

#### THE FOUNT OF YOUTH.

The fount of youth has oft been sought  
Since days of long ago,  
And oft they may have seen  
Its living waters flow.  
Through desert swamp and wilderness  
The search has been pursued,  
In hope that by the magic fount  
Youth's dreams might be renewed.

But men have turned from that vain  
quest,  
The hopes forever crushed,  
For though they searched through all the  
world.  
No magic fountain gushed.  
And men resigned themselves to age  
That robbed them of their grace,  
That sapped their strength and thickly  
spread  
Time's wrinkles on the face.

In later years men's thoughts have turned  
To plans for longer life,  
And in elixirs they have sought  
New strength for daily strife,  
And oft "tis heralded abroad  
That scientist or sage  
Has finally evolved a plan  
To stay the flight of age.

But men grow old, and women, too,  
As in the days of yore,  
For no elixir they have tried  
Their youthful charms restore,  
And as they can't deceive themselves,  
Some seek to hide the truth,  
And dye or bleach their hair and paint  
On cheeks the hues of youth.

The fount of youth is in each heart,  
And those who keep it pure  
Will longer hold the charms of youth  
And length of life secure.  
And when at last that fountain fails,  
An old age there steals,  
They'll bear it well because no man  
Is older than he feels

Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

#### Merely an Episode.

I would be hard to find more ideally happy couple than the Charterises. After ten years' married life they are still in love with each other. Constance is wont to boast that Dick never has, or has had, a secret which she has not shared. And in the main this is true. But there is one little episode—merely an episode—in his life, to which Dick never refers; it is his one secret. And it nearly concerns Constance, too. The wind was blowing wildly against the smoking-room windows, bringing a snow storm in its train.

"Hang it all," remarked Dick Charteris, going to the window and gazing out disconsolately over a world growing rapidly white, "no hunting to-day, And Con won't be back till to-night." He lit a pipe, drew up a comfortable chair in front of the fire, and prepared to make the best of the inevitable. The morning paper lay on a table at his elbow. He took it up, glanced carelessly through it, and soon put it down again. Judging from the expression of his face, his own thoughts were supplying sufficient entertainment.

"Beg pardon, sir." The butler stood before him with a somewhat perplexed countenance.

Captain Charteris roused himself.

"Well, Hilton?"

"There is a gentleman wishing to see Sir Geoffrey, sir. I've told him Sir Geoffrey is out, and he wants to wait. But I don't know exactly—the dining-room and the drawing-room is all upset, and her ladyship's in the morning room. Would you mind, sir—?"

"Show him in here, of course." Dick Charteris was, perhaps, growing a trifle tired of his own company.

"Possibly some begging chap, though, coming at this hour," he thought, stretching his long legs and glancing lazily at the clock. It was barely twelve.

The first glance at the stranger however, dispelled this idea. Dick looked at him critically. A tall, dark man, on the wrong side of forty, with a clever, clean-shaven face. His eyes burned with a curiously eager light. "The man's ill," was Dick's first thought.

He went forward with easy courtesy.

"Sorry Sir Geoffrey is out just now," he remarked, pushing chair toward the other. "He had to go to a magistrates' meeting. However, he can't be long now, and perhaps I can do duty as host in his absence. I can't say I'm exactly a son of the house, still, by this time next week I hope to be Sir Geoffrey's son-in-law."

The stranger had been listening almost mechanically to Charteris's easy flow of conversation, but at the last words he became suddenly alert and eager.

"Indeed," he said, with scarcely repressed anxiety. "May I ask your name?"

"Charteris. Won't you sit down, Mr. —?"

But though he took the chair, he paid no attention to the question in Dick's tone. The latter began to feel at a disadvantage carrying on a conversation with a stranger, name unknown.

"I should be sorry to miss seeing Sir Geoffrey," remarked his visitor, so dull, even tones contrasting so oddly with the fire in his eyes. "I am an old friend of his, but have not seen him for some time."

Charteris glanced at him again. He concluded the man had just come from abroad, which would account for the somewhat odd cut of his clothes and the general look of a certain absence of up-to-dateness about him.

"No doubt Sir Geoffrey will be in directly," he remarked, passing the cigarettes. "You find the house in rather a confusion to-day. There's to be a little dance to-morrow, in honor of the approaching wedding."

The other slowly lit a cigarette. "I understand you are going to marry one of Sir Geoffrey's daughters," he observed, slowly.

"Yes, Constance." He blew a ring

of smoke into the air and watched it lazily. "Do you know Sir Geoffrey's daughters?" he asked, curiously.

