

FORGIVENESS.

If I should die tonight,
And you should come to my cold bed
and weep
While I lay there asleep,
With my whole face and lips death's
purple white,
Like some silent marble statue
expressive of great might;
My heart would yearn for you
With such unutterable tenderness
If I should die tonight,
With longing for an olden-time
caress,
And you would bend o'er me in tears,
My far-off soul to bless!
DR. T. W. WILDES.

An Incriminating Pin.

"Aubrey, it's getting late; put away your book, dear, and talk."
My wife came across the room to where I sat, and laid her hand lovingly on my shoulder. Then she glanced at the ponderous volume before me and said, with a laugh:
"Oh, those awful Latin names! Whatever does 'curare' mean, Aubrey?"
"It isn't Latin, darling; it's an adaptation of the native name of a deadly poison used by the South American Indians to smear on their arrows. Curare, though, is an antidote as well as a poison, and in minute quantities is used medicinally. I've got some in the surgery at this moment. But now, I added, closing the book, "what is it you want to talk about, dear? Something more cheerful than poisons, I dare say?"
"Yes," she said, as she sat down by my side. "What do you think? Lena is going to be married to Mr. Wilmot Ravensdale."
"H'm; that tall, rather sallow-looking man we met at the boarding house at Barmouth last year?"
"Yes, I remember thinking he was smitten with Lena at the time, and now it seems they've been corresponding ever since, though this is the first I've heard of it. My sister never was particularly communicative."
"What is Mr. Ravensdale by profession?"
"I am not quite sure. I believe he owns some land in the North. Anyhow, just before Arthur left Liverpool on his present voyage, Mr. Ravensdale saw him and asked his permission to become engaged to Lena; and Arthur must have thought everything satisfactory, for he assented, willingly."

ling of the previous Tuesday, Ella asked me to inspect the present which, despite their disagreement, she had purchased for her sister. This consisted of a very handsome Russia leather lady's toilet case, containing a hand mirror, a pair of brushes, two combs and requisites, all in ivory. Then she mentioned that her brother's ship was not expected to arrive till next day, but that she would depart from her resolve not to visit Lena before his return, so far as personally to take her the present in the course of the afternoon.
My wife looked pale and tired when, early in the evening, I again saw her, so that I was hardly surprised when she told me that her interview with her sister had been far from pleasant. "I-I never gave her the present, after all," she explained; "I put it down on the hallstand, and forgot about it. We both got angry, and I-I said things about Mr. Ravensdale and his sister Lena declared she'd never forgive. Perhaps I was wrong, but I have every cause to distrust them, and so has Lena, but he won't see it. Oh, she is mad, mad!"
"Are all arrangements made for the wedding?"
"I think so. They don't want us there, though. It's fixed for 8 o'clock in the morning, and they're going to drive straight to the railway station from the church."
"Well, dearest, we mustn't intrude upon them. It's certainly strange, however, that your sister should slight you in this way."
Ella's hands twitched nervously. Then she burst into tears. "I-I don't mind for myself," she sobbed, "but it's dreadful that Lena should have let that horrid woman get such an influence over."
"Why do you dislike Miss Ravensdale so intensely, dearest?" I asked soothingly.
"Why? Oh, for one thing, because I believe in her heart she hates Lena, and, for another, because—because of something she's done to me."
"I suppose you won't mind telling me what that is?"
"I-I cannot, I have promised to be silent."
I said nothing. She seemed greatly agitated. Then she cried suddenly:
"And, yet, I am not sure. I think I'm justified in breaking my word; yes, I'll tell you, Aubrey; you ought to know. The day after that woman came, before I grew to distrust her, she asked me if I could get her some poison."
"What?" I exclaimed.
"Some poison," she continued, "that would kill a dog. She had a favorite terrier, she said, that had grown old and blind, and was suffering greatly, and she wanted it poisoned, but couldn't bear that it should meet its death at the hands of any one but herself."
"Well, well?"
"When she asked for the poison I suddenly thought of the stuff you had spoken of on the night I first heard of Lena's engagement."
"Curare?"
"Yes. I found some in your surgery, and I-I gave it to her. I read up about it, too, and told her all she had to do was to smear some on a needle and prick the poor animal with it."
"Oh, you should have told me, dearest; but what happened afterward?"
"What happened?"—my wife gave a low, mirthless laugh—"why, a week later, when she said she'd killed the dog, and I asked her to give me back what remained of the poison, she declined to do so; and now today, when I repeated the request, she—"
But at this moment there came a ring at the bell, followed by the entrance of a servant to tell me that a lady wished to see me immediately.
My visitor, a handsome, well-dressed woman of 30, was pacing excitedly up and down my counting room as I entered.
"Doctor Cranleigh," she cried, "excuse my abruptness, but you must come with me at once. Your wife's sister, Miss Lena Vernon, is suddenly taken ill. She is unconscious—in a fit, I think. There is not a moment to lose. Don't stop to tell your wife now, it would only alarm her. She can be summoned later on, if necessary."
"Are you?" I gasped. "Miss Ravensdale?"
"Yes—but come, come!"
Mechanically, I put on my hat, and followed her into the street.
"Now," I said, briefly, "you can give me any additional particulars?"
"Not many," she replied. "I had been out, and returning to the house, went into Lena's bedroom, where I found her on the sofa, as I have said, unconscious. She seemed to have been seized with faintness while dressing; at all events her hair was disheveled. I tried to bring her round, but my efforts were quite fruitless. So I called the servant to remain with her, and came off for you."
I asked one or two further questions, but she added nothing of importance, and a few minutes more brought us to the house.
The girl who opened the door said there was no change in the condition of her mistress, and we made our way immediately to the bed room.
Lena, her luxuriant hair awry and her eyes closed, lay on a couch by the window, so still that at first I feared she was dead. But even as I crossed the room her whole frame shook in a sudden, convulsive movement, which, however, only lasted a moment. I bent down to examine her more closely, pushing back some of the loose tresses which strayed over her white forehead. My hand coming in contact with something moist, caused me to withdraw it quickly. Then I started violently. My fingers were smeared with blood!

Without a word, I hastily raised the half-lowered gas, and, with the aid of the stronger light thus afforded, I saw for the first time beneath the hair just above Lena's brow, a long, irregular scratch. I trembled involuntarily.
Lena's symptoms were those of curare poisoning.
I pushed the electric bell, wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, torn from my note book, and, giving it to the servant who answered my summons, told her to take it immediately to my surgery, hand it to my assistant, and wait a reply. Then, uncertain what to say or do, I turned toward Mildred Ravensdale, who sat silent and composed on the chair near the couch.
"This faintness," I ventured, at last, "seems serious, alarming even."
"Indeed? I am so sorry. What can it be? Failure of the heart?"
"No," I rejoined, looking fixedly at her; "I should rather say it is a case of poisoning."
She met my eyes with a cold, incredulous stare, but gave no reply.
"Did you ever hear of a poison called curare?" I went on.
"Never," she answered, calmly.
I reflected a moment. Should I tell her what Ella had revealed to me, and challenge her to deny it? No, not yet, I decided.
All this while I had been chafing Lena's hands, but now I let them go, and walked unsteadily round the room. At the dressing table I stopped; on it I noticed, abstractedly, a toilet case—my wife's present—and beside the case an ivory comb. There was something about the latter which caused me to look again, and with trembling hands to open the case. Ah! I could hardly repress a cry—the comb belonged to it; and on the comb, tightly fastened to one of the teeth by a piece of thin wire, was a pin with a discolored point. I had discovered the explanation of the scarlet!

A NEW RIFLE BULLET.

Chief Recommendation is in its increased Property of Maiming an Enemy.
An inventor comes forward with an improved bullet that, it is claimed, will maim a combatant in the same terrible manner as would the explosive bullet that has been barred by the law of nations, and yet be within the rules prescribed for the use of projectiles in modern warfare. Edwin S. Field, of Springfield, Mass., describes his new bullet as follows:
"My projectile resembles the metal-covered bullet of small caliber, and especially the new .030-caliber bullet adopted by the United States Government to be used in the army rifles, instead of the heavier .045 bullet, formerly used in the Springfield musket. Its smaller caliber enables the soldier to carry more ammunition. Its greater velocity increases the danger range and the bullet goes further in the ordinary sighting or firing from the shoulder without aim than the old heavier bullet did. The metal cover takes the quick twist in the rifling of the barrel and gives the necessary rotary motion to hold it up and keep it going in a straight line toward the object aimed at. The naked or lead bullet will not take the quick twist, and has the disadvantage of fouling the gun and marring its accuracy. The metal cover gives to the bullet greater penetration. Instead of one body ending its course, it can drive through two or three. But, and here comes the disadvantage, the bullet being smaller, makes a very small, clean wound, going through flesh and bone with but little disabling effect compared with the .045-caliber lead bullet formerly used. This has given rise to the use of what is called the dum dum bullet, which has a metal casing covering the bullet nearly to the point and leaving the lead exposed. This lead expands, tears the flesh and breaks bones, but does not have the penetration of the full metal-covered bullets."

receiver can take it up. Owing to this reason for the present, its application will have to be confined to particular cases. For practical purposes, if one desires to protect one's self from having despatches read by others, there remains only the use of signs arranged beforehand. In war, to be sure, telegraphy would become impossible as soon as a hostile spark generator should cause a permanent disturbance of the characters. A very interesting battle might occur in the waves of ether.
WHERE DO THE DAYS BEGIN?
Apparently Somewhere in the Pacific Ocean.

Where do the days begin? They must begin somewhere, and by a clever line of argument a writer in an English weekly figures out that the place where the days begin lies somewhere out in the Pacific Ocean. A straight line does not define the place, but it runs, according to this theorist, in a zigzag among some of the islands scattered over that broad expanse of water.
This is determined by the following reasoning: Seeing that, as one moves westward, the time gets earlier and earlier, so that when it is Monday noon in London it is sometime Monday morning in America, it follows that, if this principle were continued without limit all the way round the world, at the same moment it was Monday noon in London, it would also be twenty-four hours later—that is, Tuesday noon in London. That is, of course, absurd, we have to look for the limit, which does in fact, exist, to the principle that as one moves westward the time gets earlier, and as one moves eastward it gets later.
Before the circumnavigation of the globe there was no difficulty of this kind. When the sun stood over London on Monday it was Monday noon, and when it moved westward (in the common phrase) and stood over Dublin, a little later, it became Monday noon in that city, and then as the western limit of the known world was reached the sun dropped out of sight until the next morning when it came up over the eastern horizon and interval Tuesday morning. In this interval therefore, the sun was passing over the place where Tuesday began. As discoverers pushed their way further eastward and westward this abyss became narrower and narrower until the place where time changed and the days began, dwindled into a space no wider than a line, time jumps forward twenty-four hours, from noon of one day to noon of the day following. The situation of this line depends on the chance of whether any given place was first discovered by a traveler from the eastward or the west.

As China was first discovered to Europeans by travelers from the west, and America by voyagers from the east, it is clear the line which marks where the days begin lies between these two, in the Pacific Ocean, and instead of being a straight line, zigzags about, dividing islands which happened to be discovered from the east from those which happened to be discovered from the west.

There must still be many islands in that ocean where it is not yet decided to which side of the line they belong, and where if one were put down one would not know whether it were today, to-morrow or yesterday. There must also be many islands there which never having been permanently occupied by civilized people, change their day from time to time, so that a ship calling there coming from China might arrive on Tuesday, while another ship calling at the same time from America would arrive on Monday. There must also be people living so near the line that by going a few miles they can or by going back can find yesterday.

Blossoms That Gleam at Night.
Nearly every one is familiar with the glow which is given out in the dark by various kinds of fungi, but the fact that common everyday blossoms frequently gleam in the night time is not so well known. The ordinary nasturtium is a simple illustration of the peculiar irregularity. The marsh lily, which grows abundantly in the marshes of light after the rain. The light increases in intensity during July and August, and appears half an hour after sunset. South Africa, presents the same peculiarities. A Swedish naturalist, Haggren, so thoroughly believed in the property of luminosity belonging to some plants that he employed a night watchman to roam his garden to report to him any and all cases of glowing blossoms. The scientist, after a good deal of study, announced that the plants shine with especial brilliancy after a sunny day, while there is no vanishing at dawn. Haggren went so far as to subject the nasturtium to a microscopic examination to discover if any animal life were responsible for the phenomenon, but no foreign substance was found on the plants he examined. Later scientists have discovered that the glow extends to the nasturtium's leaves, as well as to its petals. The common marigold has been seen to glow brilliantly, the light seeming to play over the petals with quick changes. The fraxinella, of which there are three varieties in our gardens, the white, the red, and the purple, seem to excel all other plants in the quality of luminosity. This plant secretes in abundance an essential oil which in times of great heat spreads in a thin layer over the surface of the petals, where it volatilizes, impregnating the surrounding atmosphere with its vapor. This vapor possesses the property of becoming luminous in darkness.—New York Times.

possibilities of the method of Telegraphing Without the Use of Wires.
Privy Counsellor Dr. Slaby of Charlottenburg, Germany, contributes to the Century an article on "The New Telegraphy." Dr. Slaby conducted a series of experiments in telegraphing without the use of wires before the German Emperor. He says, in concluding his article:
I have often been asked in what directions and in what field the use of spark telegraphy might be employed. Our knowledge of the phenomenon in question is so far a very meagre thing; we are really in the very opening chapters. I do not propose to paint pictures of the future, but I believe I can state with emphasis that for certain purposes the new telegraphy is ripe today, and well worthy of consideration. The most important appear to me to be in the military field. Besieged fortresses, and advancing armies which have the enemy between them, could make use of spark telegraphy to-day as a method of communication. The system works just as surely on a bright day as by night and in fog, though, to be sure only in case were balloons can be employed, since the distances reached when towers, masts, and high trees were used would hardly suffice in cases of this kind.
Quite as important is the usefulness of the discovery for the navy. Experiments of last summer have made perfectly certain the possibility of using captive balloons on the high sea. In place of balloons, without doubt, one might use the modern kites, brought to such a pitch of perfection in America, as those of Hargrave and others. I owe it to the kindness of an acquaintance in New York that I know something of these excellent kites, and a few experiments have already shown me that they are perfectly adapted to the carrying of thin wires.
There is a future for the use of spark telegraphy for lighthouses and lightships. The receiving apparatus can easily be made in a handy form, not bulkier than a chronometer. On the approach to a lighthouse it would not only give signals, but would tick out the name of the lighthouse; it appears even possible to provide the receiving apparatus with a regulator, to be adjusted at will according to whether a greater or smaller sensitiveness is desired, whereby the distance of the lighthouse can be read off.
An undeniable weakness of spark telegraphy is this: every telegram is imparted to the whole world; every

