

SCANDAL

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.
Far blacker than a raven's wings,
It crows and feels in ancient things,
Nor lets the shadow of a doubt
Soften the lie it burrows out.

With tongue-blades keener than a knife,
It probes the bleeding wounds of life—
Lays bare the motive and the deed,
And cation makes from flower seed.

It mangles love, and smears with lust
Lanes of purity and trust,
Battens on sins of king or slave,
And fouls with slime a new-made grave.
—New York Independent.

Priscilla's Pigeon.

JIM BRUSHINGHAM, artist, went to Trippville with a twofold purpose of making progress in painting and profit from his pictures. He chose Trippville because it combined certain qualities beautiful, aristocratic, scenic and atmospheric, that are supposed to make for the uplift of aims aesthetic and pocketbook plethoric. Mr. Brushingham, strange to say, was broke. He could paint, but, in the city at least, he couldn't sell enough to buy tubes. He couldn't afford to make the daily excursions into the country for subjects, and he had paid so many board bills with pictures that Tidwell and Farish, the sculptor who had descended to bas-relief for cigar signs, called him "the hash artist." Besides a young woman's college which gave tone to the town, Trippville had a hotel in which, as Brushingham well knew, the custom was to register when you came and pay when you go. The town was situated upon the brink of a shimmering river, with an old stone mill, a water wheel, white birch in the bottom land, orchards all over town and enough of sheep, pigs and cattle to keep Rosa Bonheur turning over in her hallowed grave.

So Brushingham, one fine April day, landed in the Tripp House, with his field kit, his color boxes, his easel and his trunk, and registered "J. Clifton Brushingham, Artist," with a bold flourish that looked good for at least a week's board. Tripp, the proprietor, whose spectacles were girded on with a showsting, made a deep obeisance to the distinguished guest, and before dinner was over or Jim had completed his count of the microscopic side dishes he was thoroughly at home and ready for the artistic conquest of Trippville. By dint of painting Squire Dubecks orchard and permitting Mrs. Dubeck and all the little Dubecks to look over his shoulder while he worked, he learned a goodly share of the village gossip. He knew, for instance, that old Bill Tripp was "right as the bark of a tree," but that his daughter Priscilla, familiarly known as Pinkie, knew "how to make the old man's money."

Being a shrewd young man Jim therefore resolved to "get in right" with the fair daughter of the house of Tripp, for besides being a girl of generous impulses she was a member of the graduating class at Tripp College, and one of the "social favorites" as well as one of the most "beautiful and accomplished," et ceteras of Trippville. By leaving his door open on Saturday and Sunday and turning his easel toward it Jim soon succeeded in luring her into his studio, and the result was a round of mutual admiration senneces, in which the plump girl with ribbons in her hair and the slim artist with brown curls became very well acquainted. At the end of his first week Jim spent a few breathless days, fearing that Tripp would present his bill. But his second Tuesday in the place dawned brilliantly in the absence of the dun, and the presence of an invitation to "class tea" signed by the fair Pinkie herself and written in the latest angular hand upon Nile green paper.

At the end of the third week in Trippville half the girls at the college were "going in" for art, and Miss Pinkie was trying to get up a class. She had already picked up a lot of his studio jargon and was forever babbling about "atmosphere," "motifs" and "schools." Brushingham was invited to address the "Twentyeth Century Ethical Circle," he donated a painting of the Trippville mill to the First Congregational bazaar and received a letter of praise from Mrs. Henrietta Suggs, who won it in the raffle. When his month "was up" the artist was the best-known man in town and very popular, but when he sat down to figure up his financial profits and losses he found that his assets and his liabilities fully equal to the task of putting his balance on the wrong side of the ledger. He hadn't sold anything, he had no pupils, his supply dealer was commencing to "roar," and, worst of all, Papa Tripp was beginning to glow at him.

