

DID I BUT DARE!

When Sylvia's cheeks by breezes blown
Assume a ruddy crimson flush,
The milky paleness having grown
Into a peerless rosy blush,
I feel an impulse stealing on
To kiss the maiden then and there;
And so I would, and so I would,
Did I but dare!

When Sylvia sits with me alone,
While all within the house is hushed,
And prattles in far sweeter tone
Than ever robin redbreast gushed,
I fain would clasp her to my heart,
She seems so simply sweet and fair;
And so I should, and so I should,
Did I but dare!

When Sylvia's sparkling eyes shine bright,
Like twinkling starbeams in the sky,
And every glance seems to invite
My lips to hush her muffled sigh,
I long in ardent soft caress
To twine mine arms about her hair;
And so I could, I know I could,
Did I but dare!

When Sylvia walks abroad with me
The world wears a brighter hue;
Her eyes seem fairer than the sea,
Her lips than roses kissed with dew,
I long to tell her love's sweet tale,
To hymn her beauty, fresh and rare;
And so I could, I know I could,
Did I but dare!

And so my timid, craven heart
Is filled with mournful, bitter care;
For though I would, and should, and
could!
I do not dare.

—New York Herald.

A FIRST TEMPTATION

"I suppose there is no news of Mary Coverdale yet?"

"No, Jack; the gov'nor has not been able to trace her. It seems strange that she doesn't turn up, with a big fortune like that awaiting her."

"Perhaps; but it's very rough on you, Jack."

"Yes, it is; and I can't understand why Uncle Geoffrey made such a will. Ever since he adopted me he has always led me to believe that I was his heir, and all he leaves me is £200 a year."

"Plus the Marley estate and £7,000 a year if you marry Miss Coverdale."

"As I have told you before, I cannot do that, Fred, and, in any case, it is absurd to suppose that I would marry, or contemplate marriage, with a girl whom I have never seen."

"You accepted the situation philosophically enough when the will was read six weeks ago."

"Ah! I had not met Miss Carson then."

"But really, Jack, do you mean it honestly that you are going to marry Miss Carson without waiting to see what Mary Coverdale is like?"

"I mean it so much, Fred, that I am going to marry Miss Carson in two days' time, and then we go off on our honeymoon. You are coming down to Marley Hall to-night?"

"Yes. I say good-by to Messrs. Foster and Arnold to-day for my usual three weeks' holiday, and as I suppose it will be the last vacation I shall spend at the old place I shall make the most of it."

"Then I shall meet you at dinner to-night, and as I am away again early to-morrow morning you will have the place to yourself."

"Oh, I shan't mind that; I can always amuse myself at Marley Hall."

Jack Winter and Fred Blake were cousins, and until the death of their old uncle, Geoffrey Winter, their lives had run in very different grooves. When Jack was left on orphan he had been adopted by Geoffrey Winter and led to believe that he was heir to the old man's wealth, and had, in consequence, lived a life of ease and luxury. Fred Blake, on the other hand, had always had to work for his living, and was now a clerk in the office of Messrs. Foster and Arnold, a highly respected firm of lawyers.

As the two men parted on the steps of the fashionable restaurant where they had been lunching, Fred stopped and looked after his cousin.

"Poor fool—poor love-sick fool! Fancy giving up Marley Hall and £7,000 a year for the sake of Mary Carson and her pretty face. Why, for a fortune like that I'd marry Miss Coverdale even if she was old enough to be my mother and looked like a gargoyle on St. Paul's."

With which elevating reflection he walked back to the office. He had only been at work for a few minutes, however, when Mr. Foster, the senior partner, sent for him.

"I think I understood you to say, Mr. Blake, that you were going to spend your vacation at Marley Hall."

"That is so, sir."

"Shall you see Mr. Winter to-night?"

"Yes; I am dining with my cousin this evening."

