

THE WATCHWORD OF THE WILL.

Now, when the race is just begun,
With all its warmth and zest,
And twice the needful gifts and powers
Are trembling in your breast,
While Fortune beckons just before,
While Hope is in the van,
Resolved with all your strength and soul
To do the best you can!

The best you can! The time will come
When that will seem too small—
Ambition scarcely worth the pains,
So grievous is its fall:
To pick the scattered fragments up
Accept the altered plan?
Almost needs a hero's heart
To do the best you can!

Dangers and downfalls lie in store
For every soul alive,
And life, in truth, is not a case
Of three and two are five,
But trust me, he, and only he,
Is wiser than the rest,
Who puts his shoulder to the wheel
And simply does his best.

Some chance is always left at hand,
If not the chance we sought,
And none can tell what good may fall
From the least deed or thought,
Then take the troubles as they come,
Acquit you like a man,
Accept your part with all your heart,
—Do the best you can!

—Dora Read Goodale, in Independent.

AN EPISODE OF THE SEASON.

"We met by chance." Sauntering over the sands at the seaside, at a sudden turn round a cliff, we ran plump against each other. The gentleman, not at all discomposed, lifted his hat and apologized. I, with my breath nearly knocked out of me, conscious of looking flushed and awkward, hurried away.

I was 17 and susceptible. It was mortifying to be presented for the first time to the notice of so elegant a gentleman under such awkward circumstances. Involuntarily I looked back.

He stood just as I had passed him, looking after me. Sufficiently vexed to shake myself, I hurried on.

As I came back an hour later, the sands were dotted with loungers, but I saw nowhere the stranger.

At dinner I contrived to have a look at every face that came in, but I did not find the face I was looking for. I had made my toilet with especial reference to correcting any unfavorable impression of the morning. Elegant strangers do not fall in one's way every morning of the year. If my bonnet had only not tilted over my eyes in that ridiculous fashion, and it would not, if I had been taking the lady-like pace to which my sister Mabel so constantly exhorted me. Mabel had made a good match, and she was quite determined I should do the same.

Mabel was very handsome and stylish looking. Her face had been her fortune. I don't think I was plain, and I tried to be stylish to please Mabel, but I hated it. I had a little fortune, too, besides my face.

Mabel and I were only half sisters, with the same father. My mother had left me some diamonds, and other handsome jewels, besides a little money, enough to marry me well, Mabel said, and she had taken me in hand for that purpose, as soon as she was married herself.

I was too romantic to like the idea of marrying in so practical a fashion. I would not stay in the parlors this evening. Having once made their circuit I stole away just as they were beginning to dance.

I went to my room soon. I heard my sister's step in the passage, and I slipped through the window to the piazza, which was at this hour usually deserted.

I had left the key on the outside of my door, so that Mabel came right in. Fortunately she did not look upon the piazza, but anatomizing me as a "careless creature," I heard her go out and lock my door, taking the key with her.

I was laughing softly to myself, when an oddly familiar voice close beside me said:

"Good evening."
I whirled with a start, to behold my acquaintance of the morning, standing in an attitude of almost mock humility before me.

"He is laughing at my vanity," I thought. "He is certainly very presuming to address me without being introduced."

I wished to return to my room, but the window-sill being rather more than one good step above the piazza floor, such a proceeding would have involved a sacrifice of dignity that I was not prepared, under all the circumstances, to undergo. So I stood still.

"I am afraid I intrude," said my companion, and when I lifted my eyes to his, I saw his eyes fixed on me with a grave inclination turned and slowly left the piazza.

I climbed back into my own room, ready to cry with vexation. How I wished I had stayed in the parlor and made the acquaintance of this elegant looking stranger in a legitimate manner. Of course he would have sought an introduction to me. I dated not go down now.

Presently Mabel returned; I hoped,

to make me go back to the parlors. Under her triumphant convey, I thought I could survive the ordeal and I was rather anxious to try.

Mabel had a headache, however, and had come away from the parlors for the evening. She scolded me some, but said nothing about my going back. Instead, she subsided into a gossipping strain, afterward reproving me sharply for being so careless with my diamonds, which lay as I had tossed them upon my toilet table.

