Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 29, 1907.

MOTHER—HUNGER.

If only I could find her—for the mother-hunger's on me;
I want to see her, touch her, to know her close beside;
I want to put my head in the hollow of her shoulder,
I want to feel her love me as she did before she died.

In all the world is nothing, love of husband or of children,
In all the world is nothing that can soothe me or can stir
Like the memory of her fragile hand on which the ring was slipping—
The hand that wakes my longing at the very thought of her.

The window in the sunshine and the empty chair beside it,
The loneliness that mocks me as I find the sacred place!
O Mother, is there naught in the unerring speech of silence
To let me know your presence, though I cannot see your face?

Thank God that I have had you—that we held each other closer,
As women and as sisters and as souls that claimed their own,
Than any tie of blood could bind; and now my heart is bleeding,
My heart is bleeding Mother, and yours is turned to stone!

O, no, I've not forgotten the triumph and the glory—
I would not bring you back again to struggle and to pain.
This hour will pass; but O, just now, the mother-hunger's on me,
And I would give my soul tonight to kiss your hair again.

—[Good Housekeeping.

PAPA'S STRATAGEM.

Mr. Gorton Traverse surveyed lugubriously the array of trunks being dumped in the anteroom of the Paris apartment. There were nineteen pieces, not counting hat-boxes and other minor impediments. Each one, as it was deposited by the panting *commissionaires*, seemed to Mr. Traverse another stone dumped on the grave of his happy past, another cable binding him to the peripatetic existence of the present. There had been only six at the start when the family—that is Mrs. Traverse and Miss Cecilia Enders Traverse—had sailed from the New York pier. To these had been gathered the rest, like the rolling ball of snow.

The two ladies had not returned to their native land since that winter day; but "papa," pleading business necessities from time to time, had made furtive excursions across the Atlantic to the shores of the sky-scrapers and "deals." On these occasions he had lingered in his old haunts as long as a strong sense of domestic privilege and obligation had permitted; then with lagging feet had returned to the ever moving hearthstone. Unfortunately, as he had come privately to feel, the Traverse share of the national prosperity was so large, so abounding and solid that there could be no excuse for his remaining permanently in his native land; his goods were all where they could not be stolen; where they must go on earning dividends and multiplying.

This time the family had emerged from Spain, from Biskra—they had read "The Garden of Allah"—from Alexandria, where four months before he had joined them for the Nile trip. As he drew forth from his cigar-case a crisp Bock and reflected for the fifth time that day how inferior the European variety of cigar is to its American brother, he wondered vaguely whether he could invent a sufficiently plausible excuse to escape to New York before the holidays. The stock market looked "spotty," and a bank in which he was interested was about to swallow another bank in which he was also interested. But the only stocks that he owned were too sound to develop any spots, and when the banks had swallowed each other the only effect would be to double the dividends that he was sure to be getting. He sighed. Mr. Gorton Traverse was a heavy, sallow man, with a great shock of gray hair, and the ponderous manner that is a business asset. The operations of his mind were slow and sure-footed: he never made mistakes—in investments.

Mrs. Traverse, who had been in the new motor for a preliminary reconnaissance with the dressmaker, entered at this moment, with a rustle of underwear, a dangling of chains, and a waving of plumes. Behind her came Cecilia, taller and slenderer than her mother, with a lesser rustle of appurtenances.

"So the trunks have come at last!" Mrs. Traverse exclaimed in a gratified tone.

"I should say they had," Gorton Traverse grunted. "Tell that fellow to wait with the car, will you, Liddy? I want him to take me to the bank."

It was his custom to defer any orders to the servants until his wife or daughter could translate them into suitable French, Italian, or German, as the case might be. He had had several regrettable experiences in giving unintelligible commands to foreign ears.

"Are you going to the bank again today?" Mrs. Traverse inquired severely.

"Yes—there's trouble in the market over there. I want to see the latest cables."

"Oh!"

"I may find that I must run across, Liddy," he ventured.

Mrs. Traverse eyed him in cold silence, but having gone thus far he added boldly:

"It's hard for a man to attend to his business thousands of miles away!"

