

OF THE WOOD.

Open your doors, O ancient Wood, from Care and her vexing brood...

Open your doors, O dreaming Wood! I fain would take your mind and mood...

Faith on Trial

WHAT is it makes you so glum, old man? The speaker was a young man of twenty-eight...

was, however, a striking contrast between the two. The first was the less interesting of the two, his square face, firm jaw and solidly built frame...

of common sense as to have no room for ideals. His companion was, on the contrary, a noticeable man. A man, it could be seen, filled with quixotic notions...

of a surprisingly mild morning in March. When they reached Cleopatra's Needle, Martin Atock made the remark with which our record of a remarkable episode opens...

His friend, surprised, exclaimed, "By Jove! What a loss." "It is a loss, a very great loss," said Lyon with emphasis...

"I did not tell you I am engaged to be married." "Married! By Gad, you surprise me. Not knowing the lady, I suppose I can't congratulate you..."

"Well, thank Heaven, I'm not an exasperating idiot. Thank Heaven, I've got ideals and live up to them. Thank Heaven I've reverence left for true womanhood..."

"Let us take one of the seats in the garden for a moment, and perhaps when I tell you the facts you can help me."

"I am, as I told you, engaged to be married." "And I have congratulated you on the fact," said Atock. "I hope you'll be very happy."

"Yes; but I've got myself into a horrid mess, in this way. I have been engaged now three months, and the day before yesterday I wrote a long letter to my fiancée."

"Will you listen? I wrote to her as one does to the girl one hopes to make one's wife. Naturally I used very strong terms of endearment, and I am worried to death by the fact that writing in my office, as I did, in a hurry I put my letter into an envelope addressed to a girl I have only seen once and never said more than 'It's a fine day to.'"

"Well, there's nothing criminal in all this. The recipient may smile or laugh at you, but if she's a lady she'll return the letter, without a word, and by and by you'll both forget all about it."

"What worries me, Martin, is this: I wrote, as I told you, in a very strong strain. I let my feelings run away with me, and I even had the temerity to ask my wife-to-be to come alone to my rooms at 7.30 to-night and promised to take her to the theatre."

"Yes; well, you think you've given the show away, so to speak, to a stranger. Is that it?" "No," said Lyon shortly. "I did not mention my fiancée's name at all, so the person to whom the letter is addressed cannot be identified."

"Then what in Heaven's name are you groaning about?" cried Atock, interrupting. "Can't you see that there is something worse than what I have yet told you?"

"Dear old chap, tell me what it is," said Atock, fully won at last to view the matter in a serious light. "The tragedy lies here," said Lyon. "I write and ask a lady to come to my rooms alone. The letter is addressed with, of course, the most honorable intention to my fiancée, but it reaches the hands of a lady who is an utter stranger to me!"

"Yes," said Atock, keeping a very serious face with an almost superhuman effort, "and the tragedy?" "The tragedy is that she has accepted my invitation! She is coming to-night, she writes me, and even adds that she does not mind whether we go to the theatre or not."

"Well," said Atock, "that is awkward, I must admit. You're in a beastly fix. I'll tell you: I have it

You did not say you'd be alone. I'll be there with you. That will settle the matter, eh, my boy?"

"If it could have been so easily settled I wouldn't have bothered you about it," said Lyon with marked vexation. "I told you I wrote a very strong letter, an impassioned love letter, in fact, and I said over and over again what delight it would be to me to see her—I mean my fiancée—alone for five minutes, for her old cat of an aunt never gives her a moment's peace."

"But, by the way, you don't mind letting me know the name of the girl?" "Let you know! Certainly not. I wouldn't reveal it for worlds."

"I mean dear boy, the name of the girl you are to marry." "Oh, I don't mind telling her name to you, of course. You've met her—Bessie Biddulph."

There was another pause and then Atock cried: "I have it! Why not get Bessie—I mean Miss Biddulph—to meet the lady?"

