

An Arrow and a Song.

When Basil Hetherington was young and addicted to writing of poetry it chanced that he knew a girl—her name was Eloisa Grey, if you want to know—and he addressed all of his poems to her. He wrote about the dawn and told her she was like that to him, and he wrote about storm and midnight and said these things were like his dreary heart. He celebrated her eyes and her golden head, and her little feet and the meadow through which she walked, and her voice singing in church. He looked and longed for some acknowledgment of these verses, which seemed to him quite the most sincere and moving of any that ever were written. But none came. Eloisa went her ways with only casual notice of him. And the first thing either of them knew, the days of childhood and poetry had passed; the meadows across which she had walked to school were built up with houses; Basil Hetherington had gone to a larger and dirtier city, and Eloisa went away to the far East, and later to Europe to study music.

Now, though no one had thought much about it in the old town, it was a fact that she had an unusual musical talent. It was creative and original. It sometimes seemed to her as if she thought only of music, and every sound she heard resolved itself into a part of a harmony for her. Sounds were chords and discords to her—the whistling of an engine, the hissing of steam, the beat of hoofs on the pavement, the roar of the town, the purr of a skiff through the water, all were a part of nature's symphony. She, who had seemed to herself so simple and childish a little time ago, became complex. She wondered at her own impulses; and the genius within her dominated her and set her to work when she would fain have been idle; it compelled her to relinquish pleasures for the sake of her task; she set aside friendships that she might not be tempted into dalliance. All of her care-free life was as a thing of the past. Great thoughts and impulses had come to abide in her and to control her life. Her eyes were opened to an appreciation of the achievements of the masters. All that was domestic in her she would have affirmed was dead or dormant. She lived for the sake of her art. To express in lofty terms the inspiration of her soul she felt to be her destiny.

So, by working early and late, it came about that her genius was harnessed; set to a pace; it was lawful, obedient, swift and strong. And Eloisa Grey—who had a name which you would all know if it were to be told you—was a famous woman. Good critics pronounced her work original, beautiful and of haunting characteristics. They said few women composers had ever got so at the root of harmony; they talked about her musicianly knowledge; they said she was a humble student of the masters, that she observed the traditions, yet triumphed over her knowledge and made it her own, and set the seal of personality upon all she did.

Having done all this, she fell to sighing and wondering if it was worth while. The laws of harmony, she reflected, were existent from the beginning. Any one could discover them; any one could make peculiar arrangements of musical notes, devise new themes, perceive that some musical ideas stood for one set of emotions, others for other emotions. And after it was all done, where was the joy of it? She went to a dreaming, immemorial little town on the Mediterranean and moped, not caring much for herself, thinking mighty little of fame, alienated from the life of her girlhood and feeling most bitterly alone.

At the same time a young merchant in hardware back in a dirty and boisterous town was reflecting that life was absurd. To toil for the sake of mere toll; to sleep for the sake of waking, and to wake for the sake of more sleeping by and by, appeared to him to be a dull game. Getting along in business had appeared to him to be difficult at the beginning, though the business had not been at all of his liking. But, somehow, he had succeeded. His concern was in correspondence with many hundred towns; he was an exporter of no mean enterprise. To help keep himself amused he built him a home and furnished it and lived in it, and wondered why he could not get the courage to ask any of the women he knew to marry him.

Sometimes as he sat before his fire in the quiet of an evening, after he was weary with reading, he would lean his head back and muse for a time, and in the unguarded moments he confessed, half unconsciously, to himself that the reason he did not marry was because no girl had ever seemed so sweet to him as Eloisa Grey, to whom he used to write the ballads, the lyrics, the lays and roundels. When he remembered her he was tempted to take to writing again, but he laughed at the idea of a merchant in wholesale hardware doing anything so inconsistent, and endeavored to recall his thoughts to commonplace themes.

