



## THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

Could we but know  
The land that ends our dark, uncertain  
travels,  
Where lie those happier hills and mead-  
ows low—  
Ah! if beyond the spirits' inmost cavel  
Aught of that country could we surely  
know,  
Who would not go?  
Might we but hear  
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,  
Or catch, sometimes, with wakeful eyes and  
clear  
The radiant vista of the realm before us—  
With one rapt moment given to see and  
hear—  
Ah! who would fear?  
Were we quite sure  
To find the peerless friend who left us lone-  
ly,  
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure  
To gaze in eyes that here were levelled only—  
This weary mortal coil, were we quite  
sure,  
Who would endure?  
—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

## HER ONLY SON.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

She's the sweetest  
girl in the world,  
mother," said Mar-  
cus Wilde.  
He sat on the  
edge of the old  
claw-legged table,  
his curly brown  
hair all irradiated  
by the specks of  
sunshine that sifted  
through the foliage of the scarlet  
geraniums in the window.  
Mrs. Wilde, in her slowly-moving  
rocking-chair, shook her plum-colored  
cap-strings.  
"I've heard young men talk that way  
before," observed she.  
"She will be all to you that a daugh-  
ter could be," pleaded Marcus. "All  
that your little Nelly would have been,  
had she lived!"  
"Perhaps," said Mrs. Wilde, knitting  
energetically away, "perhaps not.  
Makes her hair mending lace, don't  
she?"  
"Why, yes."  
"Ain't much of a preparation for up-  
and-down New England housekeep-  
ing, is it?"  
"No; but she's anxious to learn."  
"Perhaps she is, perhaps not."  
"It's beautiful work that she does,  
mother—Mechlin lace, Point de Venise.  
The materials look to me like fairy webs  
in her basket. See, here's her photo-  
graph that she sent you," passing his  
arm caressingly around her shoulder, and  
holding the picture so that it should  
gain the best light.  
But Mrs. Wilde turned her obdurate  
old face away.  
"I don't like photographs," said she.  
"They stare you out of countenance,  
and they don't never look like people."  
"But this does look like Alice."  
"Perhaps it does, perhaps not."  
"She would so like to know you,  
mother."  
"Perhaps she would, perhaps not.  
Girls'll say 'most anything to please  
their lovers."  
"Mother, she's an orphan, who has  
always been alone in the world. She  
will be so glad to have a mother."  
"Perhaps she will, perhaps not."  
Marcus bit his lip. Deeply as he loved  
this unreasonable old lady, it was diffi-  
cult to preserve his temper at times.  
"Mrs. Stayer can tell you all about  
her," said he, wisely changing his base.  
"That old Mrs. Stayer, don't you re-  
member, who used to live at the parson-  
age? She keeps house in the next suit  
of rooms. Alice often runs in there."  
"Does she?" in the most uninterested  
way. "Well, I guess when I want to  
find out about my own daughter-in-law,  
I shan't go pryin' and questionin' to  
Maria Stayer."  
"May I bring her down to visit you,  
mother?"  
"Not this week, Marcus," drily re-  
sponded the old lady. "I'm lookin' for  
Dessie Ann Holley pretty soon, and  
there's your Uncle and Aunt Jepson,  
from Maine, expected every day."  
"Well," swallowing his disappoint-  
ment as best he might, "there'll be a  
chance for Alice to come later!"  
"Perhaps there will—and perhaps  
not."  
And Marcus Wilde went back to the  
city, feeling baffled at every point.  
Alice Hooper listened with that sweet,  
sunshiny smile of hers.  
"Never mind, Marcus," soothed she.  
"It's perfectly natural. What mother  
wouldn't feel just so? Of course she

looks upon me as a perfect pirate, trying  
to get away her only son. But I shall  
conquer her prejudices—only see if I  
don't!"  
"You're an angel, Alice!" cried the  
lover.  
And Alice told him he was talking  
nonsense, which perhaps he was.  
