

THE POET AND FATE IN COLLOQUY

Fate:
Singers who charmed the earth are dead;
Why singest thou to-day?

The Poet:
Because the laughing rose is red
And white the scented may,
And silver-golden light is shed
On new-born and bay.

Fate:
Thou dwellest mid a heedless race;
They worship naught but gold.

The Poet:
Yet will I lift a tearless face
Towards beauty, as of old,
Her boons of love, her gifts of grace,
Are won but by the bold.

Fate:
Shelley is dead, and Keats is gone,
And who will lift the lute?

The Poet:
Though these be dead, the same strong sun
Still changes flower to fruit;
The birds' hearts waken, one by one;
So why should I be mute?
—George Barrow.



CASPAR MIEHLE was a carpenter by trade and an idler by preference. He came to Old Town in the boom days of mining determined to strike it rich, and after fifteen years of desultory prospecting, intermittent carpentering and rather steady loafing around the Gem saloon he now found himself the more or less happy possessor of seven children, a scolding wife, a tumble-down shop and a general reputation for all-round worthlessness.

Fifteen years of incessant drudgery is calculated to sour the sweetest temper, but Mrs. Miehle might have tolled on in weary contentment if her oldest son had shown any signs of being a comfort or a help. But he didn't. He "took after" his father, and even improved on the latter's constitutional aversion for work. The boy's name was Jake, and from the time he learned to walk until he was fourteen years old his reputation was "ornery." For six months after he had achieved the art of walking he refused to take a step. When he had mastered the alphabet and learned to read his primer he began to play hooky, spending school hours fishing in the creek and lagging homeward only in time to sit at the evening meal.

The boy was sturdy of frame, mild of manner and quiet as an Indian. When other boys ran he walked; when they laughed, he smiled; when they talked, he listened. The quality of "poise" was all over him. He was as stubborn as a burro, and shared with that singular beast the characteristics that made toll, speed, mirth and enterprise abhorrent to them both. Fishing was his chief occupation till he was thirteen. Then he developed a



THEY FOUND HIM PERCHED HIGH ABOVE THE BEETLING CANYON.

hereditary passion for prospecting, and passed half his days roaming slowly over the foothills and up the silent canyons, filling his ragged pockets with worthless bits of quartz, crystals that sparkled in vain and agates that he could barter for fishing tackle among the small boys of the town.

When he was fourteen he came across a pocket in the hills, from which he scraped and gathered a score of bright red pebbles. That evening he wandered stealthily into the village jewelry store and spread out his "find."

"What they wuth?" he muttered to the proprietor.

The old man weighed them, washed them and held them to the lamp.

"Tiffany'll give you fifty cents an ounce, Jake. Then is Rocky Mountain rubies."

The jeweler sent the stones to New York, and in two weeks Jake got his half-dollar. This incident proved to be the turning point in Jake's life. First he divided the money between his five little brothers and sisters, and then he bought a rubber rattle for the baby. That proved his possession of the rare and incomparable quality of selfishness. Second he got an unmerciful "lamming" from his mother, because she was sure he had stolen the money, and he wouldn't explain matters. This clinched his reputation for stubbornness and taciturnity, but it also had the effect of driving him into mute and deep-schemed rebellion. For days thereafter he moped about the town or sat on his father's dust-covered bench, dangling his legs and whistling softly to himself. If he felt any resentment against his mother he didn't show it by word or look. He watched her bending over the washtub and flipped gravel at the drying garments in the back yard till she gave him a cuff on the ear. But he was back to dinner, and at supper devoured more

bacon and beans than all the other children together. Then he slunk down the main street with his brown hands deep in his pockets and his cap pulled over his eyes.

"Tain't no use bein' so plagued hard on Jake, mammy," said Caspar to his wife as he filled his pipe.

"I s'pose you want me to raise up a family o' jail birds," snapped the weary woman. "Lord knows that there lad is spoiled now, an' the fust thing we know he'll be robbin' a bank."

