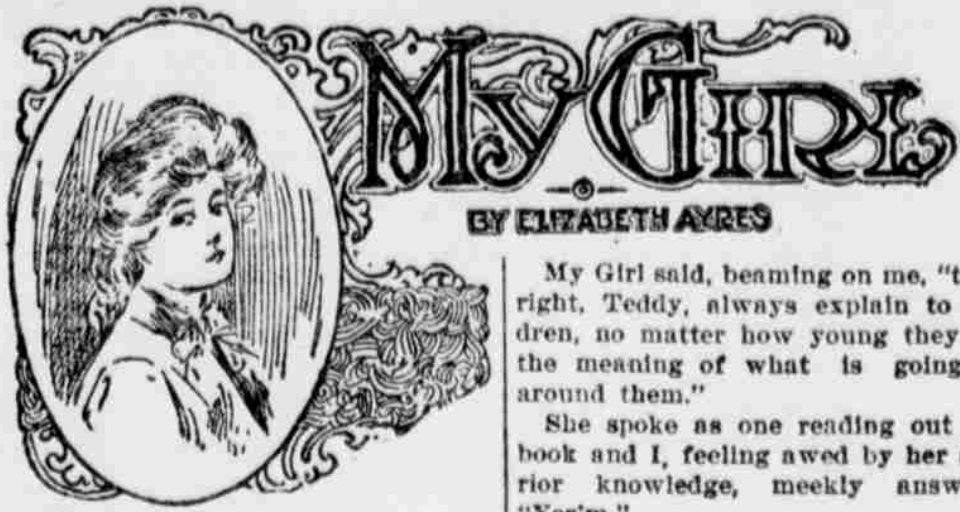


THEY SAID THAT LOVE WAS BLIND,

They said that Love was blind—black-a-day—
Then strung the lute with heartstrings, soft with tears;
And Love was blind, but thoughtless man and maid
Forgot that Love had ears.

They said that Love was blind, and let him play
With apple blossoms, sifted through the years,
And now each kindred petal in the spring
Breathes what Love hears.

—Virginia Frazer Boyle, in Harper's.



BY ELIZABETH AGRES

My Girl's home!
It happened just as I thought
It would, only she came sooner
Than I expected, though I was expect-
ing her pretty soon. I thought she
might stay at Lakeville over one more
Sunday. I told her she better, and
have a little more of the fresh air and
lake breezes that were doing her and
Little Son so much good. I couldn't
go up there Saturday on account of its
being near the last of the month and
my having to be at the office in the
evening, but I advised her to stay and
she said she'd think it over. She said
it in a way that let me know she had
something lurking in the back of her
mind. She didn't tell me what it was
and I let her keep the secret, for I
knew I was sure to be in it.

Thursday afternoon I finished work
early, so I thought I'd walk out home
and then go back down town for din-
ner. The truth of it was, something
told me to go and I felt in a hurry to
get there. I got fidgety imagining our
happy home might have been burned
down or burgled or something like
that. I guess I had what they call a
premonition; anyway, I had it hard
enough to go out to the house and
make sure it was there.

As soon as I turned the corner and
had the place in sight, I knew there
was something different. It looked as
if it had come alive and was once
more a place that people lived in and
not merely a big box to hold furniture.
One thing, the shades at the windows
were rolled up straight and all on a
level. I'd had them up a few inches
or a few feet, just as they'd happened
to hitch after I'd given them a jerk,
but now they looked like well-behaved
members of society. The windows
were raised, too, and through the
screens I could see the lace curtains
swaying a little in the breeze. I knew
all when I saw Mick stretched out on
the veranda like he owned the house
and most of the adjoining property.

When I was sure My Girl was there,
I put more action into my feet and
sprung along like a racer, thinking
all the time, "My, I'm glad I got up
early this morning and cut the grass;
the lawn had grown a full set of whis-
kers."

