



The International Exposition at Glasgow, Scotland, recently opened, is built on the finest site in the city, in the West End Park. The grounds and buildings cover 100 acres. Just under the buildings is the River Kelvin, and beyond are the steep banks of the river dotted with white pavilions. On the top of the banks, thronged above the whole city, is the university. Towards the right are the terraces which mark the sky line, green ramparts on which are built some of the mansions where the wealthier residents of the city have their homes. The buildings are divided into three parts, the industrial hall, the art gallery, and the machinery hall. Apart from Great Britain and Ireland, Russia is the largest exhibitor, and its buildings form one of the most striking features of the exhibition. Next in importance to the Russian is the French section, occupied by 400 exhibitors. Canada is the greatest exhibitor among the British colonies. The United States is not officially represented, but American manufacturers are represented, particularly in the machinery section.

THE LOST GARDEN.

"Somewhere in the distant Southland
Blooms a garden—lost to me—
Warm with poppies burning fragrant,
Drowsy fires I may not see.

"Subtle shadows flit and beckon
Down dim pathways bound with yew,
Where a white wraith wanders lonely
'Twixt the darkness and the dew.

"In the ruined walls that echoed
Once to happy-hearted moods,
Now the stealthy, lightfoot lizards
Unmolested rear their broods.

"And beneath the oleanders,
No clear voice sings, as of old;
But the fleet carousing sunbeams
Whisper secrets to their mold.

"Though I follow as the southwind
Fares his way through wood and plain,
Though I question hill and valley,
I shall never find again

"My lost garden—where lie buried
Joys that swift the glad hours sped;
Only one could bid me enter:
Only Love—and Love is dead!"
—Ainslee's.

A Baby's Shoe

THE ladies of St. Mark's were holding a rummage sale. Beautiful women, high bred and dainty, stood behind the counters and handled wares with the deftness of their more humble sisters. The accumulation of cast-off articles, which clutter the attics of every household, was spread upon the counters and shelves. Crowds of people, from the lowest to the highest grade of society, thronged



"HOME, JOHN," CRIED NED.

the store, elbowing each other rudely. At the further end of the long store was a table piled high with children's clothing of every description. "Your choice for 25 cents!" was the motto upon the card, hung conspicuously above the pile, a little heap of baby shoes and stockings, and among them a tiny pair of blue shoes. They were a bit faded and worn, with faint creases at heel and toe, where the chubby foot had pressed its weight against mother's knee. The soft, white hand of the saleslady seemed to linger caressingly upon this particular pair, as she sorted over the clothing for each new customer.

There were round-faced Irish mothers, with their frowsy-headed offsprings clinging to their skirts; yellow-haired Swedes, whose wondering blue eyes took in every detail of the crowded table, and dark-browed Italian women carrying their babies within shawls that were their only covering. Bernice Colby served them all graciously and sweetly, yet as each turned away, her eye glanced with half relief at the tiny blue shoes, still unclaimed.

"How foolish I am!" she whispered to herself. "Why cannot I give them up?" With a sudden impulse she held them out as a broad-faced Irish woman, with a child in her arms, stood beside the table.

"Och! Mem, but them's foine, indeed," said the woman, with a gay laugh. "But Jamey's fut ne'er'd squeeze into the lokes o' them."

A scarlet wave swept Bernice's cheek as she dropped the little shoes and hastily sought among the clothing for something more suitable for the sturdy "Jamey." Far back in the store, partly hidden by the crowd, a man stood, watching Bernice's table. It was a dark, handsome face, yet showing the marks of dissipation. As he witnessed the little scene a sneer curled his lips.

"Heartless and cold! Willing to sell her dead baby's shoes," he muttered.

Hastily pushing forward, the man approached the table. His upturned coat collar and the soft felt hat, pulled down over his brows, nearly concealed his face, yet as he brushed past the eyes of the two met. For a second the woman's heart seemed to stand still within her bosom, as she recognized the man's face; then he passed by and was gone.

That night, as Bernice was being driven to her own luxurious home, she leaned back amidst the soft cushions with a weary sigh. Not because of the unusual exertions of the day was she spent and weary, but the sight of that dark, gloomy face, that for five years she had longed, yet dreaded, to see, had completely unnerved her. With the past thus opened, the waves of memory submerged her. Five years before Bernice Colby had been a happy wife and mother. Then the dark angel had snatched from her arms their precious burden. Selfishly yielding to the grief that overwhelmed her, she had neglected her wifely duties until her husband had sought more cheerful company and consolation in the wine cup. Suddenly awakened to his intemperate habits, repugnance and disgust for the time, swept love from her heart, and heedless of his repentance and remorse, she drove him from her with stinging words of bitter scorn.

