

THE FORECAST

Though she hopes and the dreams that I cherish
in blindness
You have striven to stay in me, cruel in kindness
To leave not a dream, not a hope, I can cling
to
You are mine still to pray for, to long for, to
sing to
I shall love the few years out with hope un-
diminished
For death's not the end, and the tale is not
finished
I shall take the old thread up, relight the old
ember
And if you have forgotten me I shall remem-
ber
Rejoice me while living, forget me when dy-
ing
Perhaps the next chance will be more worth
the trying
What's aunts in my love will have time to be
mended
For I shall not give up till eternity's ended.
—Full Mail Gazette.

TRIED TO ESCAPE.

She stood leaning against the deck railing of the steamer Priscilla. For some moments she had been listlessly watching the last of the baggage bundled on to the boat by the burly freight handlers, and now she gave a little sigh of intermixed relief and suppressed excitement as the big hawseers that held the boat to the wharf were loosened and flung into the water. She waited until the men drew in the wet rope; then she turned to the scenes about her. What a labyrinth they seemed to be passing through! Tugs, pilotboats, ferries, all seemed to be crossing and recrossing in a most reckless manner as the Priscilla plowed along independently, as if the whole river were clear of obstructions.

The sun was just setting, and New York's tall buildings shot skyward, black against the pink glow. There were familiar domes and spires, but she turned hastily from them and cast a glance at Liberty, silent and impassive with her upstretched arm.

A slight frown rose to her face as she recalled that day they had landed there from the yacht, and she bit her lips in vexation at the reflection. "At any rate, it is all right now," she said to herself, while a peculiar light stole into her eyes. "This is the end of it all. I couldn't do better than to go at once and not let him know where. It will save all fruitless discussion. And—I hate a scene."

She stared steadily at the buildings on Blackwell's island. They were very misty and indistinct, and she passed her hand rapidly over her eyes.

The deck was filling with passengers, and she moved to a more retired spot, where she sat back and watched the shore grow dark and the lights come out one by one. She pushed up the veil she had worn and looked about her. It was a curious crowd, it seemed to her. She had never traveled this way before. What a mixture of refinement and vulgarity! There were a man and a woman eating out of some brown paper bags, and just beyond them a man and wife apparently of her own set.

Well, she could go to her stateroom early and so be by herself. She would go down to dinner now. Alone? It gave her a peculiar sensation to think of it. Well, it was part of the penalty of running away, as it were.

She rose to go.

"Am I just in time to take you down?" a familiar voice said close beside her.

Her hand grasped the back of the camp chair. The motion, together with a swaying of the boat, made her stagger for a moment, but a strong hand held her firmly. "I shall be very glad if you will go down with me," he repeated.

She sat down again suddenly. "Did you get my note?" she demanded.

"Of course," drawing a chair and speaking in a low voice as he readjusted the wrap that had slipped from her shoulders. "But you didn't suppose I would obey, did you?" He smiled as he spoke.

"It was horrid of you," she replied, giving her shoulders a shrug so that the wrap loosened again and fell to the deck, where it lay unheeded, "perfectly horrid."

He made no reply to the charge.

"You knew we couldn't keep on this way," she continued in a aggrieved voice. "It was misunderstanding, misunderstanding, all the time, and of course that wasn't—wasn't love." She hesitated and glanced quickly at the figure beside her. His eyes were on the passing landscape.

"And I didn't want any scene. It's horrid and common to make a scene." She swallowed hastily. "And so I wrote the note and ended it all, and just came away, so as to get rid of all this. And now you've followed me." She spoke indignantly and beat a tattoo on the deck with her foot.

He looked at her gravely for an instant, then turned again to the darkness outside. "I don't think you can realize what it is," he said, his eyes on a distant revolving beacon, "to ask a man to give up what is more than life to him."

The light from the powerful lens blazed full upon them, rested for a moment, and then left them in darkness once more.

"I couldn't give you up that way," he went on, his hand impulsively stealing out and taking hers. "For if I did it would be for all time, and so I was bound to make one more fight. When I found that you were gone I just risked the chance of it being this way, because you had always insisted on never going by this line, and so, being a woman, I thought you'd take it now."

