

UNSEEN.

"And where is God?" the Doubter asked, "I do not see Him anywhere. Behind what creature is He masked, in sea, on earth, in clouds, in air?"

"Where are the violets?" asked the child—"I do not see them, yet I know. Although the winds are blowing wild, They are alive beneath the snow."

—Donahoe's Magazine.

HOW THE BABY SAVED THE SUNBURST.

MAID across the way, who, at the moment, was engaged in pulling down the blind preparatory to the lighting of the lamp, ready to testify that the young man was dressed in a summer suit of light gray, tan shoes and a straw hat with a blue ribbon; that he approached the cottage of the Kingsleys, opposite, without hesitation, opened the screen door without ringing, and—that is all she knows about the case.

She is perfectly correct, as far as she goes. After closing the screen door behind him, he tripped up the stairs, with his straw hat in his hand, and entered the bedroom on his right. Near the threshold he stopped, gazed intently into the large mirror over the dresser, and then continued on his way direct to the dresser, after arriving at which, he looked at himself in the mirror as he pulled his reddish moustache, and arranged the stray hairs of his head at the part (which was in the middle). He then opened the upper drawer of the bureau, took out a brush and comb—the former of which he tried on his light hair; took out a pair of lady's gloves, which he tossed back again; took out a purse, which he examined and threw abruptly in one corner of the drawer, and turning about, crossed the room and disappeared behind a gay curtain that hung over a doorway.

At the very moment that the young man disappeared from the bedroom Mrs. Kingsley's voice might have been heard—probably was heard—in the lower hall. It was not a monotonous voice, but it sounded as if it were the voice of a mother who had just discovered that her child was missing.

"There—there—mamma get his bottle right away—mamma put him down and get his bottle—there—there."

As this dialogue proceeded the baby's side of which we leave to be imagined, Mrs. Kingsley and her son passed by the stairs, through the upper hall, and entered the bedroom from which the young man had just disappeared.

The mother laid her baby on the bed near the gay curtain suspended over the doorway, lighted the gas and turned it low, and flew down again to prepare the refreshment for which her son was still pouring forth his passionate petition.

The bottle with which Mrs. Kingsley presently returned is worthy of description—not for its naked self, but because it was an ordinary nursing bottle, but on account of the manner in which it was prepared for use. It was enveloped in a knobby, fashioned with a safety wire, the object not being to conceal its nakedness, but to afford a means of fastening the bottle in place on the pillow, to which it was pinned at the base, and thus allowed to rotate and accommodate itself to the movements of the child, without getting beyond his reach.

The baby having been laid with his back to the dim light and his face toward the gay curtain, the bottle was pinned in place, and immediately silence fell upon the Kingsley cottage.

The sheet was gently laid over the tiny form, a dozen mother touches, too rapid to be followed and too close to be explained, were laid here and there about the child, and as quietly as a spirit might have come and gone, the mother left the room.

Lulled by the strong probability that the infant had been left on the threshold of repose, Mrs. Kingsley went forth down the stairs, as though her footsteps on the carpet might wake him. Her mind was filled with visions of a quiet rock in the hammock swings in a shady corner of the veranda.

As she reached the lower hall, these selfish thoughts were harshly disturbed by the sounds of suppressed laughter, and the vague outlines of two female figures close to the screen door.

"The idea!" said one voice. "I'd as soon ask her as not." "It's awfully good of you. And what a cute veranda for such an affair—such a delightful place to hang the lanterns," said the other voice.

Mrs. Kingsley stood still. She divined what was in store for her. She asked herself whether there was any more sleep for the baby. Then she sprang forward and opened the door.

—like the Arabs, you know—thank you—it's awfully good of you—

Mrs. Kingsley then went to the door of the bedroom where her baby lay, and hearing faint notes from him, she entered. Baby still had his back to the light and his face to the gay curtain. His arms were outstretched and in motion, and his fingers were in rapid action, as though driving a screw.

With a magic only possessed by her, the mother quickly composed the nerves of her little one, and left him again with the rubber nipple eagerly compressed between his toothless gums. As she accomplished this she heard a multitude of feet and a jangle of voices on the veranda, and she hastened down to welcome the storming party and prepare the lower part of the house for their entertainment.

The veranda was already thronged by a chattering party of young people, the lawn was strewn with their bicycles, and Chinese lanterns were being suspended from the many inviting scrolls and pendants between the pillars. The lower interior of the cottage was quickly lighted and turned over to the merry-makers, and the committee on refreshments was given possession of the kitchen.

It has been said that when Mrs. Kingsley laid her baby down the first time that evening his face was toward the gay curtain. He knew that after he had sufficiently enjoyed the bottle, he was expected to close his eyes in infant slumber for at least an hour or two, and he intended doing it; but just as he was about to begin the end of that day's consciousness, he saw the gay curtain move aside, and a young man, dressed in a summer

suit of light gray, tan shoes, and a straw hat with a blue ribbon, enter the room.

The young man stood still, for a moment, near the bed, and looked at the baby, smiling. The baby dropped the bottle, and smiled back at the young man. The young man seemed charmed by this, and going around the bed, sat down on its edge, and held up a finger over the baby. The baby turned and grasped it and said:

"Oo-oo-oo."

The young man moved the imprisoned finger about slowly an instant, and then released it and went to the door leading into the hall, and put his ear to the key-hole. He then cautiously opened the door and left it ajar, and went to the bureau. He was about to open the drawer, when a motion caught his eye in the glass. The baby was watching him.

Just then the screen door slammed below stairs, and Mrs. Kingsley was on her way up. The young man ran to the bedroom door, closed it, and the baby saw him disappear behind the gay curtain.

Although the baby had not the power to communicate his vision to his mother, he knew enough to watch the gay curtain while he applied himself to his slumber-producing bottle. His mother had not gotten downstairs when the curtain moved again, and the same young man reappeared. This time the young man went straight to the door and opened it, and quickly stepped to the dresser, opened the drawer, and actively searched for something. Presently he took out a glass box, removed the cover, drew out something which sparkled even in the dim light of the room, and which he stepped to the gas to examine, turning up the jet a little, in order to do so.

"Oo-oo-oo," said the baby, turning himself completely about and stretching out his arms as though reaching for the sparkling gems.

The young man smiled, and seating himself on the bed near the baby, held up to his admiring gaze a magnificent "sunburst" diamond pin.

There was a murmur of voices on the veranda, which seemed to the young man to be pouring into the house.

There seemed to be other jewels in the box, to which he turned his attention, at the same time holding the diamonds before the baby, whose little arms were extended, and his fingers working. Suddenly the baby made a desperate grab for the gem, and before the young man could prevent it, he had put it in his mouth.

At the very same instant, a lady's voice was heard calling up the stairs: "You'll find it in the closet behind the red curtain, in the baby's room, the first door to the right."

"All right," answered another voice half way up.

their midst of a young gentleman carrying a baby. He was a smart looking young man, wearing a light suit of summer clothes, tan shoes and a straw hat with a blue ribbon. He seemed anxious to reassure them.

"Excuse me, ladies, for thus unceremoniously coming into your midst; but I am Mrs. Kingsley's brother, Tom. The baby was crying, and I hated to call it mother away from her guests. So I slipped down the back way. Baby and I will take a turn about under the trees."

The young man had his hand on the knob of the outer door, when that leading into the dining room was abruptly opened and Mrs. Kingsley entered, with blanched cheeks.

"This is carrying the joke a little too far. Somebody has taken my—"

"Baby?" inquired the refreshment committee, in chorus.

"You are all welcome to the house; but if you can get along without the baby, I'd rather you would."

"We don't want the baby," cried the committee. "It was all your brother's idea, bringing the baby down."

"My brother? What brother?" transpiring the young man with a look.