Scarcely a week had elapsed, when an  
elderly lady, round and comfortable of  
visage and plump of figure, with a green  
veil pinned over her brown felt bonnet  
and a covered basket on her arm, stood  
knocking at Mrs. Stayer's door, which,  
after the fashion of city flats, almost ad-  
joined that of pretty Alice Hooper.  
It was Mrs. Wilde.  
"Hush-sh-sh!" she whispered to old  
Mrs. Stayer, when that venerable fe-  
male would have uttered a cry of hospi-  
table surprise. "I don't want nobody  
to know I'm here. I've just run up to  
do a little shopping, and I knew you'd  
make me welcome."  
"But Miss Hooper—you'll let me call  
her!" gasped the old lady.  
"Not for the world!" cried Mrs.  
Wilde. "Do you suppose I want to be  
paraded before strangers in this old  
traveling suit, all powdered with dust  
and cinders? All I want is a chance to  
set down and rest, and drink a cup o'  
tea. Things has changed—yes, they've  
changed. Hush! What's that?"  
"Don't be skeered, Mrs. Wilde," said  
Mrs. Stayer, in an encouraging whisper.  
"We hear all sorts o' noises in this flat.  
And, sure's I live, it's your son Marcus,  
comin' up to spend the evening with  
Alice Hooper! Now, you'll go in, sure,  
or let me send for them!"  
Mrs. Wilde caught at her friend's  
dress.  
"Not for the world!" she cried again.  
"I—I don't want them to know I'm here!"  
and she retreated back into the tiny sit-  
ting room of the flat. "Bless me, what  
corner cupboards of rooms these are!  
All I want is to lay down on the sofa and  
rest a little, and if you'll make me a cup  
o' good, strong green tea, Maria Stayer,  
I'll be greatly obliged!"  
Mrs. Stayer hurried into her kitchen.  
"Something must ha' happened," said  
she. "I never saw Mrs. Wilde look so  
flurried and upset afore. I do wonder  
what it is!"  
Mrs. Wilde herself stood close to the  
pasteboard like partition that separated  
the two suits of rooms, white and trem-  
bling.  
"I'm a reg'lar conspirator!" muttered  
she to herself. "I'd ought to be hung!  
But—but I must know if that girl's  
worthy of my Marcus' love! Hush!  
That's a sweet voice, and how—just like  
a woodthrush's note! He's a kisser'  
her! I do believe she's glad to see him;  
but—"  
She held up her finger, all alone though  
she was, and took a step or two near  
the thin partition.  
She trembled; the color came and went  
on her old cheek.  
"He's talkin' now," she muttered,  
every line and feature of her face on the  
alert. "He's tellin' her. Oh, I 'most  
wish now that I hadn't! No, I don't,  
neither. I couldn't be kept in the dark.  
I must know—I must hear with my own  
ears before I can be satisfied! He's my  
boy—he's my only son—and me a  
widow."  
She leaned forward and trembled more  
than ever as Marcus' voice sounded, in  
perturbed accents.  
"Darling," he said, "I don't know  
how I'm going to tell you, but—but I'm  
afraid our marriage will have to be put  
off. I've just had a letter from my  
mother. It seems she has closed the  
house and is coming to New York—  
probably to me. It must be that those  
Tallahassee bonds have proved a failure.  
I never quite liked them. She told me  
she was going to sell them, but she can't  
have done so, or—"  
His husky voice faltered him. A mo-  
ment's silence ensued, during which Mrs.  
Wilde stood more immovable than ever,  
her ears strained to their utmost listen-  
ing capacity.  
"Now I shall know," she murmured  
to herself.  
"Then of course, Mark, you and I  
must wait," said the sweet, thrush-like  
voice. "I know you love me, but your  
first duty is to your mother. Don't you  
remember the old Scotch ballad, dear?"  
"True loves ye may have money an' ows,  
But mither, ne'er saith'er!"  
"But, Alice," protested the lover,  
"we were planning to be married in the  
spring."  
"We must wait, Mark. We are young,  
and dear as I love you, I can but feel

that she—your mother—has the first  
claim. Oh, Mark, don't you understand  
that I can comprehend how a mother  
feels when some outsider steals away a  
portion of her son's heart? There's no  
sacrifice that I can make great enough  
to atone for the mischief I have invol-  
untarily wrought her!"  