"Really, you're getting to be idiotic," shouted Lyon. "A nice time I'd have explaining how the whole thing happened! I'd have to admit that my letter to Miss Biddulph went astray, and there's nothing in the letter to prove to whom it was addressed! It commences, 'My Darling Girl—'"

"Oh, Miss Biddulph knows you've only got one!" laughed Atock. "Hang it all, can't you have sense?" said Richard, thoroughly irritated.

Seeing that his friend was truly perplexed, Atock began again: "It is worrying, but where, to revert to my original question, does your gloominess and loss of faith in womanhood come in, and is there anything very, very incriminating in the contents of your letter?"

"Nothing incriminating, but how can one have any faith in woman if you can invite an almost unknown girl of undoubted social position and blameless antecedents in the manner I have told you, and discover to your horror that such a proposal is accepted with alacrity? If one girl does such a thing, why not all?"

"I mean to meet the girl," he went on savagely. "I've gained a lot by telling you about my worry, haven't I? I shall meet her and tell her it is all a mistake. I don't want to compromise her or myself. I might have called upon her; perhaps I'd better wire, but on the whole I think I shall see her—though I've no respect for the brazen baggage."

"She's not a brazen baggage," said Atock, with sudden warmth. "How in Heaven's name do you know?" cried Lyon. "I never mentioned her name."

"No, you did not," said Martin, "but I think you should be just to the poor girl; you're a very fascinating fellow, you know, old chap, quite a lady-killer, you know!"

"Well, thank Heaven, I'm not an exasperating idiot. Thank Heaven, I've got ideals and live up to them. Thank Heaven I've reverence left for true womanhood, though that reverence has been rudely shaken by this—this—disgraceful parallelism in petticoats as I believe O'Connell called a particularly offensive piece of womanhood. Thank Heaven—"

"Thank Heaven that you've got a friend who can help you out of the mess your high-flown ideas have got you into," said Atock. "I happen to know the lady you are speaking so disrespectfully about."

"You do?" cried Richard. "Who is she, then—for I shall not tell you, even if you're right?" "Her name is Ada Beatrice Purser," said Martin solemnly.

Lyon gasped. "She is a lady, for whom I have a profound respect," continued Atock. "I was with her when your letter arrived."

"And you respect a 'lady' who can accept such an invitation as was mine?" asked Richard. "Certainly I can," calmly replied Atock. "You're not the only one engaged to be married, my boy. I am engaged to Miss Purser."

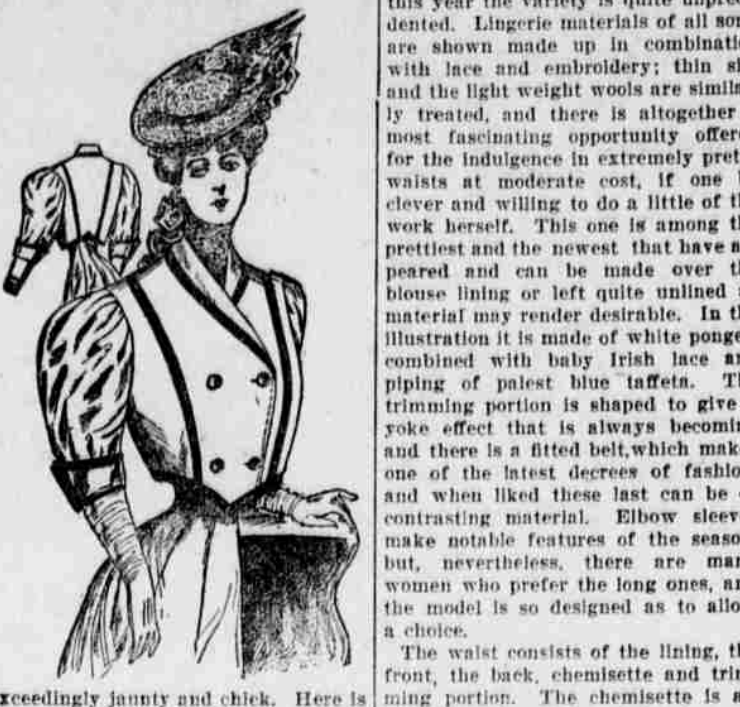
"Then what on earth is the meaning of her conduct?" asked Lyon. "Simply this: I dined with the Purser on Tuesday. Ada's father has consented to her marrying me. She received your letter in the envelope which you had addressed to her in reply to the questions on English literature which I had asked her to put to you under pretext of being a soul thirsting for knowledge. I know you are fond of being consulted as a kind of watchdog of knowledge. Of course, she could make neither head or tail of your letter, and I—I made her write and accept your invitation, which appointment, of course, she never intended to keep; and I—well, I called to see you this morning just to see the effect her letter had had on you. Of course, I did not know then that you were engaged to be married! So your faith in womanhood is still intact!"

