



HER FAITH.

I CAN'T stay, an' won't! 'Tain't in human natur'," muttered Ann Friend. "Always the same! Sunshine for others, shadows for me!"

"Where's the slate, honey? Where's the slate?" piped a quavering voice, as Ann stepped into the dim kitchen and began to bustle about energetically. "We must cross it off, honey, we must cross it off. 'Tis the 21st to-day, and the boy comes home on the 20th, bless the Lord!"

"Here 'tis, mother-in-law. Bide quiet a bit, while I sets the kettle on the hob."

"Five days! five days!" echoed the old woman. "We must be busy, honey, and get the place set clean, and the sheets aired; and I'm thinking, Ann, if you was to put the things ready for me as I might make the ginger cake he used to set such store by, eh?"

"Now, mother-in-law, I'll not have you messing round and making yourself ill." Ann spoke with decision. "What's good enough for us is good enough for him."

"But, Ann—'tis my son John—'tis your own man, Ann!"

Ann's face grew harder and harder as she left the kitchen and went upstairs to her bedroom.

"I can't stay, nor I won't!" said Ann Friend, suddenly, as she stood looking out of the window. "Nobody could expect me to stay. She won't care so long as she's got him, and he won't care so long as he's got his liberty and a roof over his head."

Bending down, she drew a box from under the bed and began to pack into it the contents of the one chest of drawers that stood in the room.

At the bottom of the last drawer she came upon a little bundle of baby's clothes, and for a moment the hardness of her face softened while she unfolded each tiny garment and examined it carefully. Then the cloud returned, the clothes were once more tied into a bundle and returned to the now empty drawer.

"'Tis well she died," she thought to herself. "'Tis well she can't be ashamed of her father. I'll leave them there; he'll like maybe to see how tall she grew."

Four years ago Ann Friend would have told you that she was one of the happiest women in the whole village, and the village itself would not have disputed the fact. Yet in two short years the happiness fled, the husband was a disgraced man, and Ann, whose good temper was proverbial, knew herself to have changed into a sourd, hard woman.

The inhabitants of the little village where Ann had been born and bred said among themselves that Mrs. Friend was a rare good woman, and had borne the disgrace of her husband's imprisonment as few women would have borne it.

They never knew the rage that took possession of proud Ann Friend when the shadow of disgrace fell upon her home. They never knew the bitter contempt that filled her heart when she thought of the father of her child working out his sentence in the neighboring prison.

"If you are innocent, prove it," was his wife's thought; but the thought was never put into words, for Ann was one of those strange characters whose thoughts are worse than their actions.

The mother believed in her son's word, and counted the days for his return; the wife allowed her to believe that she did likewise. Some of the neighbors believed also in John's innocence; the wife held her peace, and they accounted her loyal.

Every day Ann determined to break down her long reserve—to tell the old woman that she, John's wife, would rather die than be there in person to welcome him home; yet each day saw the momentous words unspoken.

At last the morning of the 20th arrived. The explanatory letter was written and pinned on the pin cushion; the box, corded and addressed, stood in the outhouse on the handcart she intended wheeling to the nearest station; the old mother had been dressed in her best Sunday gown and cap, the coffee stood ready on the hob; and still the silence of two years had not been broken.

"I may as well see how prison's agreed with him," thought Ann, as she looked at the clock, and saw it was just upon 7:30, and then felt irritated with the consciousness that this thought had been behind all her actions for the last two hours.

With a sudden face Ann left the cottage and took a short cut through the

fields to where, standing on a low fir-clad hill, she could look down unperceived on the roads below. There were two roads—the broad, white road from the distant town that held the prison, and which wound its way onward to the next large town; and the curved, narrow lane that met it and struck downward on the left to the little village of Frant, passing the Friends' cottage on its way.

Ann knew that prisoners were released from Newham jail at 8 o'clock in the morning. She knew that John must come to where the roads crossed. After one look at the disgraced man she would have time to run home and start with her box in the opposite direction before he could reach the cottage, so she stood there and waited, and was angry with herself for waiting—angry because the minutes went so slowly, then angry because they had gone so fast, when a solitary figure appeared walking in the center of the road, making it suddenly seem broad, white, and cheerless.

The man, for it was a man, walked slowly, hesitatingly. He felt his way with a stick, as if he was blind.

Yes, it was John; but why did he walk like that, instead of swinging along in his old hearty manner? Perhaps he felt ashamed. Serve him right if he was!

