

# TWO WOMEN.

I know two women, and one is chaste  
And cold as the snows on a Winter waste.  
Stainless ever in act and thought  
(As a man, born dumb, in his speech errs not).  
But she had malice toward her kind,  
A cruel tongue and a jealous mind.  
Void of pity and full of greed,  
She judges the world by her narrow creed:  
A brewer of quarrels, a breeder of hate,  
Yet she holds the key to "Society's" Gate.

The other woman, with heart of flame,  
Went mad for a love that marred her name;  
And out of the grave of her murdered faith  
She rose like a soul that has passed through death,  
Her aims are noble, her pity so broad,  
It covers the world like the mercy of God,  
A soother of discord, a healer of woes,  
Peace follows her footsteps wherever she goes.  
The worthier life of the two, no doubt,  
And yet "Society" locks her out.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Chicago American.



## The Log Rolling.

BY ETHEL M. COLSON.  
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Back in the Muskoka region of Ontario, Canada, the country is at once so wild, so beautiful, and so difficult of cultivation that thoughts have been seriously entertained, from time to time, of setting on foot projects to reserve the entire region for a sort of governmental hunting park. But the time-honored, ever-popular drama which has for its motif and principal characters the love story of a man and maid is played out there in ways as varied and as perpetual as all the world over. It would be played oftener, perhaps, but for the fact that the young men of the farming districts are so seldom at home. In the winter nearly all of them head for "the camps" where the logs are cut and made ready for transportation; in the summer great numbers of them go to the great "Northwest," so mysteriously attractive to all the young denizens of the Muskoka, the great Northwest where wages are supposed to be so much higher and times so much better than at home. A halo of the glory of success shines about the returning train-loads of eager young men.

The schools in the Muskoka are fairly good nowadays, but even the girls are not able to attend school very long in their teens unless there are plenty of younger or older sisters to assist with the household tasks and look after the inevitable and numerous babies. The boys, alas! are usually seized with "camp fever" just as soon as they are big enough to serve as the cook's assistant or chore-boy of a lumber camp. Miranda Jenkins was the middle sister in a family of nine, Fred Portman was the only son of his mother and she a widow. This was how it happened that while Miranda was fairly well educated and reasonably learned in the ways of the conventional world, Fred still talked in rather nasal fashion and did violence to the English language. And Fred loved Miranda so devotedly that he had serious thoughts of "saving up" and attending night school in Toronto just as soon as his mother had been made comfortable, financially, for a year or so, just because Miranda had

this he danced from log to log, above the seething, hurrying, hungry-looking water, and kept the logs moving with a long, pointed pole. One day Miss Stephens, the city girl whom Miranda had brought back with her for a chance to see the grass grow green in the meadows and the early violets come up expressed a great desire to see the logs sent down the river. She had watched them rushing madly over "the slide" just above the saw-mill in the nearest village several times; now she yearned to see the rest of the process. So Miranda's father hitched the big gray roadster to the spring buggy and the two girls drove off together. And the city girl gave a great gasp of wonder and ad-



"Did you mean what you called?" miration when first she caught sight of the log-rolling.  
"What a fine figure that man has—the one out there in the middle of the stream!" she exclaimed, to Miranda, pointing to Fred.  
"Yes," spoke out the subconscious self which Miranda could have hated an instant later, "that's the man I am going to marry."  
"Oh! I didn't know you were engaged!" cried the city girl, curiously, and Miranda blushed with mortification over her mistake.  
"Don't say anything about it at home, please," she implored, eagerly. "I'm—I'm not ready for the other girls to know."  
"Oh!" said the city girl, comprehendingly, and silence fell between them. Miranda, thinking to break the constraint which fell with it, placed her hands to her lips, suddenly.  
"Oo-oo!" she called, in a voice clear, sweet, and piercing. It was the regular, pre-arranged, long-used signal which had called Fred to her side ever since they had been babies. Fred, startled and astonished, threw up his head and looked for the caller. In that moment he lost his footing on the uncertain logs and went down among them.

"I've killed him! I've killed him!" gasped Miranda, knowing well how small was the hope of his ever fighting his way from beneath the grinding logs. But even as she said it his hand appeared, clinging to the log which was nearest. A comrade jumped out on the logs and kept them off the straggler's form, as best he might. But the end of a great log, turning, struck Fred's back with terrific force and he all but lost hold. Then it was Miranda called again.  
"Keep up, Fred keep up!" she shouted to him, his voice sounding out high and clear above the tumult of excited men and waters. "For my sake!" she added, imploringly, as his strength seemed to waver. Then, as Fred was pulled from the water, by eager, helping hands, and tossed ashore bodily, she leaned her head on the city girl's shoulder and cried. The city girl had to handle the reins until they were very nearly home.