She sent him from her to do battle alone with that dreadful demon that lies in wait for the souls of the weak and the unwary. Upheld by the praise of false friends, she deemed herself wise in thrusting from her so vile a thing, yet in the long and lonely years that followed the voice of conscience spoke loudly in her ear. It said that she herself was, in a measure, responsible for her husband's downfall. That had she been stronger, braver, her love and faith, her prayers and purity of living would have saved him. Alas! She had not stood the test! And so, though lacking naught that riches can buy, Bernice Colby was a childless mother and a wife in name only.

The rummage sale was still in progress, and the next day Bernice stood behind her table, smiling and gracious, though her bright face hid an aching heart. In turning over the garments upon her table, she missed one of the tiny blue shoes, and with a faint smile she took its mate and thrust it quickly within the bosom of her dress.

As the day sped onward, a heavy storm arose, the most severe of the season. A whirlwind of snowflakes blinded her eyes as she left the store, and hid from her view her own carriage, as it stood among the long line of waiting coaches.

Turning in the wrong direction, she stumbled into the arms of a man standing upon the curbstone. Startling back she glanced up into his face, and their eyes met.

"Bernice!" they both exclaimed in a breath. "Let me see you to your carriage?" said the man, and without a word Bernice placed her hand within his arm. With the touch of those light fingers, Ned Colby's heart throbbled with the love of other days, and words

of tenderness trembled upon his lips. Placing her within the carriage, he was about to turn away, yet her hand still clung to his arm, as she said earnestly: "Oh, Ned! are you not coming too?"

"May I, Bernice?" questioned he, eagerly.

"Come!" answered his wife, drawing him in beside her with both hands.

"Home, John," cried Ned to the wondering coachman, and the door closed upon them.

Tears dimmed the old servant's eyes at the sound of that ringing voice.

"Thank God! it's the master!" he muttered, as he gathered up his lines.

"Bernice, like the prodigal son, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight am no more worthy—"

"Hush, Ned!" whispered Bernice, covering his lips with her hand; "I have done wrong, too. Let us forget the past and begin our lives anew."

As she leaned towards him there fell from the folds of her dress a tiny blue shoe. Holding it up, Bernice whispered softly:

"The baby's shoe."

Thrusting his hand into his coat pocket, Ned drew out its mate, and crushing them both together in the little hand that held them, he bent and kissed his wife tenderly.

"Our baby's shoe!" said he with a smile.—Philadelphia Item.

HE CONGRATULATED HIM,

And Gave the Best of Reasons for the Felicitations.

They met in front of the Read House. One was fat and black, with a wonderful expanse of mouth and a voice like a couple of foghorns. The other was black and lean and wizened.

Said the fat black to the lean black: "Why doan ye 'gratulate me, Brudder Johning?"

"What fer I 'gratulate you?" said Brudder Johning.

"What fer you 'gratulate me? Why, man, kase I done mar'd de Widder Jeff's'n."

"You is—you dun mar'd de Widder Jeff's'n?" squeaked out the lean one.

"I sho' is done mar'd dat lady," said the fat one with an air of great satisfaction.

"Den I does 'gratulate yer, wif my whole heart. I sho' does."

The two separated, when the lean one turned to a knot of white gentlemen who had been interested and amused auditors of the conversation, and remarked:

"Yes, I 'gratulate him! Haw! haw! haw!—he! he! I sho' does. He's de wif en'my I has, an' I cert'ly 'gratulates. Why, boss," he said confidentially, singling out one of the spectators. "I wuz mar'd to dat 'oman fer a year myself. Yas, I sho' do 'gratulate dat man," and he moved off toward Market street chuckling and muttering to himself.—Chattanooga News.

American Fruit-Growing.

The United States leads all other nations in the matter of fruit growing. Strawberries were valued at \$80,000,000 last year, and grapes at \$100,000,000.

WHOLE COUNTRY SPECULATION MAD. MANIA EXTENDS FROM COAST TO COAST.

The country seems to have gone speculation mad. Never before in America's history has this mania been so paramount as in the past few months. From coast to coast, men and women,



THE SPECULATOR FACE, so long as they are in with the mad crowd to make a fortune in a short space of time. Here, as in the closer combinations, thousands and tens of thousands are endeavoring to add a little to their gain, perhaps made by hard labor. So general from ocean to ocean has been this speculation that the government has found it necessary to sound a warning.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

SPREADING RAPIDLY OVER THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

One Million Members in America—The Boston Society Has the Largest Congregation in the World—Has 20,000 Members.

The spokesmen of some of the leading denominations have been attacking Christian Science, and they have not minced matters in dealing with it. Dr. Parkhurst for the Presbyterians, Dr. James M. Buckley for the Methodists, Rev. Dr. Alfred G. Lawson for the Baptists, and Rev. Dr. David G. Burrell for the Reformed, have by a vigorous assault upon the new faith made plain the line of action which these powerful bodies will pursue in the attempt to crush it out of existence. These gentlemen declare that their respective churches have not suffered in membership by the introduction of the propaganda, but assert that its rapid growth has come from that great body not affiliated with any of the churches. Dr. Lawson says Christian Science is bound to bring a sad harvest of corruption. Rev. Mr. Buckley thinks it ridiculous and indecent and that it should be spurned by respectable people everywhere. Dr. Parkhurst charges it with being the greatest delusion of the age in that its followers are the biggest dupes of its wickedness. Dr. Burrell says he re-



MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY. Who founded Christian Science in 1836 and who claims that that religion, with 1,000,000 adherents to-day, will be the dominant one of the world in fifty years.

gards it as a dangerous delusion. So far from being a form of Christianity, it is, in his judgment, blasphemy against God the Father, in denying his personality; against God, the Son, in denying his divinity and the reality of his atonement for sin, and against the Holy Ghost, in asserting that Christian Science itself is the Spirit of God. There are undoubtedly Christian people in the circle of the Christian Scientists, but they labor, he says, under a delusion of the most dangerous sort, and as to their leaders, they are deliberate enemies of true religion and wilful deceivers of those who follow them.

Its Wonderful Growth.

The growth of Christian Science has been marvelous, the more because its followers have been drawn from the rich and comfortable classes. It was founded by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy in Boston in 1836, but it did not begin to attract general attention until 1890 and the beginning of the erection of the splendid temples found in the large cities was undertaken within the past few years. In New York City alone there are three churches completed or on the way to it—the aggregate value of which is \$1,500,000. The First Church cost \$670,000 and the Second \$550,000. Both are paid for. In addition there are six more societies in Greater New York. In Boston, the mother church, built at a cost of \$500,000 and dedicated in 1894, has the greatest number of members of any church in the world—15,500, of whom 4,000 were added last year. Chicago has three handsome churches erected within four years. Tennesseeans take to it strongly, especially in Memphis, where two flourishing churches have been established within two years with 1,500 followers. Philadelphia has four churches and 1,000 believers. Buffalo is a stronghold of the cult and Denver is preparing a temple to cost \$250,000 to further its principles. Boston, however, is the leader in winning followers. From 20 members in 1880 the church there has now a membership of more than 20,000. Altogether in America the Scientists have 623 church societies, with a membership of 1,000,000, and with churches to the value of \$12,000,000.

Abroad the cult is taking wonderfully, especially in Great Britain. London has a flourishing church, as have Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and Leamington. Among the English converts enumerated are the Earl of Dunmore and the Earl of Tankerville, Mrs. Henry Montague Butler, wife of the master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mrs. Charles Smith, wife of the head master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. It is said that King Edward, while in no way wavering in his allegiance to Anglicism, is well disposed toward Christian Science. The churches, or temples, are open every day, and in some of their features and appointments are suggestive of club houses rather than places of worship. This has done much to popularize the institution, especially in large cities, and to wear away members of other Christian denominations.

RESTAURANT ROMANCE.

With Tears Along the Edges and Smiles at the End.

