THE BACKWARD LOOK.

When grandpa reads about the way the business men combine
And raise the price of this or that, along their special line,
He shake his head and takes his pipe out of his mouth, and says:
"I dunno what we're comin' to in these new-fangled days;
We uster be content to live like those from whom we sprung,
But now it's mighty different from the time
When I was young!"

When father picks his paper up and reads about some swell
Who gave a banquet to three friends that cost a thousand—well,
He kind of wriggles in his chair, and then he slaps his knee
And swears the world has lost its mind, as far as he can see;
"We used to have as good a time," he says, "out there among
The poor folks in the country—where I lived
When I was young!"

In years to come, when we are old, and airships fill the sky,
And radium autos dash about—when living's twice as high,
We'll have this satisfaction: we can call our children 'round
And say about what grandpa said, and know just how 'twill sound:
"This age is far too swift for me, too hurried and high strung—
We didn't go this foolish pace, my boy,
When I was young!"

—Jack Appleton.

LOVE IN A CEMETERY.

THE Nelsons were still at their city home in B——, though it was July. "Pater," as his only child called him, was kept in town by business that, like evil, could not brook delay;" and his wife and daughter refused to go without him, for he was more to them than shore or society. So on the morning of the Fourth of July, 1900, Mater and Pater Nelson were at breakfast in their gem of a dining room—a cool creation in cream and Holland blue—with an empty chair on Pater's right, at which he glanced inquiringly.

"Where is Norma?"

Mrs. Nelson dropped her spoon with a gesture of despair.

"You would never suspect," her tone in keeping with the gesture.

"Well?" said Pater, quizzically.

"She is in the cemetery!"

"What!" incredulous horror in the monosyllable.

"The explosion of a bunch of firecrackers under the window at that moment, together with the blowing of tin horns and various and sundry other din inseparable from Independence Day, prevented conversation, which was resumed at the first lull.

"You know how Norma dislikes all this noise and 'disharmony,' as she calls it? Well, she took her little fir pillow and a book and Pedro and a basket of luncheon, and her revolver"—Mrs. Nelson checked off these items thoughtfully with her fork), "and started on her wheel at three o'clock this morning for Sleepwell Cemetery. She said there was no other quiet place on the Fourth, and go she would regardless of anything I could say."

And Mrs. Nelson sighed in self-righteous exoneration of any participation in this unwonted proceeding.

A smile curled the tips of Pater Nelson's soldierly gray mustache.

"Oh," was all he said as he settled himself comfortably to his coffee and the financial page of the morning paper, as though Norma, his darling and pride, were at his elbow where he loved to have her; for he knew she could take care of herself wherever her girlish whims might lead her, and these same girlish whims always amused him.

* * * * *

Norma possessed about all the blessings that fall to the lot of mortals, and, dressed in her bicycle suit of khaki brown, she mounted her wheel in the dewy dusk of that Fourth of July morning. Home, friends, perfect health, beauty, admirers—what did she lack to complete the golden circle of perfect bliss?

He of the bow and arrows knew. Himself an early riser at times, Cupid perched his dimpled self on the handle-bar of Norma's bicycle and winked a sceptical eye at her "sudden meditation" as "heart whole and fancy free" she flew along with the great St. Bernard bounding clumsily in her wake.

But in love with this beautiful world she certainly was—in sympathy with the soft breeze that tossed her hair and caressed her cheek, with the gray mists, waiting to blush the King of Day a welcome and then die beneath his fiery chariot wheels.

Norma drew a deep sigh of relief and delight as she dismounted at the cemetery gates and passed into the shadow of the great trees, guarding like sentinels the sleepers at their feet.

The soft paths were moist and gave back no sound from her light tread. The birds were twittering drowsily, a few breaking into full-throated, exultant song. The alluring murmur of falling water wooed her, and with a grateful little laugh at the horrors she had escaped, Norma followed the sound until the bank of a little stream ended her quest. There she sat down, with sympathetic Pedro at her side, to watch the miracle of the sunrise.

