Each man, a world-to other worlds nalf

known.
Turns on a tiny axis of his own;
His full life orbit is a pathway dim
Te \text{\text{\$\infty}} ther planets that revolve with bin
—William H. Hayne, in McClure's.

#### MISS KATE.

BY JEAN E. SOMERTON

Slender, but not slim, with soft, hazel eyes and long lashes, pale com-plexion, light brown hair, with here and there a strand of gray, not pretty but attractive looking, simple in ner, speech and dress-that was Miss

That she was an old maid was yond dispute. Her most intimate friend would not have denied it if he could though for the matter of that not, belonging, as he did, to the feline species, and not being blessed with the power of speech. She was "turned" 35 if she was a day, and the most hopeful of that social scourge as makers had long scratched her name off their list of possibilities.

Miss Kate lived in her own cottage, and the lawn in front of it was the neatest in Grantley, as the little par-lor inside was the tidiest. The cat that monopolized the hearth rug in the parlor of evenings was as sleek could be, and exceptionally well be haved. The furniture was old-fash-ioned, but the easy chairs were comfortable, and the room certainly had a cozy appearance.

That Miss Kate had a good heart and a kind one I can vouch for, and specuald many a barefooted lad and many an overworked factory girl. There no Sunday school teacher Grantley as beloved by her scholars and they all knew the flavor of her famous cookies.

was not surprised to hear one day that Miss Kate had had a bit of mance in her life that the younger generation had never heard of and the older ones had nearly forgotten. There had been a certain handsome young man who had courted her in the old days and not unsuccessfully. He had been practicing law for three or four years and his prospects were bright was genial in his manner, but proud to a fault. He was tall broad shouldered, had very black hair and eyes to match.

He had never been a lady's man, and despite the fact that many jaunty caps were set for him, he had not responded until he met Kate Morton at a church festival. From that evening he was a determined wooer and although she apparently reciprocate first, his youth, good looks and a winning tongue were finally successful. So at last she loved him in return and the gossips began to wonder when among themselves that it had been set and was still a secret. Whether it really had or had not ben Seth Gray and Miss Kate knew, but the gossips never found out.

Of the matrimonially inclined young ladies who had set their caps for Seth Gray before the fateful church festinone had set them so art-and hopefully as Barbara She was a pretty girl, Martin. with sparkling black eyes and wont to deck out in the gayest colors and ribbons imaginable. She had Spanish blood in her veins, and was proud of it, and proud of her temper Although Seth had never paid her any serious attention, she had appeared atractive to him until he me If it had not been for that there is no telling what might have hap-

Miss Martin was not a young lady to submit to a total eclipse calmly, and one day, about the time that the gossins had setled it satisfactorily among themselves that the day had finally been set, she came to the conclusion that matters had progressed far enough, and made an afternoon call on her successful rival. She left her pretty airs and graces at home with her gay ribbons that day, and hostess ushered her into the parlorthe same little parlor, although Miss Kate's mother was living then, and it was brighter to her then it was in

Barbara Martin told her story well, and wept seemingly bitter tears over it. She told how Seth Gray had wooed and won and had promised to marry her, and how the day had been named and how he had kept up the cruel de ception ever after he met Kate her-self, and how heartlessly he had finally thrown her over and laughed at her when she saw that the girl at her side appeared sorely troubled, sho became remorseful and vowed that she ought not to have told her. Then she grew hysterical and railed against all men, and despised herself for an idiot to have trusted one of them.

Her audior was very quiet through it all, but Barbara Martin knew that her shaft had been a straight one, and went home exulting. After she had one, Kate did what many another

sill in her place would have done: she ad a hard cry. She did not tell her other. She could not have told any She hated to think that ever Barbara Martin knew the man she loved in such an altered light, but the mere fact of thinking of him softened her and she hoped-ay in the lovalty of her heart she trusted—that Seth had been misunderstood.

There should be no misunderstanding between them. She determined to tell him that evening, when he called. all that she had heard. But tangled some black coffee, so strong that its top of an eminence "saw with p through her trouble was a sore feeling very aroma might have had a sobering the beautiful level of Kentucke.

of disappointment that Seth could have even carelessly trifled with another girl, and the feeling, too, of un conscious jealously in the thought that he had prolonged the farce after he had began wooing of herself. a feeling akin to resentment against him, in justice to herself.

