

ALL'S WELL.

Why harbor fear? The planets one by one
Their peaceful paths pursue through trackless space;

After Many Years.

By FRIDK'S MILLS.

Poor Sidney Warde! His great struggle in life, his years of hardship and weary toil, inspired by one solitary hope, brought him nothing but bitter disappointment, after all.

Ten years before, with youth, strength and energy upon his side, he had entered upon life's battle. He was successful. The world called him "lucky."

Another year sped by. Sidney Warde, merchant and banker, of New York city, had the reputation of being the hardest man of business and the most daring speculator known to the commercial world.

He had written a brief letter to Katie, congratulating her upon her wedding, wishing her every happiness, and signing himself, "Yours truly," thus closing accounts, as he bitterly imagined, with his own heart, and with hers.

So the two grew together, the one a strong, impetuous boy, and the other an open hearted, generous girl, and the squire watched their progress contentedly and never said "Nay" to their familiar intercourse.

But when the time came that Sidney was no longer a boy, and he entered upon the duties of a clerkship at the city bank, a post which the squire, his patron, had procured for him, came also the beginning of his trouble.

He was taking an affectionate farewell of Katie, making numberless rash promises for her sake; while she, listening to them wonderingly, and nothing loath to hear, bent her face down upon his shoulder, and his arm stole around her waist.

In this position they were discovered by her father, and for the first time the truth dawned upon his mind. He gently led her away, and, returning speedily to the room where Sidney remained, wondering what was next to come, the proud man's fury burst forth in a torrent of fierce invective.

"Ingrate, upstart!" were the words he used—words that went deep into the soul of Sidney Warde and rusted there; "mean, dishonorable villain! Pauper! See that you never dare to set foot within these doors again!"

Sidney Warde pursed his lips proudly to stifle the ready answer. Was it not her father? and what could he not bear for Katie's sake?

He endeavored to reason with the enraged parent, but in vain. "Truly we love each other," he said, "and our position is unequal—what of that? Time, which works so many changes, may yet span the social chasm that separates us. I can wait."

Vain was his appeal to the reason of the enraged and passionate squire. He was in an unreasonable mood just then, and Sidney was thrust from the threshold he had so often crossed with a light and careless step—out upon a new life of sad reality.

He met Katie once again. It was hard by the little bridge where he had once rescued her from death, and here he told her of his love for her without interruption, and her heart responded word for word as his whisper fell upon her ear. He was going out into the world, he said—he would bind her to him by no promise, he was not mean enough for that, but he would return in a year or two, maybe—never, however, until he could count dollar for dollar with the squire, who was once his friend.

In these ten years he had succeeded greatly. His footsteps had wandered into many places, and fortune seemed ever to attend his efforts. He had worked hard and manfully, and he acknowledged that he was rich beyond his greatest anticipation. He could breathe again now.

Returning to the well remembered scene, his youthful affection—the one object of his ambition still strong within him—full of rich belief of her love—proud of the equality which resulted from his own labor—he forgot that time, which had dealt so favorably with him, might also have set its mark upon the old mansion while those ten long years rolled by.

The mark was there. The squire long since dead and buried, the old house closed up and deserted, for its mistress was away, the wooden bridge displaced and an iron one erected in its stead, the pretty village "improved" into a thriving little town—these were the sorrowful preludes to a bitter disappointment than all of them. Katie was married!

Only a year before—just one solitary year, of all those prosperous ten! If he could but have known!

This was the burden of his cry, as he wandered through the grounds, and through the lonely rooms, and on the threshold of the deserted mansion until the disturbed echoes took up the theme, and the soft wind carried it upon the air. "If I only had known! If I could but have known!"

Another year sped by. Sidney Warde, merchant and banker, of New York city, had the reputation of being the hardest man of business and the most daring speculator known to the commercial world. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. His power was enormous. A nod from him would raise to a premium shares that were unsalable at par.

He had written a brief letter to Katie, congratulating her upon her wedding, wishing her every happiness, and signing himself, "Yours truly," thus closing accounts, as he bitterly imagined, with his own heart, and with hers. But, sitting in his office, one afternoon, engaged in the perusal of an enormous pile of documents, a missive, marked "private," was placed before him. It was addressed in a feminine hand, and he thrust it aside unopened.

