

TWO PICTURES.

I.
An old farmhouse with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh! if I could only fly away
From this dull spot the word to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be."

II.
Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, amid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh! could I only tread once more
The field path to the farmhouse door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be."

—Universalist Leader.

A CHANGE OF HEART

MOLLY GREY was 22, and as a stenographer in a New York law office the sum of \$18 a week was allotted to her as her share of the world's wealth.

It may have been the vicinity of Wall street, or it may have been passing the sub-treasury daily (where all that glitters is sure to be gold), but Molly had the feeling of wealth.

How could it be otherwise when day after day she copied documents that disclosed easily of hundreds of thousands and millions, and deftly tucked certified checks for \$50,000 or \$100,000 into the envelopes of letters that began "Inclosed please find" with unconscious nonchalance?

Imperceptibly her point of view became one with that of the great corporations of whose workings she had daily glimpses, and the time when \$5,000 would have seemed to her a lordly fortune was blotted out.

When it is added that in her native village her love of ideals and her habit of reading and studying had earned her the reputation of being "stuck up," it will be superfluous to add that she was ambitious.

She lived in a busy dream world where, without fully realizing it herself, she was forever preparing for the high station to which she might some day be called.

But her dream of fame was not for herself, but for the man—the man whom the rose-colored future would surely bring and of whom every girl worthy of the name dreams rapturously.

In her absorption she looked right over the heads of the ordinary young men whom fate threw in her path, albeit she did it so sweetly that more than one of these fatuous youths had tried to bring her attention down from the clouds.

Only one persisted, and that was Ransom McComb, the bookkeeper in the office. His unfailing thoughtfulness and consideration had won her sincere liking, though he was keen enough to suspect that the liking was tinged with patronage.

Delicately he tried, from time to time, to show her the trend of his feelings. But she treated him always with a frank good will that would not understand, receiving his attentions much as a gracious goddess might have received the adoration of a mortal—and with not a whit more consciousness that anything more than friendship could exist between them.

When, therefore, with the doggedness of a man who knows he is butting his head against a stone wall, he told her in plain words what had long been apparent to every one who knew them, she was not only amazed but a trifle shocked.

Ransom, ordinary man though he might be, had loved her too long and deeply not to understand what she carefully tried to conceal in her guarded, but decided, refusal.

"You needn't be afraid of hurting me," he said bluntly, though his lips were drawn and white. "I know what you mean—know it better really than you know it yourself. You mean that you could never marry a man who is not ambitious—who doesn't at least expect to take the world by storm, whether he ever does it or not!"

Molly flushed the more hotly because she knew his words were true, though she managed, woman-like, to make an incoherent protest.

It was then that the thread of gold that runs through the nature of each one of us came to the surface in Ransom. He took her hands in his, and looking down into her tremulous face said quietly:

"I love you so well that God knows I would give you your dream if I could. But I can only offer you my love, and I hoped that you might find it big enough and deep enough to make you forget ambition."

He bent down and kissed her fore-

head. Before she recovered herself he was gone.

At the thought of facing him at the office next morning she quailed. It was not alone timidity, but a certain unaccountable discontent with herself. She felt small and mean, indignantly as she defended herself to her conscience.

But she need have no fear. There was nothing in the business-like smile and "good morning" with which he greeted her to indicate that anything unusual had passed between them.

Her first feeling was one of relief. But with the perversity of woman, before the day was over she was resenting the stolid indifference of his manner.

For the first time in months she omitted the little deferential attentions to which she had become accustomed without knowing it.

"He's a nice fellow," her thoughts of him ran as she busied herself packing up her belongings that night, "but he'll never achieve anything much."

Then she felt wondering how a



"I HAVE COME TO ASK YOU ONCE MORE."

man could fail to respond to the beckoning ambition, and gradually her mind turned to other things—the delights of the new woman's hotel, for which she was about to forsake the shabby hall room that she had occupied for a year, and where she fancied imagined pleasures of living would begin to materialize.

A fortnight later, though she did not confess it even to herself, she was restless and disappointed. This staid, quiet place, with its endless processions of women, so many of whom looked as if life had beaten them to the wall, was not what she had dreamed of.