"But he never robbed nothin', He—"

"Whar'd he git them nickels he's been squanderin', then? Him lashin' money round like it grew on bushes, an' me slavin' an' slavin' to save a penny. It's a outrage, it—"

Here the poor woman burst into tears; all the children, as usual, joined in the doleful chorus, and Caspar, always evasive of trouble, took his hat and strolled over to the Gem to watch a game of stud poker. It was midnight when he got into his room and found that Jake wasn't in bed.

"Mammy," he bawled, "Jake's gone!"

"Let him go," piped the wife from the next room; "he'll git hungry 'fore he goes fur."

The boy didn't come home to breakfast, however. Noon passed without a word of him, and by dark the fretful but affectionate Mrs. Miehle was worried. Caspar started out to look for his son, and he did make a few inquiries en route to the Gem, but there he lingered till the game got "warm" and so forgot poor Jake. Meanwhile the boy's mother had scoured the town for him. She had found out about the rubies, and remorse for the unmerited trouncing she had given him intensified her grief over his departure. She could hardly wait for the sleepless night to pass, the second of his absence, and then she went to the marshal and enlisted his services. On Saturday the Clarion had in it "a piece" about the disappearance of Jake Miehle, and half the townfolk spent Sunday in the hills looking for him.

On Monday the Mayor offered a reward of \$50 for information "leading to the safe return," etc., and Tuesday morning a party of searchers, headed by the carpenter and equipped with provisions for a week, set forth into mountains to look for Jake.

Seven miles as the crow flies from Old Town and twenty by the trail that scars the mountain sides, they saw Jake perched high above the beetling canon on a narrow shelf of red and yellow rock. From their station below the searchers roared his name, but the chorus of their voices did not move him.

"Come down here t'yer daddy, you young imp!" shrieked Caspar, but the little brown head did not move, and the men with Caspar held him back as he started to scale the rock.

"Let the marshal git him," they suggested, and the looks they cast upon the father were all pity.

The marshal clambered alone to Jake's dizzy aerie. The little fellow was sitting in a crevice in the rocks with his back against the trunk of a scrub oak tree. The greasy cap was pulled over his face, blackberry stains were on his sunken cheeks, and his ragged shirt and overalls hung in ribbons to his emaciated body. His skinny, brown fists were clinched and crossed on his lap and his body was as motionless as the rock upon which he sat.

The marshal tenderly lifted away the cap and gently shook the bony shoulder.

"Come, Jakey, are you alive?"

The sunken eyes slowly opened, and the boy stared weakly round. Then he looked down at his hands and unclenched them. In each lay a nugget as big as a walnut, and when he looked back at the marshal he smiled feebly and said:

"Free gold, ain't it?"

In a delirium of joy the big officer howled like a Comanche at his comrades. They literally "fell up" the face of the rock.

"Why didn't you come home?" roared Caspar, laughing and crying by turns.

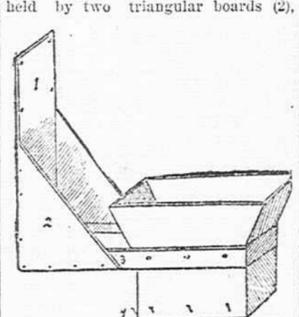
"Tried it, daddy, but I was skeered I'd lose the mine," said the lad. "I found them nuggets in this hole, and I thought I'd better set here till you come."

He was sitting in a true fissure that proved the opening of the best mine in Routt County, and the Miehles have never done a day's hard work since.—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A Handy Bag Holder.

