

In the old days, one childhood year—
A fevered summer long gone by,
When hot lands thirsted far and near
Beneath an unrelenting sky.
There came a day when sudden gloom
Unfurled across the brassy drouth
And deep and sudden rolled the boom
Of thunder in the thickening south:
And half in pain and half in fret,
And fearful of I knew not what,
I fell asleep with eyelids wet,
My unaccustomed we forgot.
And slept and slept, so lullered fast
Of sleep that not a dream drew near,
While loud the tempest feet went past
Till evening, . . . when I waked to hear
A robin singing in the rain,
A cow-bell tinging in the rain,
A slow song swinging on the roof
With music of a low refrain;
And felt the fresh wind fan my brow,
And knew that life somewhere, somehow
Had turned a blessed page; and laughed,
A happy little heart again.

To-day the dust and weariness
Of many a year encompass me,
Slow, cumbered of an old distress,
My life moves onward listlessly,
High prisoned in a city room,
I mark, across the heavy heat,
The gathering of an early gloom,
The long, low thunder of the street,
Fretful and worn and faint of heart,
I seem to shrink from nameless fears—
When lo, a memory—a start
Of sudden, unfamiliar tears!
A little space, with darkened eyes,
I sleep again and wake again,
And hear 'neath dripping twilight skies
A robin singing in the rain,
A cow-bell tinging in the rain,
A far song swinging on the roof
With lifting of a sweet refrain;
And breathe the storm's best aftermath,
Drenched roses in the garden path,
Cool, fluttering airs, . . . and know a peace
Past all the measure of my pain!
—Youth's Companion.

"SANCTUARY."

It is not so very long since Holyrood abbey precincts were deprived of their ancient privilege of sanctuary. In the twentieth century people yet live who have themselves sought refuge from creditors within the magic circle surrounding the grim old Scottish palace.

Also, people yet remember the fuss caused by the death of the childless Earl of Glen Luce. No less than five claimants contested the succession; public interest ran high.

More than one of the litigants was ruined. There was Sir John Rutherford, who claimed through the marriage of the first earl; Major Griffiths, who descended from the Lady Margaret's ill-advised match—both these were reduced to their last penny.

It was Sir John Rutherford whose chance seemed to be gaining as time passed on. An old Indian K. C. B., he was too well used to the buffings of fortune to talk much about the matter; but his daughter, Marcia, saw that he snapped her up less viciously when he overheard her discussing the Glen Luce claim with her brother. He had played the game pluckily. Could he last out to the end?

"It is either Glen Luce or Holyrood," his son Ned remarked, in a jocular tone. Marcia, whose sporting instinct was undeveloped, looked gravely at him, and then turned to his friend, Capt. Christopher Haig, who was spending a short leave in their home in Edinburgh.

"I wish," said she, "that the old earl had never died at all. We were quite happy before this terrible fuss burst over us!"

"Nonsense!" her brother cried. "You will be as proud as punch when the pater takes his place among the bigwigs, and you go sweeping to the top of a room in the wake of the Countess of Glen Luce!"

Capt. Haig, with a folly he himself condemned, lingered long in Edinburgh—singing his wings, until he was actually losing the power to fly away. He thought Marcia adorable. Had it not been for that hideous earldom business he would have proposed to her weeks ago.

He had pretty fair prospects—a decent little place of his own in Berwickshire, an ancient name, and a clean record to lay at his feet. Enough, perhaps, for Sir John Rutherford, but ridiculous to mention to the Earl of Glen Luce! Christopher Haig grew more and more downhearted as the legal horizon seemed gradually to clear.

Long before August came it seemed pretty certain who would have the right of shooting the Glen Luce moors.

"You will be back with us for the twelfth, old man?" Edward Rutherford said to his friend some time in June.

"I think not—no!" Haig answered gloomily.

"The fact is, Ned, I've stayed here too long!"

"Marcia?"

