



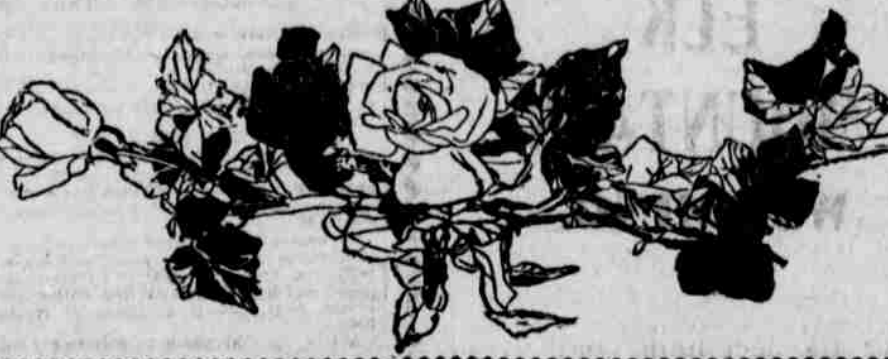
The HOME LIGHT

S. E. Kiser.

I see the dear home light ahead,
There where it used to glow
Before ambition came and led
Me from it, long ago.
I see the light, the glorious light,
Upon the distant hill!
Thank heaven for the welcome sight,
Thank heaven they are there tonight,
To keep it burning still.

I faintly see the fields that lie
Upon the distant slopes,
And oh, my heart is beating high
With freshly kindled hopes!
I see the light which tells me they
Are waiting for me still—
The boy they lost is turning gray,
But here he flings his cares away—
The light burns on the hill!

The light of home! Oh, shall I fare
Up, up, alone, some night,
Upon a starlit way and there
Behold another light?
On that last night, oh, shall there be
A light upon the hill—
O, shall there come a thrill to me
As faring up the slope, I see
The home light burning still?



What the Hand Said.

BY MIRIAM CRUTSCHANK.
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As a hostess Mrs. McCormick was a success.

Ever since old Jake McCormick had passed into the great unknown, nearly eight years before my story commences, leaving behind him the only two things that ever crept into his heart—his young wife and all his millions—Mrs. McCormick had, socially, reigned in L—supreme.

L— was a college town—old, seclude, select. To have belonged there for generations was a guarantee of respectability; to be new was damnation. Society was as its forbears had made it—then came Mrs. McCormick.

Old Jake had started life as a blacksmith; later he made millions in oil. Mrs. McCormick never told her family history. She was young, pretty, rich and a widow; who could ask more? The patriarchs of L— looked on her coming with indifference; one day they awoke to find her their bright particular star. Her dinners were triumphs in the culinary art, her decorations were perfection, wall-flowers were unknown at her dances, and happy the fraternity tea or college ball that secured her as a patroness.

Today was one of her Saturday functions to which the elite of L— was bidden and gladly came, and, despite pouring rain, the rooms were filled. Mrs. McCormick, fair, gracious,



"So you did come after all," smiling, moved from group to group and then paused near the doorway where a tall man was standing absently watching the bright scene.

"So you did come, after all?" she said, giving him her hand for the briefest possible moment. "It was very good of you."

"Yes, and now I am going to claim my reward; let me talk to you for a few minutes." She laughs as she sinks down on a small sofa and draws her skirts aside to make room for him.

"Just five minutes, then; I am due

somehow else now. What can I do for you?"

"Tell me the attraction, Recitation, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Punch and Judy or what?"

"Nonsense," says Mrs. McCormick, coloring; "only palmistry."

"Only palmistry!" he repeats.

"Well?"

For a moment there is a silence and the woman is watching him under her long lashes keenly. Most women like John Radnor, and Mrs. McCormick is very much of a woman. Every detail of an old story that had gone the rounds of L— just after her coming is clear in her mind, and she is wondering just how much of it is true. John Radnor hardly looks like a man disappointed in love—blighted—a woman-hater, as some people say he is. True, he is 38 and unmarried. The hair on his temples is very gray and there are deep lines about the stern mouth that can soften wonderfully at times. Mrs. McCormick has, however, little faith in the one-love theory, still less in village gossip. She is roused by Radnor repeating his last word and plunges in without more ado.

"Do you remember the Comptons? I thought so," as Radnor makes a gesture of assent. "You know the son got into some trouble, disgraced himself, and the blow killed Professor Compton. The family moved out West somewhere and we all lost sight of them."

She paused and again watched him narrowly. Again Radnor makes the same assenting gesture, his face expresses polite interest, that is all, and she goes on:

"Well, to make a long story short, I heard by the merest chance that Mrs. Compton and the daughter were back here, supporting themselves by coaching boys for the Preparatory School; they were always popular with the faculty, you know. I went to see them and discovered that Adele was a good amateur palmist; indeed, she is a veritable little witch. I persuaded her, for a consideration, of course, to come here this afternoon and read palms."

"Indeed, this is very interesting, but palmistry—don't you think it is a little absurd?"

Mrs. McCormick laughed and there was a world of relief in that laugh.

"Go and find out for yourself," she said. "I have talked to you long enough."

"A good surgeon uses a sharp knife," she said as he left her, "and I think I have won."

In the meantime Radnor had joined a laughing group at the other end of the room.

"Here comes Mr. Radnor," cried a pretty fair-haired girl in blue. "Come and have your hand read; we all want to know your future."

"Many thanks," said Radnor, laughingly; "I shall be very glad to accommodate you if Miss Compton is not too tired."

As he spoke his eyes met those of the palmist for an instant—his grave

and determined; hers sparkling and defiant.

What a childish-looking little thing she was! Radnor seeing her now in her short gypsy dress, her heavy braids of dark hair hanging over her shoulders, could have easily imagined that the seven years since their last meeting had been swept away, so little changed was she.

"I am not tired," she said quietly, though the pale face and deep purple shadows under her eyes belied her words. She took his hands in her cold, slender ones and the onlookers drew closer about them.

"You have a long life, good health, no nerves to speak of, rather cold; yet you win people easily. Mathematical, logical, argumentative, a free-thinker in religious matters, very ambitious, proud and self-willed, fond of luxury and not afraid to work for it. Your success in life is assured."

"And his marriage," cry half a dozen voices; "has he ever been in love? Is he ever going to be married?"

And Adele went on, but a little more slowly this time.

"You have been in love twice, once in your early youth; the trace is almost faded out. The second time when 30 or 31; the line is cut and barred; some obstacle—I (she is breathing quickly) I do not see any more."

She drops the hands and is turning away with a half-repressed gesture of relief, but the listeners are clamoring for the end. Adele shakes her head smiling. "That is the end; remember the powers of palmistry are limited." And the crowd moves away, laughing, protesting, leaving Radnor and the cheironant together.

For a moment he is silent. In the great hall the band is playing a wild fantastic Hungarian dance. In the drawing-room he can hear the murmur of fifty voices, among them Mrs. McCormick's, silvery, a little too incisive, but highbred withal. Then he moves closer. "Adele," he says softly, and there is a world of tenderness in his voice, but the girl does not move. "Adele, shall I tell the end that palmistry does not reveal? The story of a lonely man into whose life a young girl came, of the brief dream of happiness, of the pride that sent him away, of the seven long years of fruitless search, of waiting and hoping for the word that never came, and then—shall I tell the end, Adele, or will you?"

She cannot speak, but the dark eyes are slowly raised to his and then droop lower than ever.

In the shadow of the palms Radnor lays one large brown hand over the two little trembling ones and says softly, "My little girl, my darling."

Twenty minutes later Mrs. McCormick is holding out a gracious hand to Radnor, who is among the last to go.

"Well, did you find out?" she says, and just then the little cheironant, a water-proof over her bright dress, the hood covering the heavy hair, comes down the stairs.

Radnor looks from one woman to the other, and then one of his rare, brilliant smiles softens the gravity of his face. "Yes, I found out." He hesitates an instant and then says: "I think I must congratulate you, Mrs. McCormick, on the most successful affair of the season."

And as she murmurs her thanks he and Adele go out together, leaving her standing in the doorway.



"You have been in love,"

gold teeth out of style.

It is no longer considered good form to make a display of gold teeth. "The custom has grown to such an extent," said a prominent eastern dentist the other day, "that young men and women actually had small holes drilled in their teeth that were perfectly sound, in order that gold fillings might be inserted. Even sets of false teeth for older people were thus decorated. Gold caps were in great demand, and were often put on when there was no occasion, simply because people thought they looked well. I remember seeing a chorus girl who came over with an English company several years ago who had a diamond inserted in one of her front teeth. Her smile was literally dazzling. All that is changed now, though. The tendency seems to be to preserve as much as possible the natural whiteness of the teeth, and sometimes enamel is placed over a gold filling."

In the eighteenth century silken cocoons sold in the London market for 1 shilling a pound.

The sugar cane is now cultivated in every part of Africa that has been explored by whites.

IS MYSTERIOUS THIBET TO BE OPENED TO THE WORLD?



