

## WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,  
But what have we done to-day?  
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,  
But what did we give to-day?  
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,  
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,  
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after-a-while,  
But what have we been to-day?  
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,  
But what have we brought to-day?  
We shall give to truth a grander birth,  
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,  
We shall feed the hungry souls of earth,  
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,  
But what have we sown to-day?  
We shall build us mansions in the sky,  
But what have we built to-day?  
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,  
But here and now do we do our task?  
Yes, this is the thing our soul must ask,  
"What have we done to-day?"

—Christian Intelligencer.

## KEEPING DARK

I WANT you to tell me what has become of Colonel Durand," said Lady Waters, about a fortnight before Christmas, and her disappointment was perfectly unmistakable when I expressed my inability to enlighten her.

"Every other person I meet is asking the same question," I returned.

"I can't understand it in the least," she continued. "I confess I begin to feel immensely uneasy. I even went as far as to call at his house—"

"Wasn't he at home?"

"At all events, his man admitted he was in London. I met him three weeks ago at dinner at Mrs. Norcutt's, and he kept us all amused the whole evening. Mrs. Norcutt was saying afterwards that no one could possibly believe he had a son who must be nearly 20."

"By the bye," I asked, "isn't Captain Durand expected home from India?"

"In April, I believe," said Lady Waters. "Yes," she added, "Colonel Durand is certainly the youngest-looking man for his age in London—and one of the handsomest and pleasantest. But I can't understand what has happened to him."

"Oh, well," I suggested, "perhaps he has run down a bit, and prefers to lie low."

"He was engaged to dine with me two days after I met him at Mrs. Norcutt's," she explained, "and his letter of excuse didn't seem even to be written by himself—"

"A woman's hand—"

"Ye-es," she answered, and a short silence followed. "He must be alone with only the servants in his house," Lady Waters continued.

"But are you certain he is there at all?" I suggested.

"I am not certain of anything," she said. "I feel extremely uncertain. There is one of the most popular men in society, who suddenly puts off all his engagements—refuses to see anybody, doesn't even write his letters himself. There's mystery in the face of his servants; they have evidently received special instructions. Now," Lady Waters added, "I want you to clear the matter up."

"But how?"

"If I could tell you how I could probably act for myself," she answered, "but I have known Colonel Durand a good many years, and I can't help feeling anxious. Something," she insisted, "must be done."

I admit a desire to stand well with Lady Waters, although in the present case it seemed difficult to see how it was possible to gratify her. As I had explained, she was by no means the only person to wonder what had occurred in connection with Durand, who had in effect suddenly disappeared from his friends.

After considerable reflection the only sensible plan appeared to be a journey to his house in Manchester street, where he had lived alone since his wife's death, over four years ago. Where more than once I had been entertained at his small and very select parties, than which none in London were more enjoyable.

"Colonel Durand is not at home, sir," said the butler, and I placed one foot over the threshold.

"Not out of London?" I suggested.

"No, sir."

"Is the colonel quite well?"

"Quite well, sir."

"He doesn't appear to have received any of his friends very recently?"

"Not very recently, sir."

"I presume," I remarked, "that, although he is 'not at home' to visitors, Colonel Durand is actually in the house?"

"He is not at home to visitors, sir," was the discreet answer, so that I returned to Lady Waters no whit wiser than I left her.

"You didn't attempt to bribe the butler," she suggested, whereupon I explained that I did not care to bribe any member of a friend's household.

"Besides," I added, "the butler used to be one of the colonel's regimental servants; the two left the army together, and he is absolutely incorruptible."

"Well," said Lady Waters, "I can't pretend to be satisfied. One hears of the strangest things. Why should Colonel Durand refuse to receive anybody? Why doesn't he write his own letters? No one outside his own house has seen him for three weeks, and you must admit the affair has a mysterious appearance."

I did not dispute the statement for an instant, although I had no doubt the colonel had some excellent reason for his retirement. In my case, I did not see my way to take any further steps in the matter, and, indeed, both Lady Waters and myself were on the point of leaving London for Christmas. It was the second week in February before we met again, and then she sent me an urgent summons to her house.

"Now," she exclaimed, before I had been a minute in her drawing room, "I am determined that something must be done!"

"What about?" I asked, not thinking of Durand at the time.

"About the colonel."

"Good gracious!" I cried, "you don't mean to say that he is still keeping dark?"

