THE SEER.

Alone on his dim heights of song and dream
He saw the dawn, and of its solace told.
We on his brow beheld the luminous gleam
And listened idly, for the night was cold.

Then clouds shut out the view, and he was gone,
And though the way is dubious, dark the night,
And though our dim eyes still await the dawn,
We saw a face that once beheld the light.

—Arthur Stringer, in Century.

WINNIE'S FORTUNE

THE handsome dining room in the Mayberry mansion was all a glitter with floods of gaslight and the genial glow of the fire—for Mr. Josiah Mayberry was a very queer man, according to his wife's opinion, and this fancy of his to have nasty ashy fires all over the splendid mansion before the weather became cold enough was one of his "eccentric freaks," Mrs. Mayberry called it, with a curl of her lip, a toss of the head and a smile of contempt directed at the hale, hearty, honest-faced old gentleman who had married her for her pretty face, ten years ago, when he was an immensely rich widower, with his handsome half-grown son for a not undesirable companion.

They were sitting around the handsome table, discussing their 7 o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler and his subordinate in silent, obsequious attention—these three Mayberrys, father, son, and the haughty, well-dressed lady who was wearing a decided frown of displeasure on her face—a frown she had barely power to restrain from degenerating into a verbal expression of anger while the servants were in waiting, and which, as the door finally closed on them, leaving the little party alone over the dessert, burst forth impetuously:

"I declare, Mr. Mayberry, it is too bad! I have gone over the list of invitations you have made, and to think that there is not one—no, not one—of our set among them, and such a horrid lot of people as you have named!"

Mr. Mayberry sipped his tea contentedly.

"I told you, didn't I, Marguerite, that it was my intention to give an old-fashioned dinner? And by that I meant, and mean, to whom it will, indeed, be cause for thankfulness. As to making a grand fuss, and seeing around our table only the people to whom a luxurious dinner is an every-day occurrence—I shall not do it. And as to the guests on my list being 'horrid' and 'common,' you are mistaken, my dear. None of them have a worse failing than poverty. There is not a 'common,' vulgar person among the ten names on that paper."

Mr. Mayberry's good old face lighted up warmly as he spoke, and Ernest Mayberry's handsome face reflected the satisfaction and pride he felt in his father's views.

Mrs. Mayberry flushed, but said nothing. She knew from experience that, kind and indulgent as her husband was, there were times when he suffered no appeal from his decision. And this was one of those times.

"We will have dinner ordered for 12 o'clock, as it used to be when I was a boy. We will have roast turkey, with cranberry sauce, and mashed potatoes and turnips, boiled onions and celery, and all on the table at once, for dessert, pie, cheese and cider, and nothing more. Marguerite, shall I I give the order to Lorton, or will you attend to it?"

"Oh, don't ask me to give such an insane order to him! I have no wish to appear as a laughing-stock before my servants, Mr. Mayberry. It will be as severe a strain on my endurance as I am capable of to be forced to sit at a table with such people as the Hurds and the Masons, and that Thyrza Green and her lame brother, and that little old Wilmington and his granddaughter, and——"

Mr. Mayberry interrupted her, very gently.

"Old Mr. Wilmington was a friend of mine long before he went to India. Since he came home with son's orphan daughter and lived in such obscurity—comfortable although plain, for Winnie earns enough as daily governess to support them both cheaply—I regard him as more worthy of friendship than ever. Ernest, my boy, I shall depend upon you to help entertain our guests, and especially at table, for I shall have no servants about to scare them out of their appetites."

And Mr. Mayberry dismissed the subject by arising from the table.

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"Would I like to go? Oh, grandpa, I should! Will you go, do you think?"

The little whitened old man looked fondly at her over his steel-rimmed glasses.

"So you'd like to accept Mr. Mayberry's invitation to dinner, eh, Winnie pie? You wouldn't be ashamed of your old fashioned grandfather, eh, among the fine folk of the family? Remarkably fine folk, I hear, for all I can remember when Joe was a boy together with myself. Fine folk, and you think we'd better go?"

"I would like to go, grandpa. I don't have many recreations—I don't want many, for I think contented, honest labor is the grandest thing in the world, and the best discipline; but somewhat, I can't tell why, I do want to go. I can wear my black cashmere, and you'll be so proud of me."

"Proud of you, indeed, my child, no matter what you wear. Yes, we'll go."

And thus it happened that among the ten guests that sat down at Josiah Mayberry's hospitable, overflowing board that cold, blue-skied day, Winnie Wilmington and the little old man were two—and two to whom Ernest Mayberry paid more devoted attention than even his father had asked or expected.

