

## DEAR HANDS.

Roughened and worn with ceaseless toil and care,  
No perfumed grace, no dainty skill, had these;  
They earned for whiter hands a jeweled case,  
And kept their scars unlovely for their share.  
Patient and slow, they had the will to bear  
The whole world's burdens, but no power to seize  
The flying joys of life, the gifts that please,  
The gold and gems that others find so fair.  
Dear hands, where bridal jewel never shone,  
Whereon no lover's kiss was ever pressed,  
Crossed in unthoughtful quiet on the breast,  
I see, through tears, your glory newly won,  
The golden circlet of life's work well done,  
Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest.

## Outwitting a Father.

MARRY Ellen Hosmer! Marry a perfect beggar! Why, Herbert de Lisle, are you a fool, or crazy, or what, that you dare to talk to me about that girl?"

And old Ralph de Lisle brought his clinched fist down on the table beside which he was sitting with an energetic movement quite unusual to him, while his low brow contracted, and his spare, bloodless face grew purple with rage.

Herbert de Lisle, his son, stood proudly erect before him, not a muscle of his noble, handsome face moving, as he witnessed his father's wrath.

"Then you will not consent?" said he, calmly.

"Never!" and the old, white-haired father fairly roared the word. "Have I toiled and economized all these years to see my money thrown away on a pauper? We shall see about that, sir. I always said you had not a particle of the De Lisle pride. You are Randall all over. There's your mother, now. I've no doubt she would rejoice to see you tied for life to that girl. I considered my promise to her dying father fulfilled when I brought her home to feed and clothe her, and it was no plan of mine that she should be educated and taught to fill a daughter's place in the family, where, by rights, she should have been only a menial. Still, I did not object as I should, and now the ungrateful finix wants to step in as the future Mistress De Lisle, does she? Away from me! and remember that Isabel Denver is the woman you are to marry; and mind, too, that you have nothing more to say to that baby-faced creature of my bounty."

Herbert moved toward the door in scornful silence, which but aggravated the old man the more.

Springing to his feet, he exclaimed, vehemently:

"I shall watch you, sir. There must be no more biding and cooling. I can



"I SHALL MARRY ELLEN YET."

tell you that. If you but so much as speak again to that girl, I will cut you off with a dollar!"

For a moment an angry tide swept across the face of the younger De Lisle. When it passed, his face was a little paler than before, and his lips were slightly compressed, but there was a mocking gleam of mischief in his eyes as he answered:

"Father, I shall marry Ellen yet, and with your full permission."

The old man was more than ever enraged, and his voice sounded hollow and sepulchral, and every word he uttered was cut off with a pugilistic gesture of his clinched fist.

"When I give my consent to your marriage with Ellen Hosmer I shall be either an idiot or a lunatic, and she shall be at once installed mistress of De Lisle Hall."

Ralph De Lisle was not to be hoodwinked by any pretty devices of the young man or his mother. He followed Herbert about the house like his shadow. Mrs. De Lisle was vexed; her son was angry.

"As old as I am," he muttered—"nearly thirty—to be followed about like a baby that's in danger of tumbling into the fire."

Ellen grew morbidly sensitive under this constant espionage, and would run away whenever she saw Herbert approaching.

If Mrs. De Lisle took Ellen under

her wing for a walk, and glanced casually on departing at her son, the old man understood perfectly well that the glance "meant something," and Herbert was kept as closely under his eye as a cat ever kept the prey she had doomed for her dinner.

But after a time Mrs. De Lisle desisted from her strategic maneuvers. Herbert gave up all attempts to converse privately with Ellen, and began absenting himself from the house for whole days at a time.

Not long after this, Ralph de Lisle's oft-repeated assertion that Ellen was fickle and volatile seemed to meet with corroboration, for a new wooer, who came in the loose garb of a sailor, and who constantly wore a broad-brimmed hat, seemed to have completely turned the young girl's head.