The presence in St. Petersburg of a mission of four high officials of Thibet, the first representatives of that practically unknown country to visit Europe, and the announcement that the Dalai Lama, ruler of Thibet, has been persuaded to himself visit Russia, is looked upon as indicating that the barriers which have closed the white man out of "The Forbidden Land" will soon be let down to civilization.

A Buria from Transbaikalia, named Akhorambo Atchwan Dorschieff, who has gained the favor of the Dalai Lama of Thibet, came to Livadia last October and was received by the Emperor. He returned to Thibet and succeeded in persuading the Dalai Lama to send a special mission to St. Petersburg to open friendly relations with this country. This mission has arrived under the guidance of Dorschieff, and has been received by Count Lamdorff. It consists of four persons, one of whom is the Dalai Lama's second secretary. It brings an autograph letter from the Regent of Thibet to the Czar.

The Russian newspapers attach much importance to this journey, and no doubt properly. It marks another step in the extension of Russian influence toward the Indo-Chinese possessions of France. The Russians regard the establishment of a chain of communications across the rear of the Indian Empire and the permanent isolation of India from the Yang-tse-Kiang valley as practically assured.

The present is the first opportunity that Russia has had to make overtures to Thibet—for, although it is a country of 651,500 square miles, with a population estimated at over 6,000,000, it is an unknown land except to the few intrepid adventurers who have explored it at great personal risk. The country is in central Asia, bounded on the north by the Kwenlum Mountains, on the



ONLY AUTHENTIC PICTURE OF LHASA, "THE FORBIDDEN CITY." (From a sketch by a native artist.)

east by China proper, on the south by the almost impassable Himalaya Mountains, and on the west by Kashmir. The mountain range on the south separates Thibet from British India, and Eastern Turkestan separates it from Russia. The country, which became subject to China early in the seventeenth century, contains the sources of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the Indus, and other large rivers, and the country is for the most part a high tableland.

The reasons why Thibet should be called "The Unknown Land" have been reinforced and more vividly impressed upon the Western mind within the last two years by the bloodcurdling narrative of torture which was brought back to his government by Savage Landor in 1899. Mr. Landor's experiences also serve to remind the world at large that, unlike any other country, even in Asia, at the present day, Thibet is under what may be said to correspond in some fashion to the Christian idea of theocracy—a government in which the religious hierarchy also wields despotic temporal power. Such as it is, the religion of the country is the prime motive of all its life, whether for good or evil.

"I have lounged through Asia Minor, lived in almost every country in Europe, ransacked India from Comorin to the Himalayas, and become fairly well acquainted with China," said a veteran Scotch traveler, "but nowhere in the world have I seen a people so wrapped up in what they considered to be religion as in Thibet." This religion, with the always necessary Asiatic exception of certain Mohammedans in the western parts, is a highly idolatrous corruption of Buddhism. But, in order to get a reasonably lively conception of the peculiarities and the intensity of Thibetan Buddhism, some idea of the country itself is necessary.

The bulk of Thibet is the Chang, or Great Thibetan Plateau, the highest, as well as the largest, tableland on the earth. As to area, it occupies all the central and northern and most of the western sections of the country. An idea of its elevation may best be obtained from the statement of Captain Hamilton Bower, one of the most highly regarded of recent authorities, "from the end of June until the middle of November the average altitudes of our camps was over 16,000 feet, the lowest being 14,621, and the highest

18,760 feet." Of the climate the same explorer says: "No amount of woolen clothes will keep out the wind on the Chang, so skins must be taken." During the period already referred to the enormous stretch of country crossed by Captain Bower's party did not show a single tree, and only two species of shrubs, and these rarely exceeded six inches in height. They found a large number of flowering plants and grasses, however, while for variety the landscape, both on the Chang and elsewhere, is diversified in many places by gigantic masses of rock and terrific precipices. This is, in fact, what is poetically known in Asia as the "Roof of the World," and at the southwest corner of it, at Gilgit, on the borders of Kashmir, is the place "Where Three Empires Meet," the title of Mr. Knight's work.

The hideousness or sublimity—according to the view one takes—of nature on the Chang, and in other parts of Thibet, is not left to itself. As in the Tyrol and other Catholic countries one sees wayside crosses and picturesque shrines, so in Thibet, only far more frequent, are the huge rock-cut images which are supposed to represent the Buddha, the "chortens" or monuments of a religious character, and inscriptions, large and small, cut in the rocks, of prayers and sacred sentences. As one tramps along a Thibetan road, it is said, any stone against which the weary foot stumbles may be found on examination to bear the inscription, "Om mani padmi, Om" (O! Thou Jewel in the Lotus, O!), a devout aspiration which, in a slightly altered form, will be familiar to readers of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia."

