HIS RETURN ON EASTER MORN

STORY OF A SHORT SEPARATION BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

AS it was, of what use was life to her? She was married to a man who, she said to herself, evidently cared no whit about her. There had been no marriage settlements, of course, for when Harry Carlisle's father dropped a million in Wall street and presently died, he left his son with an income which, with his habit of life and thought, was little more than a subsistence. But of anything like that she had never thought; all she thought was that marriage meant love, adoration, companionship—and for a short period she had found it so. And in that time who carried in face and manner such radiant bliss as Harry Carlisle's beautiful young wife?

"Beautiful?" said Doras Fraeme. "But possibly. Unique, perhaps captivating, I grant you."

He was not beautiful himself, certainly, enjoying the distinction of being as ugly a man as society could tolerate; but he was clever, somewhat distinguished in the matter of athletics and the hunting of big game; and he was immensely rich.

He had not been an especial friend of Harry Carlisle's; indeed, Harry had been heard to say, before his marriage, that the less he saw of him the better he liked him. But it was not long after the wedding that Harry wondered how he could have been so mistaken in Fraeme, a whole-souled fellow, and pathetically unfortunate in that he could never hope to win the love of a woman.

"I'm sure I don't see why," Agnes said, a little petulantly, being displeased that her husband had chosen to loiter with Fraeme rather than come back to her. "A man is not married for his beauty. Sometimes the uglier a man is the more a woman loves him."

"Oh, if you mean pity!"

"I don't. I mean fascination. One looks, and looks again, till one finds character, and—and—something else. I don't know what."

"One would find wit and a charm of manner and a sort of princely generosity in Fraeme. Why, if you'll believe me, when I happened to say that yachting in the Mediterranean was beyond my means, although not beyond my desires, he put the Lampad at my disposal. Indeed, he rather urged it. And, by George! I've half a mind to accept it."

"Oh, Harry, and leave me?" she cried, pausing with the brush in hand that swept her long, resplendent hair.

"Leave you, my precious? Of course not. You are to go along."

"At his expense?"

"At whose else's?"

"Oh, never!"

"But why not? I couldn't afford anything like that, you know—worse luck. We would simply be his guests, as we might be on land. Others will be of the party."

"Oh, no, no! It would be too much obligation. I—I shouldn't like it. I couldn't do it." And she brushed her hair more rapidly, and if her husband had looked at her reflection in the glass he would have seen her great violet eyes flashing and directly afterward the soft, full lip trembling."

"Too late," he said, lightly. "I have promised."

"Without consulting me!"

"Oh, come, now, Agnes, what woman ever had to be consulted and weigh pros and cons when a yachting trip up the Mediterranean was concerned?"

"This woman!" cried Agnes. "And I absolutely refuse to go."

"What excuses are you going to give?" "Excuses? None!"

"And I?"

"You seem to have been thinking only of yourself, and you must make your own excuses."

"I shall do nothing of the sort. I shall go."

"Very well." And she caught up her dressing-gown, and, wrapped in its rosy folds, sailed out of the room like an angry young goddess. It was their first quarrel; perhaps, she thought—if in her towering passion she thought at all—that by making it violent it would be their last.

"Well, I don't know what this means," murmured Mr. Carlisle. "But if I take backwater now I shall have to do so the rest of my life." So he went to bed, and, being very tired, and the hour late, in spite of himself he went to sleep. When he awoke it was far into the day, and Mrs. Carlisle, Aileen said, had taken a little bag and gone into the country.

For a moment Mr. Carlisle was struck aback, as he phrased it, even his language sympathetically feeling the yachting fever. "I'm all at sea," he said. But, as he flattered himself, he knew his wife better than she knew herself; and he casually remarked to Aileen that she would presently be back, and he went about putting up and sending off his belongings, and, as a further preliminary step, when he went out he took to the bank for safe keeping the few jewels he had given his wife.

He was right in his remark to Aileen. Before night Mrs. Carlisle had returned, her heart tender and sore. She felt then as a garden of flowers might feel when a chill wind blows over it and turns the dew to ice, as she saw the last of Harry's boxes ready for delivery. But she thought almost at once: "He is a man of the world. Doubtless he knows best. I may be only a mistaken fool. It's my nasty vanity that saw anything in that man's glances. I'll do as Harry says." And, opening drawers and presses, the first thing she found was that her jewels were gone.

