

The Wide World Over.

B. J. C. F.

I WAS recuperating on a New Mexican hacienda. At the death of my father I had been left quite comfortable little sum, and I had a chance started out to see the world, being at last able to satisfy my craving for travel to its full extent and having no parental ties to hold me to any one particular spot of the world's circumference.

But I had somewhat overdone the thing, too being possessed of a constitution that would stand much of a strain, so I had settled down at Las Vegas to take things quietly for a while before going further.

It was on the evening of October 12, 1898, that the news was circulated in the town that there had been an awful wreck on the Santa Fe just below Watrous. A special was rapidly made up of an engine and two coaches, and the call made for volunteers to assist in any way that their services could be of value. I made one of the number that promptly responded, and hastily clambered aboard, we started for the scene.

I shall never forget that distressing sight, as, reaching the spot, we leaped to the ground almost before the train had slackened speed sufficiently to make it safe to human life and limb to alight. There lay a tangled mass of wood and iron piled in heaps, from which came moans and cries from the imprisoned passengers and crews. One of the forward coaches, together with the mail and express car, was in flames. While part of the improvised wrecking crews gave their attention to helping the poor unfortunates in the passenger coaches, others of us started in to save what part of the mail and express car's valuable contents still remained out of the reach of the tongues of the flames rapidly drawing nearer the end of the car farthest from the engine. I was one of those who started to work on this car, and lustily I began to pull out the sacks of mail and what merchandise could be reached through the tremendous heat from the burning end of the car.

The last sack of mail was not snatched away in time to prevent half its length being burned away entire. I had had of the leather handles and gave a fearful tug, for the heat was now unbearable. For a minute the bag held to some object that weighted it down, then gave suddenly, landing me backwards, while a shower of letters and small packages completely covered me.

After we had done all we could to save the contents of the car, and taken the last man from the twisted coaches, we started back to Las Vegas with our mangled, suffering human freight.

It was after one o'clock when we arrived, and had tenderly carried the sufferers to the nearest point where they could receive medical and surgical attention, and being quite fatigued with my unusual exertion, I crawled into bed and slept soundly until the sun had risen high in the heavens the next day.

Being nearly dressed, I reached for my vest, when something fluttered to the floor. Picking it up I was surprised to find a half-burned photograph. Evidently it had been caught in my clothing in some way when the mail bag scattered its contents over me as I lay upon the ground, and when I arose to my feet, had slipped between my vest and shirt. I said it was a half-burned photograph, but that does not tell much. It was the photograph of a beautiful young lady, perhaps eighteen years of age. Beautiful? The most beautiful, I think, I had ever seen.

I sat down in my half-dressed state and stared at it for many long minutes. And before I had finished staring at that beautiful image I had to confess to myself that I was helplessly in love with the pretty, rounded face, with its smiling eyes looking up so confidently into mine, that shapely, tempting mouth with its saucy, curling line, that wealth of tastefully arranged hair thrown back over the high forehead.

Who was she? I cursed the flames that had totally eaten away the part of the card that might have given some clue as to whom the photograph had been, or in what place the photograph had been taken. If I could only know what town or city it would be enough. I would go at once to the place and search every artist's establishment until I had found some trace of my ideal.

Up to this time I had bothered but little about women. But here was a dear little girl whose eyes looked up into mine so smilingly, so confidently, so pleadingly, that my heart ached to have them something more than images on paper, to have those lips open and speak to me, to have those dainty little ears capable of listening while I poured my story of complete slavery into them; ah, I was helplessly in love, and I did not know with whom! With a photograph! A photograph, tossed at my very feet, coming to me by such a strange channel, to tease me by such a strange me!

And then the thought came to me that to every photograph there must necessarily be two sides. Perhaps the reverse side would tell me something; a new hope! I held the photograph, and my fingers trembled and my heart beat furiously, fearing to turn it that I might be disappointed. At last my shaking fingers moved of their own volition. Writing? Feminine writing, in a neat, small hand.

