



STEVE CALDWELL'S vacation at North Harbor had not been profitable. He had not rested, had not found his affinity amongst the lawn-decked beauties of the place, was tired, remorseful and "broke." Thursday, having counted his small change and telephoned home for enough money to pay his bill, he determined to leave on the Saturday night boat. He told himself that the summer girls of North Harbor had "worked him to a finish." He called himself "a mark," and vowed that thereafter he would "vacate" in some trackless, primeval forest, where the wiles of women penetrate not and where high balls and penny ante are remote and uncanny memories.

Then he met Miss Glendennin and the whole face of nature was changed. The dowdy little summer resort became a paradise; he yearned to prolong his visit; the horizon suddenly expanded, the skies lifted and he noticed the pungent perfume of young summer in the air. But he was broke—flat broke, and rhapsodize as he might about her beauty, her gentleness, her evident regard for himself, he could not see any



REMORSEFUL AND BROKE.

way to cash on the delirium. He had met her twice and was sure he had "made an impression." There could be no doubt as to what she had done, for Steve had not known her a day when he was telegraphing to his house for permission to extend his vacation. She said "No" very curtly, and he hoped, Jerry Mowatt, who had come with Steve and who disapproved of his extravagance, saw his friend's lowering front and asked, "What's matter, Steve?"

"I'm broke," said Caldwell. "Shouldn't be surprised. So'm I. But you're going home, aren't you?"

"Yep. Got to."

"But you're sick of the hole, aren't you?"

"No—no—that is, I'd like it if I could afford it."

But when Saturday came and he had the check, just enough to pay his bill, Caldwell couldn't make up his mind to go. To brace himself for the test he paid his last \$5 to the hotel clerk and the next minute wished he had kept it. He couldn't go without another teletype with Miss Glendennin. He took a walk that led him down toward the beach past her cottage. Her mother was in the verandah, but Anne, his loadstar, was at a lawn fete. He moped back to his hotel. The next day was Sunday. Caldwell, worshipping from afar, saw Miss Glendennin and her mother go into the village church. He went in, too, and sat drowsing in a back pew during the dull service. When they came out he was on the walk, beaming, glorified with the reflected light of her countenance.

"Oh, we're so glad to see you, Mr. Caldwell," she said. "We're going to have a midday dinner at the hotel—tired of our cottage fare, you know. Have you tried the Shelburne cuisine? They say it's wonderful."

They were talking now, he holding her white lace parasol and she setting his heart afire with the flash of her twinkling, black eyes.

"Would you honor me by coming as my guests to the Pines?" he said desperately, remembering that his credit ought to be good there.

But old Mrs. Glendennin broke in with: "We'll be delighted to be your guests, Mr. Caldwell, but won't you humor us by taking us to the Shelburne? It's all the same to you, I suppose, and Anne has her heart set on the music there. Haven't you, Anne?"

And so to the Shelburne they went. Steve trying to forget that he had less than a dollar, living only each successive moment in her presence, hectic with alternate joy and embarrassment, till they were well along toward the coffee. He urged the ladies to order this, that and the other—anything that would defer the catastrophe and prolong his rapture. On tender hooks of delight and terror, at last he saw Mowatt strolling across the verandah. He hailed his friend as a deliverer, and Jerry was soon chatting with them. No, he would have nothing; he had just dined; he was going for a sail with the Hildebrandts. Steve winked, grimaced and in a dozen ways tried to send him wireless telegrams of distress—financial distress—but Mowatt, curse him, either could not or would not see them.

Matters were becoming desperate. Steve saw the waiter making out the bill. He excused himself a moment and tried to walk jauntily as he approached the cashier's desk. He explained that he had "left his money in his other suit." Was he a guest of the Shelburne? No. Then the cashier was "very sorry to say, but," etc. Steve grew red and gray by turns, but he went back to his table and sat like a graven image for a whole minute. Then he twiddled his watch chain furiously for another minute. Miss Glendennin, who sat next to him, noticed the ruby Chinese ring he wore on the chain and leaned over to examine it. Here was a brief but priceless oasis in the desert of his troubles. He felt the pressure of her perfect hand upon his arm. He caught the vague fragrance of her ebon hair. But Mowatt came around suddenly, shook hands with Steve, and said good-by. Caldwell could have throttled him as he stood an instant grinning into his face. It was evident that Jerry understood the awful predicament his friend was in, and was deliberately deserting him. But the economical villain gave Steve no chance to say a word, much less to make a quick and dexterous "touch." He bowed grandly to the ladies and was gone like a flash.

As Caldwell turned round he caught a fleeting look of puzzled curiosity upon the expressive face of his idol.

"She's on to me," he thought, and blushed like a schoolboy. Mrs. Glendennin was getting nervous. The waiter had brought the finger bowls long ago and was skulking near a pillar with anticipation of a liberal fee. Steve's right hand wandered aimlessly into his trouser's pocket.

"Eighty-five cents, count 'em," he thought, grimly biting his mustache. Then his fingers stole up into his vest pocket. He felt a hard, round bit of metal, clutched it, looked at Miss Glendennin and turned purple. He pulled out a \$10 gold piece and tried to look his gratitude at her. He succeeded in looking foolish, but she smiled faintly and sighed with pleased relief. The old lady noticed nothing. Steve paid the bill and gave the bobbing waiter a dollar. When they walked into the cool air Caldwell felt as a man feels whose reprieve is delivered at the gallows' trap. He was sure now that Anne, his Anne, was an angel. Such tact, such sympathetic acumen, such considerate regard for his feelings, his dignity, his vanity!

He told her, in a whisper, that she was a goddess. In the evening he found that Jerry was yet out on the water, so he borrowed a \$10 gold piece from the hotel clerk and hastened to his tryst with Miss Glendennin. It was midnight when he returned to his room and found Mowatt in pajamas smoking a pipe.

"Jerry," said Caldwell, "I'm going to marry that girl—yes, Miss Glendennin, if I can, and I think I can. You didn't see that I was broke to-day at dinner, did you? Of course not. You found it easy to go blind, deaf and dumb all at once. But I forgive you. Do you know what she did? She saw I was in a fix about settling the bill and she managed to slip a \$10 gold piece into my pocket while she was exclaiming this watch charm. I'd die for a woman like that, Jerry."

"But are you sure? How do you know?"

"I made her admit it to-night. First she said no, of course, and tried to get angry when I insisted on paying her back, but—"

"But what?"

"Finally, when she saw that it would grate on my pride to resist longer, she took back her ten."

Mowatt smoked furiously for five minutes. Steve, speechless with excitement, began to lose his temper.

"Well," he bawled at last, "aren't you going to say a word?"

"Steve," drawled Mowatt, lolling back in his chair, "if I were you I wouldn't have anything to do with Anne—Miss Glendennin."

"Why?" snapped Caldwell.

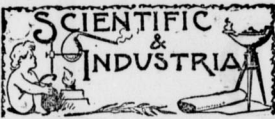
"Well, she bunkoed you out of that ten, that's all."

"But don't you see it was her ten, I was paying it back. She put it—"

"No, she didn't. I slipped that ten into your vest pocket myself."—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Safest of All Safe Places.
The fact that a bed in one of our great hospitals is the safest of all safe places for any one who is ill has been driven home among the working classes in London by personal experience. The people who know best, those who have again and again been in the hospitals themselves, are found in an ever-increasing crowd bringing up their sick to be cured, and clamoring for admission.—London Hospital.

Thick as Leaves.
In Liverpool, which is the densest and unhealthiest district in England, the population is 63,823 to the square mile.



The Artesian well at Grenelle, Paris, took ten years of continuous work before water was struck, at a depth of 1780 feet. At 1250 feet over 200 feet of boring-rod broke and fell into the well, and it was fifteen months before it was recovered. A flow of 900,000 gallons per day is obtained from it, the bore being eight inches.

The English cotton manufacturers, who have for so long a time depended on the United States for their raw material, have raised a guarantee fund of \$250,000 for the purpose of promoting the cultivation of cotton within the British Empire. It is believed that the plant may be successfully grown in many places, particularly in some of the regions that England has acquired in equatorial Africa. Major Austin, who made a journey from Omdurman to Mombasa, recently read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society in which he said that wild cotton grows freely near the Akobo River.

When we need oxygen gas for the calcium light or for medical use we must now buy it from a manufacturer, compressed into heavy iron cylinders. It is possible that in the future we may be able to make it as we want it, says Success. M. Jaubert, a French chemist, has devised a substance that he calls "oxylyth," which consists of certain of the higher oxides of the alkaline metals. When water is poured on this substance oxygen is produced from calcium carbide in the ordinary acetylene cycle lamp. This property makes it possible to devise a simple generator which will produce fresh oxygen just when it is needed, and only as long as it is needed. M. Jaubert was led to his invention in the course of an attempt to make a simple renewer of air for submarine boats.

Part of the scheme of preparation for the assumption of Japan's part as a world power, and supplementing the extraordinary activity of the Mikado's naval agents, is the provision of facilities for building ships without the aid of foreign countries. The most difficult consideration has been to secure a complete armor-plate mill, but according to recent advices, the deficiency has now been made up by the purchase of a plant in England. The mills furnished are among the largest in the world. No other mill, it is said, has rolls of equal diameter, namely, forty-eight inches, and with these it is possible to deal with an ingot direct from the furnace and to dispense with the intermediary process of squeezing under an hydraulic press. The English engineering fraternity is congratulating itself on having secured this valuable order.

The Salmon.
Whether we consider beauty of form and color, gaminess, food quality or abundance and size of individuals, different members of this group stand easily with the first among fishes. The Salmonidae are confined to the northern hemisphere, and north of 40 degrees they are everywhere abundant where suitable waters are found. In North America alone not fewer than sixty-two species and sub-species are now recognized by ichthyologists. Some of the species, especially the larger ones, are marine and anadromous, living and growing in the sea, and entering fresh water only to spawn. Such are the five species of salmon of the west coast of America. Still others live in the small rivers and running brooks, entering lakes or the sea as occasion serves, but not habitually doing so. Such are some of the species of trout, of the genera Salmo and Salvelinus. Others, again, are lake fishes, approaching the shore or entering brooks in the spawning season, at other times retiring to deeper waters. Of these are the whitefishes and herring of the Great Lakes and northward.—From The Mystery of the Salmon, by Barton W. Evermann, in Outing.

The Old Surf Bath.
It is not so many years ago when surf bathing of a very primitive kind prevailed at the eastern end of Long Island, and, for aught I know, at other points. Every Saturday morning or afternoon, as the tide willed, throughout the summer, big farm wagons trundled down to the beach and were swung around abreast of the line of breakers. Old fish houses served the purpose of modern bathing pavilions, and the sea costumes were those of last year's village street. A long rope was drawn from under the seats and hitched to the wheel, and then some sturdy ex-whaler or life crew man, in red flannel shirt and old trousers tied at the ankles, slipped his wrist through the loop at the end of this primitive lifeline, and, wading out, kept it as taut as circumstances permitted, while the women and children hung to it and revelled and wallowed and shrieked, rejoicing in their "Saturday tub."—From Surf Bathing, in Outing.

Eccentric Dunkard Pastor.
There took place at Hancock, Md., recently, the funeral of Rev. Jacob Weller, an aged Dunkard preacher, who had been pastor of one of the village churches for more than forty years, during which time he never accepted a salary or other compensation, and never took up a collection. He married more couples and baptized more people than any other Dunkard preacher. He was an orator of unusual gifts. It is said that he never wore a cravat.

AMERICANS LIKE FROGS.
They Now Eat Twice as Many as the French, So Cafe Proprietor Says.

"The eating of frogs' legs is considered a la Francaise," said an up-town restaurateur, the other day, to one of his guests, "but as a matter of fact more frogs at the present time are killed for the table in this country than in France. I have no means of estimating how great the business of killing frogs for the market has grown in this country, but I am warranted when I say that twice as many are served for the American palate every day as on the tables of the French."

"In France the frogs are raised for the most part in what have been termed froggeries. Here they grow in our creeks and ponds, and are caught by the hook or speared. By the way, did you ever undertake to catch a frog?"

"Never did," answered the guest. "It is great sport," replied the proprietor of the cafe. "You think that you have got a whale on the end of your line. A fly or a piece of red rag will do for bait, and for that matter the bullfrog will grab at anything red with more avidity than an animate object. He is like his namesake in his inclinations toward this particular color. But when you have him on the hook don't let him drop into the water again, or the chances are that he will get a foothold and it will be impossible to extricate him. I have often hauled in a bullfrog which had in his mouth the broken ends of old hooks and other similar reminders of past attempts on his life."

"Much of the old-time aversion to the bullfrog has been overcome by a better knowledge of the little animal. Indeed, he is not half as bad as he has been made out to be. It has been said that he lives on flies and insects. The same thing can be said of chickens and all kinds of birds. I am sure his habits are not as indiscriminate and unconvictional as that of the hog, and the Americans have become famous for the raising and eating of pork."—New York Tribune.

WISE WORDS.

A teacher is not a taskmaster. Good things always grieve bad men. The man who thinks leads the crowd. An iron key may open a golden door. Some men are born with the brakes set.

Heroes never see themselves in the glass. Deep digging must go before high building.

The love is not faultless that falters at a fault. The stream of life rises not above its source.

Culture is not character, but character is culture. Logic will not illumine until it is on fire with love.

You cannot estimate a man's message by the size of his mouth.

The heart within to resist evil is better than a fence without.