How or whence he came Ralph did not know. His wife assured him that the sailor had been properly introduced by a mutual friend, and he was too rejoiced at the turn affairs had taken to ask many questions. How glad the old man felt that his son stayed away from home so much. He was uneasy every time he saw the sailor's broad hat overshadowing Ellen's little sundown in the garden, lest Herbert should return and impede the progress of this, to him at least, desirable courtship.

The sailor's devotion to Ellen became more and more apparent, and Herbert absenting himself more than ever, and made no attempt to regain Ellen's wandering affections when he was at home.

Mrs. De Lisle watched the progress of the sailor's love-making complacently, and the old man was perfectly delighted both with Ellen and her suitor, and began to contemplate purchasing a certain cozy cottage he knew of as a bridal gift to his ward.

Ralph de Lisle was seated in his library one evening, thinking delightedly how, with Ellen married, it would be an easy thing to bring about the much-desired match between Herbert and Isabel Denver, when a servant entered to say that Miss Ellen's beau wanted to see him.

The sailor entered and bowed awkwardly enough to the dignified man who rose to receive him. The broad-brimmed hat, which not one of the family had yet seen him remove, kept its place even in the august presence of Ralph de Lisle, who wondered mentally whether he wore it in bed, and concluded that custom on shipboard must have made the constant wearing of his hat a habit with the sailor.

"Your ward, Miss Ellen, is very beautiful and good," began the young man, stammeringly, and no doubt blushing, though little of his whiskered face was visible.

Old Ralph rubbed his hands together gleefully, and determined to help the embarrassed lover.

"That's a fact," said he; "she is handsome, and a better girl never lived. You wish my consent to marry her?"

The sailor hung his head.

"Yes, if you please."

"She's the same as a daughter to us, you see, and we shall miss her terribly. But her happiness is the main thing. If the dear girl loves you, and wishes to marry you, I haven't the least objection. Sailors are good, whole-souled fellows, I know, and you'll be kind to our darling."

"I'll try my best to make her happy," said the lover, in a mumbling tone; "but I'm not a sailor, as these clothes make you think. I got them under price, so I bought them. I am poor, and have to economize. But I am young and strong, and will take care that your ward does not lack for the comforts of life." Then, after a short pause, he added: "I feared you might withhold your consent on account of my poverty."

"Poverty! Nonsense!" said old Ralph, magnanimously. "Not consent because you are poor? Why, riches should never be weighed against the heart and its affections; and if you are not a sailor, as we supposed, you are a noble fellow, I am sure; and let you be who you will, I believe you are worthy to be Ellen's husband, and you shall have her, too, since you are both

agreed, in spite of poverty or anything else. So you see, I have great confidence in you."

"H'm!" muttered the young man, and with a repetition of his awkward obsequiousness, he left the room.

Ralph de Lisle, through his wife, supplied Ellen's purse handsomely for the purchase of her wedding trousseau, but as she was to marry a poor man she preferred not to spend money so foolishly, she said. So her bridal dress was simply a white mull, and very sweet and pretty she looked, as with her eyes cast down and her cheeks redder than the reddest rose, she stood in the great drawing room of De Lisle Hall in the presence of a very few friends of her own and the family's, who were met to witness the marriage. The bridegroom gave her loving glances from under the inevitable broad-brimmed hat, which he shocked Ralph de Lisle by actually getting married in.

"It's the most outlandish thing I ever heard of, and some one ought to tell him," muttered old Ralph, as the ceremony was about to be performed; "but if Mrs. De Lisle and Ellen can stand it, I'm sure I can. But he don't go to the table with that thing on his head, if I have to knock it off with my cane. I'll teach the ignoramus a little decorum."

The words were pronounced which made Ellen Mrs. Somebody—old Ralph neither knew nor cared what her new name might be as long as she was well out of the way of his son.

