

ONLY TO HEAR HER VOICE AGAIN



Only to hear her voice again,
Its sweet tones soft and low!
It charmed me when I heard it then
A little while ago,
And still I feel it o'er me steal—
It will not let me go.

'Tis but the echo of her song,
The shadow of the sound
Of that dear voice for which I long
That follows me around,
Yet find it well in that sweet spell
To know my heart is bound.

Only to hear her voice again,
Beside me fondly near,
In tones of tenderness as when
She held my love as dear,
When joys have left the heart bereft
How precious they appear!

My heart is now a harp held mute
Till her voice touch the strings;
If to her ear response be clear
True harmony it brings,
For, as she will, the harp is still,
For, as she will, the harp is still.



Folly's Fire.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.
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The old grandmother was dead and the baby, Angela, had followed her, as if the loving creature had beckoned to her from heaven. The winter had been long; the debts heavy and work scarce. Aurelia, with feverish eyes and scarlet lips, had sewed and toiled. Lawrence, her husband, was sullen and discouraged. His tasks were irksome and to him there seemed little comfort at home. His trembling hands and shifting glances begged pitifully for a change, a relief of mind and body.

In the spring news came to Aurelia of the death of her grandmother's brother, a wealthy bachelor. He had willed the grandmother some money, and it fell to Aurelia as her heir. When she heard of it she went to Lawrence at the forge and sat down on the bench near him. It was a long time since she had sat there—almost a year.

"That money is coming to me, Lawrence."
"Well?"
"I have been counting on what I'd do. I'm going to give you five hundred dollars for granny's keep."
"I grudged her nothing," he said doggedly.
"Oh, I know, but you felt the burden. I'm going to raise it a little. I want you to rent the shop and get away. I want you to be free and to see life 'thout so much hardness. That's what I'm going to do."
"Oh, but it's your money!"
"I'm going away, too—and see how it is to be free. You go your way and I'll go mine. If you want to come back, maybe you will find me here, patching, sewing, tailoring, mending; then maybe you will not."
He glanced up and down the road with a relief on his face that did not escape her scornful eyes.
"It might do us both a deal o' good to get away," he said, cautiously, "but



"That money is comin' to me."
I did not like to propose it. Since you say so, I'll be off as soon as I can find a man to take the shop. We can come back in a year."
"In a year and a day," she said more lightly; "if I am not here, I will send a letter and so must you. Now you are free."
In a year and a day he was at the forge again. He was stalwart and merry. Life had gone well with him.

The old postmistress shook her head as she handed him a letter.
"So the times have gone good with you, Lawrence?"
"And gayly," he replied. "I am yet in my youth and can enjoy. The towns are full of sport for a man who loves a light heart and good company. But I promised Aurelia. She is, doubtless, well amused somewhere. Aurelia was handsome and can take care of herself."



There she was in the doorway.
The old woman scowled at him while he read:
"I am indeed well off, content, but will come if I am called. I enclose another sum of money. If you would roam farther go for another year and a day."
Adversity came upon him in the next year, adversity and sickness. His bold and gay friends fell away and he was near to beggary. But he would not return until the time was up lest he not be able to hear from Aurelia and not be bidden home as he now desired. He went to and fro over the county selling nostrums and wondering what had become of Aurelia.

On the day set he came into the village. A great coach and four blocked the street and at his old shop door he met Aurelia in gorgeous array and with the scorn of a princess in her bearing.
"You see I keep my promises," she said, gayly, "and how goes the world with you?"
She was so splendid that his heart beat madly.
"Aurelia! What luck has come to you?"
"The favors of the rich. And I am beautiful, they tell me. I do not believe you knew it in those old days. Now here is money and you shall have another year's freedom. Go and be merry, also."

"But, Aurelia, I—" he stammered. She mounted into the coach laughing gayly and was soon away. Only the old postmistress was left to cackle at him as he stood like a man in a dream.
"Burned by Folly's Fire—always the wages of the foolish."
The year went by slowly enough. Now Lawrence was not content with the inns and taverns or cottages, but haunted the houses and castles of the rich. He saw wealth and splendor, but he nowhere saw Aurelia—nor any one who was so lovely. The old life came back to him with its industry, its simplicity, its stern duties. He saw it in a new light. How pure, how innocent, how lovely was his child

