

At the set of the sun,
When our work is done,
With all its tangled web,
When the clouds drift low,
And the stream runs slow,
And life is at its ebb,
As we near the goal,
When the golden hour
Shall be broken at its foot:
With what sweetest thought
Shall the hour be fraught,
What precious most shall we count?

Not the flame of the sword,
Nor the wealth we have stored
In perishable things of earth—
Not the way we have trod
With the intellect broad,
Though that were of precious worth,

Nor the gain we achieved,
Through the hearts we have grieved,
And left unhelped by the way,
Nor the laurel of fame,
When, for worldly acclaim,
We toiled in the heat and the fray,
Ah, no! 'tis not these
Will give our hearts ease,
When life sinks low in the west;
But the passing sweet thought
Of the good we have wrought,
The saddened lives we have blest.

And the love we have won,
And the love beckoning on
From His islands far and dim;
Love out of the light,
Shining into the night,
The night which leadeth to Him.
—From Boston Transcript.

LISETTE'S MISTAKE.

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Of course I shall not marry him!" said Lisette Norman, haughtily.

Lisette was just the kind of girl upon whom a little hauteur sits with not unbecoming grace; tall, well-developed and featured like a Greek statue.

Ernestine Grey, blue-eyed and soft-voiced, was as unlike her as possible, as she sat there, her delicate cheeks flushed and her restless fingers working nervously at the fringe of her scarlet shawl.

"But why not, Lisette?" she asked, timidly. "He is noble, refined, well-educated—all that a man should be in this exacting age of the world."

"In short," laughed Lisette, mockingly, "he is a perfect gentleman. Why don't you say so, Ernestine, and done with it. I do believe you're in love with Henry March yourself."

Ernestine's face grew as scarlet as her shawl.

"I respect and admire him, Lisette," she said; "a woman may do that with reference to any man."

"So do I respect and admire him," laughed Lisette, mockingly.

"Then why do you refuse him?"

"Ernestine," said Lisette, proudly, "do you think I would marry a carpenter? Are you mad enough to imagine for a single instant that I would become the wife of a common mechanic? No, indeed! When I marry it will be to elevate myself in the social scale, not to sink among the plebeian herd."

"Lisette," pleaded Ernestine, "I think you are wrong. It is the man you marry, not his social position or rank."

"They can hardly be dissociated."

"But, Lisette," went on Ernestine, "I have not given credence to the report up to this time, but people say you are receiving the addresses of Mr. St. Armand."

"Well, and supposing that I am—what then?"

"Oh, Lisette, he is a bold, bad man."

"Nonsense, child; he's no worse than other people," said Lisette sharply.

"He drinks, and he gambles. I know it for I have brothers."

"Every one takes a social glass nowadays, and as for gambling, why, I've done of the stiff, starched New England prejudices against an occasional game of cards. He is a younger son of the St. Armands of Worcester-shire, and if his elder brother, Leon St. Armand, should die, Hubert succeeds to the property, and"—she added with a conscious smile, and a slight deepening of the carmine color on her cheek—"I shall be Lady St. Armand, of Armand's Hope."

"Lisette, has it gone so far as that?"

"A what, you tiresome little lecturer?"

"Are you really engaged to that sinister-faced man?"

"I really am," answered Lisette, demurely.

"Then it is of no use for me to argue further with you."

"Of no use in the world. My mind is fully made up on the subject, and no amount of arguing will move me. I have some ambition in the world."

Ernestine Grey went home, sad and thoughtful. True, she had seen but little of Hubert St. Armand, but in that little time she disliked him with almost instinctive antipathy, and the idea of her lovely, willful friend casting her lot with his dark fate was repulsive to her in the highest degree.

She was sitting alone at her sewing when Harry March was announced—the young carpenter whom Lisette Norman regarded with such inveterate scorn.

He was tall and handsome, with a face whose frank, pleasant expression seemed in itself a letter of introduction to the world around him.

Ernestine's welcoming smile and blush were an earnest of her pleasure in seeing him. He sat down beside her work table, and began to play carelessly with the scissors.

"I suppose you have been to see your friend, Miss Norman, today?" he said.

"Yes."

"I saw Yandi and Hashrd s sh etasetta. You have heard, of course, then, what a fool I've made of myself!" he said, with slightly contracting brows.