Consternation ruled the next few instants. She accused the maid in her mind. And then, in a flash, she knew better. Harry had taken them! Oh, no, not to dispose of! She thought nothing like that for one instant. But he had taken them so that while he was gone she should not make herself beautiful with them—so that she should stay at home disconsolate. "My jewels, my poor little jewels!" she cried. And when Harry came home that evening, confident and gay, saying:

"Aha! I knew you would change your mind. And so you are making ready."

"I am making ready for dinner," she said, with the air of a displeased princess.

"Oh, come now, Agnes, what's the sense of this? Angry with me because I want to give you a charming trip."

"I thought it was Mr. Fraeme giving the trip," the tinkle of ice in her tones.

"Oh, well, just as you please. But it won't matter who gives it when the March winds are howling here next month and the yacht is lying in blue water among the Greek islands, a ruined temple on the steep, every breath blown over orange flowers—"

"Not in the least, as I shall know nothing about it." And as at that moment an expected guest arrived, and directly afterwards dinner was announced, there was nothing more to say.

"Time and tide wait for no man," said Harry Carlisle, as a couple of hours later he was told that his cab was at the door. "And I shall have to leave you, as we sail on the tide in half an hour, and there is barely time." As he bent to kiss his wife, only her cold cheek was turned toward him; and the next moment, in a flame of anger, he was gone.

Ten minutes later, tide or no tide, the bell rang violently. Harry Carlisle was back again. He was going, oh, yes, he was going—he hanged if he wasn't! But it was impossible to part from his wife in that way. And, perhaps—perhaps—she would rush some things into a couple of boxes, he and Aileen helping, and come along after all. As he dashed in she was coming down the narrow hall in her opera-cloak, a scarf of rose-colored gauze wrapped about the burning beauty of head and face. "Have you forgotten something?" she said, with icy sweetness. "Aileen will find it for you. Mr. Van Doon is taking me in for the last act of 'Tartarus.' Good-bye again." And she sailed out, with Mr. Van Doon beside her, before another word could be said. And if Mr. Van Doon thought this was the manner of society, he would have forgiven a breach of decorum in favor of something more warm.

But if anyone had looked in upon Agnes Carlisle an hour after that midnight they would have seen her face down and beating her hands on the floor, in an agony of grief and terror.

She had not fully believed that her husband would go, that he would really leave her—and they not six months married! They had better never had been married! she cried. It was impossible that he should love her and be capable of this! He had tired of her—he had tired of her already! All his protestations of love were deceits. He had been keeping up the pretense because there was nothing els to do!

She had no one to whom to go—no home, no nearer friends. All her life she must endure this loss of love, this neglect, this cruelty, this insufferable pretense. No man who loved his wife would have gone from her so. Harry! Oh, her Harry!

She dragged herself up when daylight came at last, took off her evening dress, for the sake of appearances before the maid, and hurried through some apology for a morning toilet.

"There will not be much to do while Mr. Carlisle is away, Aileen," she said. "And after you have set the apartment in order you can have the day."

It seemed as though she would stifle herself unless she had the place to herself that she might get used to her misery.

Nevertheless, at nightfall, after the long and bitter day, spent in going from room to room like a wild creature, it suddenly crossed her mind that Harry might be practicing a ruse, or might possibly have been punishing her contumacy, and would be back for dinner. It was masterful, but she could afford to laugh at it. The color sprang to her white cheeks at the fancy, the light to her eyes; she hurried to dress her lovely hair the way he liked it best, to put on her gown of lavender liberty that he had said made her look like the spirit of a rose coming out of twilight. They would have to go out to dinner, for there was no dinner in the house; but that would be all in the way of festivity. And when at last the bell did ring, her heart gave a great leap, a surge of love and joyousness swept her from head to foot, and she ran to throw open the door, and stood there magnificently lovely before the gaze of Mr. Doras Fraeme.

"I—I—I—why—how—I supposed you were out at sea!"

