

A MODERN LOVE SONG.

In the state of Mass. There lives a lass I love to go N. C.; No other Miss. Can'er, I wis, Be half so dear to me.

brown hair curling softly above the forehead, a pair of blue eyes, a delicately carved nose, and a wistful little mouth contrasting strangely enough with the firm square chin, but all in all an attractive if not a pretty face.

A Story Without a Climax

BY BETTIE L. REYNOLDS.

IT was one of those rainy days in autumn, with all the suggestion of winter in it, except that feeling of enigma that makes it such a pleasure to curl up before a wood fire and bury yourself and your troubles in a book.



THEY STOOD FACE TO FACE.

Tom and Maggie Tulliver's and more somberly set in a gray background of poverty and uncongenial surroundings. But they had passed through the valley of shadows without growing bitter "because we were comrades," and with all the sister's love there was mingled a kind of pity for the brother, who—"both brilliant and unstable"—had gone through life like many another poor genius before him, building air castles only to have them tumble with such a crash as to take all heart for resistance out of him.

It was a face that bespoke a great depth of nature—and a stirring of the depth—a soul finely strung, but quivering under the jarring touch of thwarted hopes and broken dreams.

It was the face of a young man only five and twenty, but in those five and twenty years there had been crowded enough pure heart tragedy to enrich a volume were it only possible to portray it.

Fate, chance, circumstance, call it what you will; but some power the strength of which we all have felt in the shaping of our lives, had ever been a leading force with him, since the day, when he, a tiny dream-eyed lad, had run away from the voice that tempted defiance of the powers of nature, only to return and to be carried away from the great water wheel of a mill, limp and very near lifeless, until the day when, older grown, but not less dream-eyed nor susceptible to the voice of his guiding fate, he had had the old ties of the old life broken by a force, stronger than the force of the water wheel, in the form of another life joined to his own, a life as different from his own as night from day; one that would lead into new paths—and new fields—fields more "of the earth earthy"—than the old ones wherein he and Beatrice had lived as kindred spirits and had grown nearer and dearer to each other every day.

Beatrice's sobs were full of it now as she gave herself up to a paroxysm of grief. At last when her sobs had spent themselves, she lay in that border land of dreams where the past and the present, the real and the dream life are so strangely mingled there is no tracing the boundary. She was living over those days of childhood queerly mixed with the events of the past few months. She was a child again following in Harry's footsteps—but carrying with her this terrible feeling of restlessness, defiance, loneliness and heart hunger she had felt since he went away—all because Harry was angry and would not kiss her. She held out her arms and whispered, "I love you, Bruver; I love you."

Then she smiled gladly, for the lips parted—and he was speaking, speaking to her in the beautiful words of Byron—"For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart I know myself secure as thou in mine; We were—we are—I am even as thou art—Believe who never each other can resign. It is the same together or apart, From life's commencement to its slow decline We are entwined—let death come slow or fast—The tie which bound first shall endure last."

Her face lit up with a glad smile, then her eyelids quivered as if she would awake and say: "I do but dream"—then lay still, and with the smile still upon her face she drifted softly into that land where—"Sleep—knits up the raveled sleeve of care."—Sunny South.

A BOY IN WINTER TIME.



—Chicago Record-Herald.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The metal lithium is little more than half the weight of water. A cubic foot of it weighs 590 ounces. Mercury is 23 times heavier.

Mirrors of platinum, palladium, iron, nickel, cobalt, copper and bismuth have been prepared by projecting the metallic particles by kathode rays.

The rarest shell in existence is one called the "Cone of the Holy Mary." There is a specimen in the British museum, which a few years ago was valued at \$5,000.

More than nine-tenths of the hemp produced in the United States is grown in Kentucky, and at present prices it is regarded as second only to tobacco in profit as a farm crop.

A pair of women's shoes made in Lynn, Mass., to establish a record for rapid shoemaking required 57 different operations and the use of 42 machines and 100 pieces. All these parts were assembled and made into a graceful pair of shoes, ready to wear, in 13 minutes.

