

THE BRIDE'S WELCOME.

What, did you say, was my sister sayin'?"
 "No luck comes when the eyes are green."
 Take that folly an' turn it stravin'.
 Green is the luckiest color seen.
 Isn't grass green for the eyes to rest in?
 Aren't the trees of the same sweet hue?
 Mind you this, when she starts her jestin',
 I'd love you less if your eyes were blue.

What was my little brother shoutin'?"
 "Hair that 'ud match our red cow's tail."
 I'll be with him an' stop his floutin'.
 With a kind little word from the tip of a flail,
 You, with your hair where the sunshine ranges,
 Like the autumn light on the beechen track,
 Is it me would be wantin' changes?
 I'd love you less if your hair was black.

What was my poor old mother croakin'?"
 "Never a cow and hens but few."
 Widows, Cushla, is sore provokin'.
 'Tis often all that they've left to do.
 She, with her lame back, there at her knittin',
 Angry with pain, and sad to be old—
 Mind you this, when she starts her twittin',
 I'd love you less were you hung with gold.
 —Alice Fleming, in *The Academy*

UNDER THE CHERRY BLOSSOM.

By F. HADLAND DAVIS.

Hayano and Mine sat together on a little hill on the outskirts of a small Japanese village. It was springtime. Cherry blossoms floated above them in big white clouds, with just a faint suggestion of pink, as if a sunset were dreaming a far away dream in its petals. The stars were beginning to twinkle in the violet-robed sky, and the sound of laughter came and went in the gentle breeze, mingled with the tremulous note of a temple bell.

"How very beautiful it is," said Mine. "I wonder why the spring taps at my heart and calls and beckons, and bids me sing and clap my hands and rejoice. I think the very gods creep across the sky to-night, a great company looking down at the cherry blossoms. See, the movement of their robes almost blows out the stars, and some of them seem to change into roses and violets."

Hayano laughed softly and caressed her arm; then he let it fall gently upon the silk flowers of her kimono.

"I have a fancy," said Hayano, solemnly, "that my little one must be in love this springtime. Benten San tries so hard to make people fall in love with each other at the coming of spring."

"Does she?" replied Mine, making the dimples come and go in her cheeks. "I wish I could fall in love with you, Hayano; but you are so honorably ugly, and your heart is so full of learned books, that I can only come to you as a friend."

"I have often pictured you as an old ascetic, sitting under an Indian sun, with birds making their nests in your hair, while you squint and squint in the effort to always keep in view the end of your nose. Does it not seem funny that Nirvana is to be found at the very end of our noses?" Mine laughed merrily, and a broad, good natured smile played round Hayano's mouth.

"Did I ever tell you about Tessen?" continued Mine. "Yes, I thought so. He went out to do battle with the Russians, the shining Sun against such a grisly, covetous Bear! A few days ago I had a letter from Tessen telling me he was on his way to Japan—and, friend Hayano, he wanted me to become his wife."

"Did he?" replied Hayano, hiding his feelings as he looked at the distant sea with a pathway of moonlight streaming away to the horizon. "I wish you both all happiness."

Mine looked at him for some time. Perhaps this school teacher, this son of a charcoal burner, this man, whose outlook on life seemed so quiet and cold, felt the tapping of springtime just a little, too.

"Life," said Hayano softly, "reminds me of that pine tree over there. With its thousands and thousands of needles it is weaving a great picture from the stars. And the stars go out sometimes, and the pine trees fall, and so the great white pictures are broken; but life goes on just the same!"

"You are sad to-night, Hayano. Let's talk about soldiers, about battlefields and brave deeds. Oh, there is music in the cannon's roar. I love soldiers, Hayano!"

"Yes, yes, of course you do!" said Hayano. "And you love Tessen, do you not?"

"I think I do," replied Mine, who seemed more like a child than a woman just then. "I shall always want you as my friend. You will always be my friend, Hayano, will you not?"

"Always," replied the man.

"And when I am in trouble," continued Mine, "you will come to this same spot, here, underneath these cherry trees?"

"Yes," answered the man.

"Tell me," said Mine, "is there any love in your heart for me?"

