

OLD TIME FAVORITES

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

These verses were written by J. L. McCree, an Iowa editor, and were first published in *Archives of the Magazine of June 1883*. Shortly after this the *Farmer's Advocate*, published in Chicago, printed an article written by Eugene Bulmer, who says it is to attach the poem to the end of it. A Wisconsin editor clipped the poetry and credited it to E. Bulmer. Another editor thought "m" should be "w" and credited it to E. Bulmer, and in time E. Bulmer was transformed into Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. After a chase of nearly twenty years Mr. McCree was able to catch up with the poem to the end of it. He is now widely known as the author.

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air,
The raven's disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change to life in summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away,
They only wait through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a desert waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,

AN OCEAN FIGHT.

Battle With a Big Whale in the South Seas.

IN the dim and stuffy recesses of the fore-cabin of the *Beluga* a silent, sullen company of men of all shades of color sat at their 4:30 a. m. breakfast. Some munched stolidly at blocks of fat pork and flinty biscuit, others just drank coffee and smoked. For few there were who, after a night of sleep, especially in such an atmosphere, can rise and begin the morning meal (and such a meal in five minutes). But those who did not eat concealed their portions about their persons, usually in the breasts of "jumpers," for there was never more than enough to go round.

Suddenly, with a voice like that of a frantic bull, came the expected command, "Now, way boats, there." It was immediately followed by a stampede, each man struggling to be first up the narrow ladder, each man dreading the sure and painful position of the last. Reaching the deck, the rushing hand divided itself in four, one part to each boat, where it hung gleaming spectrally against the violet sky. None cast a glance upward or around, for none had time or thought to spare. Yet the scene was entirely worthy of man's best effort. The daily miracle of dawn always is—here! The ship lay motionless, anchored apparently upon a lake of transparent ink, in whose still depths strange gleamings occasionally heightened its mystery of utter darkness. Around rose the solemn tree-clad hills of Hawaii, now in deepest shadow. Away to the south, southeast and east, the way out to the broad bosom of the Pacific lay, clearly open between the several islands, and although from the two former quarters there was as yet no lightning of the deep velvety purple of the night, there was a something remotely like the opening of a door leading from a dark hall into the clear air; a little draught of freshness seemed stealing in from thence. But from the east there came through that gap a quivering throb of opal-tinted light, just rippling along the horizon and touching the still waters that lay between it and us with the suggestion of glory to come, the first heart beat of that sweet day before which the modest stars paled and vanished. And overhead the returning legion of flying fates, fresh from their long night's raid among the fruit trees, passed like squadrons of dark spirits hastening back to their native gloom at the advent of light, and occasionally from their midst came a wall wringing the heavy like a sudden terror.

To most of us all this was but suggested, hardly realized; yet we moved with utmost quiet, unconsciously falling in with our environment. And when the rattle of a block, the sharp click of an oar on a gunwale, or a hoarse call broke the sacred peace of the moment, an involuntary "Hush!" rose to the lips. Ten minutes after our appearance on deck we were all in our places and, with the steady, splashless stroke of trained whaling carmen, were silently gliding toward the portals of the day. As the oars rose and fell they lifted overflowing chalices of emerald, and as the sweet dark crept away great lakes of ever changing color, of infinite and indescribable variety, stole over the placid surface of the quiet sea. A cool breath crept from the dawa point to meet us; it kissed our heated necks, put fresh vigor into our strokes, freshened, strengthened, until at a ringing shout of command we lunged our oars with one accord and prepared to make sail. Is it of any use, I wonder, trying to describe the scene that greeted us as we did so? I fear not, where so many master hands have failed, so let me say simply that the pass ahead, leading seaward, was affixed with motion rudd, amethyst and opal, with a background of flaming gold, before which the shrieking eyes closed. "And the glory of the Lord was revealed." Ha, ha! how rapturously the blood, so sluggish before, courses through our veins as the boats, birdlike, skim over the sparkling waves on the lightsome way to windward. But the business of the day needs remembering. We are out after whales, and unto him who can first report the presence of one, afterward caught, shall be given \$10. So a keen lookout is kept for a while, until the wonderful beauty of the scene obtains the sway over our minds again, and the boats glide swiftly along the steep shores of the outermost island.