To accentuate his tribulations Mamma Tripp was beginning to smile ominously upon him. He suspected that she was responsible for her husband's leniency about the bill, but in her honeyed words and radiant smiles he heard and saw the bodiful craft of a match-making woman. Then Pinkie suddenly came to his relief with the confidential assurance that she would take lessons, "no matter what papa said." He gave her a list of what she would need, and she ordered enough stuff to stock a studio. That bill for artist's materials put Papa in an awful temper. He didn't say anything, but he looked at Jim as if he'd like to throttle him. Meanwhile the lesson began and Mrs. Tripp fairly scintillated with joy. Brushingham was getting nervous. Perhaps it was his overwrought imagination, but he thought he detected some signs of dawning ten-

derness in Pinkie's behavior. He thought seriously of "jumping the town," but put away the temptation with a shiver. He ran over his list of friends who might stand a slight loan, and he shipped what pictures he had finished to Tidwell with instructions to sell at any price.

Meanwhile Pinkie proved an enthusiastic pupil. To stimulate her efforts he set her to work copying objects of still life. This progress fascinated Mrs. Tripp, and she unearthed from the bottom of an old closet a stuffed white pigeon that had once done service as "the dove" upon a floral offering for a certain deceased aunt. The advent of this "dove" fixed the status of Brushingham's diligent pupil. Pinkie painted that dove on everything, in every conceivable color, light, attitude and pose. She bought cords of wooden shovels, plaques, plates, screens, dollies, lambrequins, canvas and frames, tubes, brushes, essels and palettes till the Tripp House began to look like an artist's school and Papa Tripp faded into a sinister looking, cankered skeleton of himself. If Pinkie had only painted something besides that dove papa might have kept up at least a semblance of serenity, but turn where he would it peered at him out of its pink eyes. It was in the order of his soup plate. It fluttered by his desk on a "hand-painted" calendar, it peeped in his bedroom on a sky-blue plaque. It was all over town. Instead of a dove of peace it loomed before him as a vulture of discontent, a bird of prey. He brooded over it. He would have stolen the hateful model "if he dared to leave his wife and Pinkie. But the accused thing had become the one, priceless idol of all their lares and penates.

Brushingham was now in that state in which Pinkie, her mother and old man Tripp were objects of almost equal dread. The "dove" seemed to have drawn them together and to dominate them like an evil genius in a kind of tangled web that smothered and threatened him.

When graduation day came he was expected to be one of Pinkie's guests of honor. He was almost ill with worry when he got the invitation, but the sight of it gave him new hope. It meant that the girl and her mother would be absent all day. Why not fact-old man Tripp alone, demand his bill, promise a check, catch the noon train for town and leave his effects as security? To be sure, he would lose them as well as his Trippville fame, but what then? Was it not better than to be forever pestered with the sentimental Pinkie, her egging mamma and that ubiquitous and preposterous bird?

It took courage to politely decline the invitation, but he did it. It took more to face the long suffering and skulking Tripp, but to "demand his bill" and then to dare to "stand off" the proprietor? That was nerve! "Mister Tripp," said Brushingham that fateful morning, when the sweet girl graduate and ma had left the place clear. "Mister Tripp, I—ahem, I'm thinking of leaving. I—"

"Ah-h!" gasped the old man. "I'd like—ah—to know, that is to see, about what my bill is."

"So yer goin' away, eh?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Ye ain't comin' back, air ye?"

"—ah—really can't say. I—"

"See here, young fellow, if yer goin' away air 'nint comin' back, I'll make the bill as trifin as—"

"I'm afraid I may never get an opportunity to return," brightened Jim.

"But if yer'll take away that gosh-dinged pigeon—"

"All right, sir."

"An' all this dad-gasted stoojo truck, pack and parcel, and git out 'fore them fool women comes back—"

"Certainly."

"They won't be no bill at all!" concluded old man Tripp with a yowl of concentrated rage and relief.—John H. Rafferty, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Indications of Strength in Newspapers.
There are several features that enter the make-up of a strong newspaper and enable an advertiser to gauge its value with reasonable accuracy.
First, comes the news feature. A newspaper that covers the news field thoroughly is likely to be a favorite with the people and to enjoy a substantial circulation.
Next, is its appearance, not so much from the standpoint of artistic make-up and typography as from that of prosperity. The paper with a prosperous appearance will, generally speaking, give the advertiser good service.
Third, comes the question of rates. An advertiser is justified in refusing to do business with a paper having fluctuating prices for space, because he cannot know when bottom is reached.
Therefore, the chief indications of strength in newspapers are: Enterprising in news gathering, a prosperous appearance, and an invariable rate.—Profitable Advertising.