"But," urged Marcus, "we might be  
married, and she could come to live with  
us. Couldn't it be arranged so?"  
"Oh, if it only might, how glad and  
willing I should be!" breathed the soft  
voice. "But she would not consent to  
that, and she has the first right to her  
son's home. And perhaps in time I can  
manage to make her love me a little, so  
that we can all be happy together."  
"Alice," exclaimed the young man,  
"if you could only go to her and tell  
her this with your own lips! But she  
won't see you."  
"Wait, dearest—wait!" sobbed the  
girl. "All will come right in good time.  
Remember she is your mother."  
Mrs. Wilde's hands were tightly  
clamped; tears were running down her  
cheeks.  
She opened the door and passed out  
into the hall, knocking urgently at the  
adjoining portal.  
"Children," she said, her voice  
choked with emotion, "you needn't  
wait; I've heard it all. I—I won't stand  
in the way of your happiness. I'm a  
base conspirator. I only wrote that let-  
ter to try Marcus' love and Alice's loy-  
alty. I did shut up the house, but only  
for a little while. The Tallahassee  
bonds have sold at a premium, and I'm  
going home to make the old house pret-  
ty for your bridal trip. Kiss me, Alice! I  
know I'm a wretched eavesdropper, but  
my heart did ache so to be sure that  
Marcus' sweetheart was worthy of his  
love."  
"And you're satisfied now, mother?"  
Marcus' eyes were all alight with  
pride and joy.  
Mrs. Wilde was holding the fair  
hated young girl close to her breast,  
looking lovingly into the blueness of her  
soft eyes like one who drinks from a  
deep, deep spring.  
"Yes, I'm satisfied, Marcus," said she.  
"The girl who was willing to postpone  
her own young happiness, so that the  
old mother might have a chance—there  
can't be much wrong with her head.  
Kiss me again, daughter Alice."  
"Oh, mother—may I call you by that  
name?" faltered Alice Hooper, tears  
brimming into her eyes.  
"I'll never let you call me by any  
other," said Mrs. Wilde. "Oh, here's  
Maria Stayer with a cup of tea! You  
see, I've introduced myself to this young  
woman, Mrs. Stayer."  
"Well, I couldn't think where you'd  
gone to," said Mrs. Stayer, with a deep  
sigh of relief.  
Mrs. Wilde stayed a week with Mrs.  
Hooper, and helped select the wedding  
dress before she went home.  
"I'm sure I shall like my new daugh-  
ter," said she, in her positive way.  
"And I'm sure," warmly added Mrs.  
Stayer, "she'll like you."  
Mrs. Wilde shrugged her shoulders.  
"Perhaps she will," said she—"per-  
haps not."  
**Vitality of Seeds.**  
Professor Crozier, in that valuable lit-  
tle work, "Errors About Plants," closes  
the chapter on "Vitality of Seeds" with  
these words: "I will simply say in con-  
clusion that few, if any, cases exist in  
which seeds are known to have retained  
their vitality over fifty years." The Pro-  
fessor, no doubt, knows exactly what he  
is talking about, but right here, says the  
editor of "Notes for the Curious" in the  
St. Louis Republic, I want to make a  
few remarks on a wonderful fact, which,  
had it been known at the time "Errors  
About Plants" was written, would prob-  
ably have changed the professor's opin-  
ion. In the early spring of 1891 Rev.  
E. S. Curry of Thayer, Mo., an enthu-  
siast on the mound builder question,  
found a vessel of ancient pottery in a  
large mound. The vessel, which was  
sealed, was full of what was thought to  
be parched corn. This Mr. Curry poured  
out in the soft earth that had been thrown  
from the excavation. That corn germi-  
nated, grew and matured. Ten grains  
of this corn were sent to the editor of  
"Notes for the Curious," by I. N. Shelby  
of Searcy, Ark., who obtained them of  
A. W. Crawford of Godfrey, Ill. They  
are wholly unlike any species of corn  
with which the writer is acquainted,  
having the appearance of being roasted  
to a dark brown color, and are very long  
for the size of the grain.