"Little one," replied Hayano, softly, "does the sea always rush up upon the shore and make the stones dance? No, not always. Sometimes it is silent. I am silent to-night. I love my work. I love trying to impart to children that which has delighted my own soul. And perhaps my greatest joy is to see a child catch at the books I love and love them, too. I desire only your happiness, Mine. If you are happy with Tessen, I shall be happy too."

"Yes, yes, my good friend. Oh, I am longing to see Tessen again, so, so much! He will walk bravely with a gun and a sword, and ever so many

brave looks will come out of his eyes. And he will be wounded a little—only a little, Hayano, for the honor of Japan. Oh, there is another standard besides the standard of battle. It is called the standard of Love!"

With a little cry of delight, Mine jumped up and ran quickly down the hill.

Hayano still sat under the cherry trees, and, with his eyes wide open, he dreamed his dreams. Just as the dawn appeared he, too, descended the hill. No gladness came from his lips. He walked slowly, and springtime tapped at his heart, and every time he heard her tapping, he said: "I will not let her in!"

II.

And Tessen came to the little village where Mine lived, and thrilled her heart with battle stories, and frightened her a little with his descriptions of how the Russians once fired upon a makeshift hospital, and how a Japanese soldier, made mad with cruel wounds, did mock battle with the trees. Much more she loved to sail with her lover upon the river, where the lilies grew, and where they drifted into peaceful backwaters, hidden with drooping branches that had a way of stroking the blue sky with every breath of wind. Here all the world seemed blotted out. She forgot Hayano, and saw only the handsome face of the brave Tessen. Surely he was the bravest and most handsome soldier in the Japanese army!

It was so these days passed by. In due time the little village was gay with a happy marriage—the marriage of Tessen and Mine. The good people of the village, poor as many of them were, all sent their marriage offerings, and Mine thought she was the happiest of all happy women.

III.

A year went by. Mine carried a merry baby boy upon her back. But Mine was not merry. For the last few months Tessen had grown cold toward her. He used to go away to Tokio and remain there for several days. At last Mine knew why he went to Tokio, and the knowledge went deep down into her heart, and left it aching and sore and very lonely. Once when Tessen returned to her, he said that, as he did not want her any more, he had obtained a divorce—a divorce because she did not make rice quite as he liked it!

When the trouble came she thought of Hayano—Hayano, the good but neglected friend of hers. Many times she contemplated asking him to meet her on the little hill, and just as often she tried to banish the thought from her mind. Why should she trouble him now? And yet, eventually, she did write to Hayano, and he replied that he would meet her.

And so it came about that on a certain spring night Mine journeyed up the hill, where the cherry blossom hung like a beautiful pink-white cloud. Her baby boy laughed at the moonlight. Mine wished that he would not laugh quite so much now! How steep the hill seemed to-night, and how long the way! She rested many times on a boulder, and once she thought she would retrace her steps. Then she caught sight of a familiar figure looking in the direction of the sea. Once more Mine pressed wearily forward, nearer and nearer to that calm form so peacefully waiting for her coming. It seemed to Mine that Peace sat under the cherry blossom, and she wanted Peace to-night.

Just as the little mother reached her destination a cloud covered the moon. She put out her hands eagerly and touched the silent form.

"Is that you, Hayano?"

"Yes," replied the man. "I am so glad you have come. I have not seen you for such a long time. You are in trouble. I could tell that by the touch of your hands in the dark. Tell me all about it, little one. It cases a heart so much to reveal a sorrow to another, does it not?"

"Yes, Hayano, I think it does, just a little." And Mine squatted down by his side, and remained silent for a long time.

"Little one, I am waiting for you to tell me about your trouble," said the man, gently.

"And I," replied Mine, "am waiting for the words to come! My tongue and throat are so dry to-night. Have patience with this long silence of mine. I cannot speak yet!"

"I will wait," said the man. "I

now what that silence means, too!" Mine pressed his fingers very tightly in her own for answer.

"Dear Hayano, have you heard anything about me of late?"

"No, little one. I have heard of your marriage, that is all."

The baby boy cooed softly to himself, and then laughed because he held in his wee hand a cherry blossom.

"What was that sound?" said Hayano, hastily.

