

When I go home again! There's music
That may never die away
And it seems the land of angels,
On a mystic harp to play.
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which in my fond heart wording—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crush and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night winds murmur
To the plash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

By Special Desire.

I always thought her a pretty girl,
And sweet and charming; but, from her
own account, there seemed to be so
many people in love with her already
that I thought personally I should do
much better by merely maintaining a
friendly interest in her. Besides, I
always knew that if ever I did fall in
love it would be with quite another
sort of a girl—some one who would be
much more prepared to render me
homage than to expect it as her own
due, which was Miss Courtenay's way
of going through life. Still, in spite of
her many airs and graces, which rather
amused me than otherwise, we re-
mained good friends on the whole, and
I am sure I gave her no possible ex-
cuse for thinking that I was one of her
latest victims, for the simple reason
that I had not in any sense succumbed
to her fascinations, and never pre-
tended to disguise the fact.

I had known her now for quite a
long time. I should say it was about
six months from our first meeting. At
our last meeting, which had been the
day before yesterday, I had introduced
a great friend of mine to her—Bertie
Beaulere. He was a tall, handsome
fellow—no brains, certainly, but still
the sort of type that I felt pretty sure
would appeal to her. She really did
seem to take an ardent fancy to him,
which was another proof that my esti-
mation of her character was a fairly
correct one. I judged her to be friv-
olous and shallow—a girl to be taken
with superficial show rather than a
woman to love a man for his sterling
worth, which is really the only kind of
woman I should ever feel inclined to
love myself, for I don't set much store
by blue eyes and a pink and white
skin. It is the beauty of the heart
and mind that appeal to me far more.

I think, as a matter of fact, that
there are a good many men like my-
self, so that, when she used to enlarge
to me sometimes upon her conquests,
I invariably discounted half she said.
I didn't believe she had a tithe of the
success she made out. Here was I, for
one, quite unscathed. It was really
astounding to me to see the way Beau-
clere made up to her, and I began to
think there might be something in her
charm after all. But then, "if she be
not fair to me, what care I how fair
she be?"

All the same, I felt vexed I had in-
troduced Bertie to her. I didn't want
to see her make a fool of my best
friend. I didn't want to see her make
a fool of herself, either, and the way
she encouraged his idiotic compliments
was a revelation to me. I had taken
it for granted that she was a coquette,
but I had never actually seen her in
the role before, and I didn't know how
these things were done until then, and
I learned a good lesson that afternoon.
Bertie fetched and carried for her like
a dog, and the other men seemed to
go down like ninepins, too. I had
really meant to look after her a little
myself, but I realized my forethought
was quite superfluous.

The next day I thought I would call
on her and have a quiet chat. I found
her in what she was pleased to term
her "study." Not having left school
long, she kept up an amiable fiction
for the benefit of a fond mother and
a dotting father. I suppose that she
did a few hours' daily practicing and
reading within its sacred four walls.

I always liked to find her in the
study. For one thing, it showed, if
not a serious bent of mind, at least
an effort in the right direction; and,
for another, her family never ventured
to disturb her there. She said it inter-
rupted her train of thought.

I sat down and, after having helped
her with a difficult problem—the same
problem, I was fain to observe, which
I had tackled for her last time—I began
to talk.

"You and Beaulere seemed to hit it
off pretty well. I always thought he
liked a bit of bluestocking—in fact,
preferred brains to beauty."

"You don't think me clever, then?"
she asked.

"I didn't say that exactly. I think
you are clever in your own way."

"But you think my beauty is in ex-
cess of my brains?"

"We won't say beauty," I deprecated.
"That is a word only applicable to
Greek goddesses. But you're certainly
sweetly pretty."

"Oh, she said, with her eyes down,
"you think me pretty, then?"

"I wasn't giving you my personal
opinion," I replied guardedly, "but
what seems to be the generally accept-
ed one."

"I don't know so much about that,"
she said, with a toss of her head. "Mr.
Beaulere thinks me quite beautiful
and clever."

"Beaulere's an ass!" I said hastily.
And then, feeling frightened at the
ominous silence which ensued, I en-
larged my sentence by adding: "Why,
he went down without a degree!"

"Perhaps he didn't want one. I'd
sooner have a straight nose than a
degree any day," she retorted scorn-
fully. "And scarcely anyone here
knows you are a valetudinarian, though
I'm sure I've told scores of people."

I rubbed my nose ruefully. I am
forced to admit it is distinctly of the
Wellingtonian order.

"It was nice of you to trouble to tell
me," I said dubiously. "I'm sure
you meant it kindly. But whatever
made you do that?"

