

## IN THE GARDEN OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING, IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

Ah, when I first began to plant  
Life's garden close, I did not know  
(For I was young and ignorant)  
What choice of seeds I ought to sow.

And many things I planted there  
Alas! turned out but barren seeds,  
And others died for want of care,  
And many more proved noxious weeds.

But in the midst of place of all  
A little slip grew, unaware,  
And it had burgeoned fair and tall  
Before I knew that it was there.

Around its head the sunlight drew,  
The sweet earth drew around its root,  
And fairer still in form it grew  
To bud, to blossom, and to fruit.

And now, so radiant it grows,  
The garden is a magic bower—  
Spaces of perfume and of rose,  
Soft-veiled with beauty and with flower.

## A PLOT FRUSTRATED.

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It looked like a pretty illumination, the French cottage-window, with the shaded lamp burning on the centre-table and the muslin curtain blowing backward and forward in the lilac-scented breeze; and the tableau of two young lovers sitting together on the sofa was prettier still.

Leslie Brown was a beautiful girl of seventeen, dark-browed and rose-lipped, with a skin like the velvety cream of a magnolia leaf, dark-gray eyes and long, luxuriant hair coiled in a mass of heavy braids around her head. Montagu Lacy was seven-and-twenty, with Saxon features, curls of a deep, golden hue and a silky brown mustache twisting roguishly up at the ends.

"But I say, Leslie, you will answer me to-morrow?" pleaded the young man.

"I don't know, Mr. Lacy—it's so sudden."

"So is everything sudden in this world."

"I don't know what mamma would say," hesitated pretty Leslie.

"Shall I take measures to ascertain?" solicitously asked Mr. Montagu Lacy.

"Certainly not," Leslie answered firmly. "I have not decided as yet myself."

"Yes, but Leslie, it's confoundedly hard on a fellow."

"Perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't. You must go now, in any event."

"Must I?" Mr. Lacy arose with a comical grimace. "To-morrow, then?"

"I won't promise."

"Then you are a cruel, hard-hearted girl, and that's all I have to say on the subject. However, I shall try my luck, whatever may befall."

And, bending lightly, he touched his lips to the rosy dimples of her finger-joints as he went away.

Miss Henderson witnessed the whole scene—heard all the words spoken in the murmurous silence of the summer twilight from her vantage-point behind the hedge of pink-blossomed American laurel. She bit her lip, and, if the "baleful eye" could blast like the forked flash of summer lightning, Leslie Brown would have been at that instant smitten to the ground.

"You are so sure of him, my young lady, are you?" said Miss Henderson to herself. "Just wait and see. There may be two words to that bargain."

One instant Malvina Henderson stood thinking. To let pretty Leslie Brown run away with the prize for which she had schemed and plotted so long was entirely opposite to all her long-conceived policy—and yet—"I have it," said Malvina, to herself. "Yes, I have it. Nothing short of death or madness will part them, and jealousy is a species of madness."

Hurrying through the shrubbery, already wet with dew, as swift and noiseless as a gliding wreath of white mist, Miss Henderson met Montagu Lacy at the front door, just as he had found his hat and lighted the cigar which was to accompany him on his long evening walk.

"Mr. Lacy—oh, please don't throw away your cigar," she said, coaxingly, and Malvina Henderson could assume a charmingly pleading air when she chose, "but I've walked so fast up from the lodge, for fear you should be gone—and I've such a favor to ask you."

"A favor, Miss Henderson?"

"There, now," said Malvina, with a sweet little laugh, "I knew you would be surprised, but remember!" holding up a taper finger, "it's a profound secret."

"Oh, certainly."

"Well, it's leap-year, you know, and we girls are going to send Joe Thorneycroft a love letter—just for a joke, you know—and we don't know what on earth to write, and—and—won't you just give us the rough draft of one for us to copy?"

"I!"

"Yes, you. You know you've read such lots of delightful English novels, and you can give us just the right idea."

"Beg your pardon," said Mr. Lacy, laughing, "but I think you young ladies need no suggestions."

"Mr. Lacy, you won't refuse?"

"Refuse? No, not if I really can be of any use; but—"

"Allow us to be the judge of that," cried Malvina, with gay imperiousness, as she drew him into the library and reached for staid and rose-colored paper. "Now you must write a genuine love-letter."

"How shall I begin it?" said Mr. Lacy, good-humoredly yielding the point without betraying a vestige of the impatience he really felt.

"Oh, any way. 'Dear Malvina,' just for fun."

"Very well."

And Mr. Lacy's swift pen scratched away over the paper, dashing off the lines with ready inventive genius.

"How will this do?" he asked, and read over what he had been composing.

Miss Henderson clapped her hands exultingly.

"Charming—perfect!" she cried.

"How poor, dear Joe will be victimized! But you haven't signed it—what ought we to 'wind up' with?"