When he entered the parlor a few hours later, he knew at once that something was wrong and Kate lid not leave him long in doubt. She told him the whole story, only withholding the name of her informant. She kept back her tears, too, and the effort made her voice hard. She waited for him to speak when she had finished. and if they had been siting nearer to each other would have touched his hand.

I said that Seth Gray was proud, and if ever a proud man was humiliated that man was himself. No other proof than her own voice could have made him think that this young woman could believe for a moment such a base falsehood against his manhood. The feeling of deep injury and indignation was uppermost in his mind. Without a word he rose and turned to go. At the door he paused an instant to look at her; then there was a quick, firm step on the gravel walk, the gate shut noisily, and he was gone. From that night Kate never saw Seth Gray again.

Never saw him again? How many times she saw him in that doorway, when the cat was purring contentedly on the rug and the little earthenware teapot was singing cheerfully on the hearth, only Miss Kate knew. How many times that last reproachful glance looked in upon her during the lonely nights of the long years that followed, when the whole bitter truth was before her, only Miss Kate knew. How utterly dreary the tidy little parlor was at times during the long, long hours, when the thought of that last night came back to her; how often the oft gray eyes wept bitterly when thought of the wrong that she had done him, and that she could never undo now, Miss Kate and only Miss Kate knew.

And that was the story of her romance. A late train, westbound, carried Seth Gray away that night. She lived her life as best she could, and before her little world the thorns in her trodden unflinchingly. were Whenever a woman's hand was need ed, there was Miss Kate; wherever chatirable duties was the hardest, in the coldest winters, among the worst class of people; there was Miss Kate; and although her purse was not a one it was open constantly.

I think that it was this constant doing of good, this never ceasing healing of bodies, minds and hearts, that kept the hard lines off her face, even when the early gray strands glistened in her brown hair.

If there was one weakness for which she had no compassion, it was the weakness of drunkenness. If there weakness of drunkenness. If there were any medicants that left her door empty handed, they were those who went there with the fumes of alcohol on the breath. Truly the drunkard in her eyes was detestable.

And so the summers and the winters pased until the time came when Miss Kate had become an old maid beyond dispute. New lives came into the little town and old lives went out. Girls in pinafores and small boys in trousers grew to be women and men, married and set up for themselves; but to Miss Kate one year was but a repetition of another and it sometimes seemed to her that she was continlong since become monotonous,

If Mis Kate ever thought that she might have made her life happier, she guraded the thought well; and if the smiling matrons ever occasioned the slightest envy in her breast, they could as easily have learned it from the exterior of the neat cottage as

from its prime mistress.

One wintery March morning she started out, with a basket on her arm to visit a sick family, and she noticed a small crowd of men and boys a short distance from her gate. that reached her ears and the incoherent profanity that followed, told her that a drunken man was the center of

the group. to pass them, but with the determination not to be detered from her purpose by such an unworthy cause, held her head a trifle higher, involuntarily drew her skirts closer about her and walked on. As she neared the group she saw that the man was reeling; he was a wretched looking creature with unkempt beard and much worn clothing. She gave him one look and the basket dropped from her arm. She walked straight up to him, laid her hand on his frayed sleeve and led him to her own gate, up the gravel walk and into the old parlor, which was looking very comfortable this cold

morning.

She cried over him and bathed his face with cold water, and finally cooked him the daintiest breakfast imagin-Who would have thought it of Miss Kate? And what would the peo-ple say? Little she cared for Mrs. Grundy then! Notwithstanding her tears, there was not a lighter heart in the world that day than hers.

If there had been one bright spot in her lonely life, it had been the hope of this return; and as the years came and went she had sometimes felt that she was hoping against hope. now he had come back. What did it

come and that was enough. At first Seth was dazed and insen sible to his suroundings, but when the breakfast was brought into him he ate like a hungry man. Miss Kate, wise woman that she was, had boiled

influence, and when Seth had drank two big cups of it, he began to look around him. The little parlor had not changed so very much in all those years, and remembering how he had anded in Grantly the night before, it began to dawn upon him where he really was. Then his eyes rested on Miss Kate and he knew it all.

He buried his face in his hands and sobbed. But the arms of a woman were about the worn coat, and the tired head was on her breast, and the uncombed hair was anointed with her

Did they marry? What a question! Of course they did! Seth Gray was not a habitual drunkard. He reform ed, and with reformation came health There never was a bet and success. ter husband, and the happiest wife ia Grantly is-Miss Kate. - Waverley Magazine.

