

FAILURE.

By L. M. Montgomery.
I would not count it failure if in vain I strove, with earnest self-forgetfulness, Of some high task fruition to obtain. But did not win the guerdon of success; If my poor effort no base thought did know I would not call it so.

But if I won it by a selfish might, Straining endeavor by a servile greed, By so much as one paltering with the right Or by the savor of one wrongful deed, Then would I count attainment of desire Failure most dire.

Concerning Some Plans that Clashed in a Cab.

How a Man Assumed an Idiosyncrasy That Promised to be Lucrative, and How it Turned Upon Him and Tripped Him Up.

Mr. Roger Warner was one of those happy old characters who sometimes laugh out loudly in inopportune moments. This when he was thinking how easy it was for a capable man to collect an easy living from the world at large. His head was of a respectable baldness. His jeweled watch-chain hung abruptly over space. His habitual expression was that of a man whose anxiety in life consists in wondering just what will happen if he continues to grow stouter. He was a bachelor and lived alone with his niece and a housekeeper. The niece was 19. The housekeeper was 59. Warner often asked himself which one of the two could manipulate the closest.

The room was darkened. Warner sat at a little table holding stealthy conversation with a visitor. Their voices were muffled. Their gestures were well under control. Occasionally the younger man arose and walked gently around the room, doubtfully wagging his head.

"Why," remarked Warner impatiently, "I've been smuggling diamonds now for fifteen years."

"How is it that you were never caught?" inquired the other, with interest.

"They all think I am crazy," replied the other, laughing shamefacedly. "I do queer things on the boat and they think I am cracked on the subject of smuggling." He smiled reminiscently. "It's fun to see them wink and tap their foreheads, and all the time I've my wallet full of diamonds."

The other resumed his walk around the room. He had just succeeded to the business of a successful diamond importer for whom Warner had done business. The thing looked reasonable and there was money in it.

"Well, all right," he finally remarked. "Call around at the office in the morning. I'll take a little flyer in it."

It may be explained that taking a little flyer is a speculative term, and is frequently synonymous with taking a little header. It has, moreover, generally been found that after taking a few of these little flyers the person interested finds that his financial wings have been clipped to a very serious and crippling extent.

The time was night. The scene was Broadway and Fifth avenue. A brilliant throng jostled and pushed under the electric light advertisements. Every one was going somewhere, and apparently nearly every one anticipated much hilarious pleasure from the visit.

Mabel Warner walked along with a gloomy face. By her side stalked Billy Stafford, with an equally gloomy face. At times they exchanged gloomy glances. They didn't seem to be tickled to death to any great extent.

"I think Uncle Roger is a mean old man," said Mabel, with sudden emphasis.

"He says he wouldn't let you marry me if I was the only man on earth," observed Will, bitterly.

"The idea," exclaimed Mabel, with acute indignation in her voice.

"He says he'd sooner see you married to a hod-carrier," continued Will, with deep dejection.

"A hod-carrier!" gasped Mabel.

"He says I haven't any nerve. I told him I had lots of it. He said if I'd prove that he might reconsider his decision. He told he was going to Germany next week to try the baths there, and he said he didn't want me to call more than once a week while he was away."

"A hod-carrier!" repeated Mabel. The idea seemed to fascinate her. "But then, you know, Uncle Roger is a bit queer at times," she explained.

"I know it," replied the other. "I know it. I've been thinking this thing over, I have, and by George, I'll show him how much nerve I have. I'll show him!"

Here again, it might be concretely set forth in passing that when a young man starts out to show an old one, the young chap frequently finds at the last moment that he is making a show of his own youthful self that has all the essential earmarks of a howling side-splitting farce comedy.

The Oceanic, tired out with her long trip, is tolerantly allowed herself to be warped into her pier. The dock was

noisy with hysterical cries of welcome home. From the boat cockney accents were wanted back such as are only acquired after a month's painstaking effort. Family secrets were shouted back and forth in a manner to make a bashful man blush. The panting of the straining tugs was heard but faintly above the tumult.

The vessel finally laid at rest. The moveable stairs were rolled up to the steamer's side and the passengers rushed triumphantly down the steps. Old Warner waddled down all by himself and importantly sought out a customs inspector.