"That was my child, my little boy. He is very happy to-night. I don't think it's very kind of him to be quite so happy to-night!"

"I am so glad you have a little child," said the man, eagerly. "Some day I shall be able to teach him, glad in the thought that he is your child."

"Hayano! Don't talk like that! It hurts me."

"Listen. Have you heard of the fisherboy, Urashima, how he married the beautiful daughter of the Sea God?"

"Oh, yes! But please tell me the story again."

"'Tis a sad story; but Urashima is very much like other men. His beautiful wife gave him all her love in that great palace under the singing sea, where there were wonderful jewels, red and blue and green. But presently Urashima grew restless. He wanted to go away and see the world again. His wife gave him a box and told him never to open it. But when Urashima had seen the world he opened the box. A wonderful cloud came out and sailed away into the blue and vanished. And Urashima became a very, very old man and never went back to the palace of the sea again."

Mine paused, and then continued: "Hayano, if a woman's heart is big with love it cannot hold a man for long. Like Urashima, he goes away, and never comes back again. He opens the box of the woman he once loved and scatters the sacred treasure to the four winds. Tessen was like that. And now he has put me away. But it is better so. Watching his coldness grow, day by day, was terrible, terrible! I wish the spring had not tapped at my heart. I think it was the ghost of a spring long ago that tapped!"

Hayano gave a half stifled cry, released his hand from the grasp of Mine, and silently took the child into his arms, and caressed the small head and felt with one finger the tiny wet mouth, open a little in wonder.

"Hayano, Hayano, what is the matter?" said Mine, in a pitiful little voice. "Oh, I wish the clouds would go away from the moon. I want to see your face again so much!"

"But it is such an ugly face, Mine," said the man, trying to laugh with burning tears in his eyes.

"There is so much feeling behind it, dear man of my heart!"

Hayano started. He had never heard Mine speak like that before. He went on caressing the child, and a thrill of unspeakable joy quivered through him when small fingers wriggled against his chin.

"Hayano," said Mine, very tenderly, "I want to tell you something. I want to tell you that I never loved Tessen as I love you now. A year ago you desired my happiness. Dear lord, all my happiness is in your keeping now!"

"Wait till the moon comes out behind the clouds," was all Hayano said, as he rested his face against the small head of the boy.

Presently the moon shone forth and lit up the quaint figures sitting under the cherry tree. Mine, with a sharp cry of pain, saw her old friend in the robe of a Buddhist priest, a priest holding in his arms a little child as if it were his own.

Then Hayano said, in a voice husky with emotion: "Little one, I cannot marry you now. I have entered the service of the Lord Buddha. I have taken the vows of celibacy, and they cannot be broken. I have always loved you, Mine, but I did not know until to-night, until it was too late, that I could make you happy. And the pine trees work with their thousand needles star pictures, and the wind comes, and the pine trees fall without having finished their weaving; but life goes on just the same, doesn't it, little boy, that I shall teach some day?"

Once more the moon became hidden in a cloud. There was silence under the cherry blossom; but the far away waves broke upon the shore, and they seemed to murmur, "Urashima!"—Black and White.

Lake Tahoe Sinking.

According to recent reports Lake Tahoe in the Sierras is falling rapidly. The lake is situated on the boundary of Nevada and California near Reno, Nev. About a month ago it was observed that the waters were receding. In four weeks' time they had dropped fully six feet. The cause of the subsidence is a mystery. Two years ago the waters rose rapidly to such a height that the surrounding towns were seriously threatened. The lake is very deep, and is situated in what some believe to be an extinct volcano. Possibly the mysterious changes of level may be due to volcanic action. According to a legend of the Washoe Indians the waters once were hurled out of the lake by some subterranean force and overwhelmed the inhabitants of towns in the valley to the east.

Shepherds believe the wool on a sheep's back is an unfailing barometer. The earlier the wool the flatter will be the weather.

No goods can be landed in Turkey which bear a trade-mark at all resembling a crescent.

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE SHOWS IT WILL BE A STRANGE WORLD INDEED FOR OUR POSTERITY.

