A sudden panic thrills the school,
The children rush to death;
The gentle teacher, calm and cool,
Controls them with her breath.
But when the horrid fear is quelled.
The tunuit once more sleeps.
Why is it, by some force impelled,
She sits right down and weeps?

The fire is burning in the mill,
The terror stricken run
To dash pell-mell across the sill
And perish every one.
A woman leaps before their path;
They stop, in ordered streams
They file to safety from death's wrath,
While she sits down and screams!

Unto Joan of Are,

T was ever woman's way of joy
To move in mysteries dark.
No doubt, when Mollie Pitcher, bold,
In battle's blood was painted,
She fought like Amazons of old
And went right home and fainted!

—Baltimore Su

Coccecececececececececececececes By ANNIE BEATLEY.

bot himself!

concluding scornfully, "I never want to see your face again! You deceived me. You pretended to be General Talbot's son, when you are only a new-born commoner. I shall

Dr. Talbot listened in silence, his face white and set, till she paused in her torrent of passionate repraches

"Forgive me, Clare. I ought to

than her angry words.

Sir Jasper Blois was not sorry when he heard that his daughter's engagement to Dr. Talbot was can-

celled, though she did not confide to

him the reason. He had never cared much for the young fellow, chiefly perhaps because of their po-litical discussions Edwin invariably

no right to, and-

Clarissa Blois was happy that afternoon, very happy, and the sunshine flooding the moor was not brighter than that which glowed within her own heart. For to-morrow her betrothed, whom she had not seen for three long morths, was expected at Royden Court, the ancient mansion which had recently become the seen for three long morths, was expected at Royden Court, the ancient mansion which had recently become the seen for three long morths, was expected at Royden Court, the ancient mansion which had recently become

She wandered on over the heath, transformed into a garden of beauty by the abundant purple heather and rich, yellow gorse, drinking in with satisfied eyes the loveliness of the

nor knew that the sunshine had, until she was startled from reverie by a distant peal of hader. Looking up in dismay, she came face to face with the object of came face to face with the object of the mental denunciations—Dr. Talthunder. Looking up in dismay, she saw that heavy threatening clouds had effaced the blue of the sky, and there was every prospect of a storm in the near future.

Clarissa had a nervous dread of thunderstorms, and to be caught in one out here on the lovely moor appeared anything but inviting.

She began to retrace her steps hurriedly, hoping to be able to reach the high road and take shelter in some farm-house before the storm broke,

farm-house before the storm broke, but soon found it would be impos-sible. The clouds grew rapidly darker, the thunder louder and more frequent, and huge drops of rain commenced to fall.

At length, to Clarissa's relief, she espied in a hollow a tiny cottage which she had passed unnoticed before. The door was opened ere she fore. The door was opened ere since could knock, and a pleasant-faced old woman bade her welcome to the

shelter of her little home.

Thankful to escape from the storm, which seemed likely to prove a severe one. Clarissa entered and took the chair which was placed for her the chair which was placed for her, and was soon chatting pleasantly with her hostess, who led a somewhat lonely life, having no near neighbors with whom to exchange confidences, and hailed this unexpected visitor with delight.

Bincouraged by her guests's fair face and sweet smiles, she was soon launched on the thome so dear to a

launched on the theme so dear to a

aunched on the theme so dear to a mother's heart—the praises of an only son—and the young girl listened with sympathetic interest.

Somehow this simple cottager, her honest, kindly face shining with pride as she spoke of her boy, attracted Clarissa, who had come little into contact with the lives of the poor.

no right to, and——"
"He often comes to see me. They tell me as how he's a grand gentleman in Lunnon, but he don't forget his old mother for all that, my boy Ted don't. He do want me to live in a bigger house in the village, but I like to stay in this little old place, where I was so happy with my man for nigh forty years. Look here, like to stay in this little old place, where I was so happy with my man for nigh forty years. Look here, missie," taking a photo from between the leaves of a large Bible, which lay on the shelf, "Ain't he a lad as any mother might be proud

looked at it. A low cry of surprise

Mrs. Brown interpreted the ejacuation as one of admiration, and her mother's heart was gratified. She talked on, but Clarissa heard as one in a dream, her brain bewildered. For the face she gazed upon was that of Edwin Talbot, her affianced hus-

How was it this poor old woman spoke of him as her boy? It could not be—Edwin was the son of General Talbot, of Heatherton Hall. Perhaps she had been his nurse. Looking up and striving to speak calmly, she said:

'And is this your own son? He is very handsome

'Yes, miss, that's my boy, the only child as the Lord ever give me, but he's worth a dozen o' some folks' sons," asserted the fond mother, unconscious of the dismay and conster nation her words were causing in her

As Clarissa handed back the treasability to do it.