Haig shrank from the rough touch on the raw wound. "Say rather my own laziness," he said, lightly. "I've not had much of a home, as you know, Ned; and I've stayed in yours till it is a wrench to be off and away. Sure sign I've been here too long. I must go on Monday!"

Go he did. But when he saw in the papers the conclusion of the Glen Luce affair it startled him strangely. The "Morning Post" announced that the Earl and Countess of Glen Luce and Lady Marcia Rutherford had left Edinburgh for their house in Hill street. The "Times" had a leading article on the great case, in which it recalled the facts of many other "causes celebres." Society rang with the story.

Capt. Haig's congratulations went by the next post. And once more he said how sorry he was that he was prevented from running down to Scotland.

Edward was piqued. "I can't think what has happened to the fellow!" he said to his sister. "If he thinks the title and the few acres of country are going to change us all—rot, I call it!"

Marcia made no answer. But her brother had quick eyes.

"Marcia! You don't mean to tell me he has said anything to you?"

"No, no! What nonsense, Ned! Oh, Ned, he never will say anything—now!"

The cry came from her heart. And Edward, though young and inexperienced as to the ways of women, could not but recognize the pain in it.

"Tell me, dear—"

"There is nothing to tell. Nothing! There never will be anything, it seems. Ned, his name is in the 'Gazette' to-day. He has exchanged to the Rifles, and is off to the front!"

Yes, here it was in black and white. Haig had exchanged into a regiment

bound for the Indian frontier, where one of our "little wars" was then in full fury.

The affair was beyond Edward's wits to disentangle.

He ran down to Aldershot to see his old comrade, but by tacit consent neither man mentioned Marcia. Lady Glen Luce had written the kindest of farewells. Marcia, of course, made no sign. How could she?

And so Capt. Haig and Edward parted—the former to sail for India in a week or so, the latter to return to his new position.

It was all very delightful. The shooting parties were voted great successes—good sport, well chosen company, and the added interest over the Glen Luce folk, who were celebrities in their way. All Britain had been interested in the claims, all Britain had prepared to be gracious to the successful ones.

It was close on Christmas when the bolt fell from the blue. The London house had been refurbished; its new owners were planning for a season in town. The dear old Edinburgh home already seemed shrunken and shabby to the eyes that had opened on the magnificence of Glen Luce.

A vague rumor, too insignificant to cause serious concern, suddenly became fact. A Scotch marriage—one of those elusive apparitions that still fill over the legal horizon—had been provided. A raw lad from Australia arrived in London. He had been born and bred on a sheep run; he had the physique of a prizefighter and the education of a plowman. But he was the true and undoubted Earl of Glen Luce!

Sir John Rutherford, K. C. B., was only Sir John then, after all! There was no Countess, no Lady Marcia; and as for Edward—could he afford to keep his commission? Debts, whole battalions of them, seemed to the Rutherford the only abiding remains of the earldom of Glen Luce.

There was Sir John's pension; there were his savings, and the little investments he had made for his wife and Marcia. He totaled them up, and tried to balance them against the sum of those terrible debts. Time—would they only give him time!

He would seek lodging in Holyrood. Living there safe from fear of arrest, he would work, if work could be found and save up every farthing to pay off those debts. Edward would find some post or other and back him up in the battle. No shill-shally bankruptcy, and wriggling out of liabilities by paying so many shillings in the pound. The debts were just debts and should be justly paid—every single penny.

And so it came to pass that the Rutherford found themselves in rooms in the mean little streets that were the actual nineteenth-century rendering of the picturesque old right of sanctuary of the precincts of the Abbey of Holyrood. Edward sent in his papers and accepted a berth in a city counting house. Sir John had tried to retain a few private possessions for his wife and daughter, but they insisted on sharing his struggle and making sacrifice of all, even as he had done.

Marcia had determined to turn her talent for drawing to account. She had found a market for little water color sketches of the palace. They were on the counter of a shop in Princes street, and, priced at a modest sum, they sold steadily. And so she used the daylight hours in working away with her little tin box of colors in the empty old palace.

