

# BROTHERHOOD

That plenty but reproaches me  
Which leaves my brother bare,  
Not wholly glad my heart can be  
While his is bowed with care.  
If I go free, and sound and stout,  
While his poor fetters clank,  
Unsatiate still, I'll still cry out,  
And plead with Whom I thank.

Almighty: Thou who Father be  
Of him, of me, of all,  
Draw us together, him and me,  
That whatsoever fall,  
The other's hand may fall him not—  
The other's strength decline,  
No task of succor that his lot  
May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed, I would be clad,  
I would be housed and dry,  
But if so be my heart be sad—  
What benefit have I?  
Best be whose shoulders best endure  
The load that brings relief,  
And best shall be his joy secure  
Who shares that joy with grief.  
—E. S. Martin.

As Jared's sad, mellow voice died away with a little break—he felt a pang of genuine emotion as he remembered poor Wiley's face with the bullet hole in the forehead—Rose's heart melted. All that was sweet and womanly and good in her untutored soul rose to the surface. She crossed the piazza, and laying her hand on Jared's shoulder, resolutely faced her frowning parents and the chagrined Harold. "I shall stand by Jared," she said, in ringing tones.

Jared started to his feet in dismay. This climax was precisely the opposite of the one he had courted and expected. The face of the dimpled Kansas girl flitted across his memory, and then disappeared forever. The boomerang he had launched buried itself in his own heart. The two young things who had been playing with the eternal verities of love and death, looked into each other's eyes, and, by the white light of the approaching storm, saw there that which made them afraid and ashamed of what they had been doing—saw the dawn of an everlasting affection—the affection that mocks disaster, and calmly ignores doubters and detractors, as the placid moon ignores the yellow dog that bays it.

Gran'ther's face was convulsed with delight. Tears of joy meandered unheeded down his wrinkled cheeks, as, glancing at the discomfited Harold, he raised his staff and brought it down with a force that split it in twain.

"She's a Peters, every inch of her," he roared. "Leastways, she soon will be."

Rose was somewhat shocked when she learned that Jared's woes were all assumed; and that he had prudently escaped from the collapsing boom with the neat little nest egg of one hundred thousand dollars; but she became reconciled to the situation in time.

## "STRICTLY FRESH EGGS."

You Cannot Make Hens Lay When They Don't Want To.

With all that men of science have done to procure for our tables luxuries without regard to season, so that almost we say "there is no season," no one of them has yet succeeded in wheedling a hen into laying her best and biggest eggs at any other season of the year than that at which the primal hen so distinguished herself.

There have been many experiments of all kinds tried with regard to hatching chickens and they have all been more or less successful, till the term "spring chicken" has become a misnomer. Or rather there are others beside spring chickens. We have winter chickens, thanks to incubators and brooders and all sorts of appliances, and fall chickens and summer chickens, and chickens in between seasons, which is one of the compensations scattered all through life if we look for them. But the hen plods on in that tiresome unchanging way and looks untouched by all the means that man has invented for hatching her eggs for her, though no one knows just what she thinks. Probably her line of thought takes the stand that you may lead a hen to any kind of artificially warmed and lighter nest, but you cannot make her lay; and cold storage has done much to make us indifferent to the stubborn attitude of the hen. The farmer who doesn't know that he may by the care he takes of his hens influence the manner and kind of eggs they lay for him does not deserve to succeed. Hens like clean, sunny houses, and they like good wholesome food, and in variety. They want a certain amount of corn and meal and they dearly love a flavor of meat in their food. Also they like something in the nature of oyster shells that the shells of the eggs may be up to standard quality. Housekeepers who receive day after day from their grocer eggs of not only a uniform size and of even tinting—either all white or with a tinge of brown—take it as a matter of course, and think perhaps that it is just so in every case. But there are sorters whose business it is to put into cases eggs that "match" in color and size. And they do say that in Boston the brownish eggs have the first call, while in New York the demand is for purest white. It is this demand for uniformity in size and color that induces a poultry farmer to have his hens all of one breed.—Epicure.