Hind, and she longed for reconciliation be replaced in the Bible, she caught sight on the back of an affectionate inscription to his mother in Edwin's familiar writing.

The storm had partially cleared each day the news from the field of battle! with what sickening anxiety she satisfaction in work well done and woundard the public honor their merits deed, dreading lest his name should serve are certain.—Chicago Inter-

The storm had partially cleared ed, dreading lest his name should now, and, feeling that she must be alone to think her way through the mist of perplexity which had suddenly enveloped her, she started homeward, with gentle words of forget her misery. One night at the

I guess, from Helen, fair, of Troy, Unto Joan of Arc,

profession. Never could make out what induced him to throw up such a good prospect and go off to the ront!" front?"
"I believe he was jilted by some heartless girl with whom he was desperately in love, poor chap. It's a thousand pities for his plendid talents to be lost to the world. I

Clarissa heard no more. The opera charissa heard no nore. The opera house faded from her sight, the voices of the speakers behind grew confused and indistinct—she saw only Edwin's white face and reproachful eyes, heard only his plead-

worst fears.
"Edwin Talbot? Oh, yes, I knewn well; he was with us at Guy's.
was a fine fellow, and clever,

'Yes, he'll be a great loss to the

worst fears.

ing words:
"Say you forgive, Clare, and let is be happy again!"
Oh, why had she not yielded? thanks to the widow, who fain would have detained her longer.

Sir Jasper Blois was inordinately proud of his noble name and long line of ancestors, and his daughter inherited this weakness in no small degree. She loved to hear her father tell how their forefathers had come over to England with the Conqueror, and it had been a great satisfaction to her to think that her fiance was the representative of an ancient family whose blood was equally blue with that which flowed in her own veins. The next day she read his name in the dead list, and the weeks that followed were filled with agonies of remorse. If only she could have seen him once more to tell him how dear-

him once more to tell him how dearly she loved him, and how bitterly she had repented her cruel words! She had sent him to his death, and he would never know of her sorrow and regret. Through it all she strove to keep a smiling face, and conceal her grief, for had she not forfeited the right to mourn openly?

In the spring the father and daughter returned to Reydon Court, and the day after their arrival Clarissaturned her steps toward the moorland cottage where Edwin's mother lived. She had thought much about the sorrowing woman whose heart, like her own, was buried in a lonely rich, yellow gorse, drinking in a wooded scene around—all new and fresh to her. Behind, nestling in a wooded hollow, lay the old picturesque town of Somerton; on one side she caught distant glimpses of the blue ocean, while before her, bathed in sunlight, the moor stretched as far as the eye could reach.

Bye-and-bye she sat down amid the bracken, and was soon lost in thought, dreaming happy day-dreams in which Dr. Edwin Talbot bore a significant part.

So pleasant were her reflections that she heeded not the flight of time, nor knew that the sunshine had

The girl's heart beat fast. How like it was to Edwin's figure! Could it be—was it possible that there had been a mistake, and he had not died out there on the veldt?

He greeted her warmly, and did not immediately notice the coldness and constraint of her manner. A few more seconds brought them face to face. Yes, it was Edwin him-self, pale and thin, and looking very grave and preoccupied, but the eyes of love could not mistake him. He "I found I could get away sooner an I expected, and so thought I ould take you by surprise," he said of love could not mistake him. He stopped as she approached, and with a cry of joy she held out her hand. But he did not take it; only gazed at her with a strange, far away look, no light of recogition in his eyes.

"Ted, don't you know me?" she said, with something very like a sob.