Some were tall and thin and subdued, others short and stout and resigned. Few appeared to be enjoying the game.

Many of them were spinsters, and as she watched their meek ways day by day her curiosity changed to oppression, and that melted into fear. Across her proud young confidence the shadow of a dreadful doubt fell.

Could it be possible, by any chance, that such a fate was in store for her? She shuddered at the thought. It was easy to be proud and self-reliant while she was strong in her faith of his coming—the man who would shield and protect her—at whose fireside she would sit when she was old and gray.

But what if she should miss him? What if she should have to journey on to the end without love?

A blank, wordless misery possessed her. She saw now that love was the greatest thing—not ambition. She remembered Ransom McComb's face that night when he told her how much he cared—the honest, longing eyes—the manly, gentle way in which he had admitted his shortcomings.

A great tenderness filled her. It was the love of a warm, generous-hearted man that he had offered her, and in

her arrogance she had scorned it as a thing of small account.

It was in this chastened mood that she seated herself at her desk the next day. Ransom McComb appeared in an entirely new light. Six months had passed since he had asked her to be his wife, and though he had been as kind and thoughtful as ever in his treatment of her in their daily intercourse in the office, something was gone from his manner—something she had scarcely known was there, until she missed it.

Inadvertently she had begun to watch him closely. There were determined lines about his chin that appealed to her—that meant something. She was studying him one day, with her head slightly on one side and more warmth and interest in her eyes than she was aware of, when he turned suddenly and caught her glance.

A flash of surprise crossed his face, and he looked over him like a warm wave. Proudly, but keenly, his eyes questioned hers until, with a little nervous movement, she turned away. But he was satisfied.

That evening, as she was moving restlessly about her room, trying to get interested in something, but not succeeding, his name was announced. In one of the small parlors of the hotel she found him waiting, and his very greeting bespoke a new mastery on his part.

On a chair in the opposite corner, a colorless spinster reclined, hungrily reading a love tale. She sat there like a stern object lesson, but Molly no longer needed to be taught.

"I have come to ask you once more," her lover said, in smothered tones, with one eye on the object lesson; "I love you and I want you. My love for you would be no more worthy if I had a million," he went on, almost roughly. "It's the last time."

Shamed tears rose to her eyes and her hand stole into his.

"Love is the greatest thing," she whispered brokenly.—*Utica Globe.*

FOGS DO MUCH GOOD.

They Have a Great Effect in Supplying Moisture to Plants.

"Did you ever think of the fertilizing function of the fog?" asked a man who pays much attention to meteorological matters in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "If you had you would not object so much to the little inconvenience which we suffer at times when fogs become very dense. There are a great many persons in the world who look upon a fog as a slimy sheet of miasma, looking upon its breath as pestiferous, believing that it oozes out upon the earth and humanity nostrums that kill, and all that sort of thing. There are, to be sure, elements of poison in the fog. Fogs are often putrid, slimy. But fogs are not made altogether of slimy putrescences. On a moment's reflection we can understand that in these interesting formations of the lower atmosphere there is much that is healthful and vitalizing, much that is absolutely necessary to the well-being of humanity.

"What could we do, where would we be without moisture? Fog is one form of moisture. It is vapor of water. Vegetation gets its nourishment mainly and chiefly, not out of the earth, but from the nourishing properties of the water formations of the air, clouds, mists, rains, snows, sleet, fogs and so on. Without moisture there could be no vegetation. Without vegetation, or the properties of vegetation, humanity, I am afraid, would be in a bad way. So you may now partially understand what I mean when I speak of the fertilizing value of fogs. Trees and plants do not feed altogether through the roots which are run into the ground. The leaves eat. They feed on the delicate spherical particles which crystallize and condense into that misty blanket we call fog. Food is taken through the bark of trees, through limbs and twigs.