Pigs' Likes and Dislikes.
A man who breeds pigs for the pork trade was talking the other day about the likes and dislikes of these animals.
"A pig," said he, "hates a dog, but admires a cow. I have seen my pigs stand perfectly still and gaze at a cow for many minutes at a time. They are also fond of a horse. A horse, as a matter of fact, seems to be pretty fond of them, and I have seen horses and pigs together in the same stall on a very friendly footing."
"Pigs are fonder of women than of men, and they dislike children. They are fond of cold weather. Rain is very repugnant to them. Show they like. My pigs will sometimes frolic in a snow storm like a lot of school children."—Philadelphia Record.

GRASSHOPPERS A BLESSING.

Kansas Farmers Find They Make Good Food For Turkeys.

Farmers in Western Kansas, Eastern Colorado and Southwestern Nebraska no longer look on the grasshoppers as a pest and a menace to crops, says a Topeka special to the New York Tribune. Instead the insect is regarded as a valuable asset, and the arrival of a swarm of them is hailed with as much delight as is a good harvest of some minor crop. The change in the attitude of the farmers toward the grasshoppers is the result of the discovery that they are an excellent food for turkeys.

More than a quarter of a century ago grasshoppers destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of crops in Kansas and gave this State its first reputation for suffering. The farmers in those days raised no turkeys, and the insects had full sway. To-day thousands of turkeys are owned in the western part of Kansas. The fowls live almost exclusively on grasshoppers, and each bird is said to be able to consume between a pint and a quart of the insects a day.

The discovery that grasshoppers made good food for turkeys was made three years ago by Albert Whitlock, a Smith County farmer. The next year he raised 300 turkeys, and not only kept his own farm clear of grasshoppers, but made a good profit of the turkeys by renting them to his neighbors who were troubled by the grasshoppers. The next year his neighbors began raising the turkeys. They set the turkey eggs under their hens, and as soon as the young fowls were large enough to provide for themselves they were taught to hunt grasshoppers. It is easy to teach them, as they soon become very fond of the insects.

WISE WORDS.

The heart ought to give charity when the hand cannot.—Inesnel.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any.—John Gou.

You shall be none the worse tomorrow for having been happy to-day.—Thackeray.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches. One to fear and sorrow, real poverty.—Hume.

You needn't pick up any worries. You can get them anywhere as you go along.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

The best use we can make of our life is to live so that we shall be a benediction to every one we meet.—J. R. Miller.

Pride is the devil's strategist, who, like an expert wrestler, usually gives a man a lift before he gives him a throw.—Scott.

Thoughtlessness is never an excuse for wrongdoing. Our hasty actions disclose as nothing else our habitual feelings.—Walter T. Field.

The one right use of our faith in immortality is neither as bribe nor as menace, but simply to free us from all disturbance about the consequences of righteous action, to give us strength to look singly at the quality of our life, not at all its results.—John Hamilton Thom.

"Wizard of Horticulture."
Wonderful results in hybridization have been produced by Luther Burbank, the "Wizard of Horticulture." On fifteen acres of land at Santa Rosa, Cal., says the San Francisco Argonaut, he breeds fruits and flowers by thousands, continually producing new varieties.

By crossing and re-crossing innumerable seedlings, so as to have large numbers "select" from, he has introduced a great many new plums, most of which are superior to any of the parent varieties. He is now breeding a stoneless prune, having already succeeded in eliminating the pit, so that only the kernel of the stone remains. His giant prune, an offspring of the French prune, is nearly three times as large as the parent, and he has introduced a kind of blackberry, raspberry hybrids, the berries of which are more than twice the size of either of the parent fruits. By crossing the apricot with a plum Mr. Burbank has produced a new fruit called the plumcot, and by hybridizing the black walnut and the English walnut, he has created a new species, with nuts very much larger and more valuable than those of either parent, and a more rapid-growing tree. Another remarkable achievement of his was the production of a white blackberry.

