*** The Return of Rhoda.

By SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL.

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"Now, pa, you know it's all for the

"I ain't arguing it ain't all for the best. I was saying it was a little lonely-that's all."

Mrs. Free pulled the big wooden which was sending a warm glow into the room, and took up the soft white wool which she was to transform into "one of those shoulder things" for Rhoda-Rhoda would need passionate succession. such things now that she was in the

But instead of beginning her work she turned a little in her chair and looked out at the broad expanse of white. The hills were all cold and shining, and more snow was even now | sing. flying in the air. Winter had come in

"Of course, mother," said the old farmer, with a quiet, kindly sort of humor in his voice, "you ain't ever lone-

"When I do get lonesome, pa," she said, picking up her work, "I just keep thinking how it's all for the best-and that's consoling.

John Free walked over to the window. "If Rhoda was home now and was teaching the school. I'd just about be putting Neille to the cutter. Rhoda never did much walking over bad roads when I was round."

"And Rhoda appreciated it, pa," said Mrs. Free, after a pause in which she had been silently counting stitches.

"Rhoda was the best teacher they ever had round here." And then, as his wife was still counting stitches and did not answer, he continued, half-aggressively, "Everybody says that.

"Fourteen-fifteen-sixteen. never heard me say, pa, Rhoda wasn't a good teacher. All I said was a girl who could sing like Rhoda had no business teaching the Hickory Grove school-or any other, for that matter."

Brother Williams says there ain't the same inspiration in his preaching now that Rhoda's left the choir; and I will say," his voice sank to the tone of one making a confession, "that while I go to church to worship the Lord, the worshipping was a littlewell, a little more pleasant like, I might say, when Rhoda was there.'

"More than one has said that," remarked Mrs. Free, complacently. "I never saw anything to beat the way this whole community leaned on Rhoda! "Twas Rhoda this-and Rho-

da that! Nothing from a barn-raising to a funeral could go on without her, They can't ever say our Rhoda was stingy with her singing, mother," "I guess our Rhoda wouldn't be her

pa's daughter if she was stingy with anything," said Mrs. Free, quietly,

She had a way of saying these things when least expected, and they never failed to be disconcerting. "Now I wasn't counting on that having anything to do with it," he said awkward-

"Mother," he went on, after listening patiently to "thirteen-fourteenfifteen-sixteen," "shall you ever forget how she sang 'Lead Kindly Light' at Tim Powers' funeral? Seems like of all the times I ever heard her, that was the most moving The soft wool fell to Mrs. Free's lap.

"Rhoda's so sympathetic," she said, John Free chuckled, " 'Pears to me

she wouldn't be her mother's daughter If she wasn't some sympathetic. "Fourteen-fifteen-sixteen-turn."

"S'pose I might as well be about the chores. Does seem like this winter was going to be mighty long."

was the only response.

"Now, pa, don't be so restless-fourteen-fifteen-sixteen-there!- that's

He stood by the window, putting on his heavy coat. "Looks like Fred Barrett's cutter coming," he remarked. "If Rhoda was home it wouldn't be

hard to guess where he was making for," remarked Mrs. Free. "Coming long pretty brisk, Cold

out, I reckon. He's got some one in with him-and 'tain't a man. Mother," he cried, excitedly, after a moment, "Fred Barrett's opening the gate! Mother," he added in a choked voice, "come here!"

She stood beside him at the window and he pointed down to the gate. "What do you think?" he gasped.

The woman's face grew strangely "It's-it's-it can't be-'tis-"Rhode!"

They stood there in a daze, and then two pairs of hands were fumbling at the knob.

How Rhoda got out of the sleigh, who carried in the valise, how Fred Barrett got away without being so much as asked in, they never quite knew. It was all a strange whirl, and then the door was shut, the sligh-bells all have great voices in this world; died away, and Rhoda, after one strange, frightened look round the old room, threw herself into her mother's arms-hat, snowy coat and all; and there burst from her the wild, uncontrollable sobs which follow a long, bit ter strain.

