

## THE RICHES OF LOVE.

Talk about Poverty—nothing it seems;  
Rich am I ever, with Love and the dreams!  
Who with my wealth in the world can compare—  
Rich in the glory of Jenny's gold hair!  
Beautiful, down streaming hair that I hold  
In the hands of me—kissing and loving its gold.

Talk about Poverty—bright the sun streams!  
Take the world's riches and give me Love dreams!  
Dreams in the dark skies, and dreams in the fair,  
The light—the brave splendor of Jenny's gold hair!  
Earth hath its millions—but nothing like this;  
The beautiful hair whose golden ringlets I kiss!

There is no Poverty!—Give me, dear God,  
Not the gold harvests that color the sod;  
Not the world's breath, over far oceans blown—  
But the red lips of Jenny, that lean to my own!  
And even in death just a joy, like to this:  
Her gold hair to shadow me—sweet with Love's kiss!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## THREE IN A GARDEN

ON the gray stone steps that led from one smooth lawn to another stood Cynthia. One foot had sought a lower step, the other lingered above, and the clinging gown of white, out of which peeped shoulders yet whiter, outlined the slender figure. The expression on the face under the large hat, bent downward by ribbon tied faintly beneath the chin, showed rapt attention to the notes of a violin, proceeding from behind the closely cropped hedge.

It was a picture a man might look upon for all a summer's day, and then not have his fill. But I, from my seat beneath the trees, found no pleasure in it.

"Curse the long-haired, fiddling fellow!" I muttered, and began to walk across the lawn to Cynthia. But even when I stood below her, with my hat doffed, I might have been a man invisible for all the notice I gained.

"Good day, Cousin Cynthia," said I. The music from behind the hedge ceased and I waited yet longer. I myself could have fancied a tune with more spirit; something to stir a man's blood—to fill him with the wild madness of the charge—aye, or even a rousing song to suit the passage of the flag. But it was evidently to the taste of my cousin, for she still stood listening, and took no notice of my salutation.

"It is a fair morning," said I, at length, thinking she was not aware of my presence, and seeking to attract her notice.

"Your voice is not in harmony with these sweet strains, cousin," she replied, not favoring me with even so much as a look.

"In truth, a crying child would suit them better," I retorted.

Cynthia deigned no reply, but drew aside as I ascended the steps and stood abreast of her.

"You treat me harshly, cousin," said I.

"I did not bid you come."

"Will you go up with me?" I inquired, pointing to the lawn above us.

"Nay, I am going down."

"To him," I added, bitterly. "You do, indeed, go down."

Cynthia laughed merrily.

"A witty cousin," she cried. "But possessing little courtesy, as, indeed, I found last night."

"I was angered, and did not pick my words."

"Indeed, but you did, cousin; you picked the most unpleasant."

"Perhaps I had occasion."

"Perhaps? Or not? It is of little consequence," exclaimed Cynthia, raising her white shoulders with a great show of indifference. "Good morning, cousin."

She held out her hand to me, and I touched it lightly with my lips. Then she ran down the steps, and began to cross the lawn below.

I have heard it said, and by those who should know, that none moved with more grace than my cousin Cynthia. And I, as I stood motionless on the steps, gazing after her, was suddenly filled with a very passion of love and longing. I would go after her—throw myself at her feet, and beg her to give me back her love, which but a day since I had thought was mine. But as my pride and my love fought within me, Cynthia had reached the hedge whence came the music. I fancied she half turned her head toward me; certainly she paused a moment. I ran down the steps.

But then she vanished behind the hedge; and immediately the music ceased. I turned away full of anger and despair, though, as yet I failed to realize how that which had happened were possible, and how my dream of happiness had been shattered in an hour. For on the previous evening there had been dancing in the great house that stood in the midst of the garden, and I, as a favored suitor, had many times claimed the hand of the Lady Cynthia. It is true it had been granted me, and my friends had still no reason to believe but that I was in possession of her heart. But I knew

differently, for though her hand was in mine, her eyes sought continually the face of a young stripling, a member of the company of musicians hired to play while we danced. At first I mistrusted my eyes, refusing to believe such a thing. Few were more proud than my cousin, and it seemed impossible that she, of the highest in the land, could smile on a mere fiddler from the court. But a lover's eyes are quick; and the truth, hideous though it were, forced itself upon me. Then, foolishly, I spoke bitter words to her, and she returned them. I reproached her, perhaps assuming more than my position warranted, for there was as yet no formal bond between us, only, as I hoped, a complete understanding of the future.