Ever since the days of Marco Polo, who entered Thibet in the fifteenth century as the envoy of Venice, Thibet has been famed as the nursery of East-

one sudden some monkey trick on another.

"Again there came a change. The solemn chanting ceased, and then rushed on the scene a crowd of wan shapes, almost naked, with but a few dark rags about them, as if they were shivering with cold. They wrung their hands despairingly and rushed about in a confused way, as if lost, starting from each other in terror when they met, sometimes feeling about them with their outstretched hands like blind men, and all the while whistling in long drawn notes which rose and fell like a strong wind on the hills."

The sudden onrushing of these wildly whistling shapes occurred at frequent intervals during the ceremony. The change from one phase of this curious mummery to another was always startling abrupt. One never knew when some peaceful anthem and stately dance of holy figures would be suddenly interrupted by the clashing discord of cymbals and trumpets and the whirling torrent of shrieking heads.

"At one period of the ceremony a holy man with an Archbishop's miter on his head advanced, to the beautiful chanting of men and boys, the basses, trebles, and tenors taking successive parts in solo and chorus. . . . This holy man blessed a goblet of water by laying his hands on it and intoning some prayer or charm. Then he sprinkled the water in all directions, and the defeated demons staid their shrieking, dancing, and infernal music and gradually crept out of the arena, and no sound was heard for a time but the sweet singing of the holy choir."

BREAKS FORCE OF THE WAVES.

Mattresses are Strung Together to Protect Ocean Beaches.

At many of the favorite seaside summer resorts in this country the beaches are from time to time ravaged by wild storms, and hitherto no adequate method of protecting them against such onslaughts has been discovered. As a result the cottagers may awake one morning and find that the pleasant strand on which they strolled during the previous evening has, during the night, been eaten away by the hungry waves. Now, however, an ingenious inventor has devised a method for the protection of such beaches, a method which, he is confident, will prove effective. It consists of a number of mattresses, which are formed of fibrous material and which are held together by means of warps and bars. The mattresses, thus connected, are laid on the beach, the warps and bars being placed in such a manner that the long, fibrous covering is kept stiff and immovable. As a further safeguard, however, stronger fastenings are placed here and there, and by means of these the mattresses are anchored firmly to the beach. The mattresses are arranged lengthwise in the direction of the current, and the warps and bars are arranged diagonally. The object is to break the force of the waves and prevent them from wreaking their full fury on the beach. Experiments, it is said, prove that a protection of this kind is useful for such a purpose.

A Reversed Victualer

Few publicans take as much interest in the welfare of their clients as does Mrs. Mary Lee of the Beehive, White Waltham, near Maidenhead, England, who is the oldest licensed victualer in Berks, and who recently celebrated her jubilee as a dispenser of ale. As long as her strength and eyesight permitted, it was her habit every Sunday evening to carry her ponderous family Bible into the taproom, place it reverently on the table, the visitors making room for it by pushing their beer-jugs to one side, and to read a chapter to the assembled company, who always uncovered while the sacred book was in the apartment. The frequenters of the Beehive greatly respected the old lady for her efforts to give them moral instruction, and although her occasional comments might not commend themselves to the followers of what is called the higher criticism, they were homely and to the point. Mrs. Lee also displays in the taproom a notice intimating that any one using impolite language or singing songs of a risky tendency, would be promptly expelled. Altogether, the venerable lady seems to be a model licensed victualer.

Iron Scarce in Philippines.

Iron, we are told, is wanted in the Philippines for the manufacture of tools, farming implements, building trimmings, weapons, and hundreds of other articles. The wheelwrights are looking everywhere for iron with which to repair and construct vehicles. The mining engineers are paying large sums of money for pieces of old iron for use in the various mining enterprises, says Cassier's Magazine. Owners of sugar cane crushing machinery, proprietors of machine shops, and shipbuilders are offering all sorts of prices for iron, steel, and other metals. Yet it is almost an impossibility to buy iron in the islands. Native machine workers produce hundreds of different kinds of metal implements and parts of machinery from old vehicle springs and wagon tires.

Potato Yield per Acre.

The average yield of potatoes in the United States is about 100 bushels to the acre. Under half-way decent treatment this average could easily be made 200 bushels.

Not On Honor's Roll.

Lots of men who imagine they are public spirited citizens will not hear their names announced when the roll of honor is called.