The mother stood holding her in utter silence-she was a mother, and she knew that was best. But when John could bear it no longer, he put brokenly, his own rugged face wet with tears, "Rhoda, girl, you're home now. No matter what's happened, it's all

"Seems a little lonely at times, | She raised her head then and groped for her father's hands. "It was a mistake," she moaned, piteously, "a mistake!

"Now, what's a mistake?" said John

"I just want to know." "Mother," cried the girl, her voice still thick with sobs, "it's gone! Our which was sending a warm glow dream's gone, mother! I-i-oh, I-can't-sing!" She sank to a chair, her head fell to the table, and sobs such as the old room had never heard before crowded upon one another in hot,

"Something's happened to your voice, Rhoda?" asked the old farm-

She grew more quiet then. "Oh, no, pa," she said, "nothing's happened to snipy and horrid. And then, father, it. It never was there. I never could

"Wel, I guess we know better than that! And whoever said-

"Now, pa," broke in Mrs, Free, "this is no time for arguing. Come right up to the fire, Dodle, and we'll get off those wet things and get a good, hot drink. You'l take your death of cold sitting there as though no one cared whether you were wet or dry!"

After her feet were warm, and she had taken the hot tea her mother had made for her, and the old surroundings | notion to go and telegraph Rhoda to had taken a little of the sting from her wound, the girl began casting about in her mind for words which would not distress her parents. They were sitting on each side of her, eager to know, and yet rejuctant to ask onestions which would bring pain, their his wife, sorrow, after all, tempered with gladness because she was at home.

"You see, pa," she began, quietly, there are no really great singers round here. I am the best there is, and so, because I can sing a little. Miss Parsons-all of us, made a mistake and brought joy to her mother's heart by thought I had a great voice, when I

"But I can't see-" began the old farmer.

'Now, pa," protested his wife, "just let Rhoda tell it.

The city is full of good singers. mother. They come from all over the There are thousands of them who can sing better than I can."

"Now I don't believe that!" cried ter father, slapping his knee hard. The girl smiled at him fondly, You'll have to believe it, pa, for my eacher, one of the best in the whole

He did, did he? Well, what had you done to make him mad? There's comething behind it!"

"Oh, no. pa. And you mustn't resent It was very kind of him. He might have gone on taking our money for a long time, but he didn't, you see. He was very good." .

"Hum!" grunted John Free, dubi-

And he was so very kind about it. was after my lesson, and I was standing there, putting on my gloves, when he looked over at me in a strange kind of way and asked me just what I hoped to make of my voice. I didn't quite know what to say, and then he asked me pointblank if I expected to make money out of it, to make back the money I was putting into it-then he asked me something about our cirbarst from the old farmer,- "and when wants you, where-where you're a suctold him we wern't rich, that-that it had been an effort, you know, he looked at me very queerly, and then he sat down and told me the truth." She hesitated, and then went on with a little catch in her voice: "And in spite of all I've suffered, I thank him

from the bottom of my heart." Her mother reached over and took one of her hands. "Just what did he say, Dodie?"

Merely that it wasn't great mother: that it wasn't worth the money we would have to put into it. He says voices can be made now without much to start on, but it takes a long time and a great expenditure, and when there are so many who havehave something good to begin with, why, my voice would bring us nothing but-disappointment. And I can see

"He says It's a nice little home voice," she went on, trying to smile, but that is all it ever will be, you know, and I can't afford to pay five dollars a lesson for-don't you see.

Mrs. Free only pressed her child's hand tighter, fighting the lump which kept rising in her own throat.