"Ah! Then in that case I will get you to take a letter to him. He will be glad to hear that I have been able to trace Miss Coverdale."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes; and I have made careful inquiry and have no doubt of her being the right lady; but in accordance with a promise made to Mr. Winter I have not informed her of her good fortune, as your cousin had a desire to make her acquaintance while she was ignorant of the terms of Geoffrey Winter's will."

"A good idea, sir."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so; anyway,

he must make up his mind soon. Come to me for the letter before you go."

When Fred Blake was in the train on his way to Marley Hall he was in a very thoughtful frame of mind. He had in his pocket a letter containing the address of the lady who would be mistress of Marley Hall if Jack Winter refused to marry her. Jack was going to marry Mary Carson in two days, and Miss Coverdale was ignorant of the fortune coming to her. Jack would be out of the way on his honeymoon; it was possible for a bold man to woo and wed Miss Coverdale before she was made aware that she was Geoffrey Winter's heiress.

"It is the chance of a lifetime, and I'll take it. Jack Winter has had the best of things up to now, living in the lap of luxury, while I have been slaving away for a pittance. I am now going to have my revenge, and it will be a glorious day for me when I can shut the gates of Marley Hall in his face."

When he reached the hall he found Jack Winter had already arrived and was waiting him.

"Well, Fred, got here at last? Your old rooms are ready for you, and so is dinner. No news from Foster and Arnold, I suppose?"

"Mr. Foster asked me to tell you that he had no news yet, but he hoped to be able to report success in a day or two."

"Oh, there is no hurry so far as I am concerned. He can keep his report until I come back from my honeymoon."

"Then you are quite determined?"

"Determined! My boy, I wouldn't give Mary Carson up for anything in the world. No; I am going to meet her to-morrow, and then, as soon as I can get a special license, we are going to be married."

"Well, I wish you luck, old boy; but I would do a lot to remain master of Marley Hall."

When Fred Blake retired to his room that night he took Mr. Foster's letter from his pocket and broke the seal.

"Now to learn the place where my little gold mine is located:

"I am glad to be able to inform you that we have at last discovered the whereabouts of Miss Coverdale. She is living at 99A, The Grove, Fulham. We have not yet apprised the lady of the contents of your uncle's will, and will refrain from doing so until we hear from you. As the lady seems in every way desirable, we hope you will



"DO YOU REALLY WISH TO MARRY ME?"

"In every way desirable. By George, I should just think she was, with a prospective income of £7,000 a year! I shall see Jack safely off to-morrow, and then make tracks for Fulham. I have just got three weeks in which to manage the whole affair."

Jack Winter left Marley Hall early on the following morning. Before he went he had a final look round with Fred.

"I don't suppose I shall ever stay here again, Fred. It is a dear old place, and I would have given anything to see my wife the mistress of it."

"But they may not find Miss Coverdale. She may be dead—or married."

"Possibly; but there is no use in idle speculation. Well, good by, Fred; have a good time."

"Thanks; and good luck to you."

Fred Blake stood and watched the conveyance drive away.

"Thank goodness, he's gone, and now I can start work."

Packing a small bag, he caught the next train to London, and took a cab from Victoria to Fulham. All the way along he had been revolving plans in his mind for making Miss Coverdale's acquaintance, but as he could arrive at no definite plan of action he resolved to trust to chance.

And his trust was not misplaced. The Grove, Fulham, proved to be a time-worn street of semi-respectability, where dilapidated cards were displayed in nearly all the bay windows bearing the legend, "Lodgings" or "Apartments." No. 99A was no exception in this respect, and Fred Blake found himself on the doorstep making earnest inquiries as to his prospect of being accepted as a lodger.

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir; but if you'll come in I'll ask Miss Coverdale." Fred accepted the invitation and was shown into a frowsy smelling parlor. As the servant retired a voice shouted down the stairs:

"Who is it, Sarah?"

"A gentleman, 'bout lodgin's, mum."

"Very well; I will be down in a minute."

And as Fred listened to the voice a shudder passed over him; it was the shrill, high-pitched voice of a shrew.

In a few moments the door opened and Miss Coverdale entered. She was very tall and very gaunt, with thin lips and high cheek bones. Her hair was flattened to her head by a dozen curling pins, and a dirty dressing gown trailed behind her. She glared at Blake

through a pair of spectacles as if she had discovered a new kind of insect.

"I understand you want lodgings. What is your business?"

"I am a lawyer's clerk."

"References?"

Fred placed a ten-pound note on the table, which she immediately pounced on.

"That's business. You can have a bed-sitting room for ten shillings a week without board, or with board one guinea."

"Thank you. I'll board."

"Any luggage?"

"I have been staying at Marley Hall. I must send there for my things."

"Marley Hall! Do you mean Geoffrey Winter's place?"

"Yes. Did you know him?"

"I did. Ah! he was a good friend to me, always sending a little help when I was short; and keeping lodgers is not all profit, especially when they leave without paying. May I ask your name?"

"My name is Blake—Fred Blake; and Geoffrey Winter was my uncle."

"Ah! I see we shall be friends. I will do my best to make you comfortable, but I am short-handed just now. My niece used to help me, but she left me some time ago. If you will come I will show you your room."

When Fred Blake was left alone his feelings were very mixed.

"She's over forty-five if she's a day, and her voice is like a buzz-saw. I don't know what old Foster meant when he wrote that she was in every way desirable; but, anyway, her fortune is, and I can win her in a week."

After a very short acquaintance with Miss Coverdale he came to the conclusion that he could win her in less than a week. He flattered her, praised her, took her to theaters and generally paid her every attention, so that she began to wonder what was going to happen. "She will be so proud of the idea of getting married at all that I hardly think she'll hesitate; so here goes."

And he straightway put his fortune to the test.

Miss Coverdale was silent for a minute.

"Do you really wish to marry me?"

"Would I ask you if I did not?"

"No, I don't suppose you would. You have been very kind and attentive to me, but I did not expect this."

"You will not refuse me?"

"No, Fred, I will marry you if you wish it. I know that I have not many attractions, and I only wanted to make sure that you were not asking me from some mistaken motive."

"So much am I in earnest that I will get a special license, and we can be married as soon as possible."

"But why this haste?"

"Because in a fortnight's time my holiday will be up, and I want to spend our honeymoon at Marley Hall."

"I should like that; I have never seen the place where Geoffrey Winter lived."

Having once obtained Miss Coverdale's consent, Fred Blake lost no time, and shortly after they were made man and wife.

Fred's first impulse was to drive to Messrs. Foster and Arnold at once and establish his wife's claim to the property; but, after thinking it over, he decided to proceed to the Hall, as there were many things he wanted to arrange.

Half an hour after his arrival Fred received a wire from Jack Winter: "Am bringing my wife down to see the old Hall; have dinner ready."

Fred had relied upon having a few days to get his arrangements completed, but he reflected that his wife's claim to the property was indisputable, and the sooner explanations were over the better.

At half-past 7 Jack arrived with his wife. Mrs. Blake was upstairs dressing for dinner, and Fred was standing on the hearthrug with as much of an air of ownership as he could assume.

"Mary, this is my cousin Fred, one of the best fellows I know."

"I am pleased to meet you, Mrs. Winter, and to welcome you to the old Hall."

"Thank you, Mr. Blake; I could not rest until I had seen the old place, so I made Jack bring me as soon as possible. I have heard so much about it."

At this moment Fred's wife, arrayed in a gorgeous costume, swept into the room. At the sight of Mrs. Winter she rushed forward with outstretched arms.

"Mary!"

"Aunt!"

"Who is this person?" asked Jack, turning to Fred.

"This person, as you are pleased to call her, was Miss Coverdale, but is now Mrs. Fred Blake, my wife, and owner of this house."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Winter. "My aunt the owner of this house! There is some mistake. I am, or was, Miss Mary Coverdale, and therefore Geoffrey Winter's heiress."

