

POPE PIUS IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.

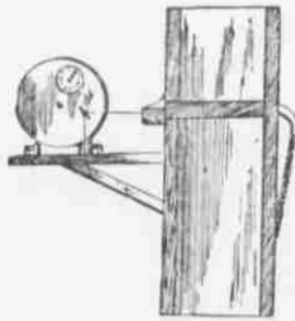


Pope Pius is more fond of exercise than is revealed of any of his predecessors. While he is bound in the nature of his office to go no further from Rome than is possible in traversing the Vatican gardens, he penetrates to the remotest parts of those grounds and spends a great deal of time in the open air.

When he had gone, "It was a trick, after all—it wasn't fair. But in a book—"

FEEDER FOR STOCK

One of the disagreeable tasks in relation to the care of horses, cows or other cattle is the necessity of arising early and supplying them with feed. This is especially true with milk dealers, bakers and many others who are compelled to get up an hour or two before serving their route in order to feed their horses.



ALLOWS THE FEED TO FALL.

On Sundays with all drivers of teams, automatic time stock feeders are not new to the trades, by any means, but few are as simple as the one shown in the illustration. This is so constructed that the feed may be automatically released at a predetermined moment by attachment to an alarm clock and fed into a trough or manger.

Pearl Buttons Destroyed.

"American destroys annually 37,500,000 gross of pearl buttons," said J. F. Robinson of Omaha, Neb., who is engaged in the manufacture of that article of commerce. "There are in the United States about fifty factories that turn out daily 1,000 gross of buttons at least. I should not be surprised if the average is larger than that, but I am sure the figure is the inside. What becomes of them is another question. Some people save buttons with the same zeal that a miser saves coins, and so the consumption of 17,500,000 a year must arise from the careless classes who lose or throw them away when they come off their garments."

For Sealing Envelopes.

An improved machine for sealing envelopes has been invented by a man in Topeka, Kan. The machine, it is claimed, will seal from 8,000 to 15,000 envelopes an hour.

PREPARING FOR IT.



"Political Spellbinders in the Rural Districts Are Warming Up for the Campaign."—News Item.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

He never thinks a man is truly great until he's dead. And then he wipes away a tear and quotes what he has said. He talks about the nations that long since have passed away. And mourns when he compares them with the nations of today. He talks about his childhood and the fun that folks had then. He talks about the actors that we never shall see again. He vows that everything worth while long since has gone before. And life to him is just one grand, sweet funeral—nothing more. —Washington Star.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

ROBERT MALCOLM had never been called "Dink" by any one until his recently acquired wife with a coquettish pretense of ahyness had addressed him. He had known her but a short time when he won her. And now, at the end of six blissful months, he was sitting in his splendid library, perplexed and miserable, and gloomily eyeing the embers of a grate fire and trying to persuade himself that the shadow which threatened to wreck his future could be explained away if only he had the courage to ask her.

On coming home that afternoon he had found it empty. "Furting to leave he saw a piece of note paper lying on the floor, as though it had been brushed off by some one who came in a hurry. In attempting to replace it, his eye caught two words, the beginning of a letter—"

"Dear Tom—If I were to be asked why I am writing to you I should have to admit that I am yielding to an impulse. My whole life has been made up of impulses, and I never battled with them but once—alas, the very time I should have yielded. You know well what I mean, that night you renounced me, renounced me while your blood was on fire with love for me, which I knew and felt and revolved in when your eyes dimly begged me to refuse to be renounced and your lips told me it would be better to part. Ah, if I had only yielded then to the impulse to tell you I loved you well enough to share your poverty and the task of caring for your poor, helpless father. How well I remember that dear, delightful, cruel summer in Dorking."

"You came, dear, and you stepped into my heart with that first smile on your sunny face. Then, after a week, Aunt Sarah, when I told her of our betrothal, said in her key, snoring tones, 'I congratulate you upon your aberration. It is a fitting thing that you should marry Tom Spencer and let your early poverty be merged into mid-life aged and elderly poverty. As Tom Spencer's wife you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have before you such a life as your mother has led, only intensified, since your life will be encumbered by his helpless, paralytic old father.'"