"No, no," he muttered, restlessly; "I have done with all that!"

He intuitively felt that it was from Katie.

An hour afterward it again lay before him. He turned it over in a fidgety, restless way, and again put it aside unopened.

Still, he could not settle to his work. For a third time the letter was in his grasp. This time he broke the seal hurriedly, and laid the letter open upon his desk.

"My dear old friend," it commenced. He read no more, but leaving it still open upon his desk, he paced the room fretfully; then he thought of the old times when he was yet a boy, and he returned to his place and hurriedly read as follows:

"My Dear Old Friend—I am sure that in memory of the past you will assist and aid me now. I can hardly hope perhaps, that you should interfere yourself in my welfare, but for my child's sake I must implore your generous help. My husband is dead, and I am sorely afraid that his extravagant habits have absorbed nearly the whole of our possessions. I wish to see every creditor fully satisfied—yet I know so little of business matters. I do not care to place our affairs in the hands of a stranger. Will you undertake the business for me? I feel that I am asking a very great favor, under the circumstances, if you only knew. Come to me, Sidney, for the old times' sake."

"Humbled at last!" muttered the banker, with a strange smile of satisfaction, as he folded the letter methodically, and placed it in his pocket-book. It was probably the only letter in a woman's handwriting that had ever rested there.

A better feeling came anon. Long after business hours the concluding paragraph, written by a hand that trembled as it wrote, showing how completely Katie had broken down in her sad attempt to hide even from herself the feeling that controlled her. "Come to me, Sidney, for the old times' sake!" burned as letters of fire into the cold and ashen heart of the man of business.

"I thought the account was closed, but I was wrong," he murmured. "I must go to her, for she needs my help."

Except that the mansion was occupied the place wore the same appearance as when he saw it last. He walked across the iron bridge, and surveyed his shoulders disdainfully as he noted the ugly trellis-work that surmounted it. How different from the rustic wooden pole that served as a finger hold and protection in the simple picture that he so well remembered. He walked up the narrow pathway, and once again he stood upon that threshold where his sorrows and his fortunes had commenced.

She met him there and motioned him into the little room where their last interview had taken place so many years ago.

He went through the accounts, and he found that after the payment of her husband's debts she would have but a bare sufficiency. The estate had been mortgaged and was no longer hers. He conducted the investigation with the sharp eye of a thorough business man, and in two days he had a statement of her affairs prepared for her perusal. But in those two

days he had learned more than she at first intended him to know.

He found, by connecting together certain scraps of information, that her wedding had been enforced by her father's desire and will.

She had waited nine weary years for the return of the wanderer, from whom she had received neither word nor token.

Were his actions free from blame? Her husband was a rogue and a spendthrift, who had neither love nor respect for her. She had called her baby Sidney, in remembrance of him.

Then he thought of their childhood's days, when she was a great heiress and he was a poor boy, her companion by a freak of fortune.

Was he worthy of her abiding love? He could not disguise the fact that he had carried his bitterness toward her father into the love he professed toward her, and had caused his own misery by his own continued pride.

He pondered long and seriously; he found that the account was not closed; there was a great balance against himself.

"Kate," he said, tremulously, "do you remember that it was in this very room that we agreed to share each other's sorrows?"

"Not that—not that," she replied. "Do not reopen the old—"

"Is the subject so repulsive to you? I think not. I hope not, Kate?"

"Repulsive? No; but I'm afraid—"

"Not of me, surely?"

He placed his arm around her waist, just as tenderly as he had placed it there eleven long years ago, and her head fell upon his breast, for she had fainted.

Then the long confined, passionate love burst from its imprisonment, and with a torrent of fond words he kissed her back to life. Then, as in a dream, she listened to him, until at length she realized her newly born happiness.

And Sidney! He simply returned thanks to a beneficent Providence that had restored his dead love, and renewed the pulsation of his ashen heart, after many weary and unprofitable years.

For that life is unprofitable that lives solely for itself, and great riches are as nothing in the scale, if all else must be sacrificed for gain.—New York Weekly.

TREATMENT OF CANCER.

Results by Surgery and by Roentgen Rays.