The hand in his made a feeble attempt to withdraw, but he held it close. "It wasn't nice of you," she said suddenly, as if a new thought had struck her, "because I'm alone, you know, and if any one we know should see us together."

The darkness covered his smile. "Nice women can travel alone," he replied, "but then, I thought that perhaps we might turn this into sort of an extended journey, you know. We can get

off at Newport—the boat touches at 4—and be married early and then keep on to the mountains. In fact, I wired to your aunt to meet us—and Bennett too."

There was a moment's pause. "I thought this looked like you," a woman's gay voice broke in. "Dear me, how nice and secluded you are. I've been trying to convince Richard that it was you." She turned and beckoned to her husband on the other side of the deck.

"Awfully jolly to find you two, don't you know," Mr. Clifford rejoined as he drew up a seat for his wife and handed Miss Wentworth her fallen wrap. "The Browns are back there and the Folsomes in the saloon. Lots of people we know."

"Your vacation, Elton?" Mrs. Clifford's next question precluded an answer. "Your aunt is inside, I suppose," she queried. "It is damp out here, and I suppose she likes to prove a lenient chaperon." She smiled teasingly.

Miss Wentworth's face flamed a vivid scarlet, and she half turned to her lover. "Yes," he responded quickly for her. "We—that is in fact, Mrs. Ashley is not with us."

His eyes dropped, and a peculiar smile played about the corners of his mouth. Miss Wentworth moved uneasily and gave a little gasp under cover of the darkness.

Mrs. Clifford broke into a sharp little laugh. "Of course," she said. "How lovely, and how dreadfully stupid of me not to think! It is your wedding journey, and you didn't want any of us to know."

"Yes," replied Elton, with a suppressed thrill in his voice as he boldly took again the white hand that he had dropped in confusion. "Only if you'd as lief not say anything about it. We didn't mean any one to know of it yet."

"It was unexpected and rather unconventional," said her aunt as she kissed the bride the next morning. "But, then, young people are strange creatures sometimes when they're in love, and I must say you two do seem to be dreadfully so. You've really been engaged a long time and not a single quarrel!"

She smiled approvingly at her new nephew.

"It was perfectly lovely," the bride said impulsively. "Ever so much better than if we had planned!" She stopped, bit her lip and glanced hastily at the others.

Bennett was handing her aunt into her carriage and appeared not to hear. She settled back into the seclusion of her own carriage.

"I think so, too," her husband replied as he bent and kissed her.—Springfield Republican.

Age of the Deer.

Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer. What says the highland adage?

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse.

Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man.

Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer.

Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle.

Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

This is to assign the deer to a period of more than 200 years, and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Thus Captain Macdonald of Tulloch, who died in 1776, aged 98 years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Treig for 50 years, his father for a like period before him and his grandfather for 60 years before him. So in 1826 Macdonald of Glenarry is reported to have killed a stag which bore a mark on the left ear identical with that made on all the calves he could catch by Ewen Maclean Og, who had been dead 150 years. Analogous stories, it may be noted, are told in countries on the continent of Europe, where deer are to be found in any number. But the general opinion among experts would seem to be that 30 years or thereabout is the limit of a deer's life.

Won Her a Diadem.

How did the French come into Sicily? A woman did it. At a festive entertainment held at a French court Beatrice, countess of Savoy and wife of Charles of Anjou, the brother of Louis IX of France, was removed from the superior range of seats occupied by her two younger sisters, the queen of France and the queen of England. Mortified by the humiliation, she returned to her apartments and burst into tears.

Upon learning the cause of her chagrin and her saying that she would be able to give up her life to confine her tresses for one hour beneath a diadem Charles embraced her affectionately and said, "Set your heart at rest, countess, for before long I will make you a greater queen than either of your sisters."

So he promised her. He defeated Manfred, the last of the Norman kings, and caused Conradino, the great-grandson of the Emperor Frederick, to be mercilessly slain, he himself and Beatrice witnessing the scene. Upon the death of his brother Charles became king of Naples, thus fulfilling the cherished desire of his wife for a diadem.

Blooms but to Die.