This is such an enchanting and enchanted world! With her other gifts Norma had the seeing eye and the hearing ear, and none of this wonder-working of the dawn and the full awakening of the day escaped her worshipful recognition. Her happiness was complete, she thought—even the white headstones were witnesses to the negative side of trouble—there was no disquietude. Only the naughty Cupid had at that moment drawn from his quiver could he that ...

... when light the explosion of ... murdered silence; bells ... to ring, cannons boomed and the multifold ordinary noises of the city added their jangle to the general discord.

The sick moaned in helpless misery, babies started wailing from sleep, and even the strong and vigorous were vaguely conscious of an increased nervous tension and irritability they could not explain.

Harold Hammond, the junior partner of a prominent firm of architects, had been at his office projecting plans for a wealthy but exacting client the night before the Fourth, and being unusually tired, had been able to sleep through much of the early morning turmoil; but at last he sprang from his bed with an exclamation of despairing indignation, roused by a deafening explosion directly under his window, followed by numerous minor reports of torpedo and cracker origin, accompanied by the delightful crackle of the youthful perpetrators.

"Idiots," he growled, wrathfully, "I'll get out of this infernal racket if I have to go to a—to a—graveyard! Jove! that isn't such a bad idea! If I have to stand this pandemonium all day I shall be a maniac."

So, making a hasty toilet, the young architect dropped into a cafe for a hastier breakfast, mentally cursing the deafening and distracting racket inseparable from the celebration of our Independence Day; and then he, too, mounted his wheel and pedalled in furious haste toward Sleepwell Cemetery.

SEATING HIMSELF AT HER SIDE.

It was nine by the clock when Harold dismounted at the gates and looked at his watch. With tortured nerves responding gratefully to the sweet quiet, he walked on, trudging his wheel at his side, intent on finding the most secluded spot in all that city of slumber.

Long before, Norma had made herself at home at the foot of a great tree at the brookside where the ground sloped, forming an ideal resting place. Who can say what mystic attraction drew young Hammond's steps in the same direction until he caught sight of a patch of vivid red—Norma's fir pillow, which she had tossed aside.

He stopped at this, inexpressibly annoyed to find that even here the solitude had been violated by some human creature. But he looked again and—annoyance was transformed to love! Noiselessly leaning his wheel against a tree, he stole forward to look and adore.

With hands folded under her head, Norma was lying lost in contemplation of the satisfying harmony of color and motion in the wind-swayed treetops under the brooding gentleness of the summer sky, herself a part of the living Whole. Every nerve—her entire consciousness—vibrated in loving response to the beauty of the visible creation.

Harold Hammond looked long and ardently—looked his heart away! For his life he could not take his eyes from that carelessly reclining figure. Instinctively he removed his hat, surprised at the feeling of worshipful reverence that possessed him.

Norma was tall, above the average, with a well-knit frame, muscles of strength and spring under firm, pink flesh and satin skin. Despite her attitude of complete indolence and relaxation, activity, health, happiness—the very joy of life and that sweetness which comes only from soul serenity—seemed to radiate from her.

The young man absorbed all these as a thirsting plant drinks the rain. Up to this moment he had found no answering echo in his heart to the call of love. Women had annoyed and puzzled him, arousing in him a sense of irritation that they could do no more, when he felt that at least they should make him admire, at the most—love!

But he must move nearer. He must see the sweet curve of the rosy lips, the dark, silken fringe of the golden brown eyes, and the flaxen hair, looking like the aureole of a saint in the sunlight.

He came too near. Pedro, growling, showed his teeth and walked toward the intruder. Norma sprang to her feet, alert, but with no hint of fear in her face or figure as she stood straight and tall, her hand on the little revolver at her belt.

The sight of a handsome young man, square of shoulder, deep of chest and long of limb, the look of reverential admiration still on his face, was reassuring.

