



The Wife, Children and Farm Residence of the Democratic Candidate for President.

With the one exception of Theodore Roosevelt, there is no man in the United States whose face and personality are familiar to more people than are those of William J. Bryan. The marvelous whirlwind campaigns which he conducted after receiving on two occasions the Democratic nomination for the presidency, together with his many lecturing tours and his writings, have made him known throughout the length and breadth of the republic. A poor man and but little known outside his own State, he sprang twelve years ago into the limelight of publicity when he made his famous free silver speech in the Democratic national convention—a speech which made him the presidential nominee of his party. Since that time he has proved himself a marvel of tirelessness on stump and lecture platform. He has visited

almost every nook and corner of the United States; he has made an extended tour of the world; he has conducted a newspaper, run a farm, lectured and written. And all the time he has retained his hold upon the admiration and confidence of hundreds of thousands of persons. For these reasons, aside from any interest felt in themselves personally, the members of his family are of more than ordinary interest to the public. In the above engraving we present in the upper row Mrs. Bryan, who was Miss Mary Elizabeth Baird until she married the coming statesman at Perry, Ill., in 1884, W. J. Bryan, Jr., and Miss Grace Bryan. In the lower row are shown Mr. Bryan's elder daughter, Mrs. W. H. Leavitt, wife of a Paris artist of some merit, and the handsome farm residence of the Bryans, near Lincoln, Neb.

LOVE'S THREADS OF GOLD.

In the night she told a story,
In the night and all night through,
While the moon was in her glory,
And the branches dropped with dew.
'Twas my life she told, and round it
Rose the years as from a deep;
In the world's great heart she found it,
Cradled like a child asleep.
In the night I saw her weaving
By the misty moonbeam cold,
All the weft her shuttle cleaving
With a sacred thread of gold.
Ah! she wept me tears of sorrow,
Lulling tears so mystic sweet;
Then she wove my last to-morrow,
And her web lay at my feet.
Of my life she made the story;
I must weep—so soon 'twas told!
But your name did lend it glory,
And your love its thread of gold!
—Jean Ingelow.

His Social Experiment

"Well, that spoils the evening for me," observed Strong, gloomily fingering a note which said that the grip would prevent a certain young lady from attending the opera that night. "Sorry Gladys is sick—no, confound it if I am! These eleventh hour excuses are getting too frequent. I won't stand for it. I wonder if Elizabeth Miller will go," he mused, continuing his dressing. "No, I'll stay at home to-night. What right has a girl to make a fellow miserable, anyhow? I—come in."
"And here's your mendin', Mr. Howard," said the young woman who entered. She addressed him according to a custom in his family before the death of his parents had given him into an apartment house, where he had found a position for the faithful servant.
"Thank you, Mary," said Strong, without pausing in his wrestling bout with a collar button. "Mary, I have a couple of extra tickets for the theater to-night. Can't you get Pat to take you?"
"It's always Pat you're teazin' me about, Mr. Howard, and there ain't a Pat—not for me. I ain't pretty enough, and then I'm 35. Sure, it's many a year since I've seen a theater. All our money goes to the doctor. I'd have to go alone."
"No, Mary; you must not be neglected in that fashion," he said, turning abruptly from the mirror. "Let me be Pat to-night."
"Oh, Mr. Howard, I couldn't—it wouldn't—no, sir. Oh, Mr. Howard, it's jokin' you are, after all," she ex-

claimed, as a smile spread over his face.
"No, Mary, I never was more serious in my life. I am going to give you, Mary McGinnis, the best time of your life. Put on your best bonnet and be ready by a quarter to 8. You live at—?"
"On Third avenue, 2736, back, three flights up. But, Mr. Howard—"
"No excuses, Mary. Now good-bye, or we'll both be late."
Throughout dinner at the club that night Strong's face repeatedly relaxed at the oddity of the experiment. Its unconventionality did not worry him, for the wealth and social position of the Strong family put him beyond the sting of criticism.
"Opera to-night, Strong?" drawled young Castlewood, whom he particularly disliked, dropping into a vacant seat.
"No; had planned to surprise Gladys Hastings with that new play—Manton's—for a change, but she's sick. However—"
"Well, you needn't waste any time asking Elizabeth Miller," laughed Castlewood, "for I'm going to take her myself."
"Oh, don't worry," replied Strong, nettled.
"No offense, old man; knew you were inclined in that direction, though



"I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO THE OPERA."

