

## A Love So Great

"There is a love so great," began Bob Travers, then stopped and reddened at sight of the elder man's quizzical smile.

"Go on, my boy," said Griscom, kindly. "It sounds as though it might be interesting. Is it theory or experience?"

"Why—er—a little of either, perhaps. But I'm sure it's fact. I believe there is a love so great that it will forgive anything."

"You know Dick Turner, Bob? And his father?"

"Dick, of course, and his father a little," Bob answered, in some surprise.

"Ever hear about the older man's early—er—tragedy? No? Well, he was a quiet studious man, a home lover, and how he came to love and marry a mere butterfly like Nanny Butler is more than I can explain. I saw quite a good deal of the Turners that winter, then they suddenly disappeared from the places they had been in the habit of frequenting. For three or four months I saw nothing of them, except as I happened to meet them driving. I noticed then there was an odd new tenderness in Turner's expression as he watched his wife, which he seemed to be always doing. Then, unexpectedly to me at least, came the news of the baby's birth. It was Dick, you know, the only one they ever had. I hardly knew Turner when I saw him next. His face wore an expression such as I had never seen except in the faces of happy mothers. For perhaps a year Nanny Turner was bound up in her lovely new toy and she went about very little. Then gradually she took her old place again among the butterflies, but now with a certain little air of matronly dignity which added to her beauty and charm."

"Turner was deep in some scientific research, and went about very little. Nanny, left a good deal to herself, took up one fad after another, until she landed in the midst of the Bohemians. One of them, a large, flabby, blue-eyed man handsome after a fashion, constituted himself her instructor, with the other members of their immediate set as fluent and willing assistants."

"The fad lasted for months, but just before the bridge whist fad got 'em, Blakesley, the handsome 'instructor,' disappeared. Mrs. Turner threw herself with doubled energy into the maelstrom of society, and for several years she was a leader in her set, but gradually the strain told on her. Everyone could see that it was telling on Turner, too, though in a different way. His home was nothing more than a lodging place, mismanaged by servants who had their own way in almost everything, and ruled by the little chap who had his way in everything. It was a very sweet little way, to tell the truth. Poor old Turner was bound up in the boy. It got round somehow that he put the little fellow to bed every night with his own hands and sat beside him till he fell asleep. Then suddenly came the news of Mrs. Turner's sudden and serious illness. It was pneumonia and she had worn her strength and nerves down so fine that she had little left to fight with. For several days the doctors fought for her, but there came a day when one of them told Turner, not looking at the white, drawn face before him, that the end was surely not more than a day away. That she would probably never see another morning."

"Turner stood dazed, then groped and staggered to her bedside, where he dropped to his knees, one of her little feverish hands pressed to his pale lips. For hours he knelt there. Then slowly she stirred and feebly turned her head and breathed his name. At the sound he looked up, his eyes dim with agony, and saw in the depths of her eyes the knowledge that the end was near. At a faint pressure of her hand, he drew himself still closer, and slowly, weakly, she began—with many pauses, to rest. She told him things which he had never for an instant suspected, some even which others had not suspected. Motionless, turned to stone, he knelt, till she had finished, and lay panting with exhaustion, staring into his eyes. Then with a groan of utter anguish, he dropped his head upon the frail little hand and covered it with kisses. The tears rushed to her eyes and rained over her white cheeks. "Oh, you are so good, so heavenly good. I never dared hope for forgiveness," she gasped. "I had not believed anyone could be so merciful and good."

"Slowly he drew himself up until his lips lay on her cheek, then on her lips. Slowly her lids dropped over dimming eyes. So they found them later, he in a faint that was almost death."

Griscom stopped abruptly. Bob Travers held his rigid pose a moment, then shook himself as though waking from sleep.

"Well, doesn't that prove—" he began eagerly, but Griscom interrupted. "That was not the end," he remarked, slowly. "She did not die after all. She woke the next morning out of danger. As soon as she was well, Turner brought suit for divorce."

Bob Travers looked profoundly dejected and a good deal bewildered.

"But I don't see," he began; but again Griscom interrupted. "No, my boy, I realize that," he said, as he rose to go. "The only ones who do see are the ones who have been through it all."