Her hand dropped from the revolver. Pedro was called back, apologetic, to the feet of his mistress.

"I beg your pardon," said Harold, advancing, hat in hand, and bowing humbly, "I had no idea of finding any one here. I came to escape the noise. It makes me tired," he added wearily and convincingly.

Norma laughed.

"Why, I came here for that very reason. I left home about three o'clock this morning."

Harold regarded her approvingly.

"You hate it, too—all this infernal roar and racket?"

"Of course I hate it. If I were king—president, I mean—I would make it a crime to go about on any day of the year making life miserable with all this 'roar and racket,' as you call it. Why don't they celebrate the day with fine, soft music in all the churches and halls and parks, so that wherever one went there would be beautiful sounds? Then we could think gratefully of our forefathers, instead of being ungrateful as we are now, because they are in a way responsible for all this discomfort."

The brown eyes of the maid looked into the shrewd blue eyes of the man. With a woman's discernment she read chivalry and honesty in their depths; so when he said—

"Would you mind if I sat down?" she answered—

"No, not at all, but you had better make your peace with Pedro first. He feels responsible for me, you see."

Then to Pedro, "It's all right, Pedro, shake hands with"—she stopped and blushed, suddenly remembering that, though a common indignation had made them friends, he was a total stranger to her otherwise.

"Harold Hammond, at your service," he said, smiling and bowing with an air of courtly homage that reminded her of her adored "Pater," as she always called him, and again a sense of perfect security and trust in the owner of the deepest blue, and deepest set, eyes she had ever seen, emboldened her to say—

"Mr. Hammond, Pedro," and the stately St. Bernard gravely extended a mighty paw in token of the establishment of friendly relations.

"Do you know," said Harold, seating himself on her side, "I think this Fourth of July misery is getting serious. It's coarsening and stupefying to the 'kids,' and utterly execrable and unreasonable every day."

"Certainly it is," said Norma, warmly. "It is time that all unnecessary hideousness should be replaced by something beautiful and harmonious. The taste of the people should be cultivated to reject everything that jangles the nerves and affronts eyes or ears. I love silence," she added, enthusiastically—"the silence that lets you hear the rush of the wind through the trees and leaves a smooth road for the bird-songs to ripple ever."

Harold Hammond looked his endorsement of these sentiments, and could not conceal the admiration he felt for the girl who uttered them. Her words, slowly enunciated, were balm to his tortured sensibilities, and her tones, peculiarly soft, as though her beloved silence had modulated them to a sweetness he had never expected to find in any woman's voice.

He took up the eulogy of quiet where Norma had left it, saying—

"You are right. Our modes of travel. There's noise enough in a railway train or a trolley car to madden one not hardened to it. I'm satisfied that our barbarous way of getting about is a 'back number,' soon to be replaced by one that is both noiseless and clean. Why, I like the wheel because it is quiet."

"And I like a cemetery because it is quiet," said Norma, looking contentedly at the green mounds and white headstones. "It's a lovely place, don't you think so?"

"I do," said Harold, emphatically; "I prefer it to any place in the world—just now."

At this Norma, changing the subject suggested a walk, and the young people strolled about chatting, ever accompanied by the watchful Pedro, until the hostess proposed luncheon, which was spread on big green leaves—the four-footed friend participating at a respectful distance.

After the repast conversation went on, punctuated by periods of silence quite as eloquent, until the shadows lengthened and Pedro arose and shook his shaggy self, thus intimating his belief that it was time to go home.

The little cavalcade was soon under way, Harold having asked and obtained permission to escort Miss Nelson to her own door. Pedro trotted sedately with the empty lunch-basket in his mouth, well pleased with his situation, while Norma and her cavalier found such pleasure in the society of each other that parting without the prospect of meeting was not to be considered.

As they came once more within range of demoniac young America, Harold said eagerly—

"You'll let me call on you some time?"

"Yes," said Norma; "there's Pater, now."