A great deal of time is lost in filling grain bags, unless some device is used by which the bag can be kept open and the one filling it have the use of both hands. The upright board (1) is made of inch stuff, two feet long and eleven inches wide. The arms (2) which support the hopper are held by two triangular boards (3),



which are nailed to these arms, and to the upright board (1), as shown in the illustration. The arms shown at 3 are each ten inches long, two inches wide and an inch thick, and the ends are screwed to the side of the spout as shown. The spout is made nine inches square, and both this and the hopper should be made of boards eight inches wide. At 4 a row of wire nails is shown, by which the bag is held in place at the bottom of the hopper. By boring a number of holes in the back board (1) at intervals of an inch apart, and hanging the device to a heavy wire nail or a heavy screw put in the wall, the bag holder may be raised or lowered to a convenient height.

A Cheap Little Greenhouse.

The greenhouse, pure and simple is possible only in exceptionally favored localities, where the soil is so well drained that water does not rise in excavations and the winters are so mild that sun heat under protecting glass is all that tenderest plants demand. Whoever in such a location has a stretch of sunny outer wall, with a few feet of spare space along it, may have loads of flowers the winter through at a very slight expense either in money or trouble, and all the more if a drum with heated air from a furnace flue is set up just outside the wall.

For such a greenhouse dig down beside the house wall to a depth of three feet and a breadth of six, all along the available stretch. Put down a concrete floor, six inches thick, and wall up to a foot above ground with either stone, brick or concrete. Upon top of this wall, set a wooden frame—two by four scantling are stout enough for it. Board up the frame within and without to a height of eight inches. Above that have glass, running on to a glass roof. The roof is a lean-to stayed against the house wall. Have a door in the end, with steps down to it. If possible also have a door from the house—thus in sharp weather one can go in and out without letting in the cold air.

Fifty dollars should build and equip such a greenhouse. Seventy-five is a liberal estimate. Fit it inside with slat walk ways, laid upon the concrete floor, a bench of earth all along the side, its top level with the glass, and racks rising like steps against the house-wall space. Also have strong hooks overhead to hold swinging baskets and pots.

Plant in each outer corner a strong root of some climbing rose. Dig through the concrete floor and make a rich bed for the rose roots. Let them stay there constantly. Have the roof movable so it can be raised in summer, or taken wholly away. Train the roses upon wires just underneath the roof.

Passion flowers may well be set in a deep box of the richest earth against some part of the house wall and trained to cover it with purple bloom. If the greenhouse stands outside a parlor, by making the walls high enough to let the roof reach the tops of the windows, the glass of them may have traceries of living bloom.

Plant seed and root cuttings in the bench, pricking them out, as they grow, into little pots, and shifting from the little to big ones. Plant bulbs also in the bench; hyacinths and tulips for Christmas blossom about the first of August, and later ones in succession. Plant also a few bulbs in pots. Set them in the shade under the bench for six weeks, until they have struck strong roots, then set in the light and water freely while they are growing. After the bulbs are well set, take the pots into the house—seventy degrees will not hurt them, though the greenhouse temperature will run between fifty and sixty. Crocuses will bloom in it, and many, many other things. Almost any flower will bud, in fact, though for perfect blossom a little more warmth is needed.—Washington Star.

A Fruit Storage House.

My house for storing fruit is one that was on the premises and not



A CONVENIENT FRUIT HOUSE, built for the purpose. But I find it quite convenient. It is a stone building twenty-six by thirty-four feet,

with good walls two feet thick, well laid in mortar, as shown in the illustration. To make it so I could hold fruit through the winter, I lined it inside with matched lumber, making an air space of about ten inches between the wall and lining. It is a two-story house. I protect from cold by putting straw on upper floor about four feet thick when settled. It kept the fruit well. I make a fire in it only three or four times through the winter, on account of extreme cold.

I could, with but little expense, make it good for cold storage by putting eight or ten twelve-inch galvanized iron pipes through the upper floor, letting them down three or four feet, and filling from above with crushed ice and cheap fertilizer salt. I have used it as it is, opening the doors nights to cool off and keeping it closed during the day, except when putting in more fruit. I pick and put in barrels in the orchard and store them open. In rainy weather I can sort and pick for market. I usually sell to buyers, so they are off my hands and in market or cold storage, near market, by November 15. I have seldom kept a crop over.—H. H. Hill, in New England Homestead.

Seventeen-Year Locusts Again Due.

Next season the seventeen-year locusts will be due, and some instructions regarding the course to pursue will now be timely. The Pennsylvania State College issued a report regarding these locusts, in 1889, while New Jersey and Ohio have also issued bulletins. The Pennsylvania State College has also issued a recent bulletin, which is sent free to all upon application. According to information sent out from the college the brood of locusts of 1885 will be due next season in the counties of Bedford, Fulton, Huntingdon, Mifflin, Juniata, Perry, Franklin, Adams, Cumberland, York, Dauphin, Lebanon, Lancaster, Berks, Chester, Delaware, Bucks, Montgomery, Lehigh and Northampton. The cicadas or seventeen-year locusts may not appear over the whole of the section mentioned, but may be expected wherever the conditions heretofore have been favorable for their breeding and development. The best breeding places are the brush-covered and woody pasture lands. Inasmuch as seventeen years is liable to make a good deal of difference in the utilization of land, it is quite probable that in some places lands which seventeen years ago were not in cultivation, and were good breeding grounds of cicadas, are now cultivated, and upon them and in their neighborhood the insects, true to their nature, may be expected to appear, and perhaps in dangerously large numbers. In many places the older residents are able to locate such grounds.

If young fruit trees or shrubs are on land subject to the appearance of the cicadas, there will be liability next year of

the eggs of the cicada into which it proceeds to cut in order to make suitable places for its eggs. Those who contemplate setting out young trees should, therefore, be careful to learn if they are on or near "locust ground" of seventeen years ago, and if they find that there is risk should defer planting until the danger has passed.

The cicada lays its eggs during June, but may begin to lay a little earlier in the Southern counties than in the Northern tier; hence by July 1, at the latest the egg-laying will have been completed and all injury accomplished. Should it be considered not too great a risk to set out trees it would be well not to prune the trees closely on setting, postponing such work until July. The pruning may then be done, and the twigs burned that are removed, so as to destroy the eggs. As the cicada puts in its appearance at regular seasons all preparations to meet it can be made in advance. The insects may appear in reduced numbers, or may have been exterminated in some localities, but should it fall next year it will be the first time in 187 years.

There is also a thirteen-year locust, but it is a different insect in characteristics from the other, appearing mostly in the South. The eggs of the seventeen-year locusts are deposited in grooves of the twigs and hatch in about six weeks. After being hatched from the eggs the young locusts fall to the ground and burrow in the earth, going down to from three to twenty feet, where they remain and feed upon the roots of trees or plants.

While in the earth they shed their skins several times, and at the proper time tunnel upward, ascend the trees, again shed their skins, and are then ready for the work of propagation. They begin to ascend about June 1, a little earlier sometimes, and after sunset. They do not cause as much damage as may be supposed, considering their great number, but, nevertheless, do sufficient injury to cause them to be unwelcome visitors. Any effort at destruction of the insects would be almost of no avail, as such work would be laborious. The best course to pursue is to endeavor to avoid them as much as possible by refraining from setting out young trees, as stated, and leaving the pruning of any trees that may already have been set out until the 1st of July. As they will not again appear until 1919, they are not really as harmful as some of the more injurious pests that annually afflict farmers and fruit growers.—Philadelphia Record.

In a recent trial of the French submarine boat Marvel it went 350 miles under water, but the close confinement and want of fresh air completely unnerved the men.

The dignity of labor is not always represented by the man who digs.



TYPES OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

Fragile Creatures Who Defy the Inclemency of the Elements.