"Your brother Tom, there," said the committee, pointing to the young man who held the infant. "Wasn't it your idea, Mr. —"

The young man bowed assent.

"I have no brother Tom," exclaimed Mrs. Kingsley, indignantly. "What do you mean, sir, with my baby in your arms; and who are you?"

"Pardon me, madam, I thought you had a brother Tom. The baby was restless, and I—good-evening, ladies," said the young man, setting the baby in its mother's arms, and passing out into the night.

"That baby's choking, Mrs. Kingsley," said one of the young ladies; "he's growing black in the face."

"Mercy on you, what next!" exclaimed the poor mother, running her forefinger down the infant's throat, and bringing up—the diamond pin! "That man is a burglar," cried Mrs. Kingsley; "somebody give chase to him on a bicycle."

Every one in the party volunteered, but there was one young gentleman who could not go, because his wheel was missing.

"Oh, now I see," said Mrs. Kingsley, when she had put the baby back in the bed and restored the sunburst to its place in the glass box. "Why he wanted to take the baby?"—Waverley Magazine.

MUNICIPAL DENTISTRY ABROAD.

Germany and Russia Adopt Plan of Looking After the Teeth.

The dental statistics gathered in many European cities have revealed such an alarming condition of affairs that Germany, at least, has decided to adopt a comprehensive measure.

In all large dental towns clinics have been founded, consisting, as a rule, of specially fitted rooms in one of the central schools.

Why Women Fail as Wives.

BY ELIZABETH M. GILMER (From the Twentieth Century Home.)



THE first reason why women fail as wives is because marriage has never yet been esteemed one of the learned professions, which only a highly qualified individual is fitted to practice. On the contrary, it is held to be a kind of jack-in-the-box that any girl can pick up at a minute's notice, and carry on successfully without the slightest previous knowledge or training. No girl would be conceited enough to think that she could practice medicine or law or dentistry without devoting years to its study. She wouldn't even dream of hiring out as a stenographer without first learning how to make pot-books, but she blithely and cocksurely tackles the most difficult and complicated job existing, that of being a wife, on the fallacious assumption that a knowledge of how to manage a man, and make him happy and comfortable, comes to a woman by inspiration, and not through preparation. When the average girl marries she does not even know how to make a man physically comfortable. * * * Nobody can be sentimental on an empty stomach, and bad cooking will kill the tenderest affection in time. Love is choked to death on tough steak as well as slain by unfaithfulness, and many a young husband's illusions about his bride have been drowned in watery soup. * * *

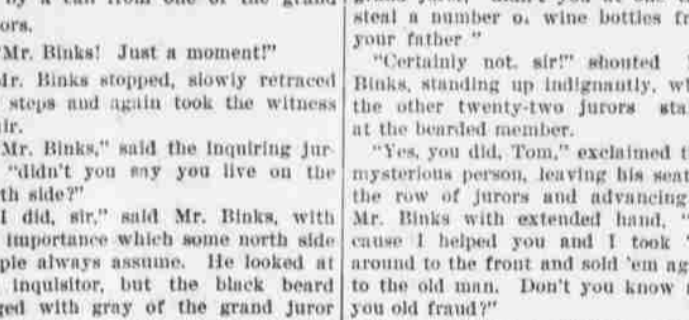
All of this seems very material and solid to a woman, but it is very important, nevertheless. When a man marries, he marries for a home. Out in the world to-day he has all that he can endure, and when night comes it finds him with wrecked nerves, and a spent body that longs for some quiet place where he can be at peace and rest. It is the woman's part of the marriage partnership to supply this, and unless she does she has defaulted on her contract, and she deserves to be posted as an impostor who has got good on false pretenses. If every girl who married were a good free-hand cook, fewer wives would have to go into liquidation in love.