wife! How long she had gone about her duty uncomplainingly, while he rebelled! Now that he had seen the world he knew all that other life meant. But what of Aurelia?
A year and a day! It seemed an eternity. Once more he walked into the hamlet. The cottage looked familiar, its doorway bright with the gay flowers the traveler admired, the windows open and white-curtained. And—could he believe his eyes?—Aurelia in her old print gown, there she was in the doorway!
He could not speak from excess of emotion. He leaned against the great tree in front of the gate and waited for her to come out to him.
"I see you have discarded your fine array," he said coldly.
She smiled rather sadly.
"I left it all at the castle of my godmother."
"And now?"
"Here is money for your wanderings again."
"I do not want it."
"What will you, then?"
"The old life, if—I can, the old thought, the old work—and the old love."
She smiled brightly.
"So you have roamed enough. Well, it is a good thing to come home after being long away."
"And you—where have you been and how long since your return? What of the coach and the splendid gowns?"
"They were my godmother's loan for a short time."
He looked at her perplexed.
"A short time? How long were you away?"
"Foolish one! Not at all. Why should I go? I have spun and brewed and baked. I have seen the world from my window and door here. Women are not so varying, Lawrence. I did not care to follow fool's fire—not I, sir."
"And now?"
"Your place is ready. I fancy you will rove no more—at least, not soon. Is it not so?"

RECORD OF EARLY BOOKS.

First English Book Was Not Printed in England.
The first book printed in the English language was not printed in England. William Caxton, the English mercer, carried on business in Bruges. In 1469, he began to translate into English the "Recueil des Histoires de Troye," and to supply the great demand for copies of the book he set himself to learn the art of printing. The "Recueil," the first printed English book, probably appeared in 1474, and may have been printed either at Cologne or in Bruges. In 1475 Caxton printed another work translated from the French. Its title was "The Game and the Playe of the Chesse." This was the second printed English book. Caxton left Bruges in 1476 and set up his press in Westminster, England. Such is one account but other authorities hold that the book on chess was printed at Westminster and was the first book printed in England. The Encyclopaedia Britannica says: "At what date Caxton brought his press to England and set it up at Westminster is quite uncertain. It was probably between 1471 and 1477; 1474 is the date of the Game and Playe of Chesse; but the tradition that this work was printed in England may not be correct." However that may be, it was the second book printed in the English language.—Montreal Herald and Star.

A Remarkable Story.

An article in La Science pour Tout, informs us that a Chilian botanist has discovered a plant that coughs when the slightest particle of dust alights on the surface of one of its leaves. Strange as this may seem, it is not at all, for upon sufficient provocation it appears the leaf of this same plant turns red and spasmodic tremors pass over it in succession, while it gives out a sound precisely like sneezing. The so-called respiration of plants is well known to botanists, but when it comes to coughing, blushing and sneezing it would seem that a special examination should be made both of the plant and the botanist reporting the phenomena.

From Standing Grain to Loaf.

A Great Bend (Kan.) correspondent of the Kansas City Journal writes: "standing wheat in the field at noon today, harvested, threshed, ground into flour, baked into bread in large quantities by a bakery and sold around town for 6 o'clock supper was a record-breaker in this county this afternoon, in quickness of conversion of standing wheat in the field to the bread plate. A combined harvester and thresher is doing work in California style near town. Several bushels were taken to the Moses Mill and Elevator company, ground into flour, thence the flour went to the Moore bakery, was made into bread, baked and offered for sale in quantities."

Tanning Leather.

The slowness of the process of tanning is largely due to the difficulty with which the tannin penetrates into the hide. As the penetration progresses the outer part of the hide becomes converted into leather and is thereby made impervious, consequently the rate of penetration decreases. Months of soaking in the tanpit are therefore necessary for thick hides.

God does not pay weekly, but pays at the end.

He who plants fruit trees must not count upon the fruit.

It's hard to catch hawks with empty hands. (With empty hands men may no hawks lure.—Caucer.)

