

# The Baby.

By MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

No; I didn't want to see the baby—that baby! I couldn't have looked at it even. All that was in my consciousness regarding the baby kept love out of my heart. It had cost the mother's life.

My golden-haired Miriam! My beautiful darling in her shroud, and this unheeding infant wailing continuously. If the child had only been taken and the mother left. Kindness did all that could be done, brought the crying infant to be loved and blessed, but I couldn't love and I couldn't bless it. It was ugly; it was thin; it was hideous.

"Carry it from me as far as you can," was my furious cry. "Never will I see it, never acknowledge it." It was the brutal answer of a man beside himself, and I was brutal, but I was suffering. So they treated me as a man crazed by grief ought to be treated.

The poor little crying babe was cared for, but taken out of my sight, and they left me alone with my trouble.

Alone with my beautiful dead, her shining eyes closed forever, her golden hair blazing with light even under the coffin lid.

After the funeral, while my frantic grief made a scene of misery, they bore the child away into the green country. My mother took it to her loving heart.

"It has neither father nor mother," she would say, "but I will be both to it. Honey, they shan't have you," she would whisper to the child, "you are all mine."

I was a stupid fool so to mourn, so to put out of my sight every reminder of my dead wife, but unreasoning man will be stupid and at times a fool. I loved my wife passionately, but not wisely. So elated had I been with my conquest that, like a man who puts a precious coin in hiding, I tormented myself and I tormented my poor wife. She would have seen how jealous I was from the first, but she was like an angel and forgave everything.

Absorbed in my sorrows I still neglected the child. I would not see it. From week to week I sent money for its care, but let it stay where it was, let me stay where I was. My work absorbed me. I had lost Miriam, henceforth nothing could comfort me. I would have died first. Nothing could tempt me to go home and see him. I dreaded the sight of him, as I would have loathed poison.

"He grows so strong and pretty," my mother wrote. "He cries no longer." That was all very well, but when she added, "Come and see him," I rebelled. He might be beautiful; he might be wonderful; but he had lost me my pearl of pearls. There would never be another Miriam for me.

No, I would not even let them send me the boy's picture. I was iconoclast enough to have broken it if they had. Strange that love seemed dead in my heart. I cherished sentimentalism to the extent of feeling that I should never love again, insect, beast nor bird, woman nor child, and I glorified in my self-exclusion.

The time went on. I neglected my mother, who was wearing out her heart for me; would not even go to see her because I wanted not to see the boy, who had become an image of hatred, as I look at it now. Time abated not the force of my grief, rather exaggerated it. Still the letters came occasionally.

"The boy had teeth, two, three, six, seven, he smiled like an angel, he was beautiful, he was growing fast. Fourteen months old and you have not seen him. And he looks like you."

"Then I'll never see him," I cried, between my teeth, and I knew that in my way I was a handsome man, but for that eternal melancholy.

It she had said he looked like Miriam, or he has her eyes, her hair, her teeth, her smile, I don't know what I might have been tempted to do, but I was stubborn. He had taken my Miriam from me. He had consigned her to the dark grave. No, let him be anathema maramatha.

I loathed him. I believe I all but began to loathe my mother for tempting me. What did I want of the boy? Why did I need to be forever reminded of my loss, which was irreparable? So my heart in scriptural language waxed harder and harder and less human.

At last a shock recalled me to my senses.

I had been on a long journey. My mail had accumulated. Among the letters which I read on my return home was one announcing my mother's illness. That was dated only a few days after my departure. What might not have happened in the meantime? Then there came a thought of the boy. What had become of him? Suppose my mother should die? For the first time a rill sprang up in my heart, tiny, but of perhaps fatherly affection. The news was weeks old and no letter had come in the interim. I was actually forced to a determination to go home unconscious of what was to meet me.

The ear wheels seemed leaden. The beautiful prospects of my old country home were almost forbidding. Plainly the old well came into sight, then the rose gardens, then the house in whose square outlines nothing

seemed to be missing. How brown it looked against the clear blue of the sky, and there seemed to be around it a holiday excitement, an environment of pleasant anticipation. Clearly nothing detrimental had happened. My mother must still be living, and my heart lightened. Its tension was gone. I allowed myself to breathe naturally, to feel the light and color of the atmosphere, the fertility and beauty of the surroundings. Of the baby I dared not think. Suddenly the thought impressed me that I had been an unnatural father, and at that moment of light and inspiration I saw a vision.

Miriam appeared to me.

