

BETTER THAN THEY KNEW.

When that brave sailor sought a western way
To pearl-filled Ind and curious Cathay,
He did not know his enterprise had won
A doubled journey for the circling sun.

When some star-seeking soul first felt the birth
Of intuition of another earth,
He could not dream his sons would search the heights
Amid a maze of suns and satellites.

'Tis ever so. We burst some narrow bond,
To marvel at the limitless beyond.
Wherever man's progressiveness has pressed
It's won a grander crown than it had guessed.

—Success.

THE ROSE AT THE WINDOW

FOR six years Jim Gaffney eluded the argus-eyed law in the pursuance of his prosperous profession, which brought him a princely living off and on, and as much adventure as any reasonable being could demand.

Then the inevitable happened. He of three years, during which he was oreed to master a trade.

In the meanwhile either his luck forsook him or his hand lost its cunning, or when he reopened his former career he bungled so dangerously that he narrowly escaped recapture.

Being a cautious man, he fell into the habit of petty swindling of housewives and servants, which was easy and perfectly safe, for he was a quiet-looking man, and his careful habits of dress gave him the look of a threadbare gentleman.

One evening he found himself in the vestibule of an unpretentious apartment house, and followed the tortuous stairs until he came to the open door of a vacant apartment.

He went in, closing the door behind him through force of habit, hardly expecting to find anything worth while in an empty flat, but arguing that it could do no harm to look around.

What he noticed first of all was a lighted window at the other end of a fire escape leading across a narrow court to a small apartment, evidently the counterpart of the one Gaffney had just entered. He walked from room to room, taking stock of his neighbor's wares.

"Bachelor quarters," said he to himself, pausing before the dining-room window and looking at a table, which bore traces of distinctly masculine dining. "Not much stuff, but what there is looks good."

He liked best of all what he saw on the dresser in the adjoining bedroom.

When he had satisfied himself that the kitchen was vacant Gaffney stepped out on the little iron bridge and tried the opposite window, which slid up noiselessly. As he passed through the dining-room the burglar slipped a few odd pieces of silver into his pockets, then he crossed the little entry and paused to listen to the voices that came from a front room, which he had not been able to see from his late point of observation.

The lights were very low and the air was dense with rich, fragrant smoke that made Gaffney covetous, for he had known luxuriant living, and just then he wanted one of those big havanas even more than he wanted the watch he had seen on the bedroom dresser.

"I'd give a lot to have you change your mind, Burton, old man," said a pleasant, boyish voice from the fragrant dimness. "You are doing all right, with every chance of steady advancement in a business that's bound to bring in a fine pile some day. What do you say to pitching camp here with me for a couple of months? Nothing luxurious, as you see, but comfortable quarters and plenty of room for two. Better try to, anyway, won't you?"

"No, Todd, thank you heartily, all the same," came the answering voice. "My mind's made up. I'm going to-morrow."

"I'm sorry. Do you know, Burton, I've got it into my head that some girl is driving you off to the wilderness—you needn't tell me anything about it, you know—because I can't think of anything else that would send a man in your position off on an uncertain and arduous undertaking like that projected trip of yours."

Gaffney was conscious of a mild curiosity to hear the answer, so he waited at the bedroom door until the other voice spoke.

"I don't know why I never told you, Todd," it said, quietly. "Certainly not because I don't trust you. I am uncommunicative by instinct, I think. But I'm rather glad you spoke of it, for I'd like to explain my reason for going away. There isn't much of a story, but it has made a tremendous difference in my life.

"The girl lives right here in New York, where she was born and brought up, yet in spite of her worldly surroundings she's the quaintest, little

old-fashioned woman in the world, and innocent as a rose. It was her quaintness that first attracted me and made me love her more every time I saw her.

"She didn't try to disguise the fact that she liked me—she is the straightforward sort, who is afraid of nothing but concealment. When things had progressed pretty well toward the final point I let her know that I had seen a good deal of the world, of which she knew nothing and cared less.

"My worldliness did not repel her, however, as much as it saddened her, until something happened—the most trivial occurrence which led up to a little difference of opinion. She asked me a lot of questions, and as it seemed both unwise and unkind to deceive her, I told her the whole truth.