It chanced one night that, having nothing else to do, he took a certain handsome and stately young lady to a concert at which a popular singer was to employ her talent for charity. It was a fashionable affair. The boxes of the great concert hall had been bought at fancy prices; the magnificent hall was filled. Basil Hetherington tried to feel gratified at the beauty and fascination of the woman with him and who was doing her best to please him.

dragged, and he was glad when the singing began; though he found that uninteresting, too. Then the famous prima donna came before the audience. She was to sing a suite of love songs by a woman composer, whose name Hetherington had often read, but whose music he had never heard. He felt but a languid interest at first. In spite of the tender and full-throated beauty of the singer's voice, but she had hardly completed the first stanza before he sat erect, listening eagerly. The words, enunciated with delicate clearness, seemed to speak to his own soul. They were as familiar to him as though he had written them, and, as he listened, and the song suite continued, swelling in its crescendo of passion, he knew he had written these words—that these were the songs he had sent years ago to Eloisa Grey. He had heard, too, that she had talent in composing, but it had never occurred to him that the name of the famous song writer could be that under which his old friend masked her identity. As the songs went on, however, he was convinced that this was the case. He could not tell why it was, but the soul of the girl who had never seemed to love him, and who had put him aside with girlish timidity and hauteur, appeared to be speaking to him now, and to be declaring her timorous love. He forgot the woman beside him; forgot the throng about him. He saw the meadows beyond the western town; saw the old schoolhouse; remembered the chaste, shy face of the girl who would not look his way, and his heart throbbled in his ears.

The next day saw him taking a train back to the town of his youth, which was now grown almost beyond his recollection. He found a relative of his old friend there, and he learned her whereabouts.

Should he write? Or should he seek her out? The probability of his entertaining a false premise tormented him in certain moments. He said it was a part of his old folly to rush to the conclusion that she loved him because she set his songs to beautiful music. Undoubtedly she had merely used the material at hand, realizing that the verses adapted themselves well to music. So he told himself scornfully—and even while he sneered he packed his trunk, left his business and started for a European vacation.

The long, golden afternoon dragged itself out like a song that is too sweet to end. Basil Hetherington, elated with beauty such as he had never known, soaked in the old world peace, forgetful of all the fret and fume of the life to which he was used, wandering about the ancient town by the Mediterranean on his love quest. He asked the townspeople concerning the American lady. They knew her and told him of the place where she lodged. But she was not there. The brooding splendor of the day had taken her to the shore or among the vine-clad hills, he told himself. So he searched, half hoping, half doubting; dreading to meet her and suffer dissolution of his dream; yet grudging the hours which he passed away from her.

It was almost sunset when he came upon her in a quiet place. She sat looking off sadly at the sea—changed, indeed! A woman in the plenitude of womanhood, with a woman's melancholy and aloofness. But he had too compelling a curiosity in his heart to permit him to accord any consideration to his own hesitancy. He went up to her and held out his hands. "Eloisa," he said, "I have come across the ocean and sought you out to ask a question of you."

"Why, Basil Hetherington!" she gasped. "I thought you had forgotten me a long time ago!"

"Forgotten you! I have remembered so well that I have traveled all this way to inquire why you chose my words as the theme of your wonderful songs. Was it mere casual selection?"

"No."

"Was it merely critical approval?"

"No."

"Was it because you prized my songs?"

"I prized them. Yes."

"For their literary merit—or, for their personal message?"

"You are making it hard for me."

"Why?"

"You are cheating me of the woman's part. You are making me declare myself—it is I who should listen."

"Then you did love the songs? It was a happiness to you to sing them as it was to me to write them? You knew I loved you. You remembered after all these years."

"Oh, yes, Basil, I remembered."

"Then, why, in the old days, did you never let me know you cared for me? I thought you never read them."

"And I thought you wrote them to me merely because I chanced to be at hand. I thought you were a poet—and that I was an incident—that you would have written so to any one, or perhaps did write verses like those you sent me to many others."

He laughed a long time before he could answer, and there was both amusement and joy in his laughter.

"I never wrote any verses at all except to you," he said. "I never was a poet except when I thought of you. It was only my love for you that made me sing."

She looked at him smilingly.

"My art never seemed worth while to me except when I set your words in music," she said.

The sun slipped over the horizon. The long, golden afternoon was done.—Chicago Tribune.

To analyze love too closely is to cure one's self of it. Psyche lost it by wishing to know what it was.

THE END OF SUMMER.