The only thing that comes to the man who waits is the dust from the processions.

The problem is not to get an education out of politics so much as to get education into the politicians.—Ram's Horn.

Status of Queens.

There are three queens commemorated by statues in the city of London—Victoria, Anne and Elizabeth—though most Londoners would be puzzled to find the effigy the last named. Anne is left untouched in her lonely splendor in St. Paul's churchyard, says the London Chronicle. The figure of our late queen at Temple Bar is being cleaned by the corporation, as is also that of her son and successor at the same place, and it is to be regretted that, while their loyalty leads them to brighten the obstructive column which bears these statues, it is not strong enough to inspire them to remove that beast that never grew (or that bird that never flew) which crowns it. It is, however, sad that at the church of St. Dunstan's in the west, only a few yards off, the greed of seat letters will prevent the king from seeing the fine old effigy of one of the most famous of his famous predecessors, great Elizabeth. Probably Edward VII. will regret that a three-guinea seat blocks his view of the sister of Edward VI.

Some Miracles.

Miracles happen every day. Once upon a time I gave to a friend a fox terrier that had a predilection for chasing carriages and barking furiously at them. One day a wheel ran over his right hind leg; and for seven months he hopped on the other three members. Expert surgeons were unable to restore the use of the injured limb. But the accident did not cure him of his evil habit, and with one leg in the air he continued to annoy passing drivers. Finally a horse kicked him on his left fore leg, breaking the bone below the knee. When this was put in splints he had remaining only a right fore leg and a left hind leg for locomotion. Then came the miracle! Being deprived of his left fore leg he suddenly discovered that the long inactive right hind leg was as good as ever, and forthwith proceeded to use it as if it never had been hurt, chasing carriages as usual. In time the left fore leg healed, and today Mr. Fox has four perfectly sound legs, and is the pet of the neighborhood.—New York Press.

Sweden's Death Rate.
Sweden's last census records the lowest death rate yet attained by a civilized nation. During the last ten years it only averaged 16.49 per 1000.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

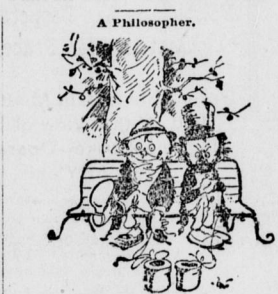


She Ventured.
She ventured in the briny deep
A little while ago,
And yelled for murder, fire, police!—
A crab had pinched her toe.

And though at that momentous time
Her screams were plainly heard,
Yet when a lobster squeezed her waist
She didn't say a word.
—Judge.

A Family Treat.
"I hear you were 'hard hit' when you met Miss Cashley."
"Not half as hard hit as I was when I met her father."—New York World.

A Philosopher.



"Say, don't allus be worryin' about yer next meal! Look at me! I'm allus cheerful tinkin' about my last one!"—New York Journal.

Worldly Wisdom.

Father—"In choosing a wife, one should never judge by appearances."
Son—"That's right. Often the prettiest girls have the least money!"—Puck.

Pair of Them.

Canvasser (entering office)—"I would like to see the manager."
Proprietor—"Which one—the office boy or the typewriter?"—Chicago News.

The Real Article.

"He is a true philanthropist."
"He gives a great deal of advice."
"Yes. But he is usually ready to accompany his advice with enough cash to put it on a working basis."—Washington Star.

Near to Nature's Heart.

Professor Bughunter—"Don't you love the primeval forest, Miss Poppyhat?"
Miss Poppyhat—"Oh! Of course, Professor! But then I think a park is much more stylish."—Puck.

Netting For Himself.

Customer—"I want fifteen yards of netting."
Clerk—"For mosquitoes?"
Customer—"Naw, y' idiot! Fr myself. Th' mosquitoes have got enough comforts already."—Baltimore News.

Reign and Rain.

Mrs. Krank—"Yes, I'm fond of pets. I have five cats and four dogs that just rule my house."
Mrs. McCall—"Ah! I've often heard of 'reigning cats and dogs.' These must be the ones."—Philadelphia Press.

His Suggestion.

"How can I make my boarding house more popular?" asked Mrs. Sawdige.
"You might," replied the star boarder, squaring up a bit of steak, "you might advertise it as furnishing all the advantages of a gymnasium."—Detroit Free Press.

One on George.

"And now, George," said the blushing but practical maiden, "since everything is settled and I have consented to share your lot—"
"Yes, darling!"
"Perhaps you'd better see about having a house put on it!"—Baltimore News.

Worse Yet.