"One's faith is, I suppose, stronger after such tests," said Richard, gravely; but he added, with a smile, "in future no more ambiguously addressed letters for me!"—New Haven Register.

Beware the Gasoline Torch. In these days of the gasoline torch, a not infrequent method of removing paint, indoors and out, is by burning. It is the quickest and in many cases the most effective method, particularly where paint is several layers thick. But before allowing this process to be used, the agent of the insurance company carrying the risk of your house, some companies forbid this method of removing paint and others will allow it by special permit. While with proper care the risk is not great, there is always the possible element of danger due to carelessness. As a rule the danger is greater inside than out. Never allow the use of the torch until you know that your insurance fully protects you in the event of resulting damage.—Good Housekeeping.

Timely Fashion Hints

New York City.—The Eton jacket is a well deserved favorite for the young girls as well as for their elders, and is



exceedingly jaunty and chic. Here is one of the latest and best develop-



ments thereof that is suited to cloth, to silk and to linen, and that is as simple as it is fashionable. In this case old rose veiling is trimmed with silk banding and is held by buttons of white silk covered with crochet work executed in silk the shade of the veiling. The seams that extend to the shoulder at front and back provide most becoming and satisfactory lines to the figure, while the long, flat collar at the neck is a favorite of the spring.

The Eton is made with fronts, side-fronts, back and side-backs, the seams being concealed by the trimming. The collar is joined to the neck and the closing is made with buttons and buttonholes. The sleeves are moderately full and can be finished below the elbows with the flare cuffs or extended to the wrists as liked.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (sixteen years) is three and one-half yards twenty-seven, one and three-fourth yards forty-four or one and five-eighth yards fifty-two inches wide, with six yards of banding.

The Tulle Bow. I think I may safely predict the revival of the tulle bow, not that it has ever entirely gone out of fashion, although it has had a comparative rest, writes Nannette, in the New York Mail. When crisply made or beautifully tied, it is a most delightfully dainty finish to either a tailor made or afternoon toilet. But unless absolutely fresh, it spells ruin. Other bow effects, I think, are generally stiff and, therefore, unbecoming. A year or two ago there was a craze for glass bows in all sorts of colorings, but unless relieved by a white collar, they were uncomplacably hard and unbecoming.

Pretty Ocher Peticoats. A petticoat of ocher-colored taffeta, perforated and embroidered, is one of the smartest for wear with dark cloth street gowns.

Two-Toned Summer Silks. Next to the burlap weaves in popularity come the two-toned summer silks which show fine hairline stripes in combination with brocaded figures of large dots.

Farm Topics

SHEEP REQUIRE SHELTER. Sheep are usually more exposed in the fields than other animals. During cold storms they require shelter. In an experiment made it was found that twenty sheep under shelter gained 273 pounds more than unsheltered sheep, and on less food, during one winter.