"I have heard that she refused your offer of marriage, Harry," she answered, with gentle remonstrance in her tone.

"I was a fool, Ernestine," he said, gravely. "I can see it now, myself, as I look back over the course of events. Lisette is lovely and fascinating, but she would have made no fitting wife for me. I think I must have been under a spell for the last few weeks, and the glamor has at last passed away. It was a severe lesson, but I am thankful for it, nevertheless, and I shall profit by it, Ernestine, if you will allow me."

"If I will allow you, Harry?"

"It is all in your power, Ernestine.

Will you accept a second-hand lover? Lisette has rejected me—will you do the same?"

"But, Harry," began Ernestine, pale and breathless, "do you really love me?"

"I was fascinated with Lisette Norman, but I love you, Ernestine. Can you return the feeling even in the slightest degree?"

And then Ernestine Grey burst into tears, and confessed to Harry March how long and how entirely her heart had been his own.

So they were married very quietly, and the cozy little cottage which Harry himself had built, received for its mistress a blue-eyed girl, shrinking and shy as Lisette was self-confident and haughty.

Miss Norman arched her pretty eyebrows when she heard of this marriage between her former lover and her friend.

"I dare say they'll be happy, however," she said, "Ernestine Grey hasn't a particle of ambition about her, but I should not think even she would have stooped to marry a common carpenter."

"Must be deuced low!" said Mr. St. Armand, who was smoking a cigarette, with his heels on Lisette's work table.

"It won't do for us to visit 'em, when we're married, Lisette."

"Oh, no, of course not!" said Lisette poutingly. "But now, Herbert, tell me more about Armand Chase, and its delicious old towers and splendid turrets, and the lonely ghost in the unused wing of the house. It's exactly like a story."

"Well may it be," inwardly reflected Mr. Herbert St. Elmo St. Armand, "considering how much of the element of fiction it contains."

But he was particularly careful to keep this sentiment to himself, and went on with a flowery description of some old chateau he had read of in some novel, greatly to Lisette's delight.

The courtship progressed most favorably, and one day, about three months subsequently Mr. St. Armand came in, looking flushed and excited.

"News, Lisette!" he cried, "great news!"

"What?"

"My brother Leon has kicked the bucket—I mean, he has departed this life, and I must start for England at once."

"At once?"

"Yes; but don't look so grieved, my pet! We must be married immediately, or the gov—I would say, Sir Grey—will be sure to have some high-flying match or other picked out for me on the other side of the Atlantic."

Lisette's face brightened. Here were disinterested love and devoted affection.

"And can I go with you?"

"Of course—that's the main idea! Do you suppose I would go back to the ancestral halls of the St. Armands without my wife?"

"Dearest Herbert! I might have known the generous impulses of your heart!" cried Lisette, smiling and blushing, as she thought how soon she should probably become Lady St. Armand. What would Ernestine March, the carpenter's wife say! What would be the curious verdict of all her little world! And Lisette's heart leaped triumphantly within her at the mere idea.

"Yes," said Mr. St. Armand, "but the fact is—you see, Lisette, I've had no remittances of late, and in his distress and confusion at Leon's death, Sir Grey has forgotten to send me his usual drafts on the banker. It's very embarrassing, but—"

"Oh, Hubert!" cried Lisette, generous by nature, like all women, "don't let that annoy you for a single moment. I have money of my own that Aunt Patience lent me—a thousand dollars. It is all at your disposal. You can easily pay it at any time after we are married."

So Mr. St. Armand pocketed Lisette Norman's thousand dollars, and a brilliant wedding followed, to which, by special favor, Mr. and Mrs. Harry March were honored with cards.

The St. Armands took passage for Europe in the next steamer, and Ernestine said softly to her husband:

"Well, I suppose we shall never see Lisette again. But, Harry, it may all be an unfounded prejudice, but I would rather have seen Lisette dead than know she was married to that man."

"You see, my love," said Mr. March, "you are not ambitious."

Mrs. March was mistaken however, in her supposition that she had seen the last of the future Lady St. Armand.

It was a dull, rainy night in early April, some two years subsequent to these events, when a low knock came to the door. Ernestine, who was sitting beside the cradle of her sleeping babe, ran to open the door, imagining that it was her husband.