"Business!" his wife sniffed. She was aware of the impregnability of the Traverse fortune. "Why go back to that topic, Gorton?" she demanded severely. "You know why it has to be."

"Just because a young fellow wants to marry a girl, to be kept out of your home for two years and more," he grumbled openly, seeing that Cecilia had departed to give his order to the chauffeur.

"Rather because Cecilia was quite willing to marry the young man," his wife corrected. "You forget, Gorton, that we left only just in time to prevent an awful scandal." She shuddered.

"It amounts to the same thing, so far as I can see," Traverse replied morosely.

"Not exactly: the difference is—Europe."

"Oh, well, how long is it going on, I want to know! I should think two years was long enough to fix a matter of that sort."

Every time that the family resettled itself Mrs. Traverse had to undergo a scene of this nature. It came with engaging new servants, with a change of habits or food. She had met this incipient rebellion the previous spring in London, the autumn before in Rome. Her husband's memory of the family crisis that had sent them fleeing to Europe had to be revived on each occasion, and she was forced to recount the steps that had originally moved them out of their big, sprawling American home and dumped them on the shores of Europe. In brief, as the story ran, the inexperienced Cecilia had surrendered her heart with characteristic promptness and fervor to an undesirable young man, a Mr. Percy Mapes, a "clerk or something" in a railroad office—clearly, uncontrovertibly an impossible person with obscure antecedents, a tenuous present, and a tenebrous future. Moreover, it was rumored in the fellowship of mothers that his habits were "bad." There was not one redeeming feature to him except his seductive personality with which he had made an indelible impression on Cecilia's tender heart. But it was not to be considered—Miss Traverse, the daughter of Gorton Traverse, the granddaughter of ex-Governor Enders, the only child of Second National and Metropolitan Union National Bank stock, of Bluff City Consolidated, etc., etc.! The impertinence of "that puppy Mapes" still brought color to Mrs. Traverse's cheeks. Nevertheless, the impertinent puppy had kept the Traverse family out of their native land for nearly three years, while presumably he was enjoying himself at home—and waiting their return.

"If you had only been willing to accept the count's offer," Mrs. Traverse remarked meaningly.

"Pay three hundred thousand for him!" her husband growled. "He isn't worth thirty cents. Why, many a time I've given a quarter to fellows like him on the street at home. And Cis wouldn't take him either. . . . Well, I'm going to the bank."

The stolid man rose with a sigh and laid down his cigar. His wife looked sympathetically at his balking majesty. He was a Colossus—in Cleveland, U. S. A.; but in Europe he resembled a piece of discarded statuary over which one was likely to stumble.

"I wish, Gorton, you could find some interest to occupy your time. Other men do, like Charlie Gow and Seamans: they are not bored all the time."

"I'm too old, Liddy, to take an interest in art or motor-cars," Gorton Traverse replied with dignity, "and I don't like the food, either."

"Perhaps Cecilia will accept Mr. Lightbody. She likes him and he's very attentive."

"Is he the fellow at the legation?"

"The military attache, and he may be transferred to Washington. I think Cecilia would like Washington."

"How much would he want if Cecilia took him?" Traverse inquired alertly.

"Gorton! Mr. Lightbody comes of a very fine Virginia family."

"That kind is generally poor enough to take what it can get," papa remarked with business sententiousness, as the man handed him into his coat and hat.

At the bank there was a flutter in the little crowd of American men—tourists and expatriates—who were gathered about the diminutive board where a nimble French clerk was posting the New York quotations of the opening market. The "spotty" market had evidently broken out into a lively small panic. Gorton Traverse, stolid and sad, stood on the edge of the group and watched the quotations until his heavy eyes fired. Something was on in Bluff City Consolidated. An acquaintance fresh from the New York steamer gave him some scraps of the street gossip, and when Cecilia called for him in the motor his eyes were almost beaming with resolution.

"Going home, papa?" Cecilia, who knew the signs, asked sympathetically.