Yes, sitting at the window of the farmhouse where I had first met her in all the glory of her golden hair, in the glad light of those eyes I had worshiped, that was Miriam looking at me, smiling at me. If there is such a thing as paresis of the heart I was attacked with it then and there. I could not breathe nor swallow, only gasp, only look, only tremble. She still smiled as I passed by, the never-to-be-forgotten gleam of her yellow hair, her wonderful eyes, her sweet face pursuing me in her smiles. She never moved, but sat there with my boy in her lap, and our boy resembled her. What was my condition as I stopped at the next farmhouse? Clearly I was stunned, almost annihilated. I could scarcely find strength to struggle down from the carriage, to mount the few steps to our cottage door. Ah, there was my mother, looking years younger and brighter than I had seen her for years, but where was the boy? My heart began to beat unnaturally as I asked myself the question. He had

## THE STORY OF A RURAL REVOLUTIONIST.

It is hard to "bring home" to the readers of printed pages the extent and the full meaning of the work that is going on in the United States to build up rural life—to make farming pay; for this is a kind of work that a man must see to understand it, to measure its value, and to come to know what it will mean in the near future to the people. Here, for example, is a little story from life:

The best small farmer in his neighborhood sent his only son to an agricultural college. When the boy had finished his studies he had a plan to go away and to begin life for himself, but his father was eager to keep him at home. He would stay only if his father would give him complete control of the farm. Since the old man was himself the best farmer in his part of the world, he yielded to the boy's wish with reluctance, but he yielded.

"Now what do you suppose John did?" he asked, as he told the story. "He hitched all three of the mules to one plow. I had never done that, but I pretty soon saw that he was right. Then he spent a lot of time and care in selecting seeds. I had never done that so thoroughly, but I soon saw that he was right;" and so on, item after item.

The result was that, although the farm had for years made larger yields than any other in the neighborhood, the yield the first year of the young man's management was thirty per cent. larger than it had ever been before; and the second year, fifty per cent. larger. Within a few years the methods of farming in the neighborhood had become so much better that the farmers receive now \$50,000 more a year, in cash, than they received before John took his father's farm in hand.

Similar changes are taking place in many parts of the country. The difference is the difference between a life of hard struggle and a life of independence, between good roads and bad, between good schools and bad, between a cheerful life and a sad existence, between hard lives for women and comfortable and refined lives, the difference between stolidity and a glad intellectual existence.—From The World's Work.

died, perhaps, and was now with his mother. I had seen them together. Strange to say, the thought gave me happiness. Miriam and her son! Miriam and our boy—ours, though I had forfeited all the rights of a father! Ours!

My mother was startled, frightened, though, by the expression in her face, relieved and contented. It was slightly pallid as though she had been ill.

"My dear boy," she cried out, then almost faintly. It was in the old parlor we met, the dear old room, where everything reminded me of my father, who had always been loving and kind to me. Every odd figure in the carpet was familiar. Generations of old pictures preserved the family lineaments. His sword, which my mother had buckled on when he went to war, stood among other relics, his chair was in the place where he had last sat. My mother chided me gently for leaving the city without informing her, then the conversation ran on general topics. I wanted to ask for my boy, but a cowardly fear prevented me. He was everywhere. I remember I seemed to hear his voice in the air. I seemed to see his face in every illusive picture, but had not the courage to ask for him.

"Would you like to see Edgar?" my mother asked, and I started at the sound of my own name. They had called him, then, after me. Her voice was very gentle, as if she would faint not startle me, but she smiled when I said yes, and left the room.

Presently I saw the maid, with sun-bonnet on, go down the drive.

"But where is he?"

"Oh, with Jessie, a new friend of his and ours," she said. "She came up here and borrowed him. She is very fond of the little lad. So am I. So we all are, so you will be. Yes, and proud of him, too. While I was sick Jessie was here and she cared for him. I could not bear to think I might die and he need the care of a mother, but I could leave him with Jessie. Yes, I should be well content." Then a mysterious light came into her face. I

remember it set me to thinking of Miriam. I know not why.

She bent over, either to whisper or to tell me something strange when the maid came back with my boy in her arms. How he startled me. Fifteen months old, just walking, with the magnificent physique of a bronze savage, yet lithe and white and lithe as a wild creature. And with Miriam's eyes of deep blue, her hair of yellow gold; could anything live and be more beautiful? I choked with the sensations that clamored through my being. He had been taught well. The little chest swelled proudly when he looked at me.

"Edgar, darling, here is your papa. Your name is not unfamiliar to him," my mother said, with a certain pride; "he has heard of you every day of his life. Go to your father, my boy," she added, softly.

The boy obeyed, like a little seraph. But he came slowly. A gust of fatherly pride prompted him to lift him to my knee, to smother him with kisses. Never shall I forget his look as he stood well up, his little thumb pressing against my waistcoat, his whole body thrown into an admirable pose, his head lifted, his eyes looking widely into mine, a subdued dread in the sad blue orbs, and still he pressed my chest with his hand, a strong hand, and regarded me intently. Then he looked backward once to his grandmother, and then, with a condescension that was proved in the action, he bent his head and kissed me.

I lavished embraces upon him. He was so noble, so beautiful, so brave, no fear in his manner. I might have been with him all his life and he the frolicsome elf he seemed from day to day. I saw that my mother was satisfied, pleased, delighted. The introduction was complete. There had been no failure on either side. Only perhaps I had been awkward in trying to reproduce the easy graces of fatherhood. Well, the ruse grew into my good will rapidly. We played and romped till exhausted. At least I was, and he fell asleep in my arms while I had hardly spoken to my mother.

There were so many questions to

up, gazing as far as the tangling trees and bushes would let me? Is it any wonder I was almost crazy over the situation? I had seen my wife, Miriam, not once as a shadow, but twice, thrice, a living, ecstatic presence. She had smiled at me, the same golden hair in a mist over her eyes, the same laughing, bright, breezy face, the same coy, entrancing manner. What did it mean?

What could it mean? Except that there was a daze in my brain, a cloud creeping over my faculties; also, the curtain of materialism swept aside and let down heaven.

I was hardly prepared for my mother's entrance. She looked at me, the same mystery in her eyes, the same cautious, secretive manner. She spoke after a minute.

"You saw her, then? You saw, or thought you saw, Miriam?"

"I saw my wife," I exclaimed, struggling to an upright position.

"You thought you saw her. I always do. Isn't it wonderful? I've been going to tell you, but—I didn't know. I thought perhaps I had better write, but when I tried I found I didn't know how. Yes, it's Miriam. To all intents and purposes, it's Miriam. She's a darling, and we love her so."

"For heaven's sake, mother, explain yourself," I cried in an agony.

"Yes, of course. I forgot that you are not accustomed to her as we are. Well, that girl is Miriam's sister, her twin sister."

I was at the same time horrified and delighted, if the two conditions can be named together. The vision of Miriam as I had twice seen her floated in my vision, only there was a pink, misty cloud before my eyes.

"Miriam's twin sister?" I asked. "Miriam had no sister."

"Not to your knowledge, nor to mine. Your father bought this house some years after Miriam's birth. The matter was a great secret. Miriam never knew it. But this is the story: Miriam's mother had a sister Letty, who married early and went abroad. The two sisters corresponded, but never met until Miriam was born. Letty's soul was torn with—not jealousy, only a terrible, vehement longing for a child, and she made her first visit to this country, as I said, when Miriam was born. She said she was sent by a foreboding that her sister would have twins, and made the latter promise that if she did, she would give one of them to her. Her sister laughed at the prediction, and so sure she was that there was no foundation for it that she assented to the desire, promising, even going the length of recording the promise, that if she had twins one of them should be given to Letty, but there was to be the utmost secrecy about the matter. Well, it happened. Miriam's mother was both frightened and indignant. That two should be sent when only one was expected and provided for sorely perplexed and even offended her. I have heard that she was glad to part with one of them. I would have welcomed both. Wild horses should not have torn me from my child.

"I don't know how the thing was managed, but both sisters were satisfied, and the little one was transported over the water to an almost royal home, and there grew up, ignorant, of course, of the circumstances that had surrounded her birth. When this girl was sixteen her reputed mother died. Her father had died some years before, and she was left with a fair fortune. Some busybody on this side of the water made her acquainted with the facts of the case, and she returned at once to her real mother.

"For months we have been intimate. The boy was the bond between us, your boy. We have talked many times about you, and she felt in a sense acquainted. She is Miriam's living image. I think heaven willed that you two should meet and that the boy should bring you together. Now, are you sorry you came home, that you found little Edgar so lovable? It is in a great measure to this girl that you are indebted. She has a wonderful way with children, and this little fellow, her nephew, is exceedingly fond of her, fonder than he is of his granny."

"Or his father," I put in bitterly. "Oh, that will all come in time. He must first get acquainted with you," my mother said.