"At sea? I?" he said, stepping inside and closing the door, and without invitation throwing off the coat that hung loosely on his shoulders. "Far from it, as you perceive. I lent the yacht to my friend. But I had no idea that Carlisle would go without you. What under—Ah, well, pardon me, but if I were in his place"—and he looked about him slowly and made ready to take a seat unasked as soon as she were seated—"a yachting party would call to me in vain."

"One is sometimes very thirsty for the sea," she said, with a slow dignity; but her voice trembled and she sat down because she could not stand.

"Men differ," said Mr. Fraeme, disposing himself comfortably. "What I long for is not the sea, but a home—a home with the charm of this," he said, turning to gaze about him leisurely, "with some one waiting for me, watching for me. One thing is sure—I should never leave it for any foreign cruising. But"—he paused, looking down abstractedly at the pattern of the rug, and then, shrugging his shoulders as one shakes off unpleasant thoughts—"but that, you see, is not for me. I go through life alone. What wonder if I amuse myself? Yet a good woman might have made a good man of me!"

"I hope," said Agnes, timidly, a gentle sympathy in her tones, "that at some time—some one—"

But his bitter laugh interrupted her. He stood up and looked in the long mirror. "It is likely!" he exclaimed, with a gesture half of horror, half despair, and he threw himself back in the chair he had left, covering his face with his hands.

Her heart was full of agitation, full of pity for some one more wretched than herself. She put out her hand and would perhaps have touched him, gently as the petal of a flower might have done. But he grasped the hand quickly, bent over it an instant, touched it with his lips, left the room, and snatching his coat and hat was gone.

The next morning some huge boxes of roses came to her, the multitude and fragrance of which for many days made her rooms a garden. During these days she did not again see Mr. Fraeme; but one morning, too restless to stay indoors, she went out, and in one of the sheltered byways of the park she came across him sitting on a stone bench with his arms stretched along its back and his head fallen between them in an attitude of utter dejection. He moved as her step drew near, and looked up with a startled, half-bewildered air, and then sprang to his feet, hat in hand, quite as if nothing were the matter and ignoring the last moment. He walked along beside her, still with his hat in his hand, for it was a bland morning, the snow having been gone for some weeks, and in that wild part of the Park the brooks were rustling and the buds were swelling. Presently he began telling her a droll story, and as they walked to the cars no one would have dreamt he had a care in the world, and no one could have helped wondering about him afterwards; and Mr. Fraeme occupied a share of Agnes' thoughts that day to the exclusion of some part of her own sorrows.

Mr. Fraeme came to the apartment that night. He came the next day; presently he was coming every day and sending his flowers before him. He told her wild stories of his adventures in wild countries, and sad stories of his neglected childhood and cruel youth. He read to her; he sat in silence. "I am keeping guard," he said, lightly, once, "since you have been left alone and unprotected." And his manner conveyed more than his words might have dared. Every time he left her Mrs. Carlisle was more impressed than she had been before with the fact of her husband's indifference.

Day by day, too, Mr. Fraeme's flattery became less subtle and more free. "I have always, till now, had an impediment in my admiration," he said, laughing, and gazing at her boldly. "If a woman had beauty there was some counterbalance that made it void. But you!" And his eyes said the rest.

"Well," he said one evening, "it is time I went to my eyrie. It is pleasant walking there these cool Spring nights, with the smell of the coming leaves in the air. What would it be if some one were waiting there for me! What is it to me that the place is a palace, that it is hung with tapestries for which Mazurin sold his soul, that I have there a Reubens for whose possession Imperial Princes quarreled. That Titian of mine is a poor thing to look at instead of the face of a wife. "Good heavens! How I could love her!" he cried. "With what sweet observances I would compass her! I would make her love me! Even the thing I am would make her love. She should be so happy she could not help loving me. And I ask for so little love! With what luxury, what splendor, what pleasure I would surround her; what worship I would give her! Good heavens! How Carlisle could throw away such happiness!"—and he snatched up a book and began reading anywhere, anything at haphazard, and after a few sentences, abruptly said, "Good-night!"

He never approached the matter of Harry Carlisle's treatment of his wife any more directly than that. But every time, it may be, he congratulated himself on the fancy that the fibers of her affection wore thinner.