Lack of companionableness is another reason why so many women fall as wives. There is not one woman in a thousand who knows how to chum with her husband, and enter into the things he wants to do. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine seem to think that matrimony is a reformatory, and that it is their sacred duty to keep their husbands from enjoying themselves. The average wife never has such a self-righteous feeling that she is doing her full duty by her husband as when she is interfering with his pleasure, or trying to change his habits.

Then there are the children. Whatever degree of companionableness did exist between husband and wife during the honeymoon generally gets it quietly from the first baby. * * * After the baby's arrival, the husband simply exists hitherforth to supply baby's wants. The young mother doesn't dress, because baby pulls at her ribbons and laces. She doesn't spend the evenings with her husband, because baby has to be rocked to sleep. The only topic of interest to her is sterilized baby-food, and she is relieved, and not sorry, when her husband takes to going out of evenings to amuse himself, because in her desire to be a good mother she has forgotten what a very poor wife she has become. Women do some queer figuring sometimes, but they never make quite so big an error in their calculations as when they decide that a baby is worth more than a husband. * * *

Women fail as wives because they lack appreciation. Wives complain instead of giving thanks. They grumble because they haven't got automobiles, in place of being grateful that they have somebody to furnish their carfare. They weep because they can't go to Europe, when they ought to be beaming with joy because they have a home to stay in. Now, a man doesn't want his wife to get out a brass band and a torchlight procession to celebrate his virtues in supporting his family, but he does like to feel that his toil and his efforts are appreciated, and that his sacrifices are not made in vain. After a man has worked like a slave from morning until night, year after year, for his board and clothes—and that's about all the average man gets—it must be pretty hard lines to feel that all the thanks he receives are whines and reproaches because he doesn't make more.

Finally, lastly and mostly, women fail as wives because they are too lazy to keep the love they have won, and to make the man happy who is devoting his life to making them comfortable. To be a good wife is not an easy task. It is one of the most strenuous undertakings on earth. It requires labor and care and skill and tact and unselfishness, but that is the kind of service a woman agrees to give when she gets married. If she doesn't like the price, she can stay single.



The dignified citizen had just finished telling his story to the grand jury and, fully impressed by his importance as a cog in the machinery of the law, had started for the door. He was halted by a call from one of the grand jurors.

"Mr. Binks! Just a moment!" Mr. Binks stopped, slowly retraced his steps and again took the witness chair.

"Mr. Binks," said the Inquiring juror, "didn't you say you live on the north side?"

"I did, sir," said Mr. Binks, with the importance which some north side people always assume. He looked at his inquisitor, but the black beard tinged with gray of the grand juror and the twinkling eyes behind the glasses told him nothing.



John Morley M. P. distinguished Parliamentarian to Visit America.

NATURE'S JOKES.

Some Freak Forms of Flowers—Apple Blossoms on Rose Bush.

Gardeners all over the world are toiling to produce new flowers. Nature, in a freakish moment, will sometimes accomplish what generations of horticulturists have been unable to effect.

As an instance in point, there is a Mimosolou rosebush in a garden at Violet Hill, Stowmarket, which one summer recently produced a most astonishing floral freak. The rose grows near an apple tree, and when one of its largest buds first burst into bloom it was seen that five perfect apple-blossom petals were springing in its center.

Every year as horticulturists go further afield, and search more and more thoroughly the out-of-the-way corners of the earth their emissaries bring in never and more strange flowers. Perhaps none are more wonderful than some of the new forms of the resurrection plant, of which the rose of Jericho is the best known example.

A resurrection flower lately found in Mexico is a shrunken, rounded ball of dry, dead leaves until it is put into water. Then it expands into a great loose mass of flimsy green, the petals fluff apart, and blooms expose their fluffy centers.

A flower discovered on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in the early morning blooms a pure white; by midday it has changed to a perfect red, but before it closes at nightfall it has turned to a pale blue. Even more wonderful than its change of color is the fact that at noon only does it give out any perfume.

Australia boasts many strange flowers—far more, indeed, than most people imagine to exist in her gray-green forests. The Christmas bush is famous because its masses of small pink and reddish blooms are used as a substitute for holly.