Mysophobia.
The medical profession has conferred no small boon on many sufferers by inventing a Greek or pseudo-Greek term for their otherwise democratic complaints. The last of these inventions is recorded this week. The disease is fustiness, and the medical term is mysophobia. Mysophobia is he who, when seated by his table, lifts his glass to see if it is fingered, and if he detects a smudge uses his napkin to dispose of it. In short, mysophobia is the exorcism of that respect for cleanliness which convinced Svental of the madness of Englishmen when he surprised the Laird in the play who seized on every one's watchchain and began rubbing it with camoils leather was a mysophobe, and the irritating man who begs your pardon and picks some microscopic piece of fluff from your sleeve is another. The servant, though most would benefit by inoculation with the disease, who insists on dusting papers is another, and the disease is widely prevalent among all housekeepers in the spring. It is nice to know at last just what to call it, but the medical press is more inclined to suggest scientific names than remedies.—London Graphio.

WAR'S RAVAGES IN CUBA.

The Loss of Life Estimated at Nearly 300,000—Effects on Agriculture.

From a recent bulletin issued by the United States Geological Survey, entitled "A Gazetteer of Cuba," compiled by Henry Gannett, geographer, some suggestive facts regarding the island are taken.
Light is thrown on the depopulating effect of the war by the comparison of the census of 1899 with that of 1877. In the latter year it was 1,631,687, or 59,000 more than twelve years later, in 1899. Allowing for the probable increase in the population between 1887 and 1895, the year in which the insurrection broke out, the loss of life, as indicated by the two censuses, may be estimated at nearly 200,000, a loss to be attributed to the war, and the accompanying reconcentration.

With an acreage of 44,000 square miles, and a population in 1899 of 1,572,797, only three per cent of the area in farms was under cultivation. The most highly cultivated and profitable island were in Matanzas and Habana provinces, which lie adjoining in its western part, while in Puerto Principe, the large central province, cultivation was comparatively slight and the land was used mostly for cattle ranches. The crops, in the order of areas cultivated, were: first, sugar cane, occupying some what less than half of the cultivated area; next, sweet potatoes, occupying eleven per cent of the area; tobacco, nine per cent, and bananas a trifle less than nine per cent. Tobacco and sugar were grown in all the provinces. In 1899 there were in Cuba 207 sugar mills with a daily production of 61,407 bags.

The Value of Being Stuffed.
The enthusiasm of the journalist and literary worker is as conspicuous as the enthusiasm of the scientist. The latter is willing to sacrifice himself for his art quite as strong. A dispatch from Paris, while it records the stabbing of Mr. Perceval Pollard by an Austrian who mistook him for another man, adds: "Mr. Pollard bled profusely, but the wound proved slight, and he regards the experience as of great value to him from a literary point of view." Mr. Pollard is not exceptional in his delight at being stabbed as a source of material for realistic writing. Those who serve the public in the literary field feel constantly the shortcomings of their imaginations, and are quite willing to piece out their fancy by description, not of imaginary situations, but real ones.

There are no doubt young and ardent writers waiting around for a chance to be stabbed, shot, drowned and resuscitated to be able to write it up. It is very hard to have voluntary emotions. They are quite machine like. How can one describe a runaway who has never been in one, or a rescuee from a burning building who has not seen such a rescue, or, better still, been the rescuer of the rescued? The rising literary world is simply plating for "experiences." It was great luck Mr. Perceval Pollard was in, getting stabbed in Paris; he is envied of a large circle of admiring friends.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Was Pleased to Get Full Value.
The London Graphic tells a good story of an American gentleman who was staying at one of the Right (Switzerland) hotels for the purpose of seeing the sun rise—which, when the weather is fine, is a spectacle well worth beholding. This enthusiast got up very early, turned out in the cold and shivered in the twilight. And he continued to shiver in the twilight. Instead of a magnificent panorama unfolding itself in golden glory, in the place of seeing blue lakes as on a map, rivers like silver threads and rose-fused ranges of snow-mountains, a thick, murky, obstinate fog rolled up, becoming denser every minute, and remained without a sign of passing until it was time to have breakfast. When this astute citizen of the United States received his bill previous to his departure, he carefully checked it and then gazed fixedly at it for a few moments as a merry twinkling smile overtook his countenance. He then took his pencil and wrote at the foot of the bill: "By sun not coming up to time, smiling—20 francs," and calmly deducted that sum from the total.

