## PLANT A TREE.

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
Every day a fresh reality.
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shalt inhabit thee.

He who plants a tree
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he mady not live to see
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant; life does the rest?
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

—Lucy Larcom.

## RESOLVED.

"If you please, ma'am, could I speak to you for one minute?" asked Mrs. Locksley.

Theodora Dale started from the deep reverie in which she was buried, and looked up with large, startled eyes.

"Certainly, Mrs. Locksley," said she. "What is it?"

"It's about the rent for the rooms, Mrs. Dale, said the landlady, drawing herself up with a little jerk. "Two good months you've occupied 'em and it stands to reason, ma'am, as a hard-working widow woman, as has only herself to look to, wants to see the color of her money. Not as I would have hurried you, ma'am," with a half-relenting glance toward Theodora's deep mourning garments, "while the poor major lay ill, nor yet while he was being buried, but——"

Theodora looked pained; the deep scarlet dyed her cheeks.

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, Mrs. Locksley," she said, "but I was, of course, obliged to settle the undertaker's bill at once, and that has taken all the ready money which I had at command. I have written to my husband's relatives, however, and I expect remittances very shortly, which——"

Mrs. Locksley compressed her lips.

"I've heard that same thing from my lodgers before, ma'am," said she. "All I can say is that I would very much like to have the bill paid as soon as possible."

"It shall be paid to-night, Mrs. Locksley, without fail," said Theodora, her cheeks becoming even hotter than before. And the instant the door closed upon the short, stout figure of the landlady, she let her head fall upon her clasped hands, and burst into tears, tears that were almost like distilled fire, so scalding and bitter were they.

Theodora Dale had been married only three months. She had been a schoolgirl of fifteen at Madame Bonmerci's establishment, just out of Saratoga, when Major Lionel Dale saw and admired her at the Springs. He made some careless inquiries about the young beauty with the gazelle-like eyes, scarlet lips and blue-black hair that clustered so low upon her forehead, and learned, in an incidental sort of way, that she was an orphan, training at the expense of Madame Bonmerci herself for a governess.

"Hang it!" said Major Dale, "she's too pretty for that! I'll marry her!"

Little Theodora Mayder, who had scarcely left off playing with her dolls, and was heartily sick of Madame Bonmarci's exactions on the one side, and the unconscious tyranny of the children on the other, was half frightened, half pleased, when the handsome, middle-aged major proposed matrimony to her.

"But I am so young!" she pleaded, the carnations and lilies succeeding each other on her cheeks.

"You are the prettiest little half bloom rosebud in the world," the major made answer, gallantly.

Madame Bonmarci spoke a word or so of warning to her.

"My child," said she, "beware what you are about. He is three times your age—he gambles. It is true that your life now is a hard one, but——"

"I shall marry him," retorted Theodora.

And she did.

At the end of the three months Major Dale's favorite horse, Meg Merrilies, ran away with him and killed him, and Theodora, not yet sixteen, was left a widow.

Naturally enough she wrote to her husband's relatives, whom she had never seen, and now, upon this October evening, she was expecting an answer to the letter.

The color mounted to her face as the postman paused under her window and caught the letter from his hands.

It confuse it eagerly opened the letter, returned nothing but her own words penciled to her with these words:

"Mr. Chandos sends the envelope."

To the young lady his compliments and to the young lady who beguiled his brother into a secret marriage he is confidently of opinion that, and he begs to inform the husband-hunting lady that he can give no assistance."

And this cutting taunt, this gratuitous insult, was all.

Theodora sat pale and silent. She knew that her husband did not care to refer to his relatives much, generally avoiding the subject when she broached it, but she had never dreamed that he had allowed them to think her a mere adventuress who had contrived to entrap him into a disadvantageous marriage. She had long ere this discovered that Lionel Dale was a thoroughly selfish man, but she had never dreamed how selfish.

But the blow, sharp and sudden as it was, nerved her to further exertions. She put on her hat, went out to the nearest jeweler, and sold her watch and chain—Lionel's wedding present—for probably about one-third of its worth. With this she paid her bill at Mrs. Locksley's.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," said the lodging-house keeper, "but what be you going to do now?"

"I am going to give music lessons," said Theodora.

She had a full, fresh voice, like a lark's, and she knew that she could make this one gift of God a bread-winner.

"It will be a life of drudgery," she told herself, "but I would starve sooner than apply again to the Dales for assistance."

And the years crept by and the sixteen-year-old widow who stormed the citadel of fortune so bravely won the day!

