

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...

Poor pangs of earth! I know there comes a day, Not far nor late, when God's restoring Spring...

WEYAND'S WIFE.

W H Y should I waste any more thought on Isabel Reece? 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 dearest friend was dead.

Vance stood at the window trying to realize what this intelligence might mean to him, when the door opened to admit a girl dressed in deepest mourning...

"Darey," she 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.

Days passed, and Vance Weyand stayed on in the little village where Margery lived, forgetting his own story at Darey's death in an effort to alleviate the sufferings of the lonely, stricken sister...

"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?"

"Margery, I have come to say good-by. I must go to-morrow," he said quietly.

"I regret it, but it is necessary that I should do so."

"I have been thinking," continued her companion presently, "what lonely lives yours and mine must of necessity be, and I have thought—forgive me if I should not—that we might add to each other's happiness if you would consent to be my wife. It is true, we do not love each other in a romantic way; but our tastes are alike and we agree in essential points. If you give yourself to me I think I can make you at least content, and I am not afraid to trust my happiness in your hands."

"You do not answer. My words have not offended you?"

"Yes."

"And soon? Remember my lonely life."

"If you desire it."

"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. For he loved Margery as he had never dreamed he could love woman again.

"He is my husband?" she was saying.

"Your husband, but my love. Remember that. It was I he loved, not you; for that I could almost forgive him for marrying you."

Margery did not move. The white lips grew whiter, but a great sorrow burned in her eyes; she felt the truth of her guest's statement; but that she should have put it into words!

At that moment Vance entered the room. The snow outside had deadened the sound of his approach. Margery did not know that he had returned until with a sudden movement the woman before her leaped forward, and "Vance" in soft, dulcet tones fell from her lips.

"The doctors tell me I have not long to live and I have come to make my peace with you, Vance. I could not go leaving you in the belief that I was entirely heartless. I want to ask—"

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

Vance's tone was kind but cold. She looked at him keenly.

"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. Margery inwardly winced, but gave no outward sign of distress. She did not see what her husband saw, that Mrs. Weston was exceedingly ill.

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. He placed her on a sofa. In a few minutes she recovered and insisted on returning to her father's house. When Vance re-entered the drawing-room, after having placed Isabel in her carriage, he found Margery standing at the window, her face pressed closely against the panes. He took her cold hand in his, and led her unresistingly to the fire.

She obediently raised her eyes to his face, but dropped them quickly.

"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. I should not have married you, knowing as I did, that you still care for her; but I was foolish enough to think you would forget—how foolish I never before realized. She said—oh, she should not—that you were my husband, but her lover; and you—"

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WOMAN AND HER WAYS.



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

There are some, but oh, so pitifully few exceptions that actually sympathize with you and want to help you.

As a rule, however, directly you make a wry face you can see the change creep into the warmth of their welcome.

Do not wear a bang bigger than the moment's fashion justifies if you don't wish to look hopelessly vulgar.

Do not neglect him, and then, when he cries for some needed attention, say that he is a "cross, bad-tempered little nuisance."

Don't wear a veil with a hole in it. It gives a woman a squalid look of poverty that there is no excuse for.

Don't lift up your skirts high on one side and allow it to trail on the other. Every woman should practice holding up her skirts before a pier glass.

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

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.

Launch and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone. "Cast aside your own little worries when you meet your friends and you will remain popular always, but if you trespass on their affection for you and annoy them with your real or fancied grievances you will find yourself out in the cold before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

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, who is the fortunate possessor of \$2,000,000.

The happy man is Robert Seaman, president of the Ironclad Manufacturing Company of New York. He has been a director in the Merchants' Exchange National Bank for

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.

He is 72 years old, was never married before, and surrendered to Miss Bly's charms, after a fortnight's courtship, it is said.

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

"Mamma," said little Tommy, "were the ladies talking of the same 'coming woman' to-day that they talked of the last time they were here?"

"Yes."

"Well, it seems to me she is a long time coming. Why doesn't she take the trolley?"

"Tommy, you can run out and play."

Ohata, in Baltimore Telegram.

A Child's Right to Property. With children, as with adults, what they possess ought to be recognized as being absolutely their own.

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. In some cases it is taken without asking.

