

REMEMBRANCE.

The happiest moment of my life?
Once, in a hush divine,
Her little hand, like homing dove,
Stole softly into mine.

The sweetest sound I ever heard?
Ah, rest from agony!
Ah, precious poignancy of life—
My first-born's earliest cry!
—Harper's Bazar.

A RUSSIAN JUDAS.

BY NEIL DAWSON.

His eyes followed her till she disappeared through the doorway of the brilliantly lighted mansion, then he turned slowly down the neatly gravelled walk, and bitterly he cursed his lot.

Heretofore his mind had been so bent on winning what was to him the fairest flower of Peterhof, that he had not paused to consider his circumstances. Now, to-night, when he had won her, he suddenly awakened to the fact that he was far from being in a position to claim the prize. What was his paltry allowance as a Cossack of the Imperial Bodyguard? Could he ask her to leave the lavish wealth and comfort of the great mansion of one of Russia's aristocrats to starve on his small salary? Never! The very idea maddened him. And yet hope was there of much improvement in his circumstances?

She had exhorted him to be patient, and hope for something to turn up. She had reminded him that the government was liberal in rewarding special services.

"Special services." Ah, yes, why not? Might he not be able to ferret out something of value? He knew the humor and policy of the government. He would keep his eyes open.

Weeks passed into months before anything unusual occurred to give Ratinoff the slightest chance to distinguish himself. Then, one morning he was delighted to find that he had been entrusted with an important commission to a distant province. He accepted with a light heart. He saw in this chance the touch of her pretty little hand, and immediately he was on his mettle.

Most of the way had to be made by the use of relays of horses, for it was through a part of the country where railroads were almost unknown. All went well until the return was being made, then the spring rains set in, and for days it poured almost continually. The mud became dreadful. The roads in some places were almost impassable. Ratinoff fumed and stormed at the very poor progress that was being made. He carried a bundle of important papers which must reach St. Petersburg at the earliest moment; the earlier, the more likely to result favorably for the carrier. The stake was tremendous. It was not merely the winning of favor with the government; it wasn't merely loyalty to the fatherland; it was, indeed, to him almost life itself, for what was life without the one dearer even than life?

Cruelly he urged the driver to show no mercy to the plunging horses. But the driver was keen-witted and stubborn, and absolutely refused to kill the horses; though he left them half dead where each fresh relay was secured.

The rain continued, and the roads became more boggy every moment. "You tell me," said Ratinoff to the driver, "that there will only be one more relay of horses before we reach the railroad?"

"Just one," was the reply. "Then man, let me beg, in the name of God, that you put them through for all they are worth for the rest of the way. Don't you really think, now, that this pair can safely do a little better than that? It won't be very far now till they are relieved."

Thus appealed to, the driver for the first time became a little reckless. He whipped the horses, and they plunged more wildly forward. The road here was scarcely distinguishable from the boggy morass which flanked it. The mud and water were everywhere. Even the skilled driver was as yet unaware that they had really reached the boggy ground. Ratinoff sat intently watching the struggling horses, with lips shut tight in grim determination. The driver, with sidelong glances, was watching him. He saw the terrible anxiety, he saw cruel suffering when the horses showed signs of lagging.

"Go on! Go on, boys!" he shouted, and again he pined the whip. The horses sprang forward, but with the first jump the high horse plunged desperately, paused, seemed to settle back on his haunches, made a last supreme effort, and then fell forward in the mud.

"The mistress!" shouted the driver, as he leaped down into the mud, and began hastily to unhitch the horses. The Cossack also jumped into the mud without a moment's hesitation, and worked with a skill which almost equaled the driver's.

After a long, hard struggle, they succeeded, by using ropes attached to the traces of the free horse, in drawing the poor beast up onto the road again. But the mishap had almost completely exhausted the already tired animal, and progress after that was exceedingly slow.

At last they did reach the station where the fresh horses would be ready for the last stage. Ratinoff told the driver to get out the others, and he would unhitch these.

In a moment the driver returned, and his face was full of dismay. "What's wrong?" asked Ratinoff quickly.

"There is only one fresh horse. The other one is completely used up on one leg."

"Can he not go on it at all?"

"No, he can't even stand on it."

"There is only one thing to do," said Ratinoff—cool in his desperation—"bring out the good horse, and put him in place of this night one, and we'll do the best we can."

"But it will kill that off horse to take him on," was the sulky reply.

"It can't be helped; bring out that horse."

The cool determination of the Cossack won, and they were soon pressing on. The rain came down in torrents. The road was often flooded.

After a struggle of hours they came in sight of the river. The driver gasped, and went pale.

"The bridge!" he exclaimed. "The bridge will be gone. The poor old thing could never stand that. See the torrent of water!"