"Pater" stood on the stoop smoking his after-dinner cigar and saw the graceful figure of his daughter riding up the street with an equally graceful if very different figure at her side!

"Well, I'll be blessed!" he muttered, throwing away his cigar and hastening to meet his daughter.

Norma dismounted quickly, her color rising as she said—

"Pater, this is Mr. Harold Hammond, and he dislikes Fourth of July noise as much as I do—and—" the usually self-poised Miss Nelson paused in pink confusion, surprised with the consciousness of something new and sweet at her heart playing tricks with her tongue.

"Quite a recommendation in your eyes, no doubt, but hardly sufficient to justify his escorting you home if he had no better," was the curt reply.

Whereupon Harold proceeded to furnish overwhelming satisfactory credentials; and with a sad heart Pater felt that the pretty boy of the bow and arrows had used his daughter's love of quiet to awaken in her that other love that "makes the world go round," where at the happy little god on the handle-bar cut a delightful and confirmatory pigeon wing.—Waverley Magazine.

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

Aqueducts of Old Rome Surpassed by Those of New York.

The aqueducts of old Rome were nine in number, extended 249 miles and furnished the city at a period when its population was largest with 230,000,000 gallons of water a day, equivalent to 160 gallons for each inhabitant.

That was the standard of water service under conditions not easy to duplicate in any large modern city and never rivaled during many centuries in any European city. New York today, remote from high mountains and obliged to go a long distance for its source of water supply, has a system not equaled anywhere.

The average daily consumption of water in New York is 400,000,000 gallons, which is greater than any city of ancient or modern times has ever attained, and which is thus divided: Manhattan and The Bronx, 275,000,000 gallons; Brooklyn, 100,000,000; Queens, 20,000,000, and Richmond, 5,000,000.

There are 950 miles of water mains in Manhattan and The Bronx, and the maximum daily supply of water for Manhattan and The Brox is 380,000,000 gallons—nearly enough to supply the whole five boroughs. The Brooklyn water mains are 700 miles in length and there are over 7,000 water hydrants in Brooklyn, the number in Manhattan and The Bronx being 13,000—20,000 in all.

The maximum daily supply of the Brooklyn water system is 300,000,000 gallons. There are 223 miles of water mains in Queens and 140 miles of mains in Richmond, the water supply of these two boroughs being furnished in part by wells.

Over $150,000,000 has already been expended for the construction and development of New York's water supply, and the constant increase of the demand for water makes it probable that other expenditures in large amounts will be necessary each year for many years to come.—New York Sun.

AN ATTACK AT SEA.

How Expedition of Small Boats Goes About Capturing Hostile Ship.

Imagine a hostile ship lying at anchor in an apparently secure position on a dark and cloudy night. There is just enough breeze and sea to make sounds on the water indistinct. Around a low headland half a mile away from the anchored vessel steal four or five boats, pulled with muffled oars and filled with armed men. They approach noiselessly.

Perhaps they are not discovered and thus reach the sides of the ship. The next instant the armed men were pouring over her bulwarks and a desperate fight takes place on her decks. Perhaps they are discovered before they reach the vessel's side. The alarm is given. The men in the boats hear it, and lash their oars through the water in a determined effort to reach the ship before the rapid-fire guns can open upon them. Flashes of fire illumine the night. The searchlights send out shafts of blinding white. The sharp peals of the six, three pounders, the rapid hoarse barking of Hotchkiss revolving cannon, the vicious sputter of Gatlings, break upon the frightened air. "Give way with a will!" shout the officers of the boats, as the men bend to the oars and the light guns in the bows hurl their defiant answers back at the wall-sided ship. As the boats sweep up to the vessel's side, gongs clang and rattles sound, calling away the riflemen to repel boarders from the boats. If the boats' crews can board the ship and clap down her hatches before the crew gets on deck, theirs is the victory; but if her secondary battery is manned and her riflemen stationed before the boats are alongside, then good-by to the boat expedition; for there is nothing more pitiless than Gatlings and revolving cannon.—St. Nicholas.