"Signora Theodora Dalli! No; I haven't heard her yet," said Mr. Chandos Dale, indifferently. "But they say she is the best Marguerite we have yet had, and I have sent to secure a box for to-morrow night."

Signora Dalli was in her best voice that night when Chandos Dale, her brother-in-law, sat with folded arms in the proscenium box. And the half-blown bud of five years ago had ripened by this time into the full-blown rose of loveliness. Her blue-black hair floated like a jetty, glimmering veil of brightness down her shoulders; her eyes shone like midnight stars, while the radiant pink and white of her cheeks owned none of their beauty to cosmetic arts!

And Mr. Chandos Dale, sitting there with intent eyes and an artist's soul, all alive to the flute-like richness of her voice, thought she was simply the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

The Mayor of the city where the signora was singing had a little private reception in her honor, after the opera was over. Chandos Dale, of course, was among the invited guests; and then Signora Dalli knew who he was.

"I have the advantage of him," said Theodora to herself, smiling a curious smile. "And I shall take care to retain it!"

Just a month afterwards Mr. Dale proposed to make the beautiful signora his wife.

"Are you really in love with me?" said the signora, opening wide her almond-shaped eyes, where the jetty fires seemed to burn with sleepy luster—"with me—an opera singer?"

And Chandos, about as hopelessly infatuated as it is in the nature of man to be, vowed that he would commit suicide if she didn't have him at once.

"Put it in writing," said the Signora Theodora Dalli, with a laugh.

"Why?"

"It is my fancy."

"Your will is my law," protested Mr. Dale. So he wrote a very pretty and poetic declaration of love, upon tinted paper, and sent it to the signora's suite of apartments at a private hotel.

The same evening he received the very letter which had come to Lionel Dale's widow that October sunset, with its penciled bit of sarcasm. And under it was written:

"The young lady who beguiled Mr. Chandos Dale's brother into a secret marriage has needed no assistance from his relatives. The Signora Dalli—otherwise Mrs. Lionel Dale—returns the inclosed compliments, and has the honor to bid Mr. Chandos Dale farewell!"

Theodora never enjoyed anything so much in all her life as she did the writing of this letter!

She had conquered her own fortune now. She was indebted to no one. And the next month she was married to a young English gentleman, who had followed her bright eyes half over two continents.

While Mr. Dale had the satisfaction of knowing that he had wrought out his own destiny.

### Cat "Don't's."

Don't keep a servant who neglects to wash the cat's dishes.

Don't build a catiery against a wall.

Don't let a cat sleep on the floor.

Don't let a cat eat from a tin, zinc or agateware dish.

Don't use the same vessel for the cat's food and drink.

Don't allow a cat to lie in a damp or draughty spot.

Don't forget that the Siamese, the most delicate of cats must live indoors.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

Fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool of night.

Salt will curdle new milk; hence in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is nearly prepared.

To soften hard water for toilet purposes take of orange-flower water half a pint, of best spirits of wine a pint and of soap three-quarters of a pound. Shave the soap into the orange water, heat over a fire until the soap dissolves, and then, the vessel being removed from the fire, add the spirits of wine. A large tablespoonful of this preparation added to a basin of washing water will completely soften it and render it delightful in use. A simpler method is to put borax in the water.

### Coming Back.

It was the beginning of their wedding trip.

"Dear," she inquired anxiously, "in the excitement of leaving, did you say goodby to papa and mama?"

"No," he replied; "I said 'au revoir.'"

## A CONFESSION.

"Do!" said she, holding out the innocent looking little book with the flowered cover. "You promised."

"I must have time to think it over," I protested.

"That would never do. The confessions have to be quite impromptu."

"But suppose I can't make up my mind?"

"It would be a reflection upon the mind," said she severely.

I turned over the leaves doubtfully and shook my head. "The questions are terribly searching. Why, I should have to confess enough to hang me!"

"Why not if you deserve hanging? I dare say you do, you know." I hadn't looked at it like that.

"Yeees, but I'm not in a hurry."

"I am." She opened the book and laid out the blotting pad. "You see, your confession in very important. I haven't been able to get a really bad and depraved character previously." I groaned. "First you write your name—here." She came and stood beside me and pointed over my shoulder. So I subscribed myself hers to command. "Now your age."

"What does that matter?"

"It shows how much wisdom may be expected."

"Thirty-one, then, if I must."

"Now you must answer the questions. What is the thought uppermost in your mind?"

"If any?"

"A mind," said she positively, "is assumed. What is the thought uppermost in it at the present moment? That is the question."

"Your pleasant company."

"Oh, whatever will people think?"

