had the project been carried out as it was started the camel corps of the United States army would todar

In this case, as, is almost everything new, these were many, who were frank-ly skeptical of the camel proposition and particularly so were the citizens of San Antenio. Wishing to put an end to the aunoyance, Maj. Wayne theired, the whole town to be present at a test of what his cumels could do, and the en-

from that hour, A test of the capacity of the camels to travel over steep acclivities was made by loading a number with about 400 pounds of army baggage each and marching them over a rugged moun-tain by way of an almost impassable trail. The outfit covered the distance of 60 miles in two days, subjected to most inclement weather, and arrived without a sign of fatigue.

Later a camel journey from Fort Deflance, N. M., to the California bor-der, a distance of about 500 miles, was made to open a new road, through an unexplored wilderness of forest, plain and desert. The journey occupied 48 days, and the commander's report gives a splendid account of the camel's work under conditions which no other splend under conditions which no other animal could have possibly endured.

Then come a change in the adminis-tration, which was not very favorable to the camel corps idea. New officers who knew scarcely anything of animals were sent to take charge of the herds. Shortly afterward came the Civil war and the camels were forgotten. Some nd the cample were forgotten. Some f the animals escaped into the desert, where they increased to a certain ex-tent and ran wild in small herds, strik-ink terror to the hearts of the Indians, who were very much alraid of them. Many strange tales are told of their presence in different parts of the south-western country.

the United States army would today be the equal of any in the world.

It now remains to be seen what this latter-day camel project will bring forth. The idea has been though out et his camels could do, and the en- from a purely commercial standpoint a populace turned out to witness the and so with American brains, money and determination behind it, it is safe