## Cottage Heirlooms in England.

It is still quite a common experience to find fine and even valuable specimens of old English furniture, chiefly made of oak, in the cottages of the village folk. These pieces of furniture have been handed down from generation to generation of rural folk such as carters, keepers, woodmen and shepherds. How did the family originally come by them? The explanation is this in many cases: Generations ago, when the furniture, which is once again prized greatly, began to go out of fashion and to be superseded by stuff which we view with contempt nowadays, it was sold and farmers bought much of it. But by and by, the farmer being prosperous, and desiring to be in the fashion, too, like his landlord, bought in its place more modern chairs and tables, etc. Then the village folk bought for a song the despised oak chairs, coffers, etc., and now, once again, the old furniture has come into favor and is finding its way back from the cottage to the hall.—London Express.

## Queen of Holland's Crown.

The crown which adorns the brow of Queen Wilhelmina is said to have cost £1,500. In 1829 it was stolen by burglars, and for nearly two years remained in their possession, says Home Notes. Some of the stones were eventually discovered in America, and the remainder were recovered from Belgium.

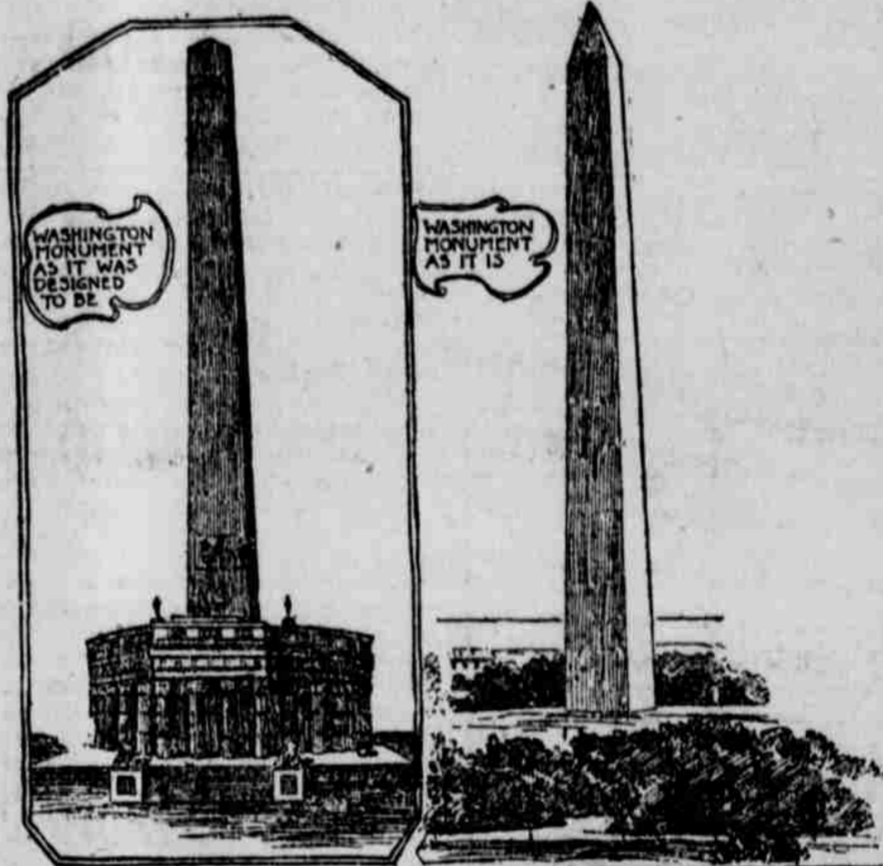
# Not According to Plans Famous Monuments That Have Never Been Properly Constructed.