"Ah—below us—below us!" almost in a whisper and certain hands are pointed to where, against the dark green of the

other of escape. And out of that boiling vortex emerged our two boats, still uninjured, a large black mass floating between them in utter immobility, while far to the windward a tall jet of steam from a high pressure waste pipe showed where the agile bull was making his utmost speed from the place of death. And in deepest silence and sorrow we distributed ourselves among the rescuing boats and prepared to tow to the ship our hardy won prize.—*London Spectator.*

The Rewards of Love.

Spiritual development, material success and the general upliftment constitute no mean bounty. But loving has other rewards. One of these is beauty. Not alone beauty of character and purpose and gentility of nature; but actual physical beauty, of contour, expression and grace. Hatred and pessimism take but a short time to wreck the most wondrous beauty. They set mean lines by the mouth; they contract and harden the eyes, fixing little wrinkles there to emphasize their stamp; they square the shape of the jaw; detracting from the beauty of its oval; and they give to the countenance wherewith they sit a downward tilt that hollows the cheeks and dispels every vestige of beauty.

And love? Love is the natural beautifier. It begins with the foundations. It makes young the heart, installing it as a veritable fountain of perpetual youth, to pump gladness and enthusiasm through every vein. It imparts physical poise as well as mental. At every impulse is filled with tenderness, so does every act become gentle and the bearing that of genuine culture. As every thought is pure and unselfish so does it leave its imprint on the face. As optimism becomes a habit, so do the corners of the mouth go up, and wrinkles keep away. As faith and gladness are ever present, so do the eyes flash wide, and the creases of contraction are avoided. People who are plain and uninteresting have grown fascinating under the influence of love. Women who are undoubtedly homely have changed till by common consent they were called beautiful. Men who were graceless have found a charm. For it is true that thought will alter not only the expression, but also the lines and contour of the features.—*The Cosmopolitan.*

Nutshell Farms.

To conduct a farm no larger than a quarter of an acre, and to make a good profit thereon after paying the high annual rental of \$15 for the tiny area, is one of the current achievements of agricultural science. The secret is irrigation directed by educated men. Egypt is the scene of these successful agricultural experiments. The farming is carried on by the Egyptian Government at the School of Agriculture at Gizeh, not far from Cairo. The students are high-caste natives and are allotted each a quarter of an acre. Water pumped from the Nile is furnished the student farmer, and he is taught when and how to distribute it over his miniature farm of sugar cane, cotton, forage plants and tropical and semi-tropical fruit. His canals, dams, and little reservoirs are conducted and operated scientifically.

The school leases the land by the year at \$10 an acre, and the student is given the use of his quarter-acre plot at a proportionate rate. The revenue from one of these miniature farms has been a surprise to agricultural experts, and would be an amazing revelation to many British farmers, for whom a quarter of an acre scarcely affords space for implements and barns. Although their experience is all gained from their miniature farms, these Egyptian students are developing into such expert agriculturists that they are receiving offers to accept the management of extensive sugar and cotton plantations elsewhere.

Landscape Refinement.

According to E. C. Piessotto, in the *Sunset Magazine*, the American has not as yet the art of making his home nor his land picturesque—of planning the unexpected, the accidental. California has been endowed with a climate as faultless as any on earth, and with every beauty that nature can bestow, yet the American as yet has done little to enhance her attractiveness. I say "the American" advisedly, for before his rule there was another civilization which has left here, and there is a legacy which we should jealously guard. As Charles Dudley Warner so aptly puts it: "The traveler is enthusiastically about the drives through these groves of fruit, with the ashly or the snow-covered hills for background and contrast, and he exclaims at the pretty cottages, vine and rose-clad, in their semi-tropical setting, but if by chance he comes upon an old adobe or a Mexican ranch house in the country he has emotions of a very different sort."

Let us, in future, build strongly and solidly, and in a manner appropriate to our climate so that future generations may inherit something from us—something that has been lived in and about which stories can be woven—something that can be imbued with a charm of by-gone days—and then will California possess the one thing now necessary to complete her loveliness—the refinement of landscape that comes only after long cultivation.