At the Dermatological Congress in Berlin, the subject of the treatment of cancer was discussed with much animation. Prof. Von Petersen spoke on the subject of non-surgical treatment of epithelioma, and came to the following conclusions: (1) That epithelioma is curable without operation in its initial stage; (2) that the best results are obtained by "Finsenlicht," inasmuch as this treatment has no deleterious effects; unfortunately it is very expensive; (3) that Roentgen rays are often productive of good results, but they must be employed with great caution; (4) radium rays give positive results, but are accompanied by dangers still greater than those arising from the use of Roentgen rays; (5) small surface epithelioma can be healed by continued bandaging with a solution of from 5 to 15 per cent. of soda.

Professor Von Bergmann then spoke. He maintained that every kind of epithelioma can be permanently healed by means of surgery, whereas only a portion of the cases are healed by treatment by light. He admitted that when severe complications already existed the surgeon could not cure the patient. But in those cases the Roentgen rays also failed. Hitherto, he said, no cancer which has proved impossible to operate for had been healed by the Roentgen rays. It was true that in perfectly hopeless cases the pain of the patients could be alleviated by Roentgen and radium rays, but this simply meant the prolongation of the life of the patient and not the cure.

Dr. Lefebvre, of Paris, who followed, explained that a clever doctor could always avoid causing harmful effects when using radium in cases of cancer. He had, he said, registered good results from the use of radium.

The President, in addressing the meeting, pointed out that a careful distinction must be drawn between the different kinds of epithelioma. Deep-rooted cancer, he thought, ought to be operated upon immediately if an operation were possible, but superficial epithelioma should be treated by Roentgen rays.

The results of the sitting seem, then, to be as sketched by the President. It was admitted that the cause of cancer is still unknown.

Keeping Time by Radium.

The radium clock of Harrison Martindale practically gives perpetual motion through the dissipation of negatively charged rays. A small quantity of radium, supported in an exhausted glass vessel by a quartz rod, is placed in a small tube, to the lower end of which is attached an electroscope of two long strips of silver. The activity of the radium causes an electric current minus beta rays to be transmitted to the silver strips, which expand until they touch the sides of the vessel, when earthed conducting wires instantly discharge them and they fall together. This is repeated every two minutes, making time in beats of that duration, and theoretically the action will continue until exhaustion of the radium—in this case computed to be 30,000 years in the future.—Philadelphia Ledger.



A CARVING SCHOOL.

Among the philanthropic women who have worked to improve the condition of industry in Ireland is Lady Castlerose, whose carving school at Killarney has grown apace. Orders for the beautifully made furniture both for houses and churches have overflowed in, for the school turns out much that is beautiful and artistic in design. The carved bedsteads are very handsome, so are the cabinets, tables, framed mirrors, chairs and fire screens. There are many varieties of bookcases with suitable mottoes, bridge boxes, and so forth in any number of designs. Each year it is reported, sees an increase in the goods sent out by the carving school, and an improvement in the workmanship.

VOTES FOR BEAUTY.

As the season draws to a close the festivities of this charming health resort wax fast and furious, writes the Abbazia correspondent of the London Express.

One of the most striking entertainments took place at the Hotel Quarnero. After a ball, in which all the lady guests appeared clad in scarlet silk or velvet textures, there was announced the name of the lady who had won the beauty prize as awarded by the votes of the male guests.

For this purpose each gentleman was provided with a card on which was printed, "You are loveliest among the lovely." This he presented to the lady whom he considered such.

The fair one who was able to show the largest number of cards received a handsome piece of jewelry.

An Archduke who tried to obtain two cards surreptitiously narrowly escaped being blackballed.

FOR THE PIANO.

Piano playing is now said to be an excellent tonic for the hair, in support of which theory the luxuriant locks of many famous pianists are mentioned, and certainly when one comes to think of it, it is rare indeed to see a professional piano player who is not thoroughly well supplied with luscious adornment of the cranium. Indeed, it has often been laughingly said that it is impossible to make a name for oneself in the musical world, either as a pianist or violinist, without long hair, and if this theory is correct, it would seem as if to some extent this is true, the explanation being that the more brilliant and powerful an excellent one is the more luxuriant is one's hair. It is, however, a dangerous theory to promulgate, for it will set every piano in the land going, and that is too horrible to contemplate.

