

# TO MY MOTHER.

As I look upon the changes that the passing years have wrought—  
At the bent and shrunken figure, comes  
A saddened, reverent thought,  
How the wearied feet, slow passing,  
Pierced by stones on life's rough road,  
Soon shall gain a heavenly portal, finding  
Rest at last with God.

Mother, o'er your faded features rests a  
Light more bright to me  
Than the brightest ray of sunlight shin-  
ing on the distant sea!  
For it tells of battles conquered—pa-  
tience, hope, dental sweet—  
While the grave smile round your lips,  
Dear, makes the picture quite com-  
plete.

Words o'er fall me, now, to tell you all  
The love within my heart;  
Deepest thoughts are ever silent, though  
Of life the better part,  
All unworthy as I am, dear, of your life-  
long sacrifice.  
Still my beacon star shines brightly from  
your faded, tear-dimmed eyes,  
Only when your hands are folded on a  
cold and pulseless breast.  
And your still form in its casket speaks  
a soul in perfect rest—  
Will your spirit, on white pillows, hover-  
ing o'er your lonely child,  
See upon my heart deep graven, your  
own features, soft and mild.  
—Kate B. Adams.

## ABOUT VANILLA.

A Plant Esteemed for Its Flavor and Aroma.

The vanilla is an orchidaceous climbing vine, which often reaches over 30 feet in height, and is usually about the thickness of one's little finger. The vine is round, knotted at intervals, and covered with dark green spear-shaped leaves. It throws out a number of thin arms or aerial roots as it rises, which, attaching themselves to neighboring trees, appear to derive therefrom such nutriment that the vines are little dependent on the soil—in fact, often when all other modes of supply are cut off these holdfasts will entirely nourish the plant. Occasionally the wild vines completely cover the branches of the trees, and, running from it into adjacent ones, they will hang in huge festoons and arches so thick that they seriously impede one's progress in the bush. The vines blossom profusely—usually in the spring—the strange and delicate flowers, with their long, straggling and pale yellow petals, springing from the angles where the leaves branch off. After a few days' existence, the flowers wither and fall, and as their chance of fertilization through any of the outside agencies on which they depend is a brief one, and precarious at best, it is not surprising to find that very few of them are succeeded by fruit. This takes the form of a large pod, and, strange to say, although the pods attain their full growth within fifty days from the fall of the petals, they take fully seven months more to ripen. The pods vary from 5 to 12 inches in length and are about like a banana, but are better described as resembling a knife sheath; hence the name vanilla, which is a corruption of the Spanish word vainilla—a small scabbard. Each pod contains a quantity of small black granules, surrounded by a balsamic pulp whose peculiar combination of oil and acid is supposed to impart to the pods that delicious flavor and powerful aroma for which they are so justly esteemed.—Chambers' Journal.

## A CO-OPERATIVE COLONY.

An Example Is the Settlement of Cosme in Paraguay.

Comparatively few persons are aware of the existence in Paraguay of a little English-speaking colony named Cosme, and of its attempt to organize a community on the highest co-operative lines. Beginning in 1894 as the result of a secession from the New Australia colony, the founders of Cosme seem to have steered clear of the shoals and quicksands which wrecked the parent movement. One of the "fathers" of the colony, although he is quite a young man, is John Lane, who says of the colony: "We are running now on the lines on which New Australia started; we are communistic in so far as we share our earnings equally. Irrespective of the capacity of the individual. The present outlook is highly satisfactory, but we want more adult members. Our present population is sixteen women, all married, and twenty-six men; forty-two all told, exclusive of the children. We have 15,000 acres of land, half forest and half pasture, but only the forest land is good for cultivation. In the matter of finance our assets exceed our liabilities, and that is generally considered to be a sound position. We can easily raise our own food supply. Every family lives in its own house, and the bachelors have houses of their own, but take their meals at the co-operative dining-room, their cooking being done for them by colony labor. This co-operative commonwealth is governed by what is called a parliament, although it is only a committee of three, with a chairman or director of the colony. The ballot is taken by casting papers into a hat. Speaking of the industrial conditions in Cosme, Mr. Lane said recently: "We have a forty-five hours week, eight hours a day for five days and five hours on Saturday. Work starts just after sunrise and the men are employed in sugar-making and timber work. The married women are not on the organized working staff. They look after the homes, and any work they do outside is voluntary. Single women would be on the working staff."

## Turned the Tables.

A lecturer was once decanting on the superiority of nature over art, when an irreverent listener in the audience fired that old question at him: "How would you look, sir, without your wig?" Young man, instantly replied the lecturer, pointing his finger at him, "you have furnished me an apt illustration for my argument. My baldness can be traced to the artificial habits of our modern civilization, while the wig I am wearing"—here he raised his voice till the windows shook—"is made of natural hair!" The audience testified its appreciation of the point by loud applause and the speaker was not interrupted again.