Do you wonder that for weeks I was in a brown study almost to the neglect of my boy, the baby, for from the first instant I set eyes on Miriam's sister I loved her. It was a love broken off, but continued, for in Etta, as they had named the girl, every good quality that had graced the character of her twin sister was inherent—her sweetness, grace, intelligence, her vivacity and her innocence. I had no need to learn to love, as she did. I often told her she took the father for the sake of the baby.

And so my bitter loss was made good and my beautiful wife was spared, and I pray she may be spared for years for my sake and that of The Baby.—From Good Literature.

### Japan's Knowledge of Iron.

The Japanese were acquainted with iron from very early times. A sword that was used by one of the ancestors of the present Emperor, about 800 B. C., according to the Engineering Magazine, is still in existence. Later, when the great civil war broke out in the sixth century, swordsmiths and armorsmiths came to occupy a prominent place. From this time on down to about 300 years ago no noticeable progress had been made. At the beginning of the seventeenth century all branches of industry began to prosper. The demand for iron instruments increased, and the scarcity of iron supply began to be felt.

### MAKING SODA WATER STRAWS.

#### A Trade Which Keeps Two Young Girls in Pocket Money.

"We make our own allowance raising soda water straws," said a young girl who came to New York the other day on a shopping trip. "Five years ago we moved to the country and father planted a rye patch for the chickens. The next summer, when the grain began to ripen, my sister and I, who were small girls, used to play hide and seek in the rye patch. Then we began to pick some of the longest straws and make 'suckers.' I don't know just how long this was going on when mother took us into town with her one day and we went to a drug store and had some soda.

"It was the first soda water my sister and I had ever tasted, and we noticed that the straws were just like the 'suckers' we had been making for our own use. One of us called mother's attention to this fact, and she very promptly recognized the opportunity for turning our play into a money making business. She sent for the head of that department of the store and learned that there was a demand for good straws at \$1.25 a thousand, done up in little bundles containing 100 straws each.

"The next day father cut an armful of straw and brought it to us on the back piazza. Then under mother's direction we cut our first soda water straws for the trade. That year and the next mother worked with us, but for the last three years sister and I have been doing it all alone and every cent we make is our own.

"For us there is no outlay besides our own work. Father plants the rye each year for the chickens and cows, and gives us as many straws as we can clean and bundle. So far as our experience goes, that is the only limit to the market.

"To make the best soda water straws the rye should be cut a little under-ripe and left loose, not tied in bundles. When allowed to dry in the field the straws will split and are worthless. The heads of the rye are cut off so there is no waste of the grain. Only about two joints of each straw can be used, as the first two are generally spoiled by cutting and the last one, the one next the grain head, is much too small. The first step after getting the straw in the work room is to clip out the joints with the scissors, peel off the outer covering; then grade them as to size and length and make into small bundles of 100 each.

"The longest straws we turn out are fourteen inches, while the shortest are seven. The straws should always be clipped with sharp scissors obliquely, because if cut straight across they are graded as machine cut, and do not bring such a good price. Another important matter is that each bundle should contain straws of nearly the same size as it is possible to get them and they should be exactly the same length.

"When we first began the work our season was very short, because the straw ripened so quickly. Now that we have learned how to keep the straw in condition by housing it in a cool and not too damp cellar the season is more than twice as long, and we make about five times as much money. Our customers are always willing to buy more straws than we have, and I have understood from them that the wholesale dealers were eager to buy at any season of the year. During the season, which now includes nearly our entire school vacation, my sister and I earn \$5 a week apiece working about five hours a day."—New York Sun.

### Landseer's Faithful William.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, had an old servant—his butler, valet and faithful slave—named William, who was particularly assiduous in guarding the outer portal; no one could by any possibility gain direct access to Sir Edwin. The answer would invariably be, "Sir Hedwin is not at home." The prince consort himself once received this answer when he called, amplified on that occasion by the assurance that "he had gone to a wedding," an entire fiction on William's part, as the prince found out, for on walking boldly in and around the garden he noticed Sir Edwin looking out of his studio window. This was the faithful attendant who, one day, when a lion had died at the zoo, and his corpse came in a four-wheel cab to be painted from, startled his master with the question, "Please, Sir Edwin, did you order a lion?"—Reynolds' Newspaper.