FARMING IN JAPAN.

Crude Implements Still Used in Culti-

vating the Soil. Twenty-seven hundred years before hrist the Emperor of China introduced a system of agriculture into his country. The soil had always been cultivated in an inferior way, but this enterprising ruler saw the need of other methods, and made every effort to enforce their general adoption. In order to impress the matter upon the peas-In order to ants he plowed a small plot of land and sowed it with the five most important cereals. For this he was defied after his death and made god of the crops. For more than 4,000 years the rulers of the empire have followed his example in the matter of plowing sowing.

When these new modes of cultivation had been well established, and every hillside and valley were smiling ready for harvest, the islands of Japan became known to China and they sent their missionary priest over to this country. They took with them the entire civilization of China—their arts, sciences, philosophy, industries, and among the later their well-tested methods of enriching the soil.

The Japanese farmer had many disadvantages that made the process of better cultivation very difficult. The entire country is of volcanic forma-tion, and only one-twelfth of the land is sufficiently flat to admit of farming, Added to this the soil itself is natu rally of a very poor quality and requires special treatment both by ways of enriching and irrigation. The greatest advantage of the farmer is the fact that he has divided the land into very small sections. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that extreme poverty makes it impossible for a farmer to possess more than a good-sized potato patch. the smallness of the farms has its advantages, and the toil of the farmer of today is not to be mentioned when compared with that of his ancestors, who took the virgin soil in all its poverty and lavished no end of energy and strength to bring it up to its present producing capacity. Yes, the farmer of today has entered into a rich heritage of hills already terraced and plains finely irrigated, representing the patient, steady toil of many

centurie The first turning of the soil on a well-conducted plot is done by a crule plow harnessed to a bullock or horse, usually the former. A crooked piece of wood forms the central feature of this ancient structure. To one end is attached a sharp blade, and to the purpose of tethering the bullock, which is harnessed with indescribable rope trappings, and also furnishing a means by which the farmer may guide the plow. After this sort of plowing the soil is loosened by a long-handled spade and the process of planting be-

The crude manner of the prepara tion of the soil is of little moment when compared with the harvesting. The sickle is scarcely larger than a curved breadknife, and upon this farmer depends for gathering everything that is not uprooted .- Springfield (Ohio) Farm and Fireside.

Speed of the Carrier Pigeon. Some years ago Griffit made some observations (recorded in the Field, February 19, 1887,) in a closed gallery on the speed attained by "blue-rock" pigeons and English pheasants and partridges. The two first mentioned flew at the rate of only 32.8 miles per hour, while the partridge made but 28.4 miles, and these rates were all considerably in excess of what they made in the open. The carrier pigeon is rather a fast-flying bird, yet the average speed is not very great. Thus, the average made in eighteen matches average made in eighteen matches (The Field, January 22, 1887,) was only 36 English miles an nour, although in two of these trials a speed of about 55 miles was maintained for four successive hours. In this country the average racing speed is appar ently about 35 miles an hour, although a few exceptionally rapid birds have made short distance flights at the rate of at from 45 to 52 miles an hour. longest record flight of a carrier pigeon was from Pensacola, Florida, to Fall River, Mass., an air-line distance of 1,183 miles, made in 15 1-2 days, or only about 76 miles a day.

### The Exploration of Kentucky.

The country now called Kentucky was well known to the Indian traders, many years before its settlement. It, however, remained unexplored by the Virginians till the year 1769, when Colonel Daniel Boone and a few others, who conceived it to be an inter esting object, undertook a journey for that purpose. After a long, fatiguing march over a mountain wilderness in rived upon its borders, and from the top of an eminence "saw with pleasure



Paper Tapestries.
While fashion sanctions tapestry papers as being excellent imitations of the genuine antique tapestries, they should be used with the greatest As they absorb light ravenously they should only be used in a very light room. They are a very undesir able background for pictures also, but where very few pictures are used, and ing of a room, they are quite usefu and attractive.