"The hotel is full of thieves," she said, emphatically. "Half these gentlemen we see here live by just such chances as your diamonds. You must let me take them, Bessy, and keep them for you."

For reply I silently returned the jewels to their casket, put that in my trunk, and locked it.

Mabel shrugged her shoulders, but she said no more.

I was a careless creature, as Mabel said. In proof thereof I retired that night and left my door unlocked and my key in my trunk. I waked some time in the middle of the night and saw, by the dim light, a form kneeling beside my trunk, and in the act of unlocking it. I had some ado to keep myself from screaming. I had a vague idea, however, that such a proceeding would call to life a pistol or a knife. There would be plenty of time for this cool intruder to secure my diamonds of whose locality he seemed well aware, and to make off with them before hindrance could come.

Cool intruder, I say, for he was by no means noiseless in his operations. I think it must have been the noise he made in opening the door which waked me, and he fumbled at the lock of my trunk in a perfectly audible manner. He seemed to have some difficulty in getting the trunk open.

Imagine my dismay, when seemingly getting out of patience at last, he rose to his feet and gave the lid a resounding kick, that caused the refractory spring to lose its grip and expose my treasures to his hand.

Now, I was very much attached to my diamonds. I could not like coolly and see them depart without making an effort in their behalf.

However, I was just about to speak, just about to make a wild appeal to the wretch's generosity, when he, having groped hither and thither through the trunk in the most astounding manner, muttering to himself some curious expletives, suddenly reached the burner and turned up the gas.

The blaze showed me the face of my encounter of the morning; it showed him—me!

I don't know which was most confounded. He swept the room with dancing eyes, and vacated it very abruptly indeed, but I could hear him softly laughing in the passage, or I fancied so, probably at the ridiculous figure I must have been, as I sat up in bed, my face like ashes with fright, and my head bristling like a porcupine's back.

I got up presently, and locked my door, and saw that my diamonds were safe. Then I lay down again, but not to sleep any more.

So this was the end of my romance. Mabel had said the hotel was full of thieves, and I had only a most unlooked for chance to thank for having saved my diamonds.

Such an elegant man, so handsome; ah, me! In the few hours sleep that finally came to me, I dreamed that I was promiscuously beach with my midnight visitor, and that I had just discovered that I had only a waterproof cloak over my night-dress, and had forgotten to take my hair out of its pins. I dreamed that the stranger was making love to me in that absurd rig. I was angry enough with my dream when I waked, I went down to breakfast in anything but a pleasant humor.

The first face that met my eyes fell upon me was that of the stranger. Ridiculous? I should think so. I believe I turned pale with surprise at his effrontery. To dare to present himself there, after last night's proceedings. He did not meet my glance at first; his eyes were dropped demurely to his plate, as though he had seen my look coming, and so chose to meet it, but I fancied I could see that silken mustache twitch slightly. He dared to laugh at me still! I averted my eyes immediately, and did not once look toward him again.

Later in the day my sister and I went for our bath, and while we were in the water, Mabel confidently informed me that just the match for me had come at last.

"He arrived night before last, dear, but I would not say a word till I was perfectly satisfied as to his antecedents and belongings," she said eagerly. "He is rich, and from one of the finest families, and can't bear the sight of a fashionable woman; so you are sure to suit him, if you half try."

I said nothing and Mabel went on. "You must have seen him at breakfast. The handsome man at our table. He sat half way down, and I saw him look at you several times—a gentleman with curly hair, and such funny eyes."

I turned my face towards my sister with a start of recognition. "Oh, you did see him, then?" and Mabel laughed.

Then I told her of the night. To my amazement Mabel began to laugh as though she would go into convulsions before I was half through; and when I refused to go on, she laughed the harder. We had to quit the water, or she would have drowned herself, I believe.

I never liked to be seen in my bathing rig, and I was hurrying away to my "house," when Mabel stopped me.

"Bessy, Mr. Trevelyan; Mr. Trevelyan, my sister, Miss Winston;" and there he was again.

