

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 pursuit 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 got three years, during which he was forced to master a trade.

In the meanwhile either his luck forsook him or his hand lost its cunning, for 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 a 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 it anyway, won't you?"

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

"I'm sorry. Do you know, Burton, I 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 quietest, little, unassuming woman in the world, and she's as good as a rose. It was her quietness that first attracted me and made me love her more every time I saw

her, 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 wideness of youth and set about reforming me—which 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 want-

ed 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 up right 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.*

SNAKESTONE A MYTH.

South Africans Persever in Belief that It Absorbs Poison.

South Africans, as a rule, trouble themselves little about snakes, although it is very well known that a few varieties are particularly deadly, says a writer in South Africa. Among the natives the properties of the "snakestone" have for many generations formed a center of half-superstitious credulity and, even by people who might be expected to know better, have been supposed to effect the most surprising cures of snake bite. An investigation of its properties by the government bacteriologists of Natal, who submitted an Indian snakestone to the test of applying it to animals infected with snake venom, has shown conclusively that its properties are quite mythical and that it does nothing that is claimed for it.

According to tradition, the snakestone, which has absorbent qualities and which there is some reason to believe is frequently artificially prepared, is placed on the wound inflicted by a snake. There it is believed to suck out the poison and it has been said that if afterward placed in a bowl of milk the venom will exude and the milk turn blue. In certain experiments narrated in the British Medical Journal all these directions were followed. To the two rabbits injected respectively with the venom of a black mamba, a very deadly South African cobra, and with puff adder venom, the snakestone was at once applied. The stone, by virtue of its absorbent nature, adhered to the wound, but here its adherence to tradition ended. Both rabbits died and, what was more disappointing, two other rabbits, used as a "control experiment," which were injected with the same amount of venom, recovered. Nor when the stone was placed in milk did the milk change color, though a slight quantity of it was absorbed.

The amount of absorption that the stone could possibly effect would be no more in hours than ordinary suction by the lips could achieve in a few minutes; and its only possible usefulness might be that of improving the physical condition of the patient by impressing him with the belief that a valuable remedy was being applied.

Making at Least One Exception.
Customer—Do you keep fur caps?
Fresh Clerk—No, sir; we sell 'em.
Customer—Not always, my friend. You may keep one that you might have sold to me. Good-day.—*Philadelphia Press.*

It is too bad that there isn't some way for always having a girl baby just three years old in the family.

Beware of hypnosis. It was Eve's sleeping that caused Adam's downfall.

HAROLD'S WAY.

He's a Charming Boy, His Mother Says, but Is She Correct?

"Harold isn't an ordinary child, by any means," observed the fond mother. "He has tremendous energy and it is sometimes quite a problem for his father and myself to keep it properly applied. Only the other day he got a can of red paint that the men had been using to paint the back fence with and daubed it in stripes all up and down the front of the house as high as he could reach, and when he had done that he went next door and did the same thing to the front of their house. Of course, he didn't mean any harm, but they were quite ill-natured about it."

"I thought it showed an artistic tendency—to a certain extent, though, of course, crude. It needs development, that's all."

"I was going to say that the woman was mean about it. She scolded the poor child and then she came and complained to me. I told her that I was very sorry and that I would ask Mr. Kidley to see that it was cleaned off, but I let her see by my manner what I thought of her making a fuss about a little thing like that."

"But the amusing part of it was that Harold, poor child, took her scolding to heart so much that she had hardly got back into the house when he ran out and flung a stone through one of their windows. He was going to throw another when I called to him and made him come in. I told him that it was very wrong to throw stones through people's windows. Harold is very sensitive, you know, and he wasn't used to being talked to in the way that woman talked to him, and, being a child of spirit, it was quite natural for him to resent it. What Harold needs is kindness."

"He has such an inquiring disposition. Why, he'll sit and ask me questions by the hour—oh, on the strangest subjects. I always make a point of answering him. I think a child should be taught. And he's thorough. He isn't content with superficial knowledge. The other day he was asking me what was in the sofa pillows and I told him some of them were stuffed with down and some with feathers and the green flat one had pine needles inside. Of course, he wanted to know then what down was and I told him it was little feathers and the other feathers were just feathers, and that they didn't sew things with pine needles, and that the other kind of needles didn't grow on other kinds of trees, and I went into the subject, as I thought, quite thoroughly. But Harold wasn't satisfied and while I was out of the room he took my scissors and cut open two of the pillows, and when I came down he had the feathers scattered all over. He wanted to see for himself, you know. I think that is such a splendid trait in a boy, don't you know it shows an analytical turn of mind. If he makes the law his profession it will be valuable to him."

