

## HIS FORTUNE.

I knew one who had prospered,  
To whom a princely fortune fell,  
Yet whom who toiled along below  
Conceived no hate for him, and no  
Old friend refused to wish him well.  
He tasted of the pleasures  
Accorded to the rich alone,  
But never in his ease forgot  
The hardships of the poor or sought  
With their small joys to fat his own.

Fate one day turned upon him  
And ruthlessly took all he had,  
And then I heard him honestly  
In sorrow and in sympathy—  
The rich and poor exclaim—"Too bad!"  
I look on him with envy,  
And if a choice were mine to make,  
The fortune that Fate snatched away  
Would tempt me not while I might lay  
Claim to the love she couldn't take.  
—S. E. Kiser.

## THE CHOICE OF TWO.

By GERALD WHITING.

Lorry was standing at the door of his forge—a tall, strong man of 50, with the carriage of an old soldier who could still swing the lance or sabre, though he had left the army some seven years or more. The sun was aglow in the cloudless sky, and the heat was oppressive. Behind, the range of hills rose blue-green in the distance. From the road came a merry jingle of harness bells and then a cloud of dust, and then a wagon, drawn by two oxen, rumbled up the incline. The driver nodded pleasantly to Lorry.

"You have heard the news, master," he said. "No? Well, I can't stop, but here's a newspaper. Read that." And, with another nod, he whipped up his jaded cattle and passed on.

The blacksmith sat down on a bench and leisurely unfolded the paper. When he had read a few lines his face darkened, and he rose to his feet. His wife came out at this moment. She was a comely dame, with cheeks as ruddy as the apples in her orchard. They looked at each other for a few minutes without speaking.

"Annette," said Lorry at last, crumpling up the newspaper in his strong hand, "I have been reading the 'Debate.'"

His wife gave a little start, but quickly recovered.

"No ill news of Pierre, surely?" said she.

"No, no," answered her husband; "no need to be alarmed. Pierre is all right so far as I know. But the Germans are at their old tricks. Not content with conquering, they must insult as well. You remember my remarking that I had seen three or four fellows rolling about the village in the uniform of French soldiers, and wondered how they came to be there, and what they were doing away from the regiment? Well, the secret is out. They have elected to be subjects of the emperor at Berlin. And to think that we should be outraged by the presence of such renegades! They are no longer Alsations, but German wolves."

"What can you expect, Felix? It is not altogether the fault of these poor fellows," remarked Annette. "To be sent to Algeria—think how far. And the lads grow sick for home."

"Hush!" said Lorry, checking her with a peremptory gesture; "you do not understand. You have grown so accustomed to the women folk hereabouts that you have come down to their level, and think as they do. I tell you these men are cowards and traitors, and if I thought our Pierre was capable of such infamy, as sure as my name is Lorry, sometime trooper in the cavalry of France, I would drive my sword through his body!"

He walked quickly into the house, and Annette followed him. He noticed the flush on her cheek, and felt abashed, he hardly knew why. Perhaps he had spoken too roughly.

"Bah! I am a fool to worry about such things, he said, laughing. "As if it is at all likely! So, so; I will take a little walk to calm myself." He put on his hat and went out.

She waited till he was gone, and then got her work-basket and sat down at the window, as was her custom of an afternoon. The sun shone full and bright on the cornfield; there was the path winding away to it in curves of dazzling white; and, lower down, the village church, with the burial ground nestling by its side, and the sheep drowsily browsing under the shadow of the trees.

"They may be traitors," she thought, remembering her husband's words, "but their mothers must rejoice to see them again."

And she sighed, thinking of the day her own boy left home, alert and trim, with his rifle on his shoulder. Only two years ago, yet it seemed an age! The tears started to her eyes. It was well for Lorry to talk, but when would Pierre return to her.

Suddenly the needle dropped from her hand, and she trembled in her chair. She heard the garden gate swing back on its hinges. But the dog did not bark, though the intruder must have passed close to his kennel.

"What does that mean?" said he. There was an instant of silence, save for the sound of the blacksmith's heavy breathing. The next, and she was beside him, her hands clasping his arm.

"I have something to say, Felix," she began. He moved away till he reached the wall behind him, where his old sabre was hanging, a bit of tri-color ribbon round the hilt. He took it down with the firm touch of a hand turned backward while listening, with no sign of nervousness.

"The truth, now, Annette! He has returned?" She bent her head so that she could not see her face. Then she twisted herself from him with an unexpected suddenness, her voice breaking into a sob.

"You will not—you shall not harm him!" she cried. "He has come back because he loved me and wished to see us again."