"Will be back in a minute," I heard Mabel say as she dragged me away to dress, and still laughing so as scarcely to be intelligible. She made out to explain to me that Mr. Trevelyan's room was next mine, and that he had blundered into mine by mistake the night before. "He told me all about it before breakfast this morning, but I never guessed it was you. You see, Bessy, the rooms on that floor are exactly alike, and he said your trunk was as like his as two pins, even to the spring lock, and it stood on the same part of the room, of course. There's only one corner of the room a trunk could stand in, in those rooms. Don't you dare to let him know you thought he was a thief, though; promise me you won't tell him you thought he was after your diamonds?"

"Indeed I shall. It is the only way I can be even with him," I said, decidedly, thinking of those eyes that had laughed at me five times within less than forty-eight hours.

Mr. Trevelyan walked to the hotel with us, and Mabel frowned and shook her head at me all the way. I did not take my revenge then, but I did in the evening; and though he laughed, I could see that my shot told.

Well, to make a long story short, Mr. Trevelyan and I developed a wonderful appreciation of each other's society in a remarkably short space of time. When people are in the same house, and meeting as often as is only natural in such a case, it doesn't take long to develop that organ of appreciativeness from ever so inappreciative a state. Mr. Trevelyan, greatly to my sister's exultation, asked me to marry him before we left the seaside; and as he made some very pretty speeches about that morning when he had nearly knocked the breath out of me, showing that he was prepared for the worse with the better, I consented to take him on the general basis.

Killed By Carrying Gold.

Mr. F. R. Carter, who is in the bicycle and sewing machine business, confirms the report that his wife, Ellen Carter, is now the heir to property worth about \$500,000.

Mrs. Carter is one of the seven daughters of Mrs. Bridget Egan, who died at Greensburg, Penn., about a month ago. Mrs. Egan at the time of her death was over ninety years of age, and was in many ways a remarkable woman. She belonged to a good old Irish family. Early in life she went to Pennsylvania with her husband, and for fifty years she lived in Greensburg. Her son, Frank Egan, was sent to college, and while pursuing his studies became acquainted with James G. Blaine. Young Egan studied law and settled in San Antonio, Texas, when that city was miles away from a railroad. The young man was prosperous, and soon owned a large amount of property in the Texas city.

He was taken sick, and went home and died. His mother assumed control of the property he left. She went to San Antonio to look after her interests, and disposed of a part of the real estate. She received payment in gold for the property, and the problem with her was to get the gold home. She finally hit upon the plan of putting the metal into sacks, which were bound about her chest. In this way she succeeded in getting the money to her Pennsylvania home, but the weight of the metal upon her chest gave her heart disease, with which she was always troubled after making the journey.

Mrs. Egan paid the taxes on the San Antonio property, and now that she is gone, her daughters are heirs to about twenty-five acres of land in the Texas city. Besides this real estate, the old lady left property in Galveston, Texas; Washington, Greensburg, Penn., and in Amherst, Canada. She never said much about her holdings, and it was not until a short time before her death that the members of her family knew that she owned any property in Canada. To all of Mr. Egan's daughters were afforded excellent opportunities for good education, and some of them became expert linguists.

Remarkable Span of Life.

On a tombstone in Landaff Centre, N. H., is the following inscription: "Widow Susanna Brownson was born August 3, 1699, and died June 12, 1892, aged 193 years." This is the record of a life which took in parts of the 17th and 19th centuries and the whole of the 18th century. As the average of human life is increasing in modern days, it is probable that some infants now living will continue to live until the year 2,000 A. D. They would then be not so old as are a number of persons who have died considerably exceeding a century within recent years. It is likely also that the number of centenarians in proportion to population will be much greater during the 20th century than it has been in the 19th.

We frequently hear the span of human life spoken of as seventy years, and if it goes to four score it means labor, weakness and sorrow. But a still older record in the Bible makes one hundred and twenty years the natural period of human life. To that age Moses lived, and we are told of him that "his eyes were not dimmed nor his natural force abated." Many who now die early from contagious diseases have natural vitality which should insure an advanced age, and will when medical science learns how to control these diseases and make them harmless.

The Gypsy Moth Migration.

The voracious caterpillar of the gypsy moth, imported from Europe some twenty-five years ago, has already cost the State of Massachusetts several hundred thousands of dollars in attempts to destroy and keep the pest within moderate limits, but it is now said that it has passed the boundary line and appeared in Dorchester, outside of the supposed infested territory. The imported elm leaf beetle is certainly a great pest, and from present indications will eventually destroy all the American as well as the foreign species of this tree. Even this would not be a very serious matter, because we have plenty of other and more valuable kinds of trees, but the gypsy moth does not discriminate and attack any one or a half dozen species, but sweeps the forests of foliage, and is therefore as destructive as flood or fire. The advent of such a pest should be guarded against through constant watchfulness, for it may soon appear where it is least expected and get beyond the control of human efforts elsewhere besides in the old Bay State.

For several years the State of Massachusetts has been spending thousands of dollars annually merely to keep the gypsy moth within certain limits, and, perhaps, crowd it out of some of the old haunts. This policy is open to reasonable criticism, for it is likely to be a continual drain upon the taxpayers with no apparent limits, whereas if the advice of entomologists was followed there might be an end of the annual appropriation. Professor Fernald, a widely known entomologist, suggests that it would be much better to appropriate enough money to annihilate this pest in the next three or four years than to continue to appropriate just enough to keep this insect in check, without, to any considerable extent, reducing the total number. People outside of Massachusetts and only fearful that the pest will escape from its present limits and forests elsewhere may be defoliated and destroyed. Just as long as this insect remains feeding in the forests of Massachusetts, those of other States are in danger, and not a park, public or private, is safe.

Wide Tires and Good Roads.

Farmers and others who are accustomed to haul heavy loads over poor roads appear in the main oblivious to the benefit and superiority of the wide tires over the narrow ones in general use. Manufacturers of heavy road and farm vehicles will of course cling to the narrow tire as long as the demand continues, but they will change with the demand; consequently the fault is with the purchasers. In European countries, where good roads are the rule and not the exception as in this, wide tires are in general use, as they may be eventually here if we are to have any thing like good roads. The light thin macadam, on a soft yielding foundation, which is being laid in many localities, will not withstand heavy loads with a common narrow tire. The Pennsylvania and New Jersey legislatures have passed acts encouraging the use of wide tires, but not being compulsory, the old farm wagons will probably remain just as they are until worn out. It is a waste of money to make good oads and then have them ruined by narrow tires, besides it is cruelty to an animal to haul heavy loads with narrow tires over poor roads as well as on the farm.

A New Stimulant.

Recent experiments in our army with the kola nut confirm the statements of many travelers and scientists who have studied the kola question in Africa and the West Indies, where this wonderful nut is generally used.

It is claimed that kola is more stimulating than coffee and has no bad after effects. The natives of Africa and the West Indies who chew it are in great demand as laborers, because they are always in splendid health, suffer no fatigue, and work long hours without any food. In those countries the cocoa chewer is always rejected for the kola chewer.

Kola contains more caffeine than coffee itself, a good deal of starch and no tannin. It instantly increases muscular strength and allays hunger and thirst, besides lessening perspiration in hot weather. The nut is now cultivated in large quantities in various parts of the world, and an American firm expects shortly to put it on the market in this country. When it makes its appearance it is predicted that tea and coffee will have to go. The recent army experiments in this country were made by Captain Charles E. Woodruff, at Fort Sheridan, Ill.

Cocoanuts as Cosmetics.

Does your complexion need brightening up and cleansing? If so here is a simple, home made cosmetic which is harmless and almost immediate in its good effect:

Buy a fresh coconut and grate it; squeeze the juice through a piece of white muslin. The milk which comes after the straining is the cosmetic. Wash the face and hands with it thoroughly, rubbing it well into the skin. It will speak for itself after being used.

In using any cosmetic or cream upon the face always rub the skin up, not down. This will have a tendency to drive away wrinkles, and if done faithfully will give to the face a fresh and youthful look.

NEW STYLE OF MARCHING.

Captain Raoul's System for Attaining High Speed With Little Exertion.

