

LONGING FOR THE VILLAGE

I am tired of the city
With its stress and strife and noise,
And am longing for the village
With its simple homely joys.

Where each face is so familiar
When I pass them on the way
As each trends his routine pathway
At a certain time each day.

There the chickens take possession
Of the sidewalk and the street,
And the air of sweet contentment
Broods o'er everything you meet.

And no strangers crowd the sidewalks
Every hour by night and day.
I know them all when strolling
Almost half a mile away.

There no street cars nor steam whistles
Sound alarms by night and noon,
But at eve the lonely watchdog
Starts his baying at the moon.

The secluded little village,
Toward its peaceful scenes I'll stray,
'Tis a green spot to inhabit
When I chance to feel that way.

Lu Brandon's Conspiracy.

"How can you tolerate it, Lu?" exclaimed Mrs. Gorman. "If he is my brother, I say it is a shame!" Then, allowing her listener no time to reply, the energetic little lady rattled on: "I suppose you and Clarence must have an understanding, or you would have discouraged him long ago. Here has Sidney Lawrence been waiting and serving for you no less patiently than Jacob for Rachel, these seven years and more, and yet my revere brother is the favored one. Unless you take him in hand soon your lilies and roses will wither, and even faithful Sidney will come to worship at a younger, fairer shrine. Everyone supposes that you and Clarence are engaged, and yet he has never in so many words made you an offer of marriage. Now, while we know that he considers you his betrothed, he does not seem to realize the embarrassing position in which this tedious courtship places you, and should therefore be brought to a knowledge of it or punished for his delinquency."

During the earlier portion of her friend's remarks a smile hovered around Lu Brandon's lips, and she continued her task of cutting the leaves of the last new magazine; but as the final sentence was pronounced her face flushed deeply.

"My private affairs need not concern the public, Belle," she replied, with dignity. "But I agree with you that I have been too patient. I acknowledge myself to be considerably at fault, for I proved an easy conquest, and Clarence may have grown lukewarm in his affection, feeling so secure of mine. Of course a word or two from me and I might become a wife within the next twenty-four hours, but all such words must come from my lord himself."

Her bright displeasure gone, with a merry laugh she arose and linked her arm in that of her friend, and leading her to a cozy settee in one corner of the piazza, proceeded to formulate plans by which she could bring her lover to terms without his knowledge of her conspiracy.

That evening, at tea, Mr. Clarence Curtis suddenly inquired:

"Been over to the Brandon's to-day, Belle?"

"Yes, and, by the way, Clarence, Lu requested me to tell you not to call this evening, as she will be engaged."

"All right, sis; I'll go around to the theater with Roberts."

There was a significant twinkle in her eyes as Mrs. Gorman rejoined:

"I hope you'll enjoy the play. The Kendalls are drawing large houses."

Two hours later Mr. Clarence Curtis was leisurely scanning the crowded theater, bowing to those he recognized, when, just previous to the rising of the curtain, his friend Roberts exclaimed:

"Why, as I live, there's Sid Lawrence! Who knew he had returned? I wonder who the lady is! Can it be possible? It's Miss Brandon! I never supposed she would accept any other escort save yourself. What is it, Curtis, a lover's quarrel?"

"Not to my knowledge. Then he added, somewhat impatiently, 'I am no ogre. Lu has a right to go where and with whom she pleases.'"

In spite of the indifferent manner and careless tone, Roberts noted that his theater-loving friend took far less interest in the play than in the couple who occupied one of the boxes nearly opposite from where they were seated.

Lu had surely never looked so exquisitely dainty and beautiful as to-night. She seemed the embodiment of health, all aglow with happiness. Yet the lovely face and graceful figure irritated him by the very beauty of which he had always been proud. This radiant piece of flesh and blood did not seem so exactly his property as formerly. Was it because Sidney Lawrence was so attentive? They had been children together, Sid and Lu, and he knew she had always regarded the studious, dignified boy and man as an elder brother, while she gave the love of her young heart to his comrade and chum. How well he recalled the days, years ago, when Sid had told him with sad eyes and tremulous voice that Lu had rejected him! He comforted him as best he could, selfishly exulting in the thought that he possessed her love unasked, unsought. Strange that his

possession never seemed quite so valuable as to-night! He wondered what Sidney was saying to make her smile and blush so deeply. Well, the act would soon be over, and then he and Roberts would go and see them, and so give the public to understand that matters were as usual between him and Miss Brandon.