"It's there still! Yes, it's there!" shouted Ratinoff, as they rounded the bend.

"The frame is still there, but the planks will be gone, for the water is over it. We can go no farther."

"Nonsense, man, don't say that; we must go on. There might not be one plank gone."

"What's that down there?" and the driver pointed below.

OUR HIDDEN WEALTH.

We have been hearing a good deal lately of hidden wealth. Lord Cromer, in a recent speech, gave curious examples of the Egyptian custom of hoarding. Over there a man buries his fortune in his garden, and what is so wonderful to us—seems able, nevertheless, to sleep o' nights. Our American cousins, in the stress of their present financial troubles, appear to have been doing something similar. They find their cupboard or their stocking a safer place than their banks. Hoarding is an old and a wide-spread habit. The traveler in Armenia, or any other of the Turkish provinces, hears continually of hidden treasure. The people who own it dress poorly and live in mean houses. They know that the slightest hint of riches would bring on them the raider, or, still worse, the Government official, whose one idea of governing is plunder.

And, indeed, most of the world's wealth is hidden. We have only as yet scratched the surface of our property. If only our small freeholder, on his fifty acres, knew all there was beneath it, and how to get at it, every foot of his land might be more valuable than Lombard street. That is what makes prospecting the most fascinating of pursuits. So marvelously stored is our planet that at any moment we may stumble upon Goleonda. And what is more important here than the body's march in search of treasure is the march of the mind, for we possess in proportion as we know. For untold ages savage tribes roamed the Western Continent, and were as poor at the end as at the beginning. The white man, occupying for a century or two the same space, by his science makes it the richest part of the globe. That is why we are as yet only at the beginnings of wealth. The mass of it lies buried in the as yet unknown qualities of things. What do we know of the possibilities of heat and light, of the water in the sea, of the wood of the table we are writing on? Everywhere there are glimpses of untapped forces, of transformation of common things, more wonderful in their potentialities than the miracle of Aladdin's lamp or of the philosopher's stone.—The Christian World.

"Well, that's only one. There might not be another gone."

"Well, I'm not going to try to find out, for even if there were planks enough to cross on, we couldn't do it. The frame wouldn't stand the strain. The water alone won't let it live two minutes longer."

Instantly the truth of this statement flashed upon the mind of Ratinoff.

"Say," he whispered, "do you think I could make it on foot?"

"It might just be possible, but only a fool would try it. There is only one chance in a hundred."

Ratinoff sprang from the carriage, and strapped the leather wallet around his neck.

"Keep to the edge, and always keep hold of the framework," shouted the driver. "God-bye, and God preserve you."

Ratinoff ran forward with one arm around the side rail. The water was up to his knees, and icy cold, but he scarcely heeded. Deeper and deeper got the water as he neared the center. Presently his foot dropped into an opening, but his arm around the railing saved him. For almost two rods there was scarcely a plank intact, and he worked slowly forward on the frame-work. The water was rising every moment. He feared the crash would overtake him, and he hurried forward. The water was above his waist. He was within two rods of the end when he heard a crash behind, and felt a swinging motion begin. He thought of letting go the frame and making a wild dash, but he dared not. He struggled on, his eye ever on the end of the framework, which he expected every moment to break from its fastening on the shore. The dusk of evening was quickly settling, and his eyes were full of spray, but yet he clearly saw the quivering timbers wrench themselves free. He let go, and ran wildly forward. Already it had left the shore. He jumped as best he could in the boisterous waters. He struck bottom in water which almost reached to his shoulders. He staggered up the bank and reached the solid ground, only to find himself utterly exhausted. An icy numbness was stealing over him. He saw

a light in a cottage some distance ahead, and shouted wildly. The next instant he was lying in the mud, completely unconscious.

When at last his eyes opened he stared in a dazed sort of way at the ceiling of the rough cottage, and at the peasants who were bending over him. In a moment he remembered and nervously felt for the wallet which was lying by his side.

"It's all right, sir," remarked the owner of the cottage. "We haven't touched it at all."

The Cossack, thus assured, heaved a sigh of relief, and soon dropped off to sleep.

When next he awoke it was with the sound of voices in his ears. He listened without so much as opening his eyes or moving a muscle.

"Yes, but it must be clearly understood from the first that there is to be no meddling with means which are violent or unlawful. Grievances against our government we certainly have, and I am quite willing that we shall meet here in a neighboring way to talk about them, but it must be distinctly understood that no hothead will be allowed to speak rash and violent words which can only result in harm."

Ratinoff knew it to be the voice of his host.

"That's right. That's right," was the murmured assent.

"What luck! This is your chance, your chance," whispered the evil one in Ratinoff's ear. "You know they will liberally reward 'special service.' Your commission is a very ordinary service, but this will be special. It will pay well. Then you can claim her."