Capt. Raoul, of the French artillery, began five years ago a special study of the military march. He concerned himself especially with the question whether the method of marching adopted generally by the armies of the civilized world answers to needs of war well. He wished to devise a system that should permit certain young troops to acquire a resistance to fatigue and a speed unknown to European armies. Very robust young soldiers are occasionally found to acquire by training great speed, but they are always exceptions to the rule, and in reaching the object aimed at they are often greatly fatigued. After much study Capt. Raoul thinks he has found a solution of the question in the method instinctively used by peasants in their rapid walking.

"I am able," says Capt. Raoul, "to take the first corner between the ages of 20 and 60 years and teach him to run his legs as long as his legs will appear him, without his feeling the least inconvenience in the matter of respiration."

It is found that men without the least training are able to make by this system more than six miles at the first trial. By the ordinary system of running such a man could not, without pain, cover a tenth of that distance.

Captain Raoul's method is to maintain the body straight, to hold the head high and well free from the shoulders, to expand the chest without special effort, and to hold the elbows a little behind the haunches. The runner begins gently, with steps of about thirteen and three-quarter inches, lifting the feet only just high enough to clear the irregularities of the track, the hams strongly bent, the upper part of the body inclined forward as much as possible, so that the man must run in order to maintain his equilibrium. In fact the man is kept chasing his own center of gravity, which tends to fall in advance of him.

In the training exercises the soldier begins by running the first kilometer (about 1,084 yards), in ten minutes, the second in nine minutes thirty seconds, and so on with increasing speed. After several weeks the soldier makes from the third kilometer a speed of six minutes or even five minutes forty-five seconds. After the experiment had been tried upon several regiments some years ago, a soldier made rather more than twelve and three-tenths miles in a trifle less than two hours. As the muscles employed in this feat were not those especially in demand in the ordinary method of marching, the soldier was able at once to take up the usual step with as good spirit as when he left the barracks.

Captain Raoul recommends that after a little training the soldier run the first kilometer in seven minutes and fifteen seconds, the second in six minutes five seconds, the third in five minutes forty-five seconds, and from the sixth on, each kilometer in five minutes thirty seconds. He recommends that this last speed be not exceeded.

A Powerful Kingdom in Africa.

Traders who have recently reached Tripoli from Bornu in the Sudan, tell of the rise of a new and powerful kingdom in the interior of Africa. The monarch is named Rabah. He began life as a slave. Afterward he became a lieutenant of Zobeir Pasha, who was Egyptian governor of Darfur. After the fall of Gordon, Rabah, who was collecting taxes in the Sudan, made his way with a body of fighting men to Baghirmi, southeast of Lake Tchad, and not only held his own against the Mahdists, but conquered the country far and wide. He then turned against the Sultan of Bornu, whose capital is Kuka, on Lake Tchad, where the traders were. Ashem, the Sultan, was defeated, and Kiari, Ashem's nephew, who succeeded as Sultan, gathered fresh forces and attacked Rabah again and again, but was always repulsed. Rabah is a free lance, fighting for his own hand and profit; his army lives on pillage. He is a tall spare negro, very energetic, and of simple tastes. He has collected a large store of gold, silver, coral, feathers, and ivory, and has a good number of modern rifles. His power is absolute, and he is rapidly forming a powerful state behind the French, English, and German hinterlands.

The Train Came Down.

At a small railway station in the hilly part of Alabama, an old man, carrying a carpet bag and accompanied by his wife, boarded the train. They took the first seat, the old lady sitting next the window. It was apparent that this was their first railway journey. The train started, and they both looked eagerly from the window, and, as the speed increased, a look of the keenest anxiety gathered on the old lady's face. She grasped her husband's arm and said, in a voice plainly audible above the roar to those about her: "Joel, we are goin' awful quick. I know 'tain't safe." A few minutes later the train ran on to a long trestle. With a little shriek of terror the old lady sprang to her feet and seized the back of the seat in front of her. There she stood, trembling from head to foot, staring from the window. Meantime the train sped onward and was soon once more on solid earth. The old lady was quick to note the change. Her features relaxed and she sank into her seat with the fervent exclamation: "Thank goodness! She's lit again!"

TEA FARM IN THE SOUTH.

An Interesting Experiment in South Carolina.