With this thought he resolutely turned his attention to the stage, and perseveringly held it there until the curtain fell. Then, turning to Roberts, he proposed that they should go over to the opposite box.

As they entered it Sidney greeted them in his usual sincere and hearty manner, while Lu, with a smile, gave her hand first to Clarence and then to Roberts, at the same time motioning her lover to a seat by her side. As Roberts for a few minutes engaged Sidney in conversation, Curtis managed to ask Miss Brandon why she had not informed him of her desire to come to the theater. She frankly replied that she had felt no special wish to do so until Sidney unexpectedly called and asked her to accompany him. This she told him with a manner so devoid of coquetry that he felt reassured, and left her with a complacent feeling that he was quite sure of her affection.

He called to see her the next evening as usual, and nothing was said of the recent incident. Clarence's brief jealousy was forgotten, and he calmly accepted the old condition of things. Why should he be in haste to marry even the most charming girl in the world?

He hesitated to give up the freedom and luxury of bachelorhood for the restraints which marriage must inevitably bring. Lulu was such a delightful companion and sweetheart! Would she be equally charming as a wife? Whether or not she wished to marry, he never conjectured. He had always lived for his own comfort, and self was his first consideration. So when he left her that evening the words were still unspoken which would bind her to him, and he was yet a free man.

A fortnight passed as usual, with no change in the relations of the two. Lulu was a proud girl, and Mrs. Gorman's look of inquiry every time they now met was hard to bear. Matters reached a climax on the day when Belle incautiously said:

"I have been scolding Clarence about



YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THEN.

you, Lulu. I tell him he will rue his indifference when it is too late."

"Indeed!" Lulu's laugh was rather forced. "And what did my lord say?"

"Oh, that he was sure of you, or something of the sort. He is abominably conceited, though he is my brother."

"Are not all men so?" asked Lulu, lightly; but her eyes were like sparks.

When, at 8 o'clock next evening, Clarence called to see Miss Brandon, the maid informed him that she had just "went out with Mr. Lawrence."

Again the green-eyed demon seized the tardy wooer, and this time it wonderfully quickened his latent love. He resolved to ask the important question at once. Early the next morning he went to the home of his sweetheart, only to find that she had gone out for the day. Clarence was seriously disturbed. He felt that something was wrong. If he could only see Lulu for a few minutes, matters would be settled to his satisfaction, he assured himself. But alas! that little word "if" has often proved a barrier stronger than prison walls or iron bands.

He was baffled in every attempt to see Miss Brandon alone, until he was forced to admit that she purposely sought to evade a meeting with him. This only made him more eager and determined to bring one about, but more than two months elapsed before he succeeded in securing the long and much desired interview. At last he wrote her a note, requesting somewhat imperatively to be allowed to see her privately. The reply was brief, simply stating that she would receive him that evening at 8 o'clock.

Promptly at the time designated Clarence entered the familiar parlor and was greeted cordially by Lu, who yet evaded the accustomed lover-like caress.

"Great minds run in the same channel," Clarence. At the moment I received your note I was writing you an invitation to call."

This little speech quickly dissipated the suspicion which had arisen in his mind at his reception, and he resolved to state the object of his call without delay.

"Dear Lulu," he said, taking her hand in his, "I have come this evening to ask you to name an early date for our marriage. I want my wife as soon as possible."

She allowed him to retain her hand, but the crimson deepened upon the fair cheeks as she replied:

"Clarence, I have something to say which may give you pain. During the last few years I have been dimly conscious that we are not exactly suited to each other, although a month ago I should have indignantly refused such an implication from anyone else. I am now fully convinced that if united we should not be happy. More than this," here she spoke very softly and tenderly, "I have been mistaken in the object of my affection, and I now know that I have never truly loved anyone but Sidney Lawrence."

Speechless and pale, Clarence's eyes sought hers beseechingly. At last he realized the magnitude of his love for the woman his selfishness had put forever from his life. But he read no hope in her face, and in silence he rose and left her.

Years have passed since then. Clarence Curtis has never married, and the gossip says the handsome bachelor silently worships the wife of Sidney Lawrence.—Waverley Magazine.

A GREEN OLD AGE.

Enjoyed by a Very Old Tree by the Mississippi.

The most ancient living thing on earth is a tree. Exactly where that tree stands is a mooted question, for many localities lay claim to it, but there have been scientists curious enough to investigate the various claims, and we can probably arrive at a pretty exact result by a few comparisons.

Recently somebody has put forth the claim of the so-called "Old Green Tree of the Mississippi Valley," which stands near the river in Le Claire, Ia. Its trunk is more than 100 feet in circumference and its branches shade a circle of more than 300 feet. It was an ancient tree when the first white man stood under its branches, and has a place in the traditions of the Indian tribes of the Mississippi Valley dating back long, long before the first white face was seen on the shores of the Western world.

There are certain Jews in England that were stalwart trees when Caesar landed on her shores. More than a century ago a scientist named Decandolle proved to the satisfaction of botanists that a certain yew standing in the churchyard of Fortingal, Perthshire, was more than 2,500 years old, and he found another at Hedor, in Buclach, which was 3,240 years old at that time.

Humboldt refers to a gigantic baobab tree in Central Africa as the oldest organic monument in the world. This tree had a trunk twenty-nine feet in diameter, and Adanson, by a series of careful measurements, demonstrated conclusively that it had lived for not less than 5,150 years—and it lives today. But even Humboldt was wrong in his premise. It has recently been proved that there is a tree in the New World which, of a verity, has lived to "a green old age," for it antedates the scriptural flood about 2,000 years.

There is a cypress tree standing in the Province of Chepultepec, Mexico, with a trunk 118 feet 10 inches in circumference. This has been shown to be (as conclusively as these things can be shown), about 6,260 years of age. Nor is this so remarkable when one stops to think that, given favorable conditions for its growth and sustenance, the average tree will never die of old age. Its death is merely an accident. Other younger and more vigorous trees may spring up near it and rob its roots of their proper nourishment; insects may kill it; floods or winds may sweep it away, or the woodman's ax may fell it. If no such accident happens to it a tree may flourish and grow for century upon century and age upon age.—New York Times.

FASTEST WAR VESSEL AFLOAT.

Has Made Thirty-eight Knots an Hour Under Pressure.

A series of trials on the River Clyde proves that the Swift, the latest addition to the British navy, is the fastest warship afloat, the New York Evening Post says. She is the largest vessel of the type ever constructed, displacing 1,800 tons of water, or twice as much as any destroyer built hitherto. She is of extraordinary length—345 feet—has a beam of 34 1-6 feet, and draws only 10 1/2 feet of water. Her armament consists of four four-inch guns of a new type, and she burns oil fuel in conjunction with Normal boilers. The Parsons turbines have, of course, been fitted. She was designed to steam at thirty-six knots, and after she had been fitted with new wing propellers, reached this very remarkable rate of steaming, while, under pressure, she made two runs with two more knots to her credit, equivalent to forty-three land miles an hour. This remarkable vessel was built by Commell, Laird & Co., at Birkenhead. She has cost considerably over a quarter of a million sterling—to be exact, £290,292—and she is intended for duty in the North sea as a destroyer of destroyers. The Mauretania travels quickly, but the Swift could easily steam around her in circles, even when going at her best speed.

Another Theory.

"I have seen illuminations on Mars which I am sure were efforts to communicate with us," said the imaginative scientist.