The talipot palm (Corypha umbraculifera) of Ceylon, whose leaves are put to such numerous uses by the Cingalese, bears fruit but once during its life. This elegant tree measures about 10 feet round the trunk and attains a height of about 180 feet. The flowers, the appearance of which presages death to the tree, are inclosed in a tall spathe, which bursts with a loud report, disclosing a huge plume of beautiful blossom. The inflorescence is succeeded by equally conspicuous bunches of fruit. When these have ripened, the tree withers rapidly and in the course of a fortnight may be seen prostrate and decaying on the spot it adorned.

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Magyar Aristocrats.

The Hungarian aristocracy has the largest estates of any nobility in Europe. The manner of living of these grands seigneurs is strongly patriarchal. Their country chateaux are comfortable, but unpretentious, and are lordly in nothing but the hospitality of their owners. The stranger and the native are alike made welcome within the doors of these old manor houses and invited to sit down at table like friends of the family.

If a stranger drives up to the entrance door of a Hungarian chateau, immediately and before any questions are asked concerning the visitor's business, even before the master of the house has made his appearance, a legion of servants rush forward and carry the visitor's baggage to one of the half dozen rooms always ready to receive guests, invited or otherwise. When the Hungarians wish particularly to honor a guest, 15 or 20 courses are served at dinner, but as the Magyars have in everything the utmost respect for individual liberty no guest is ever pressed to eat or drink.

"You are at home. Do as you would at home," says the master of the house as he greets you on your arrival. Living as they do, away from court and court life, these proud Magyar aristocrats ask nothing and expect nothing from the sovereign, and maintain in consequence their pride, dignity and independence of character.—Argonaut.

The Magician and the King.

There is a good story told of a magician who has passed the great divide. He was a world traveler, and his wanderings set him upon one occasion in faraway New Zealand. It was arranged that he should give an exhibition of mind reading before the king of the Maoris. After some parleying it was decided that the king himself should conceal the article which the magician was to discover.

The mind reader left the room and, after a time, was brought back blindfolded, as is the custom in such performances. After some time the magician declared that the hidden article was in the king's mouth. His majesty shook his head savagely in the negative. The magician insisted upon his point and demanded that the king's mouth be opened wide. The king refused.

The magician insisted, and the excitement became very great until at last the dusky king reluctantly opened his jaws. The article was not there! The next instant, however, the king was taken with a violent fit of coughing. He had tried to swallow the lost article, a button, but could not, and was compelled to cough it up.

The Maoris were uproarious with mirth. They did not know which to admire the more—the wisdom of the magician or the heroism of the king.—London Globe.

The Power of Lyddite.

It is a very difficult problem to ascertain the numerical superiority of lyddite over other explosives. It is certainly six times more powerful than nitroglycerin, which in turn is at least eight times more powerful than the same weight of gunpowder. Further, all experience shows that its effects are spread over a much greater area than in the case of nitroglycerin or dynamite, which are intensely local in their action. It has been frequently erroneously stated that lyddite or melinite may be used as a substitute for cordite or gunpowder in propelling a projectile. Such could not be the case, however, as the explosion takes place so rapidly that the chamber of the gun would be inevitably shattered.

Probably one of the greatest advantages of lyddite is its absolute safety to handle, which we can realize when we recall its use in the arts for over a century without its powers being even suspected. In this respect, combined with its superlative destructive capacities, lyddite approaches an ideal explosive for shells, and it is safe to predict that it will play an extremely important part in the great military operations of the future.—Chambers' Journal.

Mother Love Conquered.

A pathetic incident which happened recently in this city shows that a strong will can sometimes do more in combating dread disease than all the skill of the medical fraternity. An entire family, consisting of both parents and four children of tender age, was stricken with malignant pneumonia. The wife was apparently the worse sufferer, and her case was given up by the doctors as beyond hope. Meanwhile her husband became suddenly worse and died. Everything that medical science could do had been done for the wife without avail, and after consultation the physicians decided to take a desperate risk and tell her of her husband's death, reasoning that the shock might kill her, but also might arouse her ebbing strength and assist in checking the

coma which was already presaging dissolution.

