

YESTERDAYS.

A ghostly company they fade away
Into the voiceless dark, and come no more,
Bearing rich trophies of our human play
To cast them down upon a foreign shore.

Not long we watch them, for we face the new;
To-morrow beckon, radiant with delight,
Even at the parting we scarce say adieu,
The future charms us with its wondrous might.

And yet these yesterdays are all we own
Save this brief hour filled up with love and thought;
For they are days each yearning soul has seen,
From which time's coming harvest shall be wrought.

We strain our eyes to catch a gleam of light,
But for their lamps burn baleful in the gloom;
We cannot read the fleeting message right,
And only hear their mutterings of doom.

Somehow they seem to jeer and mock us here,
As slow they march into the void of things,
And seem to say: "For every smile a tear—
Behold to us what joy and sorrow cling!"

They take the choicest blessings from our hands,
They take our youth, our strength, our high resolve,
And leave us but increasing soul demands,
New duties that our tired lives evolve.

But ah, they take our trials, troubles, fears—
Impartial servants of unfeeling fate—
They take at last the memory and tears,
And we have but to look ahead and wait.

Grim yesterdays, that ghostly file away
Into the past and come to us no more,
Their hands are filled with ashes and decay
Their destiny some long deserted shore!

We would not bring them back to fret the earth
With all their store of certain toll and tears,
Behold! for each a new day has its birth!
And we shall fill it with abundant cheers.

"The king is dead! Long live the king!"
We cry.
To-morrow shall be ours for evermore,
Go ye your way! for all the days shall die.

While we shall own a still unending store.
—Charles W. Stevenson, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE PAINTER AND THE SIGN.

BY ROBERT C. McELRABY.

She noticed him the first day he came; I noticed them both. I make no particular apology for the confession, and in fact am now so hardened that I take particular pleasure in the recollection. At first I had the same moral right to watch the young painter at his work that she had, or any other roamer in the block, for that matter. After the affair became involved, which it did so gradually that at first I scarcely recognized the inroads of Cupid, I acknowledge that for a time conscientious qualms mingