

AN OLD MAN'S GRAVE.

Make it where the fair winds may sweep
Through the pine boughs soft and deep,
And the murmur of the sea
Comes across the Orient sea,
And the falling rain-drops sing
Gently to his slumbering.

Make it where the meadows wide
Greenly lie on every side,
Harvest fields he reaped and trod,
Westering slopes of clover sod,
Orchard lands where bloom and blow
Trees he planted long ago.

—L. M.

A STRONG SOUL AND A WEAK ONE.

"To-night she will be here!" Ruth said, joyously.

"To-night!" echoed Mortimer, half jealous of the gay young creature fresh from her boarding school, who shared with him her beautiful half-sister's heart.

"You have never seen her," said Ruth.

"No—and I would rather not!" he answered, plaintively.

Ruth smiled. "You do not yet know how sweet and lovable our Mimi is!"

"But I know well that she cannot compare with my beautiful, stately Ruth!"

She flushed with pleasure while she said, smiling, "You do not believe what I have told you, then. Just wait, and see!"

He had not long to wait. Almost as Ruth was speaking the old stage came lumbering into sight, and soon had stopped before the door. Then there was a flutter, a rush, a little outburst of happy laughter—and Mimi was in her sister's arms.

Mortimer looked on, half jealous and half amused.

But after a moment Ruth unclasped Mimi's encircling arms and said: "Mimi, darling, I want to introduce you to my friend, Mortimer Lacey."

So for the first time Mortimer saw that lovely blossom face upturned to his. And he noticed with an artist's quickness the merry eyes, the small, straight nose, the smiling lips just parted over the small, white, gleaming teeth, the dimpling chin and the crowning waves of sunny hair above the low, white brow.

She was lovely to look at. A merry child, he thought, when the low ripple of her laughter broke upon his ear.

"But my poor, sweet little mamma!" she cried a moment later; "I must go to her!" And she darted from them, up the stairs to the room where the patient invalid lay waiting and watching for her darling's home coming.

Ruth turned to Mortimer with a bright, questioning smile.

"Yes, she is very charming," he admitted, half-grudgingly. "But she reminds me of a hummingbird."

"You do not know Mimi yet," said Ruth. "Where once she fixes her affection she never wavers. The child, for all her gaiety, is true as steel."

Mortimer and Ruth had been playmates in early childhood, and her first real grief had been his going away to school. At first he had come home again at vacation time, but by and by came college days and then long years of art study and travels abroad. And Mortimer had returned this spring time, on a sketching trip to the home of his boyhood, for the first time in many years.

There are places on our coast which change but little in the course of years, and Bay Point was one of these. But the people change. Mortimer's old home had long ago been broken up, and of all his childhood's associates he had found but one remaining. In some odd corner of his memory the name Ruth Pemberton had lingered. And the lovely, stately girl who had greeted him as a friend instead of the utter stranger he had at first felt himself to be, had seemed the fairest creature he had ever known.

She had seemed from the first his ideal realized, and he was jealous of her many household cares which prevented him from enjoying the sunshine of her presence every hour of the day. He was jealous, too, of the invalid stepmother and Ruth's devotion to her, and of the absent young half-sister.

Ruth's love for her early playmate grew and blossomed as naturally and as beautifully as the rose vines over the arbor where he had told her of his love.

It had seemed as if no mortal's happiness had ever been so complete as theirs. And Mortimer felt that any change must mar it in some way, so he had begged that for a time it should be a secret between themselves. Ruth had given way to his wishes.

After Mimi's homecoming it was natural that the girl should be much in the society of her sister's artist friend. It was natural that the invalid mother, not knowing of her stepdaughter's engagement to Mortimer Lacey, should begin to build up hopes and airy dreams for the future of her only child. It was natural, too, that Mortimer should soon feel and begin to show an indulgent affection for his love's young sister.

And Ruth, with her daily cares and household duties and few hours of leisure, saw nothing amiss.

