

A WOMAN'S WAY.

The word is full of heroines Whose brave'ry none can doubt; To cross the face the lions...

The fire is burning in the mill, The terror stricken run To dash pell-mell across the sill...

Pride Versus Love.

(By ANNIE BEATLEY.)

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.

Thanks to the widow, who faint would have detained her longer. Sir Jasper Blois was inordinately proud of his noble name and long line of ancestors.

She wandered on over the heath, transformed into a garden of beauty by the abundant purple heather and rich, yellow gorse.

To be suddenly confronted with the fact that Edwin was not General Talbot's son, but a plebeian, horn of peasant stock, staggered and bewildered her.

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.

As these bitter thoughts passed through her mind she turned into a lane which led to the high road, and came face to face with the object of her mental denunciations—Dr. Talbot himself!

So pleasant were her reflections that she heeded not the flight of time, nor knew that the sunshine had faded, until she was startled from her reverie by a distant peal of thunder.

He greeted her warmly, and did not immediately notice the coldness and constraint of her manner.

She began to retrace her steps hurriedly, hoping to be able to reach the farm-house and take shelter in some farm-house before the storm broke, but soon found it would be impossible.

Clarissa murmured something unintelligible, and a shadow crept into her lover's blue eyes.

At length, to Clarissa's relief, she espied in a hollow a tiny cottage which she had passed unnoted before.

"What is the matter, Clara?" he said reproachfully, "Are you not glad to see me? Have you no welcome to give me?"

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, and was soon chatting pleasantly with her hostess.

"Yes, I mean every word. I despise you for using a name you've 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 high forty years.

"No, Clara, you wrong me," interrupted Edwin. "I have every right to the name I bear. When General Talbot adopted me he expressed a wish that I should take his name, and that no illusion be made to the fact that I was not his own son. I am legally Edwin Booth Talbot."

Clarissa took the picture, and looked at it. A low cry of surprise escaped her.

"But, Clara, 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."

Mrs. Brown interpreted the ejaculation 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.

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

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.

Still he pleaded, but Clarissa was obdurate, and she parted from him at the gate of Reydun Court with an air of coldness and indifference which cut him more deeply even than her angry words.

"And is this your own son? He is very handsome."

For such rich young men there is abundant work, and the rewards of satisfaction in work well done and all the public honor their merits deserve are certain.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

As Clarissa handed back the treasured portrait, to be replaced in the Bible, she caught sight on the back of an affectionate inscription to his mother in Edwin's familiar writing.

The crisis of life is usually the secret place of wrestling.—C. H. Spurgeon.

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

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"Edwin Talbot? Oh, yes, I knew him well; he was with us at Guy's. He was a fine fellow, and clever, too."

"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 splendid talents to be lost to the world. I fear—"

Clarissa heard no more. 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 pleading words:

"Say you forgive, Clara, and let us be happy again!"

Oh, why had she not yielded? The next day she read his name in the dead list, and the weeks that followed were filled with agonies of remorse.

In the spring the father and daughter returned to Reydun Court, and the day after their arrival Clarissa turned her steps toward the moorland cottage where Edwin's mother lived.

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?

A few more seconds brought them face to face. Yes, it was Edwin himself, pale and thin, and looking very grave and preoccupied, but the eyes of love could not mistake him.

"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.

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 doctor 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 to-day, Clara, and not let fears for the future shadow our joy."

Old Mrs. Brown was greatly astonished 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 delight knew no bounds, and her simple words of true welcome brought tears of shame to Clarissa's eyes.

Twelve months later Dr. Talbot, his health and sight fully restored, took up again his work of alleviating the pain and disease of suffering humanity, who already owed much to his skill; and his wife is happy in the knowledge that she possesses a husband who is noble in the highest sense of the word. She is endeavoring, though at present without much success, to convert Sir Jasper to the 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 to make a name for himself in public affairs the way is wide open. He need not become a socialist, or 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 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 ability to do it.

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The Kind of a Stomach to Have

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



THE last delusion, 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.

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.

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.

Danger! Prevent Mosquitoes

By Henry Beach Needham.



BECAUSE of the serious and often fatal injury it inflicts on man, the most dangerous animal known is the mosquito. Compared with the evil done by the insect pest, the cobra's death-toll is small. This venomous serpent is found only in hot countries, particularly in India, while mosquitoes know no favorite land or climate.

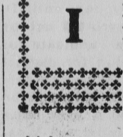
Superior, when the snow was several feet deep, and the ice on the lake five feet in thickness, relates that "mosquitoes appeared in swarms, literally blackening the banks of snow in sheltered places."

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 1867, are of great value:

"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."

What the Air Is

By Lord Kelvin.



I 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 dioxide, 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 oxygen, nitrogen, krypton, neon, helium, argon and carbonic dioxide. Whether any one of those is the element which seven years ago I gave the name of bogen, 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.

A Meeting of The Unemployed

By Marie Blass.



ONE 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 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 dishonesty written in letters of brass on his visage.

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 to property exists in the practice of burning off old paint before re-painting. The question has long been a subject of debate in the technical journals, and now house-holders and the newspapers have begun to discuss it.

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 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 afire as the 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 blister. To burn it off is the quickest and cheapest and perhaps the surest method of getting rid of this old paint.

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.

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 own houses painted should buy their own materials, 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 everywhere. By far the most frequent cause of the necessity for the dangerous 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 frequently used as cheapeners, to the great detriment of the paint.

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 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 want. 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.

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, the homemade article at 50 cents, and Spanish butter at 40 cents. Several butter compounds are also sold, being put up in five-pound cans and mostly used for cooking purposes.

Piles of Concrete.

A new concrete pile is made by spreading a layer of concrete on a wire fabric having longitudinal rods attached at intervals. The fabric is then rolled up in a machine and the pile laid aside to harden. It also contains any desired number of vertical rods. One of the rods is a hollow tube and the pile is sunk by water jet process.

New Coal Discovery.

A new coal discovery at Cape Breton is reported by Consul General Holway. 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.