"Yes—tell him to stop at the Lloyd office. The *Kaiser* sails Thursday," he replied briskly, and added in heavy hypocrisy: "There's trouble over there—panic—must see to things personally."

"Don't you want to take a berth for me, papa?" she asked, snuggling closer to him under the rug.

"Why, Cis—you know your mother wouldn't hear of it!"

"Couldn't we elope?" she suggested with a mischievous smile of recollection.

Papa laughed a hearty appreciation of the joke, a laugh that he rarely emitted in Europe.

"That would be hard on your mother, wouldn't it? What would she say!"

"That it was all your fault."

"I guess she would, Cis—and something more."

As the car became involved in the snarl of traffic in front of the Opera, the girl's hand stole to her father's arm and squeezed it coaxingly.

"Did you see him, last time?"

"Him?"

"Don't bluff, papa!"

"No—I didn't."

"But you heard about him? Was he—married?"

"Not that I know of. I guess he's all right."

"It's a long time!" she sighed.

"Three years next spring," he sighed with her. As the motor started into life with a jerk, he remarked irrelevantly: "Your mother thinks that Mr. Lightbody is a good sort of man."

Cecilia pinched the fat hand beneath the robe.

"You're so easy, papa! . . . Mr. Lightbody is a good sort of man—to play tennis with."

They both laughed.

"So you won't take me?" Cecilia said as the motor stopped in front of the steamship office.

"I'd like to!"

"You'll take a letter for me?"

"Cis—would that be the square thing to mother?"

The girl pouted.

II

Things were "doing" down among the skyscrapers Wall street way. Gorton Traverse had kept himself very busy for six weeks between the "street" and Cleveland, and had almost forgotten his troubles. He had been welcomed back to the old lunch table at the club, to his vice-president's desk at the bank, to the solemn financial councils; he was made to feel almost necessary to the wheels of Progress and Prosperity. His paunch had broadened perceptibly; his heavy face had assumed the set look that comes from concealing important information.

Now the time was fast coming when he must sail once more for Europe: the domestic cord had been pulled, not violently, but firmly. In another week a new Atlantic leviathan would be bearing him to the bosom of his family. At the close of a busy day he was sitting in the lobby of his New York hotel, watching the through eddying about the marble pillars on the rugged pavement. There were familiar faces in the throng that nodded deferentially or amicably at him. The rugs, the marbles, the gods gave him a pleasant, home-like feeling, enlarged his sense of himself. He sighed heavily in contemplation of the immense homelessness of Europe. There was nothing like this over there, not such busy, restless crowds of well dressed people, not such gorgeous marbles and rugs in the hotels, not such a noise of elevators and call-boys, such movement, such life! He preferred this to all the boulevards of Paris—and the ticker clicking cheerily just around the corner in the bar room.

He thought with complacency how much money he had made these six weeks, then remembered that he would have lost nothing if he had stayed away. . . . Sighing heavily again, he became aware that a man, a well-dressed young man, was staring at him with the air of knowing him, yet hesitating to intrude on his solitude. Suddenly the young man came forward with rapid decision, holding out his hand:

"Mr. Traverse! How are you?"

"Mr. Mapes, isn't it?" the older man acknowledged the salutation stiffly without rising from his seat, and added after a moment: "I am very well, sir."

In spite of the cold reception the young man stood in front of him and continued his inquiries:

"How is Mrs. Traverse?"

"Very well, thank you."

"And Cec—your daughter?"

"All right. They are in Paris," Traverse volunteered, a trifle less stiffly.

"I know!" the young man exclaimed with a suppressed smile.

"I'm sailing Saturday to join them."

"You spend a good deal of time abroad," the young man observed pleasantly.

"Yes—most of the time. My wife and daughter like it over there."

Unconsciously his voice had become friendlier in response to the sympathetic tone of the young man, and as a group of people brushed by them he looked invitingly at the vacant seat beside him. The young man promptly sat down, saying:

"And how do you like it over there?"

"Well, not so much as my wife. There isn't much for a man to do, if he can't speak any language but English. I don't speak foreign languages, so I have to keep to the hotels or use guides, and they aren't satisfactory. Europe's a good enough place to live in, if you are interested in art and such things. But for an active man like myself it gets pretty slow sometimes, pretty slow!"

He was pouring out his woes with an unaccustomed abandon: his heart was sore over the Saturday boat. The young man listened with lowered eyes, nodding sympathetically at the right places.

"America is the place for a live man to live in!" Gorton Traverse concluded in a final burst.

"I expect that's so," the young man agreed with a pleasant smile. "Still, I'd like the chance to get over there! Perhaps I will go some day."

"How are things going with you?" the older man inquired with a touch of embarrassment. He was conscious that he was in some way not keeping faith with his wife, yet he was loath to snub the young man. He had never been able to take the severe point of view that Mrs. Traverse held about him. As a young man, seen from the distance of middle age, he seemed attractive; but Gorton Traverse had accepted his wife's authority on the question of his undesirability as a husband for Cecilia. She ought to know about this matter: she gave it her undivided attention. "You're still in the Central?"

"Oh, I got out of that two years ago. I'm with Dale & Drew now, the bankers. In their New York office."

He did not attempt to suppress the satisfaction it gave him to communicate this information.

"They're good people," Traverse observed. "They're interested in Bluff City Consolidated, aren't they?"

And the two men slid off into a shorthand conversation of underwriting, syndicates, pools, mortgage bonds, and debenture stock, from which they emerged an hour later when the young man glanced at his watch.

"It's about time to eat—won't you dine with me?" Traverse asked impulsively. The next moment he remembered his wife and trembled—looked about him furtively to assure himself that no acquaintances were present who might betray his weakness. The young man, observing the sudden change of expression, smiled and said slowly: "Not to-night, thank you—engagement—sorry."

Gorton Traverse looked his relief, and as he gave him his hand said:

"Well—another—"

"Won't you drop in at the office tomorrow? I can give you those figures then, and Mr. Drew will be pleased to tell you all you want to know about that syndicate."

"Perhaps I will, perhaps I will!" He was grateful to the young man for saving him so gracefully from his own awkwardness. He watched him sink into the throng—an alert, handsome figure—and his heart was immediately engulfed in that loneliness from which the young man had rescued him, temporarily.

"Perhaps Cis knows better than we do!" he muttered as he lounged into the dining-room for his solitary meal.

And there over his dinner was born the first stratagem, the first duplicity, that had ever entered into Gorton Traverse's dealings with his wife. It penetrated subtly his slow-moving mind as course by course the dinner was placed before him. And when he entered the "Pompeian room" for his coffee he smiled a broad, sly smile.

III

It was usually a seasick and melancholic visage that Gorton Traverse presented to his family on his return from his expeditions to his native land. But this time when he alighted from the boat train at Saint-Lazaire he joked and smiled to an extent hardly to be accounted for by a "splendid passage, good company," nor by the favorable report of business. Mrs. Traverse had too much good sense, however, to delve into the mystery of causes when results were satisfactory.

"How's Lightfinger?" he asked his wife when they were alone for a moment. Mrs. Traverse looked searchingly at him, but as her husband was never known to attempt puns she replied briefly:

"You mean Mr. Lightbody? He has been recalled. . . . Cecilia and I are thinking of taking the cure at Aix."

"Cure for what? Can't we stay here awhile? Paris is pretty gay, isn't it? The Salon just opened—I want to see some pictures."

Mrs. Traverse started at this unexpected interest in fine art. Traverse turned to his daughter.

"What are you doing to-morrow morning Cis?"

"We are still shopping and—"

"That Salon is open mornings?"

"Of course, it's always open."

"Your father shows a surprising interest in modern art," Mrs. Traverse remarked in her best sarcasm.

"The Salon is very poor this year."

"If I'm going to live over here the rest of my life, I think it's time I got interested in some of their paint and clay works," Traverse explained with ponderous jocosity. "And I want you, Cis, to take me there to-morrow and introduce me. Mother can stay at home. She knows too much for a beginner."