HOW TO WATER PLANTS.

Improper watering is often the cause of failure with plants. The usual plan is to daily sprinkle a small quantity of water in each pot containing a plant. If those who water plants in this manner, as most beginners do, could see the florist water his plants, they might fear the plants were being drowned, but they would learn a lesson in plant culture that would be of much benefit. The florist waters his plants (with a few exceptions) either daily, every other day or twice a week, according to the weather, and when the watering is done the soil about the plant is completely saturated. The pot being well provided at the bottom water passes off, yet the soil is so wet that the roots can absorb from it all the moisture required for the best development of top growth. One watering of this kind a week will do vastly more good to the plants than the daily sprinkling so generally practiced.—Woman's Home Companion.

WOMAN'S BRAIN.

The female brain, in human creatures, is smaller than that of the male, and it is also lighter. The difference in weight is considerable. The average man's brain is between four and five ounces heavier than the average woman's. The reason, it may be said, is that the woman herself is smaller than the man in size and weight. That accounts partly for the difference, but not entirely.

The diminished size and weight of the brain is said to be a fundamental sexual distinction in the human species. It is not peculiar to civilized men and women, but is found universally among savages, wherever sufficient observations have been made.

There is said to be also a difference of balance between the various parts of the compared brains. The occipital lobes, which preside chiefly over the physical functions of the organism, are declared to be more voluminous in the female than in the male, a physiological fact which is contrary to common belief.

It appears to be unquestionable that in purely intellectual endowment the man is superior to the woman. On the other hand, in the equally noble emotional capacity the woman is superior to the man.—Home Advocate.

THE NEWEST SHOES.

Shoes have become more decorative and consequently more demodé.

Invent. Fashion has turned away from the square-toed shoes to the points again. Dress shoes are made of fine black leather, very high in the heels, very low in the vamp and very pointed in the toes. The neat set of all shoes just now are the plain thin black walking boots, high, buttoned with large black buttons, and very pointed as well as very full at the finish. This neat boot is worn for the street with the handsome dark taffeta costume.

Heels, while they are growing higher, are not so very bad, after all. They show the square military shapes and are built on the Cuban design, which throws the foot forward a little, but does not impair its usefulness for walking purposes as the French heel did. For the house the little black slipper is wonderfully chic, but its heel is painted red or white or some other color, and its lacings and its bows exactly match. Even for the street one sees the colored heel, in spite of the fact that you fear that it is not in the best of taste.

It is amazing how many new things one can find in the shoe line. The cozy kid lace shoes, so comfortable and so fashionable, are to take a new lease of life, and one sees them coming out this fall in many pretty styles. Out of regard for the many kinds of tan shoes that are worn tan colored rubbers are on the market, as well as white rubbers and black ones, and she who would be neatly shod may take notice. It takes three or four kinds of rubbers to keep my lady of 1904 fortified against rainy days.

THE INDIAN CHATELAINE.

The popular bag is somewhat primitive in its appearance, being made, as in the days of old, with neither needle nor thread. It seems to have originated at the World's Fair and now every one covets her neighbor's chamois chateleine.

To make this attractive article of general usefulness, cut from a skin two flat pieces, exactly alike, shaped like the cut here shown, and of ordinary chateleine size. Cut from heavy linen, matching the skin in color, two pieces of the same shape but slightly smaller in size. Make a pocket of the cloth and set it between the skins. This will keep the bag from losing its shape. Put the skin pocket together with a thong of the same. Fringe the upper edges, under them run a draw string of a strip of skin and leave the draw string long enough to carry the bag by. Or the strap can be run under the belt and knotted. To the outside of the bag fasten several groups of thongs, ornament these with beads, sometimes in twos, sometimes in groups of threes and sometimes put but one strip through a bead. Let the ends of this ornamentation be of uneven length.

A white chamois bag is most attractive and not conspicuous. White beads may be obtained. They come in various sizes and shapes, round or long, and very narrow. The strips of leather can be left with a square cut or may be made to taper. The skins can be bought in many colors. Sometimes the beads used are of many colors, no attempt being made to match the color of the skin.—Atlanta Journal.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

When making silk or satin blouses line with thin flannel or flannelette. It will prolong the life of your blouse and make a thin silk warm enough for winter wear.

