THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

There is a road to yesterday—
A wondrous thoroughfare,
Where wanton breezes idly play
And blossoms scent the air.
It stretches long and far and straight;
It wanders up and down;
It passes many an open gate
And many a little town.

There is a road to yesterday,
The grasses grow beside,
And trees that spread and swing and sway
And shade the pathway wide,
Its flowers are a goodly sight,
And it goes on and on
And leads to many a starry night
And many a cloudless dawn.

There is a road to yesterday,
And we may trace its gleam
In flecking shade or dancing ray
Upon some little stream;
Or we may see it, when, with eyes
Half closed, we hear a song
That calls up many a glad surprise
And many a twilight long.

There is a road to yesterday,
And each one knows its start—
The portals to this wondrous way
Is held within the heart;
From there the pleasant courses lead
As far as one can see—
It rests on many a golden deed
And many a memory.
—W. B. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

A Comedy of Broken Hearts.

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

ACT I.

THEY were both very young, tremendously in love, and astonishingly inexperienced. And to this, in itself, sufficiently distressing mixture—of youth and love and inexperience—she added a worldly-minded mother, and he the very smallest thing that could possibly be called an income. Also they heaped the measure of their joint unhappiness with such trifles as unfailing obedience to the maternal voice, a reliance that was childlike on the maternal wisdom, a self-deprecating fear of hurting a beloved object, and all sorts of maidenly and gentlemanly scruples behind the age, but not by any means less fresh and sweet for that. They hadn't the suspicion of a vice, a selfish thought between them, and they were so obviously and entirely made for each other that it was, from the first, quite inevitable that they should be parted.

They proved, indeed, only too easy to part. Even the world-minded mother would have been better satisfied with a victory not so quickly won. Her daughter's tears hardly moved her more than the young man's gentle, sad-faced reasonableness, and together they almost persuaded her to overlook the microscopic income, though neither made any but the most passive efforts to achieve that so desired end.

But she hastily summoned her worldly-mindedness, and by its aid decided, once for all, that it would be a pity to disturb their angelic resignation for the sake of a poor and preposterously commonplace marriage. And she urged the man to accept a post that had been offered him in India with a voice so tenderly like her daughter's that he very nearly refused to comply—he missed from it the sting, goading to sacrifice, which he had lately come to associate with himself and Fate.

However, he did comply. The offered work held out hopes of advancement, of moderate but sufficient wealth, in the vague middle distance of life. And who can tell what other mad hopes were bred of that solitary hope, wedded to desire, in the mind of a man very young, very inexperienced, very much in love? But he did not say anything to the girl about waiting for him and his future fortunes. He had promised her mother not to, and he was the very pattern of an honorable youth. And thus the girl, while he was away, was hurried into a marriage which she told herself would break her broken heart afresh. At any rate, it broke her spirit. But, then, she had never been conspicuously spirited.

ACT II.

Herein lies a story often told already. So many times written, so many times read, that the greatest indulgence of reader and writer alike are surely craved for it. She, tricked by a mistaken idea into a marriage much against her inclination, to become a self-effacing but never interesting wife, the pale mother of pale children. He, ignorant for years of the full extent of the barrier dividing them, lured by a forlorn hope across half a lonely lifetime.

His figure had lost its old boyishness, his hair was thickly flecked with gray, but his pockets were comfortably lined and his position assured, when, quite casually, he learned that the woman whose fidelity he had clung to through all their separation and silence had failed him within twelve months of their parting.

He told himself that every dividing year, every hard-working day, every long, breathless night, had built his old love more firmly into the fabric of his being. In the early twenties, knowing her to be false, he might have put her image from him and lived to be no less ultimately happy for the healed wound. But, coming now, so late, after so long, it unmanned him. He told himself again that he was heartbroken, and, absorbed in that sex, betrayed by a single individual, belief, forgot to rail at the whole false which is the acknowledged panacea of the broken-hearted.