"Papa is positively gay, and he has a sly look about him, too," Cecilia commented after a scrutinizing glance at her father. . . .

However ignorant Gorton Traverse might be of art in spite of his prolonged residence abroad, he seemed on the morrow to know exactly what he wished to see. When the motor had deposited the two at the great stucco entrance and the tickets had been procured, he pushed his way into the rotunda, which was crowded with the usual gaping throng trying earnestly to untangle the maze of marble with the aid of catalogues. In spite of Cecilia's remonstrances, he pushed steadily on until he came to a remote corner of the right wing where certain colossal pieces reposed in popular neglect. Here his pace slackened and he gave himself time to breathe and look about at the cold marble countenances of celebrities.

"Papa," Cecilia observed "what makes you so keen about portrait busts? Are you going to have yourself done? . . Tell me!"—she came in close to his arm and spoke beguilingly—"did you see him?"

Traverse examined the name at the base of a heoric piece without replying.

"I know you did?" Cecilia persisted.

"Is he—well? What did he say? Oh, dear, tell me how he looks!"

But her father skirted the pedestal in his investigation and was lost to view on the other side of President Carnot. He failed to emerge, and at that moment a young man sauntered out from a group of sightseers and raised his hat.

"You!" Cecilia gasped. "And papa—"

"We crossed on the same boat; we had a splendid passage!"

"So papa said. . . ."

Gorton Traverse did not emerge from the shadow of President Carnot. Instead he wandered off into distant mazes of the vast hall, got mixed up in a group of heathen goddesses that sent him upstairs to the galleries, where after tramping a number of dusty miles between walls of paint he was rescued by an attendant, who comprehending the language difficultly took him by the arm and led him to an exit. This was on the opposite side of the building from the entrance where the motor had been left, but Traverse boldly threw himself into a cab, waving his hand and saying in English: "Go anywhere!" The driver went out into the broad, sunny avenue and rambled upward toward the Arch, while Traverse smiled to himself and enjoyed the Paris atmosphere as he had never done before.

"I guess they'll find the motor all right when they want it," he murmured, and then it occurred to him that a momentous and difficult duty remained before him. Paying his cab, he descended and started homeward, preferring to trust his sense of locality to his ability to direct the coachman. In spite of the lowering face of duty he still smiled and seemed contented with himself. He sniffed the air and walked as a man who sees visions, and not the least happy vision was the picture of a big sprawling house on the bluff above the lake at Cleveland, Ohio.

"Where is Cecilia?" Mrs. Traverse demanded in mild suprise when her husband appeared alone.

"Isn't she home yet? I left her among the statues some time ago—"

"Left Cecilia there alone!" Something in her husband's manner gave her exclamation a touch of sternness. Gorton had not been quite himself since he had landed.

"Not all alone—with a friend, a young man," Traverse replied fumblingly. "They are there yet, I expect, unless they have gone somewhere else."

The remark sounded foolish, but Mrs. Traverse suspected that it contained more point than shone on the surface.

"Who is this young man that you saw fit to leave Cecilia alone with?"

She went boldly forward to meet the truth, and her husband fluttered. It was the first piece of double-dealing he had ever attempted with Mrs. Traverse, and he had the transparency of the novice.

"It's no use, Liddy!" he exclaimed, in a rush. "Of course it's him. You have done your best for three years. You have had your own way. Isn't it about time now for me and Cis? And he's a good fellow, and smart, too. He'll beat Lightbody all over the pasture, take my word for that! I know a man—"

"Gorton Traverse!" That was all that she found to say as she rose swiftly and started for the door.

"It's no use, Liddy. You couldn't find a thing in that place. I couldn't have got out if it hadn't been for a guard, and there are about a million people. Just wait here and think it over with me. They'll be back soon enough."

Mrs. Traverse walked to and fro, realizing unpleasantly the limits of the tether.

"I don't believe they will get married without letting us know," Traverse threw in by way of comfort. "He isn't that kind—though he's had to wait long enough."

"And so this was the business that called you back?"

"No—no, I can't say that. It came in incidentally. It was an inspiration, Liddy!"