The oblique winter sunlight fell across the room where the lovely and luckless Queen of Scots had spent so many of her tragic days; the light was unusually brilliant, and brought to notice a dozen beauties Marcia had never before observed. She was working earnestly, eagerly; her lips parted with excitement, the color heightened on the sweet face.

Very fair indeed she appeared to a pair of eyes that had been watching her for some moments.

"Miss Rutherford!"

The tones were low and pleading. Christopher Haig stood before her, hat in hand, most carefully self-controlled, elaborately quiet and commonplace.

She looked up. She neither started nor exclaimed. It was almost as though she were expecting him. For some seconds their regards met thus—his eyes full of the passionate joy he had succeeded in keeping out of his voice; hers accepting, replying, rejoicing.

Just for a moment. And then the girl's lids drooped, her head fell forward, she swayed on her seat, and would have fallen had he not sprung to her help.

She had fainted. Such an idiotic thing to do, as she said afterward. Her head rested against his shoulder, and her hat tilted stiffly over her nose.

Haig held her while her paint-box clattered to the wooden floor and her little "dipper" of muddy water spilled itself over her gown. And then, with a little sobbing sigh, her senses returned and she sat up very straight indeed.

How it happened, they never exactly knew. While Haig's words came brokenly, passionately, the old caretaker of the palace came stamping through the rooms. Marcia straightened her hat, and Haig gathered up the little paint pans and brushes. Somehow his fingers, big as they were, were also shaking and indefinite.

"I thought you were in India!" was the first coherent remark Marcia made.

"So I was. But I heard from our colonel's wife—an Edinburgh woman she is—I heard from her about this earl from Australia; and—and—about your father being here at Holyrood."

"And you came?"
"Could I do less? Marcia, it is not much that I have. Do you think Sir John will listen to me? Do you think he will let me stand with Edward in seeing him through with his debtors' difficulty? Marcia, darling, will you help me to put it before him in a reasonable light? I am a little afraid of Sir John!"

"A reasonable light?"
"Sweetheart, it is very reasonable; but he may not see it! I want you for my own, my very own! And if he will give you to me it is only fair to give me also a son's rights. Don't you see?"

He had gathered together all her belongings, and they prepared to go.

"Blessed old place!" said Christopher Haig, glancing round on the old walls that had heard so many lovers' words in the days of long ago.

"We thought we should hate Holyrood," she responded tremulously. "But I love it!"—Modern Society.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Of a million girl babies born, 871,166 are alive at 12 months. Of the boys, 39,000 fewer live through the first year.

A modern incandescent light house lantern with a 3 1/2 inch mantle gives 2400 candle power and uses no more oil than the old six-inch wick burner which gave only 700 candle power.

General Lee was offered the position of commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. He refused the overtures of the government on the ground that he could not fight against his native state.

The first turbine passenger steamer, 1901, was the Edward VII, built by Denny & Brothers, England. The steam turbine is steadily growing in favor. The turbine engine creates less vibration than the older one, and gives greater speed.

During a dearth in Gilgal, there was made for the sons of the prophets a pottage of herbs, some of which were poisonous. When the sons of the prophets tasted the pottage, they cried out, "There is death in the pot." 2 Kings, iv., 40.

The oldest university in the world is at Peking, China. It is called "The School for the Sons of the Empire." Its antiquity is very great, and a grand register, consisting of stone columns, 320 in number, contains the names of more than 60,000 graduates.

Down to 1649 there was nothing to prevent one from appropriating another's literary productions. During that year there was an act by parliament forbidding the printing of any work without the owner's consent. The first copyright dates from the year 1709.

Professor Berg, in Buenos Aires, reports that he has discovered a spider which practices fishing at times. In shallow places it spins between stones a two-winged, conical net, on which it runs on the water and captures small fish, tadpoles, etc. That it understands its work well is shown by the numerous shriveled skins of little creatures that lie about in the web net.

In Plain Language.