"I'm smuggling over a million dollars' worth of diamonds," he whispered to the inspector, smiling meanwhile with brilliant idocy. The inspector looked up in time to see the ship's steward energetically tapping his forehead and pointing at Warner with a significant thumb. The inspector nodded. He knew Warner of old.

A medical looking personage walked down the dock and took Warner by the right arm with a complete air of ownership. Another medical looking personage took Warner by the left arm.

"You come along with us," they said; "we've got something pretty to show you."

The inspector looked on sympathetically.

"I didn't know he was dangerous," remarked the inspector. "Why, he's been cracked about smuggling for the last ten years."

"He is very violent lately," replied the keepers. "He has a great way of biting persons noses off."

The inspector and the other bystanders stepped hastily back. It seemed to them that they could get more comprehensive perspective of this thing from the middle distance.

"It's a lie!" yelled the struggling Warner. "I'm not crazy."

"Of course not," chorused the sympathetic passenger.

"Of course not," remarked the two attendants soothingly.

The procession gradually worked its way up the pier, despite Warner's best efforts to the contrary. One of the attendants whistled. A carriage with two white horses drove up. The dock policemen kindly helped to push Warner inside. Warner tried to talk to him, but the policeman was a handsome man, and he didn't propose to have his nose bitten off. The driver cracked his whip. The carriage rambled out into West street and disappeared.

A coup and a coupe! A man who queered himself by simulating lunacy! It is by such subtle indications as these that the machinery of Fate can be detected, grinding relentlessly on with implacability.

Billy Stafford walked along Seventh avenue. His manner was nervous. His expression was that of a dyspeptic bowler whose ball is halfway down the alley. He was keeping a wary eye open for a carriage with two white horses. Stafford, it may be explained, had arranged for the abduction of Warner. The time was now ripe for a thrilling rescue.

"This will show the old man whether I have any nerve," murmured Stafford to himself from time to time. "I'll earn his everlasting gratitude, too," he assured himself.

Suddenly the fateful cab turned the corner and drew up against a saloon, according to programme. Billy gripped his cane. According to programme there was going to be a Homeric struggle right here. Billy was going to whip the two abductors (they had been paid heavily in advance for this) and then triumphantly rescue the victim.

The programme halted. The cab was quiet. No one tried to get out. The driver sat on his box like a statue. Billy went up to the carriage and tried to peep inside, but the curtains were tightly drawn. He tried cautiously to open the door a little bit, but the door gave unexpectedly, and Billy lurched inside. He found himself face to face with Warner. The latter was tightly bound and gagged and his face was of a truly wonderful color.

"So you're the one who planned all this, are you?" demanded the old gentleman, as soon as the gag had been removed.

"Planned what?" asked Billy, mumbly.

"Planned what?" mimicked the victim, with terrible sarcasm. "When those two villainous thieves picked my pockets they laughed and said if they didn't take my wallet the heroic rescuer might get his hands on it. Who did they mean by 'heroic rescuer'?"

"Who, indeed?" inquired Billy, blankly.

"How did you come to open the door of the cab?" demanded Warner. "Shut up!" he exploded. "There were over \$40,000 worth of unset diamonds in that wallet," he moaned. His voice broke again. He swallowed hard for a minute or two and then suddenly gripped his cane in both hands. A desire to impart lasting knowledge took violent possession of him.

"I'll teach you!" he shouted as he advanced upon the miserable Stafford. Down in Second avenue two medical looking gentlemen whistled in pleased amazement as they shook a cascade of unset diamonds from a prosperous looking wallet.

Up in Maiden lane, a certain diamond importer stands in his office window, day in and day out, vainly waiting for Mr. Roger Warner to turn up.

—New York Evening Sun.

SHAVES TWENTY MILES.
Man's Razor Travels Over His Face 2,000 Feet Each Year.
If when you meet your mustache-

adorned friend you tell him he shaves five feet eight inches a day, or over two-fifths of a mile a year, he will probably accuse you of romancing, but such is the fact. The distance a man shaves in an average lifetime, or the distance his razor travels over his face, will be a surprise to most persons. It, of course, differs to a more or less extent with each individual, first, on account of personal taste, which determines whether a man wears partial or full whiskers with or without a mustache, a mustache alone, full beard with shaven upper lip, a chin beard with or without a mustache, or is altogether clean shaven.