A thing one notices in England about the women is that they seem impervious to changes of temperature, says Geraldine Bonner in a London letter to the San Francisco Argonaut. It was exceedingly cold when we arrived—damp, raw and chill. We Americans put on our woolen dresses and consulted as to the wisdom of taking jackets when we went abroad. The sun was hidden, there were occasional sprinkles of rain, cold airs caught you spitefully at street corners. It was wretched weather. Yet the English women—thin, fragile and delicate—wore their muslin dresses with calm and unmoved fortitude. A favorite fashion of theirs is a transparent yoke of lace with the bare neck visible through it. In this semi-clad state they walk or drive about, apparently perfectly comfortable, while the perishing American is seriously considering the wisdom of going to the bottom of her trunk for her fur jacket.

It may be this weakening exposure to the inclemency of a damp and trying climate which makes the Englishwoman so delicate in appearance. One seldom sees those buxom, rosy beauties in London that we have always supposed were the British type. Au contraire, the type is tall, small-boned and exceedingly thin. The Englishwoman of fashion that one sees in the London of to-day has that kind of figure that the novelists call "willow"—long in all the lines, very slightly rounded, with the smallest of waists, no hips at all and an inclination to stoop in the shoulders. With this they wear very clinging dresses, long trains, and, in the evening, very décolleté bodices. The general effect is of something incredibly slim, serpentine and delicate. The latter suggestion comes not only from the peculiarly slender and undeveloped figures, but from the universal tendency to the droop in the shoulders that I have just mentioned. One sees very few women who stand upright. All have an air of fragility, ennui and languor that suggests certain paintings of Burne-Jones and Rossetti.

If, however, one sees few fine figures, one sees many handsome faces among these ethereal ladies. Beauty, like any other good thing in England, seems to belong to the dominating, aristocratic class. One seldom sees a

line and patrician beauty all their own. The type is unmistakably and peculiarly English. The face is oval, small and sometimes thin, the features are cut with the cold, precise regularity of a cameo, the nose and chin generally prominent. There are calm, clear eyes under arched brows, which in turn are nearly hidden by the curled and crimped "fringe" that is still worn in this country. It is a type that speaks of high breeding, absence of vivacity and physical delicacy. Compared to it our American woman are Amazonian in their robustness, weight and general suggestion of vitality.

Some Pet Extravagances.

Women are excellent financiers, but they have certain little ways of their own which are a standing wonder to their masculine critics. For instance, many women will deny themselves a sufficiency of the necessities of life for weeks in order to be able to purchase something which seems of very trivial importance to their husbands or brothers.

"Will my means cover the expense?" she echoes, when you mildly suggest the doubt. Then she sets to with pencil and paper, and, after making elaborate calculations, comes to the humiliating conclusion that a month at the place which she has set her heart on going to would involve the expenditure of the family income for the next three months. It is a decided blow, but she has recovered from similar blows on previous summers, so she bears it philosophically, and finally, by dint of more calculations, she decides on a place which is financially within her reach.

The one extravagance of an otherwise exceedingly sensible young lady of very limited means is a weakness for the finest of stockings and handkerchiefs. Her attire generally is remarkable for nothing except plainness and sometimes shabbiness, but very few of her expensively dressed friends can rival her in the matter of dainty handkerchiefs and stockings. Other women spend a large portion of their income in paste jewelry. A brooch of imitation pearls and diamonds and a bracelet of moonstones look very much like the real thing to the casual observer, and are to be had "for a mere song"; but the setting of this jewelry is seldom strong, and the stones soon drop out, leaving the brooch, bracelet or chain anything rather than an ornament and their owner mourning her folly.

Many women confess that their pet vanity is in dainty stationery, while others spend "every penny they can scrape together" in amateur photography or perhaps even in having their own photographs taken.—Home Notes.

The Season's Trimmings.

The predominant note in garniture will be the continuance of velvet ribbon, which is so effectively used on

bodice and skirt, combined with other harmonizing decorations. Another attractive item will be the extensive use of black chenille, often combined with white lace. Cords of chenille, also, are introduced into gupure. Cretonne flower applique remains in vogue, as well as velvet designs in leaf or flower applied and pleated on silk. Chiffon and mousseline are treated in the same manner, with the addition of an outline of fine chenille. Tulle and satin ribbons are ornamented or fastened with small buckles or slides of gold, pearl, steel or gun metal. Flowered ribbons, metal and gold-threaded galloons and silk ruching are used effectively on cloth gowns.