### New Story of Belzac.

This story, said to be new, of Belzac, is related by a French contemporary. A burglar gained admission to Belzac's house and was soon at work, by the light of the moon, at the lock of the secretary in the novelist's chamber. Belzac was asleep, but the intruder aroused him. A strident laugh arrested the burglar's operations and he beheld by the moonlight the novelist sitting up in bed, his sides shaking with laughter. "What is it that makes you so merry?" demanded the burglar. "I laugh," replied the author of "Pere Goriot," "to think that you should come in the night without a lantern to search my secretary for money, when I can never find any there in broad daylight."

### Tropics Lack Railways.

Of the 600,000 miles of railway in the world, only about ten per cent. are found in strictly tropical territory, and no more than fifteen per cent. within what would be termed tropical and subtropical areas. Tracks abound in the temperate zone.



Pure iron in the presence of pure oxygen does not rust.

The nectar of flowers from which bees make honey contains seventy to eighty per cent. of water, but honey contains only about twenty per cent.

The problem of producing ice in small quantities quickly and cheaply has, apparently, been solved by a French inventor, who has perfected a machine which is cheap, simple of operation, practically everlasting, and thoroughly practical. It may be operated by a belt connected with a steam engine, by a small electric motor, or by hand cranks.

To render wall paper adaptable for washing with soap and water without destroying the colors, make a solution of two parts of borax and two parts of stick lac, shellac or other lac in twenty-four parts of hot water. Strain the solution through a fine cloth filter, rubbing the latter with a soft brush after every application till a brilliant polish is obtained. It is immaterial whether the paper is already pasted on the walls or still in rolls.

Electricity excels all other methods of transmission for convenience, says the Scientific American. An electric cable may be strung where required, and machinery may be arranged in any position without reference to line shafting. There are instances, however, where rope drive will save both in first cost and in cost of operation, particularly when the process of manufacturing calls for a number of parallel shafts with machines in one plane.

The connection, long suspected, between atmospheric conditions on earth and conditions on the sun appears to be reasonably well established by the investigations of Professor Bigelow. The fact that sun-spot areas wax and wane in an eleven-year cycle was noted years ago, as was the coincidence that the most extensive was frequently marked by unusual magnetic and electrical phenomena on earth.

### ROCKET TORPEDOES.

#### Germany Said to Fancy a Swedish Military Invention.

Several years ago a Swedish army officer devised a novel weapon. It consisted of a case in the head of which was a charge of dynamite or gunpowder. The contents were so placed that an explosion would follow when the head of the missile hit anything hard. Provision for projecting it was made not by firing it from a gun or forcing it under water by automatic mechanism. It was equipped with a charge of powder in the lower end, which behaved like the charge in an ordinary skyrocket. It would force its way upward in the air by the violence of a stream of fire emitted behind, or, more accurately, below. To assist in steering the torpedo was supplied with a stick. When it was to be dispatched it was mounted on a light metal frame, which could be so inclined as to give it the necessary angle.

Nothing has been heard of the invention for a long time, but a recent report indicates that the German War Department has secured the right to use it. The British authorities also studied the device, but did not think enough of it to invest. From that fact it may be inferred that there is much exaggeration in the statement that the torpedo "is the deadliest weapon known."

Colonel Unge, its author, was for a time employed by the firm started by Nobel, the inventor of dynamite. The German cannon and armor plate constructors, the Krupps, are said to have secured the right to use it in countries outside of Sweden.—New York Tribune.

### Licking the Editor.

In some portions of the United States it has always been a favorite pastime when a man was not satisfied with what appeared in the local paper to go and lick the editor. Some unwise guy imported the scheme into the Southwest recently. It was tried in El Paso, and the editor is still doing business, while the man who wanted to lick him is buried in Oklahoma. Last week an Albuquerque policeman tried it. He was six inches taller and weighed fifty pounds more than the editor. The policeman was taken to the hospital in an ambulance, and when he recovered consciousness the nurse gave him a message from the Mayor announcing that he was fired from the police force. It is probable that the editor of the Liberal and Colonel Max Frost, of the New Mexican, are about the only editors in the Territory whom it would be safe for an ordinary man to try to lick.—Lordsburg Liberal.

### Grace of Gypsies.

The Gypsies are nearer to the animals than any race known to us in Europe. They have the lawlessness, the abandonment, the natural physical grace in form and gesture of animals; only a stealthy and wary something in their eyes makes them human.—Arthur Symons.

### Perhaps a Gentle Hint at Hari-kari.

It was a ludicrous mistake to offer a sword to the head of the Standard Oil Company. Its favorite weapon is the rebate.—New York Evening Post.