There was an inward struggle, and then the woman conquered. Yes, she was right to defend the boy who had forsaken his country, and whom it was beneath an honest soldier's dignity to notice further. He threw down his sword, saddened and subdued. Old memories stirred at his heart; he thought of the days when that recreant son was a little child and smiled and played about his knee. All that was a dream, and this the awakening.

"Wife," he said, speaking quickly, "you need have no fear. It is no longer any concern of mine. Let Pierre do as he pleases. I shall see him in the morning."

She stole one anxious look at his face, and saw that a sense of something serious to come was now overshadowing his mind.

"Felix!" she exclaimed. He advanced a step toward the door, then stopped and looked back.

"Not now," he said, and left her. He stayed outside till darkness set in, and the house was closed. All those long hours he walked in the garden, pacing with measured steps from the orchard to the well and back again, without any sense of fatigue.

Pierre appeared to be in a sort of stupor when Annette released him from the dark interior of his hiding place. He looked around him helplessly.

"I am weary," he said, "and will go to bed." And he went upstairs. Once his head was on the pillow he sank in placid and dreamless sleep.

He awoke, lying still, in the morning sunshine. The window was part open, and he heard passing footsteps in the garden, and the ring of hammer and anvil from the forge. His mother was standing at the bedside with a cup of milk. His gaze wandered slowly round the room, and he saw his father come suddenly in.

Pierre blinked his eyes, but they were somehow dim. He tried to speak, but speech died abruptly from his lips.

"You had better get up," said Lorry. "And by the by, put on the work clothes you were accustomed to use before you joined the army. No sense to don a uniform you are not longer fit to wear."

"But my comrades will think it strange, father," remonstrated Pierre, humbly.

"Do as I tell you," remonstrated his father. "Time enough afterwards for explanations."

For the next few minutes he was busy moving boxes and opening drawers in the adjoining chamber, and when shortly after they met him again in the kitchen, he was dressed for a journey. The hard look was still in his eyes, as, declining the wife's proffered help, he stirred up the fire and boiled a pot of coffee. With this and some bacon and brown bread, a pot of honey, and a dish of hard biscuits baked the day before, he set out on a breakfast for three, and then motioned them to sit down to it.

Annette watched him unceasingly, but the smile for which she longed did not appear. It was a relief to all when the meal was over.

the Imperial Guard. You owe France five years of service, and I must pay them for you."

"O Felix! Felix!" cried his wife, imploringly. "Father!" said Pierre, and covered his face with his hands.

He heeded them not; he was now clear of the house, striding briskly along the broad high road. Annette rushed to the door, but it was already too late. The blinding tears shut him out from her view, and she saw him no more.—New York News.

**PRESERVING MEAT BY STEAM.**  
An Australian Method Which Is Employed on Steamships.

"Keeping meats sweet and pure in a refrigerator by means of steam sounds a bit queer, doesn't it?" I was asked by George L. Cameron, superintendent of a meat packing establishment, who continued in explanation without awaiting my answer. "Yet that is a method now in vogue on the big steamers which carry meats from this country and from Australia to Europe. Meat placed in refrigerators where the atmosphere is kept continually at an average temperature of from 36 to 40 degrees will remain fresh, but not entirely unperfected for an indefinite period."

"I think the Australians solved the problem first. They worried over the matter for a long, long time, and adopted expedient after expedient, tried experiment after experiment, but all without avail, until some one thought of using steam to volatilize the gases which caused these annoying conditions and draw them off. A steam pipe was placed in a wooden duct at the bottom of a refrigerator chamber stored with meat; the gases of this kind are low lying, and the duct led directly to the brine tanks. This experiment occurred at Sydney, and for 89 days the refrigerator compartment was kept closed, at the end of which time it was opened, the meat drawn forth and every piece thoroughly tested. It was as fresh and pure, without the slightest suggestion of bone odor or mold, as on the day it was packed. The gases had been volatilized by the steam, carried off by the wooden duct and the entire noxious condition purified by the brine tanks. With this aid to the refrigeration process, provided care be taken that the temperature never falls below freezing point, save occasionally, so that the meat will not become frozen, meat may now be kept for years, and be perfectly fresh when taken forth for consumption."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**QUAINT AND CURIOUS.**  
Japanese and Germans have the same average brain weight.

If cork is sunk to a depth of 200 feet in the sea it will not rise again to the surface.

At Rome, Italy, twins were recently born to a couple, both of whom are over 70.

Nineteen million immigrants reached the United States in the 80 years ending with 1900.