She had gone out one morning for some necessary purchase, glad that the long Lenten season was almost over, yet wondering why anything made her glad. She paused before a florist's window, where the likeness of a great white-winged angel was made with long-stemmed white lilies, when Mr. Fraeme came up behind and joined her.

"Why not come in here?" he said at a shopdoor. "There is a feast for the eyes somewhere inside." And he led the way. "The blue diamonds," he said to some one in authority, after they had passed down one or two glittering aisles. And presently, in long pincers held over night-black velvet, two stones like the concentrated light and splendor and color of blue heavens were before them. "They were like new-born stars," he murmured, his lips, as he bent looking at them with her, not far from her ear. "What luster, what freshness, what immortal bits of azure noonday! And yet no bluer nor more lustrous than your eyes. They are worth a King's ransom. Once they were the treasure of a Queen. They are yours if you will have them!"

Indeed, they were magnificent. They were, as he had said, a delight to the eyes. She looked again, to make sure they were really there, perhaps, before she turned away. 'I am afraid my little apartment is not large enough to hold them," she said.

"I do not ask you to wear them there," he said, still low-voiced, and following her, as she stepped out into the clear, lofty day with its light and loveliness in the promise of the coming Spring.

She was not angry with him. On the contrary, she was angry with Harry Carlisle. She remembered her old intention regarding this man; and she had had for some time more than a faint intimation of the feeling of Doras Fraeme. "Diamonds," she unwisely said, "would have no attraction for me beside love."

"And it is love I would give you! Such love as you long to be loved with!" he replied, half under his breath, but with a certain savage intensity in his voice, even in the bending of his head. "Such love as no man ever gave woman! Divorce is so easy," he urged then. "And life is so short. It is not as if he had not gone and left you free. And if in time you, you also, came to love—"

She made a slight deprecatory movement. "I will leave you now," she said.

"But to think of it!" he exclaimed. "Promise me—to think of it!" taking a hasty step after her. But she only waved her hand, with a slight motion of farewell, as she left him, and went down a side street.

In her own rooms she could think more at her ease. There was only the dim consciousness to hinder her that language had been spoken to her which no married woman could hear without disgrace and sin, and that she had not been offended by it. She was weighing a score of accessory matters. She was doing nothing else all day long; and at dark she was still walking up and down the narrow rooms and corridors with her swift, uncertain thoughts. Love itself tempted her—she bereft of love. And there were the palaces, the equipages, the unlimited purse, the yacht—a sea-going palace the world over—one's private car, the gems of princesses. Yet always her thoughts harked back to the love. And Harry did not care! With it all was the hurt anger that Harry did not care, the sharp wish for some returning thrust, some revenge! At night, as she sat in her white wrapper, her loose hair falling about her, and saw her reflection in the glass with its still resplendent beauty; she felt that what Doras Fraeme had said was true; she would be loved as in these bitter days she had longed for love.

If Harry had sent her some word, if he had cabled, as by this he could have done, from any foreign port—. But he had abandoned her. For all she knew, he had intended this. He had, at any rate, wished to be free, and had left her to her fate. And the money was nearly gone. Oh, what cruelty! So weary and worn was she with all this rabble of thoughts and fancies that when at last she slept, it was heavily, dreamlessly, and late.

It was Sunday; and the light was high in the sky—the beautiful high Spring light. The bells were ringing for the morning service. She had always gone to church with Harry, as a matter of custom, although she had not gone at all since she had been left alone. She could not have told what made her hurry with her dressing now and get into the street. It was with no idea of church, but because the house seemed too small to hold her and her intolerable fever. But doubtless some instinct for protection, some unconscious divination of her need of help, may have spurred her. For, as she went along, the great bells swinging high in the air seemed to call her with an insistence of every long swimming, lingering tone. It was Easter, she remembered; and in the faces of half the people she met, in the faces of the old and of the little children, was a look as if the spirit of Christ had risen in their hearts. Almost before she knew it, she was in a church; one where she had never been before, whose high altar place was white with banks of lilies, and whose odors were like the airs of heaven. The joyous music of a Magnificat was pealing through the arched spaces, and the long organ roll made her shiver.

