

IN THE GARDEN OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES RUTTON GOING, IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

Ah, when I first began to plant
Life's garden close, I did not know
(For I was young and ignorant)
What choice of seeds I ought to sow.

And many things I planted there
Alas! turned out but barren seeds,
And others died for want of care,
And many more proved noxious weeds.

But in the midst of place of all
A little slip grew, unaware,
And it had burgeoned fair and tall
Before I knew that it was there.

Around its head the sunlight drew,
The sweet earth drew around its root,
And fairer still in form it grew
To bud, to blossom, and to fruit.

And now, so radiant it grows,
The garden is a magic power—
Spices of perfume and of rose,
Soft-veiled with beauty and with flower.

A PLOT FRUSTRATED.

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It looked like a pretty illumination, the French cottage-window, with the shaded lamp burning on the centre-table and the muslin curtain blowing backward and forward in the lilted breeze; and the tableau of two young lovers sitting together on the sofa was prettier still. Leslie Brown was a beautiful girl of seventeen, dark-browed and rosy-lipped, with a skin like the velvety cream of a magnolia leaf, dark-gray eyes and long, luxuriant hair coiled in a mass of heavy braids around her head. Montagu Lacy was seven-and-twenty, with Saxon features, curls of a deep, golden hue and a silky brown mustache twisting roguishly up at the ends.

"But I say, Leslie, you will answer me to-morrow?" pleaded the young man.

"I don't know, Mr. Lacy—it's so sudden."

"So is everything sudden in this world."

"I don't know what mamma would say," hesitated pretty Leslie.

"Shall I take measures to ascertain?" solicitously asked Mr. Montagu Lacy.

"Certainly not," Leslie answered firmly. "I have not decided as yet myself."

"Yes, but Leslie, it's confoundedly hard on a fellow."

"Perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't. You must go now, in any event."

"Must I?" Mr. Lacy arose with a comical grimace. "To-morrow, then?"

"I won't promise."

"Then you are a cruel, hard-hearted girl, and that's all I have to say on the subject. However, I shall try my luck, whatever may befall."

And, bending lightly, he touched his lips to the rosy dimples of her finger-joints as he went away.

Miss Henderson witnessed the whole scene—heard all the words spoken in the murmurous silence of the summer twilight from her vantage-point behind the hedge of pink-blossomed American laurel. She bit her lip, and, if the "baleful eye" could blast like the forked flash of summer lightning, Leslie Brown would have been at that instant smitten to the ground.

"You are so sure of him, my young lady, are you?" said Miss Henderson to herself. "Just wait and see. There may be two words to that bargain."

One instant Malvina Henderson stood thinking. To let Pretty Leslie Brown run away with the prize for which she had schemed and plotted so long was entirely opposite to all her long-conceived policy—and yet—

"I have it," said Malvina, to herself. "Yes, I have it. Nothing short of death or madness will part them, and jealousy is a species of madness."

Hurrying through the shrubbery, already wet with dew, as swift and noiseless as a gliding wreath of white mist, Miss Henderson met Montagu Lacy at the front door, just as he had found his hat and lighted the cigar which was to accompany him on his long evening walk.

"Mr. Lacy—oh, please don't throw away your cigar," she said, coaxingly, and Malvina Henderson could assume a charmingly pleading air when she chose, "but I've walked so fast up from the lodge, for fear you should be gone—and I've such a favor to ask you."

"A favor, Miss Henderson?"

"There, now," said Malvina, with a sweet little laugh, "I knew you would be surprised, but remember!" holding up a taper finger, "it's a profound secret."

"Oh, certainly."

"Well, it's leap-year, you know, and we girls are going to send Joe Thornycroft a love letter—just for a joke, you know—and we don't know what on earth to write, and—and—won't you just give us the rough draft of one for us to copy?"

"I?"

"Yes, you. You know you've read such lots of delightful English novels, and you can give us just the right idea."

"Beg your pardon," said Mr. Lacy, laughing, "but I think you young ladies need no suggestions."

"Mr. Lacy, you won't refuse?"

"Refuse? No, not if I really can be of any use; but—"

"Allow us to be the judge of that," cried Malvina, with gay imperiousness, as she drew him into the library and reached for staid and rose-colored paper. "Now you must write a genuine love-letter."

"How shall I begin it?" said Mr. Lacy, good-humoredly yielding the Mr.

point without betraying a vestige of the impatience he really felt.

"Oh, any way. 'Dear Malvina,' just for fun."

"Very well."

And Mr. Lacy's swift pen scratched away over the paper, dashing off the lines with ready inventive genius.

"How will this do?" he asked, and read over what he had been composing.