While visiting the South recently a traveler chanced upon a resident of a sleepy hamlet in Alabama.

"Are you a native of this town?" asked the traveler.

"Am I a what?" languidly asked the one addressed.

"Are you a native of the town?"

"What's that?"

"I asked you whether you were a native of the place?"

At this juncture there appeared at the open door of the cabin the man's wife, tall, sallow and gaunt. After a careful survey of the questioner, she said:

"Ain't you got on sense, Bill? He means you yo' livin' heah when you was born, or was yo' born before yo' begun livin' heah. Now answer him."—Success.

Fishes' Moving Day.

Sir Charles Welby of Denton Manor has had one of the large ponds on his estate, known as the Church Pond, at Denton emptied and all the coarse fish removed therefrom and placed in the Nottingham and Grantham Canal.

The sight was a remarkable one, and a large number of spectators watched the proceedings. All kinds of vessels were used for the removal of the fish, and six big loads were transferred from one water to the other. It is computed that 10,000 fish were removed to their new home.—London Globe.

SAND SEAS.

Their Destructive Advances and Means of Checking Them.

One of the most difficult of the problems which confront modern engineers are the menacing oceans of sand which in different parts of the world are converting fields into deserts. What terrific ravages can be caused by a vast sea of sand is perhaps best seen in Africa, but in England to a small extent and in the United States to a serious degree may be found demonstrations of the sand plague which are, to say the least, disquieting.

A grain of sand, torn away from the granite rocks countless years ago by the great glacial drift, seems such an infinitesimal object that proverbially it is the least visible thing in the world; yet when it is united with innumerable other grains, and the whole propelled by the winds, it becomes almost impossible to stop the progress of the shifting mass. It pours down over a country, slowly, relentlessly, laying waste everything. Buildings are undermined, roads are obliterated, and its gruesome work, once begun, never ceases.

Egypt was not always the sandy waste the modern tourist finds it. Yet if the visitor to the Nile country makes a journey to the Sphinx he will find that remarkable piece of sculpture has been partly obscured by the sand waves which now cover upper Egypt.

The Sahara, the greatest desert in the world, was, according to the best scientific opinion once an immense inland sea. In the time of that sea the climate in upper Africa, indeed, the whole surface of the northern part of the continent, was very different to what it now is. At present the Sahara makes the climate for the Mediterranean and Central Europe, and while this is agreeable enough, the gradual expansion of the great ocean of sand, which is by degrees lapping the valleys of Algeria, threatens to lay waste finally to the coast. The Atlas Mountains alone appear to have held the monster in check.

Various propositions have been made concerning the African desert, and one of them, a scheme of inundation, is almost too chimerical, if in effect it would not be mischievous, to deserve serious attention. To stem the tide of sand in this vast ocean by ordinary means is impossible, and probably nature will be left to repair her damage in her own way.

It is the struggling vegetation on the edge of the desert which is responsible for the tardy strides of the sand. And it is from so casual a hint that successful experiments have been made with brush and grass on the North Carolina coast, where the sand enemy has grown to be as terrible as a nightmare, only far more potent of destruction.

While parts of the English coast are being washed away and eaten up by the sea, other parts are being added to with rapidity. Although the inroads of sand may be nature's way of making compensation for what she has elsewhere deprived the country, the inhabitants of Southport, for instance, do not view the situation with any satisfaction.

Within the last few years some millions of tons of sand have accumulated on the shores at Southport. The wind is mainly responsible for the overwhelming character of the sand. At a recent meeting of the Southport Chamber of Commerce it was stated that unless a new channel was cut almost immediately the town would in a very few years be four miles from deep water. So far as the filling up of the channel is concerned, the blame must be put upon the sea. However, it will cost \$100,000 to dredge this new channel, and the necessity for the work is apparent. The pier at Southport is nearly a mile in length, but with deep water receding at the present rate, the pier will soon become useless.