For a moment she was a trifle dizzy. Who was she—what was she about to become—to enter here where all was sacred as the Garden of the Lord? A little child standing near, dazzled it may be by her face with the look of pain and wonder making the beauty singular; held towards her a lily he had found. She took it absently, and as a matter of course, and then sank on her knees in sudden abasement, her whole soul reaching out for something to hear her, to help her, and she prayed with unspoken words and unspeakable desire while the music flowed over her like a tide; and when she rose and went out it had not been Easter day in vain for her, for something of the spirit of Christ had arisen in her heart, too.

She went home, still grasping her lily. Presently she put the flower in water and felt it was like a promise of peace in the place. She told Aileen to take the day again; and when Mr. Doras Fraeme rang that night, he rang in vain. Her husband, she was saying, might have forsaken her, but she was still his wife. And perhaps—not perhaps, but, oh, certainly!—it was in an instant of pique he had gone, and he had been sorry ever since—as sorry as she had been! He had not cabled, because no cable could say what he wanted to say. There would be a letter soon, perhaps by the morrow's post. How could she so long have been blinded by her selfishness and temper! But if heaven could forgive her, Harry would. And if only Harry would—she did not complete her thought—possibly, just then, her husband stood first in her thought. When he came he should find her waiting, watching, loving, always his wife! What vile prompting had ever given her doubt of Harry Carlisle! As in old times the sound of the Easter bells had cast out dark legions, so today had it cast evil out of her heart!

She as sitting there in front of her lily, wrapped in a sort of ecstasy of hope and assurance, the rose burning on her cheek, the eyes shining like stars in depths of violet evening, the smile about her lips of faith triumphant over temptation, when there came the rattle of a key in the lock, and before she could spring to her feet she was in her husband's arms. "I never meant to go!" he cried. "I meant to come back with the pilot, but the sea ran so high he couldn't take his boat and went across with us. And I have been on the rack every instant of every day! What you have suffered, my darling! Oh, what I have suffered! Thank heaven, I find you here, and that you had faith in my love and my return. Can you ever, ever forgive me?"

"Let us forget it! Let us forget it all!" she cried. "It is Easter, and you have risen from the grave, you have come back to me from the dead!"

(Copyright, 1902.)

IN THE FIELD OF POPULAR SCIENCE

EPITOME OF WHAT IS DOING ALL OVER THE WORLD

AT THE banquet of Johns Hopkins Alumni and guests in Baltimore recently, President Gilman outlined his plans for the Carnegie Institution to an audience of 600. No such complete statement has previously been made, says the Electrical Engineer. It turned out, quite as it had been foreshadowed, that President Gilman intends to build up a permanent advisory staff of specialists in all branches of science. He means also to foster science in the broadest sense of the word. He mentioned economics alone of the historical sciences, but the numerous historians, philologists, and philosophers present assumed that their favorite studies would not be neglected. For a considerable period, the Carnegie Institution will confine its work to examining the present condition of American scholarship. The publications in the various fields will be examined by experts, who will finally present exhaustive reports, on the present condition and needs of every branch of learning in America, on the quality and promise of the workers in their several fields. These reports will in the sum constitute a kind of survey of the present state of learning in America. Upon this sound basis assistance will be granted to productive scholars, for the institution, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, will confine itself strictly to the encouragement of scientific research.

Sanatoria For Tuberculous Patients.

A great deal has been written and said about sanatoria for tuberculous persons, and regarding the value of open air and light in the treatment of such patients. Freudenthal advocates what appear to be practical means, by which many tuberculous patients might be placed in very favorable conditions "upon farming colonies." The colony would be established upon a large farm, which has a favorable location of a climate. The buildings could be inexpensive, and a large part of the year could be spent in tents, which mode of life is beneficial in itself.

Attention has been called to the fact that most of the climatic benefit that comes to this pathetic class of patients is due to their ability to live practically out of doors a large part of the time, night and day. The patients could help to place such an institution upon an economic basis by doing such light work as they were able to perform, and this would be beneficial to them, both physically and mentally. Such a plan if carried out would place tuberculous patients with small means in a position to obtain the advantages of climate and outdoor life, which at present can only be gotten with considerable expense, and in many cases is absolutely out of the question. By a certain amount of state aid, persons unable to pay could be provided for upon such a plan at no greater cost than is now required to care for them in poorly located, unsuitable, and often crowded hospitals.

