

EVENING AT THE OLD HOME.

Back to the hallowed hills which childhood knew,
Made sacred ground by memories sweet and true,
I wandered listlessly one summer day,
I blotted out the waste of many years,
Folded the pages that were stained with tears.
And fancied I was but a child at play,
But when the evening came and twilight fell
Above the gray-roofed home I loved so well,
And still no voice called from the vine-clad door,
I wept as only they can weep who know,
The loving voices of long ago
Will call them from their childish sports no more.
—Deth Whitson, in the New York Sun.

Abel Mitchell's Last Will.

Another Tale of Cupid's Triumph

ABEL MITCHELL called to his typine. "You may go, Miss Morris," he said. He did not look up from the papers before him.

The young woman turned to the clock with a little start of surprise. It was only 4.30. But she quietly put on her hat and with a murmured good-night left the room.

Abel listened to the departing rustle of her skirts with a thoughtful expression. There was a sensible girl, a girl who never grated on his feelings, a girl who asked no useless questions. She had reached an age of discretion. If Jim was determined to marry a poor girl, why could not he have taken one like Emma Morris?

Abel opened a heavy envelope and drew forth a folded paper.

"Jim never was confidential with me," he grumbled. "Perhaps I didn't invite his confidence. I don't know. Now he has disobeyed my direct command. That can't be overlooked. When he told me about this girl, I said, 'Wait.' How long? he asked. 'Until you reach years of discretion?' I cried, and turned away. Jim is twenty-four. Twenty-four! And I married at twenty-one! Yes, and ran away, too! But it was different with me. My father had nothing to give me. I was quite independent. He was glad to have me shift for myself. Jim's father is a rich man. Jim's father has given him pounds where my father begrudged me pennies. Jim owes me filial obedience. He has disobeyed me to his bitter cost."

He unfolded the paper that he had taken from the envelope and ran his keen, gray eye down the closely written lines.

"He has given up his father for a pretty face," he murmured.

"Let him stand by the consequences. Who is she? Who is she? It matters not. No doubt they trapped him into this marriage. 'A rich man's son,' they chuckled. But they'll find they're fooled. 'Father,' he said, 'I am to be married to-morrow night. Will you come with me to the wedding?' I turned on my heel. Then I looked back. 'You know the price you may pay?' I cried. 'Yes, father,' he said, 'with his head high up; I know. Good-by, and God bless you.' He asked a blessing on me! Ha, ha, ha! That's too rich! But he'll get evil for good this time. I'll cut him off with a shilling. Let him sup on herbs for a while. That'll take the veneer from love's young dream. I'll draw up a new will at home to-night and have it witnessed before I sleep. And to let him know what his foolish fancy has cost him, I'll write him a letter—a letter he can show to his new relatives. That's the thing—the letter."

He bent down with his head upon his hand and his eyes upon the paper. A rustle of skirts in the doorway drew his attention. He did not look up. It was a way he had.

"Ah, Miss Morris," he said, "back again?"

He had quite forgotten that he had sent her home.

The young girl in the doorway did not answer. Her bright eyes were fixed upon the old man. She expected him to look up. If he had done so he would have seen a charming vision. She was a very pretty girl—dainty and neat from the crown of her new hat to the tips of her new shoes. But he did not look up.

"Just in time," he added; "I want to dictate a letter before you go."

He paused, and the young girl, as if seized with a sudden fancy, quietly stepped into the room and seated herself at the typewriter.

"You have been with us so long, Miss Morris," the old man continued, "that you view you as a confidential agent. Besides, this will be public property very soon. I am going to write to my son. Last night he married an unknown girl against my wishes. I am going to tell him that I wash my hands of him and his; that to-night I change my will, cutting him off with a single shilling. Are you ready?"

The girl at the typewriter gave the instrument a preliminary click or two. "James Mitchell," began the old man, "as you have seen fit to disobey me, to cast my fatherly wishes in my teeth, I desire you to know that I have no wish to hold further communication with you. While I cherish the impression that you were lured into this unhappy marriage—"

The typewriter stopped.