But the strangest flower is the New South Wales flannel flower. It is so called because it has the exact appearance of having been carefully cut out of white flannel.

Green flowers are very rare in nature. The lily is one of the very few plants which has a natural green variety. Schomburgk was its discoverer in South Africa, the home of all the lilies.

In one sense, all our gardens are filled with freak flowers. The gigantic and vari-colored blooms which adorn the beds and borders are, almost without exception, monstrosities produced by long selection and intense cultivation.

But nature can and does do funny things at times in her own garden. Albino flowers are by no means uncommon. Whole patches of the ordinarily yellow moth-mullen are at times found of a white hue. The lobelia, too, at times sports pure white, and so do many other flowers.—Pearson's Magazine.

FIRST MELONS IN KANSAS.

They Were Planted Fifty Years Ago by a Pioneer.

Judge W. R. Bernard, of Westport, was the first man to eat watermelon of his own growing in the State of Kansas, according to the Kansas City Star. Judge Bernard is 77 years old. He settled in Westport in 1847.

"Where Kansas City now stands," said Judge Bernard, "there was a tangle of virgin forests. Fifty years ago I was the official interpreter of the Sac Indian tribe. Their reservation was near the site of Ottawa, Kan. I also had a contract with the government to freight supplies to the Indians."

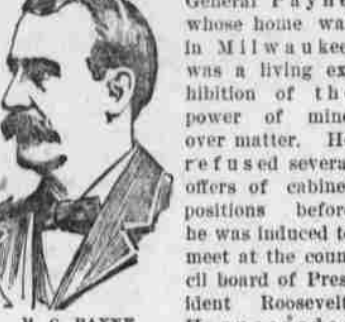
"When making a freighting trip I was often accompanied by salesmen of mercantile houses in New York and Boston and several times had with me correspondents of Eastern periodicals who went out to get material for stories about the Indians and the great West. I often tricked these tenderloins."

"When I started out across the plains I always took with me a lot of watermelon seeds and at every camping place I'd stroll off a few hundred yards from the trail and turn over a patch of sod and plant a few of these seeds. The best place in the world to plant watermelon seeds is under an upturned sod of the Kansas prairie. In those days the prairies were covered with short buffalo grass, so there were no weeds to choke or hinder the growth of the melons. In the latter part of the summer there would be scores of delicious melons in my patches."

"The first summer I planted these patches I had with me a correspondent for Harper's Weekly. The first evening after we left Westport we camped upon the open prairie beyond Shawnee mission and after the oxen had been corralled, the buffalo chips gathered and a fire started for supper I said to the correspondent: 'Well, I guess I'll stroll out and see if I can find a ripe watermelon.' 'Watermelon?' asked the Eastern man in surprise. 'Yes, watermelon,' I answered. 'He laughed heartily, but I scattered away and in a little while returned with a huge ripe watermelon under such arm. The way the eyes of that tenderfoot bulged out was very gratifying to me. It was the first time he had ever heard that watermelons grew upon the Western prairie and it was the first time they had ever grown there, too.' 'After that we had watermelon at every meal until we got to the reservation.'"



The passing of Henry C. Payne, Postmaster General, takes from public life a prominent figure. For nearly twenty-five years General Payne, whose home was in Millwaukee, was a living exhibition of the power of mind over matter. He refused several offers of cabinet positions before he was induced to meet at the council board of President Roosevelt. He succeeded well in a financial way, though much of his work in finance and politics was under conditions which would have driven most men to seek repose in travel. Probably no man since Samuel J. Tilden has been so handicapped. Neither of these men ever knew what it was to be physically robust, to follow the devices and desires of his own heart, without at first taking counsel of his physique.