"Men, you know, feed through the pores of the skin. I may say that trees and plants, and, in fact, vegetation of all kinds do the same thing. Moisture of the kind that floats in the air or falls to the ground when it is heavy enough, furnishes the food that is taken in this way. Stop for a moment and think what would happen to vegetation if all the moisture were suddenly and permanently extracted from the atmosphere. Vegetation would simply wither and die. It could not live. You see the air is 70 or 80 percent moisture, or about this, and its capacity for holding moisture at any particular time, or in any particular area, depends upon the temperature. But this is another matter. The fog is a great fertilizer and the luscious bone and blood making vegetable served to us on the table would not be as robust and healthful if we should withdraw this food from the plants."

What Capers Are.

The caper of commerce is the pickled flower bud of a shrub that grows in waste places of southern Europe. Marselles alone exports about \$5000 worth per year to the United States. The business of raising and preparing capers might well be taken up in California, the arid lands of the southwest and some of the southern states.

EVOLUTION OF THE DOG

Traces of Extinct Species Found in the Tertiary Period.

The dog was domesticated by man in prehistoric times, and its remains are frequently found in ancient village sites, shell mounds and burial places both in the old and new world. Remains of various other species of its family (canidae) are found in the older quarternary deposits along with those of mastodons, mammoths, etc., but there is little evidence as to which, if any, of these species are domesticated by man, says the Montreal Herald. It is probable that the domestic dog is the result of many and various intercrossings with the jackal, wolf, coyote and other wild species, so that the original strain can hardly be determined.

In the strata of the tertiary period are found remains of numerous extinct species, which illustrate the evolution of the different species of modern canidae and their gradual divergence from the common ancestral type of the carnivora. The canidae live mostly in the open country and hunt in packs, running down their prey in the open and capturing it by a combination of superior intelligence and greater speed. The development of this group of carnivora has been, accordingly, chiefly in brain capacity and in the adaptation of the feet and limbs to swift and long-continued running. The earliest canidae, of the eocene and oligocene epochs, were proportioned like the modern civets, which are forest dwellers. They had short limbs and long tails and their brain capacity was very much less than it is in their modern descendants. Some had retractile claws; all had five toes on each foot and the full series of forty-four teeth of the primitive mammalia. Between these earliest canidae and their modern species are several intermediate stages in the successive tertiary formations.

The modern dogs range from a highly carnivorous type, such as the wolf and especially the Indian dhole (cyon) and the South American bush-dog (lelecyon) to small omnivorous species approaching the raccoons in the character of their teeth. The series of fossil forms leading up to these different types are distinguishable at quite an early period and all pass through a course of parallel evolution, each race progressing independently in the direction of greater intelligence and higher speed. Other races of dogs now extinct progressed in different direction by divergent evolution, some assuming the size and proportions of the bears and from some of these the bears may be collaterally descended, while another series connects the dogs with the raccoons.

TOLD BY OLD CIRCUS MAN.

Sensation of the Giant Produced When Traveling by Steamboat.

"The great giant never made a greater sensation," said the old circus man, "than he invariably did when seen on the upper deck of a steamboat.

"When we shipped from one town to another we commonly moved by the road; but sometimes when we were going to stop at two towns along a river, and the distance between the two towns was great, and the old man could make a profitable dicker with the steamboat people, why, then we'd make the skip by boat. And moving in this way the giant did tremendously advertise the show.

"You see, we couldn't have him crawl aboard a boat by the gangway, between decks, and curl himself up there somewhere below; we had to carry him where he could be seen by all.

"He would step up from the wharf to the steamboat's upper deck, and stay right there straight through the trip, in full view from the river's banks on either side, a man as tall as the steamboat's chimneys. And seen walking or standing there as the boat came along, or sitting there, maybe, in a great armchair that we never failed to carry along for him, he made a sight that everybody along the river came to see and looked at with wonder.

"And when we had come to where we were to land, where they could see the great giant close at hand, why, the people there looked at him with awe.

"All of which, as you can easily see, made business great for the show—in fact, we never hit a town any harder than when we hit it so."—*New York Sun.*

Infant Terrible.

Family Doctor—I hope, my dear lady, that you are all better for your long holiday and thorough change of air."