The experiment was tried, and when the devoted mother learned that her death would leave her children without a protector, her mother love aroused her last energies and she not only survived the great shock of her life partner's death, but she actually recovered.—Philadelphia Record.

The Evolution of the Steamship.

When it seemed that the limit had about been reached with wrought iron as the main reliance of the designer, mild steel had been so perfected as to enable progress to be maintained. The large boilers necessary to withstand the high pressures and furnish the power for high speeds would have been impossible but for mild steel, and the same thing is true of the moving parts of the engine. It may be noted also that workmanship had improved, and the use of antifriction metals for bearings, combined with this improved workmanship, enabled the high rotational speed to be carried out with safety and reliability.

The machinery of Wampanoag, designed in 1865, was so heavy that only 8.24 i. h. p. per ton of machinery was obtained. The San Francisco, one of the earliest of the modern cruisers of the United States navy in which advantage was taken of all the factors for reduction of weight, obtained 10.63 i. h. p. ton of machinery.—Commodore G. W. Melville, U. S. N., in Engineering Magazine.

Six Months in a Bath.

Life in a bath must be somewhat monotonous, but it is quite common in the best of our modern hospitals. At first it was tried only in a few absolutely hopeless cases, but the results were so satisfactory that various forms of disease are now systematically treated by continuous immersion in water.

Some time ago, for instance, a young girl was dying from a complication of terrible diseases. She was a mere shadow, and nothing but death was before her under ordinary treatment. But an ingenious doctor placed her on a sheet and sank her into a warm bath, so that only her head remained above water. The bath was kept constantly warm, and in it she ate, drank and slept for 183 days and nights. At the end of the time she stepped out fat and strong.

In skin diseases the continuous bath is invaluable, for it can be medicated, and many hopeless cases of burning have been successfully treated in this extraordinary way.—Exchange.

Packages by Post.

Practically all the packages that go through the New York postoffice are examined. Many persons seem utterly unable to resist the temptation to scribble a message upon the back of a photograph or the lid of a box. A written dedication in a book or a written greeting, such as the conventional "Merry Christmas," is allowable, but, with these exceptions, any written word makes a package liable to letter postage. The whole fly leaf of a book may be filled with a dedicatory note, but any other words, as, for instance, "See Page 4," would cause the package to be classed as written matter.

Another common error is to put sealing wax on the knot of the string around the package. Such a package is classed as "sealed against inspection" and must pay letter rates. The same rule applies to boxes that have their lids nailed or tacked on. The amount of money collected for insufficient postage is surprising. The average receipts in this department of the postoffice are \$200 a day.—Leslie's Weekly.

Coronets.

The coronet of a duke consists of alternate crosses and leaves, the leaves being a representation of the leaves of the parsley plant. The princes of the blood royal also wear a similar crown. The state headgear of a marquis consists of a diadem surrounded by flowers and pearls placed alternately. An earl, however, has neither flowers nor leaves surmounting his circlet, but only points rising each with a pearl on the top. A viscount has neither flowers nor points, but only the plain circlet adorned with pearls, which, regardless of number, are placed on the crown itself. A baron has only six pearls on the golden border, not raised, to distinguish him from an earl, and the number of pearls render his diadem distinct from that of a viscount.

Change of Climate in Asia.

Professor Muskhietoff records the fact that observations at eight glaciers in the Caucasus extending over a period of eight to ten years show that they are steadily receding. The termini of the glaciers are retreating from 9 to 38 meters every year.—American Geographical Society's Bulletin.

She Recalled an Instance.

"Mrs. Peddicord," said that lady's husband, "did you ever say anything that you afterward regretted saying?" "Certainly, I said 'Yes' once and have been sorry for it ever since."—Detroit Free Press.

Nearly Fifty-Eight Years Old!



It's a long life, but devotion to the true interests and prosperity of the American people has won for it new friends as the years rolled by and the original members of its family passed to their reward, and these admirers are loyal and steadfast today, with faith in its teachings and confidence in the information which it brings to their homes and firesides. As a natural consequence it enjoys in its old age all the vitality and vigor of its youth, strengthened and ripened by the experiences of over half a century. It has lived on its merits, and on the cordial support of progressive Americans. It is

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