"You?"

"Yes; Geoffrey Winter was an old lover of my mother's, and he came to me some weeks before his death and told me the contents of his will, and suggested that I should take another name and make the acquaintance of Jack Winter. I did so, and to my surprise Jack fell in love with me and was willing to renounce the Marley estate for the sake of a penniless girl."

"That is quite true, Fred, and Mary did not reveal herself to me until I was about to apply for the special license."

"Then—then who is this woman?" asked Fred.

"This lady is my aunt," answered Mrs. Winter; "she bears the same name as myself, and is one of the best in the world."

"Do I understand," said Mrs. Blake of Fred, "that you married me in the belief that I was Geoffrey Winter's heiress?"

"I thought you were, certainly."

"And yet, when I asked you what your motive for marrying me was you answered that it was nothing but love and affection."

"You seem to have made a mess of things, Fred," said Jack.

"I must admit that in marrying Miss Coverdale I thought she was the heiress, but the fact that she is not does not lessen the regard in which I now hold her."

"That is right, Fred, my boy; we seem likely to settle things comfortably all round. I have promised my wife that her aunt should come and live with us, and as you are now man and wife, we can all live at the Hall together—there is plenty of room; and, in order to stifle your scruples, you can act as steward of the estate."

"That will be splendid," said Mrs. Winter.

"You are very good to me, Jack," said Fred, "and I accept your offer gratefully. I have always led a straight life up to now, but the prospect of a fortune proved too much for me. Since I have been married I have learned to love my wife, and it is possible that in after years we may both look back with a certain amount of pleasure to my first temptation."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

HYGIENIC AND SENTIMENTAL.

Medicine Teaches How Some Practices Are Not Charitable.

It must be admitted that in many instances hygiene is directly opposed to sentiment. The passing of the chalice or the loving cup from mouth to mouth is instinctively regarded as a process opposed to cleanly ideas and medicine teaches how objectionable such a proceeding is and how it may easily hand on disease.

But sentiment wins at every city dinner. Hygiene declines to agree with the sentiment that we must not dust an old bottle of port or claret covered with cobwebs and mold and removed from a cellar which must contain a deposit alive with it. It may be, appalling bacteriological possibilities.

Hygiene, again, would condemn the highly seasoned and oil-stained meerschau or briar pipe, but sentiment says there is no pipe like it for a cool, well-flavored and pleasing smoke, besides which such a pipe has numberless associations and the very sight of it recalls pleasant personal experiences. Hygiene dictates the removal of all so-called dirt films and the bringing to light of an exquisitely cleaned and smooth surface whereon no bacteria can find lodgment; sentiment prefers the tone and dignity of deposit and loathes a brand-new stone, brick or tile.

Hygiene would dispense with curtains and carpets and bid us live in rooms with walls and floors polished like a well-appointed dairy. To these things the sentiments of some people, at all events, naturally object. Hygiene has long attempted to banish the open fire, but sentiment has strongly and so far successfully resisted this attempt. Neither must there be smoke in the landscape if hygiene has its full sway, whatever art or sentiment may say.

We can not be found as advocates, however faint, of the smokiness of London, but the painters and etchers of less murky cities are never tired of pointing out the aesthetic possibilities of our capital with its blurred outlines and suggestive shadows. Hygiene would take away the jelly from the dietary because it is an excellent culture medium for micro-organisms; sentiment bids it stay. Instances could easily be multiplied.

With hygiene there is no middle course. Its cry is sterilize, sterilize, scour, scour; but to sentiment sterilization and scouring mean often a lost joy. How, then, can the strife between sentiment and hygiene be ended. Until knowledge is absolute it is impossible to say, for much that may be demanded in the name of hygiene now may be rescinded to-morrow because our sight is defective.—London Globe.

A Quick-Delivery Letter.