We parted in anger, and all the night I had tossed sleepless. There was a mystery in it I could not fathom. No words had passed between them, and love, if it were love, had come swiftly, with but a look to kindle it. Once I thought it but a whim to try my love; but to choose for the test a man of mean birth, as this musician, that were impossible for my proud cousin.

For a few minutes I paced the lawn with head bent and hands clasped behind my back. Then the impulse seized me to follow Cynthia, and play the spy. That I should see nothing that would please me I felt assured, but I desired to know the worst. So I walked swiftly to the hedge, and, finding no one behind it, continued my steps to a belt of trees that formed part of the great park of which the house and garden were the heart.

In the shadow of the trees stood Cynthia, and by her side the boy musician, his fiddle lying neglected on the ground and his hands clasping hers.

Then, as I watched, I saw him kiss her, and she returned the kiss.

I have ever been counted a man of cool brain and quiet temper, but here was a matter far different to a whistling bullet or the thunder of charging horses. There flashed into my mind a wild impulse to kill this stripling who stood between me and my heart's desire. That the deed was unlikely to further my wooing was an argument that did not enter into my hot head.

It was her name I cried as I ran toward them.

"Cynthia!"

The musician drew back, but Cynthia faced me calmly.

"Why, cousin, what is this? A sword drawn before a lady? Has the sun added your brain?"

"I pray you to leave us," I said to her, the words coming thickly.

"Your presence is not of my seeking," she replied. "and unless Master Herrick also wishes to be rid of me—"

"Nay, nay," stammered the youth.

I turned to him sharply.

"I have a matter to discuss with you," said I.

He would not meet my gaze, but kept his eyes on the ground.

"Put up your sword, then," quoth Cynthia. "Such arguments, are poor logic."

My head was cooling, and I thrust the weapon back into its sheath.

"The gentleman is evidently more used to the low than to the sword," I said, scornfully, pointing to the violin lying on the ground. Then I turned on my heel and left them.

The flowers were bright in the summer sunshine and I strode about the garden. All things spoke of beauty and happiness, and the joy of living. But in my mind was the picture of my love in the arms of another and returning kiss for kiss.

Yet—the chosen lover of the Lady Cynthia, a boy, a fiddler and a coward. My thoughts found utterance in scornful words.

"Tut! These women are mad creatures, and it is foolish to have aught to do with them. There is plenty of work for a man—and a sword—to do in the world, and brave companions with whom to live. The fiddlers for the women. The men for the fight

and the wine cup. That is life for me!"

"Cousin Richard!"

The words came softly and sweetly to my ears. I turned sharply and found Cynthia standing behind me. Her hands were clasped before her, and her head bent—a picture of bashful humility, a little, I thought, too perfect to be true.

"Well?" I inquired shortly, being not yet recovered from my anger and scorn of womankind.

"I have thought from your manner—or, indeed, cousin, from your want of manner—that you are not pleased with me."

That left me without a word. For none but a blind man could have been displeased with her as she stood there before me in the sunlight.

"It is a sad matter when—cousins—quarrel," she continued.

"You kissed the fellow," said I, speaking harshly, to hide the softness of my heart.

Her humility vanished at my words. "Why not?" she cried. "What right have you to spy on me? I will kiss whom I like—so you need have no fear for yourself, Cousin Richard."

Now, I had determined to have no repetition of the quarrel of the previous night. So I answered quietly, seeking to know the truth, and to abide the result as a man should.

"I ask your pardon for my hasty words," I said. "But a few weeks ago you made me believe that my suit was not distasteful. Now, in a moment, you cast me off for another. Have I no excuse for sorrow and anger?"

"Perhaps, Dick," she said softly.

Then I was conquered. I threw myself at her feet, crying that I loved her and would die for her, and all the sweet mad speeches that lovers make. But she stood quietly, and when I found no more words (they were ever wont to fall me) she looked down at me and said smiling:

"The sun is warm, and I fear—"

I sprang to my feet, for a moment hating where I had loved. But before I could speak Cynthia held out her hands to me, crying:

"Nay, you misunderstand me. I did but suggest that under the great oak tree we might converse with more comfort, and"—(here she smiled at me)—"with less chance of being overlooked."

Again my anger left me at her words, and we crossed the lawn into the cool shade of the trees. One of them, a mighty oak, had its trunk circled by a wooden seat. It was not the first time we had visited it.

"Are you still very angry with me, Dick?" asked Cynthia, when we were seated.

"How can I be pleased?" I returned mournfully.

"Then we must sit apart, not being friends," she said, and glided round the seat so that her back was toward me and the trunk of the tree between us.