Bob stared after the receding figure in dawning comprehension.

"Now I wonder," he muttered, to no one in particular.—MRS. EMILY DOBSON.

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### What Time Is It?

It requires two players who understand this game, a leader and his accomplice. The accomplice leaves the room, while the leader and the rest remain inside. The leader asks the players what hour they will choose for the accomplice to guess. Suppose some one says "Four o'clock." The assistant is called in, and he questions the leader, saying, "Well, what time is it?" The leader answers thus: "Don't you know?" and then, "Doubtless dancing time." The assistant immediately says "Four o'clock," to the general mystification of the company.

The key is that each hour from 1 to 12 o'clock has been named according to the letters of the alphabet in rotation from A to K. The leader in answering must be very careful to begin each answer with the letter indicating the chosen hour. Thus in the above the assistant noticed that each answer began with "d," and "d," being the fourth letter of the alphabet, indicated that 4 o'clock was the time chosen.

Only the exact hour can be chosen. As the different players think they have solved the trick they may take turns in being assistant, and many funny mistakes will result till the game has been explained to all.

### Fox and Geese.

This is an old game, but one that children always enjoy. It can be played indoors, but better out.

One of the party, called the fox, goes a little way off, and the rest of the children arrange themselves in a string, one behind the other, the tallest first and the smallest. The first one is called "Mother Goose." The game begins by a conversation between the fox and Mother Goose. "What are you after this fine morning?" says she. "Taking a walk," the fox answers. "What for?" "To get an appetite for breakfast." "What are you going to have for breakfast?" "A nice fat goose." "Where will you get it?" "Well, as your geese are so handy I'll take one of them." "Catch one if you can."

Mother Goose then stretches out her arms to protect her geese and not let the fox catch one. The fox tries to dodge under, right and left, until he is able to catch the last of the string. Of course the brood must try to keep out of reach of the fox. As the geese are caught they must go over to the den of the fox, and the game continues till all are caught.

### A Squirrel Barometer.

A merchant in a western city has a queer barometer. It is a domesticated fox squirrel. He keeps the little pet in a large paint barrel, all inclosed with the exception of a small round hole in one end. Inside the barrel is a good supply of straw, old paper and leaves. During a run of weather of any kind, hot, cold, wet or dry, the little animal is in and out of the house, keeping an open door.

But should there be a change coming, say ten or twelve hours off, the squirrel plugs up his hole with the matter from his bed and keeps it closed until the change comes. It is claimed the squirrel never makes a mistake and that he gives no false alarms to his keeper.

### Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

The hanging gardens of Babylon were one of the seven wonders of the world. They were gardens of the most beautiful description, but raised high in the air above the Babylon plain on walls so gray that from a distance it seemed as if there were no support beneath the towering foliage and that the gardens were in reality floating above the earth. They were built in terraces that reached, it is said, a height of 300 feet. The gardens were built by Nebuchadnezzar, the king, for his wife Amytis, who had longed for the mountains among which she had passed her youth and who disliked the flat country about the city of Babylon.

### Origin of an Old Saying.

"In apple pie order" is traced to Puritan times, to the good housewife Hephzibah. Every Saturday the good woman baked two or three dozen apple pies, which were to last her family through the week. These she placed in her pantry, labelling one or more for each day. The pantry thus arranged was said to be "in apple pie order."

With all due respect for Mrs. Hephzibah, one is inclined to think that her family must have got very tired of apple pies.

### Mount Pilatus.

In Switzerland the peak of Mount Pilatus is said to be haunted by the ghost of Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Jerusalem. The story is told that Pilate was banished to the wild lands in the north of the Roman empire and came to this mountain, where he threw himself from a crag into a lofty lake. The ghost appears once a year in the formal robes of a Roman governor, and the person that sees it is doomed to die within the year.

### The Dancer.

She dances like a dandelion,  
Fluff upon the breeze,  
As gayly as a butterfly  
And quite as much at ease.  
And surely she was always meant  
To fly upon her toes.  
There never was another  
That could go as Doris goes.