"That I've got one answer right." I leaned back triumphantly in my chair.

She laughed and shook her head. "I won't have perjury in my dear little book. Now, you must be quite serious, please. This is a very important question. Is life worth living? No! You are not to write till you have told me the answer."

"At the present moment—yes."

"You must answer generally—for always."

"In the present company—yes."

"You are not to mention me. I won't have it." She nodded her head decisively.

"Then my inspiration's gone." I laid down the pen.

"Please!" I took it up again.

"If the liver works. Will that do?"

"It isn't original," she objected. "Four people have written it already."

"I know," said I, seizing the book and writing rapidly. "It depends on the answer to another question, when I ask it."

"That's altogether too vague."

"Shall I make it more explicit?" I looked right at her, and she turned prettily pink.

"There's no room for any more," said she hastily. "Now, you turn over. You have a lot more questions to answer."

Then I committed myself to the statements that my favorite author was Shakespeare (she wouldn't bear of Kipling), my favorite composer Wagner (which wasn't true), my favorite drink beer (which was), and various other important facts.

"That's very nice," she said approvingly when I had recorded that my motto was "Pluck for luck" and my favorite recreation reading sermons.

"Now for your æsthetic tastes. Your favorite colors?"

"Blue in eyes and brown in hair;
Whatever color my lady wear!

"Shall I add, 'gray at present?'" I inquired. Of course that was what she was wearing.

"I don't know what color your lady wears. I didn't know you had 'a lady.'"

"There is one I should like to have."

"But that isn't the question," she said quickly.

"But it's going to be."

"Never mind. Go on. Your favorite name?"

"Edith, of course." That is her name, you know.

"You're making game."

"Indeed I'm not."

"Oh, but you are! And you mustn't. Now, your favorite qualities in woman? Seriously, mind. I really want to know."

"Yours," I announced decidedly. She hastily removed the ink pot.

"I won't have any more nonsense."

"You told me to put down the truth."

"I shall have to tear it all out."

"Well," I sighed, "I'll put something else, but it won't be so true." She released the ink. "All," I wrote.

"Your favorite proverb?"

"Faint heart never won fair lady. I'll try not to be faint hearted."

"The addition was quite unnecessary," she commented severely. "Every one knows you are dreadfully forward!"

"The next question is a poser," I remarked. "If not yourself, who would you be?"

"Some great hero or writer or painter!" she suggested, looking over my shoulder. Her hair just brushed me, and that made my mind up.

"I'm not so ambitious as that."

"Well, put down whatever you wish, so long as it's something nice."

"She—it—is very nice."

"But it mustn't be anything silly."

"Um! I'm afraid perhaps what I want"—

"Want to be."

"To have."

"Oh, no! That's not the question at all."

"But suppose that my ambition is to possess something—or someone"—

"That isn't the point," she interrupted. "Do answer properly."

"I know. Whomever you liked best. You will make me smudge the book," I remonstrated as she attempted to snatch it away.

"Every one will laugh at you."

"I don't mind." I nibbled the penholder thoughtfully. "Is marriage a failure? What am I to say to that?"

"Well—er—you don't know."

"I might say I'll try."

"Yes—er—but"—

"With some one's assistance?" She blushed furiously. "Do you know, Edith, it's a very difficult question to answer—alone?" She toyed with her handkerchief.

"Perhaps you'd better skip it," she advised.

"I don't want to skip it," I answered firmly, laying down the pen. "What I want is some one to help me in answering it, some one of whom I'm very fond, very fond." I stood up and took hold of her hands. "Will you try, Edie—my dear?"

The answer is going to be a very big "No," for little Edie—my Edie—said "Yes."—Black and White.

### Speaking From Experience.

Commissioner (to civil service applicants for places in the custom house)—When was the diamond duty most burdensome?

Bright Candidate—Just before my marriage, sir.—Jewelers' Weekly.

### The Revolutionary Tories.

If George III and his minister were embarrassed by opposition at home, says James K. Hosmer in The Atlantic, the American patriots were no less embarrassed. An energetic minority, it has been said, brought to pass the Revolution, which proceeding, especially from New England, was carried through in spite of a majority in the colonies—a majority in great part quite apathetic, but to some extent actively resisting. The emigration of Tories when the day was at last won was relatively as great as that of the Huguenots from France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The total number is estimated to have been at least 100,000.

## THE SECRET OF GOOD LOOKS.

### A Good Complexion Will Make a Person of Ordinary Features Beautiful.

"As a rule, women wash their faces too frequently," says Euphemia Woods in "How to Have a Fine Complexion" in The Woman's Home Companion.

