

THE UNCLOSED DOOR.

As she went through the House of Life she closed
All doors behind her—all save only one,
And this she could not, even though she strove;
One door that was her anguish and her shame—
One door that opened to the wind and sun
From that still room where once she dwelt with Love.

And lo, she died, and in the House of Death
Even those doors she closed with her own hand
Held her a prisoner. Long day by day
Before the hundred doors of Faith and Joy
She strove with prayer, with pleading, with command,
To force but one and win where Heaven lay.

And then came One with pity in His eyes
And said: "Was there no door thou didst not close?"
And she: "But one, that was my shame and sin;
Surely I may not win to Heaven thus?"
Then, even while she wept, He smiled, and rose,
And through that door unfastened led her in!
—Theodosia Garrison, in *Munsey's Magazine*.

THE WONDER OF THE WORLD

By DONALD KENNICOTT

Thorold the Indomitable had sworn by the splendor of God with his own eyes to see the Wonders of the World—the mermaids that in a certain sea rise laughing about the gun-wales; the slim, small fishes with scales of electrum and eyes of true beryl that leap up through the spray of an island beyond Britain; the river of purple wine that foams down the hills to the south of the Pillars of Hercules. All of these Thorold would see; and the forty strong men who rowed with him would each fetch home a wife, a buxom lass from the Far-Lands.

They had thus far pursued an empty quest—had pulled over the North Sea swiftly, without even the sight of a whale or berg; had harried the Frankish coast and found no spoil at all, but only many and skillful bowmen; had fared on beyond the Pillars of Hercules, with never a glimpse of white-limbed mermaid or echo of siren singing, but only the shadow of black rocks in dark water and the shriek of a tempest that had swept the rowers' benches three parts empty; had landed on many an island in the Mid-Land Sea in search of the tall and red-lipped weir-women, but had found only poisoned provender and deadly disease and a reef that had split their ship in sunder. Now the tide that was left of them was huddled about the blue-green flames of a driftwood fire in a fisherman's hut on the Sardinian coast, surrounded by a horde of cowardly islanders who sought to starve them like wolves trapped in an empty sheep-fold.

Sigurd spoke: "Where are your weir-wives, Jurgen," he asked slowly, turning to the old sailor whose tales of over-sea wonders had led them on. There was no bitterness of anger in his voice, but only the heavy sadness of a war-woman who is altogether spent. "Tell me, Jurgen False Word," he pursued, drowsily almost; "tell me, where are the milk-white mermaids swimming up through the foam along the gun-wales? Where are the little dolphins with scales of gold and eyes of emerald? How you lied to us, Jurgen."

Passionately Trygve broke in: "Ay, he lied, he lied. And ask him where are the forty strong men who listened to his word and left a good land for an empty voyage and a sharp death. Ask him that!"

"I lied not," the voice of old Jurgen boomed stolidly from out his white beard. "You have vexed the gods with an impatience and they deny you." He spoke manfully, but his eyes shifted and his hand did not leave the sword-hilt.

"There be no gods," Swayne observed wearily from where he lay at full length in the shadow; and no one answered him.

Silence came, broken only by the giggle of Little Nils, who sat cross-legged close to the fire and snapped his finger-joints. Little Nils had been altogether witless, ever since that day of fruitless battle, when the stone of a Balearic slinger had cracked his skull. "Odin and Thor," he cackled with an idiot leer at the stern face of old Jurgen, "Odin, Thor and Freya. They be the gods."

Swayne rose on his elbow and stirred the fire with his dagger-scarabard. The blue-green flames turned his bloodless face to a ghastly hue, and when he spoke, his voice rang hollow and far. "Ingeborn, Ingeborn," he mused. "She was well enough. I used to laugh at her because in winter she went swaddled up like an old wife, but for all that she was well enough—her lips were warm and her hair was soft; and she had a leal heart, too. It is like that she weeps for me—for me that left her to steal a fairer bride from out the Far-Lands."

His voice drifted off into silence, but Trygve's followed it almost like an echo. "And Ragnild," he murmured huskily. "You remember Ragnild? She was a buxom lass now. Summer twilights I used to lie with my head in her lap and watch the seagulls coming in. Only a fool would have left her to seek a mate from out the shadow of the sea."

All spoke save Thorold—Thorold, whose eyes were the eyes of a woman, whose heart was the heart of a king, whose limbs were the limbs of a young god. He had been standing apart, peering out a crack in the door. Now he turned to the fire.