The shadow passed from his face, and the old look of love and tenderness came back to it as he took her would take you by surprise," he said blithely. Clarissa murmured something unintelligible, and a shadow crept into her lover's blue eyes.
"What is the matter, Clare?" he said reproachfully, "Are you not glad

to see me? Have you no welcome to give me?" Then Clarissa's anger burst forth, and in passionate words she told him what she had learned that afternoon. less came back to it as he took her

hand in his.
"Clare, is it true what your voice
tells me—that you love me still—
that you have not forgotten me? I cannot see your face, dear, the world is dark to me now; but your voice is sweet and kind, as when you first loved me."

"Oh, Ted. and I have brought this

misery on you! I sent you away in my foolish pride, though I loved you all the time, and now your life is ruined. I can never, never forgive myself!" cried Clarissa, in heart-broken tones

have told you this before, I know, but I dreaded to disturb our happi-ness. I once heard you say that you ness. I once heard you say that you would never marry a man who was not of good birth, and I loved you so dearly, I had not the courage to risk losing you. But you will not let this part us, Clare? You cannot mean all you have said." He tried to take her hand, but she drew it coldly from him,

"Yes, I mean every word. I despise you for using a name you've no right to, and——"

He took her gently in his arms and kissed her.
"Don't mind for me, dearest.
Your love will brighten my dark hours, now, and the trouble may not last. At first the doctors considered my loss of sight permanent, but lately they have held out some slight hopes of recovery. So we will make the most of that little bit of hope of the most of that fittle bit of hope of to-day, Clare, and not let fears for the future shadow our joy." Old Mrs. Brown was greatly aston-

ished an hour or two later by the entrance of her son with the fair young lady she had sheltered from the storm last autumn, whom he presented to her as his promised wife. Her motherly pride and de-

Then changing his tone to one of gentle persuasion, he continued.

"But, Clare, if you loved me before you knew this, you must love me still. You cannot have ceased to care for me because I am not General Talbot's son. Say you will forgive me, dear, and let us be happy again."

"No, my love for you died when I found you had deceived me. It is better for us to part."

Still he pleaded, but Clarissa was obthered. sense of the word. She is endeavoring, though at present without much success, to convert Sir Jasper to the better for us to part."

Still he pleaded, but Clarissa was obdurate, and she parted from him at the gates of Reydon Court with an air of coldness and indifference which cut him more deeply even truth of the poet's words

Tis only noble to be good; Kind hearts are more than coronets And simple faith than Norman blood. -London S. S. Times.

Work For Rich Young Men For the rich young man who wishes

He need not become a socialist go to live in a slum, or indulge in any other social eccentricity. All he needs to do is look about him and take up the task of practical politics litical discussions Edwin invariably espoused the cause of the masses, and unflinchingly denounced the selfishness and vice of the aristocracy. Clarissa would have given much to recall her angry words and cold looks a few weeks later, when she heard that Dr. Edwin Talbot had gone to the front. Her wounded pride had not enabled her to forget him, and she longed for reconciliation. How eagerly she read each for such rich for the form the forse the first such rich for such rich for the form the first such rich for suc at hand—take it up decently and straightforwardly and without excuses or apologies or putting on of heroic airs—just offering himself to do it because it is there to be done and on his merits as a man and his

.. The .. Kind of a Stomach to &

By Ward Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

HE last deluson, and not the least dangerous, is that our HE last deluson, and not the least dangerous, is that our diet needs to be "regulated." A man who continuously and anxiously considers the kind of food he eats—whether it is going to agree with him or not when he eats it—is a dyspeptic, and will always remain so. In the language of a modern writer "nothing survives being thought of," and the digestion is a striking case in point. The vast majority of men are led by their instincts, to a reasonably nutritious and sensible dietary and the more completely we can keep it it is for us. It is not even well for us to consider too nicely the amounts

it is for us. It is not even well for us to consider too nicely the amounts vater or food taken, or whether it is digestible or not. The really healthy stomach ought to be and is capable of disposing of not The really healthy stomach ought to be and is capable of disposing of not only the digestible and the difficult of digestion, but the indigestible. Any other kind of a stomach is not worth having and that is the standard to which we physicians are now training our dyspeptic patients. The stomach which will melt down and utilize anything in reason that is given to it, is the only one fitted to survive. Stomachs can be "pampered" just as easily by relieving them from the necessity of taking difficult foods as by overloading them. Personally I have met with almost as many dyspepsias due to the former as to the latter. The stomach like any other instrument, should be kept up to concert pitch. It should not be allowed to shirk its responsibilities or to be humored too much. This, of course, is by no means to discourage intelligent discrimination in the choice of food.