The limit of span wooden truss bridges was, practically, 200 feet. The wonderful development of the cantilever bridge, having a truss on the beam principle, has resulted in its being often used in spans up to 2,000 feet. When the distance between piers must be 2,000 or 3,000 feet the suspension bridge is used.

To prevent pitting from smallpox it is only necessary to protect the patient from the blue and violet rays of light, which can be done by allowing no light to enter the room save through red glass. In the absence of these irritating rays of light—to which sunshine is due—the deep disfiguring pustules do not form.

A very striking instance of the deterioration of leather, produced under conditions demanding quicker tanning by the use of various chemicals, thus decreasing the durability of the material, is afforded by the fact that the British museum expends \$30,000 a year in rebinding books in leather. Modern leather is widely different from the material produced by what is now regarded as an effete process, its life being limited to 15 years. In the search for cheaper and quicker processes of making leather, large quantities of sulphuric acid are used, and this chemical, in combination with others, causes the material to decompose rapidly in the course of a few years.

Relieved Taxpayer—Well, that war with Germany didn't last very long. Naval Contractor—No; just long enough to get me some more contracts for battleships. Taxpayer begins to think he is "relieved" in the sense in which a pick-pocket "relieves" a man of his watch.—N. Y. Post.

War an Advertisement

By HON. CHAS. EMORY SMITH, Late Postmaster General of the United States.

glorious May morning. He published it in the Manila bulletins of American news and it filled the whole front page in illuminated type. It had an unequalled circulation throughout the world, with a special distribution from mouth to mouth throughout all the orient, a circulation which needed no affidavit of a circulation manager.

We had just reached the stage of national development where we needed to advertise our position and capabilities to all nations. We had just achieved industrial supremacy. We had become the foremost manufacturing nation, as we had already been the foremost agricultural nation. Our production had outrun our consumption.

We had a surplus to dispose of for which we must seek the markets of the world. In 1898, for the first time in our history, our manufactured exports exceeded our manufactured imports. That showed that we had passed the turning point; that we had gained full possession of the home market; that we were ready to go out into the foreign markets, and that we must do so or put a limit on our production.

And by one of those providences which illuminate American history, the year that marked this turning point was the very year that witnessed the Spanish war. The period which brought the necessity for new markets brought also the brilliant chapter of our history, which not only opened the doors to the new markets, but made the world understand our ability and power to enter them. The war was, indeed, the greatest of national advertisement.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Hewitt—"Seeds doesn't wear very good clothes, does he?" Jewett—"No; he doesn't dress any better than a millionaire."—Town Topics.

She—"I must say that I am disappointed in you; there was a time when I thought you were a man of boundless courage." He—"That was when I proposed to you, of course."—Richmond Dispatch.

"Really, I must admit," said Mr. Borem, "I've been very slow about paying this call, but—" "Don't apologize," replied Miss Tyre-Dout, suppressing a yawn, "they say it's born in some people to pay as they go."—Philadelphia Press.

"You brute! When you married me you said you would gratify my slightest desire, and now you refuse to buy that cloak for me!" "Yes, dear; but I don't regard a hankering for a sealskin cloak as a slight desire."—Baltimore News.

Ascum—"Borrowings is a pretty good linguist, isn't he?" Markley—"I don't know. He always talks to me in broken English." Ascum—"In broken English?" Markley—"Yes; all I ever hear him say is: 'Say, lemme another fiver, will you?'"—Philadelphia Press.

Greene—"Look at that woman, will you? I should think she'd freeze with that little bit of a jacket." Wyse—"My dear fellow, if you were any judge of values, you'd know that the cloth that jacket's made of is the most expensive goods in the market."—Boston Transcript.

Making It Easy.—"My Dear Sir," wrote the editor to the persistent author, "in order to simplify matters somewhat, we are inclosing a bunch of our 'declined with thanks' notices. If you will put one of these in an envelope with your manuscript and mail it to yourself it will make it easier for all of us, and you will be saving something in postage as well."—Chicago Post.