He came nearer and nearer, and, as she saw that he had a green shade over his eyes, the color left her cheeks, and, forgetting to hide herself as hitherto, she went to the extreme edge of the little hillock and looked down intently.

When the man came to the crossroads he stopped and stood facing down the narrow lane for full five minutes.

It was a poor, pitiful sight upon which the sunshine shone—the poor, maimed face, with lurid small-pox marks and swollen features. To some it would have been a repulsive sight; it brought but a hungry, yearning look into the eyes looking down upon it.

And then, slowly, deliberately, the man turned away from the lane, stepped again into the center of the road, and continued his way.

"My God! he is going away—he is not coming home!" gasped Ann; and, forgetful alike of her wrongs, her resolutions, she tore down the steep bank, rushed after the stumbling figure, caught the man by the arm, and cried: "John, John, you have taken the wrong turning! This is the way home, dear!"

"You see, my lass," said John Friend, leaning on his wife's strong arm, "the doctor told me I was a sad sight, and I thought perhaps you would not know when I was a-comin' out, and I'd go into Gorrick for a spell till my hair had grown and my eyes and face were a bit better; but you was always a good wife, lass; and how I should have got through these two years without knowing as you believed I haven't done it, I don't know. You was always a good wife, lass, and I'm wearying for home."

And the innocent Ann failed to believe in when John Friend was hale and hearty she believes in now that he is helpless and disfigured.—London Weekly Telegraph.

A Formidable Correction.
The proper spelling of Welsh names is a matter known only to experts, and it gives much trouble to English post-office officials, who are able in many cases to make only a guess, so to speak, at the spelling of place names. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in an article in an English magazine, gives an amusing example of this.

On March 2, 1888, the following telegram was handed in for delivery at the postoffice of Obepetow:

"Going to Llanfairpwllgwyngilgogoch-erwylidyllgogoch. Shall be at home by 4:30."
The postmaster, thinking that there was "more than a fair penn'orth" of consonants in the name, referred it to his surveyor, who wrote back:

"It is an attempt at the name of a village in Anglesey, but is evidently not written by a Welshman; the spelling is incorrect, and but for the joke of the thing, the ordinary abbreviation—Llanfairpwll—would have been better. The name, correctly written, I give below: Llanfairpwllgwyngilgogoch-erwylidyllgogoch."

It must be terrible to be a girl, and have to stuff towels in a corset and a bustle this hot weather in order to fill out one's shape.

TAKES A WOMAN

To Insult Another Woman in a Sure, Effective Way.

"It takes a woman to insult another woman," casually remarked the man with a flower in his coat, "and I don't mean to insult the sex by saying it, either. It is simple fact." "Oh, very well," assented his listener. "But what do you call it beside 'simple fact' when you make such a sweeping charge?" "Well, for instance," said this man with a flower in his coat, "I was at a reception the other afternoon, where a pretty young woman, a local artist, was bidden to sing. She happened to be suffering from a bad cold, but rather than a disappointment to the hostess, who depended on her voice for entertaining the guests, she began bravely a well-known German song, which she does usually remarkably well. And then I was an eyewitness to a scene that illustrates my 'sweeping charge.' Seated directly in front of the singer were two ladies who disdained the art that had been fostered in a rival clique, and who were determined to let their victim see how despised she was, how bad her voice, how crude her method; at least this was all written on their countenances, as I saw them. The lady who knew it all signalled the lady who knew that she knew it all by pushing out a Boston boot and touching the other's foot. Indescribable weariness lifted the eyebrow of the lady who knew it all, and the lady who knew that she knew it all leaned forward, resting her chin in her glove, as though unable to hold herself erect an instant longer. And still the song went on! And still the ladies rustled and twisted, fastening their gaze blankly on the singer, but at last the lady who knew that she knew it all perceived her insult was not taking effect, and thereupon she arose, bidding her hostess good-bye in the middle of the last verse with a great flourish." "And you think this is a nice thing to relate," cried a woman, who, happily for her, doesn't know a note of music." "No," said the man, calmly, "but was it nice of your sex to try to upset a fellow-creature, by letting her see how distasteful she was, not because she couldn't sing, but because here came a chance to pay off some old scores? Yes, I persist in saying that it takes a woman to insult another woman. I should never have dreamed of going out in the middle of a song given at a private drawing-room, no matter how much I hated the man who was singing it." "Perhaps not; but doubtless the lady was faint, ill, a wreck, and emotion was not good for her. That is the most charitable light in which to look at any such breach of good manners."—Boston Herald.