But this is a matter of commerce. With the overwhelming of the esplanade, or sea-walk, at the same place, which has been accomplished by the sand and wind in a very thorough manner, an equally serious problem is encountered. This cannot be got rid of by such simple means as dredging a channel. The sand must be removed, and a very pretty problem it presents. In some places the magnificent railed esplanade lies under five or six feet of sand. Not only has the wayward sand covered the walk, but has accumulated in dunes between the esplanade and the sea, effectively shutting out the view.

Some imaginative geographers have affected to believe it a girdle of deserts around the world. By means of a specially drawn map this phenomenon is apparent. Following a curved line it is seen that the great deserts of Asia, Africa, and the lesser sandy wastes of North America seem to bear geographical relations to one another. Like Levator's great circle of fire around the Pacific Ocean, the semicircle of deserts at first sight is very convincing, but that it is more than a remarkable coincidence remains to be established.

While these desert lands are not so great in area as the Sahara, they are of sufficient size and importance to make their reclamation desirable. With this end in view, the Federal Government is spending millions in inaugurating one of the most extensive irrigation systems ever proposed. That part of the Arizona desert upon which the experiment has been tried has given most encouraging results. Contemplating the immense fields now under cultivation in some of the desert valleys, the visitor finds it difficult to believe that once this was a region of waste sands, superheated air, and practically rainless.

Difficulties with the sandy wastes are encountered by the railway companies whose lines run through or skirt the Western deserts. To the engineers of these roads the sand seas present a problem very different from that which they show to the Agricultural Department. The railroads cannot, of course, hope to cope successfully with the inroads the sands make each year by means of irrigating canals.

The winds keep the sand seas in constant motion. In the course of a year this motion is very perceptible. The yearly movement averages about eighteen feet. Frequently the roads roads have to be dug out of the sandy accumulation, otherwise in the course of a year the railroad would be seriously obstructed.

Some experiments made by Collier Cobb, professor of geology in the University of North Carolina, show what can be done to prevent damage by sand and wind. Prof. Cobb selected for his experiments some of the sand reefs on the North Carolina coast, and the result of his investigations was hopeful. The investigations, however, were only experiments, naturally on a diminutive scale, but sufficiently illuminating to lead to a belief that with governmental aid much of the wastes on the North Carolina coast could be made to flower with the prodigality of the semi-tropics.

During the winter the strong north winds pile the sands up into great dunes, which are moving steadily southward. "These," says Prof. Cobb, "are best developed along the Currituck Banks, from Virginia, as far South as the Kill Devil Hills. These wind ripples started in sands exposed by the removal of a strip of forest next the shore have grown in size to great sand waves, which are advancing on forests, fields, and homes. As the sand wave has advanced it has taken up several feet of the loose soil over which it has passed, undermining houses, laying bare the roots of trees, and exposing the bones of the dead in the cemeteries."

He relates that at Nag's Head, a large hotel, constituting a solid obstruction, held out for a while, but in a short time the sand wave built up a short distance in the rear until the level of the hotel roof was reached. Then the wave advanced and the building was engulfed. In this region the land gained on the sound 350 feet in ten years. A fishing village on the northern end of Hatteras Island was buried in the same way, and what, at the time of the Civil War, was "The Great Woods" is covered by sand and not a stick shows where the island forest was.

"The checking of these moving dunes," according to Prof. Cobb, "presents a problem of increasing importance, not only to the inhabitants of these sand keys, but to the navigators of the inland waterways as well, and it is of interest to know that its solution is at hand, and that the encroachment of the sand upon the land and upon the sounds may be effectually stopped."

Owing to the fortunate chance that the north winds which pile up the sand here blow only in the winter, and that the spring rains are usually of light intensity, especially on Hatteras Island, the solution of the problem is rendered comparatively easy. In 1886 Prof. Cobb began his experiment. He found it a simple matter to plant grasses and shrubbery in the late winter and early spring and have them gain a firm footing before the strong winds came.