"Skate" Electric Railway.

An experimental two miles of surface traction electric road has been completed at Wolverhampton, England, by W. M. Brown, engineer of the Lorain, Ohio, Steel Company. The operation of this section of road was so satisfactory that the whole line is to be converted to this "skate system." Midway between the rails are placed iron plates, 7x13 inches, flat measurement, which when crowned stand about three quarters of an inch above the pavement. These blocks are placed 10 feet apart. Under each is an airtight and waterproof compartment in which are contained the more technical parts. The plants are connected by buried cables, underneath and attached to each car is a skate 11 feet long. This skate is always in contact with one of the magnetic blocks. Before the magnetic force on the skate has been exhausted by one of the blocks another has taken up the work of propulsion. As soon as the skate reaches the block ahead, the contact is broken in the one over which it has just passed.

Hygiene in Barber Shops.

The importance of hygienic measures in barber shops has been emphasized anew by municipal legislation in San Francisco and New York. Physicians agree that a large proportion of the cases of baldness is secondary to disease of the grease glands of the scalp. The microbacillus of Unna and Sabouraud appears to be quite constantly present. Whether there is any particular microbe, which is alone responsible for the disease or not, it is generally conceded that it is parasitic in its direct origin. If this be accepted then the liability of carrying the infection from one person to others by means of toilet articles is apparent. To prevent this hair brushes, combs, etc., should not be used as common property for an entire household, nor for an entire community, as is the custom in most barber shops, but each individual should possess and use his own brush and comb. Such articles should be thoroughly cleansed occasionally, and in barber shops should be frequently disinfected. Shaving instruments also are undoubtedly the means of spreading certain infections of the beard, especially barber's itch. Other diseases of the skin, due to micro-organisms may also be carried in the same manner. Under the conditions which prevail in the ordinary barber shop this is liable to occur at any time. Most of the dangers referred to could be eliminated if barbers would apply the principles of antisepsis in their work. It would be no hardship to sterilize razors, strops, brushes, combs and hands. Little apparatus would be required and that used could be very simple and inexpensive. Efforts have been made in various places to compel barbers to employ antiseptic measures in their shops, but it is difficult to force such matters.

Cooling the Air.

The fair grounds at St. Louis, during the exposition of 1903, are to be cooled by drawing down currents from a height of 800 or 1000 feet above the ground, and flooding the grounds with air from 10 to 15 degrees cooler than the surface temperature.

The plan comprehends the construction of an aerial tower or standpipe of the aforesaid height, with lower termination about 15 feet above the ground, where large fans or blowers are attached that will draw a current downward at the rate of 20 to 30 miles an hour, equivalent to a pumping capacity of half a million cubic feet of air per minute. This volume of air will cover in an hour sixty acres 10 feet deep and in six hours, 360 acres.

Scientific and Industrial Notes.

A motor sleigh, propelled by a spiked wheel, is patented in Germany.

Gasoline hand-cars are giving satisfactory service on Western railways.

The mortality from pneumonia has increased 50 per cent since the grip appeared in 1889.

The difficulties in navigating the Red Sea are such, from reefs and shoals, that no sailing vessel has passed the Suez canal in 27 years.

The American Museum of Natural History is exhibiting a lobster a yard long. Its influence in producing nightmare is only prognosticated.

An Indianapolis inventor has patented an incandescent bulb. He puts two filaments in the ordinary 16-candle-power bulb and by turning it, can reduce the light to eight or to fourth candle-power.

Professor Berkland, who two years ago was sent by the Government to Northern Norway to study magnetism, the aurora borealis, and cloud formations, is engaged in the construction of a cannon with electro-magnetism as the motive power in place of explosives. A small model of the invention throws projectiles weighing a pound with great force.

The wireless telephone of Armstrong and Orlin is attracting marked attention from scientists and users of the telephone as well.

In London since August, there have been 3000 cases of smallpox in hospitals of which 523 were fatal and 1002 are still under treatment. About 50 new cases came in each day last week.

