

THE SWAMPS.

Ab, gray and green lie the swamps between
Our way and the woods beyond;
And the hymn they sing is an olden thing,
Plaintive and true and fond.

"Come you away from the hills," they say,
"From city and sea and burn;
Lower your eyes from happy skies,
Sit by our side and learn."

"For meek are we, and submissively
We bear our proportioned pain,
With no succoring arm to heal the harm
Of winds and the ruthless rain."

"To the lashing blow of the unleashed snow
We turn a timid face.
We raise dim hands to the nobler lands,
For ours is the scorned place."

"No treasure ours of attared flowers;
We lift no honored head.
Neglect and shame are our only claim—
We, Gardens of the Dead."

And yet we know that the evening glow
Is ours by ancient rite;
And our humble car is tuned to hear
The creed of the star-spun night

"By the quickening cheer of the turning year
Are we ever glorified;
And we are kissed by the gentle mist
That knows not place nor pride."

—Gardner Weeks Wood, in Harper's Weekly.

Monsieur's Misadventure.

M. Ravenot, collector for ten years in a banking house, was a model employe. Never had he given occasion for the least criticism, and never had the slightest error in his accounts been noted. He lived alone, made few acquaintances, was temperate in all his habits, and seemed happy and satisfied. If perchance some one remarked to him, "It must be tempting to handle such large sums of money," he would reply:

"Why? Money that does not belong to one is not money."

So, when he failed to make his usual appearance one day, no suspicion of wrongdoing on his part entered the minds of any who knew him. Even the supposition of a crime seemed impossible. The police traced his movements the day before the disappearance. He had presented his last check near the Montrouge gate at about 5 o'clock, the receipts amounting to about 200,000 francs. After that nothing could be discovered. It was finally decided that the collector had been robbed, murdered and thrown into the river.

One man in Paris shrugged his shoulders on reading all this in the daily papers; that man was Ravenot himself.

At the very moment when the expert detectives of the police force lost track of him, the collector was making his way to the Seine, along deserted streets. Hiding under the arch of a bridge he donned a suit of civilian's clothes, brought there the night before, put the 200,000 francs into his pocket, made a bundle of his uniform, weighted it with a stone and threw it into the river. He then walked quietly back to the city and took lodging at a hotel.

By taking advantage of his start in time he could have boarded a train and got out of the country. He was too shrewd, however, to believe that a few miles of space would protect him from the law, and he had no illusions as to the fate awaiting him. He would be caught at last. This fact accepted he decided upon his course of action.

The following day he put the 200,000 francs into a large envelope, sealing it with five seals. He then repaired to a notary's office.

"Monsieur," said he to the lawyer, "in this envelope are funds which I wish to deposit in a safe place, as I am about to set out on a long journey and I do not know when I shall return. Is there anything to prevent my leaving this paper in your keeping?"

"Nothing," replied the notary. "Shall I give you a receipt for it?"

"A receipt! He had not thought of that. To whom could he have it made out? Not in his own name, surely. If he were to keep it on his person he would lose all the benefits of his act. He hesitated for a moment in face of this unforeseen obstacle, then replied:

"I am quite alone in the world. The trip I am about to take is hazardous. A receipt would risk being lost or destroyed. On account of this condition of things could you not keep the paper with you, making a record of it? In that case it will merely be necessary for me to mention my name to you or your successor on my return. You can make a note on the envelope that it can be reclaimed only under that condition. If there is any risk you see that I am the only one to take it."

"Very well. Your name, please."

"Henry Duverger," replied the collector, without hesitation.

When he was in the street Ravenot drew a sigh of relief. The first part of his program was carried out. No matter what happened now the money was out of harm's way. He knew what was awaiting him, but he reasoned that at the end of his term of imprisonment he could claim the fruit of his theft and live in comfort to the end of his days without drudgery. He would buy an estate in the country and be known to every one as M. Duverger.

He waited another day and then deliberately gave himself up to the authorities. What was the use of losing any time? He did not tell what disposition he had made of the funds, however. He merely said:

"I don't know where the money is. I dropped asleep on a bench in the park and was robbed."

Because of his remarkable antecedents he was given only a short

sentence—five years. He received his sentence without a quiver of the eyelids. He was only thirty-five years old. At forty he would be free and rich. He considered his imprisonment as only a necessary sacrifice.

He was a model prisoner, just as he had been a model collector. He watched the days pass by without impatience or ennui, taking the best care of his health.

At last the moment of deliverance arrived! He accepted the trifle accorded to departing convicts, but his only anxiety was to get to the notary's office to reclaim his deposit. How often he had dreamed of this hour. Over and over again he had rehearsed the scene he was about to enact. He would enter the office. Of course the notary would not recognize him.

Then he would reply:

"I have come for a deposit made here five years ago."

"What sort of a deposit? In whose name?"

"In the name of Monsieur—"

Here he stopped abruptly and exclaimed: "I can't remember the name!"

He thought and thought, but to no purpose. He dropped down on a bench in the park, a faintness stealing over him. He said to himself:

"Collect yourself and think. Monsieur—Monsieur—it began with—what letter?"

For an hour he explored the depths of his memory, seeking some clew, some thread, that would lead up to the missing name. It seemed to dance before him, around him, eluding him just as he was about to seize upon it.

At first this was only unpleasant; then it became irritating, even physically painful. Waves of heat swept over his body. His muscles contracted and he grew restless. He bit his feverish lips and was torn with the desire to cry out or to fight. Finally he rose up impatiently and thought:

"There's no use in trying to remember the name. It will probably come to me of itself if I wait."

But a haunting idea cannot be banished so easily. No matter how much he watched the passers-by or listened to the noise of the streets, under it all ran the refrain:

"Monsieur—Monsieur—"

Night came on. The walks were deserted. The unfortunate man, quite worn out, went to a small hotel, hired a room and threw himself down on the bed without undressing. He did not fall asleep until daylight. He awoke rested, but his momentary satisfaction was destroyed by the haunting thought of the forgotten name.

"Monsieur—monsieur—what could it be?"

A new feeling now began to torture him—fear. What if he were never to remember the name! He left the hotel and walked for hours in the vicinity of the notary's office. For the second time night fell. He fairly dug his nails into his skull, muttering:

"I shall certainly go mad!"

He wandered about, tortured by his thoughts, hitting his head against lampposts, jostling the people he passed, and getting in the way of carriages. He wished some one would attack him to give him an excuse to fight, or that a horse would trample on his tortured body.

Finally he saw the Seine below

An Impossible Division.

We do not like to divide society into the two divisions of the selfish and the unselfish, the sinners and the saints. That is not an easy nor fair division to make. It may be that God has the power to separate the sheep from the goats, but it is hardly given to us to do it accurately. We are selfish and unselfish. We are more or less sinners and more or less saints. We may be, perhaps, sinners in fact, and saints in the making. None of us have fallen to the lowest depths or risen to the greatest heights of human nature. We are all more or less the victims of the loneliness of our selfishness and sin, and we all have some of the joys of fellowship with other souls because of our righteousness. These qualities of life are relative with us. There is no doubt that we suffer from loneliness of soul more than we ought. We have not yet earned the fellowship with man and God for which we are intended. There is not yet enough sympathy and righteousness in our living. This is the fault of each one of us more than it is the fault of our neighbors. It is our fault because we do not love and we do too often lock the door of our heart with the key of unreasonable selfishness. When shall we learn that we are more lonely when we cease to love than when we cease to be loved? It is for each one of us to change our attitude if we would find all the good will and good fellowship that there is in the world.—The Open Way.

him, sparkling in the starlight. Mechanically he descended the steps leading to the river, and lay down on the bank to bathe his hot brow. He felt the water creep over his head and neck. He felt himself slipping downwards, but he made no attempt to cling to the bank. He was now in the river. The chill roused him to action. He struggled, stretched out his arms and tried to swim. He went down, rose again, and suddenly, in a last, despairing effort, his eyes filled with a wild light, he shouted:

"I have found the name! Duverger! Help! Help! Du—"

But the wharf was deserted. The water lapped softly against the great stone columns supporting the bridge; the shadowy arches flung the name back in echo. The waves rose and fell, reflecting the green and red lights. One, rolling in higher than the others, seemed to lick the shore greedily—then all was still!—Translated for the Argonaut from the French by H. Twitchell.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Luther Burbank, of California, declares that for the first ten or twelve years of life the human plant needs sunshine and fresh air more than books and schooling.

Weaving the wires for a great suspension bridge is slow work that requires the utmost care. This work for the new Manhattan Bridge has just been begun and nearly a year will be consumed in completing it.

The quantity of sulphuric acid in mine water varies according to the district and condition of the mine. Some mine water has been found to contain only a few grains, while the water in other workings often contains over 100 grains a gallon.

The great trees of California, it has been said, began life before the earliest dawn of Chinese history, and at the time of the deluge were older than the art of printing from type is to-day. Professor Charles E. Bessey, however, contends that 2000 years is a great overestimate, actual ring count of a tree twenty-five feet in diameter having indicated only 1147 years.

Power generated at Niagara Falls is to be distributed all over Canada. Bids have been asked on 10,000 tons of structural steel for the Canadian Government. The steel is to be used for towers which will support the cables used in transporting the current. Already power generated at Niagara is being sent a distance of more than 125 miles, and it is the intention of the Canadian Government to increase this distance, says the Scientific American. Towns in every direction about Niagara will be supplied.

An entirely new design in the construction of electric lamps has been recently brought out, the novel feature of which is the entire absence, so far as the eye is concerned, of all wires. One-half of the transformer is fastened to the under side of a table, while the other half is incorporated in the base of the lamp standard. By proper transformer design, it is possible to supply the lamps on the standard with electrical energy when both parts of the transformer are placed one above the other. The advantages of such an arrangement are that no holes need be made in the table or coverings for the passage of wires; while the lamp itself can be removed from the table when so desired without disconnecting any wires.

Doggies Dine With Owners.

Most restaurants have a rule which forbids a patron from bringing a dog to the table, but in Brooklyn one eating-house proprietor has found it profitable to cater to women who have a fondness for dogs and a desire to have them for table companions.

Any day at the luncheon hour three or four women may be seen eating at this place, their pets sitting beside them on special high chairs. Doggie's dinner is served on a special plate, which is placed on a ledge in front of the chair.—New York Sun.

Hard to Banish.

"At last," said the anti-noise advocate, "we have triumphed! Quietude can now reign supreme!"

"But what's the meaning of all this cheering and cannonading?"

"We are celebrating our victory."—Washington Star.



CHINA SILK CURTAINS.

Instead of Swiss or flowered muslin, some women are using china silk curtains in the natural creamy tone or dyed to harmonize with the room. It is made into double sash curtains, the top one dropping for two inches over the lower one, both finished with silk balls.—New York Times.

COMFORTABLE SHOES.

Never on any account should children be allowed to wear boots or shoes which are not absolutely comfortable. If boots are at all too tight or too short, corns, of course, will be one inevitable result, but what is still a greater evil, the child will acquire an awkward gait, which will probably cling to it all its life. Care should be taken, too, that boots are not buttoned too tightly around the ankle, as this will often cause great suffering to the little wearer.—American Cultivator.

TESTS FOR PURE BUTTER.

To find out whether butter is pure, What To Eat gives the following method: Place a small piece in a large iron spoon and heat gently over a flame. If the butter foams freely on heating, it is better, while if it sputters and crackles like hot grease without foaming, it is oleomargarine or renovated butter. Another way to examine sample is to put it in a small bottle, and then place the bottle in boiling water for five or six minutes. If the sample is butter the curd will have settled, leaving the fat perfectly clear, while if it is a substitute the fat is cloudy or milky.—American Cultivator.

GOLD AND SILVER LACE.

Gold and silver dress trimming that has become tarnished can be cleaned and brightened very satisfactorily by the following method: Shake the trimming thoroughly to get rid of any dust; then tie it in a white linen bag made expressly for the purpose and lay the bag in a bowl of soapy water. Place the bowl over the fire and let it boil for a few minutes; then remove and rinse in cold water. After the trimming is taken out of the bag the tarnished parts can be freshened still more by rubbing them with a small quantity of spirits of ammonia.—New York Herald.

THE BATHROOM.

If possible the bathroom should be fitted with tiled dados; where the expense is too great a sanitary paper should be employed.

The paint must be enameled, and the bath itself should be one of those with a rolled metal edge. It is a mistake to inclose a bath in a wooden case, neither is a ledge of polished wood advisable, for it is impossible to prevent the polish from becoming scratched and marked.

The floor of the bathroom should be covered with cork carpet. A square of cork should be provided as a bath mat, and one of the wooden boards, which is made to fit across a bath on which to put sponges and soap dishes, should not be forgotten. It saves a considerable amount of work if there is a fitted wash hand stand in the bathroom, which can be used by the members of a family when washing their hands before luncheon.—New Home.



Crushed Wheat Griddle Cakes.

One teaspoonful of cracked wheat, two pints of flour, two spoonfuls of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, two of baking powder, one egg and one pint of milk. Boil the wheat in a half pint of water one hour before mixing it. Bake brown.

French Pancakes—Beat smoothly together six eggs and a half a pound of flour. Melt four ounces of butter and add to the batter, with one ounce of sugar and a half pint of milk. Put a spoonful at a time into buttered frying pan and spread evenly on the surface.

Indian Pancakes—Take a pint of cornmeal, a teaspoonful of salt, one of soda, pour on boiling water to make a thick mush; let stand until cool; add the yolks of four eggs, half a cupful of flour and stir in as much buttermilk as will make a good batter. Beat the whites of the eggs and stir them in. Bake in a well greased skillet.

Bread Griddle Cakes—Put half a pound of bread free from crust in warm water to soak. Beat one egg, half a pint of milk and a tablespoonful of brown sugar mixed together; add a scant teaspoonful of salt and two of baking powder. Drain the soaked bread dry and mix in the milk, thicken with one pint of flour and beat to a smooth batter. Bake on a hot griddle. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Silver Cake—Two cups sugar, four cups flour, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful extract of almond, six whites of eggs, one cup milk, two-thirds cup butter. Cream butter and sugar; add alternately the milk and flour mixed with salt and baking powder, then the extract and the stiffly whipped whites. Beat well and bake in loaf pan in moderate oven.



For the Younger Children....

THE LITTLE OLD MAN IN THE AUTOMOBILE.

You surely have heard of the old woman, I know, who lived in a shoe, oh, so long, long ago! She had such queer notions and terrible ways—What would we do if she lived in these days?

As all of her children were supple and young, she packed them in closely, pulled up the shoe's tongue, and then laced the shoestrings across, very tight, and her children all slumbered until it was light.

A little old man, who is popular here, has a way of his own, that is almost as queer—His house is not mostly of leather, but steel, and instead of a shoe, it's an automobile.

And as for the children, there's room, for each one.

(They are all happy, so brim full of fun!) What sport by the roadside to picnic each day—Pick berries and flowers—then up and away!

Some morning you'll see them—oh, such a big load. Just flying along, like the wind, on the road! You cannot mistake them, for all in the car are singing and shouting wherever they are.

Their laughter and noise can be heard half a mile, but every one nods or responds with a smile.

I'd rather ride with this man—wouldn't you? Than dwell with the "Woman who lived in a shoe."—Cornelia Walter McCleary, in St. Nicholas.

THE FIRST FOG HORN.

Johnny, who always liked to have a reason for everything, said: "Mother, dear, how'd they ever decide to have a foghorn in the lighthouse? Make me a nice story, won't you?"

"Mother Dear," thought a moment, and then as the "sand man" was getting very busy with his bag, she gathered Johnny up, "so comfy" and began: "Well, it was this way, I guess:

"Make it a once-upon-a-time story, mother, dear," murmured Johnny, snuggling closer.

"Well, once upon a time, far, far away, there was a little island in the sea, on which many vessels were wrecked during the dense fogs that rose so often. The people on the island always felt sorry when there was a loss of life, but could do nothing to keep the wrecks from happening. This sort of thing might have gone on for years and years except for a strange occurrence. It happened one day that all the islanders went fishing, and late in the afternoon were caught in a tremendous storm, which blew them far out of their course. Then, to make matters worse, a great fog came up. Now, these people knew if they ran into the island they would be dashed to pieces on the rocks, yet they could do nothing on account of the fog, and trusted to luck that they could steer clear of it.

They were sailing along in fear, when suddenly in the darkness they heard the loud bellowing of a cow, which kept up incessantly. How glad the men were to hear that noise, for they realized that they were right near the island, and also that the cow must be in trouble to make such a great noise. So they set the ship in the opposite direction, keeping far from the island all night. At dawn, when the fog cleared, they went back, and upon arriving home discovered that the cow had walked into the house and was wedged in between the walls of an entry, where she had bellowed all through the night.

"Of course, the men and women were so glad that their lives had been saved that they made garlands of flowers for round the cow's neck, and gave her a beautiful breakfast. And then the greatest surprise of all was that when the men went to the other end of the island they saw a large trading vessel anchored there. As they looked they saw the captain motioning to them to come out to the vessel, which they did. When they reached the deck the captain had a table spread with all the good things imaginable on it, and told the islanders to eat their fill, as he wanted to show his gratitude for their having saved his vessel and life. The captain explained that save for the loud horn or whatever they had used to make the noise during the fog he would have been wrecked on the island that night.

"Then the men told the captain of the cow's discomfort and how it was she who had saved everyone.

"When the captain heard this he thought a while, and then told the men it would be an excellent idea if they would always make the cow bellow during the fogs—and if they did he would see that they profited by it.

"So the fishermen, who had an eye for business, decided that it would be a good thing, and after that, at the first sign of a fog, or a very bad night, a cow would be put into the narrow hallway and her tail pulled during the whole night, so that she bellowed terrifically, and many lives and much money was saved thereby.

"That was the beginning, dearie, years and years ago of the 'fog horn,' which afterward, when the people grew enlightened, was displaced, in a really, truly lighthouse, by a gigantic horn, which sounds very much like a cow bellowing, and also saved the dispositions of the cows, don't you think so, Johnny, boy?"

But Johnny boy had drifted far away on a slumber boat, where there were no islands to run into and no cows to bellow.—C. Maud Weatherly, in Record Junior.

THE SPELLING MATCH.

It had been a regular custom for half a century or more in the little town of Crawford to have a spelling match once a month in the little village school house where everyone between the age limit of eight to eighteen tried to spell one another down.

The schoolmaster, an old man who had grown old in the service of the school, generally presided on such occasions. He stood in the front of the large room and either took words from old spelling books or called them at random.

It was Friday night, or spelling match night. Robert Eves, a large lad of sixteen, entered the room with an air of "I will be the winner, and have my name in the postoffice for the next month." No one doubted it, for had not he won every match that year? The sides were soon fixed. Robert stood at the head of one and Sarah Kingden at the head of the other side. Sarah was always one to sit down toward the end.

All was silent when the sheriff stood up and announced that the winner would receive a prize of \$25 on this occasion.

Oh! how the good spellers' eyes gleamed with joy and the poor spellers' glistened with tears.

While the sheriff was speaking the door opened and a bright eyed lad of twelve walked in. He went straight up to the schoolmaster, asking permission to join the match. The schoolmaster nodded an assent and placed him at the end of Sarah's line.

The match began. One by one people took their seats. Some in tears, some in frowns and one actually declaring it wasn't fair that he should be asked that hard word, geography. About three remained on Sarah's line and four on Robert's.

The schoolmaster was finished with the book and was now calling words at random. Mayonnaise came to Sarah, in his clear voice. "Ma-m-a-Mayon. No, that's not it; m-l-y-o-n-s-e." blundered Sarah.

"Wrong," rang the master's voice. "Next." Next was Robert. He spelled it correctly.

At last none were left but Robert and the little lad that had come in late. Robert scowled at him, but the little lad determined to win the prize and paid no heed to him.

Anhyosis came to the lad. He spelled it right. House came to Robert, who laughed at the simple word and quickly spelled h-o-u-s-e. "Wrong! Next," cried the master. "H-o-u-s-e," spelled the boy.

The sheriff stepped to the desk and gave the lad the prize and, turning to Robert, said:

"Never neglect little things while dreaming of big ones."—Madeline Klotz, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

MOTHER'S WHIM.

My mother was a human being and had certain peculiarities which we did not ridicule. Sometimes she would lose her appetite entirely and could not eat our food. She would grow weak and almost ill, but there was "balm in Gilead." Her appetite would be restored in this way. Something from another person's larder was the remedy, and lo, "Richard was himself again." I was a little girl and she would send me with a basket and a note to her good aunt in the village. Her letter would read thus: "Dear Aunt Jane: I have one of my 'spells' again and cannot eat—please send me something from your cupboard; just anything will do, so some one else has cooked it." Your Niece Caroline.

Her aunt did not smile at the "notion" of their favorite niece, for she knew and realized her sensitive nature.

Aunt Jane would go to her cellar and cupboard and pack a basket with whatever she chanced to have. Sometimes it would be a cup of stewed dried apples, a piece of beef or ham, a bit of plain cake, or a cup of custard. No matter, dear Aunt Jane understood it all.

How precious are the friends who divine our queer ways and who do not ridicule us.—Dolly Goodwill, in the Indiana Farmer.

BATH OF THE BLACKBIRDS.

If all human beings were as anxious to take baths and as willing to go to a great deal of trouble for the sake of taking them as are certain blackbirds in England this would be a cleaner world. It is a clergyman who tells the story about the blackbirds, the Rev. T. G. Wyatt, vicar of Hayward's Heath. It seems that he received a great many complaints about the removal of flowers placed on graves in the churchyard. Mr. Wyatt, grieved and vexed at this desecration of the graves, concluded that the culprits were school children, and set the verges to watch. The verges, hiding in the background, saw a great many blackbirds presently alight upon the graves. They pulled the flowers from the zinc wreaths and crosses, scattered them about the yard, and then returned and bathed in the water in which the flowers had stood. The verges said they seemed to enjoy their bath very much.