And then my first love dream received its rude shock of awakening—a mighty death-blow. A sickening sensation overcame me. I turned sick, and my eyes blurred as I read the words which had evidently preceded a signature, of which the flames had removed all trace.

"Yours, the wide world over."

Mine? Perhaps by right of the possession of this bit of cardboard; but my heart, had I that? Had I even the

right to the bit of pasteboard, soiled and crumpled by the devouring flames? "Yours"—another's!

I dropped the photograph to the floor and, short though my little love affair had lived, its death hurt me much, and with tearful eyes I sadly gazed across the spreading plains lying before my window and felt for the first time all the emptiness and barrenness of a loveless world.

Ten years have passed. I am no longer a reckless stranger of a fellow. The passing years have somewhat sobered me into a recognition of the fact that the world requires more of a man than simply looking to his own pleasures and chasing after mirage goals that lead him a merry dance and leave him worn out and disappointed at the first point his maturing mind shows him the uselessness and futility of his course.

However, much of the credit for my change of nature should be given to another party, a sweet, charming little woman whom I met here at Versailles and who had quite captured my heart.

And to-night, as we sat close together under the flowering trees, with a fair moon casting pale shadows about us, I felt how happy I was in having won such a prize, for we were soon to wed.

There came a little lull in our conversation and my mind was running back to my previous little love affair, the remembrance of which incident had never quite left me. Then I made a resolution. Turning to my fair companion, I said:

"Vera, I must confess to a little deception practiced upon you. Oh, don't start, it was quite harmless. You remember the other evening you asked me if I had ever loved before? A woman's natural question, and such a foolish one. And I answered, as most wicked men will, and as the question justly deserves, perhaps, that I never had. I have thought upon it since, and feel that truth is best, whatever be the consequences. I have loved before."

Vera gave her breath a little inward hiss and turned her flashing eyes upon me in surprise, but said nothing. She apparently awaited my further confession.

"Some ten years ago I came by the photograph of a young lady in a peculiar way. It was such a dear little face that, I frankly confess now, I fell in love with it. But my love did not live long, for a few words on the reverse side of the card told me much. She loved another. I have carried this card with me until now, and to-night, after having confessed to you, I shall properly destroy it."

I drew the card from my inner pocket where I had carefully guarded it ever since the night I so strangely came by it, and not without some slight feeling of the old passion, placed my fingers in position to read it aside. Then Vera asked to see it. I promptly handed it to her.

"She gave a cry of surprise, and turning to me, asked hastily—

"Where did you get that?"

"I found the photograph in a railroad wreck in New Mexico. The flames from the burning mail car had removed all traces of the name of the photographer, or I should have—ah, that is, I—"

"Oh, you should have gone in search of your ideal. Am I not right?"

"I—I—think so; but—but you see I had not met you then," I stammered in my confusion.

"It seems we are old friends. You would have gone in search of your ideal; how long it has taken you to find her?" And, to my utter amazement, instead of being angry, as I had supposed, Vera burst into a hearty laugh.

"Ah, but Vera, you know as the time goes on our ideal changes."

"Oh," I retorted, "does it? That is too bad. I referred to the particular ideal of ten years ago, not only the one of today."

Her words mystified me. She saw my wonderment, and again broke into a hearty laugh.

"You foolish dunces! Yet how strange. Have the passing footprints of time stamped out all semblance and erased the beauty in the original, the substance that you admired in the shadow? That is a photograph I had taken twelve years ago in San Francisco."

At this revelation of the strange workings of destiny, I could only sit and stare like a man bereft of his senses. Then I remembered the rude shock I had received upon turning the card. Again torments began to rack my soul.

"And Vera, the—the wording on the back?"

"You foolish, jealous boy! I had mailed this very card to my mother, then in New York City, and that serial was only for her. I had often wondered why she failed to receive it."

"And now, darling, you are mine truly, the wide world over?"

For answer she nestled closer to me. —Waverley Magazine.

Turkish Bookellers.

