

AGAIN.

Come, gently breathing o'er the eager land, With fresh green grass that springs to kiss thy feet...

Alas! when all thy blossoms bid hide a sting, When the wild winds in each fragile bell...

WEYAND'S WIFE.

W H Y should I waste any more thought on Isabel Reece? said Vance Weyand, as he sat smoking in his study one night...

He found on reaching Malvern house the next day that he had come too late. His nearest friend was dead.

"Darcy," he managed to articulate, and that was all. "Didn't you know? He is dead."

"Do you hear? He is dead—dead—dead!" and she turned and walked quickly from the room.

They were friends, firm, steadfast friends, and the bond which united them was love for the dead man.

"Thank you, Margie; you have made me very happy." He stooped and quietly kissed her. So they were married, and life passed

for many weeks in quietness and peace. December had come, with chill winds and heavy snows; Christmas was approaching.

Vance was returning home from a neighboring city, thinking of his life as it now was, and as it might have been, and he felt that though he had once thought existence worthless without that which he deemed necessary to his happiness, he would not exchange what he possessed for the realization of the dream of his younger days.

"He is my husband," assented Margery, with a half sob in her throat. "Your husband, but my love. Remember that. It was I he loved, not you; for that I could almost forgive him for marrying you."

"All is forgiven and forgotten, Mrs. Weston. Pray do not disturb yourself. I trust that your physicians are mistaken, however."

"You forgive me? That is almost more than I had hoped." Her slender white hand moved restlessly toward him, and he was compelled to take it.

Vance made a slight attempt to remove the fingers which he held, but their clasp tightened in his; there was a slight swaying of the lithe body, and Isabel Weston was lying in his arms, her beautiful face on his breast, utterly unconscious.

"I have a confession which I must—" "No, no, no!" she interrupted. "I can bear no more. Have I not seen and heard enough. Is not my burden sufficiently heavy that you seek to add to it? It was cruel of you, and yet I, too, was to blame."

"Margery, you cannot believe that I am dishonest enough to cherish love for a woman who, until a few weeks ago, was the wife of another man? The day on which I married you saw the burial of my past love, and a new one succeeded it—a love stronger, purer, than I gave to Isabel Reece—a love which is given to a woman who I know loves me, and whom, thank heaven, no other man can call his wife. You are mine, and I claim my own."

"Margery," he went on, in a pained voice, which yet contained a great determination, "you must trust me." "Oh, Vance, if I only might! But it has followed me always—this thought that you—"

"Mrs. Weston's carriage, sir. There was an accident, and Mrs. Weston is dead, I think. They are bringing her here."

Her sentence was never finished. She had gone to him. The tears were streaming down Margery's cheeks, and Vance's eyes were moist.

WOMAN AND HER WAYS.



Friendship is a great and glorious institution, whose praises we all sing, but whose value we seldom appreciate.

"If you are poor and do not like being so, keep the fact and the hatred of it to yourself. Put the best foot forward, and when you meet your friends let them discover in themselves that you are plucky fighting your own battles and do not ask either their sympathy or their aid."

"The world is too full of sorrow for even friendship to seek out some harrowing symptom of it in another in order to sympathize with it. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone.'"

"An Old Man's Darling." Nelly Bly, the famous woman reporter, is never happy a minute unless she is creating a sensation, and her latest achievement in this line is her recent marriage to a man forty-two years her senior.

"A Surgical Outfit." The woman who travels nowadays carries with her what formerly would have been regarded as a tolerable outfit for a surgeon.



thirty years, and is a large real estate owner in the vicinity of New York City. His palatial four-story brown stone front in a fashionable residence quarter of New York cost \$150,000, and he is said to possess so much property that he cannot tell exactly how much he is worth.

"Why Doesn't She?" The members of a "woman's club" had just dispersed from the home of one of their number.

"A Child's Right to Property." With children, as with adults, what they possess ought to be recognized as being absolutely their own. But this is very far from being the case. Sometimes a grown-up person has need of some article belonging to a child, or wishes it to be given to some other child, and the rightful owner is too coaxled and blamed and shamed as to be actually compelled to give up the article.

property" where children are concerned as scrupulously as with grown people, and when this is intelligently done the children themselves soon learn to recognize these rights with one another, and quarrels between them are reduced to a minimum.

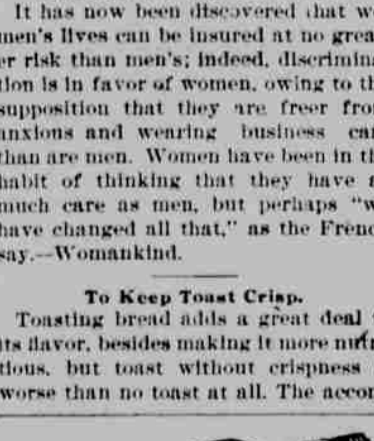
"Hints for Women." Do not let every one kiss him. Do give him pure air at all times. Don't wear your clothes tight if you are too fat.

"The Floral Blouse." The accompanying illustration shows one of the latest fashions on the other side of the water and will promise to become very popular here.



"Women Have One Advantage." It has now been discovered that women's lives can be insured at no greater risk than men's; indeed, discrimination is in favor of women, owing to the supposition that they are freer from anxieties and wearing business care than are men.

"To Keep Toast Crisp." Toasting bread adds a great deal to its flavor, besides making it more nutritious, but toast without crispness is worse than no toast at all. The accompanying illustration shows a very handy device for keeping it crisp.



"Convenient Little Contrivance." The accompanying illustration shows a very handy device for keeping it crisp. It is something like a chafin dish, with a spirit lamp for making the needed heat. The "crisper" stands on the breakfast table and the toast is kept in it instead of on a plate. The device is simple, inexpensive and effective. It also serves to "caramelize" the toast, a culinary process that all lovers of this kind of bread know the value of.

GOOD ROADS.



Highways of the Peruvians. Perhaps the earliest road on record is that mentioned by Herodotus as having been constructed by Cheops, the Egyptian king, in order that stones might be dragged along for his pyramid.

Where rivers had to be crossed bridges were made with ropes of stout, plant fiber twisted to the thickness of a man's body and stretched over the stream sometimes for a distance of 200 feet. These cables swung side by side, and fastened with planks so as to form a footway were drawn through holes in enormous buttresses of stone specially constructed on each bank and were secured firmly at each end by heavy beams of timber.

"Electricity in Forests." Electricity will soon make itself felt in the forests of Washington State, says Paul Humphreys, of Seattle. The Seattle Lumber Company, which carries on pretty extensive operations in the timber out there, is about to make the experiment which has been successfully tried elsewhere.

"Mining and Matrimony." All the fortunes in gold are not discovered in the far West even yet, nor all the romances exhausted in the American El Dorado, as the following recital from the New York Tribune reveals: The gold mine said to have the largest output of any in the world is the Little Johnny, of Leadville, Colo., owned by John F. Campion. He went to Leadville and took up the Little Johnny after four other miners had abandoned it because they could not find a trace of carbonates.

"Flying Squirrel Does Not Fly." Of course the flying squirrel has no wings, and he does not really rise and fly; but good Mother Nature has kindly given him a wide fringe of skin running nearly all the way around his body, which forms a very perfect parachute. When he leaps from his tree-top into the air, and spreads himself, his parachute and his broad, flat tail enable him to float down easily and gracefully.

"New Cure for Consumption." A lady who was dying of consumption last summer is well now. She was struck by lightning, and since she steadily gained in health.