"It is far from being the best way to clean the face, more especially where rainwater cannot be procured. That may be used quite frequently, but soap should not be applied oftener than three times a week. Pure, imported castile soap, such as surgeons use, should be given the preference. Use it at night only and with hot water; then rinse the face with clear, cold water. In the morning cold water should be used in preference to hot. If you do not have rainwater, throw a pinch of powdered borax into the washbowl, but use it sparingly if your skin is more alkaline than acid. You can discover this by wiping your face with litmus paper when you are perspiring. Blue litmus paper turns red when it touches an acid, and the red paper turns blue when exposed to an alkali. On no account must you use soap on your face except with rainwater. Soap in hard water forms a scum which, even though quite invisible, clogs the pores, often causing pimples and blackheads and always giving the skin a faded appearance. Throw away powders, washes, pomades, lotions of every description. Without doubt there are some very good preparations on the market, but how are you to know that you are using the one that best suits your skin? A skin that is distinctly acid requires very different preparations from one that is alkaline.

"It is not generally known that it is the action of the sun on the natural oils of the skin that causes tan and sunburn. If a healthy woman could keep this oil wiped off as it accumulates, she might always have a pretty complexion, provided so much friction did not irritate the skin. One reason why the skin on the body is so much nicer than that on the face is that the clothing supplies the friction necessary to keep the pores of the skin from clogging. Finally, if you want a nice complexion, you must take plenty of sleep in a well ventilated room, stop worrying, bathe frequently and perspire a little every day. No lotion is better than perspiration, but it must not be allowed to dry on the skin."

## A FRONTIER FIGHT.

### How Jim Bowie's Band of Eight Stood Off Five Hundred Comanches.

In Texas James Bowie set his hand to another sort of fighting. In 1831, with his brother Rezin, six other men and a boy, he set out upon a trading and exploring expedition through the heart of the Comanche country. At six days' travel from possible succor he found his party assailed by 500 mounted warriors, Comanches all, who rode like the wind, yet shot with deadly aim. Resistance seemed hopeless in the face of odds so great. Bowie took the one desperate chance left him and won the game.

He divided his forces, stationing three in one skirt of woods, with the pack animals, and scattering the rest about a more considerable arborage. Each was fully armed—had rifle, knife and pistols. Powder and lead were plenty; also wherewithal to eat and drink. Each grove had a spring in it. Close about the waters the white men lay or crouched, resolved, "if they must die, to take at least 100 redskins with them."

Five days the fight went on. Swooping in clouds, the red riders dashed round, round, ever nearing the devoted marksmen and sending toward them in whirring flight arrows and bullets thicker than hail. But the wheeling ended in rout when it came within fair rifle range. The men crouching in cover made every missile tell. Men and horses went down in struggling heaps at the sharp crack of their weapons, and they were so swift to load and fire that the chiefs easily persuaded themselves their enemy was a hundred strong. But the attacking went on until threescore braves were dead and as many more disabled, to say nothing of the ponies. Bowie had one man dead, whom he buried reverently; one desperately wounded, whom he took away to safety, although the attempt appeared to promise destruction to all the band.—Martha McCulloch-Williams in Harper's Magazine.

### Oak Poisoning.

Before exposure to poison oak or immediately after poisoning may be avoided by a hot bath in which has been dissolved two tablets of bichloride of mercury. Relief may be obtained after poisoning has occurred by washing the inflamed part frequently with a strong solution of green soap. After bathing dry with [illegible] forgetting.

## TO BE CALLED FOR.

"Pen, Pen, are you there? Are you there, Pen? Supper's ready!" old Mrs. Milligan called shrilly, but in vain, for Penelope had gone out to keep her tryst beneath the copper beech.

As she walked quickly away to the trysting tree her thoughts were busy—back at that night just a week ago, when she had stood beneath those purple, drooping branches with Herbert Maclean beside her, and he had whispered intoxicating suggestions into her little pink ear; but, best of all, he vowed that he loved her. He didn't ask her to be his wife, but he had asked her to meet him again beneath the beech at sundown, and—well, he loved her. The rest was sure to come right.

She could see the path to the village from where she stood, and soon in the distance she espied a speck coming nearer. Yes, it was he! But as the "speck" advanced she saw that it consisted of two figures, not one only, as she had hoped—two figures, both men. Herbert was marching along, swinging his cane, cutting off heads of dandelions as he came. The other was shorter and broader. He carried a stick, but he did not swing it.

At last they came so near that she could distinguish their faces clearly.