between two fires at present. But, by the way," he added, aiming a parting thrust. "I hear that Count de Migny arrived here to-day, en route for San Francisco. Guess you've heard Gladys speak of him. Keep your eye on him. He's a clever chap."
"Smooth might better describe him. I know absolutely that he's bogus," replied Strong.
"Oh, have your way," drawled Castlewood, departing. Strong was be-

tween two fires, and knowing it, resented all the more these insinuations. Which disturbed him more, the thought of Castlewood's recent marked attention to Elizabeth or the arrival of the count? He could not determine.
At first Mary was ill at ease that night with Strong, the luxurious carriage, his evening dress and polished manners being strange to her, but his geniality soon put her at ease. On the way he stopped at a florist's.
"These violets are for you, Mary, and the roses for another nice young lady who is ill," he explained.
"Thanks, Mr. Howard, and it's the lady with the beautiful eyes that is sick? Oh, I am so sorry," she exclaimed.
"Yes, she has beautiful eyes, Mary, but where did you see her?"
"At the tea you gave in your apartments last year. She thinks everything of you, Mr. Howard. I could see that plain, and if she grows up to be as fine looking as her mother, why, you'll—"
"You'll—"
"But her mother was not there," he said, coming to her rescue.
"Oh, yes, she kept saying Elizabeth this and Elizabeth that. She—"
"But I am not talking about Elizabeth. These flowers are for Miss Hastings, the girl with the heavy auburn hair," replied Strong amused.
"Oh, I remember her," she said disappointedly. "I am so sorry. I thought it was—I meant—oh, I don't know what I mean. I'm an old goose, Mr. Howard," she finally exclaimed, much distressed.
They were now at the Hastings' where Strong has ordered the coachman to stop.
"How is Miss Hastings?" Strong inquired at the door.
"Why—why—oh, she's better," replied the well-dressed man, recovering himself. Strong left the flowers and returned to the carriage with strange misgivings.
Strong did not heed the many wondering glances his friends cast in his direction that night, for he was doing his best to make it a red-letter occasion for Mary. Moreover, he was having a heart-to-heart talk with himself, in which two young women prominently figured. What Mary said and what Mary did in a situation new to her is another story, but when it was over she sighed as if waking from a beautiful dream.
"Hello, Strong, got here after all, I see," came to his ears as they were entering the foyer. Turning, he saw Castlewood and Elizabeth Miller.
"How are you, Elizabeth?" he inquired. "Miss Miller, let me present Miss McGinnis; and Mr. Castlewood—Miss McGinnis." Castlewood, gazing in wonder, forgot to bow, but Elizabeth greeted Mary cordially. It was a friend of Strong's. That was sufficient for her. Soon, they passed on.

"Oh, Mr. Howard! That's the girl with the beautiful eyes," exclaimed Mary. "Ain't she handsome, though! And you don't care—you—"
"I have not said I did not care, Mary," he said simply, but earnestly.
"An, oh, Mr. Howard, there is the girl with the auburn hair, too!" she interrupted. "Why, I thought she was the sick one."
"Gladys Hastings," involuntarily came to his lips, as he followed Mary's gaze. In a moment, he was opposite her and their eyes met.
"Oh, Howard—I—I thought we—I thought you were going to the opera," she exclaimed in confusion. "You see, the count came and I was so much better I couldn't disappoint him, as he is here in New York for only one evening. But pardon me—let me present Mr. Strong—Count de Migny." And then her eyes wandered haughtily to Mary.
"And let me introduce the Duchess of Kilkenny—Miss Hastings and Count de Migny," said Strong gravely, though smiling inwardly. The count's French manners brought forth a low bow, while Gladys scarcely nodded.
"And wasn't that the girl?" asked the mystified Mary when they were in the carriage.
"Yes," Strong replied, but he was silent for a long time.
"She was so uppish to me," Mary finally ventured, "while Miss Miller treated me as if I was a real lady."
"And you are, Mary; a thousand times the lady that some one thinks she is," he said seriously.
"But why did you call me duchess?"
"That was a little joke on the bogus count," he replied, his face relaxing. "That will make both of them think a bit. But here we are at your home. And you say your father is too ill to work, and you support the family? Well, you are a noble girl, and I don't half appreciate the way you look after me and my apartments," he said, as he assisted her from the carriage and slipped a \$50 bill into her hand.
"Thanks, Mr. Howard," she said gratefully, thinking it was her monthly tip of \$5. "This will help father a lot. Mr. Howard, you've given me the best time I ever had. I—"
"Tut, tut, Mary. It's been a selfish pleasure with me, I fear. I took you as an experiment and a lucky one it's proven. You have helped me open my eyes to the true woman—the woman of my heart, I can never forget that. Good night."

THE ART OF GARGLING.