"It is black dark now," he announced shortly. "We will start."

No one answered him for a moment. Then Swayne looked up at him with dull eyes. "There be no gods," he remarked drearily.

Trygve echoed close, "We are weary of war. It would be sweet now, to rest one's head on a woman's breast."

"I told lies," Jurgen muttered hoarsely, with averted face. "With my proper eyes I saw no weir-wives or mermaids, but many other sailors had told me of them and—one must hold his own about the camp-fire. They lied also, belike."

"Start," growled Sigurd gloomily, "and where? There are a thousand jackal islanders ringed about us, Thorold."

"Rather more than that, from their fires," Thorold returned tranquilly. "We be six Northmen."

"Even so—what is there for us to do?"

Thorold brought down his mailed fist upon his brazen shield. "What do," he stormed. "What do? Cut through them; steal boats; fare on."

Turning, he swung open the door and strode out. And they followed him, but with bent heads and drag-

ging steps, for they were spent men. All thus save witless Nils, who capered from one to another waving his sword and babbling loudly his childish jargon—"Odin and Thor, Odin, Thor and Freya. They are the gods."

Too loudly. For before they had won half the distance to the beach, the islanders were on them like a wolf-pack. Swayne lost his footing in the rocks, and smothered by the press that swarmed upon him, never so much as cleared his sword. Old Jurgen and Sigurd stood back to back like a pair of dog-bayed bears and cleared a little space about them; but like the bears also went down at last when weariness had weakened them. Trygve indeed gained the darkness and the shore, but the blood oozed everywhere from his armor joints, and he sank down helpless to wait his death on the wet sands. Only Thorold the Indomitable and Little Nils, whom the gods had cloaked, won clear together, and feeling their way along the sands in the darkness, stumbled upon a beached fisher craft and hastily put forth.

A ragged sail saved them the labor of rowing, and letting the wind have its will, Thorold knelt wide-eyed at the rudder, while Little Nils, after devouring a stale fish he had nosed out from among the tangled nets, curled up in the bow and slept.

Dawn unveiled an opalescent splendor, Sardinia a mere dim blur behind, and across a mile of foam-flecked water before them, a tiny islet veiled in deep verdure. Thorold held an unswerving course; detail of tree and rock and shore-line was growing clear to him, when suddenly, uttering an eager shout, he dropped the tiller and leaned forward with clenched hands and staring eyes. Something more white than any foam gleamed in the blue water near the shore, once again across the strip of beach, and then disappeared in the purple shadows beyond.

Roused by Thorold's cry, Little Nils rose to his knees and gazed at the gaunt, exalted face of his companion. "Odin and Thor," he muttered sleepily. "Odin and Thor. They be gods."

The boat grounded and Thorold sprang forth with out into the waist-deep water, dragged the hapless Little Nils after him, and floundered to the shore. His searching eyes quickly caught sight of tiny foot-

prints in the wet sands, and he followed their course across the beach to a path through the close-set poplars, that in turn led him to an open glade, an olive yard, and a white-walled dwelling. He paused a moment in the shadow, while pleasant sounds and odors came to what the famine of his senses—sharp scent of grapes, perfume of new-reaped grain; melody of swallows and splash of drawn water; a woman's laughter. Loosening his sword, he swung boldly up to the portico. Little Nils trotting at his heels and whimpering like a famished hound. None met him, his feet made no sound on the thick-strewn rushes, and he passed without pausing, even to the open door of the atrium. There in the bar of sunlight that came through the roof-hole, sat a woman drying her unbound hair—neither mermaid, nor siren, nor weir-wife, but a woman such as Thorold had never seen, red-lipped and great-eyed, straight-limbed, deep-bosomed, splendid. Bending forward, she tied the purple sandal-thongs firmly about her ankles; rising, she drew over her loose white garment a saffron-colored mantle of silken cloth and girdled it closely about her. She turned then to a mirror of polished silver, and with swift, dexterous fingers bound up the rebellious masses of her dark and glossy hair, and confined it within a hoop of turquoise-studded gold.

Peering under Thorold's arm, Little Nils cried out in childish delight at her beauty, and she turned swiftly, with paling cheek. Yet she neither cried out nor fled, but stared calm-eyed at the tawny Northman in the doorway. And when, striding forward, he pointed toward the sea and beckoned her to him, she gave only a little scornful laugh by way of reply, and with a look of bitterness and hatred darkening her face, pointed, in her turn, through an arched casement behind her. Three men were coming down a path, the first a shaggy, savage bulk, wearing a leather war-cap, the others, retainers evidently, bearing burdens of provender and fuel.

