

## THE TURN OF THE TIDE



FROM time immemorial it has been the fate of some men and women to work of others to play. It was the fate of Hester Mainwaring to work always, and of Frank Thornton, the man she loved, to play. Hester was sitting at the writing table in her small study in R—street; she balanced a pen between her fingers while she listened to Frank, who walked impatiently up and down the room. He was a well-built man of the flashy type one so often sees worshipped by women.

"It is not an atom of good my staying in England, Hester; we cannot possibly marry, even with the help of the two or three hundred a year you make by your work. I shall exchange, and go to India, and in a few years you will have put by a certain amount, and I shall then be able to come home and marry you."

He paused and looked down at her. She laid aside her pen, and clasped her hands on her lap; the corners of her mouth twitched.

"If you think it better, Frank—if it will in any way advance you in your profession, go, but—and then the woman in her case uppermost—"It is so very, very far away."

He laughed and touched her hair lightly.

"Of course it is, but there are the mails very week—and one can get home easily enough nowadays."

"Very well, dear, then you must go, and I shall write pages every mail and expect you to do the same."

She smiled into his eyes bravely—his face brightened.

"I thought you would see it, Hester, when I put it clearly before you. You always do regard things in a sensible light, and it gives a man a feeling of reliance. Well, I shall go to the war office now," he continued, seizing his hat. "I will look in this evening again. No, I can't, by the way, I am dining out—but to-morrow morning."

He kissed her quickly, and then the door banged. The woman leant up against the chimney-piece, and laid her head on her hands. She worshipped him so; she had known and loved him all her life; she had worked and slaved for him; she knew all his weak, all his strong points—now he was going from her to a strange land—and—

—and he would slip out of her life, perhaps.

The door opened and a girl entered the room.

"Hester—why, what's the matter?" Hester lifted her head from the chimney-piece, her face was white and and drawn, and her fine gray eyes had

deep black lines round them. The other laid her hand on her shoulder.

"Frank is at the bottom of this, I suppose?" She said the name with a touch of scorn.

"He is going to India."

"O!" and the girl gave a long, low whistle. "Look here, Hester, I have never spoken before, because I did not want to hurt you, but it is just this—you are throwing away all your chance of happiness in life for Frank Thornton. Men of his type do not marry women like you or me; they depend on them, they accept their love, but they do not choose them for their wives; it is already five years since you were first engaged to him; he is wise and break it off before he goes away—while you have the opportunity."

Hester laughed, but it was a laugh of intense pain.

"Do you remember, Madge, you told me a few days ago that you had never loved—if you had, you would know that what you ask of me is impossible. Frank is my world—the very breath of my life. I have worked for him, lived for him. I never have a thought in which he does not play some part—when one loves a man like that one cannot give him up—do you realize at all what it means?"

The younger woman was beating the floor with her foot; she was very clever, very modern, and she did not believe in love.

"No—I don't understand; I do not think I ever shall." Then she fumbled in the pocket of her coat. "If you can spare the time, Hester, I want you to run over this article before I send it in."

More than a year had passed since Frank Thornton sailed for India. Spring had come, with its snowdrops and crocuses and soft balmy days. In R—street Hester sat in her tiny study waiting and watching for the mails. There was a great want of tenderness

in his letters which she had been trying not to see. The door opened and Madge came in; she shook her head when she saw Hester's face.

"Unsatisfactory letter, I understand, my dear. Listen, Hester, we are going abroad for a month or so, and you must come, too—now, no excuses; you will be our guest, and the change will work wonders and blow away all the cobwebs."

Hester was very tired, so she said, "Yes."

A fortnight later she had left it all behind—the smoke, and the noise, and the work; she was reveling in continuous sunshine, in azure skies, in distant snow-tipped peaks, in a vast expanse of sea with rock-bound shores. The tired look left her eyes and the color came and staid in her cheek.

She met him dining at a friend's—the tall, strong man, with the keen gray eyes. He sat next her at dinner, and they discovered that they had many interests in common; they were both workers, they had both fought in the struggle for life, which is in itself a bond of union.

They met again the next day, and for many days after. Friendship with him was invigorating; his grasp of a subject was so clear, he saw points that other people often missed.

Then came the inevitable end of such friendships. It was during a walk that the man told her he loved her. He said it very simply, no passionate declaration of devotion, but she knew that this man loved as no other had ever done. She grew white, and her heart beat in great bounds against her side. She tried to stop him, but he went on quite calmly to the end. She leant up against a rock that jutted into the path—her lips trembled.

"I did not know that you really cared for me, otherwise I should have told you," and then she told him the history of her life, of Frank Thornton, whom she had loved so long.

He stood and faced her, drawing circles on the pathway with his stick. When she had finished speaking, he took a deep breath and straightened his shoulders.

"Are you sure that this man loves you as you love him?" he said slowly.

The color crept into her face, and she clasped her fingers tightly together.

"I pray God that he does."

The other man set his teeth and dug his stick into the ground. There was a pause for a few moments; presently he said quietly:

"I wish you to remember that if this man whom you love ever fails you I shall be there, waiting."

His voice broke at the end, and somehow a mist seemed to rise and shut out the stream, the railway, and the giant boulders from them both. When it had cleared they were walking side by side down the path by which they had come.

It was a typical Indian night, with a warm, moist atmosphere, and not a breath of air to stir the leaves of the palm trees that flourished in the compound. Two people passed out into the veranda to discover if such a thing as a breath of air were to be found. One was a woman in a soft white gown, the other a man in evening dress. The woman sank into a chair with a sigh, while her hands rested languidly on its arms. The man sat down beside her, and they remained without speaking for some moments. Then he drew nearer, and very gently laid his hand on hers.

"Dear, I think you must know that I care for you more than for anything on earth. I tried to tell you a week ago, but you wouldn't let me. I will tell you now that I love you with my whole heart and soul."

"But the woman in England. The woman who has loved you all her life?"

"I will write to-morrow and tell her," he whispered.

And the girl in the soft white gown murmured, "Yes."

It was a cruel, thoughtless letter. He loved and was going to marry another woman—she, the woman in England, would quite understand. She had always been much too clever for him, he could never live up to her ideals, but he would not like to lose the friendship of so many years, and he hoped that when he came to England he might bring his wife to see her.

Before dinner Madge came into her room, and Hester handed her a letter she had just written, which said:

"Do you remember telling me once that if I ever wanted you you would be 'there waiting?' I want you now. Will you come? Yours,

HESTER MAINWARING.

"I am awfully glad, Hester," was Madge's reply as she gave it her back.

Something in the tone of her voice struck Hester, but Madge had her back turned, so she never saw that her lips quivered.—Home Notes.

**Change of Temperature.**  
Scientists and all observing persons are interested in the statement that the climate of France is quite rapidly growing colder. For some time this was disputed, but a careful examination of the condition of vegetation appears to confirm the idea beyond the shadow of a doubt. Certain trees and shrubs that a few years ago flourished luxuriantly are gradually dying out, and in some localities have disappeared altogether. Lemons formerly flourished in Languedoc and oranges in Roussillon, but these have altogether disappeared, as have many indigenous plants that at one time grew in the more northerly districts.

**An Eastern Fling.**  
A Chicago debating club is about to wrestle with the question: "Which is the happiest day of a man's life—the day he is married or the day he is divorced?"—Yonkers Statesman.

## SEVEN WONDERS OF WORLD.

First Indication of Their Existence About End of Second Century.

We have no indication of the existence of a cycle of seven wonders until about the end of the second century B. C. Then appears, in an epigram of Antipater of Sidon, an enumeration of seven great works, which prove to be the very ones later appearing as the seven wonders, says the Century. They are: (1) the walls of Babylon; (2) the statue of Zeus at Olympia; (3) the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon; (4) the Colossus of Rhodes; (5) the Pyramids of Memphis; (6) the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus; (7) the Temple of Diana (Artemis) at Ephesus. Within the next century Varro, by his leisurely allusion to the septem opera, betrays that the saying has already assumed current proverbial form; Di-dorus, in the second half of the same century (first B. C.), speaks too, of "the so-called seven works," and Strabo a little later uses the very phrase "the seven wonders." From this time on, at least, the septem miracula have an assured place in all the common lore of Rome. The little Greek treatise, "On the Seven Wonders," which has come down to us in incomplete form and under the name of Philo of Byzantium, an engineer of the second century B. C., is really, as its style and artificial purisms amply show, the work of some rhetorician of the fifth or sixth century after Christ and in nowise chargeable against the otherwise blameless record of the excellent man of facts and machines. The list it gives is the same as that found in Antipater's epigram.

## WHITE AND BLACK PEPPER.

They Have Done Much in Making History from Remote Times.

Superintendent Miller had heard that there was a pepper plant in the collection in Horticultural hall in Fairmount park and finally found it hidden from view by a group of cacti, says the Philadelphia Ledger. "This," he said, "is the piper nigrum, which furnishes us with that culinary requisite—the ordinary black and white pepper. Few of those who now purchase it for a few cents per pound realize the enormous value that was formerly set upon it and the very great influence which the desire for regular and plentiful supplies of it exerted on the history of mankind." Neither flower nor fruit is to be seen on the shrub in the conservatory, nor does it appear to be in good condition. "At home," Dr. Miller continued, "it bears broadly ovate five to seven nerved stalked leaves. In its native forests of Travancore and Malabar, in India, it is a perennial climbing shrub, growing to a height of twenty or thirty feet. Both black and white pepper are produced by the same plant, the former being the unripe berry-like fruit and the latter the fully matured berries when freed from the dark outer layer of pericarp. "The word pepper is derived from the Sanskrit name for one variety of it, pippli, the change of 'p' into 'r' having been made by the Persians, whose ancient alphabet contained no 'l.'"

## PRESIDENT IS GUARDED.

Mr. McKinley Is Warned to Take Extra Precautions.

A metropolitan detective from police headquarters has been detailed to attend all public receptions at the white house. It is said this detail will continue while the Spanish war fever remains in an acute stage. At the reception given by President McKinley recently a rather handsome young man, attired neatly in a black suit and wearing glossy patent leather shoes, stood a short distance from the executive in the reception parlor and closely scanned the faces and manners of those who approached Mr. McKinley. The watcher was one of the shrewdest detectives on Inspector Mattingly's headquarters staff. He had been detailed for this work, it is said, by the president's special request, and will be similarly detailed at future receptions.

It is hinted that Mr. McKinley has been warned by friends that some fanatic, goaded by sympathy for the starving Cubans, might attempt to do him bodily harm, and every precaution is being taken to prevent such an outcome. It is known that threatening letters have been written, and it is feared some fellow may take it into his head to have a forcible personal interview with the president in reference to the war with Spain.

## Woman Railway Superintendent.

Miss Anna Mitchener is probably the only female railroad superintendent in the world. Major C. E. Mitchener, the builder and owner of the electric road between Canal Doyer and Ericsville thirteen miles long, is now in the West in the interest of his mines, leaving the entire management of the road with his daughter. Miss Mitchener has met every emergency with promptness and practicality, and the employees have the greatest respect for her and for her judgment, which has been well tried.—Success.

## Discouraging.

Some people are born to ill-luck. An old woman, who has pasted nearly 5,000 medical recipes in a book during the last forty years, has never been ill a day in the whole course of her life, and she is growing discouraged.—Pick Me-Up.

## Driven to It.

"Her father says positively that I can't marry her." "What are you going to do?" "There's nothing left now but to ask the girl."—London Graphic.