Miss Henderson clapped her hands exultingly.

"Charming—perfect!" she cried. "How poor, dear Joe will be victimized! But you haven't signed it—what ought we to 'wind up' with?"

"Oh, that is simple enough. 'Yours devotedly,' or 'Yours until death,' or some such rhodomontade," he said, hurriedly scratching off the glowing words.

"Now sign it. I am so stupid, you see; I need all your good nature in counseling me."

"Just the initials—in my case it would be M. L."

"How can I ever thank you enough," said Malvina, rapturously, as she folded the little pink billet.

"But you'll never let Thornycroft

Pat's Pathetic Passion.

POLICEMAN PAT peruses picture prize proffer.

Premium promised person purchasing, placing painted pieces, producing perfect pictures.

Pat ponders, purchases—paying prodigious price—prepares place, puts pieces promiscuously, pursues particular plan, pompously prophesies prompt performance.

Pieces proceed perversely. Pat pauses perturbed. Problem perplexes. Prolonged perplexity produces pante. Pientiful pooten potatoes prove perilous.

Protracted puzzling produces profuse perspiration, panting, pain, pallor, palpitation. Pills procure partial palliation.

Pat persists, perseveres, protests perfection possible. Punishment pursues pertinacious policeman. Poor Pat pays penalty, perishes pitifully, prone, prostrate.

Parents provide proper pall.

Priest publicly pronounces panegyric.

Paper prints pertinent paragraphs praising popular prominent policeman.

Pat planted permanently.—Camilla J. Knight, in Life.

know that I had a finger in the pie," laughed Mr. Lacy.

"Never—never, upon my word!" fervently asseverated Miss Henderson. And, if smiles were sunshine, Montagu Lacy's homeward way would have been one illumination that evening.

Five minutes afterward, Malvina entered the room where Leslie Brown was deluding herself with the idea that she was reading.

"Leslie," she said, earnestly, "I want your advice."

Miss Brown looked up, rather surprised. Although they were second cousins, she was not particularly partial to Malvina, and she had reason to suppose that she herself was not a favorite with the fading passe brunette.

"My advice, Malvina?" she repeated doubtfully.

"Yes," laughed and blushed Malvina, "about getting married. I am going to confide in you, my dear. I have had an offer."

Leslie arched her fair brows, innocently, and Miss Henderson went on, with a well-affected air of pretty confusion.

"From—but you can never guess from whom, if you were to try for a hundred years. From Montagu Lacy."

Leslie Brown grew pale, and then scarlet.

"You must be mistaken, Malvina. He—"

And then she stopped.

"Oh, I dare say," said Malvina, a little maliciously; "but you'll tell quite a different tale when you see the letter I received from him to-night."

Leslie smiled; what else could she do, secure as she was in Montagu's adoration of herself. She could only pity her cousin's monstrous delusion.

But Miss Henderson was prepared with testimony to back up her words. She unfolded the note and laid it on the table.

"You will believe his own words, if you don't believe mine," said she, laughingly; and the blood seemed to turn to ice in Leslie's pulses at the sight of the well-known handwriting.

"My own darling," it began, but she could decipher no more. Her head swam, her lips quivered.

"I do not wish to read it," she said hurriedly. "I—I have no wish to pry into the secrets of others."

"But that is entirely a mistaken idea, Leslie. We both wish you to know our plans. Let me read it to you, if you will not look at it yourself."

She murmured out the flowing sentences of love-smitten rhetoric which the unconscious victim had penned so merrily not fifteen minutes before, but Leslie Brown scarcely heard them. It seemed so impossible—so monstrously absurd—that Montagu Lacy should dare to make open love at one and the same time to herself and this black-eyed, vindictive old maid! That he, whom she had deemed the very impersonation of everything that was noble and chivalric, should be so utterly false! If he were untrue, then what and who, in all the world, could be pronounced real?

Miss Henderson's cooling, hypocritically-sweet voice broke harshly in on the thread of her reflections.

"Do tell me how to answer him?" she murmured. "You see how he presses for an immediate reply. What shall I say?"

"I—I don't know," said Leslie, pressing her hand on her forehead. "My head aches—I don't think I am very well this evening. Some other time, Malvina, I will answer your questions."

And Leslie Brown, whose self-command had barely extended to the uttering of these incoherent sentences, hurried out of the room.

Malvina watched her with a sly, cat-like smile.

"I think I have done for you, young lady," she thought to herself, "with all your rosy cheeks and big, gray eyes! A little maneuvering, and I shall bring Mr. Montagu Lacy to my feet, now that this dangerous rival is out of the way."

Mr. Lacy's astonishment, the next day, on receiving Leslie's indignant message of "not at home," was extreme.