To clean leather chairs rub over with hot milk, and when clean and dry polish with beeswax and turpentine melted to the consistency of thin cream.

For a kitchen floor covering it is always best to buy a good quality of linoleum. Never wash it, but polish with beeswax and turpentine. When dirty and greasy wipe over with paraffin and polish with cloths.

To clean velvet procure a small square of pipeclay (such as soldiers use to clean their uniforms) and scrape a little off upon the velvet; then take a brush made of the same material as the carpet, whisk and lightly brush it off. This raises the pile and restores the bloom.

Potato peelings, if dried in the oven, are said to be very useful for fire kindling. If sufficiently abundant they may be used instead of wood, but in any case, they will economize it.

A bit of glove powder costs but a trifle and by its constant use the life of gloves will be greatly prolonged. The powder helps the glove to slip on easily and prevents dragging or pulling of the leather, besides keeping the hands cool and dry in hot weather.

The little soft cotton dish mops make excellent dusters.

The wax from dripping candles can be removed from table linen by a generous application of alcohol.

A little soap fixed with stove blacking will produce better and more lasting lustre than without.

Cold rain water and soap will remove peach stains soak fabric in spirits of camphor before wetting.

The smart woman saves time and patience by keeping a shoe-horn with the children's rubbers to make their donning easy.

If stovepipes are well rubbed with lard and tied in several thickness of newspapers, they can be safely stored without fear of rust.

Alum the size of a hickory nut, dissolved in a pint of starch will brighten the color in muslins, gingham and calicoes after washing.

Grass stains on linen should be soaked for a few moments in kerosene then washed in very hot water with a generous supply of soap.

If non-rust hairpins are used to fasten them down, curtains can be as nicely dried on a thick grass plot as in regular stretchers.

Several thicknesses of newspapers laid between the bed springs and mattress are equal in warmth to another mattress. Laid between the blanket and quilt they equal an extra blanket.

Medicine can be easily administered to a cat by mixing it with lard and rubbing it on the forelegs near the shoulders where it can be licked but not rolled on.

An experienced cook states that sour milk in which soda has been thoroughly dissolved, in the proportion of one-quarter teaspoonful of soda to one cupful milk, can be used as sweet milk, if only a little less baking powder is used in the flour than with sweet milk.

The total number of British troops in South Africa is 21,500 and their annual cost amounts to £3,100,000.

HOUSEHOLD TALK.

CHINESE BREAD.

Separate two eggs; add to the yolks one cup of sweet milk, one tablespoon of butter, melted, one cupful of boiled rice, one cupful of white cornmeal and half a cupful of flour; beat well; add half a teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon baking powder; mix and stir in the well beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into a shallow, greased pan, having the batter half an inch thick. Bake thirty minutes, cut in squares and serve.

TROPICAL TOAST.

Cut rounds of crustless bread one fourth of an inch thick. Beat one egg very light and gradually beat into it a cup of milk. Lay the rounds on a platter and pour the mixture over them. Turn them so as to moisten both sides. Then saute them in a little hot butter until brown. Serve with the following sauce: To a cup of seeded raisins add two cups of water. Cover and cook slowly half an hour. Then add a half cup of grated pineapple and half a cup of orange pulp cut in small pieces. Serve a spoonful of the sauce on each round of toast.

SOUR CREAM BISCUIT.

Sift together two cupfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar and a rounded teaspoonful of baking powder. Put into a bowl half a cupful of sour cream and half a cupful of sour milk and beat into it half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water. As soon as it stops "singing" stir in with the sifted flour, mix gently but quickly with a spoon and turn out on a well floured board. Pat with the floured hand until a smooth cake is formed, then cut into shapes with a small biscuit cutter or canister top lid. Lay in a greased dripping pan and bake in a hot oven. If you have no cream rub a spoonful of lard or butter in the sifted flour before adding the cup of sour milk and soda. Keep the dough as soft as possible, so that the biscuit will be tender and delicate. Buttermilk biscuit are made in the same way, using a tablespoonful of shortening to a quart of flour.

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