"I wasn't very philosophical about it at first," continued the girl, her voice shaking as if it might give way with any word. "Of course I didn't cry or make any fuss before him, and I told him so, and that I wouldn't take any more lessons. Oh-he was so good about it! He told me that we couldn't that it wasn't our fault of we didn't have them, and that if we did the best we could with what we had, there was nothing to be ashamed of. He shook hands with me, and said he had liked me so much, and that it was just be-

cause he liked me he had told me. "I knew that what he said was true about our only being expected to do our best with what we had, and yet-O mother!-mother!-you know how hand on the girl's shoulder, and said | foolish I've been! You know how I've stood up in our little church, and dreamed it was a great city church with thousands of people-you know how I've gone to sleep at night dream- sweet and tender, carried out into the

ing I was taking great armfuls of flowers, while people clapped and clapped to hear me sing again! Mother, you know!" and she pressed the worn hand she held close to her cheek, while the hot tears ran down her tired white face.

like home. "When was all this?" demanded her low us there, father, his voice gruff with the effort

to keep back the tears. Rhoda hesitated. "Ten days ago,"

she said, at last. "And where under the sun have you been ever since?"

She pushed backed her bair wearily, "I've been trying to work in a storeand I was almost as dismal a failure at that as I was as a prima donna. Now, Rhoda-how could you?

ried her mother. "Ob, you don't know the feeling I had! I wanted to come home, and yet I just couldn't. It seemed like coming home defeated. It seemed I just must do something in the city, and so one of the girls got me a place in a store." She paused, and then laughed- the nearest to a natural laugh they had heard since her return. "I was an awful clerk! I hated it! The air was so bad, and some of the people were so one night I came home with my head and feet both aching, and all tired and sick, and I found your letter about Mr. Childs wishing I was bome to take the school, and about you and mother being so lonesome, and-and that letter brought me home."

looked over at his wife with an air which defied contradiction of rebuke. "It's a curious thing," he said, "that was telling your mother this very afternoon that I had nine-tenths of a

come home. I-I ain't feeling any too

John Free cleared his throat and

well this winter. "Aren't you, pa?" she asked, in quick "What seems-

"Oh, I'll be all right now," he hastened to say, and looked boldly over at

He went out to see about the chores then, and the girl sat down and talked her heart out to her mother. When it came time to get supper, she went about some of her old duties naturally, almost gaily, and she more than once letting her laugh ring gladly out through the old kitchen.

"Mother," she called from the window, where she was standing beating an egg, "where under the sun is father going this time of night? He's got

Nellie hitched up, and he's going off!' "Now I do say!" cried Mrs. Free, and hurried to the door to enter protest, but only in time to see her husband wave his hand in provoking fashion and drive away.

"Well, if that isn't funny!" laughed the girl, and went on beating the egg. When he came back, about half an your later, he sat by the fire and watched Rhoda set the table. "Joe Childs was mighty tickled," huckled, at last,

She put down the sugar-bowl with a thump, "Now, father, where have you been?"

"Hum! Guess I've got a right to go about my own business. I had an erand up to Joe Childs', and while there while there." he repeated, eyeing her defiantly, "I happened to mention that you were home-and say, he jumped right out of his chair, and waved his erms and shouted at me, 'Look here, John Free, will Rhoda teach our school?' and I replied that you might consider it.

"Now-Inther!"

She laid the knives and forks round, and then stood there, looking at him sumstances, here at home.—oh, very with eves a little misty, "But it is nice kindly, pa," as an angry exclamation | to feel you're back where some one cess," she said, tremulously,

"Never was a teacher round here like you," said John Free,

It was after they had finished supper and the dishes were cleared away and washed, and Rhoda was sitting by the table, reading, while her mother sat close at hand, knitting upon the soft wool thing, that the old farmer shifted in his chair and began, a trifle

"If it makes you feel had, Rhoda, don't think about it; but many a night 've sat here before I went to bed, and ried to think how it would seem to hear your voice in my ears again, atio-

"Now, pa," broke from his wife, "how can you?"

"Tomorrow, father," said Rhoda, termulously.