Pods are the poppies, and slim spires of pods.
The hollyhocks: the balsam's perky brethren.
Of moss-stained snow are little sacs of seeds
Collapsing at a touch; the lot, that roods.
The pond with green, has changed its flowers to rods.
That balance cell-pierced disks; and all the weeds,
Around the sleepy water and its reeds.
Are one white smoke of seeded silk that roods.
Summer is dead, ah me! sweet summer's dead!
The sunset clouds have built her funeral pyre,
Through which, e'en now, runs subterranean fire;
White from the east, as from a garden bed,
Mist-vined, the dusk lifts her broad moon, like some
Great golden melon, saying, "Fall has
Madison Cawein in September Century.

The New Tailored Skirt.

The street skirts have reached the extreme. There will be the unusually long, trailing skirt, slender, tight-fitting and graceful, that will bring about a revival of the scientific microscope lecture, and there will also be a short skirt of even length all around that to be exactly proper will hang just two inches from the floor.

Cloth buttons, rows and rows of fine stitching, straps, applique of the same material as the skirt, cut in conventional scroll pattern and heavily stitched, will be the only trimming used for these new skirts, but as all of the new models are done in two or all of these styles the effect is one of paradoxical elegance, elaborate with the skirt-stitched trimming and simple because of the absence of braid, gilt and lace.

The very newest models are made with five or seven narrow gorges. The center gorge is often set in with a panel effect, which is made by the founce at the bottom ending at the seams of the front gorge, or else it is produced by a yoke in back and across the hips that is cut from the same piece as is the front gorge, and is outlined with stitching, which begins in back and runs along the edge of the yoke, and then down to front seams to the end of the skirt.

Tucks and broad plaits will do away entirely with darts of any sort. Nearly all of the skirts are set on yokes of some description or yokes are outlined by stitched straps, or the cloth applied in the scroll design. The street skirts, both long and short, fit very tight over the hips and to the knees, where they are finished in either a circular, Spanish founce or flare seams. The straps and applique are ornamented with large cloth buttons.

The habit back is as decidedly gone as in the pointed waist line. Small inverted plaits give a scant fullness to the back. One plait is more popular, but two and three are a mark of the season's newness. A graceful style for a very long skirt shows ten small plaits turned in and held down by stitched straps reaching just across the plaits and finished with buttons, says the Chicago Evening Post.

The circular founce is the result of the ruffled summer skirt. It finishes the very smartest models. It is a graduated founce always, and is often double or even triple. It is usually very high in back and narrow in front, often narrowing to nothing, where the front gorge reaches to the floor. This founce gives the fluff effect about the feet, the same as does the ruffled skirt. All of the short skirts are made with tight linings, and the trailing ones are made with drop skirts.

The colors and materials are as extreme as the styles. The zibeline or canvas weaves, share popularity with broadcloth and Venetian cloth, which is really a light weight broadcloth. The canvas weave is coming from London with colored borders for sleeves, collars, fronts of coats and the bottom of skirts. There is green with a lavender border, red ending fancifully in tan and blue or brown with tan.

But the very smartest things for the fall skirts will be the light shades in the canvas weave, or the old-fashioned "basket" cloth. There are beautiful Prussian blues mixed so with white as to be very light and show almost a satin gleam; there is olive green that merges almost to yellow in the same way; there is a glorious gray that shows up pearl; a mode shade that is really cream colored, and then there is white, pure white, to be made the same as the others, trimmed only in stitches and cloth applique. These very light shades are distinctly Parisian. Just now women are buying everything white in Paris, from their shoes to their belts, and from their belts to their hats.

A Himalayan Dairy.

Eight thousand feet above the sea level, in the heart of the Himalaya mountains, within seeing distance of snow covered Mt. Everest, and three miles from any road—save the beaten foot path of natives and ponies, hill, rock and cloud bound—such is the location of the subject of this letter, writes J. E. Nissley in Chicago Producer.

While leisurely strolling through the public bazaar (market) one morning in Calcutta I noticed the sign, "Fresh Butter Made by the Alghari Dairy." Of course I was delighted to see so familiar a term as "fresh butter" and immediately learned all I could concerning it, and especially the place at which the butter was made. To my surprise, I was informed that the dairy was nearly 500 miles distant part of the way on horseback or foot only; but as I had a desire to see the mountains, and a most novel railroad

of two feet gauge, I at once concluded to visit the place.

The nearest railroad point is Ghoom. Here I hired a little mountain pony on whose back I completed the last three miles, and 1,000 feet ascent of the trip.