No grown person would be treated thus, and no child ought to be, nor would be by any caretaker who could enter sympathetically into the feelings of the child.

One ought to "respect the rights of

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.

But if, on the other hand, the child's own rights are ruthlessly trampled on by those whom he is taught to consider his infallible teachers, it is only natural that he, in his turn, should learn to trample as ruthlessly on the rights of others.—Science of Motherhood.

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

Do not let any one jostle and shake and tickle him. Don't wear a hat too young unless you wish to look old.

Do not keep him so warm that he cannot sleep. Babies, as a rule, are bundled up too much.

Do not wear a bang bigger than the moment's fashion justifies if you don't wish to look hopelessly vulgar.

Do not neglect him, and then, when he cries for some needed attention, say that he is a "cross, bad-tempered little nuisance."

Don't wear a veil with a hole in it. It gives a woman a squalid look of poverty that there is no excuse for.

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

She has a neat linen or leather medicine case, where bottles may be placed beneath elastic bands and kept from breaking.

A tiny flask, containing brandy, another full of alcohol, and some lavender water form a very good liquid outfit for the traveler, and one which provides her with all the liquid necessities of life except water.

Besides these a tiny envelope of court plaster, a pair of scissors, a threaded needle, some twine and a soft linen cloth should be carried.

Fate cannot harm her who goes thus provided for emergencies. She is ready alike for ripped gowns and railway wrecks.

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.

Women have been in the habit of thinking that they have as much care as men, but perhaps "we have changed all that," as the French say.—Womankind.

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 accom-

panying picture 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.

CONVENIENT LITTLE CONTRIVANCE.

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.

In the opinion of the Greek traveler, the work of making the road was as great as that of building the pyramid, for it took ten years to construct and it was composed of polished stones with figures carved on them.

But this does not compare in magnitude with the highways constructed by the Peruvians while medieval Europe was still in a state of semi-barbarous organization.

The two principal roads in Peru ran from Quito, in the north, to Cuzco, the capital, the one along the sandy and level strip of coast, the other along the plateau of the Andes, a region of unparalleled engineering difficulty.

The length of the second has been estimated at 1,500 to 2,000 miles. It crossed Sierras buried in snow, bridged ravines with walls of solid masonry, mounted and descended precipices by staircases hewn in the solid rock and ran in interminable galleries along the sides of intractable mountains.

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.

A railing of similar osier material gave the passenger confidence as he crossed the oscillating bridge that sank dangerously in the middle and mounted rapidly at the sides.

The great highway was twenty feet wide and was built with flags of free-stone covered with bituminous cement. It was measured out by posts set up at every league. Caravanserais and magazines were stationed at convenient distances for the military expeditions, and a regular postal service had been organized by which highly trained runners, relieved every five miles, could convey messages a distance of 200 miles in twenty-four hours.

The roads were kept in beautiful order, the inhabitants of a district being responsible for that portion of the highway which traversed their land.

At the same time it should be remembered that there was no wheel traffic to cut up the level surface of the hard pavement.

There is considerable irony in the fact that it was not till the Spaniards forcibly introduced their so-called civilization into Peru that the famous roads began to fall into disrepair.—London Standard.

Help to Make Bad Roads. Mr. Thomas B. Parker, in a paper read before the Burlington County (N. J.) Board of Agriculture, gives the following views on good roads and their maintenance:

"In 1838 I was the owner of one-half part of the Salem and Philadelphia line of the United States Mail stage and handled the ribbons over good four horse teams for seven years, traveling thirty-five miles a day, 10,320 miles a year, and 76,440 miles, or more than three times the circumference of the globe, in the seven years. It was in this traveling that I studied the cause of bad roads and the remedy.

Narrow tired wagon wheels are the real cause of bad roads. They will sink into the ground and make deep ruts in wet weather, and in dry weather the sand or dust falls back into the rut after the wheels pass and partly fills up the rut. Therefore wagons on the level ground are constantly moving up hill.

The remedy is to remove the cause. Petition the Legislature to regulate the width of wagon tires. With five-inch tires on the sand a ton can be hauled with ease where with the narrow tire an empty wagon is a load. Tires should be wide enough to keep the wheel on top of the ground, and without making a rut will roll the ground hard and smooth from side to side.

The regulation tire should be five inches for the one horse wagon, six inches for two or three horses, and seven inches for four or more. One horse carts should have six-inch tires, and trucks for carting marble or granite should have six-inch for one horse, seven-inch for two or three, as all the pressure is on the wheels.

All two-horse stage coaches should not have less than six-inch tires. Light carriages may have two inches. The change of width of felloes could be accomplished without taking the felloes off the wheels at small cost. To change a two-inch to a six-inch a facing of two inches on each side of the felly can be securely fastened so that the felly will be as good if not better than new.

A Bessemer steel tire six inches wide and one-quarter inch thick will cost but little more than iron, but will outwear iron and be much stronger. With such a law, grade all public roads from one to three rods wide, according to the travel, when sandy mixing in clay and with clay adding sand. The center should be from four to six inches higher than the outside. After grading the road should be rolled with a cast iron roller

6 feet long, 4 feet in diameter at each end and 2 feet 3 inches in the middle. The convex roller will suit the radius of the road. The weight of the roller should be six or seven tons."

Ducks and Winkles in Formosa. The ingenuity of Chinese methods of fishing is very well known. The British Consul at Tamsui, in Formosa, describes a method of fishing there for small winkles which are required in large quantities for feeding the thousands of ducks that are bred there artificially.

A crowd of boats may always be seen at flood tide, each with one man in it, who is constantly engaged in hauling up his peculiar net, discharging its contents into his boat, and then pitching the net out again. A large stone carries the net to the bottom; and it is so neatly arranged and balanced as to ensue the net to stand on the bottom of the river at the most convenient angle for the reception of the winkles, which are swept into it by the tide.

The Consul also describes the artificial duck hatching above mentioned, which is a great feature in the local native industries. A long, low shed is built, mostly of wattle and mud, with a thick thatched roof. Along the inside walls are arranged rough troughs, which are filled up with grain and roasted paddy-busk, on which the eggs are placed as fast as they are laid.

In the summer no particular precautions are taken, but in winter the eggs are covered over with quilted coverlets; and far more care is taken to exclude cold draughts than is ever dreamed of in a native dwelling house. The grain, which is sprinkled with a little warm water, sets up a fermentation, and that, with the help of the warm paddy-busk, which is continually being changed, hatches the eggs in about thirty days.

By this simple and inexpensive process the brooder is enabled to sell young ducklings at about one penny each. Many flocks of ducks, averaging five hundred to the flock, can always be seen up river at low tide, feeding on mud banks, and attended by a man in a small boat, who occasionally feeds them with some of the winkles, and guides them about from place to place by his voice and by the movements of his boat.

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.

Attempts have been made heretofore to cut down the big giants of our wonderful forests with saws operated by steam, but portable engines were hard to move about easily, and a number of other difficulties were also met that made the scheme impracticable. With electricity, however, things will be different. A central plant for the generation of the fluid will be set up, and of course its power can be sent anywhere by a wire, and there are few places where a wire cannot be run. The saws will be provided with light gearing and attachments, and will be so arranged that they will not only be able to cut down a tree, but to divide it into logs after it has fallen.

Most of the timber in Washington is now felled by axmen, and their work is little short of marvellous. Some of them are so expert that they can cut down a tree and make it fall wherever they wish. They will put a peg in the ground, for instance, somewhere in the radius of the circle in which the tree they are about to attack will be bound to fall, and wager anything they possess that they can make the tree, when it falls, drive the peg. There was some talk at Port Blakely, before I left home, about sending some of our expert axmen to Australia to compete in the contests that are held there each year, in which the timber choppers of Tasmania are said to perform almost incredible feats with the axe."

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. When he was a poor prospector, two years ago, he became acquainted with a school teacher, Miss Nellie May Daly. He could not marry her because he was too poor, but with an income of \$200,000 a year, which he now has, that obstacle has been removed, and they were married in Denver on Monday last. He has ordered the construction of a residence there to cost \$100,000.

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. In a slanting direction, until he alights low down on the trunk of a tree perhaps fifty or even 300 feet distant. Then he clambers nimbly up to his top, chooses his direction, and launches forth again, quite possibly to the same tree from which he started. His flight is simply a sailing downward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with a graceful sweep upward at the last, to enable him to alight easily.—St. Nicholas.

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