Anthracite Gone, Soil Wasted, Electricity the Savior—By the Time City 3 1/2 Matures Sun's Rays Will Be Conserved, Watercourses Will Be Chains of Reservoirs and Air Will Fertilize Earth—So Says Dr. Steinmetz.

Dr. Charles Proteus Steinmetz, professor of electrical engineering at Union College, Schenectady, and consulting engineer of the General Electric Company, predicts that all young men now living will see the exhaustion of our supply of anthracite. The natural course then will be to rely upon our deposits of soft coal for protection against freezing, but the Government, in Dr. Steinmetz's opinion, will be obliged to prohibit this or the air we breathe will become permeated with poisonous gases. The hope of the future for life, as Dr. Steinmetz sees it, lies in electricity.

The United States that is to come will be a country entirely devoid of its present river scenery. The rivers of the future will be merely a succession of sluggish lakes, with electrical power stations in between. All the little streams will have been utilized and their combined strength converged into the great bodies of water that are to supply the heat, light and power of the future.

But even the husbanding of all our water power won't be sufficient. There must be economy along other lines. The energy of the sun itself must be trapped and saved. Our building methods will have to undergo a change. Provision will have to be made for the utilization of the sun's rays in the heating of our (or somebody else's) homes.

Dr. Steinmetz also sees in the mind's eye the city of the future—a collection of office buildings, factories and bachelor apartments. All the married men with their families will have moved to the water-courseless country. The development of the uses of electricity is already bringing this change about.

Dr. Steinmetz took this look into the future in a lecture at the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, 33 West Thirty-ninth street. The lecture was given for the New York Electrical Trade School, and most of the audience were students from that institution. Dr. Steinmetz's subject was "The Future of Electricity."

Dr. Steinmetz said that the handicap against electricity now is its high cost of production. That high cost is occasioned largely by the irregular nature of the distribution. Electricity supplied for twenty-four hours to a mill could be obtained on one cent per kilowatt hour, whereas the electricity used for lighting purposes would cost ten times as much. The hope of the future for economy, in Dr. Steinmetz's opinion, lay in the organizing of electrical power supply so that it would go out evenly over the twenty-four hours, and not in a haphazard and unsystematic way as at present.

"The cost of production," said Dr. Steinmetz, "depends on the distribution of the loads, and when they can be evened out over the twenty-four hours in a systematic way the end will have come for kerosene and gas as illuminants."

The same conditions will usher in the age of cooking by electricity, if the coal supply hasn't given out before then.

"The time will come," said the professor, "when we will have no more coal, and it is not far in the future. Anthracite will not last long; many of us who are here will be alive when the last is gone. Many of us will see the time when there is only soft coal. Some of you may see the time when soft coal is exhausted, but probably not, for there is a supply of this even in Greenland's icy mountains. But, nevertheless, we can see the end, and when we approach it what are we going to do to keep from freezing? That seems to be the problem that the next generation will have to meet, and maybe we ourselves."

"But the Nation also will have to wake up to the problem of the poison that escapes in the burning of soft coal. Look out around Pittsburgh where we see the pine trees dying. They have been poisoned. The evergreen tree, like ourselves, has only one set of lungs. Other trees get a new set every year. If you go through all those valleys where the great steel plants are you will never find a pine. It may be even before the soft coal is gone that we may have to drop its use, that we will wake up to the viciousness of the practice of burning it."

"And what does this mean? It means that we must use electrical power. When we reach the end of the soft coal the only remaining sources that will keep us from freezing are the water powers. We are developing the country's water power now, but we are only making a beginning. In the single State of Massachusetts there is more water power going to waste than is found in Niagara herself."

"Electricity in the future will have to solve the problem of collecting the water power. Now we convert it where we find it into electricity; we haven't started collecting it as yet. We have been dreaming of transporting Niagara's power to New York. They will never do that, but the different powers joined together may feed the same system."

"What we get to-day, however, of our real water power is a mere nothing. No attempt is made to get the enormous power that goes to waste in the spring floods. Look at the enormous unused power in the little creeks and rivulets. New methods

NEW YORK CITY THEN AND NOW

Impressions Are Sometimes Made Upon Children's Minds Which Last For Life

By P. B. VAN SYCKEL.