The news had reached him not only tardily, but with a singular lack of detail—just the bare fact of her marriage in that far-off date, and nothing more. No doubt, he might have collected further information from the same source, but he shrank nervously from doing so. To know what manner of man had supplanted him—what good could that do him? That any man whatever should be allowed to appropriate what he had so long looked upon as his own seemed in itself a sorrow dense enough to darken the remainder of his days. Habit chained him for a time to his work, but his interest was gone and his health began seriously to fail. How much this was due to continuous residence in a trying climate, how much to the blow, it would be difficult to determine. He, at any rate, exonerated the climate.

But for all that, he was forced to leave it. His friends carried him, too weak to protest further, on to a homeward-bound ship. They never thought of consulting him. Of course, he would want to go home. What Englishman of them all, chained by circumstance to the land of threatening liver and ever-present mosquitoes, would miss the chance of a break-down to take him back to England?

So it was that he awoke from the lethargy of extreme weakness to find the salt sea breezes blowing health back to him, whether he would or no; found the strong, hearty winds urging him to the pursuit of new ideas with a life renewed; found the restless waves hurrying him to the land he had so long wearied to see. Waves and winds cared nothing for his change of mind. As he sat brooding on his deck chair, he seemed to hear them laughing boisterously together over the frail fancies he held so sacred. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," they seemed to say. (Waves and winds are proverbially blustering and coarse of wit.) "Why, she may be fat; she must be nearly forty, to judge by you! In England, the land of healthy, pretty women, a man may soon find healing for love-sickness. Man alive! What is one woman among many, when all are fair? Choose a maiden fresh and youthful, and in her smiles forget a pale myth of an outlived age. You have managed without her all these years, and not done so badly—come now, own up! How much pleasure has there been mingled in your pretty pretence of sorrow? Even now you might be in a far worse case. Why, you might be bound, irretrievably bound, to a woman worn and aged, and changed in a thousand ways from the girl you remember—a woman you would not know if you passed her in the street! And, instead, you are free as air—as free as we are—to make a fresh choice; to make love anew to a fresh heart—how much better than you could teach it were you raw and ignorant yourself you alone know!"

But he put his lean, brown hands over his ears; he would not listen to the voices of winds and waves. He clutched with all the desperation of a drowning man at his frayed belief in his own perfect faithfulness. He defied the pagan creed of the untamed seas. He passionately vowed, for the sake of his cherished middle-aged self-respect, to marry no young girl.

ACT III.

And he kept the letter of his vow. He certainly married, and only a few months after his return; but the wife he chose was nearly of an age with himself—a widow, frail and delicate, and faintly reminiscent of a bygone prettiness. The first time he saw her, before they were introduced, she reminded him of his old love. He could not have said how or where, but it proved an attraction strong enough to chain him to her side, to bring him quickly to her feet—he who had never done anything before without the utmost deliberation and thought. And she was not by any means generally fascinating, only one of those gentle-colorless women who fail to interest even their friends, but who generally succeed in obtaining and holding fast the warmest attachment of a certain class of quiet, shy men.

Her past was peopled by her former husband and her ailing children, now all lost to her, but she did not find much to tell him about them. She spoke to him more about an early attachment that had proved unfortunate. She shook it out of the rose leaves and lavender of memory in which she had long laid it for his inspection—a crumpled, faded relic of her girlhood. "We were both very young. His name was Brown, too," she said, with her uncertain smile.

He remembered afterwards that she seemed to look at him rather curiously, as though expecting a question he did not put; as though she was surprised but not ill-pleased that he should let the subject drop. At the time he was only afraid of distressing her with continuing it. He believed she had made a special effort on his behalf, and he was unwilling that she should take trouble to please him when he was so well pleased without. He had been quick to notice that, as a rule, beyond her little ailments and the most trivial passing events, few things stirred her to conversation.

Yet he fell honestly in love with her; fought and conquered for her sake his ingrained reluctance to set any woman in the place of the woman who had failed him. This was the sort of woman she might have grown into, he said, in self-defense. An occasional trick of speech or gesture in his new idol would remind him quite startlingly of his old idol; but the more he knew of women the more they were alike, after all, than he had thought them. Although he half-laughed himself for unfaithfulness, he half-excused himself because, at heart, he was faithful to a type. The love of his youth seemed very near to him as he gave himself unreservedly to the love of his middle-age. He seemed to know this woman by instinct. He had no question or need to worry her to learn all he required to learn about her.