The place certainly looked neat and
tidy and the little garden in the mid-
dle of the yard was blooming itself to
death. My Girl likes old-fashioned
flowers and she's planted a border of
verbenas around a center of four-
o'clocks. Maybe four-o'clocks isn't the
right name, but whatever it is I know
it's some time in the afternoon. It
may have been after office hours for
them to be working, but they were
still doing business and filling the air
with a sweet scent. Mick almost tore
himself to pieces to come and meet
me, and when he was sure I was there
he cantered over to the neighbors and
chased their cat, just to show off.

My Girl was at the front door be-
fore I was, with Little Son in her
arms, trying to do handspings to get
to his father. Right then and there I
embraced my whole family, and when
we got ourselves sorted, Little Son was
on my shoulder, my arm was around
My Girl's waist, and there we were,
snug as you please, back in the old
home once again.

My Girl said, sort of coy and kitten-
ish, "I thought I'd come home, Teddy."
"Yes'm," I answered, "I judge from
appearances that you did."

"I didn't expect you quite so early,"
she went on. "I haven't had time to
do all I wanted to. The house is a
perfect sight—but I don't care; Teddy,
please don't think I care," she finished
in a hurry, fearing she might hurt my
feelings.

"Why, My Girl!" I exclaimed, pre-
tending to be indignant, "I blew the
dust off the parlor mantel this morn-
ing, what more can you expect?"

We had to laugh and we laughed so
uproariously that Little Son kicked up
his heels and giggled, too, not having
the least idea what it was all about.

"My son," I explained, "this is a
family reunion and an enjoyable oc-
casion."

We seemed perfectly satisfied.

My Girl said, beaming on me, "that's
right, Teddy, always explain to chil-
dren, no matter how young they are,
the meaning of what is going on
around them."

She spoke as one reading out of a
book and I, feeling awed by her super-
ior knowledge, meekly answered,
"Yes'm."

We had what My Girl calls a "pick-
up tea" that evening. There wasn't
anything in the house to pick up, so I
hustled over to the corner grocery and
brought home things in tin cans and
paper bags. I brought home grief, too,
in a can of lobster, for as soon as Little
Son saw it on the table, he developed
a sudden longing for lobster and wept
and wailed because it was denied him.

"Do you think just a small piece of
the white meat would hurt him?" I
asked My Girl, hating to have his feel-
ings so badly injured.

At the sound of my voice Little Son
stopped his whimpering, and watched
his mother with round, inquiring eyes,
thinking, of course, there was a chance
he'd get some.

My Girl gave me one look. "Ted-
dy," said she, very dignified, "kindly
take the lobster into the kitchen."

When she speaks that way I never
argue. Silently I removed the bird,
Little Son, seeing his last hope vanish,
straightened himself out as stiff as a
poker, and, as the poets say, he made
the welkin ring. I thought he'd split
the ceiling.

My Girl got up with the expression
on her face that means something do-
ing. Honestly she had me scared. She
carried Little Son into the bedroom,
put him on the bed, and came out and
shut the door.

"My Girl!" I exclaimed, astonished,
"you're not going to leave him there
to cry alone? He might break some-
thing."

"Yes, I am Teddy," she answered
"he must learn to be a good boy."

Her face was as white as a sheet,
her lips were quivering and her hands
trembling. I believe you could have
heard Little Son's shrieks a mile away.

"The neighbors will think we're
beating the child," I said, "don't you
think I'd better go in and take him?"

My Girl was firm. She can be
when she wants to.

"No, Teddy," she returned, "he'll
stop in a moment. He's cross and
fired from the journey home."

Sure enough, before long, Little Son
seemed to be losing his enthusiasm.
His sobs began to get jerky and fewer
and farther between. Then all was
still and we felt the worst was over.
I breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed
as if we'd had a cyclone.

"I hope he won't do it again very
soon," I told My Girl. "I like him
better when he's good."

"That's what I'm trying to teach
him to be," My Girl said.

We waited and listened for a few
moments. It was so still I got wor-
ried. "Let's take a peek at him," I
proposed.

We opened the door softly and there
he was, sound asleep on the bed, look-
ing like a little red-nosed angel. The
tears were scarcely dry on his cheeks,
so My Girl brushed them away with a
touch as light as a feather. She fixed
him cozy and comfortable, and then
we stole out again and went back to
our rudely interrupted supper. We
sat gazing at each other across the
table for a full moment, not speaking
a word, until My Girl, with a long,
gusty sigh said, "Teddy, wasn't it
awful!"