Mrs. Traverse made one more trip across the room, then sank vanquished into a chair. Her husband hitched forward his chair opposite to her, and resting a fat fist on either knee said sympathetically:

"Do the best you can, Liddy. . . . It's hard on you, but it's been hard on us!"

He caught the sound of voices beyond the anteroom.

"I guess they're coming now. . . . The old place looks pretty fine, Liddy! We can be home for the first roses. . . ."

—By Robert Herrick, in *Collier's*.

Japanese Vegetable Milk.

In a recent number of a Japanese journal a Mr. T. Kalajama described a process for the manufacture of a vegetable milk, the properties of which will render it highly suitable for use in tropical countries. The preparation is obtained from a well-known member of the leguminous family of plants (namely, the Soja bean,) which is a very popular article of food among the Chinese. The beans are first of all softened by soaking in water, and are then pressed and boiled in water. The resultant liquid is exactly similar to cows' milk in appearance, but it is entirely different in its composition. This Soja bean-milk contains 92.5 per cent. water, 3.02 per cent. protein, 2.13 per cent. fat, 0.03 per cent. fiber, 1.88 per cent. non-nitrogenous substances, and 0.41 per cent. ash. Kalajama added some sugar and a little phosphate of potassium (in order to prevent the elimination of the albumen) and then boiled the mixture down, till a substance like condensed milk was obtained; this "condensed vegetable milk" is of a yellowish color and has a very pleasant taste, hardly to be distinguished from that of real cows' milk. However, it still retains the aroma of the Soja bean. It is recommended as a cheap and good substitute for condensed cows' milk.

A Night in the Wireless Station.

There are on the American side of the Atlantic several wireless stations which are in touch with the outgoing or incoming steamers for from two to three day's distance from New York. There is one at Sea Gate, Coney Island, one at Sagaponack, L. I., about ninety-five miles from Sandy Hook, two more far at sea, at Nantucket and on Sable Island, and the last outpost far down on the gray Newfoundland coast above the dreaded rocks of Cape Race. In addition to these is the great Cape Cod station at South Wellfleet, Mass., which, in conjunction with one of equal power in Ireland, furnishes the daily news bulletins to all ships equipped to receive them from continent to continent.

Leaving the railroad at Bridgehampton the wayfarer in search of the Sagaponack station travels coastward for two or three miles. Then we begin to hear the murmur of the sea, and to smell its salty fragrance, and we know that the journey's end is near. Long before, visible as it is for miles around, we could see a slender white mast rising far above the highest treetops. Coming round a turn in the road it is seen entire, surrounded by a network of guy ropes, the whole not unlike the frame of an enormous tent, with the apex over one hundred and sixty feet above the soil.

At the foot of the pole are a few small white buildings, from which thin strands of wire rise to its summit; near the road is a tiny cottage, formerly a "summer cottage," but now the residence of the operators, into which the telegraph line that has accompanied us from the railroad finally disappears.

Let us suppose we have a message to send. The vessel we wish to reach has sailed from New York about three in the afternoon, so about eight we step inside the office as the small room beneath the mast proves to be. It is a room about eight feet by twelve. A long table on one side of the room covered with meaningless instruments with a lamp burning brightly above it, a small table across the room with a land telegraph outfit, a large chart on the wall showing the position of all steamers equipped with the wireless for every day of the current month, a few chairs, log book and form pads; these constitute the furniture.

There are two men in the room, one at the desk with the telegraph instruments, the other before the long table with a telephone receiver held at his ear by a contrivance such as telephone girls wear. They look up as we enter, greeting us pleasantly and inquiringly. They are English, as most of the men in this service are. We explain that we want to send a message to the Teutonic. As one of them hands us a form—a "telegraph" form it is merely called—the man at the receiver says, "Oh, yes, I shall get the Teutonic soon, she is just saying good-by to the Babylon station now. (This station has since been abandoned.) Must have been delayed; she should have been along here an hour ago."