"He's got lots of spirit and a will of his own. We can't make him do anything he doesn't want to do unless we can make him see that it's for his own good. I always reason with him and just as soon as I convince him you never saw a more obedient and docile little fellow. You see, what Harold needs is some one who can understand him and deal with him intelligently. Excuse me a moment and I'll see what he's doing now."

As the fond mother left the room one of the visitors turned to the other and said: "What Harold needs is a nice, large, smooth-backed hairbrush laid on hard where it will do the most good, and I'd like to be the one to give it to him."

The other visitor nodded.—*Chicago Daily News.*

For a Change.

There was good talk at a tea party given once at the observatory of Cambridge, England. Sydney Smith was there, and although he took the wonderful work of the place seriously, he had a light manner of expressing himself. The party had been led up to look at Jupiter, and this was his comment:

"Jupiter? If you hadn't told me, I should have taken it for a bad shilling."

"Where is Sir John Herschel?" asked one of the guests.

"He is at the Cape of Good Hope," said the astronomer, Airy. "He was ordered there to observe the stars of the southern hemisphere."

"Ah," said Sydney Smith, "I suppose you astronomers, when you are ill, are advised to change your stars just as we ordinary mortals are told to change our air."

Earthworms vs. Gophers.
Darwin concluded that the earthworm in five years brings up soil enough to cover the ground one inch thick, and that, therefore, the result of its labor is of vast importance. I reckon that the pocket gopher does this in five months. It does not do it in the same way or so effectively, because the earthworm actually digests the substance of its castings; but it is evident that the pocket gopher's method answers the purpose of fully integrating and mixing the dead vegetation with the soil to produce a rich and fertile black loam.—*Century.*

A Good Rule.
Look for goodness, look for gladness. You will meet them all the while, if you bring a smiling visage.
To the glass, you meet a smile.
—Alice Cary.

It is easy to see what should be done; but only a few are able to do it.

OLD FAVORITES

A Forest Hymn.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high
In heaven
Dangled their mossy boughs, and from
The sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at
once
All their green tops, stole over him, and
bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless
power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we in the world's ripper years
neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let
me, at least,
Here in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns,
Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou
didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith
rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in
Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in
Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-
living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old
and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they
stood,
As now they stand mossy, and tall, and
dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim
vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or
pride,
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the
form

Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here;
Thou fill'st
The solitude; Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
in music; Thou art in the cooler breath
That, from the inmost darkness of the
place,
Jones, scarcely felt; the barky trunks,
The ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct
with Thee.
—William Cullen Bryant.

MADE PURSUIT OF WEALTH.
Those Who Have Won a Competence
Should Retire from Business.

In the United States leaders in every
line of activity, in politics and busi-
ness, have been conspicuously prone
to die, as it is said, in harness. The
death of Mark Hanna is a case in
point. But the list of those distin-
guished for their successful attain-
ment of wealth and fame, who have
continued their activities long after
the advance of age and the dimini-
shion of physical strength, must have
earned them of the approaching end,
a very long one. In the older coun-
tries of Europe, on whose civilization
that of the United States is founded,
it seems easier for men who have more
or less successfully obtained the ob-
ject they aimed at to retire and enjoy
freely the prizes they have gained,
although even there the old barbaric
struggle is in many cases kept up to
the end. Public opinion there, too, is
more tolerant of those who lay off the
business before being compelled to do
so by the decree of fate. In this
country, however, there seems to ex-
ist in the mind of the ordinary man
a certain contempt for those who give
up the strenuous paths of labor and
ambition before their strength has
wasted away. The successful men
of the United States who have sprung
from the masses are imbued with this
opinion. Until within the last twenty-
five years the idea of retiring from
active life and settling down to a life
in which personal tastes and procliv-
ities could be followed was regarded
as at least eccentric.

There have always been two neces-
sary steps to be taken before retire-
ment from active life could with
safety be accomplished; one was the
requirement of wealth and the other
provisions for its safekeeping. As
civilization progresses the second and
more important step can be more easily
managed. The individual no longer
has to depend upon his own efforts to
guard the store set aside for his fu-
ture support. The power of corpora-
tions, originally directed simply to the
accumulation of wealth, is now to a
very great extent applied to its con-
servation.

In Great Britain there has always
been a wealthy leisure class, and nat-
urally there has been a systematiza-
tion of the manners and customs con-
sequent on such an association of
wealth and leisure. Public opinion is
more tolerant of a man who wishes
to do what he likes with his own
money than it is in the United States.
The existence of a leisure
class, able and willing to enjoy their
leisure rationally and intelligently, is a
check on the wilder exhibitions of
elation on the part of suddenly ac-
quired wealth. It also holds out
something beyond mere money-getting
as the goal of a successful life. It
encourages retirement after reason-

able fortune has been gained and dis-
courage to some extent the piling up
of exaggerated redundancy. The ef-
fect of a more philosophical view of
life on the part of our own business
men will tend to a more even distribu-
tion of wealth and a leveling of the
inequalities now so frequently point-
ed out.—*Banker's Magazine.*

JARGON OF ENGLISH TRAMPS

It Dates from the Reformation and Is a Picturesque Language.

The English government is going to consider the vagrant. Vagrancy has engaged the attention of the authorities ever since it started in the whole-sale line with the reformation. In good Queen Bess' days a vagrant was whipped for being one the first time, he had a portion of his right ear cut off if he repeated the performance, and if he was convicted a third time he was sent on a long journey from which there is no possibility of return. Mild-er statutes came with the Georges. Our present vagrant act was passed in 1824 and amended in 1898. The vagrant has not been amended at all.

Tramping runs in families. I have traced the history of a tramp family back over 100 years, and found that five generations of them have been born in the workhouse and all had been lifelong vagabonds.

They are a conservative people, and it is interesting to note that many of the words which were tramps' language when Harmon compiled his dictionary in 1599 are in the tramps' and thieves' vernacular at this very second that ticks from the clock. The "boosing ken" of the sixteenth century is the "boosing ken" of the twentieth. The "beak," a constable, has become the "beak," a magistrate. "Dundas," clothes, have become "duds." "ensam" is still chaise, "autem" is still a church, and "mort," slightly altered, is woman, and an "autem mort," or church woman, a wife.

"Salter" (sold) are still peck, and the thief and the vagrant still reckon in Italian. "Tray salter" is three-pence, "chinker salter" is five pence, eight pence is "otter salter," nine pence is "nobba salter," and ten pence is "dancia salter"—Italian, tre, cinque, otto, nove, dieci—six pence is some- times a "teeter," which was its official name in the days of Henry VIII, and a shilling is a "beong," Italian, bianco—white, "Rome," which meant good or chief, is to-day "rum." In the language of the road in Elizabeth's time the queen was the "Rome mori," and London was "Rome vlie." In buskers' slang, the manager of a the-ater or a show is to-day "the rum-cull."

The tramps are an ancient fraternity. If they are forced off the road into labor colonies, I wonder if their venerable jargon will gradually pass away? I don't think so, because it is a secret language, and at no time will a tramp find a secret language more useful than when he and his fellows are in difficulties. I can imagine no difficulty greater to the true-born tramp than hard work.—*London Referee.*

FOLLOWING THE LEADER.
This incident is quoted from the New York Evening Post, not as an example of one man's superiority to the common herd, but rather to show that masculine wisdom is not incompatible with considerable folly.

The man who had been discussing his fellows at length said, with a sad smile: "If anything were needed to prove that mankind are like sheep, the doubter ought to go to one of the elevated stations where the company has installed two ticket sellers. If half the people would go to one window and half to the other, nobody would be delayed. But nobody ever saw this happen."

"Suppose," he went on, "the place is empty at some particular moment, and that twenty-two men file in at regular intervals of four feet. The first man sees the nearest window and makes for it. Eight men follow him without looking to right or left, and there is congestion at once."

"And excretion of the company," remarked a listener.

The speaker nodded and continued: "All of a sudden the ninth man gets to the top of the stairs and sees the vacant window. It is an inspiration, and he rushes over to it."

"Numbers ten to nineteen follow him, and they pile up there and fidget, while the first window is deserted. The last three men finally jump for it, and almost fight to see which gets his ticket first."

"It is often pointed out," concluded the critic, "that men know how to form in lines and wait for turns, while women don't. But to form in two lines is something men can't seem to learn."

A Carnation Farm.
A 200-acre ranch in Santa Monica, Cal., is devoted to carnations as an outdoor crop. The grower is a retired banker who follows flower culture as a recreation. He started with two acres, which has been increased to 200 acres, and it is expected that finally the whole of the ranch will be devoted to the culture of this flower. The carnation fields are yielding on an average from 6,000 to 10,000 flowers every day, and the demand is stated to be greater than the supply. A carnation field remains in bearing from two to three years, and is then renewed with plants obtained from cuttings. The plants are set in rows three feet apart, and the plants two feet apart in the rows, thus permitting cultivation with machinery.