As the little company were about being led to the dining room to partake of the wedding dinner, Ralph stepped up to the groom and said, as politely as his rising cholera would let him:

"You will oblige me, sir, and bestow a trifle more respect on your bride and the company present, if you remove your hat."

"Certainly, sir. What a forgetful fellow I am, and what a boor they must all think me," returned the new-made husband, in a tone which startled Ralph strangely.

In a trice the great, unsightly hat was off, and the beard which had completely concealed the lower part of the quondam sailor's face was gone, and Ralph de Lisle looked into the provokingly calm face of his son. Before the old man, in his amazement and chagrin, could utter a word, Herbert had taken him by the arm and drawn him aside.

"Now, father," said he, with comical gravity, "don't say a word that will make it unpleasant for my wife in her new capacity as my wife. You know I married her with your consent, and besides you know, that riches should never be weighed against the heart and its affections."

Ralph de Lisle came near choking at first with rage and disappointment, and we are very sure that the quantity of good things provided for the wedding feast was not much diminished or their quality appreciated by the gloomy visaged head of the house, but he followed his son's advice, and said nothing, and soon learned to listen to his wife's oft-repeated rehearsal of the old adage, "What can't be cured must be endured," with something like acquiescence in the decrees of Hymen.

In a short time he became more than reconciled to his son's choice, and when he heard of the marriage of Isabel Denver, he went so far as to say that he actually felt sorry for her husband, as Isabel was such a Tartar, and in no way comparable to Ellen, his son's wife.—New York Weekly.

### Most Deadly of Poisons.

"The most dreadful poisons," said a chemist, "are only known to a few men. Mercury methide, for instance, the inhalation of whose fumes produces incurable idiocy, can be manufactured by two Italians, and by no one else in the world.

"Dhatooora is a poison used in India. It, too, produces incurable idiocy. A British army officer told me of a sad case—a case of two rival tailors, one of whom gave the other a small dose of dhatooora. The victim of the drug remained an idiot all the rest of his life. He sat and moved his empty hands as though he were sewing. He was a formidable rival no longer.

"Mercaptan produces a melancholy so great as to terminate nearly always in suicide. No government will permit the manufacture and sale of this poison.

"Dhatooora, mercury methide, mercaptan and some twenty other poisons are neither made nor sold in any public way. They are only experimented with. Such poisons would be formidable weapons in unscrupulous hands. Driving their victims to suicide or to insanity, they leave behind them nothing suspicious or untoward. The giver of these poisons is secure from any fear of punishment.

"Hence it is no wonder, is it, that the learned men who know such poisons keep their knowledge to themselves? If dhatooora, for instance, were obtainable, think how our opera singers, our painters, our dressmakers and our money kings might fill the lunatic asylums with their rivals."

If a man quite work he begins to get old rapidly. Work has a rejuvenating influence that idleness lacks.

## THE CZAR AND HIS FAMILY.



FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CZAR AND HIS ENTIRE FAMILY.

This remarkable photograph, the first ever taken of the Russian imperial family since the Czarevitch's birth, shows the Czarina holding the Czarevitch. At the right is seated her second daughter, the Grand Duchess Tatiana, born 1897; on her left stands the Czar and his first-born, the Grand Duchess Olga, born 1895. Seated on the floor in front are the Grand Duchess Marie, born 1899, and the Grand Duchess Anastasia, born 1901. The Czar is immensely proud of his son.



By measuring the heat received from the sun on a certain portion of the earth's surface a scientist has estimated the heat radiated from the sun. He announces that the temperature of that glowing ball is 11,250 degrees Fahrenheit, which is eight times as far removed from the freezing point as is a bright red surface.

A health resort in Lapland is reported by the British Medical Journal as due to the belief that there are great advantages possessed by Arctic climates in the summer months. Before long summer resorts will be developed in many northern lands which used to be thought ice-bound and inhospitable all the year round. The new sanatorium is to be erected on the shores of Lake Torne, a beautiful sheet of water at Wassijaure, near the terminus of the Ofote Railroad. There is a small settlement at Wassijaure, but otherwise there is no sign of man except during the occasional passage of a few Laplanders with their reindeer.