Then, one day, she returned to the dropped topic of her early love, and there was the merest trace of excitement in her voice.

"His name was Charlie," she said, "that boy I told you about. Don't you think that makes it more than ever a coincidence—our love—since your name is Charles?"

"I used to be always called Charlie—once," he said, absently, for he was looking very intently at her.

Her pale cheeks flushed almost youthfully. "I wonder," she went on, "you have no story to tell me—no old romance. Surely you met some one abroad—or before you went abroad?"

She was looking younger and brighter than he had ever seen her. It was marvellous, the transformation of just that touch of color in her cheeks—how it rounded them, helped her to shake off the marks of trouble, the hand of Time. To-day she had laid aside her heavy black—black never suited her—and her hair was more loosely twisted, perhaps. And then, in her eyes—a most unusual thing—was a stray gleam of fun and mischief, showing her alive to the comedy that springs sometimes from heart-breaking issues; in this instance the comedy of her having recognized him at once, although so much had come into her life between them; of his having failed to recognize her, although she had never for a clear hour lost his thoughts.

But he knew her now.

"How can you ever forgive my blindness?" he said.

But it seemed his blindness had pleased her. "Cannot you see," she asked, "that I might prefer to be loved for what I am now rather than for something I was once but never can be again? Now I know that you love me because I reminded you of a girl you used to love, but also for myself—, woman growing old. You do not only love me because you used to love me and think it is your duty never to leave off doing a thing you have once begun."

And she owned to having done what little she could to keep up a delusion that had come by chance; the chance that had kept him dreaming of a girl still as a girl for—well, long past her girlhood.

So, in the end, he married his first love, having fallen in love with her the second time. So two hearts, once set aside as broken, were very credibly patched for further use.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Fads in Wrapping Paper.

More and more is the esthetic creeping into trade. It has even extended to wrapping paper. In this respect the druggists are the leaders, as the purchases at pharmacies are not bulky, and the proprietors can afford to be artistic in small details. The druggist who wraps up a small parcel or bottle in white paper and ties it with a red string is behind the times. The up-to-date pharmacist pays almost as much attention to getting attractive wrapping paper as he does to the purity of his drugs.

"I have adopted this soft, dull-tinted unglazed gray as my shop color," said one druggist. "It is distinctive and acts as a sort of advertisement for me, for customers become acquainted with it. For tying I use nothing but this orange cord. I have not noticed a marked increase of custom from my efforts to make the bundles things of beauty, but I am convinced it will pay. Naturally we feel we are doing a great educational work when we turn a bottle of bitter medicine into a symphony in gray and orange."—New York Press.

Frogs in Sandstone.

While excavating for a basement under a store building at Muskegon, Mich., workmen unearthed three live frogs in the sandstone eighty feet below the surface. The soil in which the frogs were found is a mixture of hard, dry sand and rock, and it is certain the frogs have been buried at least thirty years. The spot on which the building stands was at one time the shore line of the Muskegon Lake, but as the city grew the edge was filled in until now the water's edge is nearly 300 yards from the building, and a brick paved street now runs where thirty years ago the lake's waters rolled. All three frogs hopped about after they had been exposed to the sun for a few minutes. All three were entirely blind. The frogs were green-black in color and their skin was tough and corrugated.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

On the Altar of Beauty.

It is customary, according to the evidence of a doctor at an inquest at New Delaval yesterday, for girls and young women in certain colliery districts in Northumberland to eat uncooked rice, oatmeal and starch, in order to induce a pale complexion, which is held in those parts to be a mark of beauty. In a case under investigation a young woman named Jane Mold had died of perforation of the stomach caused by eating uncooked rice as an aid to beauty. Other cases arising from the practice are, it was stated, under treatment.—London Mail.

Cold Medal Wedding Cake.

Cousin Madge, writing in London Truth about the recent Cookery and Food Exhibition in that metropolis, says: "Violette's lovely cakes created quite a sensation. Her wedding cake won a gold medal. It was in three tiers, and was splendidly ornamented with freehand piping, the lowest tier in a design of small white roses, the second tier covered with 'piped' lily of the valley, and the upper tier raised in the form of a temple, the walls of which were of the mobcaps of lily of the valley; and the pillars were formed of clustering roses."