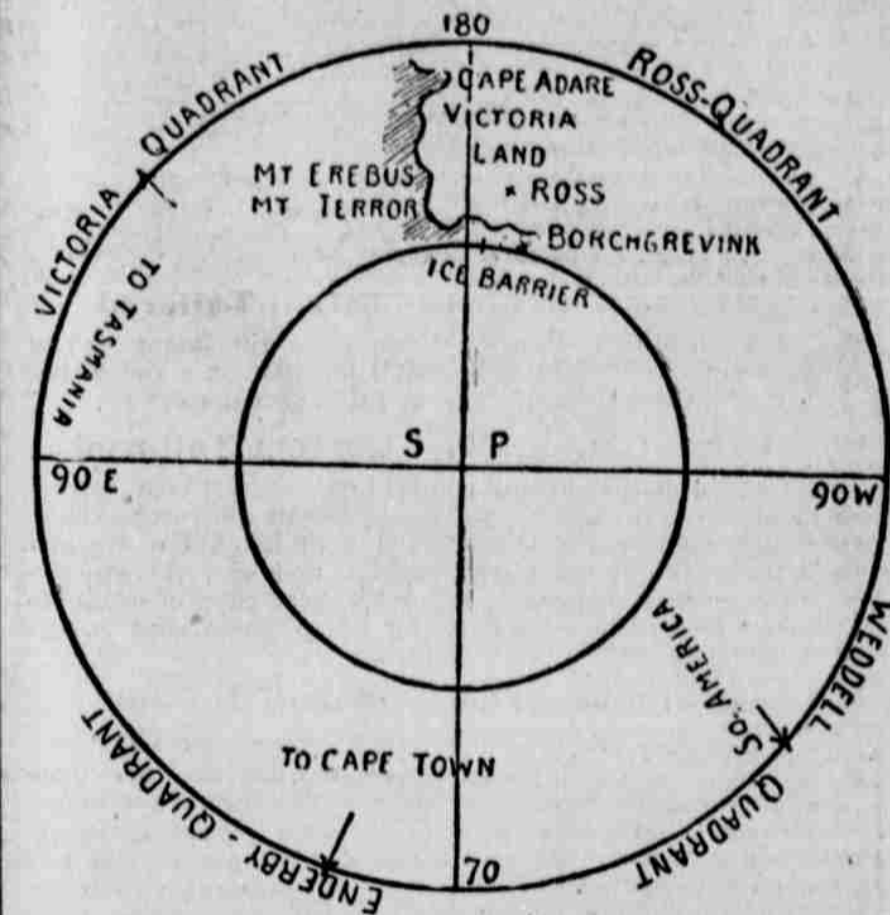
SEEKING THE SOUTH POLE.

The two most important exploring expeditions which have ever been fitted out for the South Polar seas will start from England and Germany this month—the English in the Discovery and the German in the Gaus, both of them new ships especially constructed for an Antarctic exploration and equipped with everything needful for the most complete and varied scientific observation, even including a captive balloon and an electrical plant. The two vessels are about the same size—170 feet in length and 35 feet in breadth, and have displacements of about 1,500 tons. They are strongly built of oak and sheathed with greenheart. The bows are steel-plated, and made with a great sheer, so that they will tend to ride up on the ice and break it with their weight. They are rigged for sailing, but carry auxiliary steam engines of about 400 horse-power, and the screws and rudders are so arranged that they can be hoisted out of the water in case of danger from ice. The living rooms in both vessels are amidships, the stoke hole

there was originally a uniform fauna throughout all the seas of the globe, which is now surviving only at the poles, having been superseded in the warmer regions of the ocean by newly developed forms.
The North pole, chiefly for geographical reasons, has been much more successfully and continuously attacked than its southern counterpart. The cause of this is plainly shown by the two diagrammatic maps.
The North pole is closely surrounded by large land masses, all of them inhabited and fairly accessible. The Antarctic continent (if it is a continent) lies in the midst of a great ocean, the nearest land being the narrow extremity of South America, many hundreds of miles away. So that while the North pole has been approached to within about 225 miles, no human being has ever been nearer than about 700 miles to the South Polar axis.
It seems at first rather surprising, notwithstanding the many geographical difficulties, that an enormous region of this sort, full of fresh material

the earth began to gain ground the old geographers decided that an antarctic continent would be necessary to preserve the symmetry of the earth. According to Pomponius Mela, between the "real world" which he knew and his hypothetical Antarctica there lay an intensely torrid zone, scorched by the sun and enveloped in mist, over which it was impossible for man to sail. And he accounted for the volume of the Nile by supposing it to rise in this southern continent, pass under the waters of the torrid zone, and again come to the surface in South Africa. As commerce was gradually extended in all directions these fantastic notions were one by one dispelled, and although during the middle ages the idea of an antipodes, or antichthon, as it was also called, was considered heretical and rejected by the church, geography was being gradually perfected on the basis of Ptolemy's great work. Through the perseverance of Prince Henry the Navigator, who sent out vessel after vessel, the southern limit of Africa was fixed, and it was clearly shown that whatever land lay to the south had no connection with it. An antarctic continent appeared on Schoner's globes in 1515.