After a little he takes the receiver from his ear. "I ought to get her now," he says touching a giant telegraph key about six inches long. Instantly from between two brass balls on the table a stream of sparks leaps forth and the air of the little room is filled with the almost deafening hissing clamor. So many long, so many short, T C T C, T C, the Teutonic call several times repeated, followed by the station's own call S K. Then a pause as he again puts the receiver to his ear. No answer. Either the ship's operator has left his instruments or else there is something wrong. But that isn't likely, as our operator heard Teutonic talking with Babylon not ten minutes ago. Another call and again no response. The man looks at the clock, then says: "He's gone to dinner; we shan't hear anything from him for half an hour.

"Yes, it keeps them quite busy for the first twenty-four hours out," he continues. "Suppose the boat sails in the afternoon as this one did. Well, he was in touch with Sea Gate right from the start until he got Babylon; he's just got time now to get a bite of something before he picks us up; we'll keep him up till eleven or after, and by four o'clock tomorrow morning Siasconset (Fantucket) will be calling him. After that there is Sable Island and Cape Race, to say nothing of passing ships and daily news reports. No, they don't have but one man except on a few of the biggest ships during the summer." All this while the other men has been occasionally listening at the receiver.

Now he says quietly: "There's something out there, but I can't quite make it out." We stop talking and all is still, but the desultory sighing of the sea, of a few frogs croaking in the marsh, and the faint barking of a dog back in the country. "Ah," says the man at the receiver. "It's the Ryndam coming in, forty-five miles south-west of here. I'll ask him if he can raise the Teutonic."

More sparks, more racket, and a faint brimstone-like odor such as is sometimes noticed after a heavy thunder shower. Silence. "I can hear Ryndam talking to Teutonic now; we'll get T C soon. More calls of T C, T C, T C, S K, S K, S K, then a long quiet pause, as the man at the key reaches for a printed form, writes slowly a few notes on it, then says: "Teutonic reports seventy miles southwest of this station. She's going rather far south; may have trouble in talking with her." But there proves to be none. So we sit half deafened by the clamor of the sparks, while from the filmy wires overhead which seem to lose themselves among the stars, the mysterious ether waves are radiating with light's own swiftness, vibrating silently across seventy miles of ocean to where a man, seated quietly by a set of instruments such as we see here, listens to what they tell him and, as his ship reels off her twenty knots an hour through the ocean desert, writes down our thoughts word for word.

A few other messages having been delivered and received, Teutonic sends her good-by signal and things are quiet once more. The operator glances at the clock and announces that it is about time for Cape Cod to open up. He refers to the daily news bulletin sent out late in the evening from Cape Cod. There is a similar one sent from one of the powerful stations in Ireland. These are long-distance stations and their tidings are audible for more than half the distance from land to land, so that there is one night in mid-ocean in what is called the "overlap," where ships receive almost simultaneously the news of the world flashed from two continents three thousand miles apart. But Cape Cod is at it now, and sitting there quietly, receiver at ear, our friend of the machine translates as they come to him the clear, concise sentences that tell, in brief, one day's history of the world.

While we have been listening a fog has drifted in over the sand dunes, the swash of the waves seems far off and muffled, and from the wires above the water drips in a drowsy intermittent tattoo upon the roof. To this accompaniment we hear that a European ministry is "out," that a famous sporting event has been lost and won, that stocks closed dull, but firm, closing prices of the public favorites being given. So it goes on for about half an hour, then silence and a long wait in prospect, for the next ship expected, the incoming Deutschland, passed Nantucket at ten o'clock, and will be ready to deliver its numerous messages from returning tourists to expectant friends about 4 a. m.

But suddenly our companion listens attentively and reaches for his form pad. "Deutschland?" we ask. "Yes," he replies, tearing the silence again with sharp, staccato crashes as he gives the answering call. This time it is our turn to listen, for we have no messages to send and many to receive. Most of them are merely: "Pleasant trip; will dock at 10:30 a. m.," etc., but some are longer and a few in cipher. Toward the end one comes in telling that a passenger has been taken suddenly ill, that an operation performed at the earliest moment after landing is his only hope. A certain hospital is notified to have everything in readiness and an ambulance at the pier, and his family are notified of his condition. So the sufferer knows that although forty miles at sea and almost twice that distance from the rays of the great electric beacon that marks the entrance of New York harbor, his plight is now known on shore and that all the resources of human wisdom are being marshaled to save his life. But now Deutschland signals good-by, our operator replies in kind, lays down the receiver, and, taking up the sheaf of messages, turns to the telegraph key of the land wire.