## Pat's Pathetic Passion.

POLICEMAN PAT peruses picture puzzle prize proffer. Premium promised person purchasing, placing painted pieces, producing perfect pictures.

Pat ponders, purchases—paying prodigious price—prepares place, puts pieces promiscuously, pursues particular plan, pompously prophesies prompt performance.

Pieces proceed perversely. Pat pauses perturbed. Problem perplexes. Prolonged perplexity produces panic. Plentiful potent potations prove pernicious.

Protracted puzzling produces profuse perspiration, panting, pain, pallor, palpitation. Pills procure partial palliation. Pat persists, perseveres, protests perfection possible.

Punishment pursues pertinacious policeman. Poor Pat pays penalty, perishes pitifully, prone, prostrate. Parents provide proper pall.

Priest publicly pronounces panegyric. Paper prints pertinent paragraphs praising popular prominent policeman.

Pat planted permanently.—Camilla J. Knight, in Life.

"Oh, that is simple enough. 'Yours devotedly,' or 'Yours until death,' or some such rhodomontade," he said, hurriedly scratching off the glowing words.

"Now sign it. I am so stupid, you see; I need all your good nature in counseling me."

"Just the initials—in my case it would be M. L."

"How can I ever thank you enough," said Malvina, rapturously, as she folded the little pink billet.

"But you'll never let Thorneycroft know that I had a finger in the pie," laughed Mr. Lacy.

"Never—never, upon my word!" fervently asseverated Miss Henderson. And, if smiles were sunshine, Montagu Lacy's homeward way would have been one illumination that evening.

Five minutes afterward, Malvina entered the room where Leslie Brown was deluding herself with the idea that she was reading.

"Leslie," she said, earnestly, "I want your advice."

Miss Brown looked up, rather surprised. Although they were second cousins, she was not particularly partial to Malvina, and she had reason to suppose that she herself was not a favorite with the fading passe brunette.

"My advice, Malvina?" she repeated doubtfully.

"Yes," laughed and blushed Malvina, "about getting married. I am going to confide in you, my dear. I have had an offer."

Leslie arched her fair brows, innocently, and Miss Henderson went on, with a well-affected air of pretty confusion.

"From—but you can never guess from whom, if you were to try for a hundred years. From Montagu Lacy."

Leslie Brown grew pale, and then scarlet.

"You must be mistaken, Malvina."

And then she stopped.

"Oh, I dare say," said Malvina, a

little maliciously; "but you'll tell quite a different tale when you see the letter I received from him to-night."

Leslie smiled; what else could she do, secure as she was in Montagu's adoration of herself. She could only pity her cousin's monstrous delusion.

But Miss Henderson was prepared with testimony to back up her words. She unfolded the note and laid it on the table.

"You will believe his own words, if you don't believe mine," said she, laughingly; and the blood seemed to turn to ice in Leslie's pulses at the sight of the well-known handwriting.

"My own darling," it began, but she could decipher no more. Her head swam, her lips quivered.

"I do not wish to read it," she said hurriedly. "I—I have no wish to pry into the secrets of others."

"But that is entirely a mistaken idea, Leslie. We both wish you to know our plans. Let me read it to you, if you will not look at it yourself."

She murmured out the flowing sentences of love-smitten rhetoric which the unconscious victim had penned so merrily not fifteen minutes before, but Leslie Brown scarcely heard them. It seemed so impossible—so monstrously absurd—that Montagu Lacy should dare to make open love at one and the same time to herself and this black-eyed, vindictive old maid! That he, whom she had deemed the very impersonation of everything that was noble and chivalric, should be so utterly false! If he were untrue, then what and who, in all the world, could be pronounced real?

Miss Henderson's cooing, hypocritically-sweet voice broke harshly in on the thread of her reflections.

"Do tell me how to answer him?" she murmured. "You see how he presses for an immediate reply. What shall I say?"

"I—I don't know," said Leslie, pressing her hand on her forehead. "My head aches—I don't think I am very well this evening. Some other time, Malvina, I will answer your questions."

And Leslie Brown, whose self-command had barely extended to the uttering of these incoherent sentences, hurried out of the room.

it to Mr. Lacy ere Malvina could snatch it back.

"This will be sufficient explanation," she said, haughtily. "The man who can write such a letter as this to one woman, while he is making love to another, scarcely deserves the title of gentleman."

Mr. Lacy eyed the document with amazement.

"I did write this letter," said he; "but it was to no woman. It was written to Joe Thorneycroft."

But Malvina Henderson did not stay to await any further developments. Murmuring some incoherent sentence about a forgotten engagement, she darted back into the house, and fifteen minutes afterward she had the mortification of seeing Leslie and Montagu stroll past the windows in all the radiant abstraction from the outer world that belongs, of right, to true lovers.