The flowers which is scattering  
Are no lovelier than she,  
They fall in yellow showers  
As she gayly sets them free.  
And she beckons them to follow  
To the land where all is young,  
Where a thousand sprites are singing  
In the eerie faerie tongue.

## AS THEY WOULD HAVE WRITTEN "CASEY."

(After Rudyard Kipling.)

This is the dolorous story,  
Told when the twilight falls  
And the newboys yell together,  
Boosting the "uxtry" tales:

King Casey played for the Studvilles.  
Large were his brawny fists.  
He was a worldwide wonder  
At killing the pitcher's twists.

But hark to the tale of his downfall—  
Two strikes were called mid din;  
Then, ere the third came hurtling,  
Square set was Casey's chin.

Swiftly the pill came floating  
Over the rubber pan,  
And wild was the swipe of Casey,  
Missing by half a span.

Thus were the Studvilles beaten,  
Downed in the pennant race.  
Thus was proud Casey humbled;  
Deep was the king's disgrace.

This is the horrible story,  
Told as the twilight falls,  
When the newboys yell together,  
Boosting the "uxtry" tales.

—Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.

### He Never Called Again.



Elderly Dame (who gave reception to view her collection of relics)—How do you like them?

One of the invited—Splendid. So glad to have met you. I am an enthusiast about curiosities and antiquities.

### A Modern Solomon.

An old gentleman some time ago had occasion to engage a gardener. One morning he had two applicants for the position. One was a very decent looking man, while the other was much less prepossessing in his appearance and manner.

After a moment's hesitation the old gentleman chose the latter applicant. A friend who was present evinced a good deal of surprise at the selection and asked, "Has that man worked for you before?"

"No," replied the old gentleman. "As a matter of fact, I never saw either of them until today."

"Then why did you choose the shorter one?" The other had a much better face!"

"Face!" exclaimed the old man in disgust. "Let me tell you something. When you choose a gardener, choose him by his breeches. If they are patched on the knees you want him; if they are patched on the seat you don't want him."—Baltimore American.

### The Real Thing.

"What a curious paperweight that is," said Wilbraham, looking over the paraphernalia on Hawkins' desk. "Looks like a tea biscuit."

"It is," replied Hawkins. "Odd sort of model to choose," said Wilbraham. "How cleverly they imitate these things nowadays! You'd think that was the real thing."

"It is the real thing," said Hawkins. "My daughter made it after taking a course in cooking at Gassar."—Lippincott's.

### Preliminary.

"Are you the lawyer who has secured divorces for so many people?"

"I have been quite successful, madam."

"How much does a divorce cost?"

"Depends on circumstances. On what grounds do you wish divorce?"

"Oh, mercy, I don't know! I'm not married yet, only engaged, but I think it is a woman's duty to familiarize herself with every phase of domestic life. Good morning."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Had Watched the Cows.

Johnny had spent a week at his uncle's farm. It was his first experience of country life, and on his return, very brown and plump, he refused to have anything more to do with milk.

When a glass was pressed upon him he sneered and said:

"None of that for me, thanks. I know all about that stuff now. It's nothing but chewed grass."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

### Before Marriage.

"Do you know I felt sad at reading something today, dear," said the sweet young thing.

"And what was that, sweetheart?" said the man to whom she was engaged.

"Why, I read that only about one out of every thousand married couples lives to celebrate its golden wedding."—Yonkers Statesman.

### An Embarrassing Word.

"Then," said the reporter, "I'll say several pretty songs were rendered by Miss Packer."

"Oh, gracious, no," replied the hostess, "you mustn't say 'rendered'! You see, her father made all his money in land."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Unkind.

"Of course," said the lady with the steel rimmed spectacles, "I expected to be called strong minded after making a speech three hours long in favor of our sex, but to have it printed 'strong minded' was too, too much."—Boston Courier.

## PHOTOS BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

First of Them Made as Far Back as 1844.

Comparatively few, perhaps, know that the electric light was used in photography so far back as 1844, and yet that this was the case is shown by an interesting present which has been received by the Royal Microscopical Society from M. Nachet, one of the French Fellows. This consists of a frame containing six microdaguerreotypes taken with the electric light by the great French savant, Leon Foucault. They are probably not only the oldest photographs of their kind in existence, but almost certainly the first application of the electric light to scientific studies. The original plates from which these reproductions were made all bear the date 1844 and the signature of Leon Foucault.