"Unhappy marriage," the old man repeated, and the clicking recommenced, "yet I cannot accept any excuse for your unfaithful conduct. To-night I change my will, and you may be assured that your name will be passed over with the smallest possible financial consideration. I prefer to

have you understand this here and now. It will prevent you and your new friends from cherishing any false hopes. This is all I have to say and no reply will be expected.

"ABEL MITCHELL,"
The young girl drew the sheet from the machine and, bringing it forward, laid it on the old man's desk. Abel glanced it through.

"A beautiful copy," he said, and knit his brows.

The girl at the end of the desk extended her hand.

"If you have no objection," she quietly said, "I will deliver it to him in person."

The old man looked up at the fair face bending over him.

"Why, who are you?" he cried.

"I am Alice Mitchell," said the young girl.

"Mitchell?" repeated Abel dully. "My son's wife? And what—"

But the ugly words would not come. He could not utter them in the light of those gentle eyes.

"Will you be seated?" he lamely added.

"Thank you—no," said the girl. "I have but a few words to say. They will not detain you long."

Abel's gaze dropped to the letter and the will, and a sarcastic smile twisted his mouth.

"No, no," the girl quickly added. "I have not come to plead with you. You are quite wrong to imagine such a thing. And you were quite wrong, too, to insult me as you did in that letter."

He looked up again quickly. There were tears in the gentle eyes. And there was a glint of fire in them, too.

"You insulted me, and you insulted my dear father. I have no mother."

She paused a moment.

"When you insinuated that my father was mercenary in this matter you did him a cruel wrong. He was bitterly opposed to our marrying without your consent. I disobeyed my father, too. But it was not for your money. This letter will bring us no surprise."

The old man dropped his eyes beneath the reproachful gaze.

"Perhaps I am hasty," he slowly said, "but the provocation was great." Then he added quickly: "But knowing as you did that I opposed the wedding, and your father opposed it, too, why did you permit yourself to marry my boy?"

"I could make it clear to you, I think," said the girl gently, "if you loved your boy."

The old man trembled. If he loved his boy! All that was near and dear to him—all that was left to him of wife and kin. The babe that a dying wife had solemnly placed in his paternal arms. If he loved his boy! He drew a long breath and stared hard at the blank envelope on the desk before him.

"And now," said the young girl, "I only want to add that I think Jim was quite wrong in crossing your wishes. He might have waited. I wanted him to wait. But he is so proud—so self-willed. I am very sorry that I should be the means of separating you, and I— I am quite sure I am not worth the great sacrifice my dear—my husband—has made."

Abel was quite sure there were tears in her eyes again, but he did not look up.

"Where is Jim now?" he asked. Then he smiled grimly. "And why are you not enjoying your—your wedding tour?"

"There was a vacancy in the bank where my father is employed," said the girl, "and father secured it for Jim. His duties began to-day. Perhaps we will take our wedding journey later. We have to look out carefully for the main chance now, you know."

"And you didn't expect to fall back on my sovereigns," said the old man.

"Not a penny of them," quickly replied the girl.

The old man fidgeted in his chair.

"And why not?" he asked.

"I think you understand," said the girl, and her gaze dropped to the letter on the desk.

"Does Jim know you are here?"

"No. At least he didn't know I was coming. Father will tell him to meet me at the corner at 5 o'clock. I must go."

"Wait," said the old man quickly. He looked at her searchingly. She met his gaze with a smile. Her mind was on Jim.

Abel deliberately put the will back in its envelope and the envelope in its pigeonhole. Then he picked up the letter in its unaddressed envelope, tore it into minute particles and tossed them into the waste-paper basket.

"I've changed my mind," he softly muttered.

He pulled down his desk cover with a bang and reached for his hat.

"There," he said, "I'm ready." Then he added: "Will you give me your arm, my dear?"

As they passed through the doorway he paused.

"I think, Alice," he said, "that you and I are going to be very good friends. And now we must hunt up Jim and take him home with us."—New York News.

The Telegraph Plant of India.

The telegraph plant of India furnishes an interesting illustration of how plants avail themselves of various means of self-preservation. This plant must have light on every part of its leaves, and its device for securing it is ingenious, if the word may be allowed. The leaf is composed of three leaflets, the largest of which holds itself erect during the day and turns sharply down at night. The two smaller leaflets move constantly, day and night, describing complete circles, with a peculiar jerking motion like that of the second-hand of a watch. Thus every part of the leaf is brought under the full action of the sunlight.