History spends half its time in repeating itself and the other half in getting itself revised.
WENEN, GA.
"Having obtained a box of Tetterine of Hunter & Wright of Louisville, Ga., which I used on a case of itching piles of five years' standing, I spent \$50 for different kinds of remedies and the skill of doctors, but no good until I got the Tetterine. I am now well. Accept thanks." Yours, W. R. KING. By mail for 50c. in stamps by J. T. BURGER, Savannah, Ga.
More than one of God's thoughts are written in every good life.
A Good Dictionary For Two Cents.
A dictionary containing 10,000 of the most useful words in the English language, is published by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. While it contains some advertising, it is a complete dictionary, concise and correct. In compiling this book care has been taken to omit none of those common words whose spelling or exact use occasions at times a momentary difficulty, even to well educated people. The main aim has been to give as much useful information as possible in a limited space. To those who already have a dictionary, this book will commend itself because it is compact, light and convenient; to those who have no dictionary whatever, it will be invaluable. One may be secured by writing to the above concern, mentioning this paper, and enclosing a two-cent stamp.
Duty Inquires, "What must I do?" Love asks, "What may I do?"

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., P. ops. Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
WAT & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood, and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 50c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.
There is much of both the lion and the donkey in everybody.

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How Are You This Spring?

Tired, nervous?
Can't get rested?
Tortured with boils, humors?
That is not strange. Impurities have been accumulating in your blood during winter and it has become impoverished. This is the experience of most people. Therefore they take Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify their blood in spring.
"My daughter was run down and tired while in school, and I have been giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has purified her blood and built her up, and she is now getting well and strong. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla myself with excellent results, and whenever we have any little ailment we resort to this medicine. It keeps me in good health and good spirits, and makes me feel younger. My husband has been taking Hood's Pills, and says he never found any he liked as well."—Mrs. JENNIE FARBORER, 424 Warren Street, New York, N. Y. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills

I Kissed the Cook.
I kissed the cook—ah me, she was divine!
Cheeks peachy, dark brown eyes, lips red
as wine;
Long apron with a bow,
A cap as white as snow—
By far too tempting; so, I kissed the cook.
I kissed the cook, this angel from the
skies,
And yet, I did not take her by surprise.
"Was mean, I will allow;
But if you'll take the vow
To keep it, I'll tell you how I kissed the
cook.
I kissed the cook—poor, helpless little lass,
The chance so good I could not let it pass.
Her hands were in the dough;
She dare not spoil, you know,
My Sunday suit, and so I kissed the cook.
I kissed the cook, I might have been
more stouge,
But then I guess it wasn't very wrong.
For, just 'twix you and me,
The cook's my wife, is she,
So I'd a right, you see, to kiss the cook.
—What to Eat.

TO MRS. PINKHAM
From Mrs. Walter E. Budd, of Pat-
chogue, New York.
Mrs. B. in the following letter,
tells a familiar story of weakness and
suffering, and thanks Mrs. Pinkham
for complete relief:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I think it is
my duty to write
to you and tell you
what Lydia
E. Pinkham's
Vegetable
Compound
has done for
me; I feel like
another woman.
I had such dread-
ful headaches
through my
temples and
on top of my
head, that I
nearly went
crazy; was also
troubled with
chills; was very
weak; my left
shoulder to my
waist pained
me terribly. I could not sleep for
the pain. Plasters would help for a
while, but as soon as taken off, the pain
would be just as bad as ever. Doctors
prescribed medicine, but it gave me no
relief.
Now I feel so well and strong,
have no more headaches, and no
pain in side, and it is all owing to
your Compound. I cannot praise it
enough. It is a wonderful medicine.
I recommend it to every woman I
know."



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Greatest Monument to Man's Handiwork.
"The greatest structure ever raised by the hand of man," writes William George Jordan in "The Greatest Things in the World," in the Ladies' Home Journal, "is the Great Pyramid of Cheops, founded 4000 years ago, and measuring 740 feet square on the base and 449 feet high. It took twenty years in construction; 100,000 men working for three months and being then relieved, were succeeded by an equally large corps. The massive stones were brought from Arabia, 700 miles away. The cost of the work is estimated at \$145,000,000."