Quite a number of the cows are kept here, most of which are natives—being a sort of cross between Jerseys and our commonest scrub; they give on an average about five pounds of milk per day. I was unable to learn, however, how it tested and can therefore say nothing as to its quality, although my observation would lead me to believe that it is not very rich in butter fat. The cows are fed some grain, mostly corn, which grows on the mountains, but the greater part of their subsistence is the grass which grows luxuriously on the mountainsides. There are no fences, and if the cows are picketed, as with us in Kansas, it is not to keep them from wandering away, but to protect them from the possibility of tumbling down the hill, which is actually so steep as to make it a quite reasonable precaution.

Milking is all done by natives who do not exhibit very much development in the art. A DeLaval separator is used for skimming, and so far as the equipment of the dairy, as well as of the stable, is concerned, it is up to date, well arranged and a great credit to its owners (whom I failed to meet, much to my regret). All the product from this dairy is carried to the railway station and near-by towns on the backs of coolies (the lowest caste of men), who are paid the pitiful sum of 2 annas a day (about 4c). Well, in one sense, their hire is not pitiful after all, as they live quite well on that sum, their needs being extremely limited.

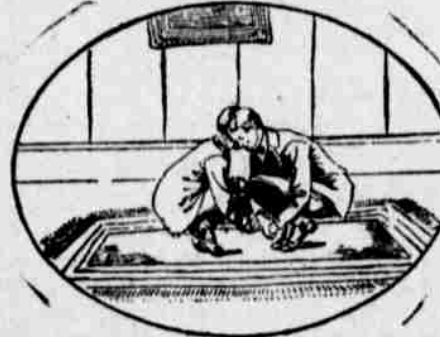
You say, "Why this dairy in so out-of-the-way place?" Possibly when I tell you that down at Calcutta, on the sea level and plain, the temperature is from 100 to 130 degrees F. in the sun, with poor water and uncertain pasture, the query will most likely be answered.

I have seen other dairies in India, both goat and buffalo, about which I would like to write, but suffice to say I have had the product from these latter dairies long enough to do me for many years, and I long for something more American. Oh, for a drink of genuine cow's milk—for butter that has an aroma.

A Terrier Fight.

Rough-house is the expression used by the boy of today when he is describing a general scuffle, and he always smacks his lips over the word, says the American Boy. But rough-house has its disadvantages, as many sprains and bruises can testify, and if the same amount of fun may be had from some less trying amusement, an amusement, say, which is quite as energetic and quite as exciting, the boy of today will certainly adopt it in preference to rough-house.

A terrier fight is exciting, and it is funny—it is also energetic—and victory depends quite as much upon the skill of the fighter as upon his strength.



Furthermore, a terrier fight is not brutal. No boy will hurt himself while engaged in this sport. As shown in the illustration, two boys are placed facing each other in the center of a room; hands clasped beneath the knees and a stick just under the elbows, as shown. Each contestant endeavors to push the other over; but as it requires considerable attention to keep your balance at all when in this position, the attack is no easy matter.

To suddenly give way is a maneuver almost sure to upset your adversary, but unfortunately it is very apt to upset you at the same time, and only after considerable practice will you be able to overcome a man in this way. The pivot, a sudden swing to the right or left, is safer, though not quite as effective. Always remember that the best terrier fighter invariably makes his opponent throw himself. Give way at some unexpected point, and unless he is a skillful man he is sure to go over. Never try a hard push except in the last extremity when everything else has failed.

A terrier fight consists of three one-minute rounds, with thirty seconds' rest between each round. The one scoring the largest number of falls during the time set is accounted the winner.

Confidence.

One morning a big, muscular groom said to his employer: "I can't exercise that horse any more. He will bolt and run at anything he sees." The owner, a small man and ill at the time, asked that the horse be hooked up. Stepping into the carriage he drove a couple of miles, and then asked the groom to please station along the road such objects as the horse was afraid of. This was done, and the horse was driven by them quickly, back and forth, with loose lines slapping on his back. The whole secret was in a voice that inspired confidence. The man had been frightened at everything he saw that he supposed the horse would fear. The fear went to the horse like an electric message. Then came a punishing pull of the lines, with jerking and the whip. Talk to your horse as to your sweetheart.—Exchange.