"You know, Todd, that while my life has not been absolutely snowy, there are no very black spots anywhere—just little lapses here and there which a wise man would forget. But I was not wise. I knew she cared enough to forgive the mild wildness of youth and set about reforming me—which



THE ROSE AGAINST THE WINDOW.

she had already done, had she but known it.

"On the other hand, I wanted to show her that her view of life was impractical, if not quite impossible, for although I would not have had her change radically, I wished her to see life as it really is, not as she dreamed it to be. Foolish, wasn't it? I should have let things take their natural course.

"Well, she took the whole thing amazingly hard. Thought I was all wrong. And I could not, of course, retract my views at once, though I wanted to fast enough, simply to smooth things over.

"We parted at odds. I fully expected that she would call me back after a day or so, but she didn't. After two of the longest weeks in my life I sent her a letter in which my whole heart was laid bare.

"Todd, I meant every word of that long, contrite message in which I vowed to live up to her ideal as nearly as possible, with her love to aid me, which would have been reward enough for any sacrifice. And finally I asked, as a sign of forgiveness, that she put a rose at the window of the little room in which I had passed the happiest hours of my life.

"I wanted a red rose, because she always wore that flower either in her hair or at her corsage. I told her I should pass that window every evening until the token invited me within. Every night for eight months I have kept my word, always in vain. Twice I met her, and both times she sternly avoided me.

"That is the end of the story. I know I can't forget here while I am so near her, and for that reason I've made up my mind to cut loose from the old surroundings and strike a new trail."

"It is possible that your letter strayed," the boyish voice suggested, hopefully. "I wouldn't let it go at that. Write again."

"I have tried to take comfort in the sorry thought of the strayed letter, but I know the excuse won't stand, for my

own address was both inside and outside of the letter. Even if I had made a mistake in the address—which is altogether unlikely in a matter of such importance—it would have reached her, for every postman on the route knows the Gretners."

"The Gretners!" echoed the unsuspected listener, under his breath. He, too, knew the Gretners, whom he visited surreptitiously on a certain night some years before the coup that led to his capture.

"Why, man, you're foolish. Call on her and have it out; why not?" the other man urged.

"If it was any other girl but Alice Gretners I should do that very thing, but I know better than to ignore her attitude, which has shown me plainly that everything is over between us. Well, I shall pass her window to-night for the last time, and if—"

Gaffney hurried away cautiously. Once out on the lighted street, he took out the watch, which was a very handsome one, with a diamond anchor on the back, but he looked at the face only, for the purpose of making a little calculation of his own.

"This is going to be a straight deal," said he, with a comfortable sense of satisfaction. "His pal said he'd give him a lot to make him stay. As I've taken the pay in advance, it's up to me to do the job right."

He stopped at a florist's and bought a single long-stemmed red rose, which he thrust under his coat as he turned down the avenue leading to the well-remembered Gretners house.

He asked the little, old servant who answered his ring for Miss Alice, who heard him from the adjoining parlor, and came into the hall, looking very fair and frail in her thin white gown.

Gaffney apologized for his intrusion, saying that he had been away a long while and had lost track of an old friend, whose address he believed she could give him.

The man's name was Burton. He—Gaffney—remembered that Burton had often called on Miss Gretners, and believed she would be likely to know of his whereabouts.

During the two minutes' conversation that followed Gaffney learned all he wished to know in Burton's favor. He thanked her and bowed himself out, but lingered in the shadow until the door was closed. Then, taking an empty flask from his pocket, he placed in it the red rose, which he set upright against the window pane, where the glow of the lamp outlined it with cameo clearness.

"One good turn deserves another," said he, complacently, as he seated himself on the step of an opposite house to await developments.

People passed and repassed for almost an hour before he spotted his man, who rounded the corner with a brisk, swinging gait that came to an abrupt pause when he saw the nodding rose of promise for which he had vainly waited so many anxious months.

He hesitated so incomprehensibly before venturing up the steps that the man watching him broke into a mild but impatient oath. "How blame foolish some folks act," he grumbled. "Why don't he pitch right in an' finish the job?"

Then he heard the thin tinkle of a bell, and presently the door opened, but a tall, white-clad figure had taken the old servant's place, and the lovers stood face to face for one silent moment.