But all the man in him rebelled against the thought. Betray his host, to whom he owed his life and the safety of his papers? Never!

"But it's only business," came the evil whisper. "Every man must look out for himself. You'll never be able to claim her if you don't do something of this kind. They may not be exactly traitors in heart yet, but they soon will be if they hold these meetings, and they are traitors now in the eyes of the Government."

Two weeks later a band of Cossacks made a raid on the little cot-

Some Diet Follies

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

SOME diet delusions are of most modern date, like the fad which is now devastating our breakfast tables, while others are of most respectable antiquity. Among the latter is that very ancient survival, the notion that particular foods are "good" for particular things or effects. This is an almost direct descendant of the notion, held with greater or less unanimity by nearly all savage and barbarous tribes, that the flesh or viscera of birds and animals possessing particular qualities will be likely to produce the same qualities in those who eat them. Thus Nero used to banquet on nightingale's tongues in the hope of improving his voice, and the Ojibwa cut out and devoured the heart of a bear, the liver of a buffalo, etc., believing that the strength and courage of these animals would thereby be transferred to himself. It is probable that the most greswome of ancestral rites—cannibalism—was largely due to the same belief, although, of course, in Neanderthal days primitive man would have no more hesitancy about eating his enemy after he had killed him than he would in devouring a bear or a deer. In fact, the early converts of the missionaries in the South Sea Islands referred to their favorite dish as "long pig." Every known race has at some time been cannibal.

There certainly was a childlike logicity and naïveté about the conception of the Maori warrior who rounded and completed his conquest of his enemy by eating him afterwards, and thus acquiring all the vigor and energy which had been wont to oppose him. The story told of the old Maori chief who, upon his death-bed, when urged by the missionary and his favorite wife to a death-bed repentance, and told that in order to do so he must first forgive his enemies, proudly lifted his dying head and exclaimed, "I have no enemies; I have eaten them all," appeals to a slumbering chord in us even yet. While certain most intelligent people to-day would indignantly resent the accusation of reverting to such days and ideas, they will vigorously denounce the eating of pork as an unwholy thing, on the ground that "he who eats pork thinks pork," and the more orthodox of them will even declare that while Scripture records that the devils entered into swine, we have no assurance that they ever came out of them.—From McClure's Magazine.

How Mineral Deposits Affect Population

By Professor A. G. Keller.

THE history of American mining-towns presents many examples of the determining effect of mineral deposits. Butte, Montana, is a city of 26,000 inhabitants supported by copper underlying about one square mile of land surface. The metal forms the sole raison d'être of this considerable settlement, for in other respects the region is unproductive and unattractive; without the mines the locality would support with difficulty a population of one hundred souls. The mineral deposits of Nevada occur beneath strips of land a few hundred feet in width and in the midst of a hopeless desert, but they have formed plausible pretext for adding a State to the Union and two Senators to Congress. The decline of the lodes has now reduced Virginia City to a population of 2500, as against 11,000 in 1880, when it was one of the busiest cities in America, in the midst of a superlatively "booming" State. In 1900 Nevada was credited with a population of 42,335—a figure somewhat under that for 1870; thus this State, with an area twice that of New England, has less population than Waterbury, Connecticut. Through the existence of mineral products in close proximity, Pittsburg has become the emporium for coal, petroleum, and iron. Its case differs, however, from the above, for its development was far less artificial, and its destiny could never be that of the regions already mentioned. Three navigable rivers converge at this point; valleys sunk in a plateau provide natural routes for approaching railways. Natural and unnatural access, it may be added, are contrasted at Pittsburg by the fact that one railroad has recently been forced to expend \$35,000,000 to effect an entrance to the city by overcoming a minor geographic obstacle.—Harper's Magazine.

Something New—Christian Psychology

By Right Rev. Samuel Fallows, of Chicago.

I WOULD'NT agree to cure a case of grip without the assistance of a physician. I want to make it plain that I expect to work hand in hand with physicians. By giving you good suggestions, however, I would do much toward curing the disease and probably would banish it entirely. Just how shall I go about putting my theories to practical use? As is being done in Emmanuel Church, Boston, I shall address myself to the subconscious minds of those who desire to be cured, and will give them such suggestions as may be beneficial to them.

To cure a person who is suffering from nervous breakdown or a mental ailment, I shall use two methods. The first method is to seek for the root of the evil—the patient's cause for worry or despondency. If that is removable it should immediately be removed, and the cure is effected.

The second method is to give such suggestions as will lodge themselves in the subconscious mind and direct the actions and deeds of the patient upon another and more beneficial plane. There are thousands of cases which would be wonderfully benefited in this manner.