For Cupid had befriended his own, and Malvina's shallow plot had utterly failed in breaking two hearts.—New York Weekly.

## INDOOR EXERCISE FOR HEALTH AND DEVELOPMENT.

Dr. W. R. C. Latson has something very interesting to say in The Outing Magazine regarding exercise. He divides the people in general into three classes: trained athlete, those who exercise at random, and those who neglect exercise altogether. In one place Dr. Latson says:

"The ordinary 'professor' knows no more about the principles of bodily development than he does about ancient Coptic. And the poor layman, groping to find some guide to a correct method of physical training, must necessarily fail to obtain from his desultory experiments any real or lasting benefit."

"In the first place, current methods of physical culture aim at factitious results. The man is trained, not to develop a fine physique, powers of endurance, grace, and general bodily efficiency, but to win at some particular event."

"Of course the poor little people who exercise at random or who fall into the net of the wily 'professor,' get little or nothing for their time and money. The men and women who write the articles or who prepare the material for the 'courses' as a rule know but little, if anything, more about the matter than those who are held up for the price of the instruction. The result is failure to realize any great or lasting benefit from the time and effort put forth."

In conclusion, Dr. Latson describes a system of ten simple exercises which will result in an increase of health, strength, endurance, and bodily efficiency which will be a surprise and delight to the student.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

Some men wear themselves out, and others simply rust.

Many a man makes a noise like a virtue to drown the clamor of his vices.

Lots of us who are sure we are right never go ahead.

The man who is blind to his own interests seldom interests any one else.

The man who is too busy to make friends seldom succeeds.

Even when charity begins at home, it usually ends with some foreign missionary.

A plain duty is like a plain person. It is always the least attractive.

When they get on the scales is about the only time some men ever have their own weigh.

The surest way to shatter an idol is to marry it.

Blessed are the meek, for they generally are married.

The trouble with a bore is that when he gets wound up he doesn't go.

The ball player should always remember that a hit in time saves nine.

Some people are so lucky that if they should jump from the frying pan into the fire they would put the fire out.—From "Dyspeptic Philosophy," in the New York Times.

## Clean-Up Week.

It is interesting to note that, following the worthy example of some smaller cities, it is proposed to have what may be termed a "clean-up week." Anent this, the excellent advice given from time to time by Dr. Neff, director of the department of public health, is full of good, practical suggestions regarding the best methods of sanitation, the removal of rubbish from cellars, the cleaning of dirt and dried leaves from drain pipes and roof gutters, the cleaning of dark and unsightly corners by some disinfectant wash and the admission of sunshine to rooms ordinarily darkened and neglected, the proper care and cleansing of rugs, carpets, bedding and clothing and the draining of all stagnant pools of water in cellars and back yards.—Philadelphia Press.

## DANGER SIGNALS.

Sick kidneys give unmistakable signals of distress. Too frequent or scanty urinary passages, backache, headache and dizzy spells tell of disordered kidneys. Neglect of these warnings may prove fatal. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills. They cure sick kidneys.



Mrs. W. B. Conway, 117 Railroad St., Punxsutawney, Pa., says: "I was in such

poor health I could scarcely attend to my housework. My back ached as if it were being pulled apart, and my feet and ankles were badly swollen. The kidney secretions were in terrible condition. I was extremely nervous and my heart palpitated violently. Short use of Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me and soon my whole system was renovated."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Corset Reflection.

The wonderful endurance power of women is evidenced again by the fact that a husky New York college man, who was rehearsing in a girl's part in a play, fell in a fit and remained unconscious for some time, and for no other reason than that he had been wearing a tightly laced corset for a couple of hours.—Topeka State Journal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

## Women As Motorists.

Unusual physique is not necessary for the woman motorist. Neither sex needs extraordinary muscular development in automobiling, and almost any woman not an invalid can master its mysteries quite as well as a man, provided she has the will and the patience to acquire the know-how. Certainly in the sphere of patience woman by nature is equipped to give man a long handicap. The woman motorist is not half so likely as man is to swear and call loudly for a tow when anything goes wrong with the car. She will more probably set to work to find the trouble and remedy it quite as thoroughly as if she were cleaning out the kitchen range. Remember, nevertheless, that, though sex and slight physique are in no sense disabilities to the woman who wants to do her own motoring, and though her feminine patience and intuition stand her in good stead, she must not expect to succeed by intuition alone.—Outing Magazine.

## Danger in Gold Mines.

More than 2,000 prospectors are waiting on the Yukon banks for the clearing away of the ice fields to go down that Alaskan river to the new gold deposits discovered last fall. On the theory propounded by President Taft that the high cost of living is due to the increased output of gold, consumers may feel alarmed lest these new fields yield much more of the precious metal. But of course the prospectors are not troubled in that way.—Brooklyn Citizen.

# WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. SADIE MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.



Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.