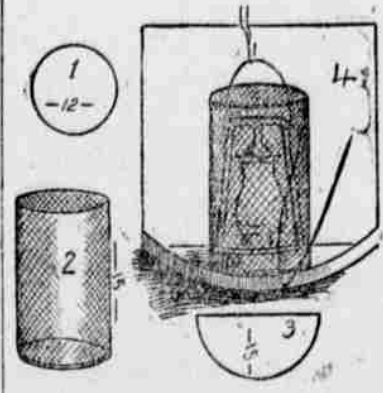
NUMBERING TREES AND PLANTS. To find the number of trees or plants on an acre, multiply the distance in feet between the rows by the distance trees are apart in the rows; the product will be the number of square feet for each tree, which divided into the number of square feet in an acre (43,560) will give the number of trees to the acre.

KILLING LICE ON CATTLE. Most farmers know how troublesome the lice are on stock; and particularly on cows, but the modern idea of fumigating the animal has many objections. There is no doubt but that it can be thoroughly and safely done if one has the proper stalls and the other proper appliances, but to attempt to carry out this plan in the average stall would result in failure: the stock would be smothered or the fumigating fumes would escape.

TO THICKEN GRASS. Where it is desired to thicken grass, or increase the variety in lawns or door-yards, much may be done by simply sowing seed. The sprouting will be favored by the shade of the grass, and the growth of the young plants by a frequent clipping, so that by late summer, or before a good sod will be established. The principle is that cutting prevents shading the young grass and supplies it with sun and air, thus giving it an equal chance with the old grass. If the ground is rich enough, as it generally is in lawns and dooryards.

SPECIALIZING WITH CATTLE. If a beef breed of cattle is preferred make beef production a specialty, and do not look upon cows of such breeds to be perfect as producers of milk and butter. There may be a few good butter cows among the beef-producing breeds, but where a certain article is desired it should be the prime object. If milk and butter are to be specialties the breeds should be those that excel in those products. Too many good points cannot be had in cows. Each cow will excel in one line only, and should be made to do duty where the most profitable.

THE BARN LANTERN. Lanterns are undoubtedly the safest things to use in the barn and if they are hung as suggested several weeks ago and protected as indicated here there will be little or no danger from fire. Take a piece of inch board and from it cut a circle twelve inches in diameter; then buy a piece of galvanized wire netting fifteen inches wide and four feet long, then a piece of bright new tin eighteen inches square, a hook with a flat end, so it can be screwed to the wall. Then build a



shelf fifteen inches wide and twenty inches long. Nail the shelf in a convenient location in the barn, then on the wall back of the shelf nail the piece of tin which acts as a reflector as well as protects the wall.

Fasten the hook on the wall above the tin. Then make a cylinder by nailing the wire to the edge of the circular piece of board, facing the ends of the wire together with stout twine. Set this on the shelf and slip the lantern inside of it, hanging the bale of the lantern on the hook. The wire cylinder protects the lantern yet does not shut off much light, and by having the hook curved there will be little danger of the lantern falling even under quite a hard blow. The illustration shows all of the details of constructing this arrangement.—Indianapolis News.

THE LATE CHICKEN PAYS. While it is generally understood that the pullet to lay the eggs in winter must be hatched early in the spring and that such stock is profitable, it is not always possible for this sort of work to be done on the farm because of the pressure of other work. On the other hand, later in the season there is more time, and it really pays for the farmer to devote some of that time to hatching chicks in May and June, and in some sections as late as July.

Such late-hatched chicks rarely die from cold or dampness, they will pick up the bulk of their living from the range after they are a month old, and in the fall, early or late, can be sold at a much better price than they would have brought if they had been hatched earlier and sold in midsummer. There is certainly an opportunity for farmers to make money in this work if they will give it a little thought and attention, for they can do it much more cheaply than any once else.—Indianapolis News.

We are to make men better where they are.

The White Paint of the White House.