"As far as I can gather," she returned, "no one has seen him. He has not been to his club . . . I can't meet a man who has entered his house."

"Are you certain he is there?"

"Absolutely. I have been two or three times this week. The butler admits he is in London, but when I asked to see him I was simply told 'not at home.'"

"Then," I said, "there has been no news of Durand for longer than two months."

"If I don't arrive at some explanation before this day week," cried Lady Waters, in her most determined manner, "I shall inform the police."

"But of what?" I demanded.

"I am tormented by all kinds of suspicions," she answered. "He may have been murdered—"

"Oh, but—"

"It is quite possible," she insisted, "and his servants may be in a conspiracy to act in this way to throw persons off the scent."

"Durand might never forgive you if you called public attention to his affairs," I urged. "By the bye, have you thought of writing to him?"

"Of course I have written," she retorted. "I have begged him to see me, hinted that his friends are anxious."

"Well?"

"I received an answer in the same woman's hand," Lady Waters continued, "assuring me that there was not the slightest cause for anxiety, and that he would ask his son to come to see me soon after his arrival next month."

"Earlier than you anticipated?"

"Of course," said Lady Waters, "that may be a slip, and Colonel Durand may not have received my letter."

Eager for Lady Waters' sake as well as for Durand's to prevent the mistake of informing the police of her suspicions, I thought the matter over the same night, with the result that I determined myself to write to the colo-

nel. Sitting down at once, I made a clean breast of things, explaining that his old friends, tormented by anxiety, had made up her mind to communicate with the authorities unless her alarm should be allayed by the following Monday. He must have received my letter in due course the next morning, for at 11 o'clock an answer was delivered at my door by hand.

Breaking the seal with not a little excitement, I saw that the short note was written by a woman—not very well written—to the effect that Colonel Durand would be happy to see me at 3 o'clock the same afternoon. I confess that I had seldom felt more curious or more impatient for a few hours to pass, for, tax my ingenuity as I might, it seemed difficult to hit upon a probable explanation of Durand's retirement.

"Will you walk this way, sir," said the butler, and, somewhat to my surprise, he led me past the drawing-room door, up a second flight of stairs to a room at the back of the house.

"If you will wait one moment, sir," said the butler, as he cautiously opened the door and about 18 inches further in the room I saw a second door (obviously a recent addition) covered with black balze. When the servant invited me to enter the narrow space between the two I confess to uncanny apprehensions, the more when the outer door was closed and we stood in the most total darkness. A moment later I was able to advance within the room, but this also was in such darkness that it was impossible to distinguish the position of the window. Though the day was cold, no fire burned in the grate. I heard the door shut, and assumed that the butler had retired, but I felt afraid to go further into the black room, lest I overturn some articles of furniture.

A second later, however, I recognized Durand's voice—

"That you, Marchant?"

"Are you there, Durand?" I cried, and then I felt a hand on my arm.

"Let me lead you to a chair," he said quietly, and presently his hands were on my shoulders as he pressed me down.

"But what on earth makes you sit in the dark?" I demanded.

"I'm going to tell you—though I should have preferred to tell nobody. It's a case, however, of saving one's self from one's friends. You're the first man I have seen since that dinner at Mrs. Norcutt's early in December."

"Lady Waters met you there?"

"My eyes had been bothering me," he continued, "and I had an appointment with Ramsay, the ophthalmic surgeon, the following day."

"Good heaven," I exclaimed, "you have not lost your sight?"

"Not—not yet," he answered; still in the same self-controlled voice. "But I am going to lose it. You understand there is not the slightest doubt about it. My blindness is absolutely certain—a mere matter of weeks. My—my boy is on his way home. You see, I should like to see the dear chap's face once more. I cross-examined Ramsay. He said that if I lived entirely in the dark, kept quiet, didn't smoke or drink, I might just manage to hold out."

"My dear fellow—"

"There are only a few weeks more," he continued. "I believe I shall do it."

"Do you mean," I said, "to tell me you have been stuck up here in total darkness since December—"

"A ray of light," he answered, "would absolutely destroy my chance of seeing old Donald. It's five years, you know. We haven't met since his mother died—"

"But haven't you tried to hasten his return?"