The dark eyes watching him seemed to glow and burn.

"I used to," he answered briefly.

There was a pause. Dick began to wish his father-in-law elect would hasten his return.

"When is your wedding to be?" was the next question.

The stranger spoke as one who has a right to ask, and Dick found himself answering meekly.

"Next week, the twentieth. I wanted it sooner, but Constance said she wouldn't be married until after the sixteenth. The fact is, she was engaged before—"

He stopped abruptly, vexed with himself. What on earth could his affairs, and Constance's, matter to this man?

"I quite understand," replied the other, in his level tones. "I have heard of Miss Merton's former engagement."

"Oh, I see." Dick looked relieved. He hated explanations, and reflected that this was probably some old family friend. He lit another cigarette and resumed in a more confidential tone.

"You see, she had been engaged to this chap for nearly a year; Forsyth's name was, and then he went abroad and forgot her, the brute."

"How do you know he forgot her?"

The question was one, apparently, of idle curiosity.

Dick flung his cigarette out with energy. "Oh, well, when a man never writes, or answers letters, for two years, you naturally conclude he has forgotten. And Con has waited—until just now. Why it's only two months ago that she promised to marry me, though I have known her all my life, and cared for her, too. You see, she thought she was still bound by her promise. And nothing would induce her to be married until after the sixteenth, because that was his birthday, and he had once said they should be married on that day. But that was yesterday."

There was a silence, broken only by the snow beating against the window. "There may have been reasons why he—that man Forsyth—did not write. In the depths of the bush there are many difficulties. Letters are lost, people one has trusted prove unfaithful."

There was an undercurrent of passion in his tone not lost upon his hearer. He stood up, straight-limbed and tall, on the hearth-rug.

"I hope you don't think I'm not acting on the square by this chap Forsyth," he said warmly. "But it does seem to me that poor little Con has wasted two years over a good-for-nothing chap. And I mean to make it up to her now."

The other man smiled oddly. "I believe you, Captain Charteris," he said, slowly, "but if you won't deem it an impertinence I should like to ask you one question."

"By all means."

"Does she—Constance, Miss Merton—care any more? I mean, of course, she has forgotten the other man?"

Dick smiled happily. "Quite, I am sure," he said frankly. "I flatter myself that I occupy his place in her thoughts now, lucky chap that I am." Then, to redeem the last words from any suspicion of egotism, he added: "She was so young, you know; only seventeen when she was first engaged to Forsyth, and he was old enough to be her father."

The other man made no answer. He looked the young man up and down, his eyes resting curiously on Dick Charteris's fair, boyish face. Something between a sigh and a groan came from his lips and startled Dick.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked, quickly.

"No—thanks;" the other recovered himself with an effort. "But I don't think, after all, I can wait to see Sir Geoffrey. I—I will write."

"I am leaving England," he said with an obvious effort, "and it is unlikely we shall ever meet again. Will you shake hands?" and Dick, obeying some strange impulse, grasped his hand and shook it warmly.

He accompanied his strange visitor to the hall door and opened it. The snow was falling very fast now. For one moment the man stood baredfoot on the steps. "Good-bye, good-bye," he murmured, but he did not look at Dick. He seemed rather to be talking to some one unseen. At the foot of the steps he paused, a solitary black figure in a white world.

"John Forsyth is dead, dead!" The words came to Charteris with an intensity that was very solemn.

Feeling an odd sensation of uneasiness, Dick went back to the warm and cheerful smoking room. He piled up the logs in the grate and glanced half-expectantly round the room. Something white lay under the chair where his late visitor had been sitting. He picked it up. Only a half-ton envelope, addressed to "John Forsyth, Esq." He rang the bell violently.

"The gentleman would not wait to see Sir Geoffrey, after all," he said carelessly to the servant. "Did—did he leave his name with you, Hilton?"

"No, sir."

As the door closed on the man Dick Charteris knelt down and thrust the envelope into the heart of the blazing fire—Madame.

Appointments Are Debts.

Appointments, once made, become debts. If you have made an appointment with any one you owe him punctuality. You have no right to throw away his time, if you do your own—New York News.

A \$30,000 Pair of Opera Glasses.

Queen Alexandra owns a pair of opera glasses, made in Vienna, valued at \$20,000. They are of platinum, set with diamonds, sapphires and rubies.

A ton of soot results from the burning of 100 tons of coal.