The Monument was a Mistake. A stately granite shaft had been erected in the cemetery of a Massachusetts town in memory of a man whose life had been anything but praiseworthy. None the less the monument was one of the sights to be shown to a stranger, and one day a former resident of the town who had been away for many years returned and was taken to see the granite obelisk. He was no stranger to the faults and failings of the man whom it eulogized with its gilded inscription, and after silent contemplation of the shaft on all sides he said: "Well, if it's for goodness it's too big, and if it's for badness it's not big enough."—New Haven Chronicle.

Johnnie's Idea of It. Teacher—Johnnie, what is sugar? Johnnie—Sugar, ma'am, is what makes things sour if you don't put it in.—N. Y. Sun.

ADVANCED PROPULSIVE POWER

The Hope of Engineers Lies in the Development of a Gas Engine of the Turbine Type.

Two of the most revolutionary movements in the science of developing mechanical power that the world has witnessed for several years past are the introduction of the steam turbine and the use of gas exploded in a cylinder behind a piston. A third advance is predicted for the near future, in consequence of combining the two ideas in a gas turbine, states the New York Tribune.

One great advantage of the steam turbine is that it affords rotary motion at the very outset, whereas with the old steam engine it is necessary to employ a crank to convert movement to and fro into rotation.

In other respects, too, the mechanism is simpler than the reciprocating engine. It occupies much less space for the same output of power, it is less liable to get out of order, the first cost is lower, and it is beginning to be believed that it is more economical in the use of steam. For propelling ships and driving dynamos it is particularly well adapted, and other applications are now contemplated. The gas engine has various drawbacks. It takes up more room than a steam engine of the same capacity; power is exerted on the piston only once for every two or four half strokes, instead of for every half stroke, and a water jacket around the cylinder to keep it cool adds to the complication and bulk of the machine. Yet it can work under a high pressure and within certain limits is more efficient than the steam engine. Gas engines, or as they are more appropriately called, "internal combustion engines," have developed an amazing popularity in the last decade. The type has been well known for nearly half a century, but it has been much improved of late. It is more quiet, does better work, and is more economical than formerly. Fifteen years ago one seldom heard of an internal combustion engine developing more than five, ten or perhaps 15 horsepower. Many are in service to-day having a capacity of from 1,000 to 3,500 horse-power, and even larger ones have been projected. The number of engines of this class has increased in the same proportion.

In utilizing the force of exploding gaseous mixtures to produce rotary motion directly, the form of the motor would need to be changed a good deal, and the methods of control would need to undergo considerable modification. The present gas engine is operated by a series of shocks. The steam turbine, of whatever variety, is driven by a continuous pressure. Perhaps the vapor emerges from a nozzle and acts on buckets on the edge of a wheel. Perhaps it enters a closed chamber and there presses against curiously curved vanes on the sides of the wheel. But in any case it acts steadily, not intermittently. It does not, at first sight, seem easy to manage explosions so as to get the same general effect. Still, a number of promising experiments in that direction have been tried. George Ethelbert Walsh, a well-known writer on mechanical topics, says in Science and Industry:

"It is not considered a physical impossibility to control gas under pressure so that its ignition and combustion will be continuous. . . . The gas turbine is something which engineers are working on with the hope of ultimate success. If ever worked out satisfactorily, it will mark one of those revolutionizing epochs in the world of power and mechanics which completely change old conditions."

VERY LARGE BANK CHECKS.

Cases Wherein the Ownership of Millions is Transferred by Small Slip of Paper.

Wall street banking these days involves the use of some very large checks. Single items of \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000 are frequently seen, and much greater amounts are sometimes transferred through the interchange of a narrow slip of paper. Most of these items are collected through the clearing-house, except in cases where they are deposited in the bank on which they are drawn, says the New York Times.

At the time that the Third Avenue railroad property changed hands, two checks, aggregating \$34,500,000, were given out. One of the checks, for \$17,000,000, passed through the clearing-house May 26, 1900. It was drawn by Kuhn, Loeb & Co. on the National city bank, and was collected by the Bank of Commerce for the Morton Trust company. Another check, drawn by the same firm for \$17,500,000 on the Bank of Commerce, did not pass through the clearing-house, it being collected by the Morton Trust company from the bank direct. Previous to that, on February 1, 1901, a check for \$23,127,000 was drawn by J. P. Morgan & Co. on the First National bank. That was also collected direct without passing through the clearing-house. In connection with the purchase of Southern Pacific stock by the Union Pacific company, a check for \$14,890,000 was drawn on the Mercantile Trust company March 5, 1901. The check given a fortnight ago in payment of Lake Shore holdings of Reading stock was for \$21,500,000, and ranks, so far as known, as the second largest check ever used in local banking.