But it was not the young mechanic who was now on the high road to wealth. It was a bent, bowed figure in a shabby jacket and worn silk dress. "Ernestine, will you let me in?" "Lisette!"

"Yes, it is I. I am homeless now, Ernestine!"

She spoke with a bitter laugh, more sad by far than the wildest burst of tears would have been.

Ernestine March led her in, exchanged her wet draperies for dry, comfortable garments, administered food and drink, and established her in the easy chair before the cheerful fire, ere she asked any more questions, and then Lisette told her melancholy story.

She had been the victim of imposture all through, falling into the glittering trap that was laid by a villain's specious representations. The heir of the St. Armands had proved to be a bankrupt liquor-seller from one of the small seaport towns, and after squandering poor Lisette's money he had heartlessly abandoned her to her fate, and she had continued to work her way back at last, wearied, poverty-stricken, and worse than widowed.

"If you will only let me stay with you a little while, Ernestine," she said, piteously, "I could help you to sew and take care of the baby, and—and I must starve else."

"Dear Lisette," said Ernestine, whose eyes were sparkling with sympathetic tears, "you are welcome to a home with us."

So said Harry March also, when he returned to his fireside and found his old love wan, faded, and weary, sitting at his wife's hearthstone. The warmest welcome the kindest consideration proved to poor Lisette that she had still friends left in the world, and it was not until she was wrapped in slumber in the pretty little "spare chamber" of the cottage that Harry said to his wife, with a curious arch of his brows:

"I wonder what Lisette thinks now about the grand mistake you committed, Ernestine, in marrying a carpenter!"—New York Weekly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

An express engine consumes on an average ten gallons of water per mile.

It costs the New York City Rapid Transit Company \$101,400 a day to operate its lines.

A Missouri woman of means found her affinity in the poorhouse and married him in 17 minutes.

Connecticut leads the list of states in the number of patents granted during 1907, when 920 were issued to Nutmeg inventors.

The past season's seal catch was the smallest that there is any record of. It amounted to less than six thousand—about half that of the previous year.

Jackson Russell of Waldoboro, Me., cut an oak tree in his pasture which was 110 years old, measured three feet across the stump and made three cords of wood.

Twenty-five New York policemen have volunteered to take a course in foreign languages, so as to be able to converse with New York's cosmopolitan population.

Recent experiments on shallow-draft stern-wheel motor boats have indicated that the stern wheel is a much more efficient propeller in shallow water than the screw propeller.

What is said to be the largest projectile ever manufactured was made at the Krupp works for the czar's government. It weighed 2600 pounds. It was made for a gun which is placed in the fortifications at Kronstadt.

Fishes have no eyelids and necessarily sleep with their eyes open; they swallow their food whole, having no dental machinery. Frogs, toads and serpents never take food except that which they are certain is alive.

A curious barometer used in Germany and Switzerland consists of a jar of water with a frog and a little step-ladder in it. When the frog comes out of the water and sits on the steps it is said infallibly to foretell rain.

A novel spectacle of a convicted counterfeit filler filling a Christian pulpit is to be offered today at the First Congregational church of Wheaton, Ill. He is Rev. James R. Kaye, the pastor. He and his congregation contend that morally he is innocent.

Mrs. Ellen Toothaker of South Harpwell, Me., has as a keepsake an apple that was thrown at her in a kindly manner by a young man while she was returning from church one Sunday afternoon fifty years since. She picked up the apple, took it home and filled it with cloves and today it is very small, but well preserved.

Composition of Joss-Sticks. The composition of the candles called joss-sticks, which are used in all the religious ceremonies of Buddhism, has long remained a mystery, the preparation of the sticks being entrusted to certain persons chosen from a limited class. Messrs. Decker and Hurrier have recently learned the manner of making joss-sticks in Indo-China. A stem of bamboo is rolled in a preparation containing 14 different odoriferous drugs, two of which are significant, as showing a knowledge of chemical and physical properties. These are aconite, which serves to protect the sticks against the attacks of rats and mice, and camphor, which causes them to burn steadily without being periodically extinguished.

A Surprising Reserve of Trained Citizen Soldiery

By Day Allen Willey.

