

THE TWO ROSES.

Two roses grew upon a bush, Beneath the summer sky; And one, alas! through all the day Would hang his head and sigh; The other raised its crimson bloom When morn had first begun, To breathe a tender perfume out, And watch the golden sun.

Over the Teacups

By Margaret G. Fawcett. Copyright, 1901, by Authors Syndicate.

"Lemon or cream and sugar?" It seemed to Amy that she had asked the question a thousand times that afternoon. The long room hummed with the buzz of conversation. The scent of flowers wafted the air. The green-shaded lights that had taken the place of the carefully excluded sunlight gave the scene a ghostly tinge. Amy's head ached. The two scores or more of middle-aged women who stood in groups or sat with their heads close together talking volubly between tea sips were more than ever repellent to her. She felt a reckless desire to sweep the fragile cups and saucers to one side and flee from the room.

continued, hesitatingly, and with a vivid blush. "You know he—" "Loves you," supplied the judge, bluntly. "Yes, I know, but he's no fit husband for you." The girl looked relieved. "I'm glad you think so," she said, naively, "for I've always been just a little bit afraid of him. Then there's Billie Hopkins. Billie's always been awfully good to me, and I really like him." "Billie's a nice enough boy as boys go," said the judge, grudgingly, "but he has neither common sense nor that other and more necessary kind of cents with which to take care of a wife."

There was a mischievous gleam in Amy's eyes as she mimicked the manner of her clerical suitor, but the judge did not smile in return. He looked serious and slightly nervous. "Snell is an impertinent idiot," he said, shortly. "I've always thought the man was a hypocrite, and now I'm sure of it." "Hypocrite! Oh, surely not that," said Amy, looking rather distressed. "I really think he's in earnest; only he seems so old." "Old," said the judge, quickly; "why, he's only 40! Snell is considered rather a young man, I think."



"BILLIE'S A NICE BOY, AS BOYS GO."

ly into hers that Amy had never seen there before. She dropped her own quickly and her cheeks glowed. "You have still another suitor," he said, with an awkward diffidence which contrasted oddly with his usually assured manner, "though perhaps his qualifications are hardly worth discussing. He's old enough to be your father, and he's not very rich, but ever since you came to him, to ask his advice about your dolls he's been in love with you. He just realized it to-day. Will you marry him?" "He is rather old, you know," said Amy, demurely, but with a pretty smile hovering tremulously about her mouth.

DISCOVERY OF BOTTLED BEER.

A "True Piece of History"—The Happy Adventure of a Reverend English Fisherman.

A great deal of controversy has been going on of late regarding the origin of "bottled beer," and the following piece of true history will therefore be interesting, as it is little known, says the London Globe. In the middle of the sixteenth century Alexander Nowell, D. D., was head master of Westminster school, a prebendary of the abbey, and the possessor of a charming country residence, named Redhall, situated near Clitheroe, Lancashire, whither he was wont to retire during the holidays. Now, Dr. Nowell was a staunch Protestant, so when Edward VI. died and Queen Mary succeeded to the throne, he thought it prudent to forsake the cloister for Redhall Park, having a very shrewd suspicion that if he did not trouble might befall. The doctor was an enthusiastic and expert angler, and, thanks to the well-stocked trout streams running through his Lancashire demesne, he had every opportunity for indulging in his favorite pursuit.

One fine May morning, then, saw Nowell preparing his rod and tackle, and, as he promised to be a scorching hot day, he, before starting out, took the precaution of filling a large stone bottle with home-brewed ale. The sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, the fisherman got warmer and warmer, and the stone bottle became more and more of an incubator. He, therefore, determined to leave the bottle in a safe place until he felt ready to enjoy its refreshment, and what could be more suitable for the purpose than the hollow of an old pollard tree, overhanging the water, encoined in which the stream could gently lave the bottom of the jar and keep the contents fresh and cool. Hardly had this been done when he heard a voice calling his name, and, looking around, saw one of his servants, his features agitated with terror. "They've come, sir! They've come!" the man cried. "Who has come?" asked the amazed doctor. "The soldiers of Bloody Mary, sir; they are searching high and low for you; they are ransacking your chests; and one varlet has a piece of paper bearing a great seal and the queen's name on it."