Not the Same Thing as the Process Usually Followed.
The proper method of gargling is thus described by a writer in the Medical Record:
"The patient (at first under the guidance of a physician) should sit well back in a chair, take a swallow of water in the mouth and bend the head as far back as possible.
"Now he must protrude the tongue from the mouth (the tip of the tongue may be grasped with a handkerchief), and in this posture with protruding tongue he must try to swallow the water. The physician should control the patient's vain efforts, for it is impossible to swallow under such circumstances.
"The patient has the sensation as if he actually had swallowed the water. Now he must start to gargle, to exhale air slowly. One can see plainly the bubbling of the fluid in the wide open pharynx.
"After gargling thus for a while the patient is ordered to close the mouth and quickly throw head and body forward. Thereby all the fluid is forced through the choanae and nostrils, washing the throat and nose from behind and expelling all the accumulations that had been present with great force.
"This should be repeated several times, as the first trial is not always successful and satisfactory. It is an act that must be learned.
"When properly executed the sensation, as the patient will assure you, is that of great relief not had by any other method. It will be wise for the practitioner to try the method first on himself. Even small children who are at all clever learn the method readily and rather enjoy it."

Fun in Space.

I dreamed last night that I was present at a committee meeting of the sun, earth, moon and stars.
"I'm no coward," said the earth.
"No, but you have two great fears," said the sun hotly.
"And those are?"
"The hemispheres."
"You've forgotten the atmosphere," put in the moon. And the comet, who had no business to be there, wagged his tail with joy.

Confidence.

Jackson—Heaven bless him! He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening. Wilson—In what way? Jackson—He lent me an umbrella.—London Telegraph.
There are a lot of ways to get rich, but the advice of a fortune-teller is not on the list.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The Indians of the United States own about \$35,000,000.
Norway is to hold a fisheries and motorboat exposition at Trondheim during July and August.
When a heavy fall of snow occurs in Valdez, Alaska, the fire department is called out to clear the sidewalks.
Blind women are now employed as operators of private telephone switchboards and for taking dictation on shorthand typewriters.—Popular Mechanics.
Compensation being refused for a cut finger, an Ilford (Eng.) domestic servant left her situation and wrote to her mistress as follows: "Madam—, the cut is worst. The doctor says I have cut the spinal cord of my little finger. If you do not immediately send me 5 shillings a week, I shall insult my solicitor."
Study of weather charts is now general in the elementary schools of Hannover and Schleswig-Holstein with the object of making their value in agriculture better known. These charts are supplied by telegraph and post to all schools in Germany, but systematic instruction on meteorology is only gradually being introduced.
Jean de Reszke, the famous tenor, has severed his connection with the Paris Opera-house. De Reszke was ambitious for years to have a voice in the management of the opera-house, and was finally taken in, but after six months, with the title of singing director, during which time his advice was ignored and no authority given him, he resigned in disgust.
In some parts of Australia the horse is shod with leather, instead of iron, the feet receiving better support; but this novelty is employed only in regions where the ground is permanently covered with grass or fine sand. Though the leather shoe is more expensive than the iron shoe the higher price is repaid by the superior advantages. It is not impossible the innovation will soon extend to every country where the nature of the soil permits it to be used.—British Australian.
It is a disgrace and a shame that in a city like Los Angeles, populated by 300,000 educated Americans, the very name of the town they live in and are proud of and have helped to make should be wife-beaten at their daily hands. Even if late, it is time now to make a crusade for the official pronunciation which will be followed by every self-respecting person with the fear of God and the love of California before his eyes. And that's easy to set and easy to get: Loce Ang-el-ess.—Out West.
The announcement that the Hayward's Health Horticultural Society was prepared to pay a penny for every queen wasp brought to the summer show has caused the secretary to be inundated with wasps from all parts of England. Some of the senders have requested that the money they consider due them should be forwarded by return post. The secretary, however, wishes it to be understood by senders that only persons living within the radius of the show will be paid for their wasps.—London Standard.
"It is curious," remarked the grocer on the corner, "that there is no fruit in the world which people are such poor judges of as cantaloupes, and what is more curious is that they do their best to spoil them after they buy them. The first thing a woman does with a cantaloupe is to stick it into the ice box. Now, cantaloupes, like most of our fruit, are picked a trifle green, and when they come from the grocer's they should be put out in the sun for a whole day, turning them over every few hours, and then putting them into the ice box at night."—New York Sun.
While some children were recently feeding the swans at the lake a pigeon alighted quite close to them and one of the boys attempted to capture it, but it flew off over the lake toward a swan and apparently was about to settle on its back, instead of which it closed its wings quite naturally and dropped into the water close in front of the swan and commenced to struggle. The swan went to assist it, put its head under the water and lifted the drowning pigeon into the air. The latter then made almost a circuit of the lake, eventually resting on the island.—London Field.
"Fine old Spanish emeralds" is a phrase which means something quite different from what it seems to imply. There never was an emerald mined in Spain, but after the conquest of Peru the conquerors brought some great quantities of loot, of which emeralds formed an important part. In this way the finest emeralds came into a possession of old Spanish families and as very few had been seen in Europe previously to that time, all the best stones soon became classed as fine old Spanish emeralds. To-day the expression still applies to the best emeralds of any source.