Some perfectly wholesome foods are literal poisons to certain stomachs,

Some perfectly wholesome foods are literal poisons to certain stomachs, and those which after repeated trials steadily disagree had better be avoided. Our aim should be to keep our food-range as wide as possible. Man's ability to eat and thrive upon everything has gone far to make him the dominant animal, living where others would starve. The sharpest lookout should be kept for any trace of "spoiling" or putrefaction. Nature has provided an instinct and a special sense for this very purpose. If we would only use it and follow it and follow our noses we would escape many a ptomaine-poisoning. But Mrs. Grundy says it's rude to "sniff" at table!—McClure's Magazine.



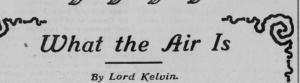
ECAUSE of the serious and often fatal inquiry it inflicts on man, the most dangerous animal known is the mosquito. Compared with the evil done by the insect pest, the cobra's Compared with the evil done by the insect pest, the cobras death-toll is small. This venomous serpent is found only in hot countries, particularly in India, while mosquitoes know no favorite land or clime. Arctic explorers complain of them. In Alaska, it is recorded by a scientist that "mosquitoes existed in countless millions, driving us to the verge suicide or insanity." A traveler on the north shore of Lake Superior, when the snow was several feet deep, and the ice on the lake five feet in thickness, relates that "mosquitoes appeared in swarms, literally blackening the banks of snow in skyltered places."

ening the banks of snow in sheltered places.

As to the best methods to employ in ridding a country place, or any other region, of mosquitoes, the directions furnished by Dr. L. O. Howard, the government entomologist, who has been a careful student of the problem since

"Altogether, the most satisfactory ways of fighting mosquitoes are those which result in the destruction of the larvae or the abolition of their breeding places. In not every locality are these measures feasible, but in many places there is absolutely no necessity for the mosquito annoyance. The three main preventive measures are the draining of breeding-places, the introduction of small fish into fishless breeding-places, and the treatment of such pools with kerosene. These are three alternatives, any one of which will be efficacious and any one of which may be used where there are reasons against the trial of the others. against the trial of the others.

"The quantity of kerosene to be practically used, as shown by the writer's experiments, is approximately one ounce to 15 square feet of water-surface, and ordinarily the application need not be renewed for one month. . On ponds of any size the quickest and most perfect method of forming a film of kerosene will be to spray the oil over the surface of the water."





AM interested in seeing how the opinion I expressed in a scientific magazine some years ago to the effect that there were other constituents of the atmosphere besides oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic di-oxide, has been justified. The latest new element is to be known as xenon—not a very euphonious name.

The constituents of atmospheric air known so far are the oxygen nitrogen knywton neon, helium, argon and car-

The constituents of atmospheric air known so far are the oxygen, nitrogen, krypton, neon, helium, argon and carbonic di-oxide. Whether any one of those is the element to which seven years ago I gave the name of biogen, and which I feel sure exists in the atmosphere, I cannot say. I am in hopes of being able to ascertain by experiment whether such is the case, and later on may have some important discoveries to record. But neon and helium are very scarce in the part of the atmosphere nearest the earth. There are only 125 cubic feet of neon in a thousand million cubic feet of air. Of helium, only 40 cubic feet would be present.

The properties of these gases and their influence on living things is a matter I have set myself to investigate. Helium appears to me, as far as I can observe, to be inimical to bacteria, and I am inclined to think it is the most potent bactericidal agent known. It seems to have an extraordinary affinity for that form of uranium known popularly as radium.



NE of the most pathetic and painful sights in the world is a meeting of unemployed. How imploringly and pitifully, like beasts at the shambles, they gaze at the orator addressing them. The cross they carry is a heavy one, and how willing they are to shunt a corner of it onto the shoulders

willing they are to shunt a corner of it onto the shoulders of some wonder-worker or cloud-compeller, who espouses their cause. How blotched and gray, and seamed their faces are. Poor things, how willing they are to listen to any stumper, even if a man with cunning, falsehood and dishouesty written in letters of brass on his visage. How hopeless, squalid and helpless they appear! What firm believers in law, order, and authority they are! Such profound respect and regard for property! Babies in thought, initiative and power, still under the spell of feudalism; paralyzed, drugged and hypnotized, they are the fruits of countless centuries of caste domination, servitude, and subordination.