Suddenly the invalid fell seriously ill. Well meaning but blundering Mimi had to be banished from the sickroom, where Ruth stayed night and day. It was seldom that Mortimer could see her for more than a moment at a time. He felt it was very hard upon him; but he tried to be magnanimous and to comfort poor distracted little Mimi—for his love's sweet sake.

At last the crisis was over, and the

Make it where the starshine dim
May be always close to him,
And the sunrise glory spread
Lavishly around his bed,
And the dewy grasses creep
Tenderly above his sleep.

Since these things to him were dear
Through full many a well-spent year,
It is surely meet their grace
Should be on his resting-place,
And the murmur of the sea
Be his dirge eternally.

Montgomery, in Youth's Companion.

invalid began to improve. One evening she had fallen into a quiet sleep. Ruth softly left the room and stole down stairs. She had heard Mortimer's voice with Mimi's in the garden, and she thought she would join them for a while.

But where had they gone? She still could hear the murmur of their voices and she followed the sound until it led her toward the rustic seat by the rose arbor—where Mortimer and she had sat that happy, happy night.

Ab, here they were!

She saw Mortimer bend forward and take Mimi's hand. What he was saying she did not hear, but his tones were as low and tender as they had been on that other night—when he had told her of his love.

What could it mean?

Slowly Mimi raised her drooping head, and there was no misunderstanding the love-light in the young girl's eyes.

Ruth crushed her hands against her heart. She waited no longer, she looked no more. Silently, swiftly she retraced her steps until she found herself again by the sleeper's side.

There was nothing unusual to Mimi that night in her sister's kiss. But in the morning she noticed that Ruth was pale and silent.

"My poor Ruthie!" said the girl. "You have worn yourself out nursing mamma! You ought to let me help in some way. Is there nothing, really, that I can do?"

Ruth looked at her with grave, sweet tenderness.

"I am tired, dear," she confessed; "I did not sleep last night. And, Mimi, if you will stay with mamma for a while this morning, I would be glad to get a walk in the fresh air."

She saw the cloud of disappointment that overshadowed the girl's face, though Mimi consented readily. And after a while, when every household call upon her had been attended to, Ruth went out. She knew well where to go.

There was a knoll in the field, not far away, where a clump of stunted pines stood boldly out against the blue background of sea and sky.

It was this place that she had chosen for his picture, and it was here that she found Mortimer at work.

He heard her approaching footsteps and glanced up over his shoulder with a smile. "Mimi, dear, you are late to-day!" he cried.

Then seeing it was Ruth he jumped up and advanced to meet her with a half-embarrassed air.

"Mimi and I have changed places this morning," Ruth said with a fleeting smile. "She is reading to mamma, while I—I came because—I wanted to speak to you."

She drew a quick breath as he took her hand and led her to her old seat among the rocks.

"You have had a hard, anxious time of it lately," Mortimer said to break the silence.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "and now when it is over many things seem—changed. Mortimer—I think there has been—a mistake—has there not? Indeed, I am sure of it! And so I have come to ask for—my release."

"Ruth!"

As she raised her eyes to his, his glance fell, and his bronze cheek flushed.

"If a mistake was made, it is surely better to have found it out—in time," she said. "You will—set me free?"

"Ruth, you mean—you do not love me?"

Her eyes drooped then and her color rose.

"Spare me all further confession," she said. "We are not suited to one another. I see that now. Let us forget this—dream, of which none but ourselves need know. But be generous, Mortimer; let me still call you—friend."

He took her hand and kissed it. "Always, Ruth!" he said, tenderly. "And of course, dear, it must be just as you think best."

Then, when she had left him, he put up his painting traps—for he could not work any more that day—and he sat there thinking—and half-unconsciously wondering the while, if Mimi would not yet come.

And though he honestly tried to regard himself as a man whose dearest hopes had just been blighted by a fickle woman's whim, he could not altogether succeed, for Mimi's sweet and flowerlike face, so full of love and admiration for him, rose ever before his eyes.

So it came to pass that before Mortimer turned his face toward in the autumn he had asked Mimi to be his wife. And then, as well as in the early springtime when they were married, Ruth seemed as glad of their happiness as even the invalid mother appeared to be.

And Mortimer, comparing Ruth with his adoring bride, secretly wondered however for a moment he could have fancied himself in love with so stately a woman. But he excused himself by thinking that at that time

he had not seen Mimi's lovelier flower-like face.

Then they went away and made their home in the distant city.

Two years passed. The fragile invalid upon whom for so long Ruth had bestowed a daughter's tender care and devotion, was dead, and Ruth was left alone.

Mimi had lovingly and urgently begged her to come and make her home with them, and Mortimer had urged it, too.

"I will come to you gladly," Ruth had said in reply, "but only for a short time, for I have made my arrangements to enter a hospital and become a nurse. You must not think me selfish if I have decided to live my life in my own way."

This announcement was a great grief to Mimi. But even in the face of that and Mortimer's strong remonstrance, Ruth stood firm.

"Don't grudge me this," she said, with a smile that reminded him strangely of other days. "It has been my desire and intention for a long, long time."

During the weeks that they were together Ruth entered heartily into all of Mimi's interests, and hopes and plans. And Mortimer, silently watching and comparing them, saw at last the difference in stature of their two souls.

And, strangely enough, he suddenly had come to see himself by another light. He had not fulfilled the promise of his youth. His great picture had not been painted, and he felt dissatisfied, though he knew that his young wife thought him and all his work perfection. But before Ruth's clear and unwavering eyes he quailed. He had not reached the high standard she had set for him, and which once had been his own.

They chanced to be alone together in his studio, and Ruth was standing before the weak, half-finished picture upon his easel.

"Oh, if you had not failed me, Ruth!" he groaned miserably. "With you—all heights had been possible!"

There was a silence, during which he would have given his right hand to have recalled those ill-considered words.

Then, as if she had not heard him, Ruth spoke.

"There is something wrong, Mortimer—you must begin anew. There is yet time. You see, I want to have the faith in you that Mimi has."

Then, leaving him, she rejoined Mimi in another room.

He felt humiliated. He left the house and walked aimlessly for hours. When he returned at dusk Ruth was gone.

"She left good-by for you, Mortimer, dear. But isn't it dreadful?" Mimi sobbed. "There's no knowing when we shall ever see her again! It is almost as if she were—dead! She must have received some message. At any rate, she has started for the hospital a whole week earlier than she expected to go. She could not even wait, dear, until you returned."

He passed his weeping wife in silence and entered his darkened studio and closed the door.

So Ruth had weighed him and found him utterly wanting—not worthy even of her farewell! He had tried to cast the blame upon her, and had said that she had failed him. But he knew that he had been false to her and that in some way she had divined it—even as he was false to poor Mimi now—and false to his better self. So he had wrecked his life! What lay before him but growing discontent, degeneration, failure?

He went to the window and stared out gloomily. On the ledge lay a book. It was one he had seen in Ruth's hands that day—and a bit of ribbon marked her place. He opened it, and as he turned it to catch the fading light his eyes fell upon these words, lightly marked:

"If she be smaller than thou art, bend a little and whisper in her ear."

This was Ruth's message to him, and he understood it as she had known he would. It showed him the only way that happiness might lie.

He closed the book, and after a little while he went out and comforted his wife.—Judith Spencer, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Bermuda the Onionless.