"Well, that's all till the Savoie this afternoon," he says, as he blows out the lamp; for the fog has lifted and the tide of day is creeping in along the coast. So we say good-by and step out into the wan light thinking, perhaps, of how commonplace the wonderful may seem at close range, and how mysterious even the commonplace may become. We think of the ages of ignorance whose heritage is yet with us, of how young science is in comparison, and the thought comes, "Where is all this going to end?" So thinking we glance back for a farewell look. The night lies behind us, the east is becoming golden, while before us rises the gaunt white mast with its filmy wire, sentinel like before the coming day.

—New York *Evening Post*.

The modesty of women naturally makes them shrink from the indelicate questions, the obnoxious examinations, and unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all the annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispenses with the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as "Favorite Prescription." It cures debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures.

The Good Qualities of the French.

The good feeling which is developing between England and France may induce English-speaking folk the world over to take a few valuable lessons of the French. They have been traditionally regarded as a fickle people, much given to the drinking of absinthe and to social intrigue, and successful chiefly in the devising of gay and expensive fashions, to the depletion of English and American pocketbooks.

In point of fact, the French as a nation have certain notable virtues which we may emulate. For example, the average Frenchman, instead of being a wanderer, iy emphatically a family man. His ruling ambition is to own a home in which he may enjoy himself and bequeath to his children. If he has inherited one, it is his greatest pride to preserve and beautify it.

He chooses his wife not only for her dowry, but also for her domestic virtues. The French wife is the best business woman in the world. Household affairs are left entirely to her, and so usually as the investment of family saving. She has a clear idea of what makes for comfort, but she has no such passion for "things" as often weighs down the life of the American housewife. Draperies and carpets and stuffed chairs may be lacking in madame's house, but excellent cooking and good temper are pretty sure to be found there.

One notable illustration of the domestic virtue of the French is to be seen in their regard for mothers-in-law. It is not unusual to find families in friendly rivalry for the privilege of entertaining the mother-in-law live respected and happy, with children and grandchildren.

We have long imported gowns and hats from France. It would be good now to import love for the homestead, the thrift which by skillful cooking contrives toothsome and nourishing food from inexpensive material, and those gentle domestic manners which make the roof-tree dear, the dinner table pleasant, and family affection true and deep. There cannot be an oversupply of these admirable qualities.

—"*Youth's Companion*."

To get an idea of the prevalence of "Stomach trouble" it is only necessary to observe the number and variety of the tablets, powders, and other preparations offered as a cure for disorders of the stomach. To obtain an idea as to the fatality of stomach diseases it is only necessary to realize that with a "weak stomach" a man has a greatly reduced chance of recovery from any disease. Medicine is not life; Blood is life. Medicines hold disease in check while Nature strengthens the body through blood, made from the food received into the stomach. If the stomach is "weak" Nature works in vain. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery must not be classed with the pills, powders and potions, which have at best a palliative value. The "Discovery" is a medicine which absolutely cures diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood, and by increasing the activity of the blood-making glands increases the blood supply. It is a temperance medicine and contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotics.

——It is stated that a company has been formed to develop the rich asbestos deposits of the Minoussinsky district in Siberia. The deposits, it is said, are easy to operate, and are situated in an inhabited region, and about eight miles from the Yenisseo River. This will be the first exploitation of asbestos in Siberia.—*Scientific American*.

——"Why are you weeping, Mrs. Flummery?"

"My poor boy!" she sobbed.

"What has harpened? Don't—don't tell me that he is dead!"

"No. He has just started away to college. Think what they'll be doing to him by this time next week."