A Monster of the Deep.

Captain Staveley, of the *Cumberland*, of the Furness Steamship Line, has recently been a visitor in the vicinity of Great Barrington, and has told an exciting story of a sea monster which he encountered on his recent voyage. On a voyage from San Francisco to London the captain's attention was called to a large sea monster, heading four points on the port bow of the ship. The monster's color was of large blotches of black and a sort of sand and gray in between. The monster was of walrus shape, and fully 200 feet long, the highest part of its back extending nearly twenty feet above the sea surface. After approaching the steamer the animal remained on the surface for a few minutes and then hurried away. Captain Staveley did not see the two extremes of the monster's body. After arriving in London Captain Staveley learned that the sea monster had been previously reported by a steamer that had passed it on a moonlight night. During his visit in Berkshire the captain took the second alibi of his life—Springfield Republic.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

M. Victor, writing from Joppa, Pal estine, says that a great number of observations seem to demonstrate that certain birds, particularly swallows and sparrows, disappear from localities that are afflicted with the plague of cholera. This raises the question, says the American Inventor, whether it is also true of places contaminated with yellow fever or other contagious diseases.

The actinic or "chemical" rays of the sun are the blue, violet, and ultra violet rays, and are the only ones used in the cure of diseases, the other rays having no physiological action on an animal life. The value of these rays in destroying the bacteria of disease was first shown by Pinson, of Denmark, who applied them very successfully to the treatment of lupus, a tuberculosis of the skin. Its use has not yet been made effective in cancer, because the rays do not penetrate deeply enough.

The hearing of fishes has been much debated. The presence of an internal ear has given reason for believing in the existence of this sense, but other evidence has led to the conclusion that the function of the ear is to preserve the equilibrium of the fish in the water and not heard. From late experiments, in which the nerves of the skin and of the ear were cut in turn, G. H. Parker finds that at least one species (*Fundulus heteroclitus*) must hear with the ear.

The coca plant, *Erythroxylon coca*, among others of medicinal value, is being experimentally cultivated in the Victoria botanical gardens of the Cameroons. A firm of alkaloid makers in Germany, to whom some of the leaves were sent, found them to contain only 0.23 per cent. of total alkaloid. This low yield may be attributable either to improper drying of the leaves or to deterioration during the long voyage. It is suggested that it would be advisable to extract the crude alkaloid for export, unless the leaves can be carefully packed in air tight boxes without unduly increasing their cost.

At the tidal power station of Ploumarnac, on the northern coast of France, the difference of tide level is about twenty feet. The storage reservoir is a natural pond of four acres having the form of a triangle, with the base toward the shore, and in the embankment separating this from the sea are automatic gates, which open when the level of the sea rises higher than the water in the pond, and are closed by the weight of the water in the pond when the tide recedes. The two water wheels of the station drive dynamos, which, aided by storage batteries, are used for electric lighting. A prominent British engineer, James Swinburne, foresees the failure of this and all other plans for using the tides as a source of electric power, on account of the great expense of working turbines on variable pressures or any kind of storage.

The Indigestion of Loneliness. The dinner hour is a period when even the morose and self-contained man enjoys the companionship of his fellows; there is in fact no more essential part of a dinner than a good talker. The digestive value of a lively discussion and plenty of laughter during eating is insisted upon by every writer on dietetics.

Indeed, many a hostess has seen an execrable meal, from the food standpoint, transformed into a first-rate dinner by one or two loquacious Mark Tapleys, and she certainly deserves the envy of woman-kind if her husband is one of these. Apropos of this well-known fact a prominent medical journal discusses the pathology of lonely dining. It says that there is a peculiar type of dyspepsia, especially prevalent among women, which is due solely to solitary eating. Very many "house women" regularly lunch alone, frequently simply "pick up something," and drink a cup of tea. For some strange, apparently purely mental reason, the food thus eaten is not properly digested, and ultimately leads to a state of chronic indigestion. This curious complaint is called the indigestion of loneliness.

The first remedy recommended is to stop eating alone; if this is not feasible, however, a good book should be read during the meal, and the latter be preceded by plenty of outdoor exercise.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"The Air-and-Draft Cure."