Six years had elapsed; Queen Mary was dead; Queen Elizabeth was on the throne, and Nowell was back in Lancashire. Once again a hot May morning saw him setting forth to fish, but this time, fortunately, neglecting to take with him a bottle of ale. As the day waxed hotter, Nowell became both tired and thirsty. He dropped his rod, and his thoughts drifted back to that eventful May morning six years ago, and then to the stone bottle which he had so carefully stowed away in the hollow of the pollard tree. Was the bottle still there, he wondered. He wandered down the stream until he picked out that particular root, and, kneeling down, thrust in an arm. Out came the bottle, apparently none the worse for its long sojourn. Nowell was very thirsty; the icy coolness of the stone was most tantalizing. Of course, the contents were undrinkable, thought he; still he was very thirsty; just one cautious sip. The cork, swollen and damp with age, was extracted, and the bottle lifted to the lips. Ye gods and little fishes! What was this heavenly nectar he was tasting? Nowell threw back his head and took a long, deep draught. Could anything be more delicious than this amber ale, mellowed by time and cooled to a nicety? What were the wines of Rhineland which he had thought so excellent during his exile in Germany as compared with this delectable fluid?

That same night Dr. Nowell summoned his whole household in solemn conclave. Every empty pitcher, jar and bottle that could be found was filled with honest English ale, corked, and then consigned to the cellars. The doctor had "discovered" bottled beer; but for some years it was a still-room secret of Redhall park, until at last the discovery was given to the world, and the popularity of the new liquid speedily established itself.

Mildred, who is a wee mite in years and stature, is the sunshine of a certain home. It is frequently the custom for her father to read aloud from the daily papers to the family members when he comes home in the evenings. His business has to do with the wholesaling of books, and for that reason he is much interested in the benefactions of Mr. Carnegie in establishing free libraries. These articles he always reads aloud, and Mildred has come to know in a vague way about the philanthropist giving away so many free libraries. It so happened that on a recent evening her father noticed an advertisement in the paper which he thought might interest his wife, and he read it aloud. The advertisement was headed "A Picture Given Away Free." Mildred listened closely, and after he had finished she said: "I bet I know who giv's th' picture away."

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Henry L. Clapp, in a company of good fellows, once said of a well-known editor who was constantly impressing people with his own importance: "Yes, he is a self-made man, and he worships his creator."

A Scottish minister was once asked how long he would require to prepare a speech. "That depends," said he, "upon how much time I am to occupy in its delivery. If I am to speak for a quarter of an hour, I should like a week to prepare; if I am to speak for half an hour, three days will do; if I am to go on as long as I like, I am ready now."

Lord Roberts is a fearless rider and usually well in at the death in a fox hunt, but his eminence as a hunting man depends on his splendid eye for country and his unrivaled knowledge of horseflesh and not on mere daredevilry. Lord Roberts has had his share of "croppers," but, thanks to his light, steel-built frame, he has never come to any serious harm in the hunting field.

Near Bridgeport, Conn., a trio of men named England, Ireland and Scotland run a drapery store. They all come from the north of the Tweed, but met as entire strangers in America. England's parents emigrated to Connecticut 20 years ago, but Scotland and Ireland are recent arrivals. Scotland is married to one of England's sisters and there is a boy of the union, and Ireland is engaged to another sister. The boy is named after his uncle and prospective uncle—Ireland England Scotland.

President M. Loubet of France is a man who bears no malice. When a member of the nobility smote him on the head with a stick as he was peacefully sitting in the race course at Auteuil the courts sentenced the cowardly offender to two years' imprisonment. The president wished to pardon the culprit at a very early stage of his imprisonment, but the ministry represented that, however lightly M. Loubet the man might regard the offense, it was against public policy that the assailant and insulter of M. Loubet the president should escape with a nominal punishment.

THE GRAFTON BOOM.

Memorable Real Estate Speculations of the Olden Times in Illinois.

"I would rather own two city blocks in Beaumont than an entire gusher," remarked an old-time speculator, who is now representing several oil companies from the new bonanza fields, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. "Oh, yes, there is more money in the oil, I guess, but when a man once becomes tainted with the real estate fever he can't drive the toxin out of his blood with anything weaker than prussic acid or corrosive sublimate. I've been in it all my life, for I was poisoned as a boy in the Grafton craze. Don't remember the Grafton boom, do you? No, I guess not, and it almost makes me dizzy to think how long it has been since the 'Northern' and 'Southern Cross' railways were being floated and Grafton was to be the metropolis of the Mississippi valley. It was at the floodtide of land speculation in Illinois, a score of years before the war, that the stupendous development scheme was floated by which the state was to be gridironed with east and west, north and south railroad systems, the grand center of which was to be Grafton.