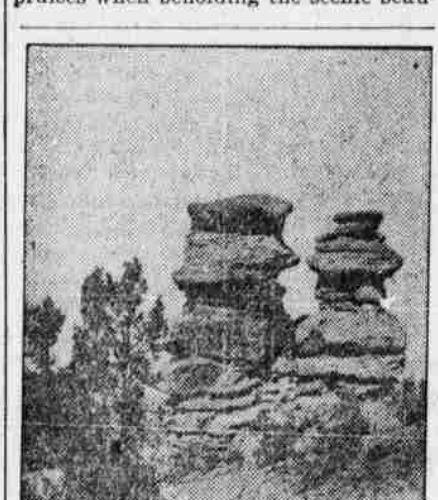
"Nonsense," answered the practical person; "what you saw was probably a national celebration with street illuminations and fireworks."—Washington Star.

The worst kind of a dead beat is a man who tries to swindle the estate of a deceased friend.

GARDEN OF THE GODS

Colorado Wonderland, Where Nature Displays Her Most Fantastic Moods.

One of the world's greatest natural wonders, the famous Garden of the Gods in Colorado, has been presented by C. B. Perkins, who has been its owner for a quarter of a century, to Colorado Springs to become a part of the city's 3,000-acre park system. It is a notable acquisition and the people of Colorado Springs are to be congratulated in thus securing a feature that has called forth the admiration of tourists from all over the world, who have invariably grown enthusiastic in their praises when beholding the scenic beauties and quaint conceits of form with which nature has so lavishly adorned this Colorado museum.



THE SIAMESE TWINS.

The garden comprises an area of 940 acres. The titanic forces of nature conspired to make it one of the ruggedest yet most beautiful spots on earth. It has attracted tourists by hundreds of thousands from all parts of the world, rivaling in this respect the Yellowstone National Park itself, and its fame has done much to build up that region as the playground of the republic.

The Garden of the Gods is remarkable for the strange forms which the red and white sandstone rocks here assume. Besides grotesque shapes, to which various names have been given, there are spires, minarets, cones and cathedral towers, and masses of a staccato form.

Transcontinental tourists always include the Garden of the Gods in their itinerary and it is safe to say that several millions of visitors have been attracted to the spot since the railroads made it easy of reach. Colorado, originally famous for Pike's Peak, has gathered more fame from the Garden of the Gods than any other single feature. The State has profited in large measure from the possession of the place, and Colorado Springs would not to-day be the city it is were it not near this spot.

At the entrance of the Garden of the Gods one begins to see marvelous things—indeed, before entering. The so-called Gateway is an imposing formation, being two great masses of red and white sandstone rocks rising 900 feet with a narrow passageway between. From a distance, the Gateway is not particularly imposing but on nearer approach, it is seen that nature has here performed a miracle. After passing through, the tourist is prepared in a measure for any further wonders that may confront him.

All through the Garden of the Gods, red and white sandstone formations abound in the most curious shape. Grotesqueries are everywhere. There are most peculiar rocks resembling birds and animals, some of them so closely that the visitor may doubt the evidence of his own eyes and expect the titanic monsters to awaken out of their sleep and spring at him. There are minarets and spires, cones, towers, overhanging fret work, flagstone in rocks, beautifully colored veils and strata, balancing stones, tables, and everything conceivable and some things that are not. Imagination could not run wilder riot than is here seen in reality.

The photographs shown with this story give the reader a fairly good idea of some of the formations. Cathedral Spires, one of the most peculiar group of rocks in the entire Garden, is so called from its resemblance to a church. At near view, the resemblance is lost, but from a distance, at certain angles, one may readily believe, if he did not know to the contrary, that he is looking at a beautiful cathedral and would expect to hear the echoes of the chimes

complete in every outline, and as de-mure as though about to finish the hatching of a brood of ducklings. Then comes an alligator stretched out at full length and so natural that one involuntarily wonders if the gigantic saurian is not waiting for a meal—a small one—off the duck. Further advance into this museum of wonders reveals new sights to charm or impress the beholder. Of these there may be mentioned the red sentinel that guards the north portals of the Garden, flanked on either side by cathedrals and fortresses of amazing size, and aflame with brilliant coloring.

There are thin slabs of sandstone standing on edge and lifting their heads hundreds of feet high, on which the gods or witches have sculptured images of birds and animals; and many strange shapes such as needle rocks. Several other localities in the mountains near the Garden of the Gods afford similar wonders.

A Fool Anyhow.