An American-English duchess recently boasted to me of the good which had been done to her by a course which was not only new to me, but was so strange as to be almost comical. The "air-and-draft cure" is what she praised, and it was a remedy for cold hands and feet. This cure is taken at a tiny place in the Ardennes mountains—in a single building there, a sanatorium. As I understand it, this building is heretofore of bedroom windows, and has great apertures in the walls instead. The patient retires to a well-covered bed, but leaves uncovered and exposed his or her feet and hands. Strong winds make the Ardennes their playground, and these blow through the bedrooms and over the extremities of the patients, and in some mysterious way, their members develop a strong circulation and are presently able to resist cold and to guarantee to themselves uninterrupted warmth for all time to come.—*Julian Ralph, in the Cosmopolitan.*

Snow Mushrooms.

The curious formations known as "snow mushrooms" reach extraordinary development near Glacier house, in the mountains of British Columbia. At this place the tree trunks have the most favorable diameter, the stumps are always left several feet high, and the snowfalls are usually deep, occurring at about thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. Dr. Vaughan Cornish reports that on his visit in February, 1901, when the snow was five feet deep, he saw one stump two feet in diameter with a cap nine feet across, and a broken tree four feet through with a snowcap twelve feet across. It is estimated that these snowcaps must often weigh a ton; they are so symmetrically rounded, and they are so solidly frozen as to be not easily broken.—*American Inventor.*

Idle Conversation.

When will women in business realize that nothing is more disturbing to a busy man than the idle conversation many women indulge in during business hours! Such conversation wastes both time and money and makes her an unmitigated nuisance more than anything else.

As a matter of fact, it is not easy to find a tactful woman, according to the *Baltimore News*. It is almost impossible to discover one who, given sufficient provocation, will not tell the story of her life to a sympathetic person, when she should be writing letters or adding figures. Sometimes a solitary woman will put a whole office to confusion by an untimely word here and a five-minute conversation there. The women who have been successful in the business world have been the few who knew when to hold their tongues, and where.

There are women who avow themselves able to talk while they work, and to do a task as well to an accompaniment of chatter as they do in a profound silence, but they will be lucky if they can induce their employers to believe this. And, in deed, it is not true, for no one can do two things at the same time and do them well.

The woman who wants to succeed in business, then, must take a lesson in keeping quiet before she will be regarded as an acquisition to an office in which men are employed.

A Silkworm of the Sea

Silk is obtained from the shellfish known as the pinna, which is found in the Mediterranean. This shellfish has the power of spinning a viscid silk which in Sicily is made into a regular and very handsome fabric. The silk is spun by the shellfish in the first instance for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place and there glue them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them. The material when gathered (which is done at low tide) is washed in soap and water, dried, straightened and carded, one pound of the coarse filament yielding about three ounces of fine thread, which, when spun, is a lovely burnished golden brown color.

Curling Story

An ostentatious curler said to the members of his rink,— "Don't you bother about cutting sandwiches. We'll take the bounce out of the other fellows. I have arranged with a farmer to send down a pot of Irish stew." The dish, to the envy of the onlookers, arrived before the game was finished, and he kept his warm top coats were put over it. When the gun sounded "cease play" the party made their way to enjoy the special luxury, but on lifting the coats there was a hole in the size of the size of the pot, which had melted its way through the ice at the bottom of the loch.

Poorly?

"For two years I suffered terribly from dyspepsia, with great depression and was always feeling poorly. I then tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in one week I was a new man."—*John McDonald, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Don't forget that it's "Ayer's" Sarsaparilla that will make you strong and hopeful. Don't waste your time and money by trying some other kind. Use the old, tested, tried, and true Ayer's Sarsaparilla. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be glad to see you.

Health at Home
The famous Rootbeer—a delicious preparation of roots, herbs, barks and berries—Nature's own prescription. Benefits every member of the family.

Hires Rootbeer
Refreshes the blood, quenches the thirst and gives the palate a pleasure. A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere by mail. Write to Hires Co., Baltimore, Md.

Save Your Eyes.