The burglar knight heard an incredibly joyful voice cry "Ralph!" just as the man stepped toward the girl with outstretched arms, then the door swung in place and the vision disappeared.

"Pshaw!" growled Gaffney. "I'd like to 'a' seen the end o' that. Anyway, his friend needn't worry about his leavin'. I guess this night's job pleased all concerned."

Whereupon he consulted his watch and strolled up the avenue in a pleasant frame of mind.—Utica Globe.

A Beautiful Custom.

In the mountains of Tyrol, it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bedtime, and sing. Their husbands, fathers, and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There, the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well known voices come borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fishermen, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home that sing to cheer him, and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together these dwellers by the sea!

The Main Consideration.

"Young man, have you stopped to think where you will go when you die?"

"Gad, no—I haven't even thought where to go on my summer vacation."

—Puck.

Beware of keyholes. It was Eve's dropping that caused Adam's downfall.



A color scale prepared by J. F. Tucher, F. I. C., for classifying hair, represents 25 different colors of human hair.

To prevent train derailments a German railroad official, Herr Gehricke, has invented an adjustable rail, to be attached to the trucks of cars parallel with the axles, and carried about an inch above the track rails. If the wheels jump the track the cross rails just described will immediately rest upon the track rails and prevent the wheels from touching the ground, and the car will slide along, borne by the cross rails. To diminish the jar the cross rails are supplied with springs, and projections beneath them are calculated to prevent the derailed car from swinging aside from the track.

Not all fishes are dumb, but many species emit sounds and a few give remarkable concerts. Instances of the latter have been collected by Henri Coupin, a French author. On the western coast of Borneo, Prayer one night heard musical sounds varying from the resonance of an organ to the soft tones of an Aeolian harp; and in the China Sea, a United States naval officer was struck by an extraordinary blending of the low notes of an organ, the noise of bells and the sounds of a great harp, the intensity causing the vessel to quiver. The pogonias or tambours of the tropical western coast of the Atlantic sometimes congregate about vessels, producing a maddening chorus.

The destructive power of naval guns becomes every year more terrible. The latest type of gun introduced in the British navy is remarkable for its great length, over 37 feet, combined with its relatively small diameter, 36 inches at the breech and 18 inches at the muzzle, and its comparative lightness, 28 tons. Its bore is 9.2 inches, its projectile weighs 380 pounds, and at 3,000 yards this missile can be driven through 11 inches of Krupp steel. The barrel is made up of an inner tube, enclosed in a jacket of wound steel wire. This gun is reckoned equal in destructive power to the 13½-inch bore guns that preceded it, which have more than double its weight. The muzzle velocity of the projectile is 2,900 feet per second.

The success of the ostrich-farms in California has recently led to the establishment of a similar farm in Arizona and another in Florida. It is said that the feathers of these American-raised birds are actually of better quality and command higher prices than those of South African ostriches. The birds on the farms are larger than those seen in traveling menageries, their weight running from 200 to 450 pounds, and their full height, with head upraised, from 6 to 8 feet. A blow from an ostrich's foot is dangerous, but it may be avoided by stooping low, as the birds cannot deliver an effective kick under a height of three feet. For this reason they are easily driven by dogs. In Florida a team of ostriches, broken to harness, is said to have paced a mile in 2:30.

TO SAVE CHILDREN.

Physical Culture as a Means to Ward Off Tuberculosis.

An athletic club, which fixes its dues at the extortionate figure of one cent a week, suggests an unusual departure in the world of clubs. Moreover, for many other reasons, the Children's Athletic Club of Philadelphia, composed entirely of the children of the poor, organized to fight by physical training the ravages of tuberculosis, marks an important innovation in the charitable work of that city. Mrs. Florence L. Williams, the founder of the club, has certain definite objects to accomplish with the sixty little pupils under her charge. That she is able not merely to bring muscle and health in place of weakness and even disease through a careful system of physical culture, but also to develop a trick team capable of performing acrobatic feats of no little difficulty, proves the efficacy of her methods.