If we owned an old fiddle and a man should offer us $400 for it, he couldn't get out his pocket book any too quick.

Science and Invention

The city of Paris has this year opened a scientific information bureau at the Sorbonne, and the inquiries already reach as many as twenty in single days. While special consideration is given to scientific matters in Paris and France, foreign subjects of French interest receive attention.

The recent excitement in the cotton market has served to attract attention to the possibilities of cotton raising in various places where that industry has not yet been developed. From Bogota, for instance, comes the information that in some parts of Colombia cotton can be seen growing wild on land that has never been tilled, and the newspapers of that country are trying to create a sentiment in favor of the cultivation of cotton there.

A remarkable instance of apparent mimicry in Ceylon has been brought to notice by Dr. A. Willey. A fish, commonly known as the sea-bat, strikingly resembles a decayed leaf, and a recent observer reports pursuing one of these fishes with a small net, when the creature suddenly disappeared, and the pursuer saw only a yellow jak leaf gently and inertly sinking to the bottom. As he turned away, the supposed leaf righted itself and darted off.

The appearance of solidity in photographs—the stereoscopic effect—is usually given by two pictures taken from a slightly different viewpoint. Dr. Gradenwitz describes a new single lens that shows a far-distant image of a photograph, free from distortion, and, under the same conditions of apparent size, distinctness, perspective, light and shade as those under which the objects themselves would be seen with a short photographic objective. This conveys to the eye a very natural effect, suggesting unconsciously a correct perception of relief and distances.

The steam-heating and electric-lighting combination now being tested by Dresden promises to open a new era in municipal economy. A huge central station of the Saxon government contains ten generators, producing over 55,000 pounds of steam per hour, and this is distributed through street mains to the Royal Opera House, the Picture Gallery, the Zwinger Museum, the Royal Palace and other buildings. After the morning heating, little steam is needed to keep up the temperature, so that most of the supply can be used for generating electricity, for lighting and other purposes during the latter part of the day.

In Germany, the home of technological instruction, there are seven special schools devoted to the sole purpose of training locksmiths and blacksmiths. They are in the cities of Burgstadt, Grossenhain, Frankenberg, Meissen, Glauchau, Rosswein and Zittau. Only graduates of public schools are admitted. The course of instruction in three of the schools lasts three years; in three of the others it is shorter. To the school at Rosswein are admitted such students only as have completed a course in one of the other six schools, and the curriculum is highly advanced, covering physics, chemistry and electricity, with particular reference to practical construction of machinery. The schools are supported by the blacksmith and locksmith gilds, aided by subventions from the government of Saxony and private beneficence.

When Visiting Is Pleasure.

After all is said and done, visiting friends must always be the most delicate of pleasures. Of all forms of social enjoyment, a well-chosen house-party is perhaps the most complete and satisfactory. It is only during such short vacations (and on board ship) that the galling harness of every-day routine drops completely from one's weary shoulders; it is there only that we escape entirely from the myriad little cares and worries that lie in wait for us outside. On looking back, many of us will be surprised to find how most of our truest friendships date from the occasion offered by a visit. One may go on meeting people for a decade at formal entertainments, and at the end of that time know less of their real selves than is revealed by one short "week-end" passed together under a congenial roof—especially if it be a home where the welcome is sincere and the liberty is complete, and where the host and hostess have taken the trouble to sleep from time to time in their guest-chambers.—Century.

An Unhistoric Landmark.

When Justin H. Smith visited the towns along the Kennebec River in endeavoring to trace exactly Arnold's march from Cambridge to Quebec, he inquired everywhere for traditions and especially for relics. In his book he gives this incident as a result of one such inquiry:

Near the point where the army left the Kennebec are four or five acres of cleared ground and two small farmhouses. Mr. Smith inquired of the venerable proprietor of one of these places if there were any evidences in the vicinity of Arnold's march through the country.