Wires and Weather.

According to Dr. Eydram, a German physician, there are no more reliable weather prophets than telegraph wires. This novel discovery was made by him in the following manner: As he was waiting for a train at a country station he heard a shrill sound, which was made by the wind as it passed through a network of nearby wires. At once the doctor remembered that he had frequently heard a similar sound either immediately before or after a storm or a heavy fall of rain or snow, and it naturally occurred to him to try and ascertain whether there was any connection between the sound and such changes in the weather.

As a heavy shower of rain fell within 48 hours after he had heard the sound at the railroad station, he concluded that there was such a connection, and he then determined to investigate the matter thoroughly. As a result he now maintains, first, that any unusual disturbance in the telegraph wires is an infallible indicator of bad weather, and, second, that the nature of the changes in the atmosphere may be learned from the sound which the wind makes when passing through the wires.

Thus a deep sound, he says, which is of considerable or medium strength, indicates that there will be slight showers of rain with moderate winds within from 30 to 48 hours, and, on the other hand, a sharp, shrill sound is the sure token of a heavy storm, which will be accompanied by much rain or snow.

Nature's Remedies.

There seems no excuse for the continual use of drugs if the same remedial effects are to be found in the more palatable form of vegetables and fruits.

Does the system demand sulphur? We find it in turnips, onions, cabbage, cauliflower, watercress and horseradish. The much-maligned potato is rich in salts of potash. French beans and lentils give iron. Watercress contains a sulpho-nitrogenous essential oil, iodine, iron, phosphate and other salts, and spinach salts of potassium and iron in such quantities that the French term it "the broom of the stomach," and food specialists rate it as the most precious of vegetables, says an exchange.

In cases of anaemia, cabbage, cauliflower and spinach proved distinctly beneficial. "Love apples," our modern tomato, stimulated the healthy action of the liver. Asparagus was beneficial in kidney troubles. Celery was a sure cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. The carrot formed blood and added to the beauty of the skin. Beets and turnips kept the blood pure and improved the appetite.

Watercress, like asparagus, was good for the kidneys and was a stimulant to mind and body.

Lettuce was extremely beneficial for tired nerves and the lassitude peculiar to spring.

Parsley proved an excellent tonic and also cleared the complexion, while the whole array of "greens," mustard, cowslip, horseradish, dock, dandelions, young beet tops, and even stalks of the milk weed, were religiously added to the springtime bill of fare, to clear the blood, regulate the system and remove that tired feeling, so closely associated with the vernal season.

Fish as Hunters.

Several animals that employ projectiles in capturing their prey are known to naturalists. This may not seem so wonderful in regard to mammals and insects, but when it comes to fish one is apt to wonder what they can use for this purpose. A few drops of water seem hardly sufficient for any effective service, yet this is the main reliance of the toxus jaculator in obtaining his food. He is found in the rivers of India, and lives chiefly on the insects that wander over the leaves of aquatic plants.

To wait for them to fall into the water would result in meager fare; to capture them by leaping would be difficult, even if the noise caused by the act did not frighten them away. The toxus knows a better trick than that. He draws in some drops of water, and then, contracting his mouth, ejects them with such force and certainty that they rarely fail to bring down the insect aimed at.

There is another fish in Java that acts in this manner and can strike a fly at a distance of several feet. The Chinese keep the curious fish in jars and amuse themselves by making them carry on this little exercise.

Virtues of Buttermilk.

The virtues of that old-fashioned and easily procured drink, buttermilk, have not been half sung these days. Physicians say that its lactic acid is even more healthful than the citric acid of oranges and lemons. It is credited, too, by those who should know, as being of value to a rheumatic patient. It has been found to be both nourishing and fattening, as well as remarkably easy of assimilation. If liked at all it is undoubtedly a better drink in summer than many of the carbonated, artificially flavored drinks that are consumed in almost unlimited quantities.

Suggestions.

It is well to use old or cheap table linen in the summer time, so as not to have the best covered with fruit stains.

It is said that borax dissolved in a little water and added to cold starch will prevent the starch from adhering

to the iron, helps to stiffen the linen and makes it glossy.

A few drops of oil and a good rubbing with pumice stone will help irons covered with rust. Also heating the irons and rubbing with a flannel cloth dipped in kerosene.