Napoleon of the Stockyards

From a Biography of the Late Gustavus Swift in the Cosmopolitan.

IMAGINE a procession of 10,000 cattle, marching two by two, in a line fifteen miles long; let 20,000 sheep follow them, bleating along twelve miles of road; after them drive sixteen miles of hogs, 27,000 strong; then let 30,000 fowls bring up the rear, clucking and quacking and gobbling, over a space of six miles; and in this whole caravan, stretching for nearly fifty miles and requiring two days to pass a given point, you will see the animals devoted to death in the packing houses of Swift & Company in a single day. Surely a Buddhist would think that the head of that establishment had much to answer for. Never before in the world's history was a massacre of the innocents organized on such a stupendous scale or with such scientific system.

The commander of the army of 20,000 men engaged in this work earned his first penny picking cranberries in a swamp on Cape Cod, more than fifty years ago. It was at Sagamore, on that historic peninsula, that a son was born to the house of Swift on June 24, 1839, and named Gustavus Franklin. A few years later, when the boy was not picking cranberries, he drove hogs along the cape. It was like Napoleon exercising his infant armies at school.

The Indian's Point of View.

By Dr. Charles A. Eastman.

THE Indian's side of any controversy between him and the white man has never really been presented at all. History has necessarily been written from the white man's standpoint and largely from the reports of commanding officers, naturally anxious to secure full credit for their gallantry or to conceal any weakness.

Take as an illustration the so-called "battle" of Wounded Knee. A ring was formed about the Indians, and after disarming most of them one man resisted, and the troops began firing toward the centre, killing nearly all the Indians and necessarily many of their own men. The soldiers then followed up fleeing women and children and shot them down in cold blood. This is not called a massacre in official reports. The press of the country did not call it a massacre. On the other hand, General Custer was in pursuit of certain bands of Sioux. He followed their trail two days and finally overtook and surprised them upon the Little Big Horn. The warriors met him in force and he was beaten at his own game. It was a brilliant victory for the Indians, whom Custer had taken at a disadvantage in the midst of their women and children. This battle goes down in history as the "Custer massacre."

The Joy of Working.

Pleasures of Which the Producer of the Present is Deprived.

By Caroline L. Hunt.

THE producer of old had pleasures of which the producer of the present knows not. He had the quiet and safety and healthfulness of a small shop. He had common interest with fellow-workers and apprentices in village politics or in church affairs. Best of all, perhaps, there was a personal quality in his work because it was done for friends or for acquaintances, and an ever-present sense of its importance because it met needs which he had seen and recognized, and which his own manner of life, similar to that of the consumer and on the same social plane, prepared him to understand. He had, for example, possibly known for months that his neighbor was saving money with which to hire him to make the chest of drawers upon which he was working, and there was a zest and a delight in his labor because he knew just how much she needed the piece of furniture, just where it was to stand and just what purpose it was to serve. The favorable conditions of his work, the pleasanter surroundings, the personal quality of labor, the feeling of its direct usefulness were intensified in case of the housewife who worked in her own house with and for those she loved.

Now all is changed. The factory hand spends his working day in a great, dingy shop with the maddening of the machinery in his ears. His associates are strangers with whom he has little or nothing in common besides his work. He labors for an indefinite, far-away consumer whose manner of life is unknown to him. He has for this consumer neither the fellow-feeling which comes from sharing life in the same community, nor its only substitute, the ability which comes from broad education and from travel to project oneself in imagination across space and to put oneself in the place of a stranger and to realize his needs.—The Chautauquan

Arctic America.

By Andrew J. Stone, Explorer and Naturalist.

TO undertake to give people a correct conception of Arctic America, or any part of it, is difficult. Although they know that the country is much larger than the United States, they look upon it as being all alike—a country of long, dark winters, fields of ice and snow, and barren wastes. In truth, within Arctic and sub-Arctic America there is much diversity of climate. And in this beautiful summer-land of Alaska, there are in midsummer endless fields of beautiful plant life. Many times I have left my camp at the foot of the mountains, and passing through a little meadow where a variety of wild grasses waved their tops above my head, I would commence to climb among the dense, tangled, and almost tropical jungle of alders, where grew several varieties of the most beautiful ferns.

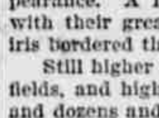
Reaching the upper limits of the alders, great, waving fields of the purple lupine and dainty red columbine covered acres and acres of the high, rolling hills. Among them, wild celery and wild parsnip grew many feet high, and other luxuriant foliage plants gave my surroundings an almost tropical appearance. A little farther, many little ponds grew beautiful, yellow lilies, with their great leaves resting on the surface of the water, and the purple iris bordered the shores.

Still higher came the yellow sunflowers, white and purple daisies in endless fields, and higher yet, violets, pinks, forget-me-nots, buttercups and bluebells, and dozens and dozens of dainty, blossoming plants in many colors.

Purple is the predominating color, then white and yellow and blue and pink dividing honors. But few red flowers were seen. I have traveled many miles where every foot of my way was one grand profusion of beautiful flowers in many varieties.—Scribner's.

A Look Into the Future.

By President Roosevelt.



WE have every right to take a just pride in the great deeds of our forefathers; but we show ourselves unworthy to be their descendants if we make what they did an excuse for our lying supine instead of an incentive to the effort to show ourselves by our acts worthy of them. In the administration of city, State and Nation, in the management of our home life and the conduct of our business and social relations, we are bound to show certain high and fine qualities of character under penalty of seeing the whole heart of our civilization eaten out while the body still lives.

We justly pride ourselves on our marvellous material prosperity, and such prosperity must exist in order to establish a foundation upon which a higher life can be built; but unless we do in very fact build this higher life thereon, the material prosperity itself will go for but very little. Now, in 1903, in the altered conditions, we must meet the changed and changing problems with the spirit shown by the men who in 1803 and in the subsequent years gained, explored, conquered and settled this vast territory, then a desert, now filled with thriving and populous States.

The old days were great because the men who lived in them had mighty qualities; and we must make the new days great by showing these same qualities. We must insist upon courage and resolution, upon hardihood, tenacity and fertility in resource; we must insist upon the strong virile virtues, and we must insist no less upon the virtues of self-restraint, self-mastery, regard for the rights of others; we must show our abhorrence of cruelty, brutality and corruption, in public and in private life alike.

If we come short in any of these qualities we shall measurably fail, and if, as I believe we surely shall, we develop these qualities in the future to an even greater degree than in the past, then in the century now beginning we shall make of this republic the freest and most orderly, the most just and mighty Nation which has ever come forth from the womb of time.

THE CURCULIO.

The curculio, which is destructive of rhubarb, hibernates as an adult, and in spring deposits its eggs in certain common species of dock, especially curry dock—Rumex crispus. From the discovery of the breeding habits of this curculio it seems evident that the best way to prevent its ravages is to destroy the dock plants on which it develops. If these are pulled up, roots and all, say late in June, before they have gone to seed, and burned, a great many of the insects will be destroyed.

A NEGLECTED CROP.

One of the most neglected crops after the harvest is over is the blackberry. Perhaps no crop entails so little labor in proportion to the revenue derived therefrom, yet it will pay to keep the canes free from weeds and grass and to apply fertilizer as well. When a portion of the canes have been winter killed a good crop may be obtained from the remainder if the canes received good treatment the previous year, but, as a rule, the canes are left until it becomes time to cut them. Many blackberry fields that have borne good crops year after year, and then began to fail and die out, are simply yielding to starvation and neglect.

APPLE TREE BORERS.

There are several borers of the apple tree—the flat-headed, which bores under the bark and sometimes in the wood; the round-headed, which bores into the tree, remaining in the larval state three years; and the twig borer, which enters just above the bud. Dig out the borers with a sharp knife, or probe into the bores for them with a sharp-pointed wire. Scrub the trees, and apply early in June and July whale oil soap (or soapsuds), with a little carbolic acid added. Burn all twigs attacked. The soapsuds keeps the moths off. The digging out of the round-headed and flat-headed borers must be done effectively. The borers are about an inch long. A sharp wire kills them in the tubes made by them.

PRUNING AN ORCHARD.

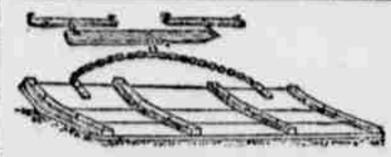
I am opposed to the too common practice of trimming trees as high as a man's head, leaving the long naked stem exposed to the ravages of insects and the damaging influence of the sun and winds. If the tree is low and branching near the ground dangers from these difficulties are lessened. It will grow faster and stronger and bear more fruit, which is more easily gathered. If watched closely when young and growing, it will not be necessary to take off the young limbs. Occasionally clipping off the ends of the branches to give proper shape and removing twigs that cross or crowd each other is all that will be required for most trees. The tree is easily trained if the work is accomplished at the right time. Pruning should not be neglected.—E. B. Jones, in American Agriculturist.

WASHING TREES.

Every tree in an orchard should be washed at least twice a year with strong soapsuds, but there will be no necessity for scraping them. The caterpillars should be destroyed as soon as the nests are seen, which will end large numbers of insects at once. As the insects multiply with amazing rapidity, the escape of a single pair means thousands next season. One of the best assistants to the orchard is the little wren. If farmers will give him proper protection by constructing boxes with entrances so small that no bird but a wren can enter, the sparrow will be unable to drive it away. As the wren is an active and busy creature, it destroys a large number of insects in a very short time, and as it increases rapidly under favorable circumstances, may be secured and induced to remain in the orchard if proper facilities are afforded for their protection and accommodation.

CHEAP SMOOTHER.

For the many farmers who do not have rollers, here is an implement that does the work just as well. On cloddy land it is better, as it crushes; for land with small, loose stones, it is just the thing to make the ground smooth for the reaper or mower. It levels up uneven places without so much packing and can be used on any soil.



A HOMEMADE LEVELER.

It is made of planks about twelve inches wide. If hard wood is used one and three-fourth inch planks are desirable, but if hemlock two inches thick is best. It should be three planks wide and eight or nine feet long. The front plank should be turned slightly up and secured by two by six inch joists nailed or bolted across, as illustrated. It can be drawn by chain or tongue, as preferred. This planker can be loaded with the larger stones as it is drawn over the field and emptied at fence turn. The material need not cost over $1.50 for the outfit.—George L. Townsend, in New England Homestead.

Poplar Trees and Lightning.

A careful examination of the trees that are struck by lighting shows that over half of them are poplar. From this fact scientists conclude that the poplar has some value as a conductor of lightning.

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THE NATIONAL GAME.

The Detroits are doing a lot of bunting.

Louis Lepine is hitting the ball hard for Rochester.

The once mighty Lajoie has been hitting at a .200 clip this season.

Baltimore has signed Bert Myers to play second base in place of Fox.

Hickman continues to win games for the Clevelands by his fine stick work.

Tinker, of the Chicago Nationals, plays his position after the style of Dahlen.

Fultz and Keeler are in poor shape and doing little batting for the New York Americans.

No pitcher in the American League is doing better work than Willie Sudhoff, of St. Louis.

The four-strike rule is very popular in the South. Nothing but praise is heard for it on all sides.

Pittsburg's outfield, Clarke, Beaumont and Sebring, are all left-handed batters, and each of them is a right-handed thrower.

The Eastern League is prospering this season. It is said that Hanlon will clear over $10,000 in that baseball graveyard—Baltimore.

Billy Haliman and Kid Gleason joined the Philadelphia Nationals in 1888 as a battery. Now they are again playing on the same team.

Nearly all the minor league clubs are now engaged in cutting down their teams to thirteen men. Twelve men is as much as any small club ought to carry.

Lauder, the New York critics claim, has the weakness of dropping thrown balls, though the New York National third baseman will eat alive the warmest grounder or liner.

The great revival in New York City, due in a great measure to the unexpectedly good showing of the local National League club, has no doubt contributed largely to the marked stimulus of the sport the country over.

Greece will erect a pavilion at the World's Fair, St. Louis, and will also make exhibits in several of the different departments. Among the interesting things exhibited will be reproductions of old Greek statuary.

—GO TO—

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