Surgeon-General Sternberg, in speaking before a Congressional committee, said that the metric system had been established in the Army and had given entire satisfaction. He commends the system and urges its adoption.

The gathering of clam shells for making pearl buttons produces for dwellers on the Mississippi River about $300,000 a year. The clams are most abundant on the upper Mississippi, and there most of the factories are located.

A glass house to be used as a solarium is being built at the Government Sanatorium for tuberculosis at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. During the last two years the Government has expended about $200,000 on this institution.

It is said that Fournier, the French automobile manufacturer and record breaker, gives nothing to the new corporation, which is to build a $2,000,000 automobile plant in Central New York, but his name and for that he has received $50,000.

The number of Northern people living in the South has increased 60 per cent. in ten years. The number of colored people born in the South and living in the North increased 46 per cent. between the last census and the one preceding it.

In Toledo, Ohio, the Post Office Department will place on each letter box an electrical device which will record at the central office when the box is opened. Some such apparatus is found to be necessary to prevent collectors from skipping boxes.

In Chicago the deaths from cancer increased from 7.3 per 1000 in 1870 to 28.9 per 1000 in 1900. The increase in 30 years was more than 80 per cent. Last year there were 1003 deaths from cancer out of a total of 240,406 deaths from all causes, or 41 in every 1000.

An automobile truck is now employed for moving iron safes. It has two propelling motors and a third elevates the safe to its place in the building. It requires three men and six and a half minutes to place a safe on a seventh floor. Formerly it required eight men two and a half hours.

The impression that the business of Hawaii is exclusively agricultural is an erroneous one. In a population of 154,000 there are 4687, or three per cent. in factories. Few of the Western or Southern states have a larger proportion of factory operatives. Factory wages are higher than in the United States.

In Philadelphia an elevated road will be built on Market street, running from the Pennsylvania Railroad station at Fifteenth street, westward to Sixty-Third street. It is probable that a subway will be built from Board street to the Delaware River, owing to the conjested traffic on Market street.

The Health Department of Germany is preparing to exterminate all rats in the Empire. Rats are the chief means of conveying the bubonic plague and other diseases. They seem to serve no useful purpose, and their general extermination would prevent much disease. Doubtless the Empire will subsequently quarantine against all redents.

The American Consul in Madagascar says, speaking of its eastern seaport: "Perhaps no city of this size in the world is so lavishly endowed with churches, cathedrals, monasteries, chapels, schools, hospitals, etc., as is Tananarivo. There is a school of manual labor, where every branch of manufacture is taught, and many handsome specimens of work are shown."

The outlook for the new diamond industry of British Guiana is very favorable. Up to date, stones valued at $50,000 at the custom-house have been exported. Ten men, at work for New York parties who located claims up the Mazaruni River a few months ago, recently collected in six weeks 8227 small diamonds weighing about 767 carats. The stones were valued at $9600, and were shipped to New York. That the region is not overrun with prospectors at this time is due to the expense involved in outfitting, transporting and providing for an expedition. It costs $1000 to get eight men up to the diggings, including the necessary prospecting implements and subsistence and pay for three months.

Enoch Emory went to Siberia from Cape Cod 40 years ago. He was the pioneer American merchant, and now has stores at Nikolaefsk, Habarofsk, Blagoveschensk, and Moscow. Governor Goodekoff said that he had increased the working force of the Amur territory 20,000 men by the introduction of American labor-saving machinery. Most of the supplies under the head of emigrant stores are furnished to the local government by him. American agricultural machines have enjoyed such an established reputation that it has long been a paying business to imitate them. The complaint now is that many cheap and inferior machines, most of them made in Germany from American models, are on the market.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

The Closing Scene.

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dim waters wid'ning in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the stream sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hew'd
His Winter log, with many a muffled blow.

Th' embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in times remotest blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture held his flight,
The dove scarce heard its singing mate's complaint,
And like a star, slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew;
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying wanderer blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung his swinging nest
By every light wind like a censer swung—

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east;
All now was songless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow, through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom, upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

Amid all this—the center of the scene—
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves, still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with Summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the swords to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords—but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon.
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped; her head was bow'd;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the Autumn scene.