"Oh, I felt bound to say something
in your defence. At that garden party
yesterday, as you were walking past,
a girl I know said: 'Who is that
awk—?' Perhaps I'd better not tell you
what she thought of you," she added,
interrupting herself. "It might hurt
your feelings."

I laughed.

"No. Tell me."

"That awkward, plain looking man,
who is going about as if he thought
all the women were in love with
him?"

I roared.

"Did she think that out loud?" I
asked. "I believe I can guess who the
girl was."

"No, you can't guess," she said cross-
ly, "because I shan't tell you. Natu-
rally, when I saw the impression you
were creating I had to say out loud
you were a valetudinarian, as much for
my own benefit as hers. It was a sort
of excuse for you."

"And did it satisfy her?" I asked,
admiring the way she spoke of herself
in the third person.

"It was a consolation," she admitted.
"I shouldn't have thought Venus
stood in need of consolation with
Adonis at her feet, not to speak of
other admirers."

"You seem to think," she said, pout-
ing, "that I couldn't win love if I
tried, or even if I didn't try."

"If one tries," I said sententiously,
"one can get most things one wants."

"But of course you wouldn't fall into
the trap," she asked merrily.

"Leave me out, please. We settled
that question long ago."

"Oh, I'm fairly satisfied with my
progress since then," she returned airily.

Her assurance was really amusing.

"You're quite welcome to my scalp
when you get it," I returned, smiling.

"Oh, no," she said, shaking her head,
"it's too clever a one for me to know
what to do with! You are so clever,"
she went on, wistfully looking at me.
"I didn't understand your last speech
at the debate at all. You'll explain it
to me some day, won't you?"

She drew near, and the wistful look
became coaxing.

"I'm not clever!" I declared, feeling
flattered by her appreciation. "I'm
only a dogged sort of an individual."

"Well, perhaps I'll have a try on my
own account," she said, throwing her-
self into a chair, "only you must give
me facilities."

"What am I to do?" I asked her.

"You must use long words which
I don't know the meaning of, and which
only confuse me, and you must unbend
a little and meet me on my own
ground. And you mustn't wear a blue
even if you have got blue eyes, be-
cause I like a red tie with a nice
brown skin. And if you come to see
me tomorrow I'll tell you if you've got
the right color."

When Benjamin Franklin first took
the coach from Philadelphia to New
York, he spent four days on the jour-
ney. He tells us that as the old driver
jogged along, he spent his time
knitting stockings. Two stage coaches
and eight horses sufficed for all the
commerce that was carried on between
Boston and New York, and in winter
the journey occupied a week.

In 1902 for the first time, the whirl
of reaping machines was heard in the
grain fields of the ancient land of
Syria. The machines came from Chi-
cago, and when, a little later, a steam-
thrashing machine, made in Indiana,
was set to work in Coele-Syria, there
was some excitement among the
native farmers. Before the reapers ap-
peared on the plain of Esdracel Amer-
ican windmills had been introduced,
and later in the year a flour mill, with
machinery and an oil-motor engine
from Indianapolis, began grinding
wheat in Lebanon. So the year 1902
is a notable one in the advance of
practical science over the old Bible
lands.

A curious custom once in vogue
at the court of the kings of England
was ended by the quick temper of
King George II. It was anciently the
custom of an officer of the court to
attend the royal banquet on the eve-
ning of Ash Wednesday and to crow
like a rooster. The exhibition was
meant to remind the revelers of the
bird whose crowing called back Peter.
But George, newly come from Ger-
many when he first witnessed the per-
formance, knew nothing of what it
was intended to signify. The officer
stood up, craned his neck and crowd
ten times with all his might. The
prince, thinking that some insult was
meant, leaped angrily from his chair
and would not be appeased. The per-
formance was never repeated.

chart as I put the momentous ques-
tion.

"Oh, no!" she said, looking down.

"I'm not going to love you. That
wasn't in my programme at all."

"Couldn't you include it," I said, "by
special desire?"

"Whose desire?" she asked quickly.

"Mine."

"I don't believe," she said, tracing a
pattern on the tablecloth, "that you
really do love me."

"I'll try to prove," I said, "only you
must give me facilities."

"What do you call facilities?"

"Well," I said, putting my arm
around her waist, "this would be one."

"I— I don't mind giving you that
one," she said hesitatingly.

"It's quite sufficient," I declared, "to
encourage me to take the rest."—San
Francisco Bulletin.

A WEIRD TALE.

Englishman's Story of a Warning
Brought in a Growsome Way.