"If you study your map carefully now you will find a village of that name on the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Illinois river, 40 miles above St. Louis. Except for the stone quarries now opened there, the place is about as it was in the 40's, when the wave of speculation swooped down on the place and in a single week transformed it from a border settlement into a metropolis. The location is nothing but a limestone cliff, so immense that only years of work and millions of expense could make it fit to build a city upon, but such trifles did not disturb the boom in the least, and public buildings and parks and driveways, magnificent railway termini, and even an immense bridge over the Mississippi appeared by magic, in the minds of the promoters, and every foot of land for miles around was laid out in city lots and gobbled up by greedy speculators at prices that would make St. Charles avenue property look cheap.

I was a 16-year-old boy at that time, and lived in Richmond, Va. My father gave me \$1,500, and I started west to grow up with the country, but before I had even set foot in the state of Illinois I had met a promoter and exchanged my entire roll for two lots on Sixty-ninth street, Grafton. Dickens has given one a fair idea of how it feels to go up against a bunko game of the kind, but it didn't take me more than five minutes to tumble to the game, and instead of waiting for developments I managed to work my holding off onto another 'sucker' at a small loss, and from that day to this I have tried to work the racket from the inside. But Grafton—well, it was only a few weeks later that the land panic arrived, and the entire fabric was swept away. I doubt if a thousand dollars of actual work had been done at the place, though several millions had changed hands. There is an airy nothingness about land speculation which makes oil solidity itself."

Her First Impressions. Mabel's mother was showing her a brood of chickens hatched in an incubator. "They are poor little orphans," said the mother. "An' is that the orphan cryin'?" asked Mabel, pointing in wonder at the incubator.—Detroit Free Press.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A Foregone Conclusion.—"You think she loves you then?" "Think! My dear boy, how can she help it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How She Proves It.—"Maggie says she's a daughter of the revolution." "Can she prove it?" "Sure. Her father runs a merry-go-round."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Jim—"Wot are yer larfin' at, Bill?" Bill—"Why, the ole woman started ter jaw that copper what kyme ter lock me up, an' I'm blowed if 'e ain't run'er in, an' left me!"—Glasgow Evening Times.

Mrs. Newbride (who has been baking cake)—"I wonder who first invented angel cake?" Mr. Newbride (who had to sample the baking)—"I don't know, but I fancy it was one of the fallen angels."—Philadelphia Record.

Thirteen at Table.—Mrs. B—"Oh, Charles, we can never sit down with 13 at table." Mr. B—"Pshaw! I hope you're not so superstitious as that." Mrs. B—"No, of course not; but we have only 12 dinner plates."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

A Drain on Him.—"I've often wondered," said Cholly, "how so many fellows I know manage to get well off, while I'm always poor." "Perhaps," replied Miss Peppery, "it's because so many people amuse themselves at your expense."—Philadelphia Press.

Vacancy Needed.—"Do you think it would improve my style," inquired the 'varlet' man who had got into the crew through favoritism, "if I were to acquire a fast stroke?" "It would improve the crew," replied the candid trainer, "if you got a lightning stroke."—Philadelphia Times.

EGYPTIAN MEN AND WOMEN.

What Can Be Learned of Their Characteristics from Ancient Drawings.

In face the men and women were very much alike, but there is a subtle charm about the female faces that is replaced by a placid dignity in the male. In both the features are delicate and of a somewhat aquiline type, and the figures are tall and slight. There is very little indication of muscle, but the men are broad-shouldered and thin-flanked, while the women, in spite of their stiff attitudes, are graceful and refined. In both the forms are soft and rounded. The resemblance between the men and the women is, of course, increased by the men being always clean-shaven.

In the paintings and bas-reliefs there are certain conventions which do not apply to the statues, and for these due allowance has to be made, says the London News. In early times, all drawing and painting on the flat (and bas-relief is but a form of this) had to serve two purposes. One was to convey information, the other to be ornamental. It is doubtful which is the earlier of the two. The man of the stone age, when he scratched his realistic mammoth on a piece of reindeer bone, either wanted to convey to his brother man that he had seen a fine specimen of this interesting animal, or else he did it because he thought it pretty, or he may have had both motives. In any case we have here the common origin of art and writing.