MILK MEANS OF SUICIDE

DEADLY FORMS IN WHICH THE INNOCENT FLUID FIGURES.

The Lethal Effects of Milk Are Much Underestimated—Usual Result From Eating Cherries and Drinking Milk—Ice-Cold Is a Very Harmful Beverage.

It is remarkable that so mild and intrinsically harmless a beverage as milk should be so frequently chosen as a means of exit into the other world. Yet at this season the lethal effects of milk seem to be much underrated. For example, we read in the dispatches from San Andreas that "a prominent young man of Calaveras County died here to-day as a result of eating cherries and drinking milk." This is a slight variant from the usual combination. Probably the most deadly is pickles and milk. Strawberries and milk are only mildly toxic; with young and hardy stomachs they are often partially digested; with older ones they frequently cause nothing more than eructative dyspepsia, or at worst hives, nettle-rash, urticaria, or summer complaint, therefore those who are fond of this combination rarely abstain in the face of these comparatively trifling ailments.

Next to pickles and milk, probably the most deadly form in which the innocent fluid can be made to figure is the cheap ice cream combination. Despite the toughness of juvenile viscera, milk in the ice cream form, if judiciously administered, has been known to lay out in intestinal kinks many scores of children on Sunday-school picnics. With their elders, the combination is not infrequently fatal. Of course it requires much care to make milk so deadly. In fact, with careless mixing this kind of ice cream may be taken with comparative impunity, or only a slight illness. When it is prepared with attention to the proper septic and toxic conditions, however, milk in this form may be looked upon as practically certain death; it would be invaluable as an apparently innocent means of hurrying off rich uncles, tardy spinster aunts and other rich persons who linger superfluous on life's stage. In its most potent form, when the innocent milk has become merely a culture bed for billions of ice cream ptomaines, the doctors call the mixture "tyro-toxin." This name is imposing and scientific sounding, and doubtless gives a certain chastened satisfaction to the mourners—much more than would plain milk.

To return to our original remark—it is extraordinary what pains people take to render deadly this harmless beverage. Even if the cow be sound, they will expose the milk to all manner of impurities—including typhoid germs—before they put it inside of them. Even if it be perfectly pure they take it at temperatures and under conditions that are unwise, if not dangerous. To take a glass of milk by itself is a sensible proceeding; to take it on top of a hearty meal composed of proteins, carbohydrates and hydrocarbons is not unwise; to take it with acids is to woe dyspepsia. Yet the latter method is the one most preferred, for cream is used as a mechanical lubricant with all manner of acid fruits.

As to temperature—in the summer season people prefer it ice cold, and some lunatics even put ice into it. If they take it at the temperature of the air, without accompanying solid food, it is probably speedily absorbed without going through the complex processes of gastric and hepatic digestion. If, on the other hand, it be taken ice cold, it at once congeals and the stubborn casein in it sometimes requires hours for digestion; this latter is invariably the case when it is accompanied with solid food.

Many a man and woman has died through drinking freely of ice milk on a hot summer's day. Adelaide Nielson, the beautiful actress, went into a Paris restaurant on the way to the Bois de Boulogne one summer day—one of those broiling, blistering, steaming days of which in Paris they have so many, and of which we hear so little. She ordered a glass of ice milk; she did not sip it—against the advice of her companion, she drank it rapidly, and followed it with another. In a few moments she was dead.

Eheu! She was a fine actress and a very beautiful woman. They show you the room in which she died. They even point out to you the lounge on which she yielded up her last breath. "That is the place where the beautiful actress Anglais have died. She was very beautiful, very gentle. Oh, yes. It was a grand pity. Oh, yes. She drink a glass of the milk—cold, very cold. Thank you, monsieur. Thank you, a thousand times. Good day, madame; good day, monsieur."—Argonaut.

Solomon's Temple.