Portuguese, Spanish and Dutch explorers worked away at the islands just south of the known continents, and many of them were named as portions of a great antarctic land. Cook, in his second voyage, 1772-5, sailed around the globe between 40 degrees and 90 degrees south latitude, discovered the great ice barrier, and finally settled the much discussed question of land connection between the continents and Antarctica. Cook reached a south latitude of 71 degrees 10 minutes, the highest then attained. Here he found immense fields of ice, which extended, unbroken, for miles. Whales, blue, brown, and white petrels, and a few sooty albatrosses were the only animals seen. The Russian expedition, commanded by F. G. von Bellingshausen, 1819-21, reached 69 degrees 53 minutes in longitude 92 degrees 19 minutes. James Weddell, in 1823, sailed with two vessels on a sealing expedition. He reached a south latitude of 74 degrees 15 minutes in longitude 34 degrees 16 minutes west. At this high latitude, exceeding Cook's by three degrees, he found the sea open and only three icebergs visible. Many minor expeditions followed these, and a number of new islands were discovered and named. Among these minor expeditions may be mentioned those of Lieut. Wilkes of the United States navy, and a French expedition in charge of M. D'Urville. The next expedition of leading importance was that of Sir James Clark Ross, 1840-3, and, indeed, the only one, up to the two which will start this month, with anything like a satisfactory equipment, which has ever attacked the Antarctic seas. This was a purely scientific expedition, its chief purpose being to study the magnetic



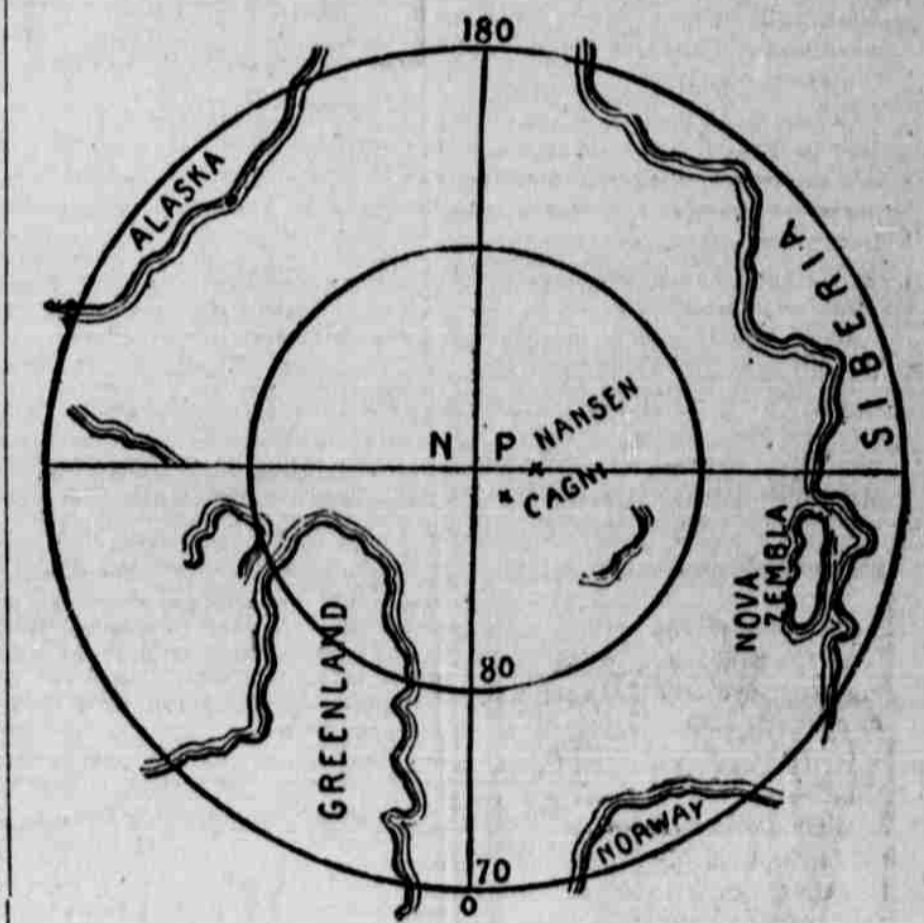
and engine room being placed right aft, while the whole lower hold is utilized as a coal bunker. Captain Scott commands the English expedition and Dr. von Drygalski the German.