Not being sensitive about telling my age, I would say that not far from fifty-eight years ago, when but a small boy, I accompanied my father to New York City, over the New Jersey Central Railroad, when that road, at that time, or a short time previous, did not extend farther than to Clinton, N. J., as its western terminal.

Upon our arrival in New York City we strolled up Broadway as far as where Park Row now leads off from Broadway in front of Trinity Chapel and the Postoffice. There we stood gazing for a while at workmen busily engaged removing old tombstones and graves, to prepare the plot of an old grave yard for the opening of Park Row street, and for what has later occupied that locality, including the present Postoffice building.

The Brick Presbyterian Church, which was removed to Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh street in 1858, stood at that time on the corner of Beekman and Nassau streets. This was the church edifice, I imagine, which I then saw still standing to the eastward, near this old burying ground.

This scene often looms up in my mind, when I contemplate the present immensity of New York City, the most important financial and commercial centre in the world to-day, with about 4,000,000 people, and growing rapidly.

At that time we would have quite reached the northern boundary of the city in a few minutes' walk.

But if we look back to 1626 we find, at the extreme lower end of Manhattan Island, only a few scattered one-story and one-story and a half cabins among the trees, surrounded by rocky and reed grown shores.

These shores, history tells us, were covered, sides and roof, with bark or thatch.

Twenty-two thousand acres of Manhattan Island, on which New York City now stands, had been bought from the Indians at a price, in glittering beads, bright colored cloths, etc., aggregating an estimated value, in price paid, of \$24, equal to about one-tenth of a cent an acre.

To-day the same acreage is valued at many, many millions of dollars.

Some years later the first church erected on Manhattan Island stood near the foot of Broad street. Even the extreme lower part of New York City to-day was then a tract of pasture lands and swamps. What are now streets in this part of the city were then, in part, cattle paths. Hence the crooked and winding course of some of them.

One or two streets, Beaver street in particular, was then a drain or ditch. A canal ran through Broad street. Such huntsmen as President Roosevelt could have found their big game of deer, bear, and even wolves, at the outskirts of this early settlement, not far from the extreme lower end of Manhattan, even at as late a date as 1680 to near 1700.

In 1750 there was a famous horse race track on what was known as the Church Farm, the southern boundary of which was "within a stone's throw from where the Astor House now stands."

Horse racing was the chief delight of the "high gentry" of New Yorkers in those days. The owner of the best horse received what was then termed a "subscription plate prize." I assume that betting, as now conducted at the races, which Governor Hughes commended warring with, was not then indulged in.

But stride on, and look at New York City of to-day. Space allowed me in your columns, Mr. Editor, will admit of but a glance at one aspect of it. This, however, will throw reflective light upon what would fill many columns, to relate the present day proportions of New York City.

I quote some of the monumental public and semi-public works planned and under way in New York City, to be completed within, say, a decade, an aggregation unprecedented in the world's history. The Grand Central terminal, \$50,000,000; the Penna. R. R. tunnel and terminals, \$125,000,000; the McAdoo tunnels, \$50,000,000; the Battery Belmont tunnels, \$21,000,000; the Hudson River inter-State bridge, \$75,000,000; six new bridges to Brooklyn, \$130,000,000; twenty-nine coming sky scrapers, 700 feet high, as announced, \$50,000,000; apartment hotels, \$100,000,000; other designated New York City improvements under way or announced to come within the next ten years, \$200,000,000.

This list alone aggregates an enormous expenditure of hard on to one billion dollars.

How much unannounced, and yet under contract, which will come forward within the present decade, is scarcely conjecturable. —Irvington (N. Y.) Gazette.

True Charity.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Exhorting your fellow men to virtuous deeds is charity. Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies mortals will ask what property has he left behind him, but angels will inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"—No-hammed.

The union movement is beginning to make rapid strides among the farm laborers in Ireland.

Strong Upon Him.

Miss Mathilda Owens hung upon the arm of the editor of the Laneville Bugle, to whom she had been engaged for three years, and endeavored to turn his gaze toward the sky.

"Just notice the moon, William!" she said in a melting voice.

"At the usual rates, Matilda, I shall be happy to do so," he replied.

—Yonkers Companion.