

THE GLIMPSE.

How often I have seen in city streets
Some woman's face, with eyes so like the sky
One looks to see a bird's wing brush the blue,
With lips arched like the veriest bow of love,
And hair that falls a glory 'round her brow;
And yet within, beneath, behind it all,
Have spied, with that intenser sight, my soul,
Such hungry longings feeding on themselves
As would shame Famine—o'er the iron song
Of wheels and hoofs, have heard with spirit ear,
Undeafened by an instant sympathy,
The tears of all the mothers of the world.

Boston Transcript.

MY LOST DIVINITY.

EVERYTHING seemed quite pleasant; it was a magnificent spring afternoon, the park was its best and I had met Mrs. Ventry, the oldest and most intelligent friend.

She had an elaborate French poodle with her, and both were attired with exquisite taste. The three of us were strolling quietly along.

"I shall walk every afternoon for the benefit of our health," she explained. "The victoria will pick us up in a few minutes, so you must just give me a full account of your doings."

"Dear lady, I've been attempting to shoot the lion in his own country, I have been slaying the wild pig in Morocco, I have—"

"O, the usual kill expedition!" she interrupted. "That doesn't interest me the least. You know, Hugh, it's almost preposterous! Here you are, an intelligent man of 32, more than comfortably rich, and you have never yet come to me with an interesting love episode!"

"I will make amends now," I said, eagerly.

"Tell me!" she cried, eagerly. "O, it happened on my way home. I was putting in a few days at Monte Carlo. You know La Turbie, the little place on the hillside, behind the princely? She nodded. "Well, I was struggling up there by the road, with some idea of enjoying the view, when, about half way, a carriage passed. In it were two ladies, presumably mother and daughter."

"And the younger one?" cried Mrs. Ventry.

"Was gloriously pretty! They were out of sight in a minute, but when I reached the place I found the carriage standing outside the inn, empty. I wandered round and caught sight of the ladies again. The girl was climbing a rocky piece of ground in order to get a better view. Jove, if you could have seen her!"

"Yes, yes!" cried Mrs. Ventry, impatiently. "She was adorable, made a pretty picture; but please go on. There was something else?"

"Yes, there was something else," I said. "In moving quickly her foot slipped on the rocky surface and she fell. I went quickly to her assistance. It turned out to be a badly sprained ankle, and, as she couldn't walk, I helped her to the inn, escorted by mamma. There she fainted from the pain. I was again of assistance, and when she came to, I—well, you know, Adela, I studied for a doctor until an eccentric relative's will made me a professional loafer."

"How romantic! And you fell in love with her?"

"Head over ears! If you could have heard her voice, seen her—"

"Ankle?" put in Mrs. Ventry innocently.

"Her eyes!" I finished, with a severe glance. "O, her whole personality was charming!"

"And it was the beginning of an attachment? Do tell me how it progressed!"

"It didn't progress," I said gloomily. "In the excitement of the affair I forgot to give them my card, and, after thanking me and asking me to call, they drove off without leaving me their address. I spent an entire week searching, but without success. I had fallen in love with a divinity, but only to lose her the next moment!"

"Poor old Hugh!" said Mrs. Ventry, sympathetically.

Her victoria drew up close to the curb and she moved toward it.

"I have to go on to those tiresome Brahazons now," she said with a sigh. She got in, and I lifted the French poodle up on to the seat beside her.

I continued my stroll, and had not gone very far when I caught sight of a tall, handsome, bronzed young man hurrying toward me.

"Ah, here you are, Skeff, old man!" he cried, shaking me warmly by the hand. "I heard you were back, got round to your rooms, and your man told me I might find you in the park, so came along at once."

Lord Dennis Gorison was a nice young Irishman, lieutenant in a regiment lately returned from South Afri-

ca. He was another of my oldest friends.

"O, I'm in such a mess, Skeff—and I want your help!" he exclaimed, despondently.

"Go ahead—let's hear the latest!" I said, with a sigh.

"Well, before I went to the front, two years ago, I was a younger man," he began, hesitatingly.

"The argument seems sound," I said, thoughtfully.

"O, you know what I mean, Skeff! I was much younger—a silly young fool!" He paused. "Well, to cut the story short, I fell in love with an actress—O, not the popular idea, Skeff! She was pretty and refined, and taking a small part in a comedy. I was very much in love, and if I hadn't been sent out at the time I should have married her."

"I have always held that even the war office occasionally betrays intelligence," I murmured.

"It saved me just in time. A marriage of that type is altogether impos-



SHE WAS THE LADY OF THE TURBIE.

sible for me. You know the state of our family finances."

"But if the war office saved you, where's the trouble?" I asked.

"On my return the mater picked out a wealthy American girl for me. I was on the point of proposing, when suddenly I am threatened with the consequences of my early indiscretion."

"The little actress?"

"She wrote to me when I returned, but I could not see my way to answer, so didn't. This seems to have made her very angry, and she says she is going to bring a breach-of-promise action. And she'll win hands down!" he added, with a groan. She has simply packets of my letters, and all as loving as you can make em!"

"You're a man of the world, Skeff, and—pardon my way of putting it—you've got the gift of gab. I want you to go to her and talk her out of it. Draw a picture of my being forced against my will into a hateful marriage, tell her that I've only consented so that the honor of the Southbrook name may be saved. You can do it, Skeff—you will do it?" he finished, imploringly.

The Southbrook carriage had drawn up near us, and her ladyship was leaning forward.

"How do you do, Mr. Skeffington?" she said, distantly. A proper recognition of my sterling worth had never been a feature of her ladyship's attitude toward me.

"Dennis, I want you particularly. I will drive you back," she added, in a tone that admitted of no denial.

The young scamp turned to me for a second and slipped a hand into the inner pocket of his frock coat. The next moment he had smuggled to me a crumpled envelope.

"Her address—I rely on you!" he whispered. And, with a final appealing glance, he sprang in beside his mother, and the carriage drove away.

I smoothed out the envelope, and glanced at the address. I read: "Miss Effie Brennan, 5 Westbury Mansions, Hyde Park, West."

Another quarter of an hour, and I was standing before the door of No. 5 Westbury Mansions. A trim servant appeared on the threshold.

"Is Miss Brennan disengaged?" I

asked, handing in my card. "I've called on a matter of business, and, if she could spare me a few minutes' conversation, I should feel grateful."

The door opened and a young lady entered.

I rose to my feet, and, as my eyes fell on her face, I dropped back a pace, in amazement. She was the lady of La Turbie—my lost divinity!

"So you have actually found us out at last?" she exclaimed. "You can't think how sorry mother was that she forgot to give your our address. It was unpardonable!"

I pulled myself together with an effort.

"To be perfectly honest, it is a sheer accident. I had not the slightest idea that Miss Effie Brennan was you!"

I saw a slightly puzzled look creep over her face. I hesitated for a moment, then plunged into the object of my visit.

"It's rather a delicate matter, but, perhaps, I had better begin by explaining that I'm the oldest friend of Lord Dennis Gorison." I paused. "And I came at his request—well, shall we say, a mediator?"

"A mediator—is one necessary?" she said.

"We are hoping so. You see, Dennis has told me everything, poor boy! How he fell very much in love with you before he went out to the war."

"Did he tell you that?" she said, quietly.

"Yes. And, by the way, he gave me a very accurate description of you," I continued, with a glance at her. "He said you were a charming, refined, talented young actress playing comedy parts in a highly artistic manner."

"His present attitude would seem to suggest that he has changed his mind."

I explained the sacrifice he was making, pleaded eloquently in his defense, drew a touching picture of his aged parents, to whom this marriage meant so much. She listened silently, with her face turned away from me.

"And the American girl—does he love her?" she asked, in a subdued voice, at the conclusion.

"He'll marry her, be good to her, but he can never love her! It is just the usual vulgar exchange of dollars for title, brutal but necessary, and vital to the honor of the Southbrook name. There, I've put the whole case before you. He has had to make his sacrifice. I ask you to be generous, make one yourself, give him back his letters, let him off!"

"But it was a very good chance for me," she said, doubtfully.

"O, you will have others; you simply can't help it!" I said, eagerly.

"You think so?" she said, with a little blush. She looked perfectly ravishing, and for the moment I forgot myself.

"Why, to convince you," I cried, I'll—"

I just saved myself in time. She was utterly charming, and of course, my lost divinity, and I was as much in love with her as ever; but, still, I hadn't quite accustomed myself to the breach-of-promise idea.

"Well, to convince me, what?" she asked with a smile.

I hedged.

"O, that before many years pass you will have one," I said vaguely. "Come, what do you say—will you be generous and let him off?"

She gave a little laugh and held out her hand. "Very well, I promise—he shall be quite free as far as I am concerned."

Her cool, firm little hand pressed mine, and I felt a thrill go through me. I drew up just in time again. You see, I had been looking into her eyes, and, as I had told Mrs. Ventry, they were wonderful. But again the breach-of-promise scheme loomed up before me.

"Well, now you have found us, you will come again, say, to-morrow, for tea? Mother does so want to thank you!"

I tore myself away and walked back to my rooms. I had plenty of food for reflection on the way.

"After all, a divinity is a divinity, whether she threatens to bring breach-of-promise actions or not," I soliloquized. "And she didn't really mean it. Directly I pointed out the nature of the case she was generosity itself. It was perfectly natural, too, her being angry. Any girl would have done the same—yes, any girl!" I repeated, reassuringly.

I reached my rooms and found a telegram awaiting me. I tore it open. It was from Dennis.

"For heaven's sake, don't go; in flurry gave you address of American instead of actress.—Gorison."

"Jove!" I gasped, as the whole significance of the thing dawned on me. "She discovered the mistake almost immediately, and kept it up. What art!"

I thought hard for a few moments, then came to a decision. I hurried out, and in a few minutes was back at Westbury Mansions.

I was again shown in, and the young person received me with her eyes twinkling with merriment.

"There has been a terrible mistake," I began lamely, showing her Dennis's wire. "You see, he was trying not to let his mother notice him giving me the address," I added, in explanation.

"Be merciful!" I implored, humbly.

There was a pause. "I wonder what you are going to do?"

"What I have done," she corrected. "I have kept my word. Directly you left, I sent a letter to him by hand. I don't think he will call again," she added, meaningly.

"Is there absolutely no help for him?" I said, with an attempt to repress the quiver of excitement in my tone.

"No; the actress episode has quite decided me. And, somehow, I feel that, as you said, I shall never regret it. I must just wait in patience until that other man comes along," she added demurely.

For an example of sheer, base ingratitude, however, I would just mention the sad case of Lord Dennis Gorison. He habitually refers to me as a "blundering idiot," and has expressed an opinion that he would not care two straws if he never saw me again.

And Lady Southbrook cuts me dead. But it doesn't matter, bless you! I have found my divinity, and the other evening she whispered to me, quite privately, that I might keep her altogether.—London Sketch.

FAST BECOMING EXTINCT.

Bald Eagles Being Sacrificed to the Milliners of the Country.

"Our white-headed or bald eagle is becoming rarer every year, for our national bird is being sacrificed to milliners. Before long that may be its only habitat," said an attendant at the zoo to a Washington Star man.

"When on some wild coast we see one of these birds rise from a cliff and begin to circle upward, then his mate, larger even than himself, and finally two full-sized brown-headed birds of the year follow their parents, the sight is worth waiting many years or going a long distance to see. We follow them with our eyes until they become tiny motes, then just the trace of one comes to our straining sight, and—they vanish and are lost from view."

"In Washington, however, we may see the 'courtship gallop' of the bald eagle, watch its nest-building and observe the domestic economy of this bird—the male on guard and the female brooding her white eggs. The first year in which the eagles nested in the zoological park the female showed great inexperience in her housekeeping. In the large flying cage where they spend the winter in company with crows and magpies they collected a quantity of sticks and grass around a small hollow in the ground, and after lining the cavity with moss the nest was considered finished."

"Both birds took part in its construction, and, from the continual chuckling and screaming, are presumed to have thoroughly enjoyed their work. Eagles often nest in trees, and these birds placed the nesting material round the roots of several saplings, the stems of which, protruding through the sticks and moss, looked not unlike the top branches of a tall tree. Naturally the next thing to be thought of was eggs."

but this pair of birds had original ideas and intended, for a time, at least, merely to play at housekeeping. A good-sized stone was brought in the talons of the female from another part of the cage and placed in the nest and the work of hatching began. The male and female sat on the nest on alternate days and the bird not so engaged was always perched on a log near by on guard. The following year two eggs were laid, bluish-white in color and about three inches in length.

"The temperament of these birds undergoes a complete change at the time of the nesting season. At other times they are easily caught in a net and are not difficult to overpower, seizing every opportunity of making their escape. But when they begin to plan for their nest one cannot approach within twenty feet without being attacked by one or both eagles. When they rush forward, one on each side, and strike with beak and uplifted feet, it is no easy matter to escape unharmed, as I found when trying to photograph them, their talons reaching the skin every time, clothing or shoes affording little or no protection."

Turbines.

The idea of the steam turbine is quite simple, and is similar to that of the water turbine or impulse wheel. The practical difficulty which has prevented the development of good steam turbines lies in the high velocity which steam can impart to itself in expansion, and the difficulty in efficiently transferring this motion to the wheels at speeds practicable for construction or practical use. Steam expanding from one hundred and fifty pounds gauge pressure a square inch into the atmosphere is capable of imparting to itself a speed of nearly three thousand feet second, and if it is expanded from one hundred and fifty pounds gauge pressure into twenty-eight inch vacuum, it can attain a velocity of four thousand feet a second. The spouting velocity of water discharged from a nozzle from one hundred foot head is eighty feet a second, which shows the radical difference in the conditions to be met in steam and hydraulic turbines.

Secrets are like money—good for nothing unless placed in circulation.



Lemon Dumplings.

Half a pound of grated bread crumbs, quarter pound of chopped suet, half a pound of moist sugar, two eggs, one large lemon, a pinch of salt. Mince the lemon peel very finely. Put all the dry ingredients in a basin, and mix well. Moisten with the eggs and the strained juice of the lemon. Stir well and put the mixture into small buttered cups or moulds. Cover with buttered paper. Set them in a kettle of boiling water, and let them steam for two and a half hours. Turn them out in a dish, and strew sifted sugar over them.

Salted Almonds.

Blanch the almonds in boiling hot water. Melt a tablespoonful of butter, and let the almonds stand in it an hour. Put a tablespoonful of salt into a dish, stir in the nuts until all are lightly covered with salt, spread on a shallow tin and set in a warm oven to brown delicately. More or less salt may be used, according to taste. Peanuts are salted in the same way, except that they do not need blanching, as the brown hull comes off easily.

Chocolate Custards.

To two cups of milk add two well-beaten eggs, two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of cocoa, three level tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring. The cocoa should be mixed with the sugar and dissolved in half of the milk heated, and when this has cooled a little add the other ingredients and pour into cups. Set the cups in a pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven.

Pepper Sandwiches.

Remove all the seeds from a green pepper, chop fine and simmer ten minutes in a tablespoonful of butter. Do not allow it to brown. Add a dash of salt, and when cold spread between thin slices of bread minus the crust. Grated American cream cheese may be placed on the top of the pepper layer with happy results. These piquant little sandwiches are said to be especially nice with cold meat.

Cranberry Fritters.

Beat one egg thoroughly and stir it into one and a half cups of milk, add one tablespoonful of sugar and one cup of flour in which has been sifted one teaspoonful of baking powder. When well mixed stir in one cup of thick, rich cranberry sauce, and drop in spoonfuls on a hot, buttered gridiron. Brown very lightly and serve with butter and powdered sugar.—Good Housekeeping.

Creamed Oysters.

Put one quart of oysters, with the broth, into a stewpan, and let the oysters heat through. When the edges of the oysters curl, take them out and add two cups of milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter to the broth. When boiling, add two tablespoonfuls of flour which has been stirred smooth in a little cold milk, with salt and pepper. When thickened, add the oysters, and serve at once on slices of toast.

Apples with Cream.

Peel, core and quarter six large tart apples; boil in a rich sugar syrup till tender, but not broken. Place in a glass dish, boil the syrup a little longer, and then pour over the apples. When cold cover with a thin layer of red currant jelly, and over all pour a thick layer of whipped cream sweetened with sugar.

Ham Toast.

Mix some pounded cold ham with a beaten egg, season with pepper and lay on buttered toast; put in the oven until it gets thoroughly heated. A nice way of using up small pieces of ham.

To Make Dried Beef.

Make a plain brine of four gallons water, six pounds salt, one ounce saltpeter. Cover the meat with this, and leave it in three weeks, then hang up to dry.

Sales at Fairs.

Sales at fairs have long been a feature of the English cattle shows. In fact, they have become so general that many of the English shows are really market days and are held at frequent intervals. Sales have played a more or less important part with American exhibitors, but have always been made privately, and fair officials have taken little or no interest in encouraging them. There would seem to be an opportunity in this country for advancement in this direction. If sale classes are arranged for and a certain part of the day set aside for auction sales of cattle or other produce both the fair management, exhibitors and general public might be benefited thereby. It would help the farmer out at the spot where he is weakest—that is, in marketing what he grows.—American Agriculturist.

Employment and hardships prevent melancholy.—Johnson.