"Yes, Constance." He blew a ring

## The Young Man and Problems of the Future

By Bird S. Coler.

THE problems of the future are to be solved by the young men of to-day, and those questions are of such great and vital importance that only men imbued with the idea of a just and Almighty God can successfully cope with them.

The young man may have to fight for position, and perhaps for existence, but in the end he is bound to win if he is persistent and never lets go. I never won anything in my life that I did not fight for. The day of the passive man has gone by. That of the active, energetic man has come to stay.

Be slow to decide, but when you have once pointed your course to that which you believe to be right let nothing turn you aside. When you say "yes" to that which your judgment tells you to be best, do not be content merely with the expression of approval, but strive to make your opinion prevail. When you say "no" to that which your conscience and mind tell you to be wrong, never rest until you are successful, or your last resource is exhausted in defeating it.

You cannot always be right, but you can always try to be. Never be deterred from doing the right thing from the fear of making enemies. A man's reputation depends just as much upon the baseness of his enemies as the good qualities of his friends. Never promise anything you cannot fulfil, and in speaking, remember that few words, coming from a sincere heart, are of more moment to the world than a sophistical oration or ponderous editorial, no matter how great or able one may be. Mean what you say, and say what you mean; in other words, leave the stamp of a man made in God's image upon everything with which you have to do.

DOING THE RIGHT THING

The Value of a Crust of Bread

By William Mathews.

IT is gratifying to know that some of the world's greatest men have been the sword's foes of waste, and have looked sharply after their own expenditures. Dante places the spendthrift in the same circle of hell as the miser. Lord Bacon held that, when it is necessary to economize, it is better to look after petty savings than to descend to petty gettings. Washington scrutinized the smallest outgoings of his household, determined to avoid every bit of needless waste. Carlyle, whose early struggles with "those twin gaolers of the human soul, low birth and an iron fortune," early taught him the value of economy, was a determined saver. Among the incidents exemplifying this trait, a friend of his relates that, one day, as the great Scotchman approached a street crossing, he suddenly stopped, and, stooping down, picked something out of the mud, at the risk of being run over by one of the many carriages in the street. Brushing off the mud with his hands, he placed the substance on a clean spot on the curbstone. "That," said he, in a tone which his friend says was as sweet and in words as beautiful as he ever heard, "is only a crust of bread. Yet I was taught by my mother never to waste—and, above all else, bread, more precious than gold, the substance that is the same to the body that the mind is to the soul. I am sure that the little sparrows, or a hungry dog, will derive nourishment from that bit of bread."

## Paying Too Much For Success

By Orison Sweet Marden.

ONE of the best crops to grow in a young orchard is the bush bean. It takes no nitrogen from the soil, but rather adds to it, and a good crop of beans will pay for manuring and the cultivation of the orchard. The bean vines make a good mulch for the trees, and they are a crop that can be grown many years on the same soil. The insects and fungous diseases of the beans and the orchard differ so much that we do not know of any one that will affect the other. Of course as the trees begin to cover and shade the ground the space devoted to the beans must be narrowed up until they are discarded entirely.

DOING THE RIGHT THING

Southern Farmers Prosperous

By E. P. Powell.

STUDY of the census will make it very clear that the Southern States are developing rapidly in agricultural lines. From 1890 to 1900 Tennessee increased her farms from 174,000 to 224,000. The value of her farm products just about doubled. The farms of Louisiana, in the same time, increased from 69,000 to 115,000. The value of her farm property went up from \$76,000,000 in 1880, to \$110,000,000 in 1890, and \$198,000,000 in 1900. The number of farms reported in 1900 was over five times as great as in 1880, and thirty-five per cent, greater than in 1890. Texas climbs from 12,000 farms in 1880, to 42,000 in 1890; and 352,000 in 1900. Every census year, except the one following the Civil War, shows a great growth in agriculture. With all the rest, these States report a decided gain in the way of intensive farming, and a variety of crops. Perhaps the most astonishing progress in the way of agriculture has been made by Oklahoma. Many of the counties show a three-fold increase over the farm values of ten years ago. There is a great decrease in tenant farming in proportion to freeholding. Of the total number of farms five per cent, are operated by colored farmers. Of the white farmers seventy-eight per cent, own all or a part of the land that they operate; and about the same percentage holds good for the colored farmers. The average gross income per acre for farms under three acres is \$118.55; for those of three to nine acres, \$18.78; for farms of ten to nineteen acres, \$10.13; for farms of twenty to forty-nine acres, \$5.47; for farms of fifty to 100 acres, \$4.02; for farms of 100 to 175 acres, \$2.91. Here is a lesson for you. Small farming pays enormously over large farming—and this after allowing for the fact that small farms are generally located nearer markets. The same fact holds good in other States.