It was nearly a week before the bruised back of Fred permitted him to be out of bed, but the first time he was able to ride horseback he made for the Jenkins homestead. He arrived there about 8 o'clock in the evening, and found the house all but deserted. The little parlor had been full and noisy but a few moments sooner, but the city girl had deserted the figure down the road in the bright moonlight, and had suddenly expressed a wish to visit the beaver meadow, doubly flooded with moonshine and spring waters. Almost everybody else as a matter of course, had gone with her. Miranda was nervously pretending to read a book, in solitary grandeur, when Fred strode in upon her and gently drew the volume from her trembling hands.  
"I can't wait any longer, Mirandy," he whispered. "I've got to know now. Did you mean what you called to me the other day—for my sake, you know?"  
"I've been dying to ask you ever since I came home, Mirandy," Fred explained, a little later, "but you seem so fine an stylish now I thought I'd better wait until I'd had time to try an' git polished up myself, a little. Seems, though, as if we might as well be happy, meantime."  
And then Miranda, who had never meant to be so meek when Fred "asked her" any more than she had dreamed of announcing the engagement before it had had a chance to become an actual fact, made this whispered confession.  
"Fred, dear, it's only because I love you so that I want you to study, because I want to be prouder of you—than I am now, even. And I love you just as much (and this was about the time that her girlish form went into temporary but almost total eclipse as Fred's stalwart arm closed around it) when you say 'I be' and 'I ain't done nothin'' as if—well, as if you could talk French and German!"

## EXCITEMENT AT BEAUMONT.

A Spectacle in Texas, the Like of Which Is Rarely Seen.

"The spectacle to be seen daily at Beaumont, Tex., just now," said P. J. Curran, to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "is one of the most distinctively American imaginable. Beaumont, previous to the discovery of the oil spouts, was a commonplace, progressive little place of about twelve thousand population. It was growing in the regular way, and everybody knew everybody else. Now there are 25,000 strangers in the town, about two for each native inhabitant, and the town has the appearance of some kind of a show. There isn't room for the people to eat, nor sleep, nor move about. Two special trains run every night to Port Arthur and Sabine Pass to carry the drifting population to points where they can sleep and eat, and return next morning. Different places of business are given \$100 per month for enough space to put up little real estate booths to get out of town tramp about all day and then throw themselves down at night on the canvasses they have brought for the purpose of putting up tents. But many of them don't have time nor space to put up the tents, and sleep under the open air on their tentage. It is a scene of feverish activity, every man who owns valuable property is trying to sell for high prices, and every man with a stake is trying to make a fortune out of it. Nearly all forms of legitimate business have been suspended, and half the people seem to have taken leave of their senses. It will probably be a long time before normal conditions are restored, and the present indications are that Beaumont will become one of the important commercial centers of Texas."

## An Appendicitis Club.

Seldom is the ruling passion for club organization illustrated more pointedly than in that weird association just organized up in Maine and destined, apparently, to go down the ages as the first Appendicitis club. The club's membership is graded into two ranks—the lower being composed of those persons who have survived one operation, and the higher degree those who have survived two or more operations for that uncalled-for thing, the vermiform appendix. Those who have undergone the operation and have not lived might be said to form the Club Triumphant. The originator of the club is W. F. Fernald of Old Orchard, Me. In 1898 the doctors in the Massachusetts General hospital in Boston took out Fernald's superfluous organism, but failed to take his life, too. Fernald was so grateful that he decided to form a club of persons who had been as successful as himself. The association which he has formed is to be organized by states, and to have national conventions and all the machinery of a great party.—Chicago Journal.

## Maiba's Brother in War.

A bright young volunteer, who has just gone to South Africa as a member of the Marquis of Tullibardine's Horse, is Ernest Mitchell, youngest brother of Mme. Maiba. Mr. Mitchell was first intended for life on one of his father's Australian estates, but that not suiting him, he took up the study of music. He possessed a fine tenor voice, and at one time it seemed that he would some day sing Romeo to the Juliet of his distinguished sister. But he gave up music, and has now become a soldier, in which calling his friends feel sure he will distinguish himself.

## Will Probably Not Sue.

The Detroit man that made \$60,000 in stocks instead of \$10,000, owing to the delay in a telegram, will probably not sue the telegraph company.—Indianapolis News.