If you just go to Bermuda for the onions you had better stay at home, because all the onions are exported. But if you can make up your mind to do without onions, you will have a splendid time. In the first place, there are no railroads, and, oh, blessed thought! no trolleys on the islands. You can forget the hurry and the fret and rest tired nerves. You can bathe, you can sail on the wonderfully clear, still water within the rampart of coral; you can fish, and look through water glasses thirty feet down on the teeming life under sea. The Bermuda boats are rigged with something which is almost a balloon jib and a leg-o'-mutton, or jib-headed mainsail, and they are of very deep draught. But they work pretty handily, and will stand up and sail fast in rough water, so that you can take them out beyond the protected water without fear. At any rate, they add to the attractiveness of the islands to everybody who cares for sailing.—Travel Magazine.

Who Had the Bottles?

John Bright was once asked how it was that Pitt made one of his finest speeches after drinking two bottles of port. John Bright was, as usual, equal to the occasion. He pointed out that verbatim reporting was unknown in those days, and he suggested that the other members of the House, on whose opinion Pitt's reputation largely depended, had probably drunk three bottles.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

New York City.—The chemisette effect makes a most notable feature of the season and is shown in almost infinite variety. Here is a waist that shows one of the pointed sort and that is closed invisibly at the left of the front, a fact which in itself commends it to many women. It also is trimmed after an entirely novel fashion and is eminently graceful and attractive, there being trimming portions, the edges of which are ar-



ranged under the pleats and which are cut in tabs that in turn are arranged over the plisse frills and allow of effective use of the fashionable buttons. In this instance the material is taffeta, in one of the pretty new buff shades, and the trimming is velvet ribbon in a golden brown, while the chemisette is of lace over chiffon and the frills are made of plisse ribbon. All the materials that are suited to waists and to afternoon dresses are appropriate, however, the model serving both purposes equally well.

The waist is made with a fitted lining that is closed at the centre front, and consists of fronts and back with the trimming portions, the edges of which are arranged under the pleats. The back portion of the chemisette is faced onto the lining, but the front

Sheer Evening Skirts.

The skirts of sheer stuff are almost invariably very full and either shirred around the waistband or pleated in small plaits. Trains are the rule not only on the evening gowns, but on all ceremonious toilettes and the skirt is very long on sides and front.

Good to Look At.

A girl with magnificent red-brown hair looked delightful in a rough, dark, hairy serge with a copper-colored suede cap perched on her beautiful hair and two copper buckles at her waist and copper-colored shoes and stockings. These shoes, it may be remarked, are made in the most practical shades and kinds, and can be cleaned with preparations specially made for them, and the colored stockings are everywhere to be had of suitable warmth.

Child's Set; Hat, Scarf and Muff.

There are an exceptional number of pretty fur plushes this year, and they are being very generally utilized for the making of children's scarfs and muffs. Here is a very charming little set (that includes also a hat with band of the plush) that is as simple as it is attractive and that involves very little labor in the making. In the illustration the long haired polar bear plush is the sort used, but the brown bear, the white astrakhan and the ermine are especially to be commended, while there are also a variety of others. In this case the little hat is made with upper portion of white cloth and is trimmed with cord and loops of heavy silk; it can be made all of cloth or all of plush, however, if liked, and used separately without the scarf and muff.

The scarf is made in two pieces and requires simply to be wadded and lined, while the muff consists of two pieces for the outside and two for the lining, which require to be joined, while the soft, warm stuffing is arranged between.

The hat is made with the foundation band and crown and full portion,



is separate and joined to the waist, the closing being made invisibly at the left side beneath the pleat. The sleeves are full puffs, and when long ones are used the linings are faced to form the cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-fourth yards twenty-one, three and one-fourth yards twenty-seven, or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of all-over lace, three and one-fourth yards of plisse ribbon for frills, seven yards of banding, one yard of all-over lace when long sleeves are used.

Foreign Evening Wraps.

At foreign theatres and casinos the wrap is an important garment, especially as it is not always left in the cloak-room. Evening mantles are now made of the flimsiest material, lace and chiffon, emphasized by valuable furs, being the chief ingredients; but panne, Liberty satin and velvet are also used for this purpose. Now and then one may meet with a decorative affair of which fine, light-colored cloth is the background.