Curing a Cold.
Mr. Blifkins had a cold. It settled in his head. "Always hits the weakest spot." Funny friends all said. Mr. Blifkins coughed and wheezed. Shivered, sneezed, and shook. Listened to his friends' advice—This is what he took: Box of anti-kamnia. Douched his nose with brine. Mustard plaster on his chest. Camphor balls. Quinine. Bottle Dr. Killeen's Cure. Onion stew. Some squills. Hoarhound tablets. Licorice. Anti-febrine pills. Porous plaster on his back. Spirits frumentii. Menthol inhalation tube. Ginger. Rock and rye. Bottle of cough syrup. Whisky—just a sip. Mutton tallow on his neck. Box of anti-grip. Vapor bath. Electric shocks. Brandy. Cure for croup. Emulsion of cod liver oil. Ugh!

Some strong beef soup. Every remedy they urged. Mr. Blifkins tried; Now they say they cured the cold. But Mr. Blifkins died. —Baltimore American.

Little Willie and Sister Grace.
They cut pa's trousers down for me; I don't get nothin' new; I have to wear his old coats out, his old suspenders, too!

His hats and shoes don't fit me, but I s'pose they will some day, And then they'll come to me instead of bein' thrown away!

My sister Grace is twenty-two And she can sing and play, And what she wears is always new— Not stuff that's thrown away! She puts on style, I tell you what! She dresses out of sight; She's proud and haughty and she's got A beau most every night.

I never get new things to wear; I'm just a boy, you see, And any old thing's good enough to doer up for me! Most everything that I've got on one day belonged to pa—

When sister's through with her fine things she hands 'em up to ma! —Chicago Times-Herald.

Possibilities in the South.
If our Southern States alone were as sensibly settled as Germany they would have a population of over 100,000,000.

Nature occasionally performs miracles for the purpose of demonstrating the possibility of the impossible.

TALKS ON HANDSHAKING.

Scientific Custom that Dates Back to the Beginning of Time.

"It is said by ancient astrologers that shaking hands is a scientific custom which dates back to the beginning of time. There is all the difference in the world between the various modes of clapping the hand of stranger or friend as to the resulting impression obtained by and through that operation, consciously or unconsciously," said a society woman at a select afternoon tea yesterday. "I claim that the results depend upon the proper position taken by the two hands clasped, although a mere touch will tell much. We shake hands in order to form a connection between us which will result in the exchange of planetary vibrations which notify us whether we have met a friend or foe. Few people go into such an exact scientific analysis of the reasons, but perhaps think that they do it because other people do it; that it is the custom of the country, or because the person met offers the hand. It remains an indisputable fact, however, that we form likes and dislikes upon touching the hands of strangers, and that friendships or dislikes often start at that point, whether we realize it or not. The exchange of impression is strong at the moment of contact of the palm. It makes us unhappy to touch some people, and we will not if we can help it.

"The most effective handshake is not the close clasp in all cases, although it may be in many, but varies according to the sizes and shapes of the two hands which clasp each other. However they may meet, there is one spot which is the magnetic center of the entire being—the mount of the sun, speaking from the standpoint of palmistry—which has the most direct nerve contact with the brain and also most direct blood connection with the heart, and is, therefore, called the 'ring finger'—with the magnetic pole at its base.

"The physical and mental strength are there united in the strongest magnetic center of the body. If the two hands thus clasped are placed with their magnetic centers in close contact, no matter where the rest of the palm may be, I insist that there is a strong magnetic current established between these two people.

"It may be intensified in effect if the mounts at the bases of the other fingers also be brought into as close contact with each other, thus bringing the minor magnetic poles also together. Then, if the third, or 'ring finger,' curls around the mount of Venus—astrologically situated at the base of the little finger, above the heart line and traversed by the marriage line or lines—and the thumb extends across the back of each friend's hand to the knuckle at the base of the 'ring finger,' clasping those chief magnetic poles the more closely, the law of magnetism is carried out to complete perfection, the effects are most pronounced, and we enjoy the pleasurable interchange of vibrations, whether we know the 'whys and wherefores' or not.

"In all probability, we do not care why—we only know that we enjoyed the handclasp."—New York Tribune.

THOUGHT HE HAD A FINE RISK.
Enterprising Insurance Agent Lost a Day Looking for a Patent.

"I wish that people wouldn't try to be so funny with me!" snapped the life insurance agent. "Life is a serious business. That is why I spend so much of my time trying to impress upon people that some of my unexcelled life insurance is necessary for their happiness. Here I have lost a whole day and been put to considerable expense, when I might have used both to better advantage, and all because people look upon me as a fit subject for their practical jokes.

"The other day I chanced to step into a hotel to see what was going on, and while there I struck up an acquaintance with a man who looked to be about 60 years of age. It wasn't long before I discovered that he carried no insurance, and as he looked like a splendid risk I lost no time in telling him all about the celebrated insurance that I handle. He looked a little bored before I was half through, but I didn't let that bother me, as I had him in a corner where he couldn't escape. Finally, through an oversight on my part, he managed to get in a word.

"See here," said he, "I have the heart disease and couldn't get my life insured if I wanted to. But I have a son who is as sound as a dollar. Why not talk to him?"

"Where is he?" said I.

"He is out at my home about thirty miles from here. It will be worth your time to see him."

"I'll see him at once," I answered.

"Well, I got the address and took the first train out there. I found the house all right and rang the bell. A woman answered me, and I asked if Mr. Blank's son was at home.

"He is," she answered, looking at me rather queerly.

"May I see him?" I asked.

"You may," she answered, and led the way inside. She disappeared for a moment, and then reappeared upon the scene with a 6-month-old baby in her arms and I collapsed."—Detroit Free Press.

BEES NEVER CARE TO WANDER.

Don't Like to Go More Than Five Miles After 1st Meal.

The range of the honey bee is but little understood by the masses, many supposing that bees go for miles in quest of nectar, while others think that they go only a short distance. It may be curious to many to understand how any one can tell how far the bee may fly, but this is simple when understood. Years ago, when the Italian bees were first introduced in the United States, these bees, having marks different from those of common bees, were easily distinguished, and after any bee-keeper had obtained the Italian bees they could be observed and their range easily noticed. If bloom is plentiful near where bees are located they will not go very far, perhaps a mile in range, but if bloom is scarce they may go five miles. Usually about three miles is as far as they may go profitably.

Bees have been known to go as far as eight miles in a straight line, crossing a body of water that distance to land. It is wonderful how the little honey bee can go so far from its home and ever find its way back to its own particular hive. If, while the little bee is out of its home, or hive, the hive should be removed some ten or twenty feet, according to the surroundings, when it came back to where its home was first located it would be hopelessly lost. If its home was in an open space, with no other objects close, it might find its way home, but, even should the hive be moved only a few feet, many of the bees would get lost.

So, to move a hive, if done in winter time, it would be all right, but if in the summer time, it should be done after dark, or when the bees are not flying, and even then the bees should be stirred up some and smoke blown in at the hive entrance and a board or some object placed in front of the hive so that the bees in coming out may mark their new location. Bees, no doubt, are guided by sight, and also by sense of smell. They are attracted by the color of bloom, as, if they are at work on a certain kind of bloom, they are not likely to leave that particular kind of bloom for any other as long as they can find that kind. Again, bees are often attracted to sweets by their sense of smell, for they will go after sweets, even if in the dark, if close. However, any kind of sweets may be placed in glass in plain sight, but if covered, so as not to emit any smell, the bees will take no notice of them.—Baltimore American.

The Cradle of Cyclones.
Imagine yourself on a trim ocean-steamer, gently throbbing along over a summer sea of indigo blue, ruffled here and there by little white wavelets. You are screened by taut-spread awnings from a tropical sun in a clear sky, and cooled by a constant breeze, which blows so gently that you feel as if it might continue unchanged forever. Toward the South a long stretch of horizon is hidden by a big island, rising in tropical green, verdure-covered terraces of piled-up, hazy mountain peaks. More fascinating than the island itself are the clouds piled above it, masses upon masses of them, rolling and tumbling and contending among themselves. Great, dazzling white piles swell higher and higher above the peaks, growing first iridescent with beautiful opal tints, then an omniscious copper color, and finally seeming to burst asunder and send up fine white streams far into the blue of heaven, like volcanic vapor. Along the mountain sides white seces drift like wisps of wool blown against a wayside hedge, while through the valleys dark gray streamers trail like damp and newly combed hair.

Night comes on, and lurid lightning rushes through these clouds, throwing the moon-lit sea into pale significance, while from many other places on the horizon arise fitful fares and flashes of small mounds of clouds hanging over other unseen islands. These lightnings all seem voiceless, and still your ship speeds on through stormless waters.