Strappings of nun's veiling, cashmere, French batiste, organdy, linen lawn, etc., will be worn on summer gowns.

## ON HONOR'S FIELD.

### DUELING IN THIS COUNTRY AND GREAT BRITAIN

Came Down to Quite Recent Times—Last Duel in England Fought in 1845. In the United States in 1883—Fight from Balloons.

It is the fashion today both in America and England to ridicule that peculiar code of honor which finds its expression in dueling; but perhaps we would be a little more saving in our ridicule and censure if we remembered that until quite late in the 19th century both Americans and Englishmen were enthusiastic patrons of the field of honor. When the last century was young it was not an uncommon thing for 20 duels to take place in a day in the British islands. During the reign of George III there were 172 duels in England alone, and there were several trials of peers for murder by the House of Lords growing out of them. There are men still alive who can recall the sensation that was made by the Duke of Wellington, then premier of Great Britain, in fighting a duel with the Earl of Winchelsea. That was in 1829. The last duel in England between British subjects was fought at Southsea in 1845, when Lieut. Hawkey killed Lieut. Seton, of the Eleventh Hussars. Until 60 years ago dueling flourished in Ireland as much as it ever did in France. All the noted Irishmen of the early part of the century were duellists. Even the great O'Connell, religious as he was and averse to shedding of blood, figured on the field of honor. As for our own American record, dueling was quite a conventional thing with us down to the time of the civil war, and as late as 1883 it may be recalled that Mr. Knox and Mr. Sheehan, the last-named gentleman being a direct descendant of the famous duelist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, met at Far Rockaway, near New York, and exchanged shots, Knox being wounded on the second fire. In the same year R. R. Beirne and W. C. Elam, two Richmond editors, met on the field of honor at Waynesboro, after a most exciting race to escape the pursuing sheriffs, and Mr. Elam was wounded in the hip. These, we believe, were the last two duels conducted according to the code in this country. Our ante-bellum record may well restrain our contemptuous comments on dueling in Europe. There are many places in this country which have tragic memories as dueling grounds. On the fighting grounds of Bladensburg, named after Gov. Bladen of Maryland many distinguished Americans have met. The first duel was fought there in 1808 when two congressmen—J. W. Campbell from Kentucky and H. B. Gardiner from New York, the latter being severely wounded. In 1814 Ensign Edward Hopkins of the navy, whose name is still in doubt. There Armistead Thomson Mason, one of the most brilliant and popular Virginians of the period, was killed by his cousin John Mason McCarty, on a February morning in 1819. They fought with muskets only 10 paces apart. The great name of Stephen Decatur, of Maryland, naval hero of 1812, is also on the list of Bladensburg's victims. He was killed there in 1820 in a duel with James Barron, a brother officer. Later came the Graves (Ky.) and Cilley (Me.) duel, in which Cilley was killed. The last fatal encounter on that celebrated fighting ground was fought as late as 1846, when Daniel Johnson, a physician, and Thomas F. Jones, a lawyer, both of North Carolina, met there. Johnson was instantly killed by his adversary's first fire. A notable duel between Virginians took place near Weldon, N. C., about 1840, in which Daniel Dugger, a Whig, was killed by George C. Dromgoole, Democratic member of Congress for the Petersburg district. In France there are about 4,000 duels yearly and in Germany, in the army and in colleges, duels are daily occurrences. There is a growing tendency to discredit the practice, however, and it is probable that before the present century has run half its course dueling will be as obsolete in Germany and France as in America. Probably the most sensational duel ever fought was in France. In 1808 M. de Grandpre and M. de Bisque, who had quarreled about an opera dancer, agreed to fight a duel from balloons in a field near the Tuilleries, armed with blunderbuses. The balloons kept about 80 yards apart and when they were 800 feet high, on a signal being given, M. de Bisque fired. He missed aim, whereupon Grandpre fired into Bisque's balloon and he and his seconds were dashed to pieces on a housetop.—Utica Globe.

## Tree as a Land Owner.

A magnificent oak tree at Athens, Ga., not only owns itself, but possesses other property. It was owned many years ago by Colonel W. H. Jackson, who, in his childhood, played around its massive trunk and in later years grew to love it almost as he would his own child. Fearing that after his death the old oak would fall into the hands of persons who would destroy it, he recorded a deed conveying to the tree "entire possession of itself and of all land within eight feet of it on all sides."

## To Remove Glass Stoppers.

It is a good thing to remember how to remove and loosen glass stoppers. Wrap around the neck of the bottle a thick rag, wet with hot water. Remove the stopper before the heat expands it. If sticky, drop a little camphene between the neck and stopper.