The Neues Wiener Tagblatt states that Dr. Sellin, professor of evangelical theology at the University of Vienna, who is exploring in Palestine on behalf of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, has discovered the walls and gateway of an ancient temple of Solomon in the neighborhood of Janohah. Dr. Sellin has drawn up an accurate plan of his discovery, which is of very great importance to archaeologists.

The Vienna correspondent of the Daily Telegraph says that what Professor Sellin has discovered is the fortress of King Solomon mentioned in the Bible. The fort has been entirely destroyed and plundered, yet it was possible for the explorer to make an exact plan of it. Professor Sellin had previously discovered a Canaanitish fortress, built before the conquest of Palestine by the Jews, and also many other pre-Israelitish antiquities.



Coal gas was first used for lighting houses in 1797.

Wireless telegraphy is to be used on Italian trains as a means of preventing railway accidents.

Last winter a building was set on fire at Jackson, Miss., by an icicle dropping into a barrel of unslaked lime.

Cork trees in Spain and Portugal, if not stripped more than once in three years, thrive and bear for upward of 150 years.

An examination of the skull of the eminent philosopher Leibnitz shows that he was the possessor of a very small brain.

Chinese officials are held to be guilty before the Son of Heaven for floods, droughts, famines, fires and other natural calamities.

Camel teams are now being used for the carriage and distribution of mining machinery on the North Coolgardie gold fields, Western Australia.

Albert Nicholson, of Alloway, N. J., has grown a radish that measures twenty-three inches in circumference, and that bids fair to be even larger.

The Lion bridge, near Sangang, in China, is the longest in the world, being five and a half miles from end to end. The roadway is seventy feet above water.

At Evian-les-Bains there is a doctor who does not waste time. When he makes the round of his patients he carries in his carriage a basket of homing pigeons. Before he leaves the house he writes out a prescription and fixes it under the wing of a bird, which flies straight to the dispensary. An assistant makes up the medicine, a cyclist delivers it, and the patient receives it, all within a few minutes of the doctor's departure.

A Kingman County (Kan.) farmer is growing a row of corn a little more than twenty-five miles long, for no other reason than to be singular and extraordinary. He commenced in a fifty-acre field and went round and round in a circle with a lister until he had planted the whole in a single row, which commences at one of the edges and terminates in the middle. When he cultivated it, of course he had to plow the same way.

To Save the Buffalo Herds.

According to Forest and Stream, there is a herd of buffaloes of about twenty-six now on Antelope Island in the Great Salt Lake. The owner of this bunch, Mr. Dooly, is apparently willing to part with his buffaloes and the island to the Government, to establish there a national buffalo reservation, and the subject certainly deserves consideration by the authorities.

The island is described as about twenty miles long, three to five miles wide, and with excellent water supply. The buffaloes are said to be in good condition, and to maintain themselves during both summer and winter. Mr. Dooly's herd is slowly increasing, and he has very wisely arranged to make some exchanges of stock with the National Zoological Park, and thus to infuse fresh blood into his herd. Such exchanges of blood between different buffalo owners are of the utmost importance, for it is the only way that the various small herds can be kept from deteriorating and finally running out.

It has been suggested that if the Government should see fit to secure Antelope Island and Mr. Dooly's buffaloes as a beginning of a national park in Utah, there is room also on the island for other wild animals.

A Toy Telephone.

A toy store novelty is in the shape of a telephone. The outfit is complete and costs \$6.50.

In addition to the two "hello" ends, which look like those of any well-regulated telephone, there are the two dry cells, 150 feet of wire and staples and screws complete.

From the house to the big doll houses some children have on the lawn it serves admirably, or from mother's room to the nursery or play room, or from the house to the stable. At the store selling it one is in constant use from the first floor to the basement.

It is a clever, high class toy, and so very useful. Better yet, it is of domestic make. So pleasing to the youngsters, too, because it's just like those used by their elders.

"Examinitis."

A new disease just discovered by a French doctor might be entitled "examinitis," says the New York Herald. He has found that an examination always reduces the weight of candidates. He took 240 pupils and weighed them before and after examination, and in every case there was a loss of weight, in some cases as much as a pound and a half.

The stiffer the examination the greater the loss of weight.

This is a proof that a few hours' strain in the examining rooms brings about a serious derangement of the nervous system, which he considered in the eminently unhealthy is likely to do permanent harm.