Inventors have from time to time tried to devise a form of oar which would enable the rowers of a boat to sit facing the bow, instead of the stern. The advantage of such a position is manifest, but it has always been found that greater power of stroke is obtained with the old form of oar. Just at present attention has been drawn in France to a so-called "articulated oar," which permits the rower to face forward, and which partially solves the problem, at least where no great force of propulsion is needed. The construction is very simple. The oar is divided at the oar-lock by toothed sectors, which engage one another like ratchet-wheels, so that a pull on the inner arm of the oar causes the outer arm, carrying the blade, to move in the opposite direction.

That the great treeless or forestless plains of the West need not remain in their present condition is the belief of R. S. Kellogg, of the Bureau of Forestry, who, as the result of a year or two of careful investigation, says that whatever may be the reasons for the absence of natural forests on the great plains, a close study of established plantations proves that, with an intelligent selection of species and proper care, planted trees can, to a considerable extent, be made to supply the deficiency. Among the trees suitable for this purpose are the honey locust, the osage orange, the green ash, the red cedar, the white elm, the Scotch and the Austrian pine, the black locust, the black walnut, the silver maple, the catpaw, the cottonwood and the box elder.

Sir Oliver Lodge, who some time ago invented an electrical apparatus for dissipating fog by means of electrical currents radiated into the atmosphere, is convinced that the limitations of his invention will not allow it to be used in clearing great areas of fog as yet, but he thinks that it has practical value. In a letter to the London Times

he says: "An electrical method of dissipation is not the right remedy for this artificially intensified evil, though it is a hopeful and proper method of attacking natural mist in places where it interferes with navigation or commerce; but, although it is not the right remedy, it may have to be used as a temporary palliative in times of stress and while better methods are incubating. The cost of applying such a method to a whole city is probably prohibitory, but there are important centers where any means of mitigating the nuisance would seem to be legitimate."

### Migratory Sheep of Spain.

There are about 10,000,000 migratory sheep in Spain which each year travel as much as 200 miles from the plains to the mountains. They are known as transhumantes and their march, resting-places and behavior are governed by special regulations, dating from the fourteenth century. At certain times no one may travel the same route as the sheep, which have the right to graze on all open and common land on the way. For this purpose a road ninety yards wide must be left on all enclosed and private property. The shepherds lead their flocks, which follow after and around. The flocks are accompanied by provision mules, and by large dogs to guard against wolves. The merino sheep travel 400 miles to the mountains, and the total time spent on the migration there and back is fourteen weeks.

### Farmer the Real Capitalist.

There is just so much land to be had, and all the time the population of the United States and of the world is increasing. As the great bulk of the land is in the hand of the farmers, it looks as if the future belonged to them. If he keeps on taxing the deposit facilities of the banks as he has in recent years he will soon be the greatest capitalistic power in the country. Even down in old Mississippi the bank depositors have increased 300 per cent in the last eight years and other agricultural States do better than the average of the increase for the whole nation.

This rise of the farmer is worth thinking about when you have made up your mind that things are going from bad to worse in this republic.—American Farmer.

### The Real Thing.

A fresh air child, on her return to the city last summer, insisted upon taking an egg from her lunch basket and carrying it in her hand, lest something should happen to it on the journey. Naturally in the jolting crowd something did happen to it. "Now, you'll have to throw that away," said the deaconess, as the child endeavored to gather up the fragments. "Oh, I wanted to carry it home to mamma," mourned the child; "it was one the hen made herself."—Rural New Yorker.

### Put Out Oil Fire.

When the oil in a big tank in Fresno County, California, was fired by lightning, a cannon ball was shot into the tank and the oil ran out through trenches that had been dug for the purpose.