"It was something fierce," I an-
swered. "Will you have some lob-
ster?"

"Don't mention it," she returned,
with a shudder.

Later in the evening we had plenty
of time to get settled and talk things
over. My Girl walked around the
house with a contemplative, satisfied
air, sort of touching things as if she
loved them.

"How does our palatial residence
suit you, Mrs. Vanderbilt?" I inquired,
after I had watched for a little while
without her noticing.

"Teddy," she said, standing up
straight in the middle of our parlor
like she was about to deliver an ora-
tion, "it doesn't make any difference
where I go or what I see, I never find
a place that looks so good to me as this."

Now doesn't that make a man feel he
owns the earth and part of Canada?

We sat out on the veranda all the
evening, full of that happy home feel-

ing, and with the neighbors calling
from across the street and over the
borders, "glad you're home," to My
Girl, and she smiling back and saying,
"Thank you, I'm glad to be here," un-
til it seemed like a village celebration.
"I wish I'd thought to have sky
rockets and Roman candles," I said
to My Girl, regretfully. "I know if
you had sent word you were coming
there'd have been a delegation of citi-
zens in plain clothes and carriages to
meet you with a brass band at the
station."

At which My Girl giggled content-
edly and said, "funny Teddy."

We had a good time that evening.
The fact is we have a good time every
day and evening. Once in awhile
there are little breaks and jars, but
they don't amount to anything, and
we've never had a jar that did any
damage. I'd like to tell you more
about My Girl and Little Son and
Mickey, but My Girl has requested me
to suspend publication and I always
do what she says, so this is our fare-
well appearance. I'm sorry to drop
the curtain, because I'm in love with
My Girl and like to keep writing about
her, but since she objects, here is
where I write "The End," and this is
the reason:

"Teddy," My Girl said, after we'd
talked a long time the evening she
came home, "please don't put anything
more about us in the paper. Since my
picture has been printed so many
times I think when I go where there
are people that they say, 'There's My
Girl.' I feel like I was a scandal. Be-
side that, it's not a good picture," she
went on, really perky, "it makes me
look as if I had a snub nose and a
hare lip, and I haven't, you know I
haven't, Teddy."

"Why, My Girl," I returned, trying
hard not to laugh though I wanted to
most awfully, "of course you haven't.
You're the prettiest and dearest and
sweetest girl in the world. The ink
on the picture went wrong, that's what
the matter."

My Girl looked pleased at the com-
pliment—which is every word true—
and her hand got lost in mine. She
was still for so long that I thought
perhaps she'd removed her objections,
but no, she was decided.

"Teddy," she said at last, "I'm in
earnest. Please don't put us in the
paper any more. Promise me, Teddy."

And I promised.
Then, to soften the blow, she said to
me, sort of coaxing, "there's nothing
wonderful about us, Teddy, we're just
happy, that's all."

"Yes, girl o' mine," I echoed, "we're
just happy, that's all."—Toledo Blade.

CURES TIGHT DOORS.

Furniture Man Tells How to Open
Dresser Drawers that Stick.

"Patrons come to me every day and
say that the drawers of dressers and
other furniture stick fast and cannot
be opened or shut without great diffi-
culty," said the "complaint man" in a
downtown furniture store. "This is a
trouble with much furniture, especial-
ly that which is new, and is especially
common in the spring.

"What do we do in such cases? We
simply tell the customers to wet the
surface of a bar of common laundry
soap and rub it firmly over the parts
of the wood that stick. This makes
the surface smooth and slippery, and
in nearly all cases the drawer will
slide easily, especially after it has
been opened and shut a few times.

"This also is valuable with doors
which, in new houses, are likely to
settle or are apt to scrape at the top
as the building settles. Just use soap
on them, and save the trouble of call-
ing in a carpenter, who will plane the
varnish off.

"China cabinet doors, with curved
glass, cause us a lot of trouble, but
most of the tightness can be remedied
by the use of soap and a few applica-
tions of sand paper."