Large Estates in Bohemia.

In Bohemia sixty-three nobles own the greater part of the country. None of their estates are less than 12,000 acres.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

Some Interesting Statistics Gathered by a Census Expert.

William S. Rossiter, of New York, expert special agent of the Census Bureau, has prepared a report of unusual interest on printing and publishing in the United States in the last decade. The statistics he has gathered show that there has been no radical change in the gathering of news or in the management and scope of daily newspapers. One characteristic of the decade, however, was the great increase in the quantity of news published. "Partly because of the ambitious and progressive spirit of the period," says Mr. Rossiter, "and partly because of the lavish expenditures of capital made by reorganized or newly established publications in order to break into the patronage of prosperous competitors and secure a foothold, the dailies of the great cities became the purveyors of the news of the world to an extent never before attempted. In many cases—especially in New York City—it was freely admitted that this expenditure was carried beyond the boundaries of business prudence."

There were no less than 22,312 establishments in the United States engaged in various lines of printing and publishing in June, 1900, when the census was taken.

Their aggregate capital was \$292,517,072, and the value of their total annual output, \$347,055,050. The figures of the report from which we quote cover all concerns which publish books, newspapers and even those that do job printing.

A distinct division, however, is made between newspaper enterprises, with a total of \$168,930,707, or 48.3 per cent. of all, and the general publishing business, or \$178,124,343, or 51.7 per cent.

It will be seen that the value of the newspaper product of the country is nearly equal to that of all other kinds of our publishing combined.

The people of the United States pay far more for newspapers than for books. The census brings to light many very interesting facts concerning the wonderful growth of the newspaper business of the country.

While the number of newspapers has not increased in the last two years as it did in the immediately preceding decade, the total newspaper circulation is greater and continues to grow immensely. The reason is easy to see. The great and successful newspapers are reaching out at an unprecedented rate, while weaker and less interesting ones are falling.

The newspapers devoted to news topics and general reading are increasing in their business steadily, while those devoted to special interests are losing circulation.

There was in June, 1900, an average of one daily newspaper sold to every family, two weeklies and two monthlies. In New York the average was four dailies to every family in that community.

The total consumption of printing paper during the census year was one and one-quarter billion pounds, or 625,000 tons. This affords the best opportunity to compare the newspaper and the book publishing business. Of the paper used, 77.6 per cent. went for newspapers, 16.4 per cent. for books and periodicals and six per cent. for job printing; in other words, the newspapers turned out five times as much reading matter as all the books and magazines together.

It will be seen that the average American gets five-sixths of his reading from newspapers.

This is one of the many reasons why all the great advertisers in the United States rely upon newspapers as the best means of reaching the public and increasing their sales.

Wealthiest Royal Family.

The Russian reigning house has, it is said, greater wealth than that of any other royal family in the world. In the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson's "Living Rulers of Mankind" it is said that the minimum revenue the Czar derives from the crown and State domains is estimated at \$7,500,000 a year. More than forty members of the imperial family are in the direct line of succession draw revenues from landed estates set aside for that purpose by the Emperor Paul I. To these estates is added the name of the imperial appanages; they cover an area of 2,000,000 acres, larger than Scotland, and the total income derived from them is \$10,000,000. Before the emancipation of the serfs 800,000 peasants were attached to these vast estates, and were in a sense the property of their owners.

Another item of the vast wealth of the imperial family, we are further told, is the quantity of jewels its members possess:

"The Russians love gems. Serfs have toiled to fashion these wondrous jewels; Emirs and Shahs, the vassals of the Czar, have laid them at his feet. The English Ambassador's daughter said, laughing, that when Alexander III. presented the various Grand Duchesses, ladies of the Imperial Family, with most costly jewels on the occasion of his coronation they thought nothing of the gifts, but tossed them carelessly in a drawer. To ladies so plentifully supplied with pearls and diamonds a fresh necklace or tiara was a thing of small account."

Swimming in Apartment Houses.

One of the new apartment houses in New York City is equipped with a swimming pool in the basement.

Good Sight.

A person with good sight can see another person's eyes at a distance of eighty yards.