Thorold looked once at the men without and twice at the woman before him. Then, leaping forward, he jerked off his shoulder belt, bound her both hand and foot, and clasping

her close to him, strode out again. Even then she made not outcry, but fought him fiercely, sinking her strong white teeth into the flesh of his arm and breast. He gained the open with her, but there the three islanders met him midway and ran forward with a savage shout. He laid the woman down, but could never have cleared his long sword had not Little Nils, screaming shrilly, interposed his helpless body and futile blade. They thrust him underfoot quickly and trampled him underfoot, the blood bubbling on his lips, "Odin and Thor," he babbled as he sank down, "Odin and Thor. They be the gods."

The two retainers fell facile prey to the long two-handed sword which the Northman now flashed hither and thither like darting lightning, but their leader, running in close would have ended the struggle with his short Roman blade had not Thorold dropped his weapon and grappled. Yet even so it was a losing fight, for the Northman, unarmed now, could at best but hold back the weapon of his adversary. With close-locked limbs they pitched hither and thither about the turf, neither gaining. Yet steadily Thorold felt his famished and war-worn limbs grow weary, and never for an instant did the vigor of his adversary abate. He felt himself yielding at last, and saw a flame of triumph kindle and flare up in the eyes of his enemy.

And, too, another thing Thorold saw then—the woman sitting up unsteadily, watching them with parted lips and heaving breast. Suddenly she bent over her bound wrists and tore at the fetters with her teeth. They had been tied hastily, and in a moment her freed hands were loosening the strap about her feet. Then, turning to one of the huddled corpses beyond, she snatched up a dagger and ran swiftly back with it to the death-gripped combatants. For a moment she paused over them, watchful, hesitant, feline, the flame of her eyes matching the hard glitter of the poised blade. Even in the bitter anguish of that despairing moment, Thorold smiled to think that after fifty manifold fights, his death should be borne to him in the hands of a woman. With a mighty effort he struggled to free an arm to shield his heart, but in that same moment the woman lunged downward with a sharp, exultant cry, and he felt the warm blood flowing over his breast. For an instant she leaned over him,

her lips parted in a gleeful laugh of triumph and then setting hard in a cruel smile, as she struck again, yet more savagely.

With measureless amazement, Thorold felt the grip of his enemy relax and the body grow limp within his arms. Yet only when, struggling dizzily to his feet, he saw the light in the woman's eyes, did he comprehend, and comprehending know for his the ultimate wonder of the world.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Steel freight cars are being extensively used in South America.

The base of most of the chewing gum used is a by-product of petroleum, scented and flavored according to the various tastes.

Leprosy is not, in the ordinary sense, a contagious disease. Physiciana, nurses and missionaries minister to lepers for years without suffering from the exposure.

Bad sight is given as the reason for men going wrong. Defective vision has been proved to be the cause of lack of self-control, alcoholism and drug taking.

Subject to the action of liquid air, lead becomes elastic and can be made to rebound or serve as a spiral spring during the continuance of this low temperature.

In a recent campaign of the French in Madagascar 14,000 men were sent to the front, of whom twenty-nine were killed in action and over 7000 perished from preventable diseases. In the Boer War the English losses were ten times greater from disease than from bullets.

A specially constructed derelict-destroyer has recently been launched from a Virginia shipyard. The vessel is nominally a revenue cutter, but its work will be the destruction of derelicts and other accidental obstructions to navigation. For this purpose the vessel has been designed with great coal-carrying capacity and the ability to keep the open sea in all weather.

A possible vision of the future, when tall towers near great cities may indicate the location of wireless telegraph stations, is suggested by a project now on foot to connect New York and Philadelphia in that manner. Plans have been filed for a tower 200 feet high, and thirty feet broad at the base, to be erected on Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, as a sending and receiving-station for the aerial messages. A similar tower is to be built in the environs of New York. The plan is to distribute messages from the stations by telephone.

Sir Norman Lockyer has recently announced the discovery of the strongest spark lines of sulphur in the spectrum of the bright star Rigel. These lines have not previously been traced in the spectrum of any celestial body. Certain sulphur lines which behave in an abnormal manner in spark and vacuum tube spectra are not found in the spectrum of Rigel, but they do occur in stars of the type of Bellatrix and Epsilon Orionis, which represent higher stages of temperature than do stars of the type of Rigel.