Of course it was a grand success—all excepting the cold hauteur on Mrs. Mayberry's aristocratic face, and that was a failure because no one took the least notice of it, so much more powerful were the influences of Mr. Mayberry's and Ernest's courteous, gentlemanly attentions.

"I only hope that you are satisfied," Mrs. Josiah said, with what was meant to be withering sarcasm, after the last guest had gone, and she stood a moment before the fire; "I only hope you are satisfied—particularly with the attention Ernest paid to that young woman—very unnecessary attention, indeed."

Mr. Mayberry rubbed his hands together briskly.

"Satisfied? Yes, thankful to God, that it was in my power to make them forget their poverty, if only for one little hour. Did you see little Jimmy Hurd's eyes glisten when Ernest gave him the second triangle of pie? Bless the youngsters' hearts, they won't want anything to eat for a week."

"I was speaking of the young woman who——"

Mrs. Mayberry was icily severe, but her husband cut it short.

"So you were—pretty little thing as ever I saw. A lady-like, graceful little girl, with beautiful eyes enough to excuse the boy for adoring her."

"The boy. You seem to have forgotten your son is twenty-three—old enough to fall in love with, and marry—even a poor unknown girl you were quixotic enough to invite to your table."

"Twenty-three? So he is. And if he wants to marry a beggar, and she is a good, virtuous girl—why not?"

A little gasp of horror and dismay, was the only answer of which Mrs. Mayberry was capable.

* * * * * *

"Grandpa!"

Winnie's voice was so low that Mr. Wilmington only just heard it, and when he looked up he saw the girl's crimson cheeks and her lovely, drooping face.

"Yes, Winnie. You want to tell me something."

She went up behind him and leaned her hot cheek caressingly against his, her sweet, low voice whispering her answer:

"Grandpa, I want to tell you something—Mr.—we—Ernest has asked—he wants me to—oh, grandpa, can't you tell what it is?"

He felt her cheek grow hotter against his. He reached up his hand and caressed the other one.

"Yes, I can tell, dear. Ernest has shown his uncommon good sense by wanting you for a wife. So that is what comes of that dinner, eh, Winnie?"

"And may I tell him you are willing, perfectly willing, grandpa? Because I do love him, you know."

"And you are sure it isn't his money you are after, eh?"

She did not take umbrage at the sharp question.

"I am at least sure it is not my money he is after, grandpa," she returned, laughing and patting his cheek.

"Yes, you are at least sure of that; there, I hear the young man coming himself. Shall I go, Winnie?"

It was the "young man himself," Ernest Mayberry, with a shadow of deep trouble and distress on his face as he came straight up to Winnie and took her hand, then turned to the old gentleman.

"Until an hour ago I thought this would be the proudest, happiest hour of my life, sir, for I would have asked you to give me Winnie for my wife. Instead, I must be content to only tell you how dearly I love her, and how patient and hard I will work for her, to give her the home which she deserves—because, Mr. Wilmington, this morning the house of Mayberry & Thurston failed, and both families are beggars."

His handsome face was pale, but his eyes were bright with a determination and braveness nothing could daunt.

Winnie smiled back upon him, her own cheeks paling.

"Never mind, Ernest, on my account; I can wait, too."

Old Mr. Wilmington's eyes were almost shut beneath the heavy, frowning forehead, and a quizzical look was on his shrewd old face as he listened.

"Gone up, eh? Well, that's too bad! You stay here and tell Winnie I am just as willing she shall be your wife when you want her, as if nothing had happened, because I believe you can earn bread and butter for both of you, and my Winnie is a contented little girl. I'll hobble up to the office and see your father; he and I were boys together; and a word of sympathy won't come amiss from me."

And off he strode, leaving the lovers alone, getting over the distance in remarkable time, and presenting his wrinkled, weather-beaten old face in Mayberry & Thurston's private office, where Mr. Mayberry sat alone, with rigid face and keen, troubled eyes, that, nevertheless, lighted at the sight of his old friend.

"I'm glad to see you, Wilmington. Sit down. The sight of a man who has not come to reproach me is indeed a comfort."

But Mr. Wilmington did not sit down. He crossed the room to the table at which Mr. Mayberry sat among a hopeless array of papers.

"There is no use wasting words, Mayberry, at a time like this. Did you know your son has asked my Winnie to marry him?"

Mr. Mayberry's face lighted up a second, then the gloom returned.

"If my son had a fortune at his command, as I thought he had yesterday at this time, I would say, 'God speed you in your wooing of Winnie Wilmington.' As it is—for the girl's sake, I disapprove."

"So you haven't a pound over and above, eh, Mayberry?"

"There will be nothing—less than nothing. I don't know that I really care so much for myself, but Ernest—it is a terrible thing to happen to him at the very beginning of his career."