The only plantation on this continent where tea is grown successfully for the market is not very large. It is near Summerville, S. C. Dr. Charles U. Shepard, who is making tea culture his life work, thinks twenty acres enough to lay out in gardens at present, though eventually he expects to double this area. And it is a queer looking patch, this twenty acres. The doctor has simply made a clearing in the woods, and as the visitor emerges from the trees into the open space he sees what is apparently a stunted peach orchard, only the leaves are too small and of a very dark green. On a closer examination the leaves resemble those on currant bushes, though they grow on stalks thick enough for tree branches. Some plants are as high as the waist, and some nearly as high as the head. Planted at regular intervals and in rows with branches carefully pruned, they do resemble an orchard of small fruit trees, with the branches forking like peach trees. But it is not an orchard—it is a garden similar to thousands in China and other Asiatic countries. It is a genuine tea garden.

To those who have seen the cheap prints and China representation of tea bushes growing on mountain sides, these straight rows along the flat ground have an unfamiliar look, but it is the climate, and not so much the "lay of the land" that fosters them. Right in this Carolina forest the temperature happens to be the best in the country for tea growing—it is just about warm enough, and just about moist enough, and heat combined with moisture are two special requirements to make good tea leaves. The twenty acres of "gardens" contain several thousand of "shrubs," we will call them. From these the owner hopes to secure this year about 1,000 pounds of black tea, which will retail at \$1 to \$1.40 per pound. Last year his crop was about 500 pounds from an area of fifteen acres. This is considerably better than raising cotton at the present prices, so he thinks.

The garden contains shrubs raised from tea seed imported from Japan, China, Ceylon, Formosa and Assam, Asia; also what are called Assam hybrids, which are considered the most profitable, and Ceylon hybrids, which are obtained by mixing the seed of the pure Assam or Ceylon with some other grade. The shrubs grow six feet apart, as they require a large amount of nourishment, and "exhaust" a large area of ground. Shingles or straw is placed over the plants when the first shoots appear, and every care is taken to protect them from frost until they have reached a height of two or three feet, when they become fairly hardy, and can withstand usually the changes of temperature which occur during the year. The shrubs can be grown by grafting, but are less hardy than if raised by the seeding process. When the shrub is about three feet high the "harvesting" of the tea begins, and this is perhaps the most interesting stage of all. Armed with a sharp knife, the field hand cuts off in May about half of the leaves and smaller branches. If the growth has been healthy, the shrub throws out a new foliage of leaves at once. These are the tea leaves of commerce. They will run from one to two inches in length, according to the variety. They are picked off as fast as they reach a suitable size, and the operation is repeated from May until October, as often as the leaves come out. It is termed "flushing." The most profitable species are naturally those that can bear the most flushing. At Pinehurst seven is the largest number of "flushes" during the season.

Odd Use for a Lemon.

It seems that at business and other places, where the playing of a street brass band is annoying, it is customary to send a boy out to suck a lemon, facing the men who play the wind instruments. These men cannot play on the instruments at all; they see the boy's mouth puckered up by the sour lemon juice, which fact is utilized by those who are disturbed by the music; also by others who want to try the experiment or think it funny to move the wandering minstrel. Actuated by the former motive, an eminent scientist paid a boy a quarter to go out and suck a lemon in front of the flutist and French horn players, and the man with the oboe, who had located in front of his office; and no sooner had the bandmaster caught sight of the boy than he removed his artists to the next square. The boy followed, and again the band moved. The third time the lemon-sucking boy faced the wind instruments the bandmaster, who had been gradually growing infuriated, struck the lemon from his mouth. The boy howled, and a policeman who had arrived, inquired the cause of the disturbance. The bandmaster said he was standing there sucking a lemon, which the officer explained, the boy had a right to do, so the leader proceeded to other parts. Hence the scientist is convinced that it is a fact that it is impossible for performers to blow into wind instruments if they see any one sucking a lemon.

Plenty of Room.

The territory composing Western Australia, according to the latest computation, covers nearly 1,000,000 square miles, and constitutes about one-third of the Australian continent. The area of this single colony is larger than that of eight leading countries in Europe combined.