"Oh, yes," replied the old man, "there used to be a big rock in my mowing-field, with 'B. D. A.' on it; but the old thing was in the way, and I blasted it out."

"What did those letters mean, 'B. D. A.?'" asked Mr. Smith.

"Why, Bennie Dick Arnold, of course."

WRITING LEFT AND RIGHT.

Here is an amusing little deception that you may play upon unsuspecting friends. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that they play the trick on themselves—which makes it all the funnier. You tell them what to do and it is not your fault that they don't know how to do it.

Give your victim a slip of stout writing paper and the stub of a soft, black lead pencil, not very sharp. Ask them to shut his eyes and lay the paper on his forehead, holding it there with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, one pressed to each temple, while the palm of the hand covers his eyes. The next thing he has to do is to write his name on the paper with the pencil held in his right hand. Writing is not easy under such conditions, so no one will expect the signature to be very pretty or very legible, but everybody, including the writer, will be surprised

AN AMUSING EXPERIENCE.

to find it written backwards—that is if the victim has succeeded in writing anything than can be made out at all. Nine persons out of ten begin to write at the left eyebrow and write toward the right eyebrow. But this is not really writing from left to write, as writing should be done, but from right to left, because when the paper is taken from the forehead and laid on the table it is turned end for end. Does the writer make the mistake because he says to himself, "Let me see, now, I must begin at the left," and therefore begins at the left eye? Probably not, for if he stops to think he is apt to write correctly. The trick is most likely to succeed when the writing is attempted impulsively, without thinking. So you should not say anything about writing, or even show the pencil, until the paper is held on the forehead and the eyes closed. Then slip the pencil into the person's hand and tell him to write. The mistake is just one of those queer things in human nature that nobody has yet explained.

The precise directions about holding the paper and the left hand mislead the writer and make him more likely to err, but their main object is to guard the eyes against a possible jab with the pencil, and for similar reasons a short blunt pencil should be used.—People's Home Journal.

A PROPHECY FULLFILLED.

"When failure overwhelms you, believe that all will come right and work for a future success." That is the moral to be drawn from a story told in La Nouvelle Revue by Mons. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, first minister from Panama to the United States.

In 1889, he says, everything was apparently going well at Panama. After the great spoliation, or in spite of it, the engineers had done great work. Much of the excavation had been accomplished, but much more remained to be done. The machines were on the ground, the workmen were there; it remained only for an honest administration, making use of these materials, to finish the work. Enough work had been accomplished to make a visible basis for negotiating a loan. Then panic seized the French people, and the enterprise went to pieces.

Two years later, thoroughly discouraged, the engineer was in New York City, where he consulted John Bigelow, formerly United States minister to France.

"What shall I do" he asked.

"Write a book," replied Mr. Bigelow.

"But who will read it?" asked the discouraged Frenchman.

"Do not worry about that," said Mr. Bigelow. "Do not write it for to-day. Write it for ten years from to-day."

Monsieur Bunau-Varilla went to work, and prepared a concise and honest statement of exactly what had been done and what remained to do with his estimates of time and expense required. He published it in March, 1892. Ten years later, in June 1902, the United States Senate voted in favor of completing the Isthmian canal, and the prediction of Mr. Bigelow was fulfilled. The book of the French engineer, sane, practical, honest, had been one of the greatest influences in turning American sentiment from Nicaragua to Panama, and bringing success at last to the great ditch.

Her Share in It.

"Our minister is very strongly in favor of Bible revision," said Tess.

"So is his daughter," said Jess.

"Who? Mae?"

"Yes, her name was 'Mary Catherine' in their family Bible until she scratched it out and made it 'Mae Kathryn.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Having passed through the Fourth without getting killed, a mother may be pretty well assured that her son will live until Christmas, if they keep away from the river.

It is a question on a farm in summer which will drop dead from overwork the sooner: the farmer in the field, or his wife in the kitchen.