We live in a half-made world. So it ever has been since the Tower of Babel was left uncompleted, and so it will be, no doubt, to the end of time. In our hurry to begin things we forget to finish them, and all over the world today the Great Unfinished stares us in the face—some big thing waiting its completion, says a writer in New York Press.

There is the Washington monument, that giant obelisk rising up from the low flats back of the white house. Every one is familiar with its present appearance, but few people remember how it was originally designed to look. This tribute of a grateful nation to the father of his country was begun in 1848, and has never been completed according to the original designs. Probably it never will be. It was hard work to get it as near completion as it is. When the monument was started all the rulers of the world sent blocks of marble to be placed in the interior

ago. Nobody seems to care now whether it is ever completed or not. After the lapse of half a century patriotism is not easily transmuted into money. The Iron Duke, however, no doubt sleeps very soundly without his equestrian statue perched above him.

London is in a much more half-made state than New York any way, and evidences of incompleteness meet one on every hand, although your true Briton is never tired of talking about British "thoroughness." An empty pedestal in Trafalgar square stands proclaiming daily to a wondering world that England has now no hero to stand with Nelson, Gordon, Napier, Havelock and George IV. Save the mark! And will somebody put a clock in St. Paul's tower, which was evidently designed for one, and place the statues on the pedestals along Blackfriars Bridge, as was originally intended? Then there is Westminster Abbey, which was meant to have a



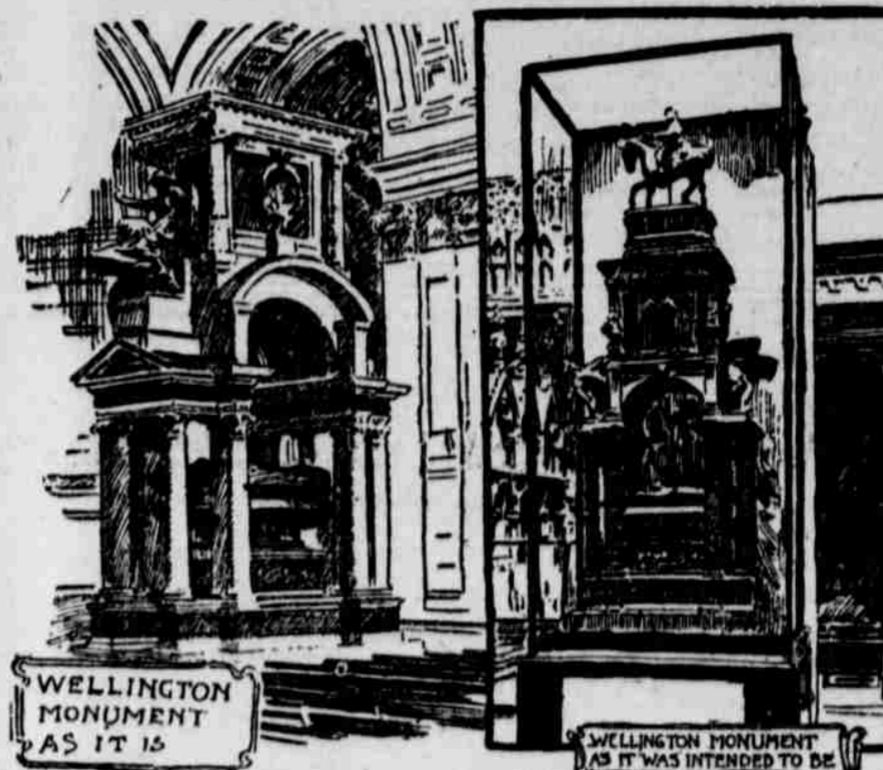
of the ornate, columnated structure which was to surround the lower part of the great shaft. The work of building went on briskly at first, then languished, and finally stopped entirely. It was not until 1876 that work was resumed upon the monument, and not until 1884 that the shaft was finished. All intention of completing the monument according to the original designs seems to have been abandoned, and there it stands, towering aloft 555 feet above the unfinished world.

The Grant monument as designed by Mr. Duncan had imposing approaches, with great flights of stairs leading down to the river and many other accessories of which it is now bare. As it is, the monument has an unfinished look, and a glance at the original designs will show how far from completion this memorial to the great general is and is probably destined to remain.

Wellington's Tomb Unfinished. England was exceedingly grateful, too, over Waterloo, and when Well-

ington died decreed him a public funeral and laid him away in St. Paul's Cathedral to the "noise of the mourning of a mighty nation." But she never finished his tomb. The equestrian statue which was to have surmounted the tomb stands headless in the crypt of the cathedral, propped up by some old lumber and tied about with ropes. Where the head is no one knows—if it was ever made—and the pedestal which was to support the statue was never completed. The house of lords surprised itself into a discussion of the subject a year ago, and all that could be said officially was that the money appropriated for the tomb ran short and the work had been arrested "in its present stage of development." Yet \$100,000 was appropriated for this tomb fifty years

ago. Nobody seems to care now whether it is ever completed or not. After the lapse of half a century patriotism is not easily transmuted into money. The Iron Duke, however, no doubt sleeps very soundly without his equestrian statue perched above him. London is in a much more half-made state than New York any way, and evidences of incompleteness meet one on every hand, although your true Briton is never tired of talking about British "thoroughness." An empty pedestal in Trafalgar square stands proclaiming daily to a wondering world that England has now no hero to stand with Nelson, Gordon, Napier, Havelock and George IV. Save the mark! And will somebody put a clock in St. Paul's tower, which was evidently designed for one, and place the statues on the pedestals along Blackfriars Bridge, as was originally intended? Then there is Westminster Abbey, which was meant to have a



portion of the choir itself, a small part of the transepts and probably the chapter house. The nave thus begun was carried forward further in the reign of Edward I., and gradually finished with other portions of the edifice in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the grand close of the whole work took place in the reign of Henry VII. by the erection of the chapel which bears that monarch's name. The great central tower and the western towers were, however, still unbuilt, although the work had been in progress for three centuries. Knight says: "The great central tower and the western towers were still unbuilt, and so to this time the former remains; the latter have been added to by the architect of St. Paul's in a style that makes us regret that he did not

confine himself to St. Paul's and works of a kindred character; most assuredly he was profoundly ignorant of the character and merits of the productions to which he presumptuously applied the epithet of 'Gothic crinkle-crackle.'"

The first church was built on the site of the present abbey in 184 A. D., and so, with rebuilding, tearing down and adding to, the work of the making of Westminster Abbey has been going on for 1,717 years and the edifice is still incomplete. So it will, in all probability, always remain, chief among the world's Great Unfinished.

Within the inclosure of the Alhambra at Granada stands the unfinished palace of Charles I. of Spain, a structure which the monarch fondly imagined would outvie the palace of the Moorish kings to which it stands adjacent. Charles died before the building was completed, and there it stands to-day after the centuries have swept by, still incomplete.

Near London stands a modern example of unfinished things. It is the so-called Wembley tower, which its projector designed to be 150 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower in Paris. It was to cost \$1,000,000. The lower platform is all that has ever been built of the structure. This lower platform occupies the same space as St. Paul's Cathedral. So the list might be stretched out. Nearly every one will remember something to add to it. But these few examples cited show what a half-made world this is after all.

## Seattle Cemetery.

Seattle has secured ownership of a tract of 100 acres, with a view to conducting a municipal cemetery, in limitation of a project successfully carried out in Cleveland. There a level, finely situated tract of land has been acquired by the municipality, and burial plots are sold without regard to location at the uniform price of 75 cents per square foot. This price includes the actual maintenance of the lot at the expense of the city in perpetuity. The maintenance includes grass seed, sowing, moving and general caretaking. Flowers and shrubs, when required, are, of course, charged additionally. The purpose is to defeat speculation in land for burial places, and to insure perpetual care of the graves. In Cleveland the enterprise is self-supporting, although the charges are very low.

## Indian's Salvation Is Work.

The attitude of our government toward the Indian in allowing him in idleness to follow his own untrammelled will on the reservation, is a relic of the old French and Spanish original discoverers. Are these wards of the government never to have homes, but be always condemned to tribal relations? Are they to never know the mental uplifting of a wife's hands, but be always fated to burden-bearing squaw life? Some day a statesman will arise and point the way for these aboriginal Americans to become men and women among us, and truly citizens of our states. Until that time—until Indians are alienated from their savage surroundings—their treatment is a proposition not reached by any pink-tea standard of ethics.—National Magazine.

## As Good as a Corkscrew.

No doubt you have found yourself in the predicament of having forgotten the corkscrew, and you are out in the fields trying to get a draught from a cold bottle. Here is a new and simple way to overcome the difficulty, the invention of which is to be accredited to a convivial young scientist. Hold the neck of the bottle firmly in your right hand and with your left hold a handkerchief against the trunk of a tree. Now with a quick blow hit the side of the neck covered with the handkerchief. The cork will immediately fly out. Then turn the bottle upward so the fluid will not flow out after the cork.

## Gen. Gordon's Bible.

In the corridors at Windsor stands a little ebony pedestal, and on it a splendid casket of seventeenth century Italian work, with sides of engraved rock crystal. Within this gorgeous setting lies wide open, on a satin cushion, a little well-worn book. It is Gen. Gordon's Bible, and is open at the gospel according to St. John. Below a little plate bears an inscription recording the fact that the Bible was presented to her majesty by the sister of Gen. Gordon after his death. This was one of the most prized possessions of Queen Victoria, and she never failed to point it out to visitors.

## New Swiss Revolver.

Swiss military papers speak in high terms of the new revolver which has been adopted for the mounted troops of the Swiss army, and which is the invention of two Berlin engineers. The recoil on firing brings a fresh cartridge from the magazine into the barrel. The pistol weighs 11 pounds 13 ounces, and its center of gravity lies immediately over the hand of the firer. The magazine carries eight cartridges, and practiced shots can fire 48 rounds in from 28 to 30 seconds. The caliber of the weapon is .32 inches, and its range is given at 2,000 yards.

In the last forty years Great Britain has produced 40,000,000 tons of steel, or about one-third of the world's total products.

## A Boomerang.

BY MARY MARSHALL PARKS.  
(Copyright, 1901, Daily Story Pub. Co.)

When Jared Peters went west to help the country grow up, Rose Hawthorne thought her heart was broken. This was a logical sequence of the firm conviction that she could not live without Jared, which had led her to engage herself to him. In accordance with this fixed idea, she, for a day or two, refused food, and mournfully contemplated the prospect of an early demise. But an immature mind cannot long dominate a young and healthy physique. On the third day she made several surreptitious visits to the pantry; on the fourth day she dined openly and heartily; and the day after she was startled by the discovery that she had not thought of Jared for several hours.

The Sunday following Jared's departure, she permitted Harold Winter-set, the son of a wealthy manufacturer from a neighboring city, to accompany her home from church and linger for an hour at the gate; and she was again startled by the discovery that she enjoyed his society quite as much as Jared's.

Then she went upstairs and sat down in the moonlit window to consider. She had all the rules of love at her fingers' ends. She knew that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," that true love never forgets or wavers for the fraction of a second. She was therefore forced to the conclusion that she did not love Jared; that she never had loved him; and the manufacturer's son was allowed to call regularly.

Jared's letters were intensely interesting. The little western town which he had taken under his wing was on a "boom." He had already doubled his small capital and was proceeding to double it again. Rose had all the rules of arithmetic also at her fingers' ends. She knew something of geometrical progression; and having become, in view of her large experience, skeptical in regard to the tender passion, she planned her future operations on a strictly commercial basis. After careful consideration, she decided that a budding Western capitalist in the hand was worth more than a wealthy manufacturer's son in the bush; so she did not break her engagement; and she did not mention Harold in her numerous and entirely satisfactory letters to Jared.

Although his love was false, Jared had one devoted admirer. From the day it was declared that the red-faced mite of humanity called Jared was the image of his grandfather, the old man had found his chief occupation in tracing his own characteristics in the growing boy.

"He's a Peters, every inch of him," gran'ther would shout when Jared's boyish achievements creditable or otherwise, came to his notice. Gran'ther Peters had always liked Rose; and of all the girls in the country round, he would have chosen her for Jared. When, therefore, at the age of sixteen, Jared first walked home from church with her, gran'ther retired to the grape arbor and chuckled till he was black in the face. He did all he could to foster the budding romance; and when the engagement

was formally announced, his rapture nearly caused a fit of apoplexy.

When a tattling neighbor brought the news of Rose's double-dealing, the old man flatly refused to believe it; but when with his own eyes, he saw Rose and Harold strolling by, arm in arm, in the dusk, he took to his bed. After two or three days of misery, mental and physical, he arose and spent an entire afternoon in inditing a letter which struck consternation to Jared's soul. It was vague in manner and matter, but he gathered from it some inkling of the truth; and immediately wrote—not to Rose, but to one of her girl friends. By return mail he received a spicy and perhaps not unex-



"I Shall Stand by Jared."

agitated account of Rose's "carrying on."

Now Jared, absorbed in speculation as he was, had kept a little corner of his heart for Rose; and thought himself a miracle of constancy because he had not allowed another to share it. There are pretty girls in Kansas; and there was one in particular, with wondrous dimples, that he had noticed, just barely noticed, you know—so he made the customary remarks about female perfidy. He wrote Rose a biting letter—and tore it up; for a subtler revenge had occurred to him. He divined that Rose preferred him to Harold—if he succeeded in making money; and he plotted accordingly.

From this date his correspondence took on a dismal hue. The boom was declining; and there were vague hints of pitfalls that ensnare the unwary and the inexperienced. Close on the heels of these dire forebodings, followed a rumor that Jared had come home unexpectedly, looking very seedy; and it was surmised, "dead broke."

Friends and neighbors, Rose and Harold among them, promptly gathered on the broad piazza to greet the home comer, and learn the truth of the matter. One glance at the young man's doleful face was enough. Disaster was written on it.

At first he seemed disinclined to talk; but numerous well put queries finally loosened his unwilling tongue. Among the friends Jared made in the west was one who had been born under an unlucky star. He was intelligent and shrewd; but everything he touched turned to ashes. Where others reaped golden harvests, he reaped misfortune, and his affairs became seriously involved. He was too young to know that while there is life there is hope; and one night, Jared, who roomed with him, came home to find his friend stretched on the floor with a bullet through his head, and the empty revolver in his own stiffening right hand.

With the callousness of youth, Jared adapted this young fellow's story to his own uses. Up to the culminating tragedy, he told it as his own, and told it well. He was a clever actor, and fully realized the dramatic possibilities of the situation.

The stage setting was perfect. A rising thunder storm had dyed the summer twilight an inky black; and continual flashes of lightning illuminated Jared's handsome, melancholy face and sombre eyes. He sat opposite his false sweetheart and Harold; and behind him, the old man, white-faced but firm-lipped, glared over his boy's head like a wounded lion.

On the Third Day. gran'ther would shout when Jared's boyish achievements creditable or otherwise, came to his notice. Gran'ther Peters had always liked Rose; and of all the girls in the country round, he would have chosen her for Jared. When, therefore, at the age of sixteen, Jared first walked home from church with her, gran'ther retired to the grape arbor and chuckled till he was black in the face. He did all he could to foster the budding romance; and when the engagement