—Thomas Buchanan Read.

Summer Longings.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the Summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the Summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the Winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May;
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

—Denis Florence McCarthy.

"Vita Nuova."

Long hath she slept, forgetful of delight;
At last, at last, the enchanted Princess, Earth,
Claimed with a kiss by Spring, the adventurer,
In slumber knows the destined lips, and thrilled
Through all the deeps of her unaging heart
With passionate necessity of joy
Wakens, and yields her loveliness to love.

Oh, ancient streams! Oh, far descended woods,
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls!
Oh, hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation! winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The Earth's divine renewal; lo I too with yours
Would mingle somewhat of glad song.
I too have come through wintry terrors—yea
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life has touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life,
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever power beneficent—
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought;
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the glorious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain—nay, a string, how jarred
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

—William Watson.

Extravagant.

When to the play I take Rosette
We have a box!
Ah, yes, I know I'm deep in debt,
And sore with creditors beset,
But Love has caught me in his net,
And gaily mocks.

So there we sit, and look as bored
As other swells;
For, small as is my little hoard,
Once in a while I can afford
Two gallery seats, and one box stored
With caramels!

—Clinton Burgess, in April Smart Set.

Together in Way; Together in Heart.

We are not twain, but one. Though seas divide us—
The children of the English-speaking race,
This, nothing now can change; whate'er betide us—
This is our birthright grace.

The tongue that holds our earliest recollections,
Whose accents moved us like a fond caress—
The tongue in which we lisped our first affection,
Our mother's name doth bless!

America and England, strong together—
Offspring of one great mother, sister lands—
Fear neither frowning fate nor boding weather,
Since close are joined their hands.

Beneath the ocean billow sways the cable
That gives them instant knowledge, each of each,
And were it sunk, their hearts would still be able
To find a way of speech.

The younger, who her virgin prairies planted
To bless the alien—Teuton, Latin, Gaul,
Welcomes the poorest, as to realms enchanted,
And makes them English, all!

Whilst she—the elder, in the hour of danger,
Stands at her side, their kinship unforgot,
Saying, with warning accent, to the stranger—
"Be heedful: Touch her not!"

For we have felt—have felt with one another,
Sharing each other's pride, each other's dread;
And we have wept, as children of one mother,
Mourning our cherished dead.

Is't for ourselves that friendship hath caress'd us—
That heaven hath strengthened so the English speech?
O God forbid! The mercy that hath blessed us
Has a diviner reach!

If with new strength there come not larger kindness,
Our banners, proudly borne, were better furled:
If we no longer see, for selfish blindness
Beyond our realms—the world,

Then poor are we, though vast our rule supernal,
Who magnify the ill we might redeem,
Missing the glory of the hope eternal,
The touching human dream!

There is a remedy for life—the flower
Whose perfect name is Love! Of its increase
Are freedom born, compassion, beauty, power—
Power, whose gift is peace.

Dear sister-lands, so blest, may wisdom guide us;
Yet, in our hearts may love perfected lie,
Deep as the ocean that can not divide us—
Kind as the arching sky!

—Florence Earle Coates.

Tired Mothers.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch—
You almost are too tired to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do today—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And, if some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
This restless curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber-floor—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more—

If I could mend a broken cart today,
Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

—Mary Louise Riley Smith.

First Love.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead;
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, his care;
And yet I know the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,
And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one—heaven help and pity me—
Who loved me, and whom I loved long ago.

Who might have been—ah! what, I dare not think.
We all are changed. God judgeth for the best.
God help us do our duty and not shrink,
And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not if some appear
Too cold at times, and some too gay and light;
Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear,
Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah! were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are—too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all.

—Owen Meredith.

Red Rose of Margaret.

Red rose of Margaret,
Here in my book you lie,
Red as her lips and fragrant yet,
Dead rose that can never die;
Margaret gathered one red rose, and another red rose I.

"As long as any rose is red
On this little rose-hung tree,
As long as willow leaves are green,
Shall I be true to thee."
So vowed I unto Margaret and Margaret unto me.

"As long as this little stream shall run
Through the quiet willows here,