Mr. Wilmington smiled gleefully.

"Good. Neither do I care for myself, but for Winnie, my little Winnie. I tell you what, Mayberry, perhaps you will wonder if I am crazy, but I'll agree to settle a quarter of a million on Winnie the day she marries your boy. And I'll lend you as much more if it'll be any use, and I'll start the boy for himself if you say so. Eh?" Mr. Mayberry looked at him in speechless bewilderment. Wilmington went on, "I made a fortune out in India, and it's safe and sound in hard cash in good hands—a couple of millions. I determined to bring my girl up to depend on herself, and to learn the value of money before she had the handling of her fortune. She has no idea she's an heiress—my heiress. Sounds like a story out of a book, eh, Mayberry? Well, will you shake hands on it, and call it a bargain?"

Mr. Mayberry took the little dried-up hand almost reverently, his voice hoarse and thick with emotion.

"Wilmington, God will reward you for this. May He, a thousandfold."

Wilmington winked away a suspicious moisture on his eyelashes.

"You see it all comes of that dinner, old fellow. You acted like a charitable Christian gentleman, and between us we'll make the boy and Winnie as happy as they deserve, eh?"

* * * * * *

And even Mrs. Mayberry admits that it was a good thing that her husband gave that dinner, and when she expects to see Mrs. Ernest Mayberry an honored guest at her board, she candidly feels that she owes every atom of her splendor and luxury to the violet-eyed, charming girl who wears her own honors with such sweet grace.—Waverley Magazine.

Suggestion to Travelers.

In packing trunks there often comes that final hour of desperation, when, after last calls, muddy boots go in on top of a jet bonnet, and the last delayed washing on top of that; or perhaps unread papers with some friend's speech are sacrificed to wrap up these shoes. To avoid this dilemma, make several pairs of bags of light-weight washable stuff (pieces of summer dresses, percale, lawn, etc., may be used); make but one pair of one color. Put each shoe or slipper with its own bag, not a pair together, as they will rub and will not pack to advantage. In searching for them, the color of the bags show which are mates.—Woman's Home Companion.

Science AND Invention

That eggs decrease in weight during incubation has been proved by careful weighings by H. S. Gladstone. The average loss of a pheasant's egg from the first to the twenty-first day was found to be two drams twelve grains, and one egg which weighed seventeen drams nineteen grains when laid had become reduced to thirteen drams ten grains on the twenty-third day.

A striking instance of the change which the cultivation of natural science is capable of causing in the face of the earth is afforded by a remark of Andrew Murray concerning the result achieved by horticulture in England. They have, he said, affected the appearance of all England. "Nowhere can a day's ride now be taken where the landscape is not beautified by some of the introductions of the Royal Horticultural Society."

There are bacteria and bacteria. Dr. Charrin, a French physiologist, has been experimenting upon rabbits with various vegetables sterilized by the most approved processes, and he has shown that it is erroneous to declare that the less bacteria there are in our daily food the better. What is required is to weed out the harmful organisms from the beneficent kinds. The rabbits fed on sterilized food soon died from maladies set up by non-assimilation of the vegetables, but other rabbits flourished on similar sterilized vegetables that had been afterward treated with suitable bacteria.

Much interest has been awakened by the experiments at Lyons in feeding silkworms with leaves stained with various dyes in order to cause them to spin silk of corresponding hues. When fed on red food the worms spin red cocoons, and the silk seems to retain the color. The experiments with leaves stained blue have been less successful. Although the expectation has been raised that this process may prove of commercial importance, the experiments say that they do not expect to make any discoveries which will affect the industry of dyeing.

But for their expensiveness it is probable that pavements of india-rubber would be largely used in city streets. That, at least, is the inference to be drawn from experience with rubber pavement in London. In 1881 the two roads under the hotel at Euston Station were paved with rubber two inches thick. This pavement, under heavy traffic, remained in continuous use for 21 years. In 1902 it was renewed, having been worn down to about half its original thickness. Lately a rubber pavement has been laid in the courtyard of the Savoy Hotel, London. The cost for covering an area of 75 by 50 feet was nearly $10,000.

For two years an exhaustive monograph on a typical lake of Italy has been in course of preparation by the Italian Geographical Society. The picturesque lake of Bolsena, within easy reach from Rome, was selected for the purpose, and the studies include the geographical and geological features, the rainfall and temperature and seasonal variations, the changes of level, the seiches or rhythmical pulsations of the surface and the life forms. The seiches constitute one of the most interesting of the phenomena. These have a regular period of twelve or fifteen minutes, the rise of the water on occasions reaching a foot, and the oscillations are often so marked that the natives speak of the lake as panting. They are more conspicuous at Marta than on the opposite side of the lake at Bolsena, a rise of seven inches at the former being correlated with one of four inches at the latter.