Braid Is Popular.

Wide bands of braid are used on both jacket and skirt.

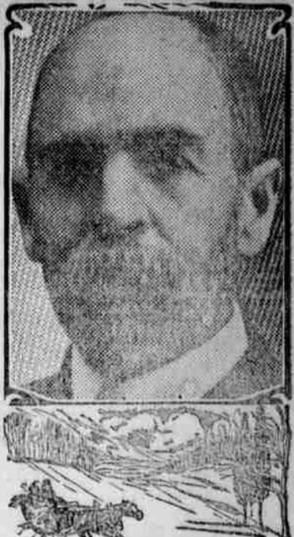
the full portion being faced with the plush and arranged over the foundation.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (four yards) is, for the hat one-half yard fifty-two inches wide, with one-half yard fifty-

two inches wide for the scarf and muff and the band for the hat, three-fourth yard of satin for lining for scarf and muff.



LIEUTENANT BOWMAN.



IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM.

Cold Affected Head and Throat—Attack Was Severe.

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows:

"Though somewhat averse to patent medicines, and still more averse to becoming a professional affidavit man, it seems only a plain duty in the present instance to add my experience to the columns already written concerning the curative powers of Peruna.

"I have been particularly benefited by its use for colds in the head and throat. I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack.

"Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends."

—Chas. W. Bowman.

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1907.

A RACE OF GIANTS

Americans of Future Will Be Stronger Physically and Mentally.

According to Dr. W. J. McGee of St. Louis the American of the future will be a taller man, stronger, more intellectual, more humanitarian and will live longer than the American of today. Dr. McGee read a paper entitled, "The American of Tomorrow," before the anthropological section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

"At the present time," said Dr. McGee, in support of his contention, "every babe born lives on an average of 39 years. Half a century ago the average life was 27 years, and 100 years back the span of life was 24 to 25 years, thus showing that the longevity is increasing."

In the opinion of Dr. McGee, John D. Rockefeller is typical of the American of tomorrow. He described Mr. Rockefeller as "the incarnation of concentrated effort," and declared that from an anthropological point of view he undoubtedly represented the coming American. He considered Mr. Rockefeller's great wealth as only incidental and said whatever line of business Mr. Rockefeller had chosen he would have taken first rank.

Women Who Will Gamble.

The most difficult gambling to keep in check both in Singapore and Penang is gambling among Straits-born women of all classes from the highest downward. Frequent complaints are received from husbands whose wives have lost heavily, and it is known that there are five lotteries operating more or less daily in Singapore which are almost exclusively supported by "nonnas." Education may possibly do something to stop this vice among the Straits-born ladies, but it must be confessed that its effect in that direction on their husbands and brothers is but small.—South China Post.

Substitute for Copper.

Aluminum for transmission of electricity is being used as a substitute for copper in some instances, particularly in California and northern New York, but its general substitution for copper is not anticipated by prominent copper mining people.

A Paris paper devoted to scientific subjects announces the discovery of a practical method of shielding watches and clocks from all magnetic influences. It is said to be the work of a watchmaker named Leroy.

COSTLY PRESSURE.

Heart and Nerves Fail on Coffee.

A resident of a great Western State puts the case regarding stimulants with a comprehensive brevity that is admirable. He says:

"I am 56 years old and have had considerable experience with stimulants. They are all alike—a mortgage on reserved energy at ruinous interest. As the whip stimulates but does not strengthen the horse, so do stimulants act upon the human system. Feeling this way, I gave up coffee and all other stimulants and began the use of Postum Food coffee some months ago. The beneficial results have been apparent from the first. The rheumatism that I used to suffer from has left me, I sleep sounder, my nerves are steadier and my brain clearer. And I bear testimony also to the food value of Postum—something that is lacking in coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason. Read "The Road to Wellville," the quaint little book in pigtails.