The information picture dwindles down through hieroglyphics to mere symbols of sounds, the pictorial origin of which is entirely lost. The decorative picture gradually loses all wish to convey information and subsists entirely for its pleasure to the eye. But the Egyptians had not got so far as that; when they drew a man there had to be no mistake what it was. He had all to be displayed, as it were, to the best advantage. The legs were shown sideways so as to give the whole length of the feet, and one leg was put in front of the other, so that neither could be concealed. Then there came a difficulty about the body; if that were sideways, too, one shoulder would be lost; so that the body must be seen frontways. The arms, again, are best seen sideways; fortunately, as both shoulders are shown, they do not interfere with one another. Again, a profile is more characteristic than a full face, but a profile eye is a poor, foreshortened thing.

So in this profile we insert an eye seen to its full extent, and then we really have done the man justice. This eye, seen full face while the head is profile, gives naturally a peculiar expression, which makes people talk of the long, narrow eyes of the ancient Egyptians. They very likely had nothing of the kind. Then, again, the twisting of the body makes the shoulders seem too broad. The ideal is certainly broad-shouldered, but not so much so as this would make it appear.

English Royal Customs. Everybody may not know that in royal households it is not the custom to relight a candle. For however short a time it has been burning, if once extinguished, it is never used again—at least not in the precincts of the palace. Another quaint monarchical custom is that there are always two sets of servants, to insure better service. The one set goes on duty for three weeks, and when that time has expired another set will take their place, so that in the sovereign's palace there is always one complete retinue at work while their duplicates are resting until their three weeks of service comes round again.—London Outlook.

WHY MRS. PINKHAM

Is Able to Help Sick Women When Doctors Fail.

How gladly would men fly to woman's aid did they but understand a woman's feelings, trials, sensibilities, and peculiar organic disturbances.

Those things are known only to women, and the aid a man would give is not at his command.

To treat a case properly it is necessary to know all about it, and full information, many times, cannot be given by a woman to her family physician. She cannot bring herself to tell everything, and the physician is at a constant disadvantage. This is why, for the past twenty-five years, thousands of women have been confiding their troubles to Mrs. Pinkham, and whose advice has brought happiness and health to countless women in the United States.



Mrs. G. H. CHAPPELL.

Mrs. Chappell, of Grant Park, Ill., whose portrait we publish, advises all suffering women to seek Mrs. Pinkham's advice and use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as they cured her of inflammation of the ovaries and womb; she, therefore, speaks from knowledge, and her experience ought to give others confidence. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is absolutely free.

WITHIN OUR OWN BORDERS.

Minnesota has 200 less inmates in prisons and reformatories than it had in 1897.

An association in Raleigh, N. C., is making an effort to preserve the boyhood home of President Andrew Johnson in that city.

A hotel erected near the grounds of the Buffalo exposition covers nine acres and can serve 5,000 customers at one time in its dining-room.

Tampa, a child of Havana in the cigar-making industry, has outgrown its mother as a purveyor for the United States of all Havana cigars.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, says in a newspaper communication that "experience has shown asphalt or brick to be the ideal pavement for residence streets, and dressed granite blocks for heavy traffic streets."

New York has just introduced a bath equipment into one of its public schools, situated in a crowded tenement district. It consists of 14 shower baths, the spray system having been found to give the greatest cleanliness and economy of time.

VERDICT MEANT DEATH.

Aldrich, Mo., May 27.—Four of the best doctors in the vicinity have been in attendance on Mrs. Mollie Moore, of this place, who has been suffering with a very severe case of Nervousness and Kidney Disease. Each of them told her that she would die.

Hearing of Dodd's Kidney Pills, she began to use them, and instantly noticed a change for the better. Her improvement has been continuous since then. She says that the disease first manifested itself by the appearance of dark spots floating before her eyes. Her nerves were so bad that many times they would collapse completely, and she would fall down as if shot.

The fact that Dodd's Kidney Pills saved her after four doctors had given her up, has caused no end of talk in this neighborhood, and all are loud in their praises of this new remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—which is curing so many hitherto incurable cases, in this state and elsewhere.

Advertisement for Tower's Fish Brand Waterproof Clothing, featuring a fisherman illustration and text: "THE BEST WATERPROOF CLOTHING IN THE WORLD. TOWER'S FISH BRAND. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS."

Advertisement for Piles, featuring a diagram of the human body and text: "THE BEST WATERPROOF CLOTHING IN THE WORLD. TOWER'S FISH BRAND. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS."

Advertisement for Lightning Rods, featuring a lightning bolt illustration and text: "LIGHTNING RODS. THE BEST WATERPROOF CLOTHING IN THE WORLD. TOWER'S FISH BRAND. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS."