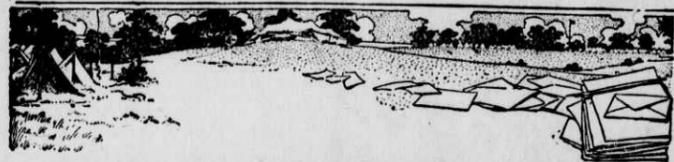


TO MY MOTHER.

As I look upon the changes that the passing years have wrought—
At the bent and shrunken figure, comes a saddened, reverent thought,
How the wearied feet, slow passing,
pierced by stones on life's rough road,
Soon shall gain a heavenly portal, finding rest at last with God.

Mother, o'er your faded features rests a light more bright to me
Than the brightest ray of sunlight shining on the distant sea!
For it tells of battles conquered—patience, hope, denial sweet—
While the grave smile round your lips, dear, makes the picture quite complete.

Words e'en fail me, now, to tell you all the love within my heart;
Deepest thoughts are ever silent, though of life the better part,
All unworthy as I am, dear, of your life-long sacrifice,
Still my beacon star shines brightly from your faded, tear-dimmed eyes.
Only when your hands are folded on a cold and pulseless breast,
And you still form in its casket speaks a soul in perfect rest—
Will your spirit, on white pinions, hovering o'er your lonely child,
See upon my heart deep graven, your own features, soft and mild.
—Kate B. Adams.



The Spell Broken.

BY MARY MARSHALL PARKS.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
"Anderson says he met you on the avenue yesterday, but he was not sure that you recognized him," said Jack, with a troubled look in his honest eyes.

"I am delighted to hear it," answered Madge, with a trill of gay laughter. "That was precisely the state of mind that I wished to produce, but I was not certain I had acquired the necessary manner. I believe my education is now complete. What an unsophisticated creature I was a year ago!"

"I liked the old Madge best," said Jack, bluntly.

"Did you?" said Madge, indifferently. "But what a goose I was! I had so many illusions. I believed in so many things and so many people, almost everything and everybody, I think, absurd as it seems."

"I had hoped you would always be kind to my friends, Madge. Anderson is no carpet-knight; but he is an honest man and a good fellow."

"That was simply one of your little misapprehensions," replied Madge, lightly. "I shall always choose my own friends."

"I did not mean that you should make my friends yours in the nearest sense. That would be unreasonable," said Jack gravely. "All I ask is common civility."

"That also is at my own discretion," retorted Madge willfully.

"I could never cut any one except for the gravest reasons," said Jack, soberly. "I never cut any one in my life but Dick Foster."

"Dick Foster? And what has he done to incur your displeasure?" Madge asked, with a bright, hard look.

"You know that Ella Parsons is in the insane asylum and you know why," said Jack, sternly. "He ought not to be received in decent society."

Madge's face grew still harder. "It may as well be understood once for all that I shall recognize whom I please, and when and where I please,"



"And who is that?"

she said, icily. "That is a matter in which I would not be guided by the Prince of Good Form himself."

"And who is that?" asked the astonished Jack.

"Dick Foster," she responded with another hard glance.

Jack rose unsteadily. He was not going to quarrel with Madge just then. He was not fit. For days he had been aware that his head and legs were a little queer. Nothing serious, he said to himself, as he descended the steps;

and yet his feet were still unsteady and his head curiously light.

It would have been easy for him to give Madge up had he not firmly believed that the sweet-souled, dew-eyed girl who had won his heart still dwelt somewhere within that cold and wordly exterior, like a princess shut in a tower, waiting for some bold knight to release her from the spell of the enchanter.

"I fear I'm not the knight," he thought sadly, as he walked heavily down the street; and still, he could not decide to give her up—not just yet.



"It is the old Madge, dear."

"Jack Downing is downed at last," said some would-be wit among the swaying figures on the ball room floor. "Brain fever."

