

CRY OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

Have you thought, in your moments of triumph,
O you that are high in the tree,
Of the days and nights that are bitter—
So bitter to others and me?
When the efforts to do what is clever
Result in a failure so sad,
And the clouds of despondency gather
And dim all the hopes that we had?

Have you thought, when the world was applauding
Your greatness, whatever it be,
Of the tears that in silence were falling—
Yes, falling from others and me?
When the hardest and latest endeavors
Appeared to be only in vain,
And we've curtailed our eyes in the night
Indifferent to waking again?

For it wants but little reflection,
And you'll be the first to agree
That the favors in which you are basking
Are darkness to others and me.
And it's hard when you lie in the sunshine
Of fortune so smiling indeed,
If you have not a thought for the many
Who'll never—can never succeed.
—[Fall Mall Budget.

A Pair of Bloomers.

Before bicycling became a craze with women there never had been even so much as the shadow of a quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Cranston. But after Mrs. Cranston bought a bicycle and learned to ride well there was a disagreement which came very near breaking up a happy home. They had been married three years, and they had often said their married life had been one long honeymoon.

Tom had yielded so readily to all of his wife's whims that she had unconsciously gained an opinion that her word was to him like the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

But the idea was all knocked to pieces when one morning as they sat at breakfast Mrs. Cranston said:

"Tom, I'm going to order my dressmaker to make a suit of bloomers for me to-day. I do so much bicycling now that skirts are too heavy for me."

"What!" shouted Tom, dropping his spoon in the oatmeal and splashing milk all over his necktie, looking at her as though she had announced that she was going to commit suicide.

Mrs. Cranston also dropped her spoon and looked in surprise at her husband.

"I said," she repeated, "that I was going to get a bloomer suit. What strikes you as particularly strange about that?"

"What strikes me as particularly strange?" he repeated, with a wild look in his eyes. "Do you think for one instant that I will allow my wife to race around town looking like a lithograph of a variety entertainment? Not much."

"But, Tom," said Louise, in a tone that had never failed to persuade her husband that she was right and that he was wrong. "I don't see why I can't have bloomers. Mrs. Kynaston and Mrs. Bentley and Mrs. Jenkins all wear them and their husbands don't object, so why should you?"

"It makes no difference why I should," said Tom, doggedly. "I don't intend to have my friends on the exchange coming to me and saying: 'Tom, I see your wife's wearing bloomers.' Not if I know it."

"But, Tom," she began, "I—"

"Oh, don't talk any more nonsense, Louise," he broke in. "I am sick of it. You shan't wear bloomers, so that settles it," and Mr. Cranston, whose appetite had been taken entirely away by his wife's announcement, got up from the table and started for the door.

"Good-by," he called from the hall, and then the door slammed, and Louise sat at the breakfast table wondering how it was that she had never before known that her husband had a will of his own.

She had told all of her friends, only the day before, that she would be wearing bloomers within a week, and when they had suggested that her husband might object she had said:

"What! Tom object? Why, he never objects to anything."

And now Tom had absolutely refused to allow her to wear them, with a facial expression which showed that he would not stop short of the divorce courts to prevent it.

Finally she arose from the table and went to her room.

She had an idea which she thought, if properly carried out, would gain Tom's consent to the wearing of bloomers. She wrote a hurried note to her dressmaker ordering a bloomer suit of a pattern which she had already selected, and then donned her old bicycle suit to pay a call on Mrs. Kynaston, who had a husband who did not object to bloomers.

She told her troubles to the vivacious Mrs. Kynaston, who was not sparing in her sympathy for the poor friend who had a narrow-minded husband who objected to a convenient bicycle dress.

"Why, how foolish of him," she said. "I don't believe the poor man has ever seen a proper bicycling costume. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll all go bicycling this afternoon, and come back by your house at just the time your husband gets home, and he will see what a bloomer suit looks like."

And so the bicycle party was arranged, and when Thomas Cranston arrived at his house that evening he saw five women riding in front of the house and four of them were in full

bloomer costume. The fifth, who wore skirts, was his wife.

He was not so badly shocked as he thought he would be, and he wished that he had not been so decided in his refusal of his wife's request, but he made up his mind that it would be unmanly to yield after his remarks of the morning, and so with a bow to his wife and her companions, he went indoors and began to dress for dinner.

That night Louise again broached the subject of bloomers, but her husband silenced her by saying:

"Now, see here, Louise, don't speak to me about bloomers again. You may go in for women's rights if you like, and you may wear standing collars and men's waistcoats, but you shall not wear trousers, even if bicycling does justify it in your eyes."

"Trousers!" cried Louise, indignantly, "who said anything about trousers? I was talking about bloomers."

"I know you were," said Mr. Cranston, "and please don't talk about them any more. I'm tired of it, and I won't hear it mentioned again."

The next morning when Mr. Cranston put on his coat to start for his office his wife called him back and said:

"Tom, I'll promise you never to mention bloomers again, but if you ever change your mind about them, please tell me, for I'm really very anxious to wear them."

The smile which for twenty-four hours had been absent from Tom Cranston's face came again, and he kissed his wife.

"That's a dear good girl, Louise," he said. "I hated to refuse your request, but really I don't like the idea of your wearing those things. And now if there is anything else you want me to do for you just name it, and I'll do it."

He went away, but returned in a moment and called out:

"Oh, Louise, I'm going to a dinner at the club to-night, and I want you to have my dress suit handy when I come home. Good-by."

"Now, then," said Louise, as she went upstairs, "I'll see if I can't make Mr. Tom change his opinion about bloomers. That promise of his was the very thing I wanted."

The hour longed for by both came at last. Tom entered the house and rushed to his room to put on his dress suit.

"Oh, Tom!" Louise called, while he was dressing, "come down here; I want you to redeem your promise of this morning, and do me a favor."

"All right," he called; "I'll be down in a minute and I'll keep my promise."

He found his wife sitting on the floor with a dress pattern in front of her and dress goods scattered all around.

"Well, what's all this?" he asked.

"Are you making a rag carpet?" What is it you want me to do for you? If it's to clean up all this mess here I shall refuse, for I have some work to do next week."

"No," she said, laughing. "I don't want you to clean up the mess and I'm not making rag carpet. I'm making a bicycle dress, which I must have early to-morrow morning, and I want you to let me drape the skirt on you so that it will hang all right."

"But, Louise," he objected, "I've got to go out to that dinner at 8 o'clock, and it's now nearly 7. I won't have time. Let the dress go for to-night."

"I can't let it go, for I must have it to-morrow morning," she insisted. You've promised to do what I asked, and now when I want you to do a little thing like this you refuse, and I think it's real mean."

Mrs. Cranston stood up holding a pattern in one hand and an unfinished dress in the other, and looked as though she were about to burst into tears.

"Oh, come now, Louise," he said, impatiently. "Can't you see that your request is trivial and unreasonable, and I must go to that dinner?"

The tears that had seemingly been held back with such an effort now became visible and rolled down her cheeks.

"I think it's mean," she sobbed. "You promised to do anything I wanted you to, and now you won't keep your word. I've cut up my other dress, and the bicycle party is of just as much importance as your old dinner."

Mr. Cranston looked grave. He did not want to lose that dinner and he didn't want to break his promise.

"How long will this fitting business last?" he questioned, after several moments' silence, broken only by the sobbing of his wife.

"About half an hour," she replied, brightening up a little.

"Well, then, hurry up," said Cranston, throwing off his coat and standing erect. "Bring the thing here."

And so the gown was put on Mr. Cranston, and Louise dropped on one knee and began pinning the draperies in a hurried manner.

"You see, Tom," she said, as she tucked up the first fold and surveyed it with a critical eye, "this is of the greatest importance to me and I know you will help me out."

"Um," was the only answer her husband made. He was looking straight at the clock and wondering how it was that the minute hand was moving so fast.

He thought that the clock must be out of order. He pulled out his watch and saw that the minute hand there moved with the same railroad speed, and it was 7:30 o'clock.

"Are you anywhere near through?" he asked impatiently.

She shook her head and turned her attention to the dress. Tom fumed, as he noticed that it was now 7:45.

"Have you any idea how soon you

will be through?" he asked with a forced calmness.

"Not the slightest," she replied, in a voice that was either muffled by pins or laughter. Tom couldn't tell which, for she was stooping and studying the hem of the dress.

At that moment the door opened, and Mr. Kynaston, the husband of Mrs. Cranston's bloomer-wearing friend, threw open the door and stood gazing in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Why, Tom," he said, when he recovered himself, "I thought you were going to call for me if you left downtown first? You know you told me so, and said if I got ready first I was to come here and walk right in. Are you going to the dinner?"

"This will be all over the exchange to-morrow," groaned Tom inwardly.

"Yes, I'm going to the dinner if Louise ever gets through with this miserable skirt," he added, aloud.

"Oh, nonsense, why don't she wear bloomers? Come on. We are late already," said his friend.

"Louise," whispered Cranston, "if you'll call my promise off you may have bloomers or anything else you want."

"Oh, you dear, good boy," cried Louise, with well-feigned surprise. "Go to your dinner. Now hurry or you'll be late."

Then Tom, after kissing her good-by, rushed off to the club.

Louise put on her bonnet and went to Mrs. Kynaston's house.

"Katie," she cried, as her friend welcomed her at the door. "I'm to have bloomers."

And then she told the story of the manner in which her husband had been induced to change his mind.

And she said in conclusion: "I bought the bloomers yesterday, and I'll wear them to-morrow."

"You really cried, did you?" asked Mrs. Kynaston. "Well, Louise, if you went in for woman suffrage we would have it in twenty-four hours. Talk about men's executive ability! Why I believe you could make your husband wear bloomers himself."

A CRANBERRY BOG.

How the Berries are Grown on Cape Cod.

The men, women and children of Cape Cod, Mass., earn considerable money every autumn by picking cranberries in the bogs. A large portion of the cape is bog land, which was practically worthless a few years ago. Thousands of acres have been reclaimed and extensive cranberry bogs constructed at a cost of from \$250 to \$300 an acre.

There is now a cranberry belt extending along the north shore of Buzzard's Bay and the southern part of Cape Cod. This region has become one of the greatest cranberry-growing districts of the world.

The cranberry growers make great preparations for the small army of people which must be housed and fed during the picking season. The accommodations are rude and primitive. Some of the pickers live in board cabins, but most of them dwell in tents. It is a curious and novel sight to see several hundred pickers in camp about the swamps.

The cranberry pickers are out in the bogs soon after daylight, and they remain as long as they can see a berry. In large cranberry bogs, where several hundred people are at work, the pickers are divided into companies, each company consisting of 120 persons. The company is in charge of a "boss," who keeps account of the amount each picker gathers during the day.

The bog is lined off into rows with twine, and each picker has a strip about three feet wide, which must be picked clean. The pickers, men, women and children of all ages, work along the bog on their knees. The berries are usually gathered from the vines by hand, although a picking machine is sometimes used. When pickers are scarce the berries are raked off with a garden rake.

The pickers are paid by the measure, which is a broad 6-quart pail. The price paid is from eight to ten cents a measure. The amounts which pickers will gather in a day vary from 150 to 250 quarts. Some of the most expert workers, when the yield is heavy, have been known to garner sixty-five measures, or 300 quarts of cranberries in a day.

There are always many boys and girls in the bogs picking berries, and when they work together time flies rapidly. After the day's work is done young couples are seen walking home hand in hand. The tots are carried in father's or mother's arms. The cranberry season lasts about three weeks, and when it is over the children are sent back to school and their lessons. Many of them are sorry that the vacation is at an end.

Suicidal Impulse.

Is the impulse to suicide incurable? Not directly. It depends on family, on race, on the strain of that competition which marks our advancing civilization. Of these the first two are ineradicable, though doubtless capable of being modified in the course of generations through judicious marriage. The third is, for the mass of men, unattainable, yet individuals who know that they have a hereditary taint might, of their own free will, withdraw from those occupations which rouse the nervous system to abnormal excitement, and even at the sacrifice of some of the world's goods lead wholesome lives, which would give the murderous instinct less chance to conquer them.

Physical weakness, especially that resulting from overstrain, betrays and weakens the control over the mental law. 'Tis the old story. The mens sana cannot permanently dwell except in the corpus sanum.

BUILDER OF WAR SHIPS.

The Chicago, Charleston, Cincinnati and Other Ships that Tell of Him.

Naval Constructor Frank L. Fernald, Chief of the Construction Department of the Brooklyn Navy Yard in which department there are between eleven hundred and twelve hundred men constantly employed, is admirably equipped in all respects for the responsible and practical duties of that position. He possesses a thorough knowledge of the methods of shipbuilding of both the old and the new navy. As a constructor he has passed successfully through the evolutionary period of men-of-war construction, and he is also familiar with the work of the ship yards of Europe.