If your eyesight is good, take care of it. Look away off yonder every time you get to the bottom of a page in reading. If it is defective, let no foolish pride prevent you from wearing the proper glasses. There is no sense in handicapping yourself in life when a piece of glass before each eye will make your vision as good as it possibly can be. The oculist will not advise you to wear glasses if you do not need them any more than he will prescribe a drug you do not need. Plenty of people, though, do not know that they have defective sight because they have never really seen at all. They have headaches, inflamed eyes, sties, even much graver troubles, from the strain of trying to see with eyes that were put up wrong. There are cases where homicidal mania has been completely cured when impaired vision has been corrected.

Rheumacide

The Great Spring Remedy.

After the rigors of winter are felt you are liable to feel the need of a tonic, laxative and BLOOD PURIFIER.

YOU WANT THE BEST, OF COURSE; THAT IS RHEUMACIDE.

This medicine is scientifically compounded from the extracts of roots, herbs and barks, combined with certain other purifying and alternative products. A sure cure for Rheumatism, Indigestion, Constipation, Bile, Kidney Troubles, and all diseases arising from impurities in the blood.

Ask your druggist for RHEUMACIDE and insist on getting it. Beware of substitutes of doubtful value.

All Druggists, Store, or express prepaid on receipt of price.

Robbitt Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

"POOR DIGESTION LANGUID AND TIRED."

[An Interesting Letter Concerning Pe-ru-na.]



Miss Della Janveau, Globe Hotel, Ottawa, Ont., is from one of the oldest and best known French Canadian families in Canada. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, she says:

"Last spring my blood seemed clogged up, my digestion poor, my head ached and I felt languid and tired all the time. My physician prescribed for me, but a friend advised me to try Peruna. I tried it and am pleased to state that I found it a wonderful cleanser and purifier of the system. In three weeks I was like a new woman, my appetite had increased, I felt buoyant, light and happy and without an ache or pain. Peruna is a reliable family medicine."

Adia Brittain, of Sekitan, O., writes: "After using your wonderful Peruna three months I have had great relief. I had continual heaviness in my stomach, was bilious, and had fainting spells, but they have all left me since using Peruna."—*Adia Brittain.* If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

A Unique Pet

The wife of the governor of North Borneo has a pet that few people will envy her. The governor's house is near a jungle, and out of this there strayed one morning a baby rhinoceros. Captured as a curiosity, he soon became tame, and now refuses to return to his wilds. Sixteen quarts of milk a day is what this pet requires, and on it he thrives and grows fat. He does not look much like the full grown rhinoceros, and might be mistaken for a curious sort of hog, were it not for his single horn. He is devoted to his mistress and follows her about like her dog; but this is a trait that cannot be indulged in very long, as he has lately taken to growing and will soon be too cumbersome for a civilized establishment.

Libby's

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Keep it in the house for emergencies—for soups, for sandwiches—for any time when you want something good and want it quick. Simply turn a key and the can is open. An appetizing lunch is ready in an instant.

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KALSOMINES ARE WHAT?

Unnatural glue and whitening decompositions for walls and ceilings that stick only until the glue by exposure decays, when they rub and scale off, spoiling walls and rendering them unsanitary and the rooms almost uninhabitable.

Alabastine possesses merit while the only merit hot or cold water kalsomines possess is that your dealer can buy them cheap.

There are many reasons why you should not use poisonous wall paper and unsanitary kalsomines. Buy Alabastine in 5 lb. packages only and properly labeled.

Please write us for Suggestions from our Artists in Decorating Your Rooms with ALABASTINE.

ALABASTINE COMPANY
New York Office, 103 Water St. Office and Factory, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

The Bluejay.

One may pet or patronize, according to one's nature, but he is indeed well coated with self esteem who does not feel a sense of inferiority in the presence of a jay. He is such a shrewd independent and aggressive creature that one is inevitably led to the belief that he is more a success as a bird than most men are as men. Conspicuous by voice and action during the autumn and winter, when other birds are quietest, he becomes silent when other birds are most vocal. If he has a love song, it is reserved for the ear of his mate. At this season he even controls his fondness for owl baiting and with it his vituperative gifts. The robin, the catbird and the thrasher seem eager to betray the location of their nests to every passerby, but the bluejay gives no evidence of the site of his habitation by being seen in its vicinity.