She entered the luncheon room on Michigan avenue so softly she was almost unnoticed. She gave the impression of one alone in the world, and from her absent, dreamy look, appeared to dwell with the memory of a past. At a glance one would say that the pure country air had blessed her earlier years, had imparted the soft bloom to her cheeks, now losing its freshness. Her dress, plain, but scrupulously clean, told the story of a struggle to appear respectable. But native beauty which gives a charm where all else fails aided her here, for her features would have delighted an artist. And her beauty was heightened by the pathos of the expression. She walked to a table in a corner where none other sat, and presently a waiter brought her a cup of coffee. She took from an inside pocket of her coat a small paper parcel and unwrapped a couple of thin butter sandwiches. Then, leaning her elbow on the table, she bowed her head and prayed. She dallied over her meal like one who has no appetite, gazing before her as if some scene enthralled her. Spirit and body seemed wide apart.

She had come to this luncheon room for months, it was said, arriving always about the same time, after the rush of the noon hour. She had finished her frugal meal, and as she turned to go a dapper young man entered and stared at her in amazement. She staggered, and all color left her face. The young man seemed too surprised to control his emotions. She timidly put out an inviting hand, but he, sphinx-like, was transfixed to the spot. Her head sank, and she moved toward the door intending to pass him. At the same moment an Italian stopped with his piano in the street, and began winding off Mendelssohn's wedding march. The young woman stood erect, and as she raised her hands to her head her eyes wandered wildly. An involuntary smile flitted across her face, then her eyes closed with a painful expression, and tears began to flow.

"Oh, Bert," she cried in agony, "that mocking music," and would have fallen, but the young man was instantly at her side, and caught her in his arms, where he held her while she wept without restraint.

"Come, my darling," he said tenderly, "and we will begin all over again. God knows I love you."

Then he led her away.—Detroit Free Press.

Pen Picture for Women.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well inch in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion, horridly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory for advice. An inflamed and



MRS. JOHN WILLIAMS.

ulcerated condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symptoms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englishtown, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

No other medicine has such a record for absolute cures, and no other medicine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon getting Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store.

Berlin's Fashion Exhibit.

Germany will endeavor to be its own "mold of form and glass of fashion." Berlin will soon see a fashion exhibit by which it is hoped that special fashions for German women will be established. The managing committee will include members of the highest society.

He Knew.

Teacher—What causes the daily revolutions of the earth?
Little Bobby—Central America.

An Art Opportunity.

"Oh, Tommy, what made you paint that poor kitten green and yellow?"

"Well, ma, I had a lot o' Easter aigs dye left—an' you allus told me never t' waste nothin'."

His Just Reward.

"Never did you have luck," complained Si Engrene. "I'm always left out in the cold."

"Never mind," replied Job Scumfiter, "you won't be in the next world."

Cleanliness.

"Waiter, this water is very dirty."

"I am vaire sorry, but ve can't no be expect to wash ze water, zere."

Welsh Language May Die.

While there is a strong movement in Ireland for the revival of the ancient language, it is different in Wales. A poll taken at Cardiff on the question whether the children in the board schools should be taught the Welsh language has resulted in a majority of 670 votes against it.

Estimates for Arctic Expedition.

Captain Bernier estimates the cost of his proposed Arctic expedition at \$130,000. He has applied to the Canadian government for a grant and has also opened subscriptions in the principal Canadian cities.

Apt Illustration.

Teacher—Of course you understand the difference between liking and loving?
Pupil—Yes, miss; I like my father and mother, but I love apple pie.

Were Not Efficacious.

Mamma—Now say your prayers.
Tommy—No; I don't b'lieve it does any good.

Mamma—What?
Tommy—No; I'm jes' gittin' disgusted I bin prayin' all this time to make little brother Jack a good boy, and he's just as bad and selfish as ever.

Fewer Southern Tenant Farmers.

The old fashioned "plantations" in the South have about passed into history. The average size of farm has been greatly reduced and the number of farmers who own the farms they cultivate has wonderfully increased.

His Length of Service.

Visitor to Country Town (who has been shown over the church)—And how long has your present vicar been here?
Sexton—Mr. Mole, sir, has been the incumbent here, sir, for nigh on forty years, sir!

Mutual Consideration.

"My wife is very considerate," said the newly married man. "She is always buying me neckties and colored shirts."

"And I suppose you are considerate and generous in your turn?"
"Yes, I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world. I wear 'em."

A Severe Critic.

She (turning from the piano)—There, how do you like that refrain?
He—Splendid—and the more you refrain the better I like it.

About all a boy is good for until he is fifteen is to run errands, and eat up the last piece of pie.