To keep fish never put one on top of another, but wring a clean cloth out of cold water in which some salt has been dissolved. Wrap the fish separately in this, lay on a dish and keep in the coolest place possible.

Bedroom candles are again popular. Such pretty artistic candlesticks may be bought for a small sum and the work of the housekeeper greatly lessened.

In cooking onions and cabbage plenty of water should be used, and it is well to change it at least once, because of the strength of the flavors.

There are many pretty ways of serving salad. Scoop out a cucumber and fill with tomato or any kind of salad. The top or rather the side of the cucumber may be replaced and the whole tied together and served on lettuce. The ribbon is untied and the top slips off, when it is ready to be eaten. A cabbage salad garnished with parsley and radishes with the skin cut down makes a pretty dish. Green peppers and tomatoes make pretty cases for salad.

Borax is useful in many ways. By adding a few spoonfuls to the warm water in the wash basin one's hands are cleansed and softened. Bathing the feet at night with warm water with borax in it removes the soreness and roughness. When troubled with hives sponge with borax water. It is also said to be efficient as a gargle for sore throat. Many housekeepers use it for laundry purposes, putting a pint in each tub of water. Dry borax is useful to drive away ants.

Coffee.

A coffee man who has spent thirty years in the business says he cannot tell samples of coffee varying in price one from another. That in the main a poor grade of coffee well and carefully made will give better results than a good grade of coffee indifferently steamed.

With a good many cooks "coffee boiled is coffee spoiled," and in the leading restaurants the "drip" pots with the Irish linen bags are used.

To each quart of hard boiling water one and one-half ounces of ground coffee. Pour the water through the coffee until the infusion is of the requisite strength, keeping the infusion just to the verge of boiling, but not beyond. Within seven minutes take the cylinder and bag out of the coffee and for three to five minutes keep the coffee to the verge of boiling. Then serve at once.

There are those who do not like drip coffee at home, who like the white of egg stirred in the coffee and the infusion brought to the boiling point. In all restaurants and hotels, however, the French coffee is served. "The person who is fastidious in his tastes would find better results today if he had his coffee carefully brewed at home in small quantities, just as he used it. There are just two reasons for the drinking of coffee. Perhaps the chief of these is the subtle flavor of the aroma. Following this comes the stimulating after-effect of the caffeine.

It is said that a person needing a cup of coffee gets a more pronounced and lasting stimulant from the coffee than would a drinker from one drink of whisky. Unlike alcohol, caffeine is easily digestible.

There is no appreciable food value in a cup of coffee. The cream that goes into it is all right and is not affected in nutritive value by the mixing.

Tannic acid is the thing to be avoided in coffee making. Boiling extracts it, or too long submersion in hot water. The tannic acid is the bitter quality and is undesirable in every way.

The extent to which the people of the United States are interested in the general subject of coffee may be gathered from the estimated importations of 550,000,000 pounds annually, a consumption of nearly eight pounds to each person in the country. As compared to this abroad, however, Holland consumes twenty-one pounds per capita, Denmark 13.89, Belgium 13.48 and Great Britain only one pound.

As an article of commerce, the history of the coffee berry is pretty well known. The berry is the seed of a small cherry growing upon a tropical plant first found wild on the plains of Abyssinia. The Dutch East Indies made the first experiments outside of Arabia in 1890, when the island of Java was selected as an experimental field. Since that time coffee culture has spread to the tropics of nearly every part of the civilized world.

The coffee cherry is first deprived of its pulp by a washing process, which leaves the double coffee berry in a husk. When this husk is dried it is cracked by machinery and the grains separated. These grains afterward are sized by passing through screens and put in bags for marketing.

There are five thousand two hundred and eighty-two Smiths employed by the government. One thousand five hundred and twenty-three Joneses. One thousand one hundred and two Browns and one thousand and four Johnsons. There are eighteen George Washingtons, two William McKinleys, three William Bryans, and two Grover Cleverlands.

Some one truly says: Boys do not hunt rabbits with bull dogs; why then, hunt for activity and eggs with beefy hens? Shape is important but place performance beside it as a complete test. For eggs alone, the Mediterranean breeds excel. For flavor, the Asiatics are ahead.