The judge worn by the Lord Mayor of London is studded with diamonds to the value of \$300,000.

Austrian laws prohibit marriages between Christians and Jews and between Christians and infidels.

Considering their nutritive value potatoes are about twice as expensive as bread, and milk is even dearer.

Tamarisk timber 4000 years old has been found in perfectly sound condition in ancient Egyptian temples.

English coal is used as far as possible on Japanese warships, because the Japanese coal gives off much more smoke.

A rifle bullet is traveling at its greatest speed not as it leaves the muzzle, but at about ten feet in front of the muzzle.

A toothbrush is to be provided for each of the children in the Hampton workhouse, and they are to be trained to use it in class drill.

A deposit of asphalt, estimated to contain about 500,000 tons, has been discovered on Table Mountain, near Cape Town, South Africa.

William Ludlam, who died at Oyster Bay, N. Y., at the age of 88, made his own coffin ten years ago, and had kept it in his house all that time.

Five of the seals of government or capitals of provinces in the Dominion of Canada are named Regina after the late Queen Victoria of England.

The biggest lump of coal ever dug out of the earth is that raised from one of the Wigan collieries. It took nine months to haul it out of the seam, and it weighed over 12 tons.

## ENEMIES TO PLANT LIFE.

WORK OF THE VARIOUS BLIGHTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

**Great Damage Wrought by Potato Rot**  
—Losses in Florida—Brown Rot Destroyed Peaches—Root Feeding Insects Busy.

The destruction wrought on crops by countless plant enemies throughout the country is revealed by a report issued by the department of agriculture on "Plant Diseases in 1903." Besides the mass of detail regarding conditions in the United States, it shows that the coffee leaf blight has accidentally been introduced into Porto Rico, and measures are being taken to stamp it out. Cocoa in Porto Rico is affected by a black pod rot canker and root disease. The tomato blight has practically ruined the tomato crop of Porto Rico. A potato root rot has caused the loss of nearly the entire potato crop.

Orange scab has caused considerable damage in the Bayamon district. Beans and cowpeas are injured by various fungi. The potato dry rot continues injurious in the Hawaiian islands. The cotton root in Texas prevailed to a greater extent than for many years, the loss being estimated at about \$2,000,000.

Anthraxnose has been generally prevalent from North Carolina to Georgia, and locally injurious, especially to Sea Island cotton in South Georgia. Wilt continues to spread slowly, and now occurs in limited areas in North Carolina and South Carolina, and is widely prevalent in South Georgia and Southeastern Alabama, in connection with root knot. Rust occurred as usual on the poorer soils, and was unusually severe in Texas.

The potato blight and rot caused widespread destruction, being especially enormous in New York, Pennsylvania, Northeastern Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin. The damage is estimated at \$10,000,000 for the season in New York alone. Walnut bacteriosis caused heavy losses in California. The cherry shothole fungus was injurious in New York and Pennsylvania, and prevailed destructively in Iowa and Nebraska. Crown gall is becoming more serious every year as a nursery pest throughout the country. The black rot of grape was more general in Connecticut and Rhode Island, the loss being 40 percent.

The department is obtaining promising results in its effort to discover a resistant vine. Strawberry leaf blight is less prevalent. Die back among the citrus fruit diseases in Florida is less destructive than before 1903. Corn smut caused heavy loss in Maryland, and was common in New York. Corn leaf blight was general in Connecticut, Delaware, Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Alfalfa rust prevailed in Ohio, and rice blast in the Cooper river section of South Carolina, where the crop was more than 100,000 bushels short. The loss from the spread of this disease in the last six years is estimated at \$1,000,000. Asparagus rust is increasing in the west, and important canning districts are badly affected.

Watermelon wilt is spreading in the south, and cantaloupe leaf blight was injurious, especially in the south, the loss in Florida being 40 percent. Tomato bacterial wilt was found in Connecticut, and it was serious in New Jersey and Maryland, and widespread in the south. The fusarium wilt in Florida caused a loss of \$500,000, and large areas of land also had to be thrown out of cultivation.

Cucumber downy mildew caused large losses in Florida and the trucking section near Charleston, S. C., where the estimated loss was \$100,000. It was also unusually destructive in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York and Michigan. The bitter rot of apples has been widespread. Injury was reported from Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Southeastern Ohio, West Virginia, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. In Nebraska it seems to be on the increase.

Apple scab was much less injurious in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Michigan than last year, but it seems to have been more destructive in the west, especially in Wisconsin, Eastern Nebraska, and Missouri. It is on the increase on the Pacific coast, in Montana, Idaho, Washington and California. Apple canker, or brown rot, was prevalent in Connecticut, Ohio, New York and Michigan, causing much damage, especially in neglected orchards. Black heart, a disease affecting the wood of apple trees, was reported from Montana, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas and adjacent states.

Pear blight was more than usually prevalent this year in the east. In the south it is universal, and little effort is made to control it. In Colorado it has spread rapidly. It is reported from New Mexico. Twig blight, due to the same organism, was serious on apples in Connecticut, New York, Ohio, West Virginia and Wisconsin, but was less prevalent in Missouri. There was an epidemic of pear leaf blight that defoliated trees from Maryland southward. In Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York pears and cherries were much disfigured by sooty mold, which followed a serious epidemic of the pear psylla and apple looper.

Brown rot was again less injurious in the eastern states, but was very destructive to southern peaches, the loss amounting to from 30 to 60 percent of the crop of Georgia. Peach leaf curl seems to cause immense losses each year, in spite of the ease of controlling it, by a single spraying. In Ohio, in Ottawa county alone, the loss from leaf curl was \$50,000. The losses in Northwestern Pennsylvania and Western New York were also heavy.

The department, in a report on the principal injurious insects of 1903, says that the calendar year showed smaller losses than in many years. Certain pests caused great injury in limited localities, and several new insect enemies of crops were discovered. The Mexican cotton boll weevil, which spread into Louisiana, is stamped as the most important insect pest of the present time. The San Jose scale and the codlin moth have engaged the attention of many economic workers, and there is a possibility of a lessening of damage in a few years. There were local outbreaks, usually not extensive, of the Hessian fly, chinch bug and of grasshoppers or locusts, cut worms and army worms.

Root feeding species, such as white grubs, wire worms, root maggots and root lice, were rampant over a considerable territory. The cabbage and onion maggots were particularly destructive. The two cucumber beetles, orchard scale insects in general, and a few similar pests, were normally troublesome. Bill bugs did a little damage, which is true of the bean and pea weevils. Shade tree defoliators were only locally abundant. The gypsy and brown tail moths have both enlarged their territory, the latter having become destructive in New Hampshire.

The cherry fruit fly has apparently disappeared, owing to atmospheric conditions, and other pests, such as the squash bug, strawberry weevil, squash vine borer, the potato and tobacco weevils, have not attracted attention. Of insects injurious to stored products there has been a decided increase, especially of the cigarette and flour beetles. Several species of insects, as a rule more destructive in the south, but which have until recently been very troublesome northward, have nearly died out in the north. The list includes the harlequin cabbage bug, cabbage looper, cornstalk borers, fall army worm and others. This, however, cannot be said of all localities.

**DEAD THEORETICALLY.**  
A Veteran Reported Killed, Decorates the Shaft on Which His Name Is Engraved.

Walter Knowlton, a veteran of the civil war, living in St. Lawrence county, New York, bent and feeble with age, dead and buried theoretically, he says, failed to decorate his grave in a small town near Akron, Ohio, as he started out to do on Memorial day and as he had done in former years. Memorial day found Knowlton in Rochester and at the office of Superintendent of the Poor Lodge No. 108 and at the office of Superintendent of the Poor Lodge No. 108 that Mr. Lodge was out he agreed to return the next day, but before leaving recited his history.

"It is true that theoretically I am dead and buried," he said, "and a shaft to my memory and the memory of other soldiers slain on the field of battle was erected near Akron, Ohio. I want to visit the cemetery and observe the floral offerings laid on the shaft."

"Yes, I served through the civil war. After the war closed and the great review was held in Washington, I went west and got work under contractors who were building the Pacific railroad branch through Utah. I worked through the west for many years and then went to St. Lawrence county, New York, and settled down, broken in health and ill prepared to earn my living. But 10 years ago I happened to be in Akron, Ohio. I was originally enlisted in an Ohio regiment, I walked out to the cemetery and to my great surprise found that my name was engraved on a shaft of marble as among those sons of Ohio who had gone to war and had been killed in battle."

"I did not tell who I was, but went again on Memorial day. After I had heard the eulogies pronounced upon me and the other dead it seemed a pity to disturb the shaft and I kept silent. You see I was wounded near the close of the war and had disappeared for a time. So many men were missing in those days that it was impossible to keep track of all of them, and after I drifted further west I suppose my best friends took it for granted that I was dead. So I left the marble shaft in the little Ohio village and came to St. Lawrence county."