It is expected that the commanders of the two expeditions will work together and follow a system suggested by Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, which divides the region into four quadrants, two on the Australasian side and two on the Cape Horn and Cape of Good Hope side. The first quadrant, from 90 degrees east to 180 degrees, he names Victoria; the second, from 180 degrees to 90 degrees west, in which the only known land is Peter Island, is called the Ross Quadrant; the third, from 90 degrees west to the meridian of Greenwich, is Weddell; and the fourth, extending from the Greenwich meridian to 90 degrees east, about which the least is known, is called the Enderby Quadrant. The English expedition will confine its operations to the Victoria and Ross Quadrants, the Germans taking Weddell and Enderby.

The great unknown region comprised in these four quadrants covers millions of square miles, extending over practically thirty degrees of latitude. It is continually modifying the atmosphere of the whole southern hemisphere, and yet we know almost nothing about its meteorology. It is one of the most interesting volcanic regions on the face of the globe; recent volcanic rocks are present everywhere and active volcanoes are quite numerous, and we are entirely ignorant of its geology. It is one of the two great world centers of magnetic phenomena, and yet we know scarcely anything regarding the magnetic conditions which prevail, not even with any certainty where the southern magnetic pole is located. It is by all odds the grandest field for ice study now existent, and yet no one has studied the ice there. The mysterious ice barrier rising out of 250 fathoms of water and stretching its perpendicular face for hundreds of miles through the frozen sea like a gigantic wall—perhaps the sea face of the greatest glacier in the world; perhaps the edge of an enormous island of ice anchored over the pole; perhaps, indeed, something still more remarkable than either of these—is certainly one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world.

The region has a fauna and flora of its own apparently very similar to that of the Arctic world. The few fossils which have been picked up indicate that there was a time when it was crowded with plants and animals. The life of the Antarctic seas is very varied and numerous. The tropical oceans which now separate the two poles seem to present an effectual barrier to any communication, and it is a matter of much interest to discover what the Arctic and Antarctic identity of life forms is due to. Various speculations have been put forward; one of these is that deep, cold currents traverse the warmer waters of the ocean and form hidden roadways, as it were, by which the two polar faunas are connected. Another theory is that

for the explorer and scientist, should still, at the beginning of the twentieth century, be practically untouched, especially in view of the great activity there has been during recent years in North Polar explorations, expedition after expedition going out every year—nine, for instance, being planned for 1901. But, apart from the purely geographical reasons, in the absence of closely surrounding populations and large land masses, the climate and temperature conditions of the Ant-



NORTH POLAR REGIONS—FARTHEST NORTH 86D. 33M., CAGNI, DUKE OF ABRUZZI EXPEDITION.

arctic render it the most inhospitable and dangerous region on the globe; much more so than the Arctic.
The weird and fantastic quality of the whole region is well described by Henryk Arctowski, a member of the Belgica expedition. He says:
"The silence which broods at times over this unknown world is singularly impressive, but occasionally a mountain of ice collapses with a thundering crash. One could hardly believe one's eyes when these changes in the fairy-like scenes occurred were it not for the dull rumbling growl of the disrupted glaciers. In fact, this realm of eternal ice is so different from anything one has seen that it appears another world altogether. In sober truth, I do not believe that in any fable the human imagination has described what we have seen here." In view of the great interest which attaches to the expedition of 1901, and the very radical changes which their explorations may bring about in Antarctic geography, it will be of interest perhaps to go over briefly the history of the region and our present knowledge regarding it.
When the belief in the roundness of

elements in the southern hemisphere, and to locate the south magnetic pole, which Gauss had placed at about 140 degrees east longitude and 66 degrees south latitude. (As determined by the Borchgrevink expedition, the south magnetic pole is 73 degrees 20 minutes south latitude and 146 degrees east longitude.) Sir Joseph Hooker, the famous botanist, then plain Dr. Hooker, accompanied the expedition. Its ships were the Erebus and Terror. Victoria Land was discovered and named; Mounts Erebus and Terror, the former an active volcano, 12,400 feet in height, were discovered. The ice barrier from 150 to 200 feet in height, was followed for 250 miles, but no opening could be found. Ross subsequently reached 78 degrees 9 minutes and 30 seconds south latitude in longitude 161 degrees 27 minutes west. Since this expedition until the voyages of the Belgica, 1898-9, and the Southern Cross, 1898-1900, the Southern Arctic was left almost exclusively to sealers. Borchgrevink, of the latter expedition, reached a south latitude of 78 degrees 50 minutes, exceeding Ross by about 40 minutes.