"I don't suppose he would rock a boat."

"I hope not."

"Still, he might see how far out he could swim."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

FARMING IN INDIA

Religious Rites Required Throughout the Entire Season.

Agricultural practice in southern India from start to finish requires religious rites, says the Madras Mail.

In the Tamil districts the agricultural year commences about April. On April 23 the cultivators of a village consult a "valluvan," who fixes for them the kind of wood that they should cut and take away. He is supposed to settle the question as the result of astrological observations made on the commencement of the Tamil New Year's day, which falls about April 13. Each cultivator then takes a little camphor, some incense, a few plantains and a coconut, and with others assembled for the purpose he proceeds to the forests, where he worships the tree he is about to cut, offering the plantains and the coconut. Then he lops off the first branch, taking good care that it falls on the right side. In each year the side is different. Prosperity to himself and his cattle is firmly believed to depend very much upon this. He then cuts away the required quantity of wood and takes it home.

Another day is then selected, soon after the early rains of the same month, by the "valluvan" and then the greatest event of the agricultural year occurs. Each ryot takes the wood he has selected for the plow, which is newly fitted up and taken to the field, where the bullocks are tied to it, and behind it stand other plows with teams of oxen tied to them, while large crowds assemble around the teams.

The principal plowman then daubs the pair of oxen tied to the new plow with aniline powder and turmeric paste; he lights camphor and burns incense before it, breaks a coconut and with it he makes an offering of a pot of jaggery water and parched grain and Bengal gram. Then he drives the plow across the field, preceded by the other plowmen, and after a few rounds the oxen are unyoked and the offerings distributed to those present.

Legal Information

In the case of Colt vs. O'Connor et al., 109 New York Supplement, 680, recently before the Supreme Court of New York, a woman who had married testator in good faith, and had nursed him through a long illness, keeping their marriage secret at his request, was allowed to recover damages for the injury caused by marrying her while he had a wife living.

The Supreme Judicial Court of Maine in Smart vs. Aroostook Lumber Company, 68 Atlantic Reporter, 527, held that, although the defendant logging company had monopolized the commercial business on a navigable stream by filling it with floating logs, plaintiff was entitled to its use for access to his summer cottage, and that navigation for the purpose of mere pleasure is as much within the protection of the law as a use for commercial purposes.

Plaintiffs, attorneys, were engaged by defendant's agent and sent pleadings by his other attorneys, but there was no proof of authority on the part of any of these persons to contract for the payment of attorney's fees, and the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals in Bentley vs. Fidelity and Deposit Company, 69 Atlantic Reporter, 202, held that no recovery could be had without proof of such contract, and that no liability arose from the simple fact of performance of services, as they were presumed to be gratuitous.

In Farrell vs. Manhattan Market Company, 84 Northeastern Reporter, 481, it appeared that plaintiff purchased a chicken at a bargain counter, and on eating a portion of it suffered from ptomaine poisoning. The determining factor of the case was a question of evidence as to whether the dealer was responsible for plaintiff's choice of the fowl or whether she made her choice without reliance on his skill. The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts held that the burden of proof on this proposition was on plaintiff and that she had failed to sustain it.

The son-in-law of plaintiff was janitor of an apartment house, in the basement of which he resided. While plaintiff was there she was seized with erysipelas. Defendant, the landlord, learning this, told the janitor that if she were not removed by noon he would call an officer and put them all out. Thereupon the plaintiff left. In Tucker vs. Burt, 115 Northwestern Reporter, 722, she claimed damages for the resulting aggravation of her malady. The Supreme Court of Michigan held the janitor was merely an employee, not a tenant; that he had no right to entertain a guest obnoxious to defendant; and that defendant violated no duty in causing her removal.

Exempt.

"They can't drag my wife into any of these new-fangled, slim-Jane styles of dressing."

"Independent, eh?"

"Well, it ain't so much that. She's thirty-eight inches round the waist."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wasn't Made.

Munk—"That's a dippy suit you have. Who made it?"

Punk—"Nobody. It was ready made."—Cornell Widow.

Ever notice how the other fellow happens to have your umbrella when it rains?