Laces of every sort are universally popular, including real lace, which is used in large quantities on handsome toilettes. Woolen laces in the new coloring are employed with the winter fabrics. Lace medallions, tambour, hand-embroidered tulle, point d'esprit, insets of yellow Russian lace are all used with elaborate effect. Black lace entre-deux, studded with coral, turquois and pearl, embellish gowns of black net overlinings, matching in color the jewels combined. Enamelled and gold buttons form a fitting accompaniment to the Louis coats of silk or velvet.—American Queen.

Praise For the American Woman.

This is the complimentary opinion of the American woman by no less authority than Felix, the well-known Parisian dressmaker.

"From every point of view the American is the most satisfactory of any of the many nationalities with whom I have had to deal. She has natural beauty and grace, to which she adds chic and judgment. What more ideal combination could a dressmaker require? The tendency of the American women is, perhaps, a trifle toward the effective, not to say slightly showy, in dress, but she never oversteps the bounds of good taste. She studies herself well, and knows what suits her, and wears it. This perfect sense of the fitness of things places the well-dressed woman of the United States head and shoulders above her sisters of Mexico or the South American countries. Nothing could be worse than the average garb of the Spanish-American woman. She has no taste whatever, and will wear anything her dressmaker may choose to put on her back. As a rule the color is vivid and the fashion oute. Not so with the woman of the States. She does not propose to be dictated to in matters of dress. She is very glad to take suggestions from her dressmaker, but she has ideas of her own."

Styles in Mourning Costumes.

Some mourning costumes this season are made of crape with the skirts finished with circular flounces, with folds for heading, belt and cuffs.

There are also mourning costumes of a line and patrician beauty all their own. The type is unmistakably and peculiarly English. The face is oval, small and sometimes thin, the features are cut with the cold, precise regularity of a cameo, the nose and chin generally prominent. There are calm, clear eyes under arched brows, which in turn are nearly hidden by the curled and crimped "fringe" that is still worn in this country. It is a type that speaks of high breeding, absence of vivacity and physical delicacy. Compared to it our American woman are Amazonian in their robustness, weight and general suggestion of vitality.

Raglans For Stormy Weather.

For stormy weather there are raglans of waterproof cloths. They come in different colors, browns and greens among them, and show an invisible plaid of red.



A handsome large bag of black beads has a baroque pearl set in the top of each of the balls which twist to form the clasp. These, like the frame of the bag, are in gun metal, as so many things for mourning use are.

There are delightful buttons of silver, either Mexican or Indian, hammered out of silver coins frequently, though there is nothing to show this in the finished button, which may be crude, but has a certain style as well as historical value.

Here is a necklace a little different from those ordinarily to be found. It is of coral beads, the beads are not round, but long, oval, slender and pretty. This is an old-time treasure, and may cost more than something new, but then it is pretty in color and style.

The boa pin—the handsomer the better—is an essential possession of the woman who would keep in touch with fashion's whims. Some of the designs in these fasteners are particularly handsome, one in silver set with rhinestones and black pearls being an example.

There are new things in the long, gauzy scarfs, pretty material in the latest ones, a raised pattern upon gauze, woven into the material, and having the effect, to some extent, of the old-fashioned darned face. The color is on the ends, in most of the scarfs, in Oriental shades. They are called Persian scarfs.

White flannel skirts which are serviceable and pretty have a broad insertion of torchon edging and a ruffle of the lace a little deeper below. The insertion has two rows of narrow Hamburg, something like beading, on either side, which gives a firm edge where it is sewed to the skirt above, and where the ruffle is attached to it below.

The national debt of Norway amounts to about \$60,000,000.