The big island is Cuba, and not far away are the Bahamas. You are in what may be called the cradle of cyclones. Here nature is calling into existence those dreadful storms which rush away northward over sea and land upon their ruthless and terrible course of destruction.—LA. J. M. Elliott, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

Mohammedans.
The number of Mohammedans has been estimated at 194,500,000. Of these 18,000,000 are under the rule of the Turkish Government, 28,000,000 are ruled by other Musselman sovereigns, 98,500,000 are subject to African Princes, 20,000,000 live in China, and 80,000,000 are under other rulers. Of these last about 58,000,000 belong to India and Beloochistan.

The Oar's Suite.
The Oar of Russia's suite consists of 173 persons, of whom 78 are general and 76 extra aides-de-camp. To the suite belong 15 members of the imperial family, 17 Princes of nobility, 111 other noblemen.

Some people only have a vacation when they get sick.



Liquid air has been used to propel an automobile and for refrigerators and blasting. Other applications have also been contemplated. Thus far, however, none of these have yet been developed to a stage that insures a commercial demand for the product, and the problem of storing it without evaporation is not yet fully solved.

When soda ash was obtained from seaweed a Parisian soap boiler discovered in it the element of iodine. In the hands of Niepee and Daguerre this iodine was found to render a silver surface sensitive to light. The developed and fixed impression on the plate gave the daguerreotype. The French Government purchased the secret and made it free to the world.

One of the chief governing instincts among wild birds is the sense of fear. This feeling of fear is not apparent in birds until ten or twelve days after birth. All perching birds acquire the instinct of fear at from eight or ten days after birth, and this instinct becomes the controlling factor in the subsequent experiences of the bird, being either lessened or increased by circumstances.

In Venezuela, the castor-oil plant growing around houses is believed to keep mosquitoes away. In that country the plant grows to the size of a tree and is perennial, whereas in more temperate climates it attains a height of only four or five feet. But United States Consul Plumacher at Maracaibo thinks the plant would be equally effective against mosquitoes anywhere. By keeping the branches and seeds of the plant in a room, he says, the pests are driven away.

At McGill University, Montreal, experiments have recently been made by Prof. F. D. Adams which show that at temperatures of 300 degrees to 400 degrees centigrade, and under a pressure of a hundred tons to the square inch, marble "flows" readily, so that a solid block can be caused to assume an entirely new shape without being cracked or broken. The inference is that in the depths of the earth marble, hemmed in by surrounding rock, flows as in the experiments.

The King of Siam, says our consul at Bangkok, rides an American bicycle, and "it is no uncommon thing to see the ministers of the government coming and going to their duties, and even to public functions, on their wheels." Many of the princes of the country belong to a bicycle club, and a few months ago there was a grand bicycle pageant in the presence of the King and Queen, in which nearly every prince of Siam participated. The American wheels are far in the lead of all others in the sales.

The deepest hole in France is a well in the coal mines of Ronchamp, Upper Seine, which was completed in December, 1900. Its depth is 3,009 feet, and its utilisable diameter is thirteen feet. The shaft is walled from top to bottom and lined with copper, where it traverses water-bearing strata. To complete it sixty months was required. At thirty feet below the surface the temperature of the rock is 50 degrees F., at the bottom the temperature is 117 degrees F., although the highest temperature of the air in the shaft (with artificial ventilation) is 88 degrees.

Working on His Pride.
A peddler who was in the habit of visiting the various offices in a large down-town building at regular intervals with a patent shoe-polish was making his rounds one day as usual, when an occupant of one of the rooms said to him:

"Say, you've been coming here for about six years. Twice a year I buy a box of your polish, and never any other. Six weeks ago you sold me one, and it will last me nearly five months yet; and still you drop in regularly every week to ask me if I don't want another box. You know I don't. What do you do it for?"

"I thought maybe you'd git sort of 'shamed of usin' so little shoe-polish after a while, and 'd buy a box now an' then as a matter o' pride," answered the peddler, taking the precaution to edge toward the door as he spoke.

But he sold that man another box of polish there and then.—Youth's Companion.

Singing Soldiers.
A London paper notes that during the recent Austrian maneuvers the General in command tried the original experiment of using the singing of songs as the means of ascertaining the whereabouts of the different companies of the corps d'armee.

He commanded each battalion of a division to learn a certain song of war and sing it when attacked. In this way he was enabled to discover, when some distance off, which battalion was being attacked by the enemy.

The songs consisted of old folk-songs familiar to the men. To each battalion was attached a few musicians and drummers, who assisted the singing soldiers.