Second, it differs to a fractional extent for the following reasons: The measurement of the faces of two individuals is never exactly alike. The texture of people's skins and the strength of the growth of hair on the face differ just as widely, and it is the tenderness or stoutness of the skin and the strength or weakness of the growth of hair that decide how many times a man passes a razor over his face. In the same individual the condition of the skin and the growth of the hair vary not only with the health of the individual, but with the temperature of the atmosphere, hair on the face growing more rapidly and strongly in warm weather than in cold.

So on all counts, in order to arrive at the distance a man shaves in a life time, it is necessary to make a certain average and seeing the number of men who wear full beards and the number who are clean shaven, we take as an example of the average man the one who only wears a mustache. But there is the average fair man and the average dark man, and it is necessary to discriminate between the two, for the reason that the dark man is, in the vast majority of cases, compelled to use a razor quite a year earlier than the fair man.

From a multitude of examples an average measurement round the chin from ear to ear is found to be twelve and a half inches. From where the beard starts on the upper throat to the chin and thence to the edge of the underlip, is four and a half inches. You must reckon that it is necessary to give two strokes of the razor to each inch or fraction of an inch in order to cover all the surface, and to go over each section of the face twice in order to secure a clean surface. So multiplying the number of strokes by the number of times the razor is passed over the entire face, you get the figure four, and four times the two above mentioned measurements gives you the figures fifty and eighteen respectively, which added together produce sixty-eight. Therefore the average man, whether dark or fair, shaves sixty-eight inches once every twenty-four hours.

Vital statistics on the subject of the duration of men's lives are misleading by reason of the fact that all who die in infancy are included, and enormously lower the average. It is, therefore, better to fall back on the palmist's estimate of three score years and ten—or seventy years—in order to arrive at the life of the average male adult. With these figures we arrive at the result that every man wearing a mustache shaves 2,068 feet four inches per year. Taking, then, the average life at seventy years, and that the fair man begins shaving at eighteen and the dark man a year earlier, or at seventeen, we have the following result: That a fair man if he lives until he is seventy, will shave in the course of his life twenty miles 651 yards and four inches. The dark man, if he lives till he is seventy, will shave in the course of his life, twenty miles 1,240 yards one foot eight inches.

His Word For It.

Mrs. Brown is a woman equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled even her into doubt of the need of charity in this case.

"Why," she exclaimed, "you look well able to work!"

"Yes," replied the applicant, "but I have been deaf and dumb these seven years."

"Poor man! What an affliction!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, opening her purse and handing him a quarter. On returning home she mentioned the occurrence, and remarked, "What a dreadful thing it is to be deprived of such facilities!"

"But how," asked her daughter, "did you know that the man was deaf and dumb?"

"Why," was the innocent answer, "he told me so."—Youth's Companion

Forecasts on Letters.

The Mexican postal department has taken a new and very novel and effective means of distributing the weather bulletins given out by the weather men. Every letter which passes through the office is stamped with the indications for the next twenty-four hours at the same time as the cancellation of stamps is made and also as the receiving stamp is placed on the envelope. Some time ago this plan of disseminating weather bureau findings was discussed in the United States, but notwithstanding the fact that it was agreed that such an idea was a good one, it was never done. It remained for the officials of the progressive Mexican government to first adopt the plan which will be such a handy thing for the general public.

When a poet's verses come back to him he meets with reverses.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Loose coats made with shoulder capes are much in vogue and are admirable for many purposes. Made of pongee, silk and the like, they



WOMAN'S COAT.

serve as warm weather wraps, and made from the heavier materials become suited to cold weather wear. This very stylish May Manton one is shown in pongee, with trimming of the same material embroidered in Chinese designs, but is adapted to all the materials mentioned and indeed to all light weight cloaking material.