The Patient—It has done me all the good in the world, my dear doctor. I am a different being; in fact, quite another woman!

Sharp Child—Oh, mamma! How pleased papa will be when he hears of this!—*Punch.*

Women Do Better.

Seventy-five per cent of the women and but sixty-three per cent of the men taking the civil service examination are able to pass it.

It is twice as easy to fool yourself as it is to fool other people.

HETTY GREEN RIDES AN AUTO

Hetty Green sometimes rides in a \$12,800 automobile, but it is owned by her son Edward H. R. Green of the Texas Midland railroad.

WARMTH AND LONGEVITY

It has been discovered in Europe that the warmer a country the more centenarians it has.

AVERAGE SUNSHINE

Spain has an average of 3,000 hours of sunshine a year, against only 1,400 in England.

A Physician's Advice.

Yorktown, Ark., March 7th.—Dodd's Kidney Pills must not be confounded with the ordinary patent medicine. They are a new discovery, a specific for all diseases of the Kidneys and have been accepted by physicians only after careful tests in extreme cases. Dr. Leland Williamson, of this place, heartily endorses Dodd's Kidney Pills "as a remedy for the various forms of the diseases of the Kidneys, pains in the back, soreness in the region of the Kidneys, foul-smelling urine and cloudy or thickened conditions of the urine, discharges of pus or corruption, Gout, Rheumatism, Inflammation and Congestion of the Kidneys and all kindred complaints." Continuing he says: "I could mention many cases in which I have prescribed Dodd's Kidney Pills with success. For instance, Mr. Robert Weeks, farmer, malaria haematuria or swamp fever three times, kidneys weakened, continual pain and soreness in back, which made him very nervous, had a little fever and sometimes chilly. Urine changeable, but generally very high-colored, an old chronic case who had taken much medicine with little effect. After taking Dodd's Kidney Pills about six weeks he was entirely cured and had gained fifteen pounds in weight. The last time I saw him he was the picture of perfect manhood."

ODD THINGS ON THE PINK AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

Voice of the Lord and the man who utters it.

A flood of fifty thousand gallons of water every minute.

A ride three hundred miles in a real train of pullman cars.

Chorus of 100 talking birds at perfect liberty.

Fire engine and horses dash 500 feet under roof to burning block.

Real waves on a real beach of sand one mile from spectators.

Man who carves images from a single grain of ice.

Submarine boat sinks beneath real water, with its human cargo.

One show with 300 houses, 22 streets, covering 11 acres.

Miniature men of war operated by electric motors on large expanse.

Relics from the golden temples of Angkor.

Theater of flowers, masterly conception of a dead woman.

Japanese roosters with tails ten to twenty five feet long.

Old hand fire engine once pumped at fires by George Washington.

Zuni Indians dance the mask, the flute and snakes dances.

Eleven sections of arcaded bazaars of Stramboul reproduced.

Children ride giant tortoises with brides and bits.

ON A RANCH

Woman Found the Food That Fitted Her.

A newspaper woman went out to a Colorado ranch to rest and recuperate, and her experience with the food problem is worth recounting.

"The woman at the ranch was pre-eminently the worst housekeeper I have ever known—poor soul, and poor me!

"I simply had to have food good and plenty of it, for I had broken down from overwork and was so weak I could not sit up over one hour at a time. I knew I could not get well unless I secured food I could easily digest and that would supply the great amount of nourishment.

"One day I obtained permission to go through the pantry and see what I could find. Among other things I came across a package of Grape-Nuts which I had heard of but never tried. I read the description on the package and became deeply interested, so then and there I got a saucer and some cream and tried the famous food.

"It tasted delicious to me and seemed to freshen and strengthen me greatly, so I stipulated that Grape-Nuts and cream be provided each day instead of other food and I literally lived on Grape-Nuts and cream for two or three months.

"If you could have seen how fast I got well it would have pleased and surprised you. I am now perfectly well and strong again and know exactly how I got well and that was on Grape-Nuts that furnished me a powerful food I could digest and make use of.

"It seems to me no brain worker can afford to overlook Grape-Nuts after my experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the miniature book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.