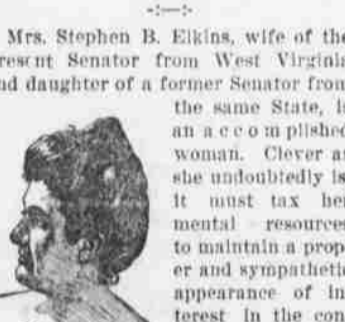


Lieut. I. H. Chandler, U. S. N., maneuvered the torpedo flotilla so cleverly in southern waters lately that Secretary Moody has sent him to the Orient to observe the movements of the Mikado's destroyers—if permitted so to do.

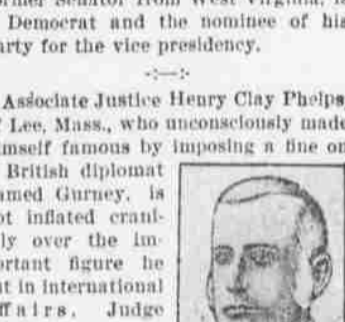
Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski, the new Russian Minister of the Interior, who succeeds the murdered Von Plehve, has been successively Governor of Pennsylvania, Marshal of the Nobility of the Province of Kharkoff and Ekaterinshlav, and Assistant Minister of the Interior under M. Sipiaguine, who also was assassinated. The prince is 47 years of age, and began his career as a soldier, but later entered the civil service. He is said to possess a horror of religious persecution. His father was a famous general during the reign of Alexander II. The prince's wife is a great admirer of Count Tolstoi.



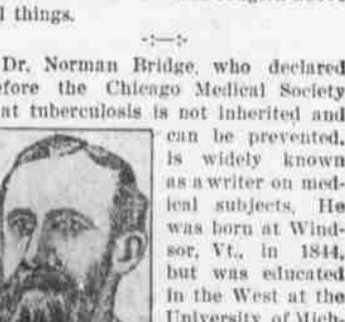
Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, wife of the present Senator from West Virginia and daughter of a former Senator from the same State, is an exceedingly woman. Clever as she undoubtedly is, it must tax her mental resources to maintain a proper and sympathetic appearance of interest in the conflicting political ambitions of the members of her immediate family. Her husband, Senator Elkins, is the foremost Republican in his State and is also most active and influential in national affairs. Her father, Henry Gassaway Davis, former Senator from West Virginia, is a Democrat and the nominee of his party for the vice presidency.



Associate Justice Henry Clay Phelps, of Lee, Mass., who unconsciously made himself famous by imposing a fine on a British diplomat named Gurney, is not inflated cranially over the important figure he cuts in international affairs. Judge Phelps, as every one in Lee calls him, is at the head of an important industry and also conducts a hardware store. He is about 60 years of age and is a man of considerable means. He comes of old New England stock and holds law and religion above all things.



Dr. Norman Bridge, who declared before the Chicago Medical Society that tuberculosis is not inherited and can be prevented, is widely known as a writer on medical subjects. He was born at Windsor, Vt., in 1844, but was educated in the West at the University of Michigan and Chicago Medical College. He was professor of pathology at the Chicago Woman's Medical College and for a long time was lecturer, professor and trustee of Rush Medical College. Dr. Bridge now lives in Los Angeles, Cal.



Dr. Quitman Kohuke, president of the New Orleans board of health, is in Texas to determine by experiments the feasibility of fighting the mosquito as a germ carrier.

Slight Reduction. Pennills—My vacation was anything but satisfactory. It turned out to be a sort of bargain-counter affair. Inkerton—Too cheap, eh? Pennills—Oh, no; but I tipped the scales at 150 when I went away and at 148 when I returned.

Kind Men Avoid. Gunner—Yes, first she called herself Mary, then May, and now it's Mae. She's always changing her first name. Gayer—Well, such a silly girl never have the chance to change her last name.

Silver Service. "Hey!" shouted the rich man, peering cautiously over the stairway, "I want you." "Well," chuckled the burglar, reaching for the silver, "I am at your service, sir."

After a man gets up in years, his reason for admiring a woman whose hair is naturally curly, is that it doesn't take her so long to dress.