The coat is made with loose fronts and back and is shaped by means of shoulder, under-arm and centre back

seams. The cape is arranged over the shoulders and can be turned back at the corners, as illustrated, or left plain, as preferred. At the neck is the stole trimming, which extends to the edges of the fronts. The sleeves are loose and ample, in bell shape, and admit of slipping over the gown with perfect ease.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards forty-four inches wide, or two and one-half yards fifty-two inches wide.

Becoming to Young Girls.

Shirred waists always are becoming to young girls and are greatly in vogue at the present time. The very pretty and attractive May Manton one shown combines the broad shouldered effect with the shirring at the waist line, which gives the effect of a belt, and is as new as it is attractive. As illustrated in the large drawing it is made of white mull with a yoke of lace, but soft wool and silk fabrics are appropriate as well as the cotton and linen ones.

The waist is made over a fitted foundation which closes with it at the back. The yoke is faced onto the lining and the waist proper is shirred and arranged over it. The sleeves are shirred at their upper portions to form continuous lines with the waist, and again between the shoulders and the elbows. They can be made in elbow length, as illustrated, or in the long bishop style, as shown in the small cut. If a transparent effect is desired the lining can be cut away beneath the yoke and beneath the full portions of the sleeves.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with five-eighths yards of all-over lace.

Tuck shirring are greatly in vogue and are peculiarly desirable for the gowns designed for young girls. The extremely graceful and pretty skirt shown in the large drawing includes a yoke and flounce effect, with addi-

tional shirring midway between the two, and is eminently desirable. The original is made of dotted muslin, but the design suits all the soft, pliable fabrics of the season equally well.

The skirt consists of a three-piece foundation and the skirt proper, which is cut in one, slightly circular, piece. At the lower edge is a group of three tucks that makes a most satisfactory finish. The skirt is shirred on indicated lines and is drawn up to fit the foundation.

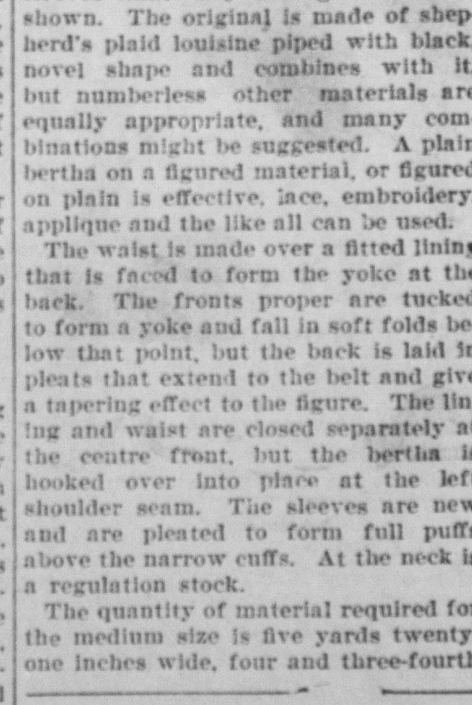
The quantity of material required for the medium size is six yards twenty-seven inches wide, four and three-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide, or four yards forty-four inches wide.

Traveling Gowns.

Gowns for traveling and street wear made of foulard (which is still in high vogue) are far ahead of those of brilliantine or mohair, as they are equally durable, more congenial to the touch, resist damp or salt air and shed dust as well. For ordinary wear they are cheaper than any of the dainty muslins, as they do not have to be laundered, and can be worn even on ceremonious occasions. They are, however, mostly made on the smart shirt waist model, and elaborated as desired by quantities of lace and ribbons, especially those in the light designs with plenty of white in the ground, the dark foulards being selected for traveling. The old or standard designs (which never go out of fashion) can be had cheaper than the new designs.

Woman's Blouse Waist.

Nothing marks the season more surely than the berth effects that are to be noted in many of the fancy waists. This very stylish model shows one of



TUCKED SHIRRED WAIST AND SKIRT.

novel shape and combines with it sleeves that are among the latest shown. The original is made of shepherd's plaid louisine piped with black, novel shape and combines with it, but numberless other materials are equally appropriate, and many combinations might be suggested. A plain berth on a figured material, or figured on plain is effective, lace, embroidery, applique and the like all can be used.