"One hates to make a fuss," said Durand. "And, you understand, I don't want to see the chap with a long face. He is on the way, and I believe I am going to hold out. So now you can tell Lady Waters that there's no need to send the police. Perhaps both she and you won't mind keeping it to yourselves. Now," he added, as I heard him rise from the chair, "I am going to ring for Banks to take you away."

I stood by his side, scarcely knowing what to say, until, first the outer door was opened and shut, then the inner.

"Let me guide you," said Durand, and I turned in the darkness a moment later, gripping his hand.

"How on earth do you get through the days?" I exclaimed, almost in spite of myself.

Durand laughed far more cheerfully than I could have done.

"Hoping I shall get a look at old Donald," he answered.—The Sketch.

**She Was Going.**  
Hoax—My wife went out to shop to-day and lost a pocketbook containing \$20.

Joax—Did she lose it going to the stores or coming back?  
Hoax—Going. I said there was money in it, didn't I?—Philadelphia Record.

**Rockefeller's Great Flower Garden.**  
John D. Rockefeller is to have a flower garden at one of his summer homes which will cost \$50,000. The plans for it were drawn by his son.

The cheaper the show, the more it runs to pilets and daggers.



Water now supplies 1,500,000 horse power for electrical work, about one-third of it in the United States.

Henry Fuchs, who died recently at San Francisco, was the inventor of barbed wire. It is said that he made a fortune from his invention, but lost it all in Alaska when he went in search of gold.

Some observers have doubted the reality of N-rays because they have been unable to see the brightening of a phosphorescent screen. Mr. F. E. Hackett now claims to have measured the brightening, quantitatively, and has found that unannealed glass increases the brightness 10 per cent and a silent tuning-fork 3 per cent.

According to Professor W. S. Franklin, the most important things to be considered in placing and adjusting a lightning-rod are a good ground connection and a direct path to the ground. This matter of directness of path is so vitally necessary that in comparison with it the insulation of the rod from the building, either by air spaces or glass supports, is of small importance. In fact, Professor Franklin holds that "if the path is direct there is no need of insulation, and if the path is roundabout, effective insulation is not practically feasible."

A curious motor—not likely to be put to practical use—has been devised by M. Leboyer, a French experimenter. After careful search he has discovered a stone—called the domite of Auvergne—in which water rises by capillary attraction to a height of four inches. Placing two square sheets of this stone vertically in a basin of water, he suspends from them pieces of salt-peter-soaked fungus, and beneath this puts a little wheel with blotting-paper paddles. As the water passes from the stone to the fungus, the latter wets the blotting-paper on one side of the wheel, causing that side to fall. Evaporation then lightens the lower part of the wheel while another portion is made heavy by wetting, rotation being thus set up, the rate varying with the state of the atmosphere.

In discussing before the St. Louis Academy of Science the origin and evolution of glass lenses as aids to eyesight, Dr. C. Barck contradicted some widely accepted opinions on this subject. For instance, he found, as the result of an examination of historical authorities, that to the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans glasses were unknown. This is in contravention of the common statement that Nero used glasses to correct his near-sightedness. Spectacles, Dr. Barck says, were invented by two Italians, Armati and Spina, at the end of the thirteenth century. At first only convex lenses were used, but after about two centuries concave ones were employed. Thomas Young discovered the use of cylindrical lenses in 1801, and the astronomer Airy applied them for the correction of astigmatism in 1827. Bifocal spectacles were invented and first used by Benjamin Franklin in 1785.

### FRIGHTENED BY UMBRELLA.

First Used in the United States Created a Sensation in Streets.

How many persons know that Baltimore is the American home of the umbrella; that away back in 1772 the first umbrella ever seen in the United States marched through Baltimore town with a man under it; that good old colonial dames ran for their lives at sight of it; that horses hopped fences and tore wildly from meeting-house posts; that barmaids in ye tavern ran to doors and windows to see the show, while ye star dipsomaniac shouted with "much power and great vigor" that he would never touch another drop; that small boys threw stones at it, and that the town was in an uproar?

Yet such is history. A book in the city library says it is so, hence it must be so. In fact, there is not the slightest doubt of it, for the night watch (who was called night watch because he worked in the day) sent in a riot call and re-enforcements were only prevented turning out because there was only one night watchman on the force in those good but somewhat uncertain days.

It is to be regretted that the umbrella was not made here. It was a foreigner, though it was brought by a Baltimorean on a Baltimore ship from India.