"What does it all mean?" he muttered. "I will see her, or—"

And he sat himself resolutely down on the front piazza, thus laying regular siege to the unconscious Leslie—a line of tactics entirely different from anything Miss Henderson had supposed him likely to pursue.

"Here I sit until midnight—or until she comes out!" he told himself.

Presently she came, but not alone. Malvina Henderson was with her, who was rather more discomfited than Leslie at the sudden apparition which confronted them. But he did not notice the elder of the two ladies at all.

THE PEOPLES FORUM

The Fun of Aeroplanes.

By Francis Arnold Collins.

IN the boy's calendar nowadays the aeroplane season comes in with sledding and runs all through skating, marble, top, kite flying and bicycle time. The delights of all the old games seem to be found in this marvelous new toy. The fun in throwing a top cannot compare with that of launching an aeroplane, while kite flying is a very poor substitute for the actual conquest of the air. To watch one of these fascinating little ships of the air, which you have fashioned and built with your own hands, actually rise from the earth and soar aloft with a swallow's swiftness, is perhaps the greatest boy's sport in the world. Certainly no new game or toy has ever taken such hold of the boy's imagination, and in so short a time enrolled such an army of enthusiasts.—St. Nicholas.

'Words, Words, Words.'

By Hildegarde Hawthorne.

IT is truly wonderful, when you stop to think of it, this power of words—just words printed in black on white, without even the help of the voice, without any appeal at all except to our imagination. Here they are, grouped in various ways, and as our eye travels over them all sorts of pictures arise before us. Our hearts grow sick with pain and sorrow, or we break out into laughter. We toes about on high seas or languish in fetid prisons, we are old or young, poor or rich, as the words choose. And we have only to rearrange these words to produce a quite opposite impression. Surely it is an amazing thing, more so perhaps than anything the words succeed in telling us.—St. Nicholas.

By the Shape of Your Nose

By Dr. Wood Hutchinson.

HERE is a tolerably close racial parallel between high-nosed and high-minded. The nose is not only our most human, but in a broad sense is our most intellectual feature. Growth of nose and shrinkage of jaw have been the two great correlates which have accompanied human progress. The moment, however, that we endeavor to go beyond these broad and loose generalizations, we find ourselves in trouble. This, from the fact patent to everyone who has kept his eyes open, that we find noses of practically all shapes, from the plevan pug to the aristocratic aquiline, in individuals of the same race, and even in members of the same family, although the long and straight or convex noses would be far more numerous in the higher races and the abler families. It is comparatively seldom that a great man has a small nose, or even a short one, and instead of applying such terms as "proboscis," "beak," "carrot" and "beet" to a large, long aggressive nose, it should be regarded as a mark of breeding and as prima facie evidence of good blood and possible capacity.—Success.

Plato on the Sexes.

By Emily J. Putnam.

WE grant, he urged, that a bald-headed man is very different in one regard from a long-haired man; shall we then say that if bald men may become cobblers, long-haired men may not? And similarly, if we are sending for a doctor, shall we try to get one who excels in professional skill, or one who performs this or that function in reproduction? "None of the occupations which comprehend the ordering of a State belong to woman as woman, nor yet to man as man, but natural gifts are to be found here and there in both sexes alike; and, so far as her nature is concerned, the woman is admissible to all pursuits as well as the man. Shall we then appropriate all duties to men and none to women? On the contrary, we shall hold that one woman may have talents for medicine and another be without them; and that one may be musical and another unmusical; one woman may have qualifications for gymnastic exercises and for war, and another be unwarlike and without taste for gymnastics; there may be a love of knowledge in one woman and a distaste for it in another. There are also some women who are fit and other who are unfit for the office of guardian. As far as the guardianship of the State is concerned, there is no difference between the natures of the man and of the woman, but only various degrees of weakness and strength. Thus we shall have to select duly qualified women also, to share in the life and official labors of the duly qualified men, since we find that they are competent to the work, and of kindred nature with the men."—Putnam's.

Underground New York.

By Maurice Deutsch.

THE rock surface of Manhattan Island slopes from north to south, and passes below the tide level at about Tenth street. From this point south and below the water level the island consists of a great blanket of sand and silt deposits built up on the underlying rock by the tides and currents of recent geologic times. Beds of clay and sand, vary in thickness, and in some places the clay does not appear at all. The sands vary to a considerable degree from the coarsest gravel to the most treacherous quicksands.