The waist is made over a fitted lining that is faced to form the yoke at the back. The fronts proper are tucked to form a yoke and fall in soft folds below that point, but the back is laid in pleats that extend to the belt and give a tapering effect to the figure. The lining and waist are closed separately at the centre front, but the berth is hooked over into place at the left shoulder seam. The sleeves are new and are pleated to form full puffs above the narrow cuffs. At the neck is a regulation stock.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five yards twenty-one inches wide, four and three-fourth

yards twenty-seven inches wide, four and three-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The main objection to the snap-shot photographer is that he is too candid. He never gives his subject a chance to look pleasant.

Mr. Carnegie has discovered that it requires as much discernment to give money away judiciously as it does to amass it.

Heretofore Inca traditions led scientists to believe that Peruvian civilization existed only a few centuries before the coming of the Spaniards. The work of Dr. Uhle is said to have established the fact that a great civilization flourished in Peru 2,000 years earlier.

Since the introduction of the Bertillon system in France 20,000 persons who have committed crimes and who were concealing their identity have, by means of the system, been identified and brought to justice, and among these not one mistake is known have been made.

In the election of 1892 there were in England and Wales 36,109 illiterates, in Scotland, 4,677; in Ireland, 84,919. At the 1895 elections the figures were: Illiterates in England, 28,521; Scotland, 4,662; Ireland, 40,357.

That the low-lying territory of the Mississippi should at times be overflowed is not surprising if one considers that the "Father of Waters" draws supplies from twenty-eight States, draining one-third of the area of the United States.

The Milwaukee Sentinel remarks that the automobile has come to stay and should be welcomed as a modern improvement of great possibilities, both of pleasure and usefulness. But it is obviously not a machine to be entrusted to the guidance of the thoughtless and the featherbrained, who pursue their own pleasure regardless of the comfort and safety of other people.

Canada is about to become the chief source of the world's supply of arsenic. The arsenic which for many years baffled the gold miners of Hastings county, Ontario, in their efforts to extract the precious metal from its matrix, has become the more profitable of the two minerals. The strange turn of the wheel of fortune has been caused by the virtual exhaustion of the former chief source of supply of arsenic in Germany and England, together with the superior quality and purity of the Canadian product.

The Pall Mall Magazine thinks that life would become intolerable if girls could not be on frank and uncoquettish terms with men of their own age, or some years their seniors. The idea that because two young people may have a great deal in common they must also be in love is happily dying out. No one is hurt, no one is compromised, when a friendship does not lead to marriage.

One definite advantage in substituting khaki for blue cloth uniforms for the army in the tropics and in summer was not considered when the change was discussed in the War Department, the anopheles mosquito not having at that time been exhaustively studied. The malaria-breeding mosquitoes will not light upon substances having a yellow color, but swarm about blue fabrics.

Sir Clements Markham, President of the Royal Geographical Society, strongly deprecates the costly expeditions which the various nations sent out in rivalry without any system of co-operation. He considers future North Pole expeditions as worthless, useless for geographical purposes; useless from the naturalists point of view.

That the motorist cannot help reckless driving was maintained by a French savant in a recent meeting of scientists in Paris. The furor steals on them. In setting out they intend to go at a moderate pace, but as they warm to the work they must rush on faster and faster. The flying lands cape through which they tear forward produces the kind of giddiness which Arabs say takes hold of them in the fantasia. In this state motorists would run down those nearest and dearest to them as unhesitatingly as though they were so many animals.

In an article on Irrigation in the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, Edward A. Beale, of the Weather Bureau, says that there are more than seven million acres of irrigated lands in the United States. The total cost of the irrigation systems of the country is \$64,289,001, and the value of the irrigated crops for the single year of 1899 was \$54,433,433, or 30 per cent. greater than the cost of the irrigation plants. The number of irrigators was 102,810, which gives nearly seventy-one acres to the farm.

According to the Denver Republican the current of immigration to the United States is unusually strong, but a comparison shows that in proportion to the population it is not so great as that into Canada. Although we are receiving new people at the rate of about eight hundred thousand a year, this represents only about one per cent. of our population, whereas at the present rate the immigration into Canada will amount to two per cent. of the population of that country in the course of a year.