A writer who spent much of his early life in Turkey observed that Turkish books and bookellers were among the curious features of the country. "The Turkish bookeller," he said, "has a soul above trade. He rarely or never attempts to push his wares, and treasures some of his more valuable books so greatly that he can hardly be induced to sell them, although they form part of his stock in trade. Many of the books displayed by the bookseller are in manuscript, which the old-fashioned Turks esteem more highly than print." The Koran he may not sell. He gives it away in return for a present of its value in money.

Rubber on the Water.

With an ever increasing use of rubber in manufacturing, it is disappointing to have to record a gradual diminution in the supply. Some figures have been published purporting to show the total production of rubber in different parts of the world, and according to these the production in the two years from 1900 to 1902 decreased by some 3500 tons—that is to say, whereas the total output in 1900 was 57,700 tons, that of 1902 was only 54,000 tons. This decrease is certainly not a large one, but it is important as showing the tendency of the rubber supply to diminish.

AGRICULTURAL.

For a Swampy Place in the Yard.

Many yards and lawns have low, wet or moist places which do not seem to drain, and in which ordinary plants will not grow. Such persons are to be envied, as they have a class of flowers which are denied in the best form to others. For the wet spot use the Japanese and German iris, Montebellia, Hebe, Sanguinea, Caladium and Flax. The soil can be well enriched by working in well-rotted manure and leaf-mould. They can be protected over winter by putting on brush first and covering it with straw.

The Cabbage Beetle.

This is a light green worm, having lighter stripes running the length of the body. It is about an inch long. As the legs are at the ends it forms a loop when it crawls. The moth is a dark gray, and as it flies at night and on cloudy days, it easily escapes detection. The larva feeds on a variety of plants, but is most injurious to the cabbage, from its habit of tunnelling through the heads. The natural enemies are similar to those of the imported cabbage worm. They may be destroyed by kerosene emulsion or pyrethrum.

Onion Maggots.

The adult is a two-winged fly which lays its eggs on the bulbs. The larva eats into the bulb or root. In about two weeks it grows to the length of nearly half an inch when it pupates in the ground and comes forth to lay eggs for the second brood. Various remedies have been suggested. A hen and chickens is one. Sowing radishes with the onions is another. The eggs which may be pulled up later and disposed of in some way to kill the grubs. Turpentine mixed with sand or sawdust and scattered along the row at the time of sowing the seed is highly recommended.

Points on Care of Lambs.

If the lambs are to be docked this work should be done when they are about two weeks old, in order to accomplish it with the least amount of injury. At this age the back of blood will be small and the lamb will nurse as well as usual. After they are fully recovered and are doing well on the mother's milk, begin to teach them to eat grain, and this applies to lambs that are not docked, for if the lambs are to be brought to maturity and consequent profit, early they must get a good start. See also that they are put on good grass early, for if they have learned to eat grain, though but a small quantity, the grass will help them properly to digest the grain. Remember, the quick grown lamb gives just that quality to the meat so much desired by the consumer, so that every effort should be made to raise the lamb properly.

Early Peas.

The first crop usually planted in the farm garden is one of the earlier varieties of peas. On account of the harshness of the plant no amount of cold weather will do much injury after the peas are once up, but when planted extremely early a part of the seed will rot in the ground, causing many gaps in the row. Early in the season usually there is little nitrogen in the soil and the plants grow very slowly at first. A little nitrate of soda applied in the row at the time of sowing will hurry the growth of peas. The market value of the crop depends largely upon its earliness. The kind which do not require hot sun and soil, which are most popular for farm use. The late kinds often do not produce a crop until warm weather comes, and for that reason are often attacked by blight, which may be prevented by spraying with bordeaux mixture same as for apple trees.

Raising Crops For Hogs.

The hogs of this country are being raised by continuous feeding on corn. In some sections to such an extent has this been carried that the animals are being raised at considerable loss. Hog raisers should understand that the animals in their care need protein to obtain the best results, just as much as cows need protein. If alfalfa or clover cannot be grown to advantage, try cowpeas, or, if your land is too good for a crop, and you want something for summer feeding which will supply the needed protein, try Canada field peas, which can be readily grown on any good land.

Season For Spraying.

The bordeaux mixture is recognized as the most reliable of the mixtures used for spraying fruit trees and plants as well as vegetable plants, and all growers are now familiar with the formula. The causes of failure in spraying are generally due to lack of thoroughness somewhere in the work. The materials may not be pure, the pump used may not be thoroughly done or not done at the right time, any one of which faults makes the spraying more or less ineffective.

Plant Foods For Fruits.

While it is, of course, recognized that the soil must contain the three plant foods in more or less varying quantities, more or less of one of the three must be applied yearly for the best results. Undoubtedly there is much fertilizer extravagantly used and general-

ly because the grower does not understand the value of regular applications, but puts on great quantities one season and none at all for several seasons thereafter.

Nitrogen is one of the plant foods that must be cautiously handled when applied to fruit growing soil, and there are few soils in good condition which require more than ten pounds of nitrate of soda yearly. Potash, however, is greatly needed by most fruits and may be applied in large quantities without much danger of injury to the tree or plant, although the better way to use it, either the sulphate or muriate, is in lots of 100 to 150 pounds an acre each and every year. Applied in this way, fruit raised on fairly good soil will give better results for less expense than by heavier applications at longer intervals.

Young Turkeys.

In raising young turkeys keep them dry and guard against lice. The mites are not the only ones that attack them, but the large head lice destroy many. Lice pass from the mother to the young. When the young turkeys are hatched both the young turkeys and the hen with fresh insect powder and rub a drop of olive oil on the heads. Do this once a week. Feed the young turkeys every two hours; they do not eat much, but eat often. Keep a small box of ground bone where they can get it, and some water in which the young turkeys cannot get wet, as the least dampness will be fatal. If they droop, look for lice, as nearly one-half of the young turkeys die from that cause; search closely on the skin of the heads and necks. Be careful, as too much grease of any kind is injurious. The coops and runs must also be cleaned. They must not be fed until thirty-six hours old; then give curds and stale bread, the bread being first dipped in fresh milk. Rolled oats may be kept in a box for them, and finely-chopped hard boiled eggs may also be given. An egg, broken and added to a gill of fresh warm milk, is excellent, but should be thickened with bread. Clopped onions may also be added to the mixture. The turkeys may be given anything they will eat, but they are very dainty and will not accept all kinds of food. Cracked corn and wheat may be kept before them. Until they "shoot the red," which will be when they are ten or twelve weeks old, they will be tender, but after that time they will be hardy and then may be allowed to forage for themselves. The good care at first in keeping them dry and free from lice will bring the loss down to a minimum. It may be tedious work, but nothing pays better than a good crop of turkeys.

How to Make a Fence.

Will Adams, in Home and Farm, gives the following as a good way to make a fence: First dig the holes in sand one rod apart, sixteen inches deep; put in post, which if fifty-eight inches long, in clay. I sharpen the posts and drive them down, leaving forty-two inches out of the ground. This will take 320 posts to the mile.

Have a gauge, as shown in picture made of three-quarter by three by forty-four inches long, with slats sawed

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Nursing and Matrimony.

It appears from the report of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses, says the London Graphic, that this way lies matrimony, and that, though nurses may not marry as early in life as some of their sisters, nurses are forthcoming in due course for most of them. This is a right and proper state of things. No doubt their becoming mothers are less effective than their solid qualities in captivating the male imagination; but that does not matter. The standard of solid qualities at the hospitals is high, and a pretty nurse is, ceteris paribus, likely to make a better wife and mother than the pretty idler who entraps mankind by what the rude Americans call "parlor tricks."

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Inset lace is more difficult to manage than lace edgings or frillings, and when inserted in intricate designs such trimming requires much skill and patience. The summer models of lace show a prodigality of this inset lace work, and the effect is charming if the work is well done.