The words drifted into the conservatory where Madge was sitting, and for a moment she thought the lights had gone out. Then they blazed up again with ten-fold brilliancy, and at the same time the white light of reason and common sense that had been so long obscured in the girl's soul flashed out with all its old power, shattering to atoms the shell of worldliness and scepticism which had closed around her heart.

Seeing that Dick Foster was scanning her with a look of cool curiosity, she composed her face and summoned up all the self-control she possessed.

"I will go home now, if you please, Mr. Foster," she said coldly.

"He has simply been overworked, my dear child," the old doctor repeated, soothingly. "As you know, his father was obliged to go to Europe for a prolonged vacation; and that threw the whole responsibility of the business on the boy. He has carried the weight nobly for one so young; but I warned him weeks ago that he was overdoing, and must slacken his pace. I suppose he couldn't see his way clear to do it. He has a trained nurse and the best of care, and we'll pull him through all right."

Although Madge went home convinced that she had flattered herself too much in thinking that her insignificant doings had brought about Jack's illness, she was not entirely reassured. Even if she had added little to the load he had been carrying, she had done nothing to lighten it, and she might have done so much. She had not dreamed it was so heavy.

"And while he was toiling like a slave, you—you were flirting with Dick Foster," she said contemptuously to the pale face that confronted here as she took the fading flowers from her hair and shook down the shining coils.

Jack's hands lay like withered leaves

on the snowy coverlet, and the wan, shriveled face on the pillow seemed hardly human, but his eyes were bright with returning life and dawning hope.

"Has the princess escaped from the tower at last? Is it really the old Madge?" he whispered, doubtfully.

"It is the old Madge, dear," she answered, tears and smiles struggling for the mastery of her mobile face, in spite of the doctor's injunction as to excitement. "Mr. Anderson is downstairs. We are the best of friends now and he brought me here. Shall I tell him to come up?"

"Not just yet," said Jack, happily studying the face bent over him, and finding in it all he had so loved—and more. The cynical curl of the lips was gone, the dewy freshness had come back to the eyes, and brought with it a sweet, grave womanliness that had never been there before.

"It is worth far, far more than a brain fever costs," he said at last, with a sigh of satisfaction.

ABOUT VANILLA.

A Plant Esteemed for Its Flavor and Aroma.

The vanilla is an orchidaceous, climbing vine, which often reaches over 30 feet in height, and is usually about the thickness of one's little finger. The vine is round, knotted at intervals, and covered with dark green spear-shaped leaves. It throws out a number of thin arms or aerial roots as it rises, which, attaching themselves to neighboring trees, appear to derive therefrom such nutriment that the vines are little dependent on the soil—in fact, often when all other modes of supply are cut off these holdfasts will entirely nourish the plant. Occasionally the wild vines completely cover the branches of the tree, and, running from it into adjacent ones, they will hang in huge festoons and arches so thick that they seriously impede one's progress in the bush. The vines blossom profusely—usually in the spring—the strange and delicate flowers, with their long, straggling and pale yellow petals, springing from the angles where the leaves branch off. After a few days' existence, the flowers wither and fall, and as their chance of fertilization through any of the outside agencies on which they depend is a brief one, and precarious at best, it is not surprising to find that very few of them are succeeded by fruit. This takes the form of a large pod, and, strange to say, although the pods attain their full growth within fifty days from the fall of the petals, they take fully seven months more to ripen. The pods vary from 5 to 12 inches in length and are about like a banana, but are better described as resembling a knife sheath; hence the name vanilla, which is a corruption of the Spanish word vainilla—a small scabbard. Each pod contains a quantity of small black granules, surrounded by a balsamic pulp whose peculiar combination of oil and acid is supposed to impart to the pods that delicious flavor and powerful aroma for which they are so justly esteemed.—Chambers' Journal.

A CO-OPERATIVE COLONY.

An Example Is the Settlement of Cosmo in Paraguay.