So we sat in silence, while I pondered on the riddle that was so hard to read. Why had she come to me, a discarded and angry lover, with the kisses of another and more favored suitor fresh on her lips? And greater wonder still, why did she stay with me, and speak to me in this manner? Either her heart was hard, and taking pleasure in my pain, or else there was some mystery in the matter. Yet I could but believe my eyes, and they had seen her kiss him.

Presently, as no sound came from the other side of the tree, I moved slightly, and bent my body so that I could see the graceful curve of her white neck, and a rosebud nestling in her dark hair. Then suddenly she turned her head and met my gaze.

"Why do you look at me, Cousin Richard, if you are so angry with me? But perhaps there is hate in your eyes. Is there hate in your eyes, Cousin Richard?"

For answer I moved toward her, but she held out her hands as if to push me away.

"Nay, nay," she cried, "it is not safe to have an angry man who hates me too near."

"You know that I do not hate you," I answered.

"I would see for myself. Look at me again, Dick."

Obediently I turned my head, and she doing likewise for a moment, we gazed into each other's eyes. Then she turned from me again, and said gravely shaking her head:

"Nay, I think I need have no fear. You may come round a little—just a little more—Dick."

And then I had the advantage, for my arm slipped round her waist so that she could not run away, and with the air of a master (as, indeed, a man is when he holds his love in his arms) demanded that she should tell me the answer to the riddle.

"There was once," she began, as if she told some tale of the fairies, "a poor girl who worked for her bread. She was foster sister to one who could have given her all she needed, but in her pride she would have none of it. Her only talent was in music, so she joined a company of musicians, and because none but men might play with them in public places, she donned man's attire. But it led her into sad trouble, for one day a gallant gentleman would have slain her because she met her sister secretly, that their

friendship might not lead to the discovery of her disguise, and because that sister kissed her."

"But why did you not tell me this before?" I cried, amazed at the story.

"Your words were hard last night, deserving punishment, and I thought—"

Cynthia paused and looked up at me roguishly.

"Yes?" I inquired, pressing her closer to my side.

"I thought that if I were to have you for a husband, I had best train you to be a good one."—Harold Ohlson, in the King.

## SAVAGES AT FAIR AS SNOBS.

**Social Distinction Among Untamed Tribes of the Philippines.**

The Visayan children at the World's Fair openly snubbed their youthful comrades of the Philippine reservation, the Igorrotes, the Moros and the Negritos, at the model playgrounds the other afternoon. The action of the Visayan juvenile contingent was the sensation of the Sunday outing which Mrs. Ruth Hirschfeld, the hostess of the playgrounds, gave to the children of all nations.

The grown-up spectators watched the little drama with great interest, but no one offered to interfere or patch up a truce.

The Visayans came first to the grounds. They took possession of a row of swings and hammocks and were having great sport. After a few minutes in trooped the half-naked Moros and Negrito boys. Inside of three minutes the latter had full possession of the swings, as far as the Visayans were concerned. Not a Visayan child could get within fifty feet of them. They simply turned up their noses and walked away. Not a word was exchanged.

It was the old caste prejudice in the islands transplanted to America. At home a Visayan never mingles on equal terms with an Igorrote or Moro, much less a Negrito, who is the most despised of all.

Two American boys who were on the grounds brought out the contrast between democratic America and the Filipino caste system. The two boys played with the Igorrotes and the Negritos alike, and had a jolly time. There were fifteen nations represented, and among the others there seemed to be no drawing of the color line. But the Visayans held aloof. Had they done otherwise they would probably had a whipping in store when they got back to their parents.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## HAD TO SHOW HIS WHISKERS.

**Cleveland Man's Wife Locked Him Out After They Were Shorn.**

When Herman Flick, a prosperous grocer at Wilson and Payne avenues, parted with his thirty-five-year-old whiskers the other evening he almost lost his home.

Flick lives at 168 Hoadley street, and his family is grown up, for he has seen sixty years. For thirty-five years of his time Flick and his whiskers have never parted. They were proud, breezy, luxuriant whiskers, too, of the Jerry Simpson alfalfa—not the common garden variety. For years the customers of the big grocery knew the proprietor by his whiskers.

A few neighbors dared Flick to divorce those whiskers.

"You wouldn't dare!" said one.

"What do you bet I won't?" said Flick.

"Well, \$10."

"Where's the money?"

The cash was made up and the party went over to a barber shop. There were a few snip-snips of the shears, the scraping of a razor, and Flick's face was whiskerless.

That night a smooth-faced, young-looking man turned into the yard of 168 Hoadley street and rang the bell. The door opened cautiously and a woman looked out.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want to come in."

"Who are you?"

"I am Herman. Don't you know me?"