The Trifling Annoyances.
It is the little things of life ofter. that prove the most trying. Bureau drawers that stick are sometimes more difficult to endure than a serious trouble. It is worth while to stop and remember that to rub the offending edges with a cake of hard soap, a bit of stove-blacking, or even a soft lead-pencil wil make life worth living again. If the window of our poorly built houses rattle at night aggravat ingly in these spring winds, a few slips of folded newspaper will stop the noise and bring peace and slumber.

To Remove Ink Stains.
I had the misfortune to spill ink on the front of a handsome double-faced walking skirt. I sponged the spots immediately with cold water, then with sweet milk, changing the milk and the rag used in sponging as often as they became discolered, and kept this up until the rag showed no further discoloration. As soon as the skirt was dry I sponged it thoroughly with gasoline, and not a vestige of the ink remained. Soak the worst soiled sponge in sweet milk and it will come out sweet and clean. I usually rinse mine afterward in water containing a few drops of carbolic acid.-Good

Sea-Bathing at Home,

There are few people who do not find the daily sea bath an agreeable tonic; yet there are multitudes who hesitate to continue such baths in their own homes after they have left the seashore. The truth is that daily bathing in any water is in itself re-freshing and agreeable, so long as the individual is in health, and it is just the tonic that weak, nervous women need.

The best time to bathe is usually early in the morning, and the best temperature for the person in health is about 70 degrees, or the temperature of the room in which the bath is Such a morning dip should not be continued longer than from three to five minutes, and should be instantly followed by brisk rubbing with friction towels in order to put the skin in a glow.

The best authorities seem to agree that all the advantages that come from a sea bath can be secured in from five to eight minutes. It is also desirable to keep up brisk exercise in sea bathing in order to gain the greatest benefit from it.

All these rules apply with double force to a bath at home, which lacks the tonic effect of salt water. A great many persons always add a cup of rock salt dissolved in a little warm water to their daily bath. It tends to prevent a chill. A little perfumed alcohol is also used for the same reason A bag of bran and orris root, in the water, gives the bather the faint, fresh fragrance of violets, though it has no special hygenic value.

When one feels chilly after bathing it is a sure indication that there has been no reaction of the skin, and that indulge in so cold Such peoples hould take baths bath. at night at a tepid temperature. And if a morning bath is also desirable, it should be at least slightly warmed, of short duration and a brisk rubbing.



Baked Bananas—Remove the skin from six medium bananas, lay in granite baking pan, sprinkle with one tablespoon of sugar and pour over one cup of hot water. Bake in a good brisk oven 20 minutes; serve with or with out cream. Very wholesome.

Stuffed Prunes-Soak California prunes in water until soft enough to pit, then fill each prune with one tea-spoon powdered sugar, one-half tea-sponful chopped English walnuts and one-half date. Shape the prunes, Hear them in a glass dish and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Horseradish Sauce-Scrape clean and grate one stick of horseradish Add one gill whipped cream, one des sertspoon of made mustard, one dessertspoon of powdered sugar, one tea spoonful salt, a generous dash of pep per and a tablespoon of vinegar. well and cook for five minutes. Serve cold

Kidney Omlette-Chop cold boiled kidney quite fine; make an omlet with three beaten eggs, three tablepsoonfuls of milk, a pinch of salt and a little pepper. Put one teaspoon of butter in a frying pan; when melted turn in the mixture; let cook slowly until a crust forms on the bottom. In the meantime sprinkle over the omlet the chopped kidney and a little chopped parsley. Fold in half, turn out on a hot platter and spread with butter and garnish with parsley.

A Historic Flag. relic of Lieutenant Gill-A unique more's captivity and rescue in the Philippines was shown by General Eugene Griffin at the recent dinner of the officers of the First Regiment of Volunteer Engineers, Spanish War Veterans. This was the American flag which was made by the sailors in Lieutenant Gill-more's party out of patches and strips of their clothing. The rescue party, commanded by Colonel Hare, made a brilliant march lasting over five weeks and surmounted the most difficult obstacles in their progress. They found Lieutenant Gillmore and his men abandoned, without food or arms, by the insurgents in the wildest part of Luzon among the headhunters, where their fate would have been matter of a few hours if the rescue party had not arrived so opportunely. In spite of the fact that all of them were half naked, they had sacrificed enough clothing to make up a fair substitute for the regular Stars and Stripes.—New York Times.