Imagine the figure the gentleman must have cut in the eyes of the populace as he meandered from the dock with the village gang at his back and the village dogs at his heels. There is no record to show whether he was chased out of town on the quaint old charge of being possessed of the devil or was taken gently but firmly to the ducking pool and dropped in. But whatever happened to him it is a very good bet that he did not wander around long without encountering a trouble factory of some kind.

Yet if he lived it was to laugh. He lived to see others adopt the important instrument which at first caused so much apprehension. He saw the idea

expand and broaden. The fame of the Baltimore umbrella traveled to Philadelphia, and soon it was adopted by the quakers with much enthusiasm. Next it was heard of in New York, where the Holland Dutch, who had brought nothing with them from the other side but the language they spoke, marveled among themselves, saying, "Verily, this is a good thing to push along."

And thus from town to town the umbrella craze spread. The bicycle mania of later years was nothing compared to it, and the "auto" craze is not worth mentioning in the same breath. Everybody scrambled for an umbrella. Babies cried for them. They became inseparable from the village sages, who could not think except they walked and who could not walk unless they had their umbrellas under their arms or mayhap over their heads. The umbrella became a badge of rank and dignity, and all because away back in 1772 a lone man walked through Baltimore town carrying one, the first umbrella seen in this part of the world.

### CLEVELAND AT HOME.

Placid Life of the Ex-President in Princeton, N. J.

Lunch at Westland is served at 1 o'clock, when the children return from school. Several hours later, if the weather is fine, the carriage is made ready, and Mr. Cleveland with Mrs. Cleveland and one or more of the family drive about the town or along one of the many delightful country roads in the vicinity. The horses are bays and if not fast, are safe and serviceable.

Dinner, the formal meal of the day at Westland, is served at 6 o'clock. During the evening, if the family is alone, Mr. Cleveland gives his time to his children until their retiring-hour or talks with Mrs. Cleveland. Very often he reads. The ex-President is deeply interested in works of historical or political character, but he occasionally devotes attention to a good novel or a work of lighter theme.

If guests are visiting the house, Mr. Cleveland is not averse to a game of billiards, at which he shows a considerable amount of skill.

The routine of life at Westland moves easily. It is a placid, altogether happy existence. The ex-President is a prime favorite among the neighbors, and the lively interest he takes in local affairs, including politics, has endeared him to all Princeton. When he walks abroad, which he often does, he is approachable and always ready for a talk with any one who greets him.

Mr. Cleveland's connection with Princeton University is a source of considerable enjoyment to him. Although not a regular member of the faculty, as is generally believed, the several lectures he delivers each year in fulfillment of a lectureship bequest gives him a semi-official attachment. He is on the best possible terms with the university staff, and the porch at Westland often contains a gathering composed of such distinguished men as Professor Frothingham, the eminent archaeologist, and Dr. Van Dyck. For the past few years an address to the students by Mr. Cleveland forms a regular feature of commencement exercises at the university.

At these functions the ex-President conforms to all the rules of college etiquette, and appears in a black gown, a mortar-board and the gorgeous black-and-yellow bow of an LL.D. Mrs. Cleveland also takes great interest in college affairs, and she is a conspicuous figure in the audience.—Woman's Home Companion.

### Deer Ate Up His Turnips.

A farmer at Fibre, in the upper peninsula, has a grievance which he has laid before the Secretary of State. In a letter to the department he says:

"I want to explain to you that the deer have eaten all my turnips. I had two acres of turnips and now I have not got a turnip, and they have destroyed two acres of my peas. They have made a complete sweep of both and I can prove it if necessary. Now, gentlemen, if you are gentlemen, as I suppose you are, you will act like men with me and pay me for their damage. I value the peas at \$15 an acre and the turnips at \$20 an acre. Now, gentlemen, if you do not pay me something for the grain and roots I will put an end to more deer than all the hunters from the lower peninsula. Now, I would like to explain the matter to you. They do not mind a scarecrow in the least. Now, the game laws say deer can not be killed only in November. Do you suppose a man has got to let his crop be destroyed about it? Now, I have nothing to feed my hogs."—Detroit Tribune.

### A Rooter.

"Why does he lead the yells?"  
"Because he hopes to become a professor of languages."  
"How will leading the yells help him?"

"Why, it's just another form of extracting the roots."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If you are so smart, answer this: Why does a horse eat grass backward and a cow forward?