"I don't suppose there's anything that makes a woman more angry in glancing over the report of a social function at which she considered herself a prominent guest than to find her name left out."
"Unless it is to find her rival's name left in."—Philadelphia Press.

Identified.



"Golly wog? Not a bit of it. Why, it's Brown's new motor, with its speed shield on and himself behind it."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Distrustful Father.

"Herbert has a lovely disposition," said Ethel.
"Yes," answered Ethel's father. "Herbert's disposition is too lovely. I shouldn't like to trust your future to his hands. He is the sort of person who will be imposed on without resenting it. I have known him to go to a ball game and not want to fight the umpire when he gave an unjust decision against the home team."—Washington Star.



The Best Melons.
The best melons are not always the largest. Many of the varieties grown are for shipment to market, and must, therefore, necessarily possess thick rinds. A good melon should be very sweet, and should not be stringy when sliced, nor should the rind be very thick. The best flavored cantaloupes are the small ones.

Novel Cold Storage Plan For Apples.
We had a large bay filled to breast girt with hay and a big straw stack out in the yard. Not knowing what to do with the apples, we concluded to pile them on the hay and cover them with straw. We made a pyramid of apples in the middle of the mow, drew straw and filled up to the plates, tramping it well around the outside. We left the apples alone until May 8 and overhauled them. They were in much better condition than we expected to find them. There were not many rotted. Altogether the rot and shrinkage amounted to about ten per cent. They were shipped to a commission house in New York and sold for \$3 per barrel.—New England Homestead.

Care of the Blackberry.

The blackberry patch is often a source of disappointment to those who do not understand the nature of the plant. The average beginner considers it very important to encourage the growth of as many new canes as possible for the following season's bearing. This tends to weaken the parent roots at the expense of the fruit. Only a few new canes should be allowed to grow to each new plant during the season. Select those most thrifty in appearance and cut all the rest out. When they become weakened from lack of pruning or cultivation apply a top dressing of well rotted hen manure or hardwood ashes. Cultivate if location of patch will permit, and if not, mulch heavily.—C. B. Barrett, in The Epitomist.

Cultivating Peaches.

The peach is one of the best fruits, yet it is very difficult to grow fine peaches. When I was a small boy my father had about 300 peach trees on his farm, and the fifth year they began to die and in three more years they were all dead but five, and they looked sickly. I took all rocks from a potato patch and piled them around one of those peach trees, when it became thrifty and bore fine fruit for twenty years. Now we cultivate our peach orchard until the trees are four and five years old, and then we make a rock pile around them, placing the rocks carefully as not to injure the bark, and we always have fine, healthy trees and good fruit. I don't know whether the rock would have the same effect on different soils, but we think it would.—A. N. Horn, in The Epitomist.

Birds and Fruit.

The farmer does not complain about the pay he gives his hired men. He realizes that to get their services he has to compensate them for their labor. The birds, however, are sometimes begrudged the fruit they take, though they have been working in his interest in destroying larvae, insects and bugs for a long time before the fruit has ripened. Even when they are taking their pay in eating cherries, berries, etc., they are still destroying insects, and their stomachs will be found to contain a large percentage of this kind of food.

It is only a small percentage of the large family of birds that offends in this respect. Chief among them is the catbird, robin, cedarbird, and oriole. A farm would be poor indeed that could not afford some fruit in payment for the song of the robin, the cheerful scolding of the catbird, the pretty, quiet ways of the little cedarbird and the brilliant plumage and song of the oriole, particularly as most of the time they work hard for their living.—H. E. Haydock, in New York Tribune Farmer.

Benefits of Thinning Fruits.

The benefits derived from thinning fruits may be briefly summarized as follows:

First—Thinning preserves the vitality of the tree by lessening the production of seed.

Second—Thinning, if systematically and persistently done, will cause the tree to bear crops more regularly. Of years are in most cases due to the fact that the trees are allowed to over-bear one year and during that year, few, if any, fruit buds can be formed. Most kind of fruit trees cannot produce a large crop and mature fruit buds at the same time.

Third—Thinning lessens the loss occasioned by rot and other fungus of infection by contact. It also in a measure prevents the appearance and the spread of diseases by permitting better ventilation and drying of the fruit inside of the trees.

Fourth—Thinning will produce larger fruit.

Fifth—Thinning will produce a better colored fruit by admitting more sunlight into the tree.

Sixth—Thinning tends to ripen up the fruit more uniformly.

Seventh—Thinning will produce a more salable and higher priced fruit for reason of the increase in size, higher color and general appearance.

Eighth—Thinning will preserve the shape of the tree and prevents the breaking of overloaded branches.—Maryland Experiment Station Bulletin, No. 82.