"Living" Shakespeare.
The voluntary of the penny-a-liner is well known to all connected with the newspaper profession. Had "Hamlet" been described in a press treatment by the modern liner the message would have been headed something like this, in large letters: "Appalling Tragedy in Denmark: King Murdered by His Brother; Young Court Lady Goes Mad and Drowns Herself; Four Royal Personages Slaughtered."
"The Merchant of Venice," instead of appearing under that modest and commonplace title, would have been heralded by the liner as "Extraordinary Venetian Trial; A Jew Money-Lender Claims a Pound of Human Flesh."
In like manner "Romeo and Juliet" would have become—"Deplorable and Pathetic Tragedy in High Life; Two Lovers Commit Suicide;" or something of that sort. These examples indicate how Shakespeare's terse titles would have shot out if handled by the liner.—The Bits.

How to Choose a Husband.
In some parts of Germany the girls have a pretty custom in which the queen of flowers plays a part.
If a girl has several suitors, and wishes to know which of them would be true to her, she takes rose petals and drops them into a bowl of water, giving each the name of one of her admirers.
The leaf that remains floating longest represents the man whose faithfulness she may rely on, and whom she would therefore do well to choose.

Why Some Americans Persist in Living Abroad

By Eliot Gregory.

WHAT charm, one asks one's self in wonder, makes people remain for long years wandering freeseless from Cairo to Corahill? It cannot be the climate, for our own is quite as good. Historical associations, we are assured, compensate many of those people for the absence of kith and kin. Experience, however, has taught me that the majority of them are as splendidly indifferent to history—and art, too, for the matter of that, unless as it is applied to the decoration of the human form—as they are to the Rosetta Stone.

The families that one finds residing in Italy, for instance, long since abandoned such foolishness as sight-seeing. That useless fatigue is left to the newcomers: the habitues I have met no more dream of visiting the Vatican galleries or of reading in the library of Lorenzo the Magnificent than they do of settling down seriously to study Italian.
One hears, especially in the less expensive little cities, some twaddle about culture, but you may take my word for it, in nine cases out of ten the real attraction of the place lies in the fact that a Victoria can be had for \$50 a month and a good cook for one-tenth that sum.—The Century.

Ambition in the United States

By Max Nordau.

AMBITION is nowhere else so general and so boundless as in America. This is natural, for in no other country is individualism so highly differentiated as in America, or man so full of labor energy, so rich in initiative, resource, optimism and self-confidence; so little tethered by pedantry, so willing to recognize the value of a brilliant personality, however this may find expression.

To this it must be added that in America the instances in which men have risen from the most humble beginnings to the most fabulous destinies are more numerous and striking than anywhere else. A Lincoln who develops from a woodcutter into a President; a Schwab who, at twenty years, earned a dollar a day, and, at thirty-five, has a salary of a quarter of a million; a Carnegie who, as a youth, did not know where to find a shilling to buy primers, and, as a man in mature life, does not know how to get rid reasonably and usefully of his three hundred million dollars; must suggest to every woodcutter, every "button," every factory apprentice with the scantiest elementary schooling, the idea that it depends wholly on himself whether or not he shall tread in the footsteps of a Lincoln, a Schwab, or a Carnegie, and reach the goal that these celebrities have attained.

The Horatian "Aurea mediocritas" has nowhere else so few partisans as in America. "Everybody ahead" is the National motto. I suppress, intentionally, the second half of the smart sentence. The universal ideal of the American people seems to be success. The dream of success feeds the fancy of the child, hypnotizes the youth, gives the man tenacity, tenacity and perseverance, and only begins to become a matter of indifference under the sobering influence of advanced age.
"Success," however, is but one of those vague words which mean nothing definite, but which, like "freedom" or "progress," are more recipients filled by everybody with contents distinctively his own.—Success.