### Stone Gongs.

At Chufu, the birthplace of Confucius, there are to be seen some remarkable examples of sounding-stones, or stone gongs. One of these stones, which are composed of a grayish oolitic limestone, has been shaped into a cover for an incense-dish placed in front of the tomb of the grandson of Confucius. When struck with a stick, or with the knuckles, it rings like bronze, and the sound is so distinct that it is difficult to believe, without inspection, that the object is not really composed of metal.

Sounding-stones are known in other countries. There is a bridge at Corick, in County Mayo, Ireland, which is locally known as the "musical bridge," because the stones forming the coping give out a musical note when struck.

### The Radioactivity of Snow.

There has recently been published in Paris, a resume of the results obtained by French scientists from their study of the radioactivity of the snow that fell at Boulogne during the past winter. It has been known since 1904 that newly fallen snow is radioactive, but the subject has not before been so fully examined.

The investigators announce that snow quickly gathered after its descent to the earth is highly radioactive. Radioactivity disappears almost entirely after the lapse of two hours, however. Snow which has fallen on the soil appears to retain its radioactivity a little longer than that which has come to rest upon the roofs of buildings.

### The Sun.

It is computed that the temperature of the sun would be expressed by eighteen thousand degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or about ninety times the temperature that man is able to produce by artificial means. The light given off from the surface of the sun is reckoned as being five thousand three hundred times more intense than that of the molten metal in a Bessemer converter, though that is of an almost blinding brilliancy. Or if we compare it with the oxyhydrogen flame, the sun sheds a light equal in brilliancy to a hundred and forty-six times the intensity of the lime-light.

### The Twist of Trees.

A singular uniformity has been observed in the twist of tree trunks. In 990 trees out of every 1,000 whose trunks show torsion, the direction of the twist is from right to left. This accords with the direction of the revolution of cyclonic storms in the northern hemisphere, and also with that of whirlpools, which the French savant, Jean Brunhes, says almost invariably turn from right to left. The question arises whether in the southern hemisphere the torsion of tree trunks has an opposite direction, like the cyclonic motions of the atmosphere in that half of the globe.

### How the World Wags.

In the air one minute: "Another mad inventor!"  
In the air three minutes: "Hasn't he killed himself yet?"  
In the air five minutes: "All the fools ain't dead yet!"  
In the air thirty minutes: "Mr. Huffy, the well-known aviator."  
In the air one hour: "Our distinguished fellow countryman."  
In the air one hour and a quarter: "The wizard of the air."  
In the air one hour and a half: "A knighthood could have been bestowed on no worthier man. Born in \* \* \*"

### Origin of Arkansas.

The name Arkansas (pronounced Arkansaw) was that of an Indian tribe found by the present explorers within the limits of the present State. About 1685 Frenchmen settled at Arkansas Post. Arkansas formed a part of the Louisiana Territory till 1812, and of Missouri Territory till 1819, when it was organized as Arkansas Territory, including Indian Territory. On June 15, 1836, it became a State.

### Utilizing Wasted Food.

During the winter just closed the English Salvation Army expected to provide fifty thousand meals from the waste of the warships in Chatham dockyards. For when ships are in port many of the men are away on leave, but the food is still supplied, and has hitherto been counted as waste. On one night alone six hundred people were fed on what would have otherwise been thrown away.

### St. Veronica's Handkerchief.

"The Handkerchief of Saint Veronica" created a sensation as a pictorial phenomenon, the Saviour's eyes appearing to open and close. It was painted by Gabriel Max, a German historical painter of the Munich school, in 1874.

## Why the Wind Waits.

In his book on "The Picturesque St. Lawrence" Clifton Johnson tells of the curious superstition of Montreal which explains why the wind is always blowing at the point where St. Salpice and Notre Dame streets meet, close by the towering cathedral.

It seems that one day, while the church was in process of building, the Wind and the Devil were walking down Notre Dame street, and the Devil after regarding with a frown of disapproval the graceful outlines of the new edifice rising before him exclaimed:

"What is this? I never saw it before."