## USING INSECTS FOR FOOD.

French Entomologist Has Tasted Several Hundreds of Species.

A French entomologist, M. Daguin, recommends insects as an article of food. He speaks with authority, having not only read through the whole literature of insect eating, but having himself tasted several hundreds of species raw, boiled, fried, broiled, roasted and hashed. He has even eaten spiders prepared according to the following recipe. "Take a plump spider, remove the legs and skin. Rub over with butter and swallow." However, he does not recommend them, but this may be prejudice on his part. He states two objections to spiders. They are not insects and they feed on animal food. Cockroaches are a foundation for a delicious soup. M. Daguin follows the recipe given by Senator Testelin in a speech delivered in the senate on February 12, 1878: "Pound your cockroaches into a mortar; put in a sieve, and pour in boiling water or beef stock." Connoisseurs prefer this to the real bisque. M. Wilfrid de Fonvielle, the French scientist, prefers the cockroaches in the larval state. The perfect insect may be shelled and eaten like a shrimp; that way Dr. Gastier, member of the National assembly of 1848, used to eat them. Caterpillars are a light food of easy digestion. Not only African and American native races, but Frenchmen appreciate them. M. de Lalande, astronomer, had dinner every Saturday with the zoologist, Quatremere d'Isjonville. Madame d'Isjonville, who knew his taste, collected in the afternoon all the caterpillars she could find in her garden and served them on a plate to her guest. The most popular insect food is the locust. It is eaten fried, dried in the sun, ground in flour, broiled (among the Bedouin), boiled in milk (a Morocco recipe), or fried and served with rice as in Madagascar. The Jesuit Father Cambou thinks that locust flour might become popular in Europe as a condiment. Travelers' opinions on locusts differ. Amelie finds they taste like shrimps, Niebuhr like sardines, Livingstone like caviare.—London Daily News.

## FRUIT AS A FOOD.

Reasonable Changes in Food Supply Necessary for Good Health.

Taken in the morning, fruit is as helpful to digestion as it is refreshing. The newly awakened function finds in it an object of such light labor as will exercise without seriously taxing its energies, and tissues of the stomach acquire at little cost a gain of nourishment which will sustain those energies in later and most serious operations. It is an excellent plan with this object in view, to add a little bread to the fruit eaten. While admitting its possession of these valuable qualities, however, and while also agreeing with those who maintain that in summer—when the body is, at all events, in many cases, less actively employed than usually—meat may be less, and fruit and vegetables more freely used as a food, we are not prepared to allow that even then exclusively vegetarian regimen is that most generally advisable. Meat provides us with a means of obtaining albuminoid material, which is indispensable, in its most easily assimilable form. It affords us in this material not only an important constituent of tissue growth, but a potent excitant of the whole process of nutrition. It has, therefore, a real definite and great value in the ordinary diet of a man, and the wholesomeness of fruit combined with farinaceous food as an alternative dietary is not so much an argument in favor of the vegetarian principle, as a proof that reasonable changes in food supply are helpful to the digestive processes and to nutritive changes in the tissues generally.

## She Was Too Kind-Hearted.

There is one young woman living at L'Anse, Mich., whose benevolent disposition received a severe shock last Sunday evening. She was at church and sat directly behind a tall, well-dressed stranger, in a raveling hanging to his collar. Being one of those generous-hearted, whole-souled girls who grow up to be motherly old ladies, a friend to everybody in town, she thought how glad she would be if some kind-hearted girl would do as much for her father were he to go to church with a raveling hanging down his back, so when the audience rose for the first hymn she concluded to pick it off. Carefully raising her hand, she gave a little twitch, but it was longer than she supposed, and a foot or more appeared. Setting her teeth, she gave a pull and about a yard of that horrible thread hung down his back. This was getting embarrassing, but determined, she gave it another yank and discovered that she was unraveling his undershirt. Her discomfiture was so painful that chloroform would not have alleviated her sufferings nor a pint of powder hidden her blushes when the gentleman turned with an inquiring look to see what was tickling his neck.

## Improved Furniture.

The era of the rocking chair made out of a barrel is happily over, but many pieces of furniture, which are the outgrowth of special needs are often satisfactorily developed from small beginnings. A set of book shelves, for example, with a drawer at the bottom, was recently made by a clever woman from an old fashioned walnut dresser. The marble top she had removed, and the fine oval top swing glass was taken out of its frame to serve another purpose. Shelves were fitted in the drawer slides of the upper three drawers, the wood of these being utilized in the process. A partition was fitted up from the bottom drawer at half the depth of the bureau.