**'In Russian Barracks.'**  
"Shall we take a look at the barracks?"  
suggested the colonel. "Nothing would  
suit me better," I answered; so leaving  
my horses in charge of the Cossack,  
Daumskiled the way through a series of  
vast spaces occupied mainly by little  
wooden beds. Each little bed had on it  
a hard mattress, a pillow and a coarse  
woolen blanket. Beneath each bed was  
a box, in which the soldier's kit was  
kept, and at short intervals throughout  
the buildings were chrome portraits of  
the Czar, and very gaudy pictures of  
Russian saluts. The barracks were en-  
tirely of wood, the ceilings low and the  
windows infrequent, yet so clean was  
everything kept that I detected no dis-  
agreeable odor. In the kitchen I helped  
myself to a taste of the soup that was  
himmering in vast cauldrons over the  
brick oven, and made up my mind that I  
could stand a pretty long canoe cruise if  
my food were no worse than this. There  
are two fast-days in the week—Wednes-  
day and Friday—and this was one of  
them, so that all they had was lentil  
soup. Black bread went with the soup  
—not such very bad bread either. They  
had a drink that suggested the mead we  
use at harvest-time, consisting of water  
in which rye bread had been absorbed.  
Of this I drank a whole glass with relish.  
So far, then, I had stumbled on nothing  
about the Russian soldier's life that  
would have discouraged me from en-  
listing, had I been brought up to accept  
the Czar's word as law.  
"Do you have much desertion?" I  
asked.  
"Not many in my regiment," answered  
the colonel, complacently; "my men are  
pretty well cared for." \* \* \*  
As we galloped home to the noon-day  
dinner, I noticed that my colonel greeted  
the men of other regiments than his own  
by merely conforming to the usual mili-  
tary requirements; but when he met any  
of his 170th, he shouted out a hearty  
good-day to them, which they answered  
with a burst of strange sound intended to  
convey the notion, "we are glad to have  
our colonel's greeting." This struck me  
as a very pleasant interchange of civility  
—much better than the silent and per-  
functory ordeal in vogue among western  
armies. In the German army, the Em-  
peror still greets his Grenadier Guards  
by a hearty "Good-morning," and is  
answered as heartily, as in Russia. But  
this is, in Germany, as historically  
unique as the "beet-eaters" at the  
Tower of London. In Russia, the life of  
the people is what it was in England  
when Queen Bess boxed the ears of her  
favorites—an odd medley of barbarism  
and parental gentleness.—Harper's  
Magazine.  
**The Cowboy's Marvelous Memory.**  
"Of all men in the world not account-  
ed prodigies I think the cowboy's mem-  
ory and intuition are the most marvel-  
ous," said E. H. Cunningham, of In-  
dian Territory, at the Laclede. "I  
have witnessed feats of memory per-  
formed by cowboys that appear  
preposterous when related. For instance,  
I was on a drive from the Texas Pan-  
handle to the Territory a few weeks ago  
with 7000 cattle. Twelve men com-  
prised my outfit. We had a couple of  
big stampedes, and after we got the  
frightened cattle rounded up, how do  
you suppose we were able to tell how  
many were missing? You naturally  
think we went through the laborious  
task of cutting out and counting them,  
and that's where you are mistaken.  
Every one of my twelve men was so  
thoroughly acquainted with the herd  
that either of them could by getting on  
an elevation so as to get a clear sweep  
of the entire herd, tell exactly how many  
and the kind of stock we had missed in  
the round up. Not only that, but he could  
pick out any stray cattle that had got  
mixed in our bunch without seeing the  
brand. It is a marvelous accomplish-  
ment, and one that is attained only after  
long service in the 'bull punching' busi-  
ness."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.  
**How to Avoid the Draft.**  
Some of the schemes to make money  
by offering something for nothing suc-  
ceed until Uncle Sam's postal authorities  
take the matter in hand. Then the face  
of affairs change. A correspondent re-  
calls a war time scene, and says:  
"During the war a firm made a great  
deal of money by this taking little an-  
nouncements: Send \$1 to —, New  
York City, and you will receive a little  
packet explaining how to evade the draft.  