For her clientele Mrs. Williams depends entirely upon the children of the crowded quarters of the city, where poor food and unhealthy surroundings render child life unwholesome and make physical development impossible. From the children of these quarters of the city Mrs. Williams has organized her classes, the membership of which has grown from three to sixty. But even here the selection of members is made from the weaker and the more anaemic; from the children who already show signs of the invasion of the "great white plague," whose tiny arms and hollow chests indicate lack of vitality.

With such subjects it is natural that at the outset the exercises of the classes should be of the mildest sort—five minute drills with the lightest of dumbbells, interspersed with frequent rests. Special breathing exercises are prescribed for the new members, and

they are expected to continue this exercise at home. One of these exercises consists in the usual exhaling and inhaling, but the method of accomplishing it is novel. The children are ranged in rows, with their hands on their hips, and each child puts a quill toothpick in its mouth. Then, at a word of command, they inhale deeply through the nostrils and then exhale slowly through the toothpick, this device making the exhalation slow and avoiding all chance of strain.

The fire drill is another important exercise in the development of lung power. As the little arms and legs get hard and the chests are developed the more advanced pupils are taught to take the weaker ones across their shoulders and carry them out of the reach of the fancied flames. But the ideal of all the children who belong to these classes is to develop strength and skill enough to join the trick team, for when the danger of disease has been banished and the puny little figures with narrow chests and round shoulders have been developed into erect, sturdy bodies, then the gymnastic feats of the more pretentious athletes are attempted and achieved before admiring public audiences.

The development of muscle is attended with a similar stimulation of the moral side of the child, and it is to accomplish the latter that the penny weekly fee is charged, giving the children a sense of membership and rightful claim to the advantages of the club, which is lacking in the mere charitable work, which does not permit even the slight contribution of the children themselves. The results of this physical training are striking. Children who, when they joined the club, were too weak to endure even the least string of the exercises, under this regimen develop strong, healthy and even athletic frames. Moreover, the tendency to consumption is checked, and with the increase of physical strength there is a corresponding mental and moral development. Finally, the lessons of the gymnasium, the knowledge of the proper method of breathing and of walking, are remembered long after the actual class work has ended, and serve to keep the health the exercise has won.—New York Tribune.

THIS CAT IS A PARADOX.

Adopted Four Mice Instead of Making a Dinner of Them.

Busy Body, a big Maltese cat who makes her home at the Indianapolis Union Railway shops, and is the pet of every one from the president down to the humble employe of the road, after establishing a record of killing more than 10,000 rats and mice, has, with charming feline inconsistency, adopted four tiny mice.

The case is one of the most remarkable on record and it is doubtful if scientists or menageries can point to a like one.

Three weeks ago Busy Body gave birth to four kittens and with them seemed in an element of happiness. But the little fellows required such a large amount of nourishment that she began to look emaciated and a good rat or mouse diet was suggested for her.

Thursday afternoon workmen about the shops discovered a nest of six mice in a sawdust pile, and, thinking of the faithful "tabby," caught them for her. They were alive and thrown into her box and the men expected to see an immediate slaughter.

Imagine their surprise when Busy Body merely looked up rather sleepily, took a look at the mice, carefully licked them over and then as they nestled beneath her, went back to sleep. Since then she has looked after them tenderly, as much as she has her kittens, and the kittens and mice take their nourishment side by side.

One of the mice died and another lost its life through an experiment. The men thought that if a cat would act so remarkably with a mouse that a dog would surely do likewise. One of them was carried to Fanny, a dog who is nursing a litter of pups, for her inspection. The inspection was a brief one, and before the men could prevent her Fanny had swallowed the mouse whole.

It has not been decided what will be done with the mice, should they grow up, nor are the men about the shops sure that Busy Body will not regain her old appetite for rodents and eat her adopted babies.

Busy Body belongs to Master Mechanic O. H. Jackson and is 6 years old. She was taken to the Union railway shops three years ago after she had lost an eye which disfigured her countenance. The shops were formerly overrun with rats and mice, but she has gained a remarkable record for killing them and it is asserted that no less than 10,000 is the number of her victims.—Indianapolis Star.

It Was Himself He'Saw.

"Honest, now, Jones, did you see a burglar in your room when you called the police?"

"No; my wife had shifted the mirror in my room and I didn't know it."

—Detroit Free Press.

When an old bachelor has heart trouble it's of the platonic brand.