## WON PHYSICIAN.

Miss Honora Patton, W. D. Gross in Pennsylvania.

Miss Honora Patton of this state, was taken ill about a year ago while studying in Paris, says the Philadelphia Times. This circumstance gave rise to her acquaintance with Dr. William D. Gross, an American physician practicing in the French capital. As a culmination of a pretty romance comes the announcement that the young couple are to be united in marriage. Miss Patton has been in Philadelphia the last few weeks making final arrangements for the wedding, which will take place at Curwensville, and awaiting the arrival of Dr. Gross. The wedding will be one of the most elaborate affairs ever arranged in that part of the state within years. Music for the occasion is to be furnished by the Pittsburgh Orchestra and a Philadelphia florist has been engaged to decorate the grounds and home. The ceremony will take place in June. Miss Patton is a tall, stately brunette, and since her debut in society some years ago she has been much sought after and admired. She is accomplished and talented in many ways. While at Wellesley College she obtained high honors. After graduating Miss Patton made a tour of the world, and later settled in Paris in order to complete her musical education and study the language. Being devoted to her work, Miss Patton entered little into the gaieties of society, and as a consequence of too confining study her health broke down in February of last year. For many months she was under the constant medical attention of Dr. Gross, and during that time the personal charms of Miss Patton so fascinated the American physician that some months later they became engaged. After a complete recovery Miss Patton returned to this country, and a formal announcement of her engagement was made. Dr. Gross is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and is recognized as the leading American physician in Paris.

## GAUGING TIDES IN CANADA.

Accurate Survey of Those in Lower St. Lawrence Completed.

The Canadian Marine department has just completed an important survey of the tides and currents of the St. Lawrence River, says a Montreal dispatch to the New York Sun. The survey is based on extended observations, taken during a whole season of navigation, throughout the St. Lawrence estuary from Quebec to Point de Monts, a distance of 300 miles. Tidal instruments of the latest self-recording type were placed at eight different points throughout this region and a continuous record was secured day and night of the form, height and time of the tides. This method largely made up for the shortness of the season as it secured the information in the most complete form. The record was also simultaneous throughout the region, in which the tide increases in height from five feet at the mouth of the estuary to eighteen feet at Quebec. The changes in the tide can thus be easily followed and its rate of progress and other data required for practical purposes can be correctly ascertained. The work of the Canadian tidal survey is now being extended to the Pacific coast and this year tide tables based upon direct observation will be issued for Victoria, B. C., and the Gulf of Georgia. These are the only tide tables issued for the Pacific coast between Astoria and Port Townsend in Washington to the south and Sitka in Alaska. Steps are being taken to bring other western ports into relation with these tide tables.

## Building Churches in Chicago.

There is an unprecedented activity in the building of churches in Chicago, at the present time, and, in spite of the labor difficulties which extended far into the fall of last year, twenty-one churches have been built since then or are still building. Among the buildings in course of construction or already finished, are some rather pretentious structures of brick and stone, costing from \$25,000 to \$75,000. One-third of the number are Roman Catholic churches, and the rest are almost evenly divided among the Methodist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Evangelical and Jewish denominations.

A man expects rounds of applause when he begins to climb the ladder of fame.

## GONE BEFORE.

"It singeth low in every heart,  
We hear it each and all—  
A song of those who answer not,  
However we may call.  
They thought of the silence of the breast,  
We see them as of yore—  
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,  
Who walk with us no more.

" 'Tis hard to take the burden up  
When these have laid it down;  
They brightened all the joy of life,  
They softened every frown;  
But oh! 'tis good to think of them  
When we are troubled sore!  
Thanks be to God that such have been,  
Although they are no more!  
  
"More homelike seems the vast unknown  
Since they have entered there;  
To follow them were not so hard;  
Wherever they may fare;  
They cannot be where God is not—  
On any sea or shore;  
'Hater' betides, Thy love abides—  
Our God forevermore."



Fred, startled, lost his footing. urged this course upon him. For himself, Fred didn't hanker after an augmented education at all. But when Fred came back from the Northwest for the last time Miranda seemed to have suddenly removed far from him by the new accession of quiet grace and daintiness which had followed the winter passed in Toronto, learning how to make dresses.  
Fred went right to work at the "log-rolling" for which he was famous. The logs were placed in the river about ten miles "farther up" than the Jenkins homestead and the farm which Fred and his mother owned between them, and it was Fred's part to keep them from becoming caught and piled up in the stream above the rapids. To do