"Very likely not," responded the Wind, "and I dare you to go in there." "You dare me to do that, do you?" cried the Devil, with a sneer. "Well, I will go in if you will promise to wait here until I come out."

"Agreed," said the Wind.

So his satanic majesty went in. But he has not come out yet, and the Wind is still waiting for him at the corner.

### The Spirit of Liberty.

It was in the town that modern democracy had its rise. Despite all the efforts of the kings and barons to prevent it, the spirit of liberty began to assert itself in the larger towns in the shape of the charters which guaranteed to the people certain commercial and political rights—rights which, once obtained, were never to be surrendered. Before the middle of the eleventh century there were many of these "chartered" towns which possessed the right of electing their own magistrates, sheriffs and judges and regulating their own taxes. The wretched serfs from the country were welcomed by the townspeople and aided to larger freedom. These free towns were first known in Spain, from which country they slowly spread over Europe. The burghers naturally offered protection and freedom to all who would flee to them from the feudal estates, and thus slowly, but surely, the good work went on until the ancient despotisms were destroyed.—Arena.

### Marriage Marts.

The famous Tunis marriage mart is held twice a year, in the spring and in the autumn. The Tunisian girls attend by the hundreds, each with her dowry in coin and jewelry disposed about her person. The "golden girdle of maidenhood" encircles her waist, and in it is an unsheathed dagger. When the dagger is gently removed by a passing gallant and presently returned, it means that a proposal has been made.

A prettier custom prevails among the Oorian maids, who, at stated intervals, assemble in the market place. In front of each is a lighted lamp, an emblem of conjugal fidelity. A young man feels attracted and gently blows upon the flame, extinguishing it. When the girl relights it, it is a rejection; if she allows the lamp to go unlighted, however, the suitor is acceptable.

## WHERE MEN ARE WOODED.

Maids of Ecaussines Are the Suitors at Annual Festival.

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, when men and maids used to carry on their courtships in a manner far different from that which obtains to-day, a bashful suitor entered the town of Ecaussines in Belgium. At a loss for words, he planted in the darkness of the night of April 30 a white birch tree before the doorway of the house of his beloved one, in order that it might plead the purity of the cause to which his fluttering heart, draining him of equanimity, prevented him from doing verbal justice. The next morning when the damsel arose and found the tree, she knew, by love's unerring instinct, who had placed it there and sent to the bashful youth an invitation to call. The lad sought out the lass, was welcomed, entertained and encouraged. A "happily ever after" ending followed. Since that day the plan adopted by the timorous lover has become a custom in Ecaussines, and suitors both bold and bashful have since employed it.

In the last four years, however, there has evolved from this charming custom a grand fete, in which all of the eligible men from towns for miles around Ecaussines have gathered at the quaint Belgian village and taken unto themselves wives from the wards of the municipality. The conveniences of this occasion are beyond computation for those of the young men with courage enough to propose marriage, but the hesitating have often come away wifeless and sad, victims of their own embarrassment. To better the lot of these would-be Benedicts and give them a chance with their more fortunate brethren, a new rule in the matrimonial game was agreed on this year, and when April 30 came, the blushing maidens of Ecaussines were invited to come to the nearby town of Ronquieres and there, instead of being pursued, were requested to follow out the "Superman" idea of becoming the pursuers and making proposals of marriage to those men who struck their fancies.

Willingly the diffident male permitted himself to be wooed and won; and now the young men are clamoring for the permanent establishment of this scheme which puts them beyond the danger of hearing the dreaded "no" from the lips of a woman.

A Human Choice. A conscientious Sunday school teacher, had been endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the ultimate triumph of goodness over beauty. At the close of a story in which she flattered herself that this point had been well established, she turned confidently to a 10-year-old pupil and inquired: "And now, Alice, which would you rather be, beautiful or good?"

"Well," replied Alice, after a moment's reflection, "I think I'd rather be beautiful—and repent."

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

of

Dr. J.C. Wells

In Use For Over Thirty Years

# CASTORIA

THE CANTON COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## KRAFT & CONGER INSURANCE

HONESDALE, PA.

Represent Reliable Companies ONLY