"All right-just as you say," and the old man turned back to the fire. For a long time Rhoda sat there, pretending to read, but not seeing a word. She was thinking of what the teacher had told her of doing the best she could with what she had, thinking how kind they had been to her in her home-coming-how they had made it almost happy, instead of sad. She was thinking that to them her voice would always be beautiful-that the world's cold shoulder could not thrust away

a faith born of love. She rose then and walked over to the little organ which stood in one corner. "I will sing a little, pa." she said, "if

They drow their chairs round where they could see her, and waited for her to begin. Her mother's face was wel with tears, and the old farmer put his hand to his mouth and coughed Rhoda sat at the organ for several minutes in silence, her hands resting on the keys, wondering what to sing wondering if disappointment had not ruined all the voice she ever had. And then it seemed that the spirit of that home, that little country home where there was leve and peace, wrapped her

round as with a mantle She raised her head, and her voice

old room, to the two faithful hearts, the beautiful, never old words;

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, ther's no place

A charm from the skies seems to hal-Which, sought through the world, is

ne'er met with elsewhere." Rhoda had never sung so well before, for she was singing out her gratitude and love-singing out her heart's thankfulness for this refuge from the stress and sorrows of the world .-Youth's Companion.

AFRICAN SLAVE GIRLS.

Transported in Ship and Sent to Plan

tations in Interior. The slaves on deck regarded the scene with almost complete apathy. Some of the men leaned against the bulwark and silently watched the points of the island as we passed. The women hardly stirred from their places. They were occupied with their babies, as usual, or lay about in the unbroken wretchedness of despair. Two girls of about 15 or 16, evidently sisters, whom I had before noticed for a certain pathetic beauty, now sat huddled together hand in hand, quietly crying. They were just the kind of girls that the planters select for their concubines, and I have little doubt that they are concubines of planters But they cried because they feared they would be separated when they came to land.

In the confusion of casting anchor stood by them unobserved, and in a low voice asked them a few ques tions in Umbundu, which I crammed for the purpose. The answers were brief, in sobbing whispers; sometimes by gestures only. The conversation ran like this: Why are you here?"

We are sold to the white men. "Did you come of your own free

'Of course not." "Of course not." Where did you come from?"

From Bibe.

'Are you slaves or not?' Of course we are slaves!" Would you like to go back?"

The delicate little brown bands vere stretched out, palms downward and the crying began afresh.

That night the slaves were left on board, but next morning (June 17) when I went down to the pier about o'clock I found them landed in two creat lighters. When they reached their plantation, which would usually e on the same day or the next, for the island is only thirty-five miles ong by fifteen broad) they would be given a day or two for rest, and then the daily round of labor would begin. For them there are no more journeyings till the last short passage when their dead bodies are lashed to polex and carried out to be flung away in the forest .-- H. W. Nevinson in Harp-

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

to sell drugs all day on Sunday, but with greater facility. unlawful. Candy cannot lawfully be sold later than eleven o'clock in the forenoon unless no clerks or assistants | are employed.

Carrier pigeons pleased during the recent eclipse of the sun in Europe seemed much puzzled by the darkness Some of them started on in a direction directly opposite from that in which heir cote lay. When, however, the eclipse had nearly ceased, other pigeons took the right direction at

Gustavus Nordlin, a Swede, has just made a trip from Stockholm to Paris in a tiny canoe. He arrived in first class condition. The hardy Norseman says that he was originally a confectioner, but having injured his digestion by sweet-stuff and pastry, he resolved to nourish himself on bread, fruit, milk and honey.

It is proposed in France to require that chauffeurs shall pass a medical examination in order to have only men absolutely sound in charge of automobiles. Many instances have been found in France of chauffeurs in poor condition, with various physical infirmition In one case an epileptic was found in charge of a motor car.

Some suburbanites near London have organized a club for individual improvement. It is called the Silence Club. There are 16 members, whose weekly fee is six-pence. It is established so that the members, ticket holders on a surburban railroad, can read their papers in quiet on their way to town. The subscriptions go to the ing the inauguration of George Washguard who reserves a carriage for the ington in 1780 in New York City. The members.

A Viennese baroness, recently murdered, carried the art of being at war with servants to the highest degree of perfection. She had a secret system of relief is a replica of one of the panels tubes leading from her sitting room to of the bronze doors cast for the Senmeans of these she was able to hear ton, and was cast from the same :aolds sculpture." all manner of uncomplimentary references to herself. She enjoyed this strategic advantage very much, for she was always haling her servants into the courts, and she slept with a loaded city was at work on a set of false revolver under her pillow, for fear of | teeth that, to the casual observer, assassination.