The furniture man gave another
"helpful hint."

"If mission furniture, with the dull
finish, loses its smooth surface and
characteristic waxy appearance," he
said, "do not despair and send it to
the renovator. Take a pound cake of
common floor wax and rub it over the
surface until the finish is restored. If
you have no floor wax use beeswax,
and if you prefer something made es-
pecially for the purpose, you can buy
liquid preparations, one of which will
remove the old finish, leaving the table
top or other object ready for the appli-
cation of the other substance, which
will duplicate the original finish."

Mental Strain.

Cholly—I was thinking of a trip to
Europe.

Snappy—That's what I mean.
You're accustomed to that sort of
thing.

Cholly—Oh, I'm not sure of going.
I say I was merely thinking of it.

Snappy—That's what I mean.
You're not accustomed to thinking—
Philadelphia Ledger.

Crop of Wool Shrinks.

The droughts in Australia made the
crop of wool shrink to 400,000,000
pounds in 1903. In the preceding year
the yield was 601,000,000.

A barking dog bit a man to-day.
Another lie nailed.



The Vacant Chair.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him
When we breathe our evening prayer.

When a year ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye;
But a golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story—
How our noble Willie fell!

How he strove to bear our banner
Through the thickest of the fight
And upheld our country's honor
With the strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us, wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow;
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.

Sleep to-day, oh, early fallen,
In thy green and narrow bed!
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him
When we breathe our evening prayer.
—Henry S. Washburn.

Holy, Ho'y, Ho'y!

Holy, holy, ho'y! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our songs shall
rise to thee;

Holy, holy, ho'y! Merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, ho'y! All the saints adore
thee.

Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down be-
fore thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore
shalt be.

Holy, holy, ho'y! Though the darkness
hide thee,

Though the eye of sinful man thy
glory may not see;

Only thou art holy; there is none beside
thee.

Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, holy, ho'y! Lord God Almighty!
All thy work shall praise thy name, in
earth, and sky, and sea;

Holy, holy, ho'y! Merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

—Bishop Heber.

PHILIPPINE NATIONAL SPORT.

Always and Everywhere the Game
Chicken is in Evidence.

The stranger in the Philippines is
astonished at the number of game
cocks everywhere in evidence, says
Minna Irving in Lippincott's. They
are tied on the wharves outside the
warehouses, at the doors of the squalid
little nipa huts beyond the city walls
and temporarily to boxes, scales or
barrels on the public thoroughfares,
while the owner indulges in a chat
with a friend. Ten chances to one
if you hire a man to do some work
for you he will bring his "BP" game
chicken along and tie it to your gate
post or piazza rail and if you take a
walk you are sure to meet more than
one native with an aggressive little
head poked out of the front of his
calico blouse. If he owns no roof but
his ragged straw hat he is, neverthe-
less, the proud possessor of a game
cock with which to indulge in the na-
tional sport of cock fighting.

They are scraggy, noisy, furtive
eyed little fellows, these Filipino game
cocks, ruffled as to feathers, lean
and hungry, but as full of fight as a
wainut of meat, being put in training
from chickenhood. They rarely sur-
vive more than one encounter, for the
reason that small, slender knives
sharpened to a razor edge are affixed to
the legs just above the spurs, and the
bird that strikes first is sure to inflict
a mortal wound. When a cock fight
takes place a pit is roughly marked
out in any convenient place, prefer-
ably the public square. The town
takes a holiday and men, women and
children flock gaily to the scene of
battle. Everybody chatters excitedly
and betting runs high if the birds are
favorites or the owners popular, and
a lack of actual coin does not stand
in the way; jewelry, clothing, even
household goods are put up and the
women bet as heavily as the men,
girls not hesitating to sacrifice rings,
bracelets, brooches, even their precious
rosaries, to the god of chance.

It is not uncommon to see a girl
wager her slippers, if she has nothing
else of value, and go home barefooted.
When all is ready and after the birds
have been passed around from hand
to hand for admiring inspection the
owners squat on opposite sides of the
ring and the feathered gladiators are
thrown at each other, one often being
transfixed by the little daggers on the
other's legs before they touch the
ground. The encounter is always
brief and invariably fatal to one, fre-

quently to both, in which case the bird
last to die is declared the victor.

The dead bird is taken away and
fried in coconut oil to solace his de-
feated owner.

NEW USE FOR BEES.

Their Sense of Direction May Be Util-
ized by Man.

The very curious and interesting in-
vestigation has been going on for
some time past among naturalists with
regard to the sense of the lower ani-
mals, writes James B. Carter in St.
Nicholas. It has been found that in
most cases these are very different
from ours, and it cannot longer be
denied that instances occur in which
special senses that are not possessed
by human beings are developed in
animals. One of these, called "the
sense of direction," enables bees to
return from long distances to their
hives, unaided by any of the five dif-
ferent ways we have of recognizing
our surroundings.

To test this matter thoroughly the
fertile honey makers have been taken
conceivable distances from their
hives, to localities which it was cer-
tain that they had never before vis-
ited; yet when set free they flew as
unhesitatingly, as directly and as un-
erringly home as from places perfect-
ly known to them.

A few years ago it occurred to a
well-known beekeeper that this re-
markable ability on the part of bees
might be made useful. Convincing
himself that he could rely upon their
speedy return from anywhere within
the range of three or four miles from
their hives, whether they had ever
been at the place from which they
started homeward or not, he set to
work to test their ability to carry mes-
sages as do homing pigeons. He ac-
cordingly procured a few bees from a
friend who lived on the further side
of a barren, sandy tract of land,
which, offering no inducements in the
way of possible food supplies, was
never visited by the insects, and
crossed over to his own home. Going
to his garden with his children, he
touched certain tiny packages pre-
pared for the occasion with bird lime.
Upon these were written in minutest
handwriting certain messages from
his two little girls. The packages
consisted of the thinnest paper fas-
tened with the thinnest thread and
done up in the smallest parcels pos-
sible.

Releasing the bees, one by one, from
the pasteboard box in which they had
been imprisoned, he fastened with a
trained hand each of the little packets
to the back of a bee, which he then
allowed to fly away.

Like homing pigeons, they started
off at once across the unfamiliar
desert for their home, arriving there in
an incredibly short space of time with
their packages secure upon their
backs.

Always Cut It Out.

Dr. Maragliano, the famous Euro-
pean surgeon, pleads strongly for op-
eration in every case of appendicitis,
no matter what stage the disease is in.
He argues that when one considers
the large variety in type in cases of
appendicitis the possibility that even
a mild case may suddenly change,
within a few hours or less, and be-
come alarming, he considers operation
is the only logical treatment.

Those cases which would have got
better if left alone are, he urges, none
the worse for operation, and some of
the cases which are lost from too late
operation might be saved.

He, of course, recognizes the fact
that a large number of cases of ap-
pendicitis get perfectly well under or-
dinary medical treatment, and that
some of these may be successfully op-
erated upon in the quiescent stage—
that is, after the acute symptoms are
passed. But, on the other hand, if
one waits until the acute symptoms
have subsided, there is no doubt, he
says, some cases will never survive,
and the chance of operation has gone
by forever.

Find Sauerkraut Mine.

Phollippeville, in Algiers, is deter-
mined to keep up the reputation for
always providing something new. Only
a short time ago a winged tortoise was
reported to have been discovered there;
next came an account of a "carniver-
ous stone," whatever that may be. The
latest marvel is a mine of sauerkraut,
discovered by a workman while dig-
ging. It was beneath a small hillock,
and was a compressed mass of vege-
table matter, mostly cabbages, with
the smell and taste of sauerkraut, but
preserving its natural color. When the
report left, the workmen had laid
bare twenty cubic yards of it, and
were still digging.

Stenography in Ancient Egypt.

A papyrus has been discovered by
Dr. Grenfell containing a contract for
teaching shorthand to a boy. The ar-
rangement was that 40 drachms
should be paid to the teacher in ad-
vance, 40 when the boy exhibited
progress, and 40 more when he had
attained proficiency.

It takes at least six months after
there has been a death in the family
for the striking of the clock to sound
natural again.