The up-to-date blouse is very full, but drawn in by rows of corded shirring in the shape of a corset or high circle, the lines being highest at the back and sloping down toward the front. The lowest cord comes just at the waist line and an inch of the plain stuff is left below.

Some skillful home dressmakers are producing some very pretty yoke effects by means of the pretty embroidered handkerchiefs. The centre is cut out and a collar of embroidery fitted to it, while one point is placed at the front, one on each shoulder, and one at the back, that at the back being cut open and faced for hooks and eyes.

Linen collars are very much worn with tailor gowns. The most fashionable of them are of the turnover styles to be worn with ribbons. Hemstitching, embroidered dots, and even borders of hand embroidery are seen on stiff linen nowadays. Once or twice going to the laundry usually finishes them, so they must be regarded as extravagant. Few colored borders are worn at present.

Green and white striped awnings are most used for porches or windows.

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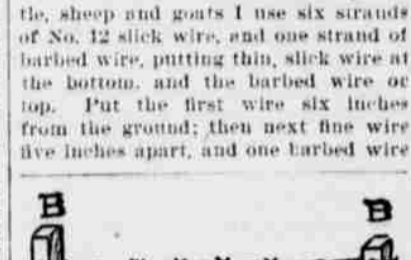
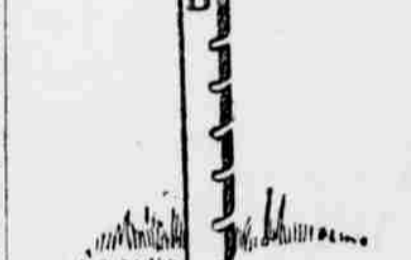
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(A) Gauge, (B) Post, (C) Wire stay.

nine inches from the top. Slick wire makes a fence forty inches high with seven strands of wire, and requires about 400 pounds of wire to the quarter, or 1600 pounds to the mile, at a cost of about \$50 per mile for wire and staples, or about one-third the cost of ready woven fence. Put in stays between the post out of No. 20 wire, and it is equal to a post. Cut this small wire up into pieces forty inches long and forty pounds will put a stay between every post for a mile.

Russian Priests.

A white Russian priest must be married, but he cannot marry a second time. If his wife dies he must enter a monastery. Hence the Russians tell many stories of the extraordinary means to which the priests resort in guarding the health of their wives. If the priest's consort sneezes a mild panic ensues in the household.—World's Work.



IN WOMAN'S REALM

Mother and Teacher.

Many mothers watch the departure of the children every morning for school with a sigh of relief, and a feeling that for the greater part of the day their responsibility in regard to them has been transferred to another. There will be no childish disputes to settle, no hurt feelings to kind up, no faults to correct. But the mother's influence is not confined to the home, and if she has the best interests of the children at heart she can help the teacher in her efforts to drill and train them for future usefulness, says the Ladies' World.

Abysinian Women's Dress.

"For downright gorgeousness there is little that can surpass a family party of Abysinian women bound from one village to another in festival time, notably about Easter," writes Mr. Broughton Branden, describing the life of the women of Egypt in an article in Pearson's.

A brilliant, bangle-ornamented head-dress is bound over the brow and drawn back to fall down the shoulders. The upper part of the body is clad in a blouse of red and white literally covered with gold and silver ornaments, that are handed down from generation to generation. A short skirt in the same style comes below the knees, and the legs are encased in brilliant-colored strips wound tightly about like putters, often beaded and spangled. The feet, usually bare, are variously adorned with toe-rings, ankle bracelets and other ornaments.

The Gift of a Hot Temper.

One of the common complaints of parent against child is, "He has such a temper." This is not meant to be a compliment and is not commonly received as such. But isn't it?

A child without a temper may be very sweet and satisfactory to its parents; but it can hardly be a child of any great force of character. Who ever saw or heard of a person with positive qualities, capable of being a strong influence, that did not have a high temper? A high temper gone beyond control is an unruly servant and a hard master, but there are few more favorable abilities than the ability to get intelligently angry for good and just cause, says the Saturday Evening Post.

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HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

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FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Asparagus Salad.