Two famous cities of Italy, Genoa and Milan, are to be connected by a marvelous electric railroad eighty-five miles in length, which is to cost \$47,000,000. The excessive cost is owing to the nature of the country through which the line will pass. It will require nineteen tunnels, one of which will be twelve miles long. There will be 372 bridges, and the road will be six years in the course of construction. The cost of the line construction alone will be \$500,000 per mile. The line will be double tracked and there will be no grade crossings. Trains will consist of three cars, each accommodating fifty passengers. It is proposed to run twenty trains a day, and it is estimated that the daily traffic will be 6000 passengers.—The Boy's World.

The Mediterranean.

The evaporation from the surface of the Mediterranean is much greater than in the Atlantic Ocean, owing to the heat coming from the African deserts and the shelter which the high mountains afford from the north winds. It is in consequence of this fact that its waters are saltier than those of the Atlantic. It is a mistake to suppose that the Mediterranean is tideless. In the Adriatic, as well as between that sea and the coast of Africa, the tide rises from five to seven feet.

Destruction of Famous English Oak.

One of the seven fine old oaks in Salcey Forest, Buckinghamshire, has been burned to the ground. It is surmised that visitors to the forest made a picnic fire in the hollow trunk, and the result was the complete destruction of the tree, which is said to be 800 years old. Salcey is the second great royal forest and has belonged to the Crown since the Conquest.—London Daily Mail.

John Burns is said to have the best working library of any member of the English House of Parliament.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



TO COOK EGGS IN THE SHELL.

To cook eggs in the shell, evenly throughout, put them into a deep pan, cover them with boiling water and let them stand for ten minutes or more, where the water will keep just below the boiling point. This prevents the albumen from coagulating, but jellies both white and yolk, making the eggs more appetizing in appearance than when at the ordinary soft boiled stage, and at the same time easy of digestion.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

REMOVING STAINS.

Brass which is badly tarnished should first be rubbed with salt and vinegar or oxalic acid; wash this off with soap and water and polish as usual with a good prepared cleanser.

Vinegar and salt will remove the brown stains from the side of a teacup. It is said, however, that dry salt well rubbed in will be as efficacious as when dissolved in vinegar, so try this first.

When the bars of a grate have burned red add a little lemon juice to the blacking and the grate will look as good as new.

Remember not to put the stopper in a bottle that has been washed out until the interior is perfectly dry. Otherwise the glass will be smoky and streaked, and the stopper itself will stick when any one attempts to remove it.

Sliced raw potato and hot water are considered excellent for cleaning the inside of a decanter in which wine dregs have been allowed to dry.

HOW TO COOK WATER.

Few people know how to cook water. The secret is in putting good, fresh water into a neat kettle already quite warm and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it right off to use in tea, coffee or other drinks, before it is spoiled. To let it steam, simmer and evaporate until the good water is all in the atmosphere and the lime and iron and dregs left in the kettle, that is what make a good many people sick and is worse than no water at all. A critical taste will detect at the first mouthful, if the nose has not already demurred and given warning, the faintest trace of dead water in tea, coffee, porridge and many other items designed for the stomach. More frequently than otherwise the breakfast kettle is set boiling with a remnant of yesterday's supply in it; the coffee urn has been neither washed, dried, sunned nor aired; possibly in the interest of a rigid and mistaken economy, some of yesterday's coffee also is "boiled over," and the partaker wonders at their lassitude and dyspeptic conditions. Whatever is neglected, the teakettle and its associate pots should be thoroughly cleansed, dried and aired every day, and in no case should water that has stood over an hour in pitcher, pail or kettle be used for cooking. If people will drink tea and coffee, let them at least have it as nearly free from poisonous conditions as possible. That much benefit may be derived by many people from drinking hot water is not disputed, but the water should be freshly drawn, quickly boiled in a clean and perfect vessel and immediately used. The times of using, the adding of milk, mint, lemon or other fruit juices is a matter of preference or special prescription.

If you expect to get a position, you must go into an office with the air of a conqueror; you must fling out confidence from yourself before you can convince an employer that you are the man he is looking for. You must show by your very presence that you are a man of force, a man who can do things; with vigor, cheerfulness, and enthusiasm.

If you carry with you evidence of your power, the badge of superiority, then you will not wander the streets looking for a situation very long. Everywhere employer-are looking for men who can do things, who can conquer by inherent force and energy.—From Success.