"Hello! The little wench isn't here yet! Who'd 'a' thought of her giving herself such airs?"

"Is this the chosen spot? The altar of Cupid?" asked another voice, a strangely full, melodious voice.

"This is the place, sure enough," responded Herbert. "What she means by not being here first I can't imagine."

"Not being here first?" A smile of amusement played round the other's lips. "Is that the way you do it—'ladies first' even at the trysting tree?"

"Women are always so beastly unpunctual," said Herbert. "They can't fix a time and keep to it, so I always name a quarter of an hour earlier than I mean to appear."

"Always?" There was a note of scornful interrogation in the tone.

"You don't suppose," Herbert laughed foolishly—"you don't suppose that this is a solitary instance? Ha! ha!"

"I suppose you've met her often before?"

"Not this particular 'her,' my dear boy. But girls are cheap. One must amuse oneself."

"Amuse oneself? Girls cheap?" repeated the stranger angrily. "Do you mean to say you're such a thorough paced cad as to"——

"Draw it mild, old chap! The girl's all right. We're both playing at the same game."

"You're sure of that?" Maclean stirred uneasily beneath the other's flashing eyes. "You're sure she holds things as cheap as you do?"

"Well, Jove! old fellow, really I never asked her. She is a pretty little thing. It's dull in the country without some fun. And I asked her to keep the tryst"—

"Never imagining that it would be kept," interrupted the other scornfully.

"Oh, yes. She's only a girl. I expected her to have kept the tryst. To tell you the truth, I expected she'd have 'kept it till called for.' I expected she'd have been here long ago."

"Well, I'm off. You and I don't agree in our ideas about women and honor, you know. We never did."

"And never shall, old chap, while you're so beastly straitlaced and old maidish," said Herbert, laughing.

But the other had turned on his heel and was striding across the soft greensward in a whirlwind of disgust.

"Girls are cheap!" How the words angered him! Was this girl—this pretty Penelope—really making herself so cheap in her so called lover's eyes?

If Maurice Deane could have seen the "pretty village Penelope" just then, he would have needed no further answer.

The stars were all out as Pen crept home in the summer night. Her grandmother was napping before the dying embers, so, slipping off her shoes, the girl stole softly up the stairs to her own little chamber.

"So that's the way the cat jumps, is it?" Herbert Maclean stood facing his friend some weeks later, a gleam of amusement in his eyes. "The old grandmother is dead, and Pen is heiress to the 'family stocking.'"

"Heiress to a great deal, it seems," responded Maurice Deane slowly. "The old woman was much better off than people thought. Penelope has quite a fortune."

"And Penelope has smiled on you, eh?" sneered Herbert jealously. "You didn't go to see the old grandmother without knowing it was worth your while. Oh, you doctors are such precious humbugs!"

Maurice didn't vouchsafe any reply to the taunt. He had gone to Drybridge three months ago as locum tenens to the village doctor. His time had nearly expired, but he had made many friends, and the little flower faced girl and her aged grandmother were among the closest. Maclean's name had never been mentioned.

Maurice Deane wished her grandmother had left the girl a beggar or that she had not died just then. There was something he had lately longed to say, and the family "stockingful" seemed to form a barrier. He wasn't the kind of man to whom girls were "cheap," and Pen seemed to him the fairest that ever breathed.

Herbert Maclean walked homeward in a meditative frame of mind.

However, it wasn't too late to mend, so before he slept he penned and posted a neat little note. Would Pen meet him at the old tryst the next night?

The next night he was in good time at the appointed spot. As he approached he saw that no one was there, only a white patch, an envelope, was pinned to the soft brown bark, while on the mossy ground at the foot of the ancient beech lay a parcel. The note was addressed to him in Pen's own neat little writing:

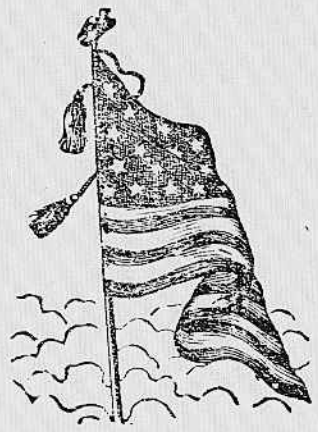
MR. HERBERT MACLEAN.
To be kept till called for.

Hastily tearing open the note, he mastered the contents:

I came that night. I could not help hearing what you said. Take back your promise, take back all you have ever given me, and please understand it is "to be kept till called for."

PEN.


# The Flag of Freedom Floats Over Our Warships



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