It is a curious fact that a century and a half ago a letter traveled much faster than ever it has done since. It was in 1753 that Lord March made a heavy wager that he would cause a letter to be conveyed 100 miles within an hour. His Lordship engaged a score of cricketers, all expert throwers and catchers, had the missive inclosed in a ball, and arranging his men at intervals in a circle, got them to throw the ball as swiftly as possible from one to another. At the end of the hour it was found that the letter had traveled almost exactly 120 miles.—Era Magazine.

How the Melon Came.

"Lard made a patch er melons,
En de culled man he call,
W'en 'long come de white man
An' took en pizened all!"

En sence dat day de culled man,
While comin' ter de scratch,
Is keeful w'en de moon shine
On de watermelon patch?"

Origin of the Bayonet.

The bayonet was so named because it was invented at Bayonne, France, about 1647. It was used by the French with success at the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689. The British army adopted the bayonet in 1693.

Charity is a cloak that covers a multitude of queer performances.

Some men are guided and some others are guided.

GOOD Short Stories

Huxley was once talking to Sir William Gull about the healing power of Nature. "Stuff!" said Gull, "nine times out of ten Nature does not want to cure the man. She wants to put him in his coffin."

De Wolf Hopper had a slight cold one night, and in a certain speech referred to it in this fashion: "I went to my doctor," he declared, "and the doctor said I had been eating too much nitrogenous food, and must stop it and eat farinaceous food. Since then I haven't been able to eat at all, for I don't know what either word means."

When Mr. Taft first arrived in the Philippines he went to its summer capital, Benguet. He had been seriously ill, and Secretary Root cabled him asking how he stood the voyage. Mr. Taft answered: "Stood it fine. Rode horse yesterday to altitude of 5,000 feet. Air like Adirondacks. Taft." The next day he received this cablegram: "How's the horse? Root?"

A judge in Kentucky, by reason of his bad temper, found considerable difficulty in controlling individuals in the courtroom. On one occasion there was unusual disorder. At last the judge could stand it no longer. "It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court," exclaimed his honor, "and I shall be forced to go to the extreme length of taking the one step that will stop it!" There followed a long silence in the court. Finally one of the leading counsel arose and, without the suspicion of a smile, asked: "If it please your honor, on what date will your resignation take effect?"

An Ohio author, now in Chicago, recently had a visit from a friend who still lives in the town where the two were boys together. He gives this account of one memory of that call: "Nesbit," said he, with the pleasantest kind of a look on his face, "you remember that little old house on Main street where you were born? When he said that, it brought up a vision of that house as clear as the reality. I saw the queer little windows, the nice, friendly door, the yard, the lilacs—everything. 'Yes, Bill,' I said with emotion. 'I remember very well.' 'Well,' he said, 'the folks have gone and put a tablet on that old house.' At first I couldn't speak. I had all I could do to keep the tears from coming. The folks hadn't lost sight of me, then! They knew what I had been doing. A tablet was, I admitted to myself, somewhat beyond my deserts, but—there it was. When I could speak I said: 'And what does the tablet say, Bill, old man?' Bill looked away out of the window. 'Main Street,' said he, softly."

CAT'S EIGHTY-FOOT LEAP.
Admiral Togo Lands Safely and Whips His Feline Rojestvensky.
Admiral Togo, an Angora cat, jumped seven stories the other day, vaulted a six-foot fence and whipped his rival to a standstill, says the New York World. This is the tale told by his fond possessors and vouched for as gospel truth by many who rushed to Togo's aid, expecting to attend his funeral. Togo makes his home with the family of Charles Littlefield in the Wellington apartments in New York. Miss Helen Littlefield is his special caretaker. Her uncle brought Togo over from Japan three years ago.

By way of getting a reputation he swallowed paris green and lived to fight again.

Miss Helen was playing with the admiral on the roof of the apartment house when Togo peeped around an island, so to speak, and spied his Rojestvensky, who was seated on a six-foot fence eighty feet below. Togo sailed through the air much like a flying squirrel, alighted in the soft midst of a flower bed and then mounted the fence and put his enemy to flight.