Our Trade with England. England buys from the United States in a year more than \$100,000,000 worth of wheat and flour, meats to the same amount and 69,000,000 bushels of corn.—Indianapolis News.



Many women and do not recognize the real cause of derangement of the organs until too late.

"I had terrible pains during the spinal cord for two years past. dreadfully. I was given evening medicines, wore plasters, and tried the cures that Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound has cured thousands of them. I somehow felt that I was going to take. How glad I am that I looked for two bottles brought me relief or sudden relief, and after using three bottles from that I felt new life and blood. It made a through my veins. It was a great relief, though there had been a great deal of cleaning through my system, and the sickness and poison had been flung out and new life given me. I had advised dozens of my friends with Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound. Good health is a precious thing. I am now a well woman. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound has cured thousands of them. —MRS. LAURA L. BERRY, of her home, Point, Indiana, Secretary Ladies' Just ar Corps.—\$5000 forfeit if original of 'Dr. Williams' Compound' is not produced. Beware of cheap imitations. Every sick woman who opens and reads Mrs. Pinkham's Compound will find it helpful. Always helpful. —All right."

WHAT HE LEARNED

Quail on Toast Was Not Sufficient. A common Delicacy as He Got It Served. —Very good. —Once in.

In the wire grass region of Georgia help are very abundant, and are known as 'body tives' as 'partridges,' says the 'Public Ledger.'

Recently one of the south Georgia men was 'sold' of a lot of turpentine and hurried to New York while his money was still in the bank. Once in the amazing metropolis, he met another indulgence he was determined to try. Delmonico's was a name that had long tickled his fancy, and quail on toast, which he had long known to be a delicacy, was ordered. He ordered the delectable bit. In Arrive he eyed it severely, then tasted, and he sampled thoroughly. But his attention was attracted by the fact that the quail was served on toast, and he had long known personally.

So to Delmonico's he had long known to be a delicacy, and he ordered the delectable bit. In Arrive he eyed it severely, then tasted, and he sampled thoroughly. But his attention was attracted by the fact that the quail was served on toast, and he had long known personally.

For Bottom Drawer, No Respect. A lady who was especially fond of quail came home from a sale and day. Her purchases. "Why on earth have you bought and demanded her husband, taking up a plate for a door with the name of 'who has' on it."

"Well, it was so cheap," replied the Mrs. "Only a few cents a quarter for it. I be bound it cost a dollar!" "But why throw away a quarter? They know possible use is it?" "Oh," said the bargainer, "you know how things will come in. For instance, you might die, and I might marry a man named Wilkins."—Cleveland Leader.

Financially Speaking. Tom—"That Miss Winters is a remarkable handsome girl." Jack—"Yes; but she isn't half as good as she was six weeks ago."

Why, how's that? "Her father tried to erase Wall Street from the map."—Chicago Daily News.

STRIKES YOU ANY TIME

Never know or where back pains will strike you. The Kidney Pills will do it when they do. First warning is usually through the back. Do not neglect to help the kidneys when they're in a Neglect many many serious It's only a step from common backache to Rheumatic pains, Urinary disorders, Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Doan's Kidney Pills cure all ills of the kidneys and bladder. Read this testimony; it tells a cure that lasts:

Mr. A. W. Lutz, carriage worker, of 109 17th Ave., Sterling, N. Y. says: "After procuring Doan's Kidney Pills in the month of November, 1897, I took a course of the treatment which cured me of backache and other annoyances due to over-excited or weakened kidneys. During the three years which have elapsed, I have had no occasion to retract one word of my statements made at that time. I now unhesitatingly and emphatically re-endorse the claims made for Doan's Kidney Pills."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Lutz will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address: Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.