Innuendo. "McYorick, the tragedian, is feel-

ing pretty good." "Why?"

"It seems somebody has named a cigar after him." "Huh! Somebody ought to a ham after him."

Von Behring, Who Found Consumption Cure

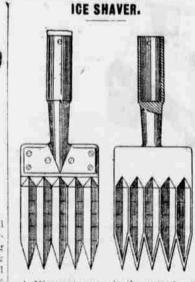


Dr. Von Behring is famous as the discoverer of the antitoxin for diphtheria. He is connected with the University of Berlin. After ten years of study on the subject he has again astonished the world by announcing the discovery of a cure for tuberculosis. His paper on the new cure, read before the Tuberculosis Congress in Paris, has caused discussion in medical circles all over the world. His final report on the consumption cure is being awaited with keen interest.

IMPROVED FAMILY SCALE.

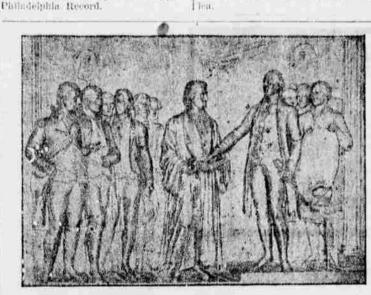
The illustration shows an improved amily scale of the dist type, the particular feature of which is the slanting osition of the dial, thereby enabling In Spain drug stores are permitted the indications of the pointer to be read to deal in perfumery on that day is verrical dial requires the user to bend over in order to distinguish with any degree of accuracy its indications. In other particulars the scale conforms to

aventional design of this type,-



the simple ice shaver shown in the li

Peter Larson, of Montana, is doubt-



THE BRONZE PANEL REPRESENTING THE INAUGURATION OF WASPINGTON, PRESENTED TO THE HALL OF FAME,

GIFT TO THE HALL OF FAME

Chancellor MacCracken, of the New York University, was able to announce Fame. The gift is a celebrated bronze relief by Thomas Crawford, representprominent persons represented are George Washington, John Adams, who stands on his right: Alexander Hamilton, Generals Knox and St. Clair, Roger Sherman and Baron Stenhen. The

and at the same time. The doors were cust in 1868 by James T. Ames. Chancellor MacCracken said:

This work was executed for the United States Government to form one of the panels of the Senate doors at Washington. The total cost of the the first important gift to the Hall of doors was over \$50,000. They were east by James T. Ames, who before the models and molds were broken up was authorized by the Government to execute for himself a single panel, which ever of the six panels he might select. He chose the scene of the inauguration, which has been in the possession of his family ever since. The present representatives of his family, becoming interested in the accounts of the Hall of Fame, counted this a fitting place for the kitchen and servants' room. By ate wing of the Capitol at Washing- the permanent preservation of this

Special Teeth For Tars.

A dentist in the lower part of the the artificial molars were braced, riv- -New York Press, etel and otherwise reinforced

"They are for a sailor," be explained. "I have to make teeth unusually strong for them. The ordinary kind would, not under martial law, says the Japansoon succomb to the tough sait beef ese Official Gazette.

and granite ship biscuit and leave him toothless perhaps for a long voyage.

"As a rule sailors have good teeth, and false ones among them are scarce. seemed fearfully and wonderfully Sometimes it happens, however, that made. Octwardly they appeared to their teeth are knocked out by acident his parishioners, whom he saw with be all right; but on the inner side and then the false ones are inserted.

> Vladivo-tok Still a Free Port Vladivostok is still a free port and

SCIENCE NOTES.

A steell of special hardness, patented in Germany by F. Munster, results from subjecting the molten metal to a blast of nitrogen.