## Salisbury as a Saint.

It is not generally known that a statue of Lord Salisbury as a Christian warrior appears in one of the niches of the interesting and beautiful reredos in the chapel of All Souls' College, Oxford. About forty years ago the premier was elected a fellow of this college, and about the same time an elaborate stone screen was erected in the chapel attached to the Fellows' house. The sculptor evidently preferred to make his own saints instead of accepting those canonized by the church, and Lord Salisbury was chosen to fill up the vacant gap, and is therefore immortalized as a Christian warrior.—Chicago Journal.

## MANY EARTHQUAKES IN BEAUTIFUL JAPAN

It was near the end of August that a mountain, or perhaps more properly speaking, a high hill, was razed by an earthquake to the level of the plain of Igusa, in the northern part of Japan. That hill was more than 500 feet high and covered forty acres of the outskirts of the village of Koiwayama. It sank in the night, and in the morning the terror-stricken residents of Koiwayama were startled to find that it had disappeared from view forever. Apropos of this occurrence, Mr. Clarence



WINE TO THE GODS, TO PROPITIATE VOLCANO'S WRATH.

Brownell, author of "Tales from Tokio," writes the following account of his own experiences with earthquakes in Japan: "We were up to dine near the Imperial university in Tokio, Japan, one evening, in the beautiful puzzle-pathed grounds known as Kaga Yashiki, where once the Prince of Kaga had his palace. The building had become one for the investigation of earthquakes, where those uncanny disturbances made records on various contrivances a famous specialist had devised for measuring all sorts of joints and jars and palpitations. Their capacity for rotation included all disturbances from the upheaval of a mountain range to the alighting of the most

careful fly. The professor in charge explained what a "quake" did to a sarth particle during a seismic disturbance—how it moved east and west, north, south and up and down. He showed a "track" of a colleague of his, Professor Sekiya, had made to illustrate the movement. The track was of wire bent and twisted so that it looked like a skein of yarn a kitten said been playing with. To follow it from end to end would have taken a patient man a week.

"Oh, for an earthquake," said one of the visitors. "Well, you may not have long to wait," said the professor. "We have about 500 a year in Japan, you know. One may be along before the evening's over."

And he spoke truly, for the servants had no more than brought on the fish, when the floor began to wiggle, the lamps and pictures to sway, the windows to rattle and the dishes on the mahogany to clatter as young roosters do. He exclaimed: "Here you are, boys. How singularly apropos. I'll have some good records to show you in the morning. Meanwhile, as this building is a bit old, I suggest we get under the table. It is built on the earthquake plan and should the roof fall, we are safe here."

By the time he had said "there" all of us were there, riding on the sea-saw billow of the floor, which creaked and undulated and bumped our heads against the table's under surface and collid us against its stalwart legs and against each other as though we were great dough billiard balls trying to make cannon and cushion shots.

When we came from under the table the professor lighted a cigarette and said: "All Japan is an upheaval, and off the coast a bit, say from 50 to 200 miles east of Sendai, a town north of here, there is the greatest depression in the world's crust we know of. The Tuscaraora Deep we call it, after the Tuscaraora government vessel that discovered it. It would be safe to dive

## WAYS OF THE HORNED TOAD.

Charles F. Holder, the naturalist, writes of horned toads as follows in the Scientific American: "In handling the lizards, which are perfectly harmless, despite their warlike array of spines, I noticed that, although I had treated them gently, my hands were spotted with blood, and upon examining one of the animals I found that its eyes were suffused with blood, while in another specimen its eye appeared to be destroyed, or represented by a blood spot. I at first assumed that while together the animals had injured each other with their spines; but suddenly, when holding a lizard near my face, it depressed or lowered its head, and I immediately received



VILLAGE ROAD IN JAPAN, AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE.

a fine spray-like discharge, which proved to be blood. A glance at the animal showed that its eyes were bloody, as though ruptured. The volley had come so suddenly that I did not see it, but I was convinced that in some way the lizard had ruptured a blood vessel in its eyes and had forced the fluid through the air a distance of at least a foot.

"I immediately began to experiment with the little captives, and found that the above explanation was the case beyond question; but only a small percentage of the lizards could be induced to respond to my methods; giving them slight taps on the head seemed to exasperate them the most, and they would lower the head convulsively, the eye would be depressed, and a jet of thick blood, or blood which congealed very quickly, would be shot in a delicate stream to an extraordinary distance.