## A covetous heart is like Pharaoh's lean kine, it devours all.

## IS A LOVER OF HORSES

WILHELM OF GERMANY FOND OF BLOODED EQUINES.

There's Nothing Germany's Emperor Loves More Elaborate and Careful Training of the Animals Upon Which His Majesty Trusts His Royal Person.

The young German emperor may be erratic in many things, but he is a thoroughly sane man in one at least—he loves a horse and is never happier than when making a round of his stables at Potsdam and Berlin, where his stud runs into hundreds. About two hundred are carriage horses; the rest are used for the saddle.

The mews are principally supplied from the imperial breeding studs. About forty remounts are required every year. In the spring the master of the horse and the two departmental directors travel around to the various studs and make a selection from the four-year-olds not required for breeding purposes. Horses for heavy work are obtained elsewhere. Saddle animals for weight are selected from among English or Irish hunters, and swift carriage horses are purchased in Hungary or Russia.

At the head of the Berlin mews is a master of the horse, the clerical work being in charge of a privy councillor. The walls are ornamented with pictures of former occupants of the imperial mews, biped and quadruped, and there is an admirable library of books connected with the horse. The personnel consists mainly of active officers, who, however, must act as reserve officers. The mistress is a blue frock coat with short skirts, cap, white trousers, and jackboots. On parade days the cap is changed for a cocked hat and a red tunic, with heavy cavalry sword. The assistants are mostly non-commissioned officers with a clean sheet.

The grooms and stable boys are also selected from the cavalry and enjoy many advantages, such as free lodging and medical attendance. Their working jacket is red, but outside the mews they wear black, with white trousers and riding boots, with the usual "chimney pot." Whenever the kaiser uses his low dog cart the groom changes his livery for a brown one, the "Adler" pattern on the hatband being in gilt. The kaiser's favorite color for car-

riages is dapple gray, and these he drives at nothing less than a killing pace, whether in sledge or victoria. Popular rumor says that most of the splendid dapple grays that he received as a present from a European monarch were rendered useless by the imperial driver with a couple of seasons. His Hungarian greys, known as "Jucker," are used mostly as "four-in-hands," and are under the superintendence of a Hungarian trainer. There are in all twenty of these, so that the kaiser can always rely on having a team in perfect condition.

The imperial saddle horses are selected with special care. The qualities required of an animal to which William II. trusts himself are speed, staying power, perfect security in action, steadiness under fire and amid popular demonstration, quick obedience, a soft mouth, and noble appearance. It is put through a daily exercise in order to maintain it at the same perfect standard. An animal that cannot come out of the ordeal of training without a mark against its name is rejected without scruple, whatever be the other qualities it possesses.

The method of training is no child's play, but involves the use of a good deal of apparatus and is most scientific in its character.

The animal is attached by the sur-jangle between two uprights, and kept going on the same spot, in order to strengthen the leg muscles and lend pliability to them. For horses that show any signs of sluggishness, the method called the Longe is employed, which puts a livelier action into them. Before trusting them between the shafts they are ridden with saddle and traces, and a number of the stable boys hold on to these latter, regulating the resistance according to the requirements of the animal.

A by no means inconsiderable part of the animals' education is taken up with accustoming them to the sights which, when the kaiser is on their back, will be included in their future equine career—the march of soldiers, the crowded, noisy streets, the music of bands, the crack of musketry and the roar of artillery. On the exercise ground they are walked beside drummers, and ridden literally up to the cannon's mouth, and now and again the animals are treated to a perfect pandemonium of noise.

The riders also come in for a training—a capital idea being that of the ball game on horseback. The ball is attached to the groom, who continually throws it into the air and catches it again. By this means he is compelled to give his attention to the ball and to guide and control the horse with his legs by altering the center of gravitation of the body. He thus secures for himself a free and easy seat in the saddle, instead of anxiously following every movement of the animal.

The usual method of harnessing is in pairs, which are driven from the box. Driving four-in-hand from the box is only resorted to in the case of the dapple grays, or when the kaiser pursues the chase. In the mews the four-in-hand method is the so-called a la Daumont—namely, with postilions. For the six in hand there is only one postilion.

On state occasions, when the kaiser appears drawn by eight horses, the two shaft animals are driven from the box, the rest are led by grooms. The horses are plumed, and the trappings are by no means gorgeous. Postilions precede the carriage, and in between them and the leaders ride the master of the horse or some other high official.

The kaiser very seldom drives single harness, but the royal princes can often be seen at Potsdam in their pony phaeton, which they themselves drive, accompanied by their instructor in pince-nez and silk hat. To every pair of horses is a groom, and there are three "vets," who also have charge of the smithy. There is an auction at the stud twice a year, and the purchaser has the advantage of knowing exactly the kind of creature he is buying, inasmuch as every defect is conscientiously committed to paper, and "faking" is unknown. At such auctions, says the Golden Penny, there is a regular scramble to get hold of a "kaiser's horse," for it is easy to ride, and answers as readily to the pressure of the knee as to the rein—in fact the kaiser does much more with his leg than with his hand, and the horses have to undergo a special and laborious training to adapt them for use by their imperial rider.

## Napoleon in Peter's Bed.

Peter the Great hated Moscow, and above all, that stronghold of oriental intrigue and moral darkness, the Kremlin. If I remember right, he never in-

## "PININ' FOR A SWEET KISS."

Remarkable Osculatory Game Played in North Carolina Mountains.

Back in the North Carolina mountains the student of customs may still find material for research. The most remarkable are the kissing games, which still cling to the soil. A lot of big-limbed, powerful young men and apple-cheeked, buxom girls gather, and select one of their number as master of ceremonies. He takes his station in the center of the room, while the rest pair off and parade around him. Suddenly one young woman will throw up her hands and say: "I'm a-pin-in'." The master of ceremonies takes it up, and the following dialogue and interlocation takes place: "Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp says she's a-pin-in'. What is Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp a-pin-in' for?" "I'm a-pin-in' for a sweet kiss." "Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp says she's a-pin-in' for a sweet kiss. Who from?" "From Mr. Hugh Waddle." (Hushes, convulsive giggles and confusion on the part of Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp at this forced confession.) Mr. Hugh Waddle walks up manfully. At one of these entertainments it was the narrator's fortune to attend, there was a remarkably beautiful young woman who had been married about a month. Her husband was present, a huge, beetle-browed, black-eyed young mountaineer, with a fist like a ham. The boys fought shy of the bride for fear of incurring the anger of her hulking spouse. The game went on for some time, when symptoms of irritation developed in the giant. Striding to the middle of the room he said: "My wife ez pooty, 'n ez nice 'n sweet ez any gyurl hyar. You uns has known her all her life. This game hez been a-go'in' on half an hour 'n nobody has pined for her once. Ef someone doesn't pine for her pooty soon thar will be trouble." She was the belle of the ball after that. Everybody pinned for her.

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

Two Men Cheat at Cards and Both Hold Four Aces.

"Talk about cheating," said a veteran poker player, "I remember a time when two famous 'aces of spades' were guilty of the worst breach of poker etiquette on record. I was out at Carson City in those days looking for the elusive metal in the neighboring mountains. I took a hand once in a while myself, but on this occasion I thail heaven I was not a participant. There were six hands originally in the sit-ting, but four had fallen by the way side, and the two most renowned players in that famous mining town wer left to fight it out. The sums put u were something enormous even b these spendthrifts. In five minutes th pot contained \$5,000, and when one fir ally called the other, twice that amou was ready to change hands. 'I've g four aces,' said Pete Graveslaw—I be lieve that was his name. 'Four aces. Why, so have I,' thundered the other. Under ordinary circumstances I believe that either would have cut the other throat, but both seemed utterly abas ed at their conduct. They had tuck the dummy cards up their sleeves somewhere else and by a strange c incidence had struck the same thi. You would have expected the mine to deal summarily with these chea but strange to say everybody thought a good joke. After the money was vided up as it belonged to the diff erent hands in the game the two crook players bought many drinks. I say was glad I did not participate in t game, because I think I would ha sworn off after that and would ha missed the fun I have had since."

## SCHOOL MA'AMS' WHEEL TO!

Brooklyn Teachers Will Visit Eng-land and France This Summer.

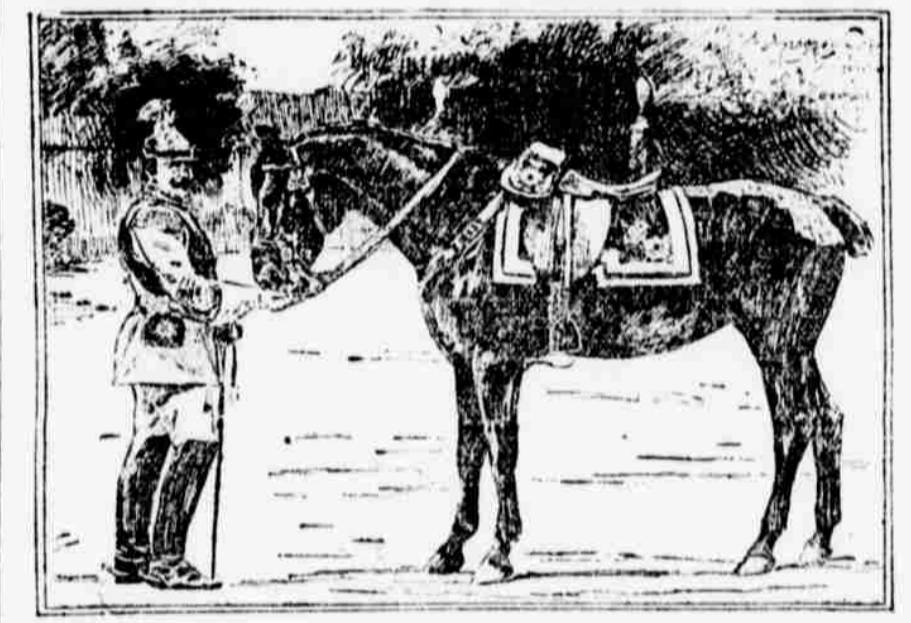
Something novel in bicycle tours being planned by Mrs. Emma F. F. tengill, a member of the Brook-lyne board of education. Among Brook-lyne 2,000 schoolteachers are many expe and it occurred to Mrs. Pettengill a wheeling tour through England France would prove to these a welc physical and mental vacation to. As the party is to be limited to fift competition to be among the cho few is keen. The party will start J 2 and will be absent sixty-three d. Southern England will be visited f. Twenty-eight miles is to be the limf a day's run, leaving plenty of time sightseeing and for rest. Aug. 9 party will start for Paris. After days in Paris the party will w through northern France. Return to London, the party will sail Aus and reach home in time to resume t labors in September. "The party be chaperoned by me over its er route," Mrs. Pettengill annou "and I will be assisted by a gentle conductor, not a commonplace cou perfectly acquainted with his d and routes. This will be my wheeling tour in England, thoug have visited that country and the tinent. For the last two summe have made long tours through Hampshire and other New Eng states. This party has been pla solely for recreation and without idea of profit whatever. All ch have been made on the co-oper plan and the cost for the sixty-days' tour is only \$300."

## The Logic of the Situation.

May—"Do you suppose Belle w that bonnet she was speaking t about?" Blanche—"I guess s; said she couldn't afford it."—Puc

## A Poor Opinion.

Fosdick—Tompkins isn't muc fellow, is he? Keedick—No, he Tompkins is small pingrean an in the hill.—Truth.



WILHELM AND HIS FAVORITE HORSE.



I SHALL BE WAITING.