"I could have applied for a pension, but after hearing the orator's speech on that Memorial day 10 years ago it seemed a poor swap. You see, he made me out so much better than I was that I got to feeling that myself as I might have been lay buried there, and I let it all go. But every once in a while I scraped together enough money to visit the cemetery and place a few flowers at the foot of the shaft. It seems as if I was better for it. This year the money came kind of hard, and I sought help. I hoped to be there Memorial day, but a few days won't make much difference. Some would say it is my lost youth I am remembering, but the letters on that shaft stand out brave and cold, I tell you, and I am proud of them."—New York Sun.

**Signal.**  
The year 1903 was made signal by the Philippines Purchase exposition at Manila.

The exposition was the largest ever held, up to that time, and represented an expenditure of about a hundred billions of dollars.

The buildings covered one million acres.

It took a person more than three weeks, traveling through the aisles in an automobile at the rate of a mile a minute, to see everything in the exposition.

The deficit was less than sixty billions.—Life.



## About Lamps.

Never leave a lamp turned low. It creates gas and uses up as much oil as when it burns brightly. If it is necessary to have a light during the night in a sick room use a tiny night lamp and burn it at full force.

**To Clean Mattresses.**  
If the mattress is stained put in the sun and cover the spots with a thick paste made of wetting laundry starch with cold water. Leave for an hour or two and then rub off. If not perfectly clean repeat. Fancy denim or cretonne sofa pillow covers can be cleaned in the same way.

**Bedroom Hangings.**  
Nothing is prettier or more dainty for bedroom decoration than the upholstery dimities in the old English style. They can be got in many patterns and launder beautifully, so are more durable than a flimsy fabric. They may be used in the entire decoration of the room for bedspread, canopy, window hangings and dressing table covers.

At the windows it is prettier to hang the curtains straight down each side with a full valance across the top. Cushions for chairs and corner seats can be made to match, too.

**The Care of Stockings.**  
The busy housewife, bewildered by the extra duties of the house, is apt to make short shrift of odds and ends, particularly half-worn clothing, which she banishes to the ash heap or the furnace room—and afterward regrets.

This is particularly true of stockings worn beyond hope of mending. The most natural thing for a wife and mother to do in this day of cheap hosiery is to toss them aside, and thus miss the opportunity of utilizing them later for housecleaning devices.

If there is a little girl in the family who is deft with fingers and needles she can contribute largely to the household convenience if given a few simple directions about making use of the old stockings.

The first thing is to cut the foot off just above the heel, or, if the seam is parting above this point, cut the leg off until the seam ceases to break. Then split the leg at the seam, sew two legs of the same size together in the form of a bag, turn them inside out, and then turn in, whip the end so that there will be no raw edges, and you have the best of piano and furniture polishers.

One pair split and folded into a neat square the size of the hand can be quilted and bound for an iron holder. A piece of asbestos cloth laid between the folds of the stocking will add to the value of the holder.

**Recipes.**  
Preserved Pineapple—Shred the fruit and weigh it, allowing to each pound a half pound of granulated sugar. Let it stand in a china bowl over night, when rich syrup will have been formed. Put over the fire and cook a few minutes only, as long cooking discolors it, and seal. Some people are very fond of grated pineapple. This is prepared by paring the fruit as usual and grating it on a coarse grater, not using the core. Weigh and allow a pound of sugar to one of fruit, and after allowing it to stand over night boil for a moment and bottle.

**Caramel Pudding**—Burn one cupful of sugar until chocolate brown; dissolve this in one quart of hot milk, add the yolks of five eggs and a pinch of salt. Bake "au bain marie"—that is, in a pan surrounded by boiling water—until firm. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff, allowing one tablespoonful of sugar to each white. Put on the top of pudding and brown.

**Canned Strawberries**—Make a syrup in the proportion of one pint of water to three-fourths pound of sugar. Boil the sugar until it ropes. Turn in the berries slowly. When the syrup boils again skim out the berries into glass jars, packing them close; fill two-thirds full of berries. Boil the syrup until it ropes again and fill up the jars; seal while boiling hot.

**Chicken Mould**—Cut the cooked chicken in small pieces. To one pint allow one tablespoonful minced parsley and one cupful of the white sauce omitting the lemon juice and adding a little grated onion. Whip one pint of cooked rice and one cupful thick tomato seasoned with butter, pepper and celery salt. Line a buttered mould; fill with chicken mixture; cover with more rice, set in hot water and bake one hour. Unmould and garnish with watercress. Cold lamb can also be used.

**Tripe a la Creole**—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; add two pepper corns, two cloves, a blade of mace and one 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 boiled tripe, cut in strips; cover and let stand 20 minutes.

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