A Collegiate Education Essential to Success

By Chauncey M. Depew.

IT has been my fortune, as business associate in many enterprises, to become intimately acquainted with hundreds of men, who, without any equipment whatever of education, have accumulated millions of dollars. I never met with one of them whose regret was not profound and deep and poignant that he had not an education.
I never met one of them who did not feel in the presence of cultured people a certain sense of mortification which no money paid for. I never met one of them who was not prepared to sacrifice his whole fortune that his boy should never feel the same mortification.

Our language comes, in part, from the Latin and Greek. Our literature is in itself a sort of Latin and Greek. The man or the woman who knows Latin and Greek takes up the paper and reads the editorial or the magazine and scans the page, or the book of poetry or prose and looks at the illustrations, and there is a meaning in the word with the Greek or Latin derivation which comes to him unconsciously; there is a suggestion of a classic flavor in the illustrations which gives them a delight; so that you find university people readers to the day of their death, and business people readers until they go into business.

In the older countries of the world the higher education had always been a privilege. In these United States of America a liberal education is a duty.
There the institutions of government rest upon thrones, rest upon classes, rest upon caste. There the higher education endangers the caste and undermines the throne. Here liberty rests upon the intelligence of the people, and it is pure or it is base according to the character of that intelligence.

Every college is an insurance company against anarchy and socialism. Every fully equipped and thoroughly educated boy and girl is a missionary for the right in the State, in society, in religion and in morals.

No More "Asleep at the Switch"

By George H. Daniels.

ASLEEP at the Switch" could not have been written if the great railroad systems of the poet's time had been what they are now. If the author of those thrilling verses had not taken time for the forelock, amateur recitationists of to-day would have to depend entirely on "Woodman, Spare That Tree," or "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night." For the melodramatic situation used to such advantage—the switchman snoring at his post, the train coming madly on through the night and saved in the very nick of time by a maiden with her hair standing on end—would not be true to life in these days. Like the times, railroads have changed—for the better—and the fate of a trainload of passengers is no longer left to a single man who may or may not snuggle up to his switch and take a nap.

With the "block" system now in operation on the main lines, a man "asleep at the switch" would practically stop the running of trains for miles back. The sleeper, in other words, would virtually tie up the operation of the road until some one woke him up. For the object of the block system is to block trains, to keep them a certain distance apart. A block is the distance between towers—the distance varying all the way from less than 1500 feet to over three miles. Only one train is allowed in a block at a time.
The system is so simple that it can be described in a few words. The signals at each tower are controlled by the man in the tower ahead. That is, no towerman can give the signal "All clear" until that signal is unlocked by his co-laborer in the next tower. Thus, a train leaving Grand Central station is controlled as follows: On approaching tower one the towerman asks tower two for an unlock by ringing three bells. If block is clear between towers one and two, towerman at tower two unlocks tower one by pushing a plunger in a cabinet. Tower one then clears signals, and after the train has passed he announces the train approaching tower two by ringing four bells. And this method is carried out all the way to the end of the line.

Still, the block system does not alter the old rule for trainmen. When a train stops at an unusual place, the trainman, as in former days, must hurry back over the track for at least three-quarters of a mile, and place a torpedo on the track. Then he must continue further back one mile and place two torpedoes. If his train pulls away before another train comes along, he picks up the torpedo nearest the train, leaving the others on the track.
Torpedoes are called audible signals. When the engineer strikes the first torpedo he slows up, and if he does not strike a third he knows that the track has been cleared and again goes ahead full speed. If he strikes two torpedoes, however, he slows up and proceeds with extreme caution, knowing there is danger within one mile ahead. At night, in addition to the torpedoes, the trainman must light a fusee, a red light, which burns exactly ten minutes. An engineer coming upon one of these fusees knows that a train is ahead within ten minutes, and does not proceed until the fusee has burned out.