Bang went the door, click went the key in the lock.

Flick tried to argue. It was no use. So he ambled back, woke the barber, gathered up the late crop of alfalfa, and took it home. Passing it in at the door, his wife was convinced and admitted him.—Cleveland Dispatch to Chicago Inter-Ocean.

**All Arranged in Advance.**

Tess—They say if you walk downstairs backward with a lighted candle in your hand the first man you meet will be the one you marry. I'm going to try that on Hallowe'en.

Jess—So am I. It must be done the stroke of 8 o'clock.

Tess—Oh! You don't have to do it at any particular hour.

Jess—Yes, I do. I told Jack Hanson to call promptly at 8 o'clock.—Philadelphia Press.

Doctors seem to have four guesses: The liver, kidneys, stomach and heart. If they miss on all four, they can still look wise and recommend a change of climate.

What has become of the old fashioned woman who wore a nubia?

## Popular Science.

The sounds emitted by telegraph and telephone wires have been a subject of study by F. Bock, who claims to have made it possible to forecast local weather conditions one or more days ahead from the humming. Observations are made at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

The snail's sense of smell has been located in the horns by some observers, but authorities quite as good have regarded this conclusion as incorrect. M. Young, who has been making experiments to settle the matter, now claims to have proven that the snail's nose is distributed over the entire body.

The new motor forge of the United States army is a vehicle 12½ feet long driven by a 24 horsepower gasoline engine, and carrying oil for traveling 304 miles at 10 to 12 miles an hour. It is fitted with a small machine shop, blacksmith's shop and saddler's shop while it carries spare parts likely to be needed by a light battery on the march. An auxiliary engine on one side operates a dynamo, lathe and grindstone.

The deplorable summer waste of child life, especially in crowded cities calls for scientific attention. A recent medical writer claims that the epidemic diarrhea that proves so fatal may be avoided by the following precautions: (1) Clean milk nipples. (2) Clean towns, with effective sewage removal, dust collection and disposal and street watering. (3) Clean homes, with attention to food utensils, covering food from dust and flies, and personal habits, and (4) destruction or exclusion of flies.

The brief operations of the wireless telegraph service undertaken for the London Times at the seat of the Russo-Japanese war, and ended by the interference of the Japanese government, throw much light on the detective powers of wireless telegraphy. In this case the DeForest system was employed. The land station was at Wetz halwel, with a mast 170 feet high. The mast on the telegraph ship was 90 feet high. Both Russian and Japanese messages were received by the operator, who could easily recognize the difference in the systems employed. He could tell if a Russian ship was at sea by listening to the answering messages from shore. He could also tell whether the Japanese messages were transmitted from a relay base, or whether the fleet itself was at sea.

The question whether America or Europe has the swifter railroad train is one the answer to which varies from time to time with the progress of events. According to a comparison of schedules for this year, made by the Scientific American, the English and French trains are at present decidedly ahead of our own. With the exception of the Empire State Express, which averages 54.5 miles an hour, and the Twentieth Century Limited, 50 miles, it appears that we have no trains running long distances comparable in speed with many in England and France. There are 35 French trains scheduled to run at an average speed of 55 miles an hour or more, and 53 English trains that are equally fast. Our two fast trains, it is true, go longer distances and are much heavier, but they have proportionally larger engines.

**Suicide with Comfort.**

"Do you know the only Irishman who ever committed suicide?" asked W. B. Pollard. "You know it is said that Irishmen never commit suicide, and when the argument was advanced in a crowd of that nationality he was so unstrung that he decided to show his opponents that Irishmen do sometimes commit a rash act. He accordingly disappeared, and the man who employed him started a search. When he got to the barn he looked up toward the rafters and saw his man hanging with a rope around his waist."

"What are you up to, Pat?" he asked.

"O'm hanging meself, begobs!" the Irishman replied.

"Why don't you put it around your neck?"

"Faith, O' did, but O' couldn't braythe," was the unsmiling reply of the man from the Emerald Isle.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**A Gratitude Protest.**

A Philadelphia commercial traveler, who was stranded in a Georgia village, sat on the porch of the small inn, patiently awaiting the announcement of dinner. At noon, says the Philadelphia Press, a darky appeared at the door and rang a big hand bell.

Immediately the "coon" dog, which had been asleep in the sunshine, awoke, raised his nose toward the sky and howled loud and dolorously.

The darky stopped ringing the bell and sawlled at the dog.

"Yo' shet up?" he shouted. "Yo' don' hafta eat dis dinner! Sides, whar's yo' marnaba, dawg?"

A great deal of the wonderable others have for you is like the come-any-time invitation.