The packet being duly received, each man  
said, 'Enlist.' —(Chicago Daily)

**TULIPOMANIA.**  
**THE GREAT FLOWER FAD OF  
THE HOLLANDERS.**  
A Stock-Jobbing Operation in Roots  
—How the Craze Began and  
the Financial Disaster  
It Caused.  
FOR years before the Holland ex-  
citement broke out that country  
had brought the tulip to perfec-  
tion and used it as an article of  
commerce. Owing to the alluvial soil  
and moist climate of the Netherlands  
the tulip of the Dutch became a marvel  
in size and beauty and did for the house  
gardens of the time what the La France  
and Jacquemont rose does for the flower  
beds of the present day. In 1634 a  
factitious demand for the tulip arose,  
people having found that the quest for  
rare varieties enabled high prices to be  
had. In hope that the market would ad-  
vance people bought freely and were  
soon able to sell at a profit. Thus the  
trade of buying and selling over again  
became universal and without visible  
limit. The prices paid for roots were  
generally regulated by weight. A small  
weight called a perit, less than a grain,  
was used for this purpose.  
The mania, therefore, took the direc-  
tion of perits instead of shares, and that  
was all the difference between the traffic  
in tulips and a speculation in stock. On  
change it was common to hear a seller  
saying that he held 400 perits and a  
buyer asking for 500 perits of some  
special variety.  
Prices rose enormously. Sold by per-  
its the tulip brought prices which varied  
with its rarity. Four hundred perits of  
Admiral Leifken cost 4400 florins; 446  
perits of Admiral von der Eyk, 1620  
florins; 106 perits Schilder, 1615 florins;  
200 of Semper Augustus, 5500 florins;  
310 Viceroy, 3000 florins. The Semper  
Augustus was often sold at 2000 florins,  
and at one time, when only two roots  
could be had, one was disposed of for  
6000 florins, together with a new car-  
riage, two gray horses and a complete  
harness.  
Among the common tulip transactions  
was the exchange of twelve acres of land  
for a single plant. Others traded houses,  
land, cattle and clothes. In this way a  
man whom Manting mentions made 60,  
000 florins in four months. Not only the  
mercantile classes, but noblemen, farm-  
ers, sailors, mechanics, chimney-sweeps  
and turf-diggers engaged in the ventures.  
For several months everybody won and  
even old-clothes women were able to ride  
in their own carriages. A tavern in every  
town was turned into an exchange and  
there costly entertainments alternated  
with profitable bargains.  
While the craze was on speculators  
paid large sums for roots, which they did  
not receive and never wished or expected  
to obtain. Others sold roots that they  
did not own and could not deliver. A  
nobleman would buy 2000 florins' worth  
of roots of a servant and sell them to a  
costermonger, but neither the nobleman,  
the servant or the costermonger had roots  
in his possession nor desired to have  
them there. Before the season was over  
more tulips were bought, sold or con-  
tracted for than were to be found in all  
Europe, and species that could not be had  
at all were oftenest dealt in. In three  
years the aggregate sum used in the  
strange traffic was prodigious, one town  
alone expending over 10,000,000 florins.  
The methods of speculation are related  
by Beckman in his quaint "History of  
Inventions" as follows:  
"To understand this gambling traffic  
it may be necessary to make the follow-  
ing supposition. A nobleman bespoke  
of a merchant a tulip root, to be deliv-  
ered in six months, at the price of 1000  
florins. During that six months the  
price of the tulip must have risen or  
fallen or remained as it was. We shall  
suppose that at the expiration of the  
time the price was 1500 florins. In that  
case the nobleman did not wish to have  
the tulip, and the merchant paid him  
500 florins, which the latter lost and the  
former won. If the price was fallen  
when the six months had expired so that  
a root could be purchased for 800 florins  
the nobleman then paid to the merchant  
200 florins, which he received as so  
much gain; but if the price continued  
the same, that is 1000 florins, neither  
party gained or lost. In all these cir-  
cumstances, however, no one ever  
thought of delivering the roots or of  
receiving them."  