Slow Growth of London

The population of the city of London in the year 1580 has been estimated at 123,000 souls. In that year John Lyly was the most fashionable English au thor and Sir Philip Sidney the darling of the court. Edmund Spenser had just leaped to his immediate and lasting popularity, and Shakespeare was courting Anne Hathaway in the green lanes of Warwickshire, not a line of his dramas so much as thought of. vas not until twenty-five years later, when King James had come to the throne, that the city came to number 200,000. London was then, as now, the centre of the English-speaking world. but that world was smaller in propor-tion than our single States of Pennsylvania or New York, and interests po-litical, social and literary were concentrated in the metropolis to a de-gree far beyond the present even in England.-Professor Felix E. Schelling, in Lippincott's Magazine.

A Gentle Deer.

A small deer, which for a number of years has run wild on the banks of the Derwent in the vicinity of Sneep, and which about a month ago gave the Braes of Derwent Hounds a tremendous chase, has just come to an untimely end. A few days ago a farmer was driving cattle from Healeyfield to Muggleswick, and when in the Coworidges Wood, at a point where there is an ancient limekiln, he perceived the deer on the rocks above then sustained a broken leg, and knowing that there was no possible chance of its recovery he put the animal out of its misery. It is supposed to have had a fright, slipped on the rocks, and injured itself. The deer was very fat; weighed fifty-seven pounds, stood thirty-four inches in height .-London Globe.

The Life of Novels. It is pleasant to learn that Mr. An drew Carnegie believes that the novels placed upon the chelves of the libraries he so liberally endows should have weathered at least one year of life. It is true that even a twelvementh is no ultimate test of a book's vitality. but the vast majority of novels do not live even so long, and since there began the recent despotism of "big sellers" few of the "biggest" have survived one-half that time. That the most fabulous of kings and the most impossible of colonials are read by the million at their birth is no of their literary value, but that either is uncalled for ere he is a year old proves pretty clearly that he was not orth shelf room in the first place .-Philadelphia Press.

Aristocrats as Milkman.

The milk trade attracts aristocrats, Lord Rayleigh is a milkman and owns one of the finest businesses in the home counties. Every morning special trains loaded with cabs of milk from his dairy leave the station at Hatfield Peverel for London. He owns a herd of over a thousand cows. The late Lord Vernon had a large dairy farm at Sudbury Hall, near Derby, and carried on an extensive business. The late Lord Hampden started and maintained a large establishment of this sort at Glynde, which was known as the "Creameries," and proved highly successful. Not long ago a Mr. Dormer nephew of Lord Dormer, is said to have joined the milk trade.—London Express.

The Clinging Kind of Women The sweet, clinging kind of woman is all right till you have to be clung to by her every day of your life.-New York Press.

#### Nurses' Experience.

Medical men say that a good nurse in a difficult case is better than medicine, but when we can get a good nurse and good medicine, the patient stands a much better chance of recovery. The few words of advice given below by nurse Eliza King, are well worthy the attention of all readers:

"I have constantly used St. Jacobs Oil in the various situations I have occupied as nurse, and have invariably found it excellent in all cases requiring outward application such as sprains, bruises, rheumatic affections neuralgia, etc. In cases of pleurisy it is an excellent remedy-well rubbed in. I can strongly recommend it after several years' use and experience. It should be in every household.'

Sister CAROLINA, St. Andrew's Hospital, writes: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a most efficacious remedy in gout; also in sprains and bruises. Indeed, we cannot say too much in its praise, and our doctor is ordering it constantly."

New Page Was Easy Game

The page dashed wildly from the Senate Chamber into the lobby. In his hand was a document. Standing by the door was a new page, a timid, re served youngster just from the far West. To him the excited page said: "Here, take this, and get it into the postoffice as fast as you can.'

The new boy grabbed the package and was off like the wind.

The old timer suddenly overcame his excitement and said, as he dropped into one of the big armchairs, "That's a new boy. Ain't he easy? We all might as well work him until he catches on. I got that package to mail. Now I can rest until he comes back." -New York Herald.

#### Chain of Wireless Stations.

It has been decided to establish a chain of wireless telegraph stations along the entire German coast. Trials have been conducted at Kiel to determine whether the department shall use the Braun system or the Slaby-Arco system, in the latter of which Emperor William has shown great in-Thirty-two German warships have already been equipped with the Slaby-Arco system, while eight more are to have this system installed. Official reports say that the Slaby-Acro system gives the more satisfactory re-

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