Belgian railroads have added to their trains ladies' smoking compartments, where ladies may smoke without intrusion by men.



Incandescent lamps emit more heat than is generally supposed, only six per cent. of the energy of the current being converted into light. A sixteen-candle-power lamp, fed by a current of 100 volts, has heated ten ounces of water to boiling point in an hour, and fires celluloid in five minutes.

An effort is being made to secure the establishment of a Government biological station on the great lakes. The purpose of such a station is to investigate all the problems connected with the fisheries of these lakes throughout their whole extent, principally for the protection of the commercial fish.

A new lifeboat from Scotland is inflated automatically on being plunged into the water. A perforated metal case holds materials for generating gas, together with a spiral spring held under tension by a strip of paper, and as the paper becomes wet it tears, releasing the spring, and this causes the mixing of the chemicals and the beginning of the gas-making.

It has remained for a New Orleans railway company to discover the decorative and advertising value of a smoke stack. Its height obviously renders it a conspicuous feature of the city's perspective, and when encircled with a spiral of incandescent lamps it stands out in the night a veritable beacon of light. The top is decorated with clusters of lamps, the light from which reflected on the clouds of smoke issuing from the chimney make a most pleasing picture.

Experiments by the Government have shown that no matter what the process of cooking, meat loses a great deal of its bulk, owing to the evaporation of the water, which constitutes a large part of all flesh. This loss is greater in small pieces than in the larger ones. In a lean piece of beef weighing from one to one and three-quarters of a pound, the loss of weight was 45.6 per cent., while in a piece weighing from five to five and three-quarters pounds the loss was only 39.8 per cent. The loss of nutrition is not nearly so great, however, as that of the weight would seem to indicate.

The substitution of crude oil for soft coal as a fuel for both stationary and locomotive engines is steadily growing. If the cost of oil can be materially reduced the use of it will increase even more rapidly. Most of the fuel oils now come from the new fields in Texas and California, and the great drawback to their general use is the lack of facilities for regular and clean delivery. The oil producers say that if there were a line of tank steamers they could deliver oil in New York at thirty cents a barrel, and that would be equivalent to a supply of coal at one-third the normal price. Oil has many advantages over coal—it makes steam more quickly, keeps the pressure more even, emits no smoke, leaves no ashes and does not clog the flues. In the cost of handling, too, it has the advantage, for one fireman using oil can do the work of four using coal.

THE OLD-TIME PRINTER.

Like Othello, He Has Found His Occupation Gone.

When old enough to make the initial move toward seeking a channel of future livelihood, the newspaper office was the magnet of attraction, says a writer in Donahue's Magazine. In the day of my entrance upon the "fourth estate" the chief road to the editorial sanctum lay through the composing room, a knowledge of the mechanical departments of a newspaper being held requisite before one could hope to aspire to even the reportorial dignity. There were no schools of journalism in those days where ready-made editors were turned loose upon an unoffending public. Neither were the professions of law and medicine so crowded as to cause the diversion of a stream of college graduates to the newspaper editorial rooms. I am not one who laments any change that time in accordance with the law of necessary progression brings about. Conditions will continue to change and the new take the place of the old, when the latter shows a faltering step in keeping up with the procession. I regret, it is true, the gradual extinguishment of the old-time printer with his encyclopaedic mentality. The operator of a typesetting machine, however necessary he may be, according to the present day demands, can never hope to attain the informative position of the typo who has been displaced. I am speaking of the old-time printer as I knew him after having summered and wintered with him, and I cannot but regret that, like Othello, he should find his occupation gone.

An Automobile Clock.

Carriage clocks, besides hardly being up to the strain of automobilizing "Red Devil" fashion, do not look heavy enough to fasten to these later more massive machines.

Hence the automobile clock.

Very large and strong is the clock part proper, the movement being strictly reliable. Its face is a great convex rock crystal, which magnifies both the hands and figures tremendously and makes them plain at a glance, even to the most excited, wildest-eyed chauffeur or chauffeuse.

A handsome black patent leather case holds this desirable time-keeper, and the price is \$25. This doesn't seem cheap, perhaps, to the person who finds trouble enough paying trolley fares, but for those who invest in electric record-breakers it's another story.