Cook asparagus in boiling salted water until tender; drain and cool; when cool cut off all the tender parts in half-inch pieces, place them on lettuce leaves and serve cold.

Vinaigrette Sauce.

Three tablespoons of oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of grated onion, chopped parsley and capers, one saltspoon each of salt and pepper, mix well and pour over asparagus salad.

Tomato Sauce.

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; add to it ten peppercorns, two cloves, blade of mace and one small onion chopped fine; cook slowly until the onion is a light-brown, then add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and let that brown; add one and one-quarter cupfuls of stewed tomatoes, and stir until smooth; strain and return to the fire; season to taste with salt and pepper; add half a pound of well boiled tripe cut in strips; cover the pan and let simmer twenty minutes.

Souffle of Peaches.

Remove the kernels from half a dozen ripe peaches and press through a sieve; put what you have thus obtained in a dish, adding one pound powdered sugar and whites of two eggs; beat for five minutes with egg beater; then take whites of five eggs and beat to a stiff froth; mix all together well; put on a dish and put in a hot oven for five or six minutes before serving; sprinkle powdered sugar on top; plums, bananas, apricots and other soft fruits can be served in the same way; apple or other fruits to be cooked and then pressed through a sieve and then treated like peaches.

Chicken Pie.

Clean and cut up your chicken; cover with boiling water and stew until tender; remove from the bones and lay in bottom of dish; sprinkle with salt and pepper; set the dish where the chicken will keep warm. Now for crust and broth. Broth—Four cups of water the chicken was stewed in, one cup milk; thicken with a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour blended together; when thick and very hot pour over chicken, reserving bone for gravy boat. Crust—Two cups flour, two tablespoonfuls baking powder sifted together three times; rub in one tablespoonful butter and wet with cup of milk to which one beaten egg has been added and a little salt; cover top of baking dish with batter and bake in hot oven fifteen minutes. This is simple but very nice.

Pot Roast of Beef.

Choose six pounds of the round of beef, season with pepper and salt and dredge thoroughly with flour; melt one tablespoonful butter and one tablespoonful beef dripping in a fat-bottomed iron kettle; add one medium sized onion sliced and fry to a golden brown; skim out the onion, put in the meat and brown on all sides, adding more butter when necessary; when done add sufficient boiling water to half cover the meat; then add one small carrot and one small turnip finely sliced, half a cup shaved celery, the browned onions, three whole cloves, three whole allspice, six peppercorns, one bay leaf, a grating of nutmeg and one tablespoonful mushroom catsup; simmer slowly for six hours, turning the meat occasionally, and adding more water if it boils away too much; put the meat on a hot platter, strain the liquor, skim off the fat, thicken with flour as serve in a separate dish.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Green and white striped awnings are most used for porches or windows.

Basswood furniture, stained mahogany, with silver handles, and mountings, is among the novelties offered for dainty country house bedrooms.

Natural colored linen, adorned with Mexican drawn work patterns, makes exceedingly effective summer cushion covers, and launders nicely.

Where space and means will permit, a pergola is one of the most effective lawn additions, and is in high favor with fashionable folk.

For sweetbread cutlets prepare as for croquettes, adding a grating of nutmeg to the seasoning. Form into cutlets, crumb, egg and crumb again, fry in boiling fat and serve with sauce Bechamel.

Kerosene will take iron rust and fruit stains from almost every kind of goods without injuring the fabric. Wash the soiled spots in kerosene as you would in water before any water has touched them.

A good housewife is equally familiar with the flower garden and the four barrel. She prefers a yard of shrubbery to a yard of lawn; while her husband is a sower of grain, she is a sower of garments; while he keeps his hoarse bright she keeps the home of the whole family in order.

A good way to restore white silk articles that have become yellow in washing is to dip them in tepid soft water containing a pinch of tartar and a few drops of bluing. Write them out, and if still yellow add a little more bluing to the water until they are fully restored. Hang in the shade or dry partially and press with a hot iron between folds of cotton while damp.