The White House at Washington, which has been the "King's Palace" of the American People since it was first occupied by President Madison in 1800, has recently undergone a thorough course of remodeling, renovation and repair. Every American citizen is owner of an undivided eighth or eighty-five millionth part of the White House, as well as of the other Public Buildings and Monuments in the Capitol City. An item in the renovation of the remodeled White House was repainting. Every visitor in Washington knows that the White House is so called—because it is literally a "white house." The exterior paint must therefore be white. Now while the pure white surfaces and simple lines of the White House, set in the midst of green lawns and beautiful trees, produce a very satisfying effect of dignified simplicity, white paint from a practical point of view, is about the most unsatisfactory kind of paint that could have been selected by the original designers. First, because any white paint is easily discolored by smoke and dust, and, second, because ordinary white paint itself gradually turns gray or brownish yellow from exposure.

But white the White House is, and white it must remain or it would no longer be the "White House." So the renovators, making the best of a discouraging situation, sought for the best kind of white paint procurable. The average citizen if asked to guess what kind of paint they finally decided on would probably answer—"white lead and oil," but he would guess wrongly. The paint selected as the best obtainable, was a ready-mixed paint, such as can be bought in any well-furnished village store, such as is used by more than half of the eighty or eighty-five million owners of the White House on their own homes. That one brand of mixed paint was used instead of another is a mere accidental detail—there are fifty or a hundred brands on the market, but what have been selected in other circumstances, and, in fact, a different brand was used in painting the Capitol.

Every property owner, therefore, who paints his house with a high grade ready-mixed paint is following the example set by the Government Authorities at Washington, who used ready-mixed paint, because they could find nothing else as good.

Cigaret Law Upheld. A decision was rendered by the Indiana supreme court that nullifies a part of the anti-cigaret law of that state. The court holds the state has no power to prevent the smoking of a cigarette, or the bringing of the things into the state. It can prohibit their sale in a retail way.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Joke on the Potter. An English manufacturer of pottery is the subject of a joke told in the Liverpool Post. While on a continental tour he purchased a Sevres vase for some hundreds of pounds and brought it home most carefully. Thinking that the foreman of his works might gather a hint from the design, he called that gentleman in and showed him his treasure. "How do you like it?" he asked. The foreman took the vase in his hand, turned it over and returned it with the brief reply, "I don't think that I can learn much from it." "Why not?" asked the manufacturer. "I don't like telling you, sir." "Come out with it." "Well, I designed that vase myself. It is a foreign imitation of our own work and is worth £5 at the outside."

Gold Found in a Graveyard. A grave-digger working in the hillside cemetery has uncovered a four-foot vein and assays show that it carries values of \$100 a ton in gold. The hole was immediately filled, and George W. Oliver, of the undertaking firm of Perkins, Oliver & Gulling, with an associate, staked off a claim. This is not the first time that the presence of gold has been suspected in the hillside cemetery. Highly mineralized quartz has frequently been uncovered in the place, but the values have never run so high in gold, and it is likely that the active operations of the miner will soon invade the "silent halls of death."—Reno (Nev.) Times.

REPAIRING BRAIN. A Certain Way By Food.

Every minister, lawyer, journalist, physician, author or business man is forced under pressure of modern conditions to the active and sometimes over-active use of the brain. Analysis of the excreta thrown out by the pores shows that brain work breaks down the phosphate of potash, separating it from its heavier companion, albumen, and plain common sense teaches that this elemental principle must be introduced into the body anew each day, if we would replace the loss and rebuild the brain tissue.

We know that the phosphate of potash, as presented in certain feed grains, has an affinity for albumen and that is the only way gray matter in the brain can be built. It will not answer to take the crude phosphate of potash of the drug shop, for nature rejects it. The elemental mineral must be presented through food directly from Nature's laboratory.

These facts have been made use of in the manufacture of Grape-Nuts, and any brain worker can prove the value of the proper selection of food by making free use of Grape-Nuts for ten days or two weeks. Sold by grocers everywhere (and in immense quantities). Manufactured by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.