"Suspecting that the lizards did not consider me a dangerous enemy, and that I would have better success with some animal, I called in the aid of a fox terrier, for which the little creatures evinced the greatest fear. When the dog placed his nose near them they crouched low and endeavored to shuffle themselves under the sand out of sight; but when the dog was urged on and began to bark they would draw back, hiss slightly, then depress the head, and the white face of the enemy would at once be spattered with drops of blood. Such a discharge was very effective and when received in the nostrils it caused the dog no little annoyance and he ran around excitedly for a moment vainly endeavoring to rid himself of the fluid, which evidently had some disagreeable feature."

"How He Knew." Dashaway—Did you tell the Bridersleys that I was going to call there last night? Cleverton—Yes. How did you know? Dashaway—The wedding present I gave them was in the front parlor.—Town and Country.

## THE BIBLE AS A WAR CODE.

How it Has Been Employed in the South African Campaign.

Mr. Kruger's cable to his Pretoria relatives who inquired what was to be done with the ex-President's house, now it was no longer tenanted by the late Mrs. Kruger, was "Read Proverbs vii, verses 19-20."—"For the Goodman is not at home, he has gone on a long journey. He hath taken a bag of money with him, and will come home at the day appointed." Under Kruger rule every South African editor found the Bible an indispensable book of reference, most proclamations from Pretoria containing Biblical allusions. The latest cable sent by Mr. Kruger has now prompted a correspondent to a Leeuwarden (Holland) paper to enumerate a number of Scriptural messages exchanged by the Boer leaders just before the surrender of Conje. On February 25, 1900, Mr. Kruger telegraphed to General Christian De Wet (who was to rescue Cronje): "Notify Cronje that large reinforcements are on the road, and he will be released. Psalm xxii, 21," which reads: "Save me from the lion's mouth, for Thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns."

De Wet hellographed Cronje the same day at 12:20 p. m.: "President telegraphs, 'Stand firm: large reinforcements are approaching. As soon as they arrive we shall attack at dawn on the north. Psalm lxxv, 7."

Cronje replied with Psalm xx, 7, also mentioning incidentally that his food supplies were getting short, to which the ingenious De Wet retorted: "Psalm lix, 15"—"Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied."

But Cronje grew impatient; De Wet's promised convoy of food was long in coming, and he again hellographed "Psalm xx, 7"—"Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

No relief coming on the morning of the 26th, General Cronje hellographed: "The enemy has been enormously reinforced; I am hard pressed. Psalm lli, 1."

Most of the verses have been most aptly chosen, and in many cases convey the meaning of the sender as perfectly as a long message sent over the wires in the usual way.

## NEW YORK BUTTERCUPS.

A Club of Women Who Are Pledged to Say No Unkind Word.

Of making women's clubs there is no end. New York has a new society. The members call themselves the Buttercups. Why Buttercups, deponent sayeth not, but the aim of the society is a laudable one, no less a thing than the cultivation and dissemination of charity and good will. No member is to say an unkind word or to form a harsh judgment. Every member is to take whatever comes with cheerful serenity and make the best of the situation. Each woman is pledged to spread abroad the club principles. If any one in the fold is heard to utter an expression unbefitting the sisterhood her fellows are apt to say "Buttercups." The magic word will bring the wandering one back to a sense of her responsibility. A member of the society tried the formula on a mere man the other day. He was talking before an audience of women that included many Buttercups. He grew violent on the subject of Czolgosz and expressed an unchristian desire to make the assassin's punishment a harsh one. Some of the women applauded, but one woman arose to the occasion. She was a Buttercup, and in the words of the statesman she "saw her duty and she done it." In clarion tones she called out to the speaker: "Buttercups!" The man didn't understand. Perhaps it was natural that he shouldn't intuitively grasp the meaning of the warning word. He looked puzzled and went on with his speech, but later he asked the significance of the enigmatic comment.

The Buttercups say he was deeply impressed by the explanation. He sighed to be a Buttercup himself, and just to show that there was no hard feeling the society made him a member. So one little word may alter the destiny of a man.—New York Sun.

## Lord Morris' Counter-Thrust.

The late Lord Morris was unsparing in the counter thrust when he was assailed. An English official, who filled the post of under-secretary to the lord lieutenant, once was rude enough to remark, in a loud voice, at a Dublin dinner table, that it was a strange arrangement, and one characteristic of Ireland, that he should have a much smaller salary than the chief justice—Morris was then chief justice—though his functions were so very much more important. Chief Justice Morris, amid the awed silence which ensued, said: "That is a thrain o' thought that I am sure often occurs to me tipstaff."—London Letter.

## A Doubtful Compliment.

She (arrayed for the theater)—Sorry to have kept you waiting so long, Mr. Spoonamere, but it has taken me longer than usual to get ready. I look like a fright in this hat, too. He (desirous of saying something complimentary)—It isn't the—or—fault of the lovely hat, I am sure, Miss Hankinson.—London Tit-Bits.