DOING THE RIGHT THING

Character the Noblest Gift

By Margaret Stowe.

DOING THE RIGHT THING

This character, which lies with each one of us to develop, is law and order, that is, moral law and order. It is human nature in its best form. Napoleon said: "The moral is to the physical as ten to one."

Our manners, our bearing, our presence, tell the story of our lives, though we do not speak; and the influence of every act is felt in the utmost parts of the globe.

Have you ever known an unselfish person, of charitable and generous impulses, sociable, loving, kind, thoughtful of others, who was not universally liked and respected?

A man may have comparatively little culture, not much ability, and little wealth, yet, if his character is sterling he will always command an influence; a strong character creates confidence in men in high station as well as in humble life.

Benjamin Franklin attributed his success in public life to his known integrity of character.

He says: "Hence it was that I had so much weight with my fellow citizens. I was a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carry my point."

A man who has mind without heart, cleverness without goodness, no doubt has power, but it may be power only for mischief.

Truthfulness, integrity and goodness form the essentials of manly character, and the man who possesses these qualities, together with strength of purpose, comes with him a power that is irresistible.



#### Wintering Plants.

Plants wintered in the cellar should be kept quite dry—not dust dry, however, but a very little moisture. A dark cellar is better than a light one, and a cool one more favorable than one that is warm. Of course the temperature must never touch the freezing point.

#### Strawberry Runners.

The pistillate varieties of strawberries produce more runners and a greater amount of fruit than the varieties with perfect flowers. This fact should be kept in view in selecting the kinds that are to be used. Some varieties produce large berries, and but few of them fall to fill out the rows from scarcity of runners.

#### An Orchard a Necessity.

An orchard is a necessity on the farm. It is well known that a farm containing an orchard will sell at a fair price, when farms with no orchards are sacrificed. The buyer always looks for the greatest number of advantages, and if apples, peaches, pears, plums and the small fruits can be found, instead of only an apple orchard, the value of the farm will be increased much more than the original cost of the orchard. If the farm is not for sale the orchard will be a source of profit to the farmer.

#### The Peach Borer.

The peach borer must be dug out of the tree with a knife. Its presence may always be known by the chips which it leaves while boring into the tree. The tree will not be injured if the cutting is done lengthwise—that is, up and down the bark—but do not cut across the bark unless it cannot be avoided. If the knife blade will not reach the borer use a piece of wire. The majority of trees are destroyed by borers, and those who have had no experience with the pests, or given attention to the work of destroying them, attribute the loss of the trees to the "yellows," or some other disease.

#### A Good Orchard Crop.

One of the best crops to grow in a young orchard is the bush bean. It takes no nitrogen from the soil, but rather adds to it, and a good crop of beans will pay for manuring and the cultivation of the orchard. The bean vines make a good mulch for the trees, and they are a crop that can be grown many years on the same soil. The insects and fungous diseases of the beans and the orchard differ so much that we do not know of any one that will affect the other. Of course as the trees begin to cover and shade the ground the space devoted to the beans must be narrowed up until they are discarded entirely.

#### A Practical Test.

"Do you mean to say you would not trust anybody who is not polite?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "a person to be trusted is one who does not lose his head in an emergency. And politeness is merely presence of mind." —Washington Star.

DOING THE RIGHT THING

Postal Clerk—"You'll have to put another stamp on that letter!"

Miss Pert—"Why?"

Postal Clerk—"Because it's overweight."

Miss Pert—"But, gracious! Another stamp would make it still heavier." —Philadelphia Press.

DOING THE RIGHT THING

Doris—"Yes, she was furious about the way in which that paper reported her marriage."

Helen—"Did it allude to her age?"

Doris—"Indirectly. It stated that Miss Olde and Mr. Yale were married, the latter being a well-known collector of antiques." —Chicago News.

DOING THE RIGHT THING

Jones—"This is a remarkable sort of burglary."

Smith—"What is it?"

Jones—"A thief ransacks a bureau drawer and steals a purse with two dollars in it and fails to overlook a roll containing two hundred dollars that was lying right on the dresser!" —Philadelphia Record.

DOING THE RIGHT THING

"I hate to be contradicted," she said.

"Then I won't contradict you," he returned.

"You don't love me," she asserted.

"I don't," he admitted.