"Tom, dear, do not utterly despise me when I tell you that her words had their weight. I did not fear the poverty, for I knew you were bound to succeed. If only, dear one, you were not hampered in your career by your father, I knew you were fond of him, and that while he lived you would keep him with you—that even I could not influence you to send him away. So when you told me we had better part I offered no protestation. I knew your heart was aching and that you needed comforting words from me. I knew I had only to speak and you would break down the barrier and have you take me to your heart forever. I did not speak that word. Though my heart cried out to you I could not tell you that I loved you well enough to share your burden. I did not speak that word. I am married now. My husband loves me, and I am rich beyond my fondest expectations. I have all those things which my luxurious and expensive tastes craved—yet I am not happy. This is indeed my farewell, dear one. You know now—every word in this letter has told you—what you are to me. You will not misunderstand—stand—you will not come to me. It is over, Tom, and—"

Here the writing ended abruptly. Robert Malcolm was a loyal man, and though the evidence was against her he refused to believe his wife guilty of all that the letter implied. He told himself that if he dared to ask her for an explanation she would give it, and it would be satisfactory. To ask her to confess a dishonorable act was also to confess a lack of confidence in her.

While he was sitting there the door opened noiselessly. A slight girlish figure stole across the thick carpet and behind his chair. Two soft small hands were clasped before his eyes and a voice whispered: "Guess who it is."

His heart gave a great bound and he took the hands down and kissed them. Finally, as if satisfied with what he saw, he asked: "Have you been shopping?" She seemed surprised at the trivial question following so closely upon the scrutiny she had undergone, and said: "Is that all, Mr. Bluebeard? Gracious, how you scared me. I expected to hear you say in sepulchral tones, 'Woman, there is guilt on your face—where have you hidden the body?' And instead, after that soul-searching gaze, you ask the commonplace question in commonplace tones, 'Have you been shopping?'"

With a sigh of content and love and relief he threw his arms round her and drew her close to him for a moment. Then she seated herself opposite him in a low chair, where the freigh light fell on her face, bringing out all its charm.

In the magnetism of her presence her husband became almost happy once more—until the memory of that letter came back to sting him. Suddenly he asked her: "Adèle, were you ever in Dorking?"

"Adèle, were you ever in Dorking?" She opened wide her eyes and answered: "No, dear, why do you ask?" "Just casually." Then, after a pause, he asked: "Did you ever know a man named Tom Spencer?" She laughed softly, and, folding her hands, she replied: "Dear Tom, I believe I have heard the name somewhere."

rough yet to fight—

WHAT HAPPENS IN BOOKS.

"I'm sorry it's over," she said. "It's been such fun." She laughed softly. "Such fun! Oh, you don't know."

He glanced at her a little uneasily in the gloom. They were standing under the trees, and there was no moon now. He slipped his arm round her and kissed her. "Are you really sorry, darling?" he said.

She laughed again. "Yes, dreadfully. Tomorrow, it'll all be cleared up—"

"Cleared up?" She put her hand on his arm and drew him further under the trees. "Yes, come, I'll tell you all about it. * * * Who's that?"

He peered at two figures in light dresses vanishing in front of him. "Miss Vining and somebody I don't know. They're gone now."

She laughed again. "Miss Vining? * * * Oh, it's too lovely!"

"Too lovely—what's too lovely? I thought Miss Vining was a great friend of yours."

"So she is. Don't you think it's very nice for me to have a friend like Miss Vining—such a rich friend—to take me about and be nice to me?"

"I suppose so," he said, without enthusiasm. "She's very rich—of course."

"Immensely! Money's nothing to her. She's a dear, too—a real dear," she added, affectionately.

He did not answer. The subject seemed to embarrass him. "At least," she amended, "she is, you know, only—I'm getting mixed. But I must tell you tonight, somehow."