Neurasthenia, an ailment of the mind, is the commonest and worst disease of the present day. It is a disease that certainly can be cured by this means. It is being done in Boston every day, and it may be done in Chicago.

What is the Best Fiction?

By H. M. Alden.

THE best fiction of to-day has really more of constructive art than that which preceded it, though this art, following the lines of life rather than an arranged scheme, is not manifest in obvious features. It has more varied traits, instead of a few emphatically pronounced or merely typical features. It has a deeper dramatic interest, intellectually and emotionally, though the drama itself is so changed to follow the pattern which life itself makes, yet in its course unfolding novel surprises. Above all, it has more spontaneous play of human activities and a finer and more vital humor—not the specific humor which excites to laughter or even suppressed merriment, but which, like every other quality of the modern art of expression, is pervasive, without losing articulate distinction, concurrent with the ever-varying course of the writer's thought and feeling. Humor, in this sense, is the most distinctive quality of life—the index of its flexibility, of its tenderness, mercy, and forgiveness.—Harper's Magazine.

MAXIM FORESEES AERIAL WAR SHIPS.

Tells of Their Possibilities at "Balloon Dinner" of the Airdine Association.

Prediction that the practical attainment of aerial navigation now is truly at hand was coupled with enthusiastic and reverent tribute to the world's great inventors by the speakers at the "balloon dinner" given by the members of the Airdine Association, in their club rooms, No. 111 Fifth Avenue. Professor Alexander Graham Bell, Hudson Maxim, the inventor of smokeless powder, and Major George O. Squier, U. S. A., who has had direction of many of the Government's aeronautic experiments, were among the men who proclaimed the day of successful aerial navigation at hand.

As showing what has been accomplished thus far in America and abroad, Augustus Post, one of the practical pioneers of the Aero Club of America, delivered an address, which was illustrated by moving pictures showing the Ville de Paris in flight and Henry Farman making the recent dash in his aeroplane, which attracted attention around the world.

"The flying machine," said Mr. Maxim, "is no longer confined to the realm of fancy or imagination, but the conquest of the air is already far advanced, and the era of practical utility is near. In the not distant future we shall have our automobiles of the air, and in the wars of the future we shall have our aerial battleships, our cruisers, our torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers. But they will be airy, frail and fairy craft, indeed, compared with the grim steel monsters of the sea.

"Although the value of the flying machine in future wars will be mainly as a scouting craft, still its value and importance for that service alone is hard to overestimate, for the flying machine videttes will be at once the eyes and ears of the armies of the future.

"Possibly, too, we shall have our torpedo hawk, taloned with dynamite, which will swoop down out of the sky. Although flying machines could not be expected successfully to attack battleships, coast fortifications or large cities and work much damage with high explosives, still they might attack torpedoes and small torpedo craft with aerial bombs planted and exploded beside them under water.

"The more highly scientific war enginery becomes, more and more will home and country be defended by machinery and less by blood. Fewer and fewer men will be obliged to engage in the trade of war, and more and more will be able to devote themselves to personal pursuits. Less and less will war be the arbiter of nations. The aerial navy will be the great bulwark of peace and a very great step toward the permanence of peace. And as mercy is largely a product of civilization, future conquest will be more and more tempered with mercy until mercy shall have conquered war. Altruism is born of love, but international love-making must be done with armor on."—New York Herald.

A Clever Animal.

Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, has been pluckily fighting a law-infringing street railway. He tore up the railway's tracks, an injunction was served against him, and then he in his turn secured another injunction.

"We are like the old lady and the dog, with our injunctions and mandamus and what not," said Mayor Johnson the other day.

"There was, you know, an old lady who rented a furnished villa for the summer, and with the villa a large dog also went.

"In the sitting room of the villa there was a comfortable armchair. The old lady liked this chair better than any other in the house. She always made for it the first thing.

"But, alas, she nearly always found the chair occupied by the large dog.

"Being afraid of the dog, she never dared bid it harshly to get out of the chair, as she feared that it might bite her, but instead she would go to the window and call 'cats.'

"Then the dog would rush to the window and bark, and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair quietly.

"One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He strolled over to the window and, looking out, appeared much excited and set up a tremendous barking.

"The old lady arose and hastened to the window to see what was the matter, and the dog quietly climbed into the chair."—Democratic Telegram.

Joy in Doing Good.

Never did any soul do good, but it became readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty practiced, but with increasing joy which made the practitioner still more in love with the fair act.—Shaftesbury.

Salt in the Coffin.

It is the survival of an ancient custom which was once universal. The custom grew out of the idea that Satan hates salt because it is the symbol of incorruption and immortality.—New York American.

Kipling's School.

Rudyard Kipling said to me once in conversing on the subject of an exchange of ideas: "Why, all I ever knew somebody told me."—Robert Barr, in Detroit Free Press.