Comparatively few persons are aware of the existence in Paraguay of a little English-speaking colony named Cosmo, and of its attempt to organize a community on the highest co-operative lines. Beginning in 1894 as the result of a secession from the New Australia colony, the founders of Cosmo seem to have steered clear of the shoals and quicksands which wrecked the parent movement. One of the "fathers" of the colony, although he is quite a young man, is John Lane, who says of the colony: "We are running now on the lines on which New Australia started; we are communistic in so far as we share our earnings equally, irrespective of the capacity of the individual. The present outlook is highly satisfactory, but we want more adult members. Our present population is sixteen women, all married, and twenty-six men; forty-two all told, exclusive of the children. We have 15,000 acres of land, half forest and half pasture, but only the forest land is good for cultivation. In the matter of finance our assets exceed our liabilities, and that is generally considered to be a sound position. We can easily raise our own food supply. Every family lives in its own house, and the bachelors have houses of their own, but take their meals at the co-operative dining-room, their cooking being done for them by colony labor. This co-operative commonwealth is governed by what is called a parliament, although it is only a committee of three, with a chairman or director of the colony. The ballot is taken by casting papers into a hat. Speaking of the industrial conditions in Cosmo, Mr. Lane said recently: "We have a forty-five hours' week, eight hours a day for five days and five hours on Saturday. Work starts just after sunrise and the men are employed in sugar-making and timber work. The married women are not on the organized working staff. They look after the homes, and any work they do outside is voluntary. Single women would be on the working staff."

A Wonderful Apple

Remarkable Accomplishment of a Maine Farmer.

To have the memory of John Grant, who brought to Maine a remarkable distinction a half century ago, the farmers of Waldo and Kennebec counties of the Pine Tree state are to hold celebrations in the several towns of the countryside. Grant was looked upon as a harmless crank when he was alive, fame coming years after he was dead. The story goes that he was the son of an Irish soldier who deserted from the British army during the Revolutionary war and married a half-breed Indian squaw, from which union many of the Grants in the east are said to have descended. The elder Grant was part lumberman, part farmer and more than half hunter, getting a precarious living from many callings and dying a week after he received notice that a pension had been granted him for his services in the war of 1812. John Grant, the son, inherited more than 1,000 acres of land and a lot of bad habits from his father.

Invented a New Apple.

John Grant's only claim to fame lies in the fact that he invented a new breed of apples in the days when he was given over to sin. Most new and desirable varieties of apples are produced by planting the seeds of the natural fruit, and selecting the best result of many plantings as the tree from which scions should be cut. Grant's method of begetting a new fruit was wholly different from anything that was then known, because he may be said to have whittled out his apple tree with a pocket knife, thereby performing a feat that even Nature at her best had never attempted. About 200 acres of Grant's farm were in orchards, which yielded him great quantities of cider, for which there was a good market. He could grow and harvest all the sour fruit he cared to use but when he tried to raise sweet apples, of which he was very fond, the sailors who went past the foot of his orchard on coasting schooners, walked in by night and stole every sweet apple as fast as it was fit to eat, often breaking down the trees in their haste to secure as many as possible.

Grant tried shot guns, steel traps, bull dogs and many kinds of profanity without effect. Then, after enduring many disappointments for five or six

years, he swore a big oath that he would build an apple that should fool the sailors and enable him to have some sweet fruit in his cellar for the winter.

Shunned as the Evil One.

The Indian blood in his veins had made Grant quick of observation and enabled him to learn things about nature that are concealed from most men. He was led to believe that if he could split the scion from a sweet tree and another scion from a sour tree in halves, and place the half of a sweet scion against the half of a sour scion and make them fit so exactly that both sides would live if they were inserted in a healthy stock, he would produce a fruit that was sour on one side and sweet on the other. On trying the experiment he found that such a result was not possible from the terminal bud of the twin scion, but all shoots further down the graft would yield sweet fruit on one side and sour fruit on the other. Though the terminal bud is hard to make live, Grant was successful in about one trial out of ten, and when his sour and sweet apples were found growing in the orchard, the bulder of the fruit was pronounced as one possessed of Satan, and shunned by the truly good as if he had been an emissary from the pit.