Constructor Fernald, whose name is connected with the construction of so many of Uncle Sam's finest ships, is an exceedingly modest man, withal. His relations with master workmen and many of the journey-men employes are unusually cordial, and he misses no opportunity to advance the interests of steady and capable men. He prepared the preliminary plans for the steel cruiser Chicago and the Dolphin, and as a member of this Board he also engaged in the supervision of these ships, as well as of the cruisers Boston and Atlanta while they were under construction.

The Union Iron Works, at San Francisco, was the scene of Constructor Fernald's labor in 1887, where he was ordered to supervise the construction of the cruiser Charleston, which was then about to be built. While on the Pacific coast he had charge of building also the cruiser San Francisco, and of the beginning of the Olympia and the Monterey.

In May, 1891, Mr. Fernald took charge of the construction department at the New York Navy Yard.



Within the period embraced in his present assignment more ships have received extensive repairs at this yard, and more men have been kept constantly at work here than at any period in the history of the station since the war. Under his care the new and handsome cruiser Cincinnati has been almost wholly built, and it is claimed that as far as workmanship, general design of fitting and finish are concerned this ship has no superiors and few equals. The battle ship Maine has been brought almost to completion under his charge.

Mr. Fernald was a member of the Stability Board, which was convened to remedy faults of design, and it was at his suggestion that the new gunboats, the Machias and the Castine, were ordered to be cut in two and lengthened. This novel and difficult work was done under his charge in a remarkably short time. The Machias is now on her way to China, and the Castine is ready for sea.

GENESIS OF INVENTION.

How Things We are Familiar With Came Into Use.

The mole-board was first placed on a plow in Gaul. At first two mole-boards were used, to throw both right and left.

The hand spinning, with spindle and whorl, is the same the world over and identical with that shown in Egyptian paintings 3,500 years old.

The Roman legionary troops wore a sort of knee breeches. The signs of tunic and breeches makers have been found in Pompeii.

The earliest spade-shaped instrument is found in the Egyptian monuments. It is a stick with a point flattened and broadened.

The discovery of iodine was accidentally made by Courtois, a French soap-maker, who found the new substance in the ash of seaweed.

The power of steam was discovered by a Florentine officer, who was idly experimenting with a glass bottle and a few drops of water.

The famous Tyrian purple dye was rediscovered by a lover who desired to gratify his sweetheart's desire for a dress of a new shade of color.

Vaucanson's inventive genius was aroused by peeping through a chink in the wall of his mother's room at a clock in an adjoining apartment.

A repeating patron, on the principle of the modern Colt's revolver, was in use in England during the war of Charles I. and his Parliament.

The descriptions given by Strabo, of the oster houses of the Gauls and Britons, might be applied to human habitations in Central Africa to-day.

Hoes made of clam or oyster shells, tortoise shells, obsidian, and even of the teeth of various animals, have been found in many parts of the world.

The "House of Fame," by Chaucer is a curiously accurate description of the Crystal Palace, London, built over 400 years after the poem was written.

The germ of the trumpet, and all instruments of the trumpet family, was the cow's horn, used by savages as a signal, or to furnish noise at their feasts.

The hand-mill, composed of two flat circular stones, was in use almost all over the world until the fifteenth century. It was commonly worked by women.

For many ages the Chinese have had an irrigating machine, consisting of a trough and an endless chain of buckets which carry the water up an inclined plane.

Berthollet made the discovery of a new bleaching process by accidentally noticing the corks with which he had stopped the bottles containing his chlorine gas.

KID GLOVES.

Facts About the Skins Which Cover the Hands.

Barefooted boys and hens form a curious partnership in the making of a pair of fine gloves.

They work together in preparing the skins for the hands of the fashionable woman, who rushes to the stores every time a new shade of glove is announced.

Thousands of dozens of hens' eggs are used in curing the hides, and thousands of boys are employed to work the skins in clear water by treading on them for several hours.

When a woman buys a pair of gloves she speaks of her purchase as "kids." If the clerk who sold her the "kid" gloves knew the secrets of the glove-making business he might surprise his fair customer by telling her that those beautiful, soft, smooth-fitting "kid" gloves came from the shoulders and belly of a three-weeks-old colt whose neck was slit on the plains of Russia, and whose tender hide was shipped with huge bundles of other colts' hides to France, where they were made up into "kid" gloves.

Or he might, with equal regard to the truth, tell her that those gloves in the other compartment once darted from tree to tree in South America on the back of a ring-tailed monkey. And if he made the rounds of the store and could distinguish one skin from another he could point out "kid" gloves made from the skins of kangaroos from Australia; lambs and sheep from Ohio, or Spain, or England; calves from India, muskrats from anywhere, musk oxen from China and other parts of Asia; rats, cats and Newfoundland puppies.

But the little Russian colt, the four-footed baby from the plains where the Cossacks live, the colt from the steppes of Siberia, where horses are raised by the thousand, supply the skins which are the favorites at the present with the glove-makers. Experts say that the colt-skin makes a better, stronger, finer glove than real kidskin, and as the colt is a little fellow, only three weeks old when he is killed, but a small amount of skin can be made into gloves, so that the price is about as high.

But, after all, the real kid, the lively infant of the goats which live in France, Switzerland, Spain and Italy, furnishes the best, finest and most expensive gloves, and nearly 10,000,000 kids are sacrificed every year in order that women and men may cramp their hands in wrinkleless, delicate hued gloves.

Flying Machines.

Hiram S. Maxim gave a most interesting account of his "Experiments in Aeronautics" at the Society of Arts on Wednesday. He said he had soon found a balloon in any form was out of the question for the propulsion of a flying machine, which ought at least to be able to travel at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. At that speed a small aeroplane lifts more for its weight than a balloon, and requires much less to propel it. Mr. Maxim laid down a light railway track from which to drive the machine into the air. After many experiments he found that a well-made aeroplane could carry as much as 133 pounds to the horsepower. As the efficiency of the machine depends on its rigidity, it is not easy to make a large aeroplane, but Mr. Maxim succeeded in constructing a machine the framework of which consisted of strong, thin steel tubes, stayed with strong steel wires. There was a fore and aft rudder, both connected with the same windlass. At first the large machine would not carry 28 pounds per horse-power, but the inventor has no doubt that it will soon be able to carry even 100 pounds. With only 50 pounds a machine could travel between 500 and 600 miles; and Mr. Maxim thinks it possible to maintain a speed of 100 miles an hour. When the machine is perfectly developed, a moderately level field will serve as well as a railway track. The aerial navigator, when he reaches his destination, will touch the ground while moving forward, and the machine will stop after sliding on the ground for a short distance. What remains for Mr. Maxim to do is to study and develop the art of navigating the machine.

Napoleon Phonographed.

A peripatetic exhibitor of the phonograph in Holland seems determined to outdistance all competitors as regards the excellence of his records. He was exhibiting the machine in the streets of Utrecht, and a number of customers were listening to selections of tunes. Suddenly the tune ceased, and there was a pause. Then in a loud, clear tone was heard the one word, "Halt!" delivered in a tone bespeaking authority. "What is that?" asked one of the listeners. "That," was the reply, "is the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte giving an order at the battle of Waterloo!"

Electric Wires.
Some writer very aptly likens the nerves to electric wires, and the general working of their system to that of electric cars. A man who "slips his trolley" like Mr. Jeremiah Eney, 1812 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md., will need something better than even a galvanic battery to set him all right. Dr. Eney found that something in the following way:

"I suffered," he says, "a long time with neuralgia in the head. I gave St. Jacobs Oil a fair trial and an entirely cured." In this way the great remedy acts as a motor to restore broken wires, and sets the system to perfect action.

There are about 100,000 islands, large and small, scattered over the oceans. America alone has 5500 around its coast.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
I, FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that he is the sole partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1900.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure taken internally acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The "Ministry of Old Boots" supply 33,000 garments and 2,000 pairs of boots to the needy ones of London annually.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Constitution from Laboratory Birmingham, N. Y.

The Russians make a soup of sarlines. It is said to be as rich as the Rothschilds.

TERrible ITCHING SORES
I had what the doctor pronounced to be eczema. It was accompanied by severe itching, and my limbs pained me a good deal and were swollen. I became all broken out with pimples. This caused me to scratch, and the eruptions turned into one solid sore. The disease spread all over my body. After consulting physicians, my attention was called to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I concluded to give it a trial. This was in April, 1892, and I continued faithfully with it until Christmas, 1893. At the same time I took the medicine, I ate anything that suited my appetite.



Mr. E. T. Craig was called to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I concluded to give it a trial. This was in April, 1892, and I continued faithfully with it until Christmas, 1893. At the same time I took the medicine, I ate anything that suited my appetite.

I Am Now Cured
and have no signs of the disease except a little inflammation color where the sores itched. My affliction is healed; I feel like myself again. E. T. CRAIG, Halfway, Va.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or grip. But act promptly, easily and efficiently.

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