The more who made money by the  
more took part in it. High  
priced tulips were put on the

market so that men of all conditions  
might deal in them; and lots were sold  
by the whole or by half and quarter  
weight. General business was neglect-  
ed, trades were abandoned, the sinews  
of commerce were weakened, all for the  
sake of the fortune-making root.  
The craze reached its climax in three  
years. By 1637 matters had got into a  
bad way. Contracts began to be broken  
because so many people had promised to  
pay more than they had or could find  
means to obtain. Extravagance in liv-  
ing had exhausted resources. Wary  
speculators were running to cover and  
tulips became a drug on the market.  
The price of the roots began to fall and  
never rose. The sellers wanted to deliv-  
er the tulips at the prices agreed upon,  
but the purchasers would neither  
take them nor pay for them. To end the  
dispute the dealers of Alkmaar sent de-  
puties to Amsterdam in 1637 and secured  
the passage of a law making null and  
void such contracts as were signed prior  
to the last of November, 1636, and  
holding that, in contracts subsequently  
made, buyers should be released from  
their pledge upon paying ten per cent.  
of the sum involved.  
Complaints increased in the local  
courts of Holland, but the judges threw  
them out. Then an appeal was taken to  
the Government of the States of Holland  
and West Friesland, and on April 27th,  
1637, a decision was rendered postponing  
final judgment, but ordering that in the  
meantime every vendor should offer his  
tulips to the purchaser, and in case he  
declined them the vendor should either  
keep the roots or sell them to another  
and have recourse on the original cus-  
tomer for any loss he might sustain. It  
was ordered also that all contracts  
should remain in force till further in-  
quiry was made. But as no one could  
foresee what judgment would be passed  
on the validity of the contracts, buyers  
would pay nothing. It finally came about  
that the holders of contracts gave them  
up for a nominal sum, and the tulip  
mania came to an end. The trail of finan-  
cial disaster that it left, however, was  
seen in the low countries for a century  
afterward.—San Francisco Chronicle.  
**Submarine Mines.**  
The engineer corps of the United  
States army has been actively engaged in  
experiments with submarine mines.  
These explosive traps, designed to blow  
up hostile ships that enter harbors, are  
of two kinds—sunken and floating.  
They are steel cases holding dynamite,  
that being the explosive regarded by  
this Government as most suitable for the  
purpose. Dynamite consists of seventy-  
five per cent. of nitro-glycerine, which  
is too dangerous to be used by itself, ab-  
sorbed by twenty-five per cent. of a  
highly porous infusorial earth called  
"rottenstone." Other substances besides  
rottenstone have been utilized as an ab-  
sorbent, such as corneal and brown  
sugar. The sunken mines are lowered  
to the bottom of the water, where they  
are held in position by their own weight.  
Each of them contains a battery so ar-  
ranged that a shock communicated by  
the hull of a vessel will set off the  
charge, probably sinking the ship by  
blowing a hole beneath her water line.  
Infernal machines of this description  
have the disadvantage that it is hardly  
possible without great danger for those  
who put them down to take them up  
again. More serviceable in a general  
way are the floating mines, which are  
anchored out and connected by wire  
with stations on shore. So long as no  
danger is anticipated the electric cur-  
rents are shut off and the steel cases roll  
about on the waves as harmless as so  
many barrels.  
**Proper Arrangement of Draughts.**  
The proper arrangement of draughts  
for the ventilation of sleeping rooms has  
perplexed all. One thing, however, is  
certain. It has been proved by actual  
experiment that a layer of air lies against  
the walls which is subject to very little  
movement, even when there is a strong  
circulation in the middle of the  
room. It is, therefore, important that  
this should not be placed close to a  
fire. If kept there during the daytime  
it should be moved at least several inches  
from the room at night. Alcovacs  
should be avoided. In a  
closed room three sides a layer of air  
which may be compared to a  
pool is often observed. A few yards  
this may be moving away  
these places pools are un-  
pleasant.—New York Times