Togo permitted himself to be carried upstairs and petted. Later Veterinarian Mulvey thumped Togo from head to foot and found nary a scratch.

Atmospheric Pressure on Water.
Theoretically thirty-four feet is the limit to which the pressure of the atmosphere can push water up a tube with a vacuum above the water. No pump can exhaust the air above the water perfectly, hence no pump can get water thirty-four feet above the level of the water below. The pump lifts the air off the water in the pipe; the air outside the pipe pushes on the water in the well and pushes it up into the partial vacuum in the pipe below the valve of the pump.

Practical Nomenclature.
"So the name 'A Porous Plaster' got the prize offered to christen that new play. Did they select that name because they wanted it to stick?"

"I rather imagine it was because they wanted it to draw."—Baltimore American.

Cupid's Throne Is Cold.
Next to a cemetery at midnight about the loneliest sight is a hammock on the front porch after the first big frost.—Atchison Globe.

The desire to be good is universal—but that's as near as some people ever get.

Love and logic are not on speaking terms.

JAPAN A BIG STEEL BUYER.

Has Placed Several Large Orders in the United States.

In a quiet way the Imperial government of Japan has been placing some big orders in the markets of the United States which will help to keep our industries busy. Payment for the supplies ordered will distribute in this country some of the capital which United States investors parted with when they bought the Japanese bonds.

From a reliable source it is ascertained that the orders now placed in this country by Japan for railroad supplies and in the course of execution aggregate in value the large sum of \$7,000,000. An order was recently placed with the United States Steel Corporation for 51,000 tons of rails to be delivered in lots of 6,000 tons a month at the standard price of \$28 a ton.

These rails, with the fastenings, will cost the Imperial government about \$36 a ton when they are delivered at Dalm. They are to be used in the construction of railroads in Manchuria by Japan.

Orders for 316 bridges have also recently been placed with the United States Steel Corporation by the Imperial government of Japan, while from the same source orders for 600 cars and 115 locomotives have also been placed in American shops. All the equipment is up to date in specifications.

During the war Japan was so anxious to obtain locomotives and cars that cast-off equipment was accepted. But now the best that can be made is too good to satisfy the exacting demand for the government work. A corps of agents is stationed at the various shops for the purpose of inspecting materials and workmanship and to see that the specifications are lived up to in the minutest detail.



Trachoma, or granular eyelids, is the disease which the authorities are striving so hard to keep from becoming established in this country. It already prevails here to a considerable extent, but it could be overcome if fresh cases could be excluded; and it is because many would-be immigrants suffer from it that they are turned back from these shores every year.

It is a disease which afflicts chiefly the poorest classes in Europe, especially in Russia and Poland, and its spread through contagion is increased by the dirty and unhygienic surroundings in which these people live.

The disease is extremely contagious, and if introduced into a public school is likely to attack a very large number of the pupils unless it is early recognized and the sufferers are excluded.

The inflammation, which soon becomes chronic in its course, involves at first the mucous membrane which lines the lids, but is almost certain, if neglected, to spread to the covering of the eyeball. If the lid is examined it will be seen to be studded on its under surface with a number of little round bodies of a grayish-white color, embedded in the thickened mucous membrane. The upper lids droop, so that the eyes are only half open. After a time the eye itself becomes affected and the cornea grows opaque. This leads to more or less complete blindness.

The treatment of granular lids must be energetic, and begun early, if relief is to be hoped for, since the disease is a progressive one, which advances steadily to scarring and impairment of vision unless checked in time.

The treatment is one calling for the skill of the physician. Domestic remedies are useless, even harmful, since the application of them causes dangerous delay and postpones the institution of scientific measures of relief.

For the protection of others it is vitally important that the sufferer from granular lids should have his own toilet articles—soap, towels and even wash basin—which must on no account be used by others. The towels and handkerchiefs used by him should not go into the common wash,