He planted the seed of the jolobly pine on the back of a dune and covered the area with brush cut from a nearby road in process of making. The brush served not only to break the wind, but to conserve the moisture in the sands. Today, he says, from that modest beginning twenty-one years ago, there is a forest of several acres. The European plan of building a barrier dune by means of wind breaks, he says, has been tried along the coast, but always without success.

It having been proved that the sand seas may be conquered, it may be regarded as certain that in time human ingenuity will reclaim every large arid waste in the world. In another generation, perhaps, there will not be a desert within the boundaries of the United States. When once the way to solve the problem has been shown, enterprise will probably attempt to conquer the Sahara and perchance even the great Gobi.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Beehives in Mourning.

A striking illustration of the superstitious beliefs of Cornish country folk may be seen in one of the villages of the Duchy. A death recently occurred in the family of a bee-keeper, who thereupon—believing that if he failed to do so the whole of his bees would also die—draped each of his five hives with a piece of black crepe.—London Standard.

The population of the globe is 1,400,000,000, of whom 25,214,000 die every year. The births amount to 36,792,000 every year, or more than one a second.



Painting for Profit

No one will question the superior appearance of well-painted property. The question that the property-owner asks is: "Is the appearance worth the cost?"

Poor paint is for temporary appearance only.

Paint made from Pure Linseed Oil and Pure White Lead is for lasting appearance and for protection. It saves repairs and replacements costing many times the paint investment.

The Dutch Boy trade mark is found only on kegs containing Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.



SEND FOR BOOK

"A Talk on Paint," gives valuable information on the paint subject. Sent free upon request.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
In whichever of the following big cities is nearest you:
New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Paul, Toledo, Wash. D. C., Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)

How the Strawberry Was Named.

Many persons have wondered how strawberries got their name. They have been so called by Anglo-Saxon people for hundreds of years, but no corresponding name for them appears in other languages. On the contrary, their fragrance mainly is set forth in the names by which they are called in non-English speaking lands. The old Anglo-Saxon form was "strew-berige." It seems probable that the "straw" is the long stem of the vine, which runs along the ground. Some have thought, however, that in ancient times the Anglo-Saxon berry hunters brought the berries home or sent them to market upon straws. The explanation that the word is a corruption of "strawberry," due to the running habit of strawberry vines, is believed to be erroneous. 33

Queens Taller Than Kings.

It is a curious fact that at this time nearly all the sovereigns of Europe are shorter than their consorts. For example, King Edward is an inch shorter than Queen Alexandra. Czar Nicholas II. looks quite small by the side of the Czarina; the Kaiser is just a trifle shorter than the German Empress, and, for that reason always insists that she shall sit down when they are photographed together; the King of Italy hardly reaches to the shoulder of Queen Helena; Queen Amelia of Portugal is a shade taller than Don Carlos, and Alfonso of Spain is half a head shorter than Queen Victoria Eugenie. In fact, the King of Norway and the Prince of Montenegro are the only two rulers who are very much taller than their wives.

Tragedies of Balloons.

The disappearance on May 28 of the British war balloon Thresher, in which Lieut. Martin-Leake and Caulfield ascended before Prince Fushimi, recalls that of a Japanese officer who, while before Port Arthur, volunteered to attempt a balloon reconnaissance of the Russian lines. He made the ascension, but misjudged the air currents, and, instead of going over Port Arthur, drifted out to sea. He might have been saved even then, but as the night came on a storm broke and the officer vanished. He was connected with the Imperial family of Japan.

High-Priced Meat

may be a

Blessing

If it gives one the chance to know the tremendous value of a complete change to diet.

Try this for breakfast:

A Little Fruit,
A Dish of Grape-Nuts and Cream
A Soft-Boiled Egg,
Some Nice, Crisp Toast,
Cup of Well-made
Postum Food Coffee.

That's all, and you feel comfortable and well-fed until lunch.

THEN REPEAT,

And at night have a liberal meat and vegetable dinner, with a Grape-Nuts pudding for dessert.

Such a diet will make a change in your health and strength worth trial.

"There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in page