When it was done and his orchard was grafted to sweet and sour apples the sailors went to other orchards for their fruit, giving Grant time to attend prayer meeting, where he became acquainted with a clergyman who wrought his reform. Indeed, Grant always declared that his conversion was directly due to his ability to produce an apple that was proof against the sailors, because not only did the absence of the thieves enable him to go to the prayer meetings, but it was a fact that a man who could not swear had no business with an orchard infested with nocturnal thieves.

Italy Leads in Crematories.

Although the Pope pronounced against cremation in 1886, Italy now has more crematories than any other country, according to the Flamme, the German periodical devoted to this subject.

FAVORED BY A KING.

Church in Bardstown, Ky., Has Gifts of Louis Philippe of France.

Within the precincts of quaint old Bardstown is situated one of the oldest Catholic church buildings in Kentucky. It was the first cathedral west of the Allegheny mountains and is a magnificent structure and is the only house of worship in America that boasts a bell presented by royalty. The interior in the magnificence of its appointments is not excelled by any church in the south. It contains rare paintings by the old masters, one alone—the altar piece—being valued at \$100,000. This magnificent work of art is the production of Antwerp artist, Van Bre. It depicts the crucifixion and is pronounced by connoisseurs to be the most splendid work of its class in the world. It is 21 feet in height and 12 feet in width, and was presented to Father Flaget, the first bishop of Kentucky, by Louis Philippe, King of France. Another rare painting—now worth its weight in gold—is "The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew," by Van Dyke. This picture is catalogued in the list of the great artist's production and its present location is also noted. The numerous smaller paintings which the church contains were donations from the King of Italy.

But the most interesting feature of the old church is its bell. This, too, was a gift from Louis Philippe. When that unfortunate monarch was driven from his throne in France he fled to Bardstown and sought the hospitality of Bishop Flaget, whom he had known in Europe. He was received with the utmost kindness, and shortly after his arrival, through the influence of the bishop, he was enabled to form a class in French, which he taught in a little building which is yet standing on St. Joseph's College grounds. Philippe was a grateful king and never forgot the many kindnesses rendered him by the good bishop. When he was restored to his throne he presented to the church the painting above described, together with the bell.

This bell was broken in 1887 and was recast by Louisville bell founders. The recasting was a complete success, and in order to retain for it its historic surroundings the same metal was used.

The old bell is one of the most musical in America and when the atmosphere is clear its tones can be distinctly heard for 10 miles.

Turned the Tables.

A lecturer was once decanting on the superiority of nature over art, when an irreverent listener in the audience fired that old question at him: "How would you look, sir, without your wig?" Young man," instantly replied the lecturer, pointing his finger at him, "you have furnished me an apt illustration for my argument. My baldness can be traced to the artificial habits of our modern civilization, while the wig I am wearing"—here he raised his voice till the windows shook—"is made of natural hair!" The audience testified its appreciation of the point by loud applause and the speaker was not interrupted again.

Salisbury as a Saint.

It is not generally known that a statue of Lord Salisbury as a Christian warrior appears in one of the niches of the interesting and beautiful reredos in the chapel of All Souls' College, Oxford. About forty years ago the premier was elected a fellow of this college, and about the same time an elaborate stone screen was erected in the chapel attached to the Fellows' house. The sculptor evidently preferred to make his own saints instead of accepting those canonized by the church, and Lord Salisbury was chosen to fill up the vacant gap, and is therefore immortalized as a Christian warrior.—Chicago Journal.

Vine Culture in Chile.

Vine culture and the production of wines has in recent years become an important industry in the republic of Chile. Lying as it does between the Andes mountains and the Pacific ocean, and extending north and south for a distance of 2,400 miles, Chile possesses conditions of soil and climate that are admirably adapted to horticulture, and especially to the cultivation of a variety of wine-producing grapes.

Becomes Plain as Day.

If it was difficult for Admiral Schley to coal at sea as it is for the most of us to coal on land, his explanation should be accepted.—Omaha World-Herald.

The miracles that men demand would almost always be catastrophes.