If You Want to Be Loved.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evils you hear.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."—Christian World.

Eyes and Seeing.

Prof. W. D. Scott sounds a note of warning about the increasing use of the eyes for reading and the inspection of small near-by objects. This especially affects school children. Professor Scott says that the human eye was evolved for distant vision, and in its structure is relatively poorly suited for near-by vision. The increase of all sorts of printing augments the trouble every day, and "all things seem to be conspiring to make us use our eyes more and more for the very thing for which they are the most poorly adapted." There is, no doubt, much reason in this, but could the world banish its printing presses and retain its civilization?

Growing a Foot a Day.

During the long drought of last spring, in Mauritius, a singular spectacle, amid the stretches of dying and desiccated plants, was presented by the white flowers of giant aloes stems, which sprang up on the mountains and over the waste lands with amazing speed. At the time of the flowering, shafts as thick as a man's arm shot up from the heart of the plant, grew from twelve to eighteen inches in twenty-four hours and reached a height of thirty feet. A cluster of aloes before the flowers appear resembles a gigantic asparagus plant.

The Miracle of Self-Confidence

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

It was said that Napoleon's presence in a battle doubled the strength of his forces. Half the effectiveness of an army resides in the soldiers' faith in their leader. When the leader doubts, hesitates, wavers the whole army is thrown into confusion; but his confidence doubles the assurance of every man under him.

The mental faculties, like soldiers, must believe in their leader—the unconquerable will. The mind of the doubter, the hesitator, the waverer, the man who is not sure of himself, who thinks he is not equal to what he has undertaken, is set toward failure, and everything works against him. There is a weakening all along the line.

In an emergency, as in danger, a man can often perform feats of great strength which he could not even approximate in cold blood. Arousing a man multiplies his power tremendously. Think of what delicate men and women, even invalids, have accomplished when dominated by some supreme occasion or a mighty passion. The imperious "must" gives added strength and unusual power to all the faculties. So a great self-faith, an unwavering self-confidence, braces up the entire man, physically, mentally, morally. It raises him to his highest power, and makes him do with ease what would be impossible without this wonderful stimulus.

An overmastering faith in oneself often enables comparatively ignorant men and women to do marvelous things—feats which sensitive, timid, doubting people, of far greater ability and much finer texture and nobler qualities shrink from attempting.

I know people who have been hunting for months for a situation; but they go into an office with a confession of weakness in their very manner; they show their lack of self-confidence. Their prophecy of failure is in their faces, in their manner. They surrender before the battle begins. They are living witnesses against themselves.

When you ask a man to give you a position, and he reads this language in your face and manner, "Please give me a position; do not kick me out; fate is against me; I am an unlucky dog; I am disheartened; I have lost confidence in myself," he will only have contempt for you; he will say to himself you are not a man, to start with, and he will get rid of you as soon as he can.

If you expect to get a position, you must go into an office with the air of a conqueror; you must fling out confidence from yourself before you can convince an employer that you are the man he is looking for. You must show by your very presence that you are a man of force, a man who can do things; with vigor, cheerfulness, and enthusiasm.

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Mock Indian Pudding—Two slices bread buttered, put in dish, just cover with boiling water, soak a few minutes until soft; add one egg (beaten), one quart milk, three-quarters cup of molasses and bake one hour. Easy to make; nice hot or cold, with or without cream.

Rhubarb Pie—One and one-half bunches of rhubarb, one and one-half cups of sugar. Cut in small pieces after stripping off skin, cook it very fast in shallow stewpan, with sugar. Line pie-plate with the paste; wet rim; add rhubarb, cold; lay three bars of paste across, fastening ends; lay three more across, forming diamond-shaped spaces; lay round a rim, wash over with eggs and bake in quick oven fifteen minutes.

Nut Pudding—Take one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda mixed in the flour, one cupful of chopped beef suet, one pound of English walnuts, chopped fine, and one-quarter pound of figs, chopped. Mix all dry ingredients together, then the milk and molasses mixed. Stir all together and steam for two and one-half hours. Eat with orange or lemon sauce.

Queen Pudding—Two cups stale bread crumbs, yolks of two eggs, one quart of milk, one-half cup sugar, jelly, whites of two eggs, two level tablespoons sugar. Soak the crumbs in cold water until soft and drain. Beat the egg yolks slightly and add the milk and one-half cup sugar and strain out to the crumbs. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven until firm. When cold spread with jelly. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in the sugar. Spread on top of jelly and brown in the oven.