IT was a wise provision to include military tactics in the curriculum of the agricultural and mechanical colleges which the nation has endowed for the higher education of the boy and girl of the farm, for of the total number of cadet soldiers graduated in the country yearly, these institutions contribute nearly one-half. From the fifty colleges come about forty-five hundred; of thirty-five thousand students fifteen thousand are enrolled in the cadet corps. The fact that these colleges represent thirty-two states and territories indicate the national scope of this influence. The public high schools of principal cities have also introduced military tactics to such an extent that nine thousand boys are cadet soldiers—the most notable command being the High School Cadet Brigade of Boston, which represents several public academies in the city and suburbs and has an average membership of two thousand. But of strictly military schools there are one hundred and seventy-five throughout the land. Nearly every state has at least one, New York has thirty-two, New Jersey nine, Pennsylvania eleven, North Carolina seven, Texas nine, Wisconsin four, California nine and Illinois five. These states are quoted merely to show how widely distributed are the centers of soldier making. And the means are within reach of any reputable school that can muster a corps of one hundred and fifty or two hundred boys. Under these conditions the Federal Government will furnish field pieces and caissons for the battery and arm the corps with saber and rifle. It is only necessary for the school authorities to give bond to return the equipment in good condition. Thus with weapons of actual warfare the routine of the regular army may be faithfully followed. Ten thousand young men coming from these institutions every year mean an addition of a hundred thousand men in a decade to the class of American citizens available for the country's protection.—From "Training Our Minute Men of the Future," in the Outing Magazine.

Forest Slaughter

By Samuel E. Moffett.

THE future historian the report of the Forest Service on the lumber cut of the United States for 1906 will be a document of melancholy interest. It will be like a contemporary description of the slaughter of the last great herd of buffalo in 1875. In 1906 we slashed from our disappearing forests about forty billion feet of lumber, worth seven hundred million dollars. It was more than we had ever cut before. It seemed as if we could not bear the sight of a standing tree, and had been seized with a frenzied eagerness to turn the last remnants of our woodlands into barren wastes of stumps in the shortest possible time.

In some kinds of lumber the hand of destruction is already stayed by the lack of anything more to destroy. In the seven years between 1899 and 1906 the cut of white pine has been reduced by over forty percent, and oak by nearly as much. The average value of lumber of all kinds has increased in the same period by forty-nine percent, an eloquent commentary on the progress of exhaustion. The stumpage values of the principal varieties of trees have doubled and tripled in seven years. Yellow pine has increased from \$1.12 to \$3.16 per thousand feet, oak from \$3.18 to \$6.52, ash from \$3.03 to \$7.58, and white pine from \$3.66 to \$8.09. The line of devastation has swept across the continent, until now the older lumber-producing regions are eclipsed. Washington has now become the first state in the volume of its cut and Louisiana the second. Wisconsin has gone down from first place in 1905 to third in 1906 and is still declining. The rapid exhaustion of the finer woods is bringing poorer varieties to the front, but it is only a matter of a few years before a tree of any kind will command the respect due to rarity.—Collier's Weekly.

The Rhodes Scholar's Future

By Sherman Peer.

OF the uses of a Rhodes scholarship, three may be mentioned as of practical value and as peculiar to Oxford. First is the pursuit of studies and research preparatory to teaching history, the classics or English literature; secondly, following a line of study preparatory to journalism; and, lastly, the taking up of studies in view of entering our foreign consular or diplomatic service. In this list, history might well be given the leading place, inasmuch as the history schools of Oxford are celebrated for thoroughness, for the scholarship of the instructing staff and for the excellent methods of teaching. Supplemental to this is the historic setting in and about Oxford, and the proximity of the continent, so rich in historical libraries, great living historians and cities and battle-fields famous in the annals of the past. In the classics, Oxford has long stood first by reason of the marked ability of the instructing staff, the class of undergraduates interested in Latin and Greek texts and the original methods of instruction adopted in this field of study. She is without doubt the stronghold of the classics, surpassing Cambridge in this respect, though both universities possess, as somebody has remarked, the "classic atmosphere." The third place in this list is assigned to English literature. One might expect it to lead, but though in process of development, this line of study has not yet attained the reputation of the schools of history or the classics. Curiously enough, the Rhodes scholars are now bringing this school to the front.—Putnam's Monthly.