This strange experience happened
some 15 years ago to a very intimate
friend of mine in Gibraltar bay, not
far from where he often lives. I had
the story from his own lips.

When the telepathic experience oc-
curred he had not been long in sunny
Spain. Behind him, in Bonnie Scot-
land, he had left his young bride lit-
tle he should get settled down in his
new clime and occupation. He was
going one day about his work, as
usual, buoyed up with the prospect of
meeting soon his loved one (for she
was then on her way out to him, on
board a steamer which must now be
skirting the northern coasts of
Spain), when suddenly he experienced
a strange sensation, heard his wife's
voice wailing, and saw, as he thought,
her form all dripping and wet.

Instantly he felt as if some terrible
calamity had happened. And sure
enough, in due time, the telegraph
brought the sad news that, at the
very hour of his strange experience,
the ship in which his wife was out-
ward bound had struck upon the
rocks, hundreds of miles away, and all
on board had perished.

How, almost frantic with grief, my
esteemed friend, accompanied by an-
other acquaintance, went north and
searched for days for his wife's body
amongst those washed ashore by re-
curring tides on that Spanish coast
is apart from our purpose. But he
told me all with his own lips.

I have never been a believer in
spiritualism, have never seen any-
thing in table-rapping and suchlike,
except to laugh at; yet I think the cor-
rect attitude to take up to well-authen-
ticated telepathic experiences as dis-
tinct from spiritualistic humbug, is
Hamlet's in his conversation with Ho-
ratio:

"O day and night, but this is won-
derful strange!"

"And therefore as a stranger give it
welcome.

There are more things in heaven and
earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philoso-
phy."

—Correspondent of the Weekly Scots-
man.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

No one need die of thirst in Aus-
tralia if eucalyptus trees are near.
By cutting a sapling into sections of
about ten feet and standing them per-
pendicularly with the small ends down,
half a pint of water may be obtained in
15 minutes.

Louis Rung of Basle, Switzerland,
harbored such an intense animosity
toward his daughter that he poisoned
three hundred apple trees in their
orchard with arsenic. The next time the
family made a pie, those who ate it
became dangerously ill. Rung confessed
and was sentenced to five years' im-
prisonment.

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Education of Women

Not the Cause of More Frequent Divorces, but the Occasion

By Laura Drake Gill, Dean of Barnard College.

B

YOND dispute, a crisis in family life exists, and the greater
education of women is said to be its cause. Shall we not
rather call it the occasion? The cause is still deeper. It is
the unending struggle between authority and autonomy.

The present situation seems to be merely the chaos of
transition; it corresponds to the stage of anarchy by which
government must too often pass from absolute monarchy to
democracy—or to the agnosticism by which religion breaks
the chains of an artificial authority before it acknowledges
the true authority of virtue and communion.

The present family crisis is undoubtedly occasioned by the greater
education and consequent economic independence of women in general; it is,
however, manifested through individual women who share the economic free-
dom, but lack the discipline of education. Frequent divorce is the result of
education of women as refracted through the medium of uneducated women.
They grasp the freedom of escape from an unwise marriage, yet lack the
training to make a wise marriage.

In a wide acquaintance with college women I have personally known only
one case of divorce. This was carried through without scandal or any ef-
fence to public morals. Among high school graduates a limited inquiry would
indicate a small percentage of divorce. It is the girls of luxurious homes of
whose little effort is demanded. The girls of the middle class, whose fathers
support them in ease, but fail to educate them for service; the girls of the la-
boring classes, with limited training and heavy burdens—these girls make the
women in whose lives the restless spirit of the times may work sad havoc.
They have not been trained to look upon marriage as an opportunity to escape
self-support. They have the courage and decency to demand ordinary loyalty
and fair play from men, yet they often fail to realize their own obligations.

We need, then, not less chance of escape from intolerable conditions, but
a truer conception of family dignity; not less economic independence for wom-
en, but more sense of its responsibility; not less education for women, but
more education for all women.

The economic function of women is in the home, where the wife and
mother spend four-fifths of the average man's earnings. If women who spend
their time aimlessly about shops would take that time to think about the ex-
penditure of money they would save time, money and happiness. Women
must be taught that the expenditure of money is their profession and they
must make it a science—not a mania. Every woman ought to have a profes-
sion of wise expenditure and of wise homemaking.

More true education for the mass of women is the need of the hour; edu-
cation in efficiency, education in loyalty to the state, education in the way to
produce a healthy, intelligent, devoted race; but, above all, education in the
responsibility for the use of our individual lives. The arbitrary authority of
marriage laws or the individual husbands will then become obsolete before an
autonomy based upon the inward authority of conscience and reason.

HERE is nothing else so fascinating in American history as
the romance of achievement under difficulties—the story
of how men and women, who have brought great things to
pass, got their start, and of their obscure beginnings and
triumphant ends, their struggles, their long waitings and
want and woe, the obstacles overcome, the final victories;
the stories of men and women who have seized common sit-
uations and made them great, or of those of average ability
who have succeeded by dint of indomitable will and inflexi-
ble purpose.

What grander sight is there than that of a stalwart man made irresistible
by the things which have tried to down him—a man who stands without waver-
ing or trembling, with head erect and heart undaunted, ready to face any
difficulty, defying any cruelties of fate, laughing at obstacles because he has
developed in his fight with them the superb strength of manhood and vigor of
character which makes him master?

No fate or destiny can stop such a man—a man who is dominated by a
mighty purpose. Thousands of young men of this stalwart type every year
burst the bonds which are holding down the weakling, the vacillator and the
apologist.

That which dominates the life, which is ever uppermost in the mind, gener-
ally comes somewhere near realization; but there is a great difference be-
tween lukewarm desire and a red-hot purpose. It takes steam to drive the
piston in the engine; warm water will never turn the wheels. The longings
that fail of realization are usually just below the boiling point.

ANY people assume certain manners as they assume certain
clothes, and change these manners more seldom than they
change their clothes. Some think it ingratiating to be
perky. Others think it more graceful to be drooping and
melancholy, to gaze wistfully, walk mournfully, and sit as if
before the baked meats of a funeral feast. But of all the
people who indulge in travesty, I think I get most amuse-
ment out of the mysterious people.

Bated, forever bated, is the breath of the mysterious
person. Directly he comes into the room you are conscious of the presence
of the unutterable, and know that it will speedily be uttered into your most
private ear. When he speaks to you he "takes you aside," so that none other
may know that he is telling you that the weather is damp and that there is a
deal of influenza about. As he discusses with you such dreadful subjects as
the price of hobbled boots, the fluctuations of stocks, the merits of President
Roosevelt and the economies of the administration, his head approaches yours,
his lips pout secretively, his eyes glance round warily to make sure that no
one is within earshot to betray him and you.

The gallows is surely in his memory. He wishes to avoid it. He wishes
—kindly wretch!—to save you from it also. Meet him half way. It is such
fun to do that. He responds sensitively to the slightest mysterious encourage-
ment and thinks he is impressing you and that you will go away and say, "Glad I met
John Smith. Interesting man. Not every day you come across a man like
that."

Many women are mysterious. Indeed, I have met more mysterious women
than mysterious men. The mysterious woman is often small, but her hats are
large, plumed like a heron, and generally black as night. Pale is her face
and languid her manner. She tries to look consumptive and succeeds surpris-
ingly often. As a rule she has little to say, but says it in such an awful man-
ner that it takes on a fictitious importance and for the moment appears to be
impressive.

Think over your acquaintances and friends. Are not some of them mysteri-
ous, and are not they highly considered; are not they called "interesting"
on that account? There are many spurious things in the social world, but few
things are more spurious than that reputation for being interesting which is
gained by the mysterious manner. And half of the world at least is tricked.
For every day perkiness is called brilliance, mystery wisdom, assurance great-
ness, and the puppet in the mask a giant in the sunshine.—Chicago Tribune

The... Real Romance of American History

By Orison Swett Marden.

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Mysterious People We Meet

By Robert Hichens.

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Grain, Flour and Feed.

Wheat—No. 2 red, 93 85
No. 2 yellow, 92 75
Corn—No. 2 yellow, 61 02
No. 2 white, 61 01
Oats—No. 2 white, 35 35
No. 3 white, 35 35
Flour—Winter patent, 5 45 6 00
Fancy straight winter, 5 45 5 50
Hay—No. 1 Timothy, 11 00 11 50
Clover No. 1, 9 00 9 50
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton, 30 00 31 00
Brown middlings, 27 00 27 50
Brn. bulk, 18 00 18 50
Saw—Wheat, 5 75 7 00
Oat, 5 75 7 00

Dairy Products.

Butter—Elgin creamery, 22 84
Ohio creamery, 22 82
Fancy country roll, 15 14
Cheese—Ohio, new, 15 14
New York, new, 15 14

Poultry, Etc.

Hens—per lb., 14 15
Chickens—dressed, 15 18
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh, 15 19

Fruits and Vegetables.

Apples bid., 2 51 4 00
Potatoes—Fancy white per bu., 30 85
Cabbage—per ton, 18 00 21 00
Onions—per barrel, 2 50 3 00