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

Burning Off Paint Makes Insurance Void.

It seems that considerable danger It seems that considerable danger to property exists in the practice of burning off old paint before re-paint-ing. The question has long been a subject of debate in the technical journals, and now house-holders and journals, and now house-holders and the newspapers have begun to discuss it. Those of us who, with trambling, have watched the painters blow a fiery blast from their lamps against our houses, and have looked sadly at the size of our painting bill because of the time wasted on this preliminary work are interested in the inof the time wasted on this preliminary work, are interested in the investigation by the Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette and Courier, which gives considerable space to the reasons for the practice, questions its necessity and suggests ways to prevent the risk

and suggests ways to prevent the risk of burning down one's house in order to get the old paint off. It says:

"There is a good deal of discussion among house-holders as to the desirability in painting houses, of burning off the old paint, a practice that has off the old paint, a practice that has grown very common of late in Greenfield and elsewhere. Insurance men are strongly opposed to this method. It makes void insurance policies for fires caused in this manner. Several houses in Greenfield have gotten after as the result of this method, and in each result of this method, and in each result of this

method, and in some places houses have burned as a result.
"It is undoubtedly true that when a house has been painted over and over again there comes to be an accumulation of paint in bunches. If new paint is put on top of these accumulations it is almost sure to bilster. To burn it off is the quickest and cheapest and perhaps the surest method of getting rid of this old

The Gazette and Courier quotes certain old patrons to the effect that accumulations of paint are unnecessary. These old-timers lay the blame partly on the painter who fails to brush his paint in well, partly on the custom of painting in damp weather or not allowing sufficient time for drying between coats, and partly to the use of adulterated paints instead of old-fashioned linseed oil and pure

white lead. The paper says:
"Many of the older house-holders say that if care is taken at all these points, it is absolutely unnecessary, to have paint burned off. They advise that people who have houses painted should buy their own materipainted should buy their own materi-als, and to have them put on by the-day, so as to be sure to get good lead and oil. Of course the burning off of paint greatly increases the cost of the job."

The trouble house-holders everywhere have with paint is pretty well summed up by our contemporary, and the causes are about the same everythe causes are about the same every-where. By far the most frequent cause of the necessity for the denger-ous practice of burning old paint is the use of poor material. The oil should be pure linseed and the white-lead should be real white lead. The latter is more often tampered with than the oil. Earthy substances, and pulverized rock and quartz, are fre-quently used as cheapeners, to the great detriment of the paint. Painters rarely adulterate white

Painters rarely adulterate white lead themselves and they very seldom use ready prepared paints—the most frequent causes of paint trouble. But they do often buy adulterated white lead because the property owner insists on a low price and the painter has to economize somewhere. The suggestion is therefore a good one that the property owner investigate the subject a little, find out the name of some reliable brand of white lead, and see that the keg is marked with that brand.

The linseed oil is more difficult to

the inseed oil is more diment to be sure of, as it is usually sold in bulk when the quantity is small; but reliable makers of linseed oil can be learned on inquiry and, if your dealer is reliable, you will get what you Pure white lead and linseed oil are

so necessary to good paint that the little trouble necessary to get them well repays the house owner in dollars and cents saved.

Rubber Neck.

Rubber Neck.

An artist named H Costa, known as "The Man with the Revolving Head," has been examined at a meeting of the German Medical Society at Prague. He turned his head around naturally as far as the shoulder, and then twisted it farther with his hands until he looked directly backward, with his chin above the line of the spine.

Butter a Luxury.
Butter consumption of Vera Cruz is small, reports Consul Canada, because of the high retail price. American butter sells for 60 cents a pound can, the homemade article at 50 cents, and Spanish butter at 40 cents. Sveral butter compounds are also sold, being put up in five-pound cans and mostly used for cooking purposes.

Piles of Concrete.

A new coal discovery at Cape Breton is reported by Consul General Holloway. A 200-foot bore hole shows a seven-foot vein under an area of possibly 50 square miles. Development is in progress.

Horse Breeding in Japan.

Horse breeding in Japan is being fostered by the government, \$375,000 having been voted for establishing a central bureau and a number of stud farms in various parts of Japan.

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