"What?" She patted his arm softly with her fingers. "I should have liked to have kept it a secret until the last moment," she said, "until I had to give you a wedding present, you know." He winced under the light touch of her fingers.

"Why are you squirming about like that, Dick? I shall have to give you a wedding present. It's quite the proper thing. Brides-to-be—quite a little triumph smile. 'I'm not sure I can tell you—it's so delicious to think you don't know.'"

He was silent for a minute. She was really very puzzling—and distractingly pretty. He bent and kissed her again.

She looked up suddenly. "You do care—don't you, Dick?" she said. "You do really care?" "I care more than anything in the world," he said earnestly. "After all, there was time to break it off quietly before."

"Yes, I know you do," she said softly. "That's why I'm going to tell you. You see, you are good friends always, and one of us was rich, and one of us was poor, and the one that was rich decided to come to England, and take the one that was poor with her."

Popular Science.

Among the recent products popular to Malaya is the Borneo and Sumatra known as 'Borneo' and 'Sumatra' which are made of a variety of fabrics, used for dresses and especially for those goods. Under the name of 'Borneo' a striped and colored cloth of this series is sold for current in the American market. Recently, it has been found that the Borneo cloth is made of a mixture of cotton and wool, and is of a quality that is superior to the Borneo cloth of the past. The Borneo cloth is made of a mixture of cotton and wool, and is of a quality that is superior to the Borneo cloth of the past.

She opened wide her eyes and answered: "No, dear, why do you ask?" "Just casually." Then, after a pause, he asked: "Did you ever know a man named Tom Spencer?" She laughed softly, and, folding her hands, she replied: "Dear Tom, I believe I have heard the name somewhere."

He peered at two figures in light dresses vanishing in front of him. "Miss Vining and somebody I don't know. They're gone now."

She laughed again. "Yes, dreadfully. Tomorrow, it'll all be cleared up—"

"Cleared up?" She put her hand on his arm and drew him further under the trees. "Yes, come, I'll tell you all about it. * * * Who's that?"

He peered at two figures in light dresses vanishing in front of him. "Miss Vining and somebody I don't know. They're gone now."

She laughed again. "Yes, dreadfully. Tomorrow, it'll all be cleared up—"

"Cleared up?" She put her hand on his arm and drew him further under the trees. "Yes, come, I'll tell you all about it. * * * Who's that?"

He peered at two figures in light dresses vanishing in front of him. "Miss Vining and somebody I don't know. They're gone now."

She laughed again. "Yes, dreadfully. Tomorrow, it'll all be cleared up—"

"Cleared up?" She put her hand on his arm and drew him further under the trees. "Yes, come, I'll tell you all about it. * * * Who's that?"

He peered at two figures in light dresses vanishing in front of him. "Miss Vining and somebody I don't know. They're gone now."

She laughed again. "Yes, dreadfully. Tomorrow, it'll all be cleared up—"

"Cleared up?" She put her hand on his arm and drew him further under the trees. "Yes, come, I'll tell you all about it. * * * Who's that?"

He peered at two figures in light dresses vanishing in front of him. "Miss Vining and somebody I don't know. They're gone now."

She laughed again. "Yes, dreadfully. Tomorrow, it'll all be cleared up—"

"Cleared up?" She put her hand on his arm and drew him further under the trees. "Yes, come, I'll tell you all about it. * * * Who's that?"

TOOTHBRUSH HABIT. Prof. Charles Baskerville, of the University of North Carolina, has discovered two new chemical elements, allied to fluorine, from which the minerals of toothbrushes are derived. He has named one of them, 'caesium', in honor of his state, and the other, 'beryllium', after the name of the great Swiss chemist, Berzelius. Both the new elements are radio-active, giving off rays that penetrate metals, wood and other substances, and that are capable of producing photographic and visible light effects. Like other radio-active elements, they are of high atomic weight. Prof. Baskerville has been on the track of these new elements for several years.