DRAINING THE EVERGLADES.

Wonderfully Rich Section of Florida to to Be Made Productive.

There are great agricultural possibilities in the Florida everglades. Though they are yet merely an expansive waste of swamp and lake and jungle, I venture to predict that they will be the location of hundreds of fertile farms within ten years and will by degrees develop into one of the most productive tracts of land in the world. The barrier to the utilization of the everglades has been, of course, the water which covers the greater part of them to a depth of from one to six feet. But it has been found entirely practicable to drain off the water. Work to this end has already been begun, and is being pushed rapidly. When it is completed a tract of land 160 miles long and sixty miles wide will have been opened to cultivation. The size of this region is not as important as the remarkable productivity of the soil. The latter is not only absolutely virgin, but has been fertilized by animal and vegetable life through many centuries. I am confident that its crops will lift Florida to a place among the leading agricultural States.

The project of draining the everglades attracted the attention of Henry B. Plant in the early '90s, but he was by no means sure that the scheme was feasible, so I, acting under his direction, undertook an expedition through the region. Despite its proximity to centers of population, it was then for the first time thoroughly explored by white men. Ours was virtually a voyage of discovery. We paddled our light boats on lakes and camped on islands that, I have good reason to believe, had never before been visited by any human beings but Seminole Indians, and by these but rarely. We underwent so many hardships that some of our party were compelled to turn back, but our efforts were not in vain, for we ascertained the important fact that the everglades along the whole 160 miles of the eastern side are rimmed by a rock edge. We furthermore learned that all of the lakes are several feet above sea level, and we decided that there was nothing whatever to prevent the water of the lakes from flowing into the ocean and leaving the land drained if vents could be made in this long ledge of rock. The chief question before us pertained to the practicability of cutting through the ledge in various places and dredging out outlets into the Atlantic, which is not more than two or three miles away at numerous points.

Experiment proved that this work would present no great difficulties. It was merely a matter of a great deal of digging. Henry M. Flagler took up the project, and it is being carried out by his lieutenants. We are not only making artificial outlets through the rock, but are also, by ditching and dredging, turning large bodies of water into rivers and creeks which flow to the ocean. The work has progressed far enough to enable me to predict confidently the opening in Florida within a very few years of a great tract of land of almost unprecedented fertility.—Success.

"MY GRANDMOTHER."

Her Helpful Spirit and Ways Found Her a Welcome Always.

A clear-headed woman of 80 recently told how her father's mother went from Maine to Massachusetts to make her home with his son's family, seventy-five years ago this autumn. She was so frail that the captain of the small sailing vessel hardly dared to take her as a passenger, but eventually found her most helpful in caring for the other storm-tossed travelers.

"Although they had never before met," continued the narrator, "my mother greeted her with the words, 'I am glad you have come.' At this my grandmother broke down, saying, 'I was afraid you would not be.' Our family was very poor, but we soon found her a most helpful addition to it. She taught me, the youngest child, how to sew and to read, and did much to amuse and interest me."

The neighbors soon came to like this aged woman, and to send small delicacies to her whenever they had them. The first tomato that her little granddaughter ever saw came in this way.

One day the family was startled by the sound of some one falling. "It's in grandmother's room!" cried the little girl's mother, and together they went there, to find that the good old woman had breathed her last. "This was nearly seventy years ago," concluded the narrator, "but the recollections of my grandmother are among the most precious of life's memories."

This story of the simpler ways of earlier times doubtless has its counterparts now, written over and over again every day. As the last quarter of this century opens in 1975, one of to-day's five-year-olds may then tell, for the benefit of readers of that time, how she learned that a woman is never too old to find a welcome if she have the welcome spirit.—Youth's Companion.

Everybody's Canoe.

"Try to please everybody and you will please nobody," is a well-known truth, and brings to mind the following story:

"A man in a forest was building a canoe; along came a traveler, and told him he was shaping the bow altogether wrong, and advised him how to fix it. The man changed it, and the traveler passed on. Presently along came another traveler, and, stopping to watch progress, suggested some other improvement, which the man made. Not long after, a third came, and also tendered his advice, which was accepted. The man having finished after the wishes of the travelers, suspended it from a tree, and commenced to make another after his own ideas; so when the fourth traveler came along, and asked why he did this and that, the man looked up quietly, and said, 'See here, stranger, this is my canoe; there's everybody's canoe,' (pointing to the nondescript) in that tree."

German Soldiers' Trick.

In order to obtain dismissal many German soldiers have invented a way of producing in their ears an apparently bad ulcer by rubbing in a mixture which produces acute inflammation.

Business, like your salary, might always be better.