To give an idea of the fineness of this sand some samples were passed through sieves with meshes of various sizes, and finally through a 200-mesh sieve, the openings of which are about .035 of an inch in width. From 20 to 27 per cent. passed through the 200-mesh sieve. Little may we wonder then that such fine material, when saturated with water, should flow as readily as water itself, passing through every crevice and seeking its level just like any liquid. Herein lies the reason for the difficulties encountered in excavating in quicksands; or, should pumping be resorted to in order to drain a pit of water, this fine material will invariably be pumped with the water, and if the pumping be continued, will finally be drawn from under adjoining structures, eventually undermining them.

What is probably the oldest piece of wood in existence was found underlying the bed rock at a depth of about forty feet below the street level, on the site of the United States Express Building, in Greenwich street, and was covered by a stratum of hard pan about eleven feet thick, above which was a layer of quicksand and muck about thirty feet thick. The specimen of wood is slightly brown in color and is believed to have belonged to a now extinct species of cedar. As there was no way in which the wood could have been brought into this niche in the bed rock after the hard pan stratum had been deposited by the glaciers, it is evident that the tree of which this specimen formed a part had been growing before the glacial epoch.—Harper's Weekly.

For Beautiful Hands.

Mrs. Jamieson, the well-known author, was a great admirer of beautiful hands and thus expressed herself on her favorite "point" in a woman: "A white hand is a very desirable ornament, and a hand can never be white unless it be kept clean; nor is this all, for if a young lady excels her companions in this respect she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will cause the blood to circulate freely and have a wonderful effect. The motion recommended is working at the needle, brightening her house and making herself as useful as possible in the performance of all domestic

The Baby's Medicine.

The mistress of the home had been to a concert, and when she returned she was met by the servant with: "Baby was very ill while you were out, mum."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Youngwife. "Is he better?"

"Oh, yes, mum; he's all right now, but he was bad at first. I found his medicine in the cupboard."

"Good gracious! What have you given the child? There's no medicine in the cupboard."

"Oh, yes, there is; it's written on it," and then the girl triumphantly produced a bottle labelled "Kid Reviver."—Lippincott's.

A Package Mailed Free on Request of

MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw plant. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us postal or letter, requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 534 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

A Certain Cure for Every Child's Constipation, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Febrile Disorders, Colic, and all other ailments of Infants. It is the best and most reliable medicine for Children. A. S. OLINSTEAD, La. Roy, N. Y.

DAISY FLY KILLER

planned anywhere, outside and kills all flies, gnats, mosquitoes, house flies, etc. Made of metal, cannot spill or be broken, will not rust or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers or sent direct for \$2.00.

Corset Reflection.

The wonderful endurance power of women is evidenced again by the fact that a husky New York college man, who was rehearsing in a girl's part in a play, fell in a fit and remained unconscious for some time, and for no other reason than that he had been wearing a tightly laced corset for a couple of hours.—Topeka State Journal.

Try Murine Eye Remedy
For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. It Soothes Eye Pain. Murine Eye Remedy, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy, 15c and \$1.00.

Hearst fears that he is not going to be wholly satisfied with Gaynor as mayor of New York.—Chicago News.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Progress in the South.

There is no disputing the reality of the South's prosperity. The "Manufacturer's Record" presents an imposing array of building contracts for Dixie. Atlanta is going to have a \$1,250,000 office building; Tampa is to have one worth \$200,000; San Antonio one at \$500,000, and Houston one at \$400,000. Richmond is building a \$250,000 addition to its best hotel, and Lexington, Ky. (which needs it), is raising a new hotel to cost \$300,000. Birmingham and Louisville are to have new Young Men's Christian association buildings, at \$250,000 each, and Little Rock is equipping itself with a new court house. The Southern railroad is preparing to spend \$6,000,000 on improvements and the Chesapeake & Ohio is to follow suit with \$5,000,000. About all there is left of the South's old dooce far niente is confined to the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" shows.—Waterbury American.

Among Papuan Cannibals.

It is well known that New Guinea is the home of cannibalism, and that the natives have murderous tendencies of a pronounced kind. Yet it may honestly be said that the life of the ordinary settler or traveler in Papua is rather safer than in Sydney or Melbourne. You could not, in Sydney or Melbourne, sleep on your veranda, in a house that has no doors to speak of and windows that are never shut. You could not if you are a woman, wander alone at night in solitary places, secure from all annoyance. You could not spend a day in the sole society of leg-ironed convicts, and find them good company, decidedly polite and obliging. Yet you may do all these things in Papua the impossible.—Wide World Magazine.

A Taste A Smile

And satisfaction to the last mouthful—

Post Toasties

There's pleasure in every package. A trial will show the fascinating flavour.

Served right from the package with cream or milk and sometimes fruit—fresh or stewed.

"The Memory Lingers"

PKgs. 10c and 15c. Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.