With a tensile strength often exreeding three hundred thousand pounds per square inch, steel piano wire seems to be the strongest material known, and it possesses the additional valuable property of a very high elastic lim-

A peculiar process for separating non-magnetic particles like gold from sand has been patented by L. T. Weiss. The metallic particles in mass are electroplated with iron, by a special apparatus, and can then be separated by any magnetic method.

The use of milk of lime for quickly and effectively extinguishing fires in coal mines is recommended by inspecor Wolfgang Kummer, a German. The suggestion is not new, but has been newly tested with satisfactory results. The emulsion-which can be used with hand or power pumps-runs into and fills the crevices of the coal or min-

The efficacy of bomb firing in breaking up hall storms has been questioned. M. Vidal, the originator of the plan, claims new evidence of its value from a recent severe storm that rapidly swept down from the Bernese Alps through the Rhone valley and over the north end of Lake Leman as far as the Lake of Neuchatel. The entire district was badly damaged by the hall except two small villages from which bombs were thrown.

A French physicist, A. Baldit, has found that the odor corpuscles affect the leakage of electricity from electrified bodies, and he proposes to use this discovery for studying the character of odors and the part they play in plants. In his experiments, performed in unfavorable weather, a rod of resin and an electroscope were enclosed in a glass jar, when the admission of vanilla odor sensibly lessened the loss of electricity from the charged rod.

DELICACIES IN THE WOODS.

Frozen Ants Better Than Lemonade -A Week's Fare of Red Squirrels

Skilled men are employed to travel through the Maine woods on snowshoes all winter for the purpose of estimating the value of the standing growth and to pick out sites for lumber camps. Through information furnished by these men the proprietors of the timber lands are able to fix the stumpage rate to be charged.

Cruisers is the name by which such men are known. They go for weeks at a time without seeing a human being. They carry their food in packs strapped to their backs, and sleep under brush shelters before open fires

built among snowdrifts. "There is no need of a healthy man's going hungry in the Maine woods," said Orion Southworth, who has acted as head cruiser for Wm, Engel & Cofor the past eight years. "Give a cruiser a good gun, a thick blanket, a small age, a frying pan and a few matches, and he can pick up his own living anywhere in the spruce forest.

"Last winter when I was reduced to two pounds of bardtack and four pounds of bacon, a sneaking bobcat erept up on me while I slept and stole all my bacon from a limb above my head, compelling me to forage for almost a week. I lived like a king, having three meals a day and coming out the nearest camp in fine condition.

"My diet was fat red squirrels dressed and washed and roasted on the end of a limb hung above the frying panwhich rested on hot coals. It toolt from six to ten squirrels to make a square meal but the meat was sweet and tender, and the fat which dripped from the cooking bodies into the hot frying pan was just the food I needed to fortify me from the cold.

"When I was cruising in Michigan one winter I learned that the State had protected hedgehogs by law, so as to have them increase and furnish food for the cruisers, but I am not fond of hedgehog flesh as a steady diet. Hedgehogs are lazy and stupid creatures that may be killed with a club. Their meat is sweet and white and tender, but the fat portions of the bodies carry a parasite as big as a horseshoe

"In my cruising I have eaten and relished nearly everything that walks or creeps or swims or flies in Maine. I have probed open springs of water until I have secured enough fat frogs for a meal. I have shivered with cold and hunger until I have caught a mess of pickerel through the ice.

"I have eaten and relished roasted bobeat, muskrat, skunk, fox, mink, fisher and bear. I have filled my pockets with shelled acorns and beechnutfrom the hoards of chipmunks and been

glad to eat them. "Often when hungry and feverish from long tramps I have chopped boles into the sides of dead birches and picked out the great frozen ants and made a lunch of their bodies. They have a pleasing sour taste which is very refreshing when one is thirsty. On the whole I think frozen ants are more pleasing than the iced lemonade one

buys at the drug stores,'

"Ethel," said a clergyman to one of her hair in curling pins, "if Nature had wanted your hair to curl, She would have curled it for you." "She did, sir, when I was a child," was the reply, "but I suppose she thinks, now, that I am old enough to do it myseif."