## Literary Tasks.

Penley—Has Blufferton begun his new novel yet? Skrivner—No. I heard that, on account of it being the holiday season, he is having some trouble in getting his publisher, his dramatist and his advertising expert together.—Puck.



## The Spell Broken.

BY MARY MARSHALL PARKS.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
"Anderson says he met you on the avenue yesterday, but he was not sure that you recognized him," said Jack, with a troubled look in his honest eyes.

"I am delighted to hear it," answered Madge, with a trill of gay laughter. "That was precisely the state of mind that I wished to produce, but I was not certain I had acquired the necessary manner. I believe my education is now complete. What an unsophisticated creature I was a year ago!"

"I liked the old Madge best," said Jack, bluntly.  
"Did you?" said Madge, indifferently. "But what a goose I was! I had so many illusions, I believed in so many things and so many people, almost everything and everybody, I think, absurd as it seems."

"I had hoped you would always be kind to my friends, Madge. Anderson is no carpet-knight; but he is an honest man and a good fellow."

"That was simply one of your little misapprehensions," replied Madge, lightly. "I shall always choose my own friends."

"I did not mean that you should make my friends yours in the nearest sense. That would be unreasonable," said Jack gravely. "All I ask is common civility."

"That also is at my own discretion," retorted Madge wilfully.

"I could never cut any one except for the gravest reasons," said Jack, soberly. "I never cut any one in my life but Dick Foster."

"Dick Foster? And what has he done to incur your displeasure?" Madge asked, with a bright, hard look.

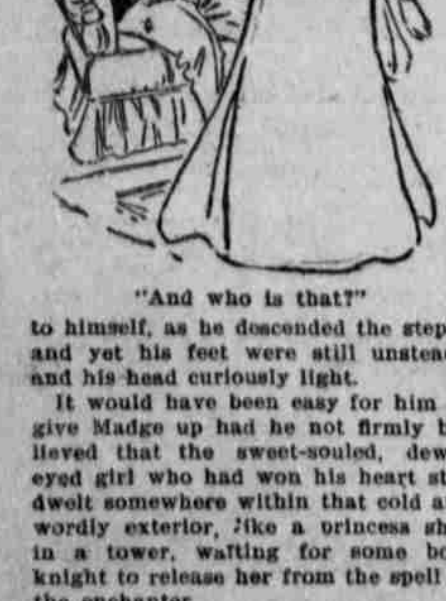
"You know that Ella Parsons is in the insane asylum and you know why," said Jack, sternly. "He ought not to be received in decent society."

Madge's face grew still harder. "It may as well be understood once for all that I shall recognize whom I please, and when and where I please," she said, lolly. "That is a matter in which I would not be guided by the Prince of Good Form himself."

"And who is that?" asked the astonished Jack.

"Dick Foster," she responded with another hard glance.

Jack rose unsteadily. He was not going to quarrel with Madge just then. He was not fit. For days he had been aware that his head and legs were a little queer. Nothing serious, he said



"And who is that?" to himself, as he descended the steps; and yet his feet were still unsteady and his head curiously light.



"It is the old Madge, dear," Seeing that Dick Foster was scanning her with a look of cool curiosity, she composed her face and summoned up all the self-control she possessed.

"I will go home now, if you please, Mr. Foster," she said coldly.

"He has simply been overworked, my dear child," the old doctor repeated, soothingly. "As you know, his father was obliged to go to Europe for a prolonged vacation; and that threw the whole responsibility of the business on the boy. He has carried the weight nobly for one so young; but I warned him weeks ago that he was overdoing, and must slacken his pace. I suppose he couldn't see his way clear to do it. He has a trained nurse and the best of care, and we'll pull him through all right."

Although Madge went home convinced that she had flattered herself too much in thinking that her insignificant doings had brought about Jack's illness, she was not entirely reassured. Even if she had added little to the load he had been carrying, she had done nothing to lighten it, and she might have done so much. She had not dreamed it was so heavy.

"And while he was toiling like a slave, you—you were flirting with Dick Foster," she said contemptuously to the pale face that confronted here as she took the fading flowers from her hair and shook down the shining coils.

Jack's hands lay like withered leaves on the snowy coverlet, and the wan, shriveled face on the pillow seemed hardly human, but his eyes were bright with returning life and dawning hope.

"Has the princess escaped from the tower at last? Is it really the old Madge?" he whispered, doubtfully.

"It is the old Madge, dear," she answered, tears and smiles struggling for the mastery of her mobile face, in spite of the doctor's injunction as to excitement. "Mr. Anderson is downstairs. We are the best of friends now and he brought me here. Shall I tell him to come up?"