"Dangerous" Speeding

By Henry B. Anderson.

ALMOST all efforts by regulation to reduce the danger inherent in automobiles have had in view the identification of the car and the chauffeur and the imposition of a limitation upon speed.

As a rule, three classifications enter into the limitation of speed: ten miles an hour being the general rule for congested city districts, fifteen miles for ordinary settled localities, and twenty miles for the open country. Such limitations are very crude, for in each class the speed is habitually exceeded by skilful and careful drivers without accident or even danger; and, on the other hand, in each class, careless drivers may keep strictly within them, and yet continually expose other users of the road to risk of injury. This defect in the speed-limit regulations is recognized in automobile laws, which usually declare that the mere observance of the limits of speed does not free the driver from liability in case of accident, if actual carelessness is proved. In other words, the principle is established that at all times the driver must adapt his speed to the conditions on the road, and that these may, and do frequently, require a substantial modification of the speed gradations as fixed by law. This latter matter of dangerous driving as apart from exceeding the arbitrarily fixed speed-limit is habitually disregarded in all attempts to enforce the law.—The Century.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Will Hold 70,000 Spectators.

London has completed the steel structure of its great stadium where the Olympic games are to be held this year. It is designed to accommodate 70,000 spectators.

An English minister says that Londoners are developing into a race of dwarfs, owing to smoking and riding in tramways.

What Causes Headache.

From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. Laxative Bromo Quinine removes cause. E. W. Groves on box.

Making Perfumes.

Perfume manufacturing of Italy every year consumes 1,860 tons of orange blossoms, 930 tons of roses, 150 tons each of jasmine and violets and 15 tons of jonquils.

How Her Life Was Saved When Bitten by a Large Snake.

How few people there are who are not afraid of snakes. Not long ago a harmless little garter snake fell on the wheel of an automobile which was being driven by a woman. The woman promptly fainted and the car, left to its own resources, ran into a stone wall and caused a serious accident.

The bite of a poisonous snake needs prompt attention. Mrs. K. M. Fisher, Route No. 1, Box 40, Dillsburg, Pa., tells how she saved her life when bitten by a large snake.

"One August 29, 1906, I was bitten on the hand twice by a large copperhead snake. Being a distance from any medical aid, as a last resort I used Sloan's Liniment, and to my astonishment found it killed all pain and was the means of saving my life. I am the mother of four children and am never without your Liniment."

Rolling Stones.

The "rolling stones" of Australia, placed on a fairly smooth surface will soon roll together in a group. They contain a magnetic ore.

DOCTOR PRESCRIBED CUTICURA.

After Other Treatment Failed—Raw Eczema on Baby's Face Had Lasted Three Months.

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like beefsteak for three months, and he would cry out when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a third of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and no eczema has reappeared. Mrs. M. L. Harris, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, 1907."

New Use for Potatoes.

A substance made of replacing wood for pencils is cheap and is more easily sharpened than a pencil of wood.

Many Professional Men,

clergymen, teachers and singers use Brown's Bronchial Troches for curing hoarseness and coughs.

Insects, as a general rule, have little or no sense of sound. The ant is the insect with the best developed hearing organs.

To insure the direct and quick cleansing of the system take Garfield Tea, the Mild Herb Laxative. It purifies the blood, eradicates disease and brings Good.

The atmosphere of Natal is so clear that it is sometimes possible to see thirty miles.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Football in Venezuela. The game of football is gaining a steady foothold in Venezuela, and bids fair to become a popular form of outdoor amusement.

The scout cruiser Birmingham during her speed test made an average of 24.32 knots an hour. Her contract called for 24 knots.

\$5.00 POCKET KNIFE TOOL KIT for \$2.50

Absolutely the latest. Genuine leather pocket book, containing Knife, Hammer, File, Saw, Chisel, Screw Driver, made of best material. Any tool can be attached to knife or detached in second. This outfit so practical, yet so small, carries in your pocket and have at hand, whether camping, boating, touring, driving, in shop, factory, store on farm, bicycle or around home. Send \$2.50 money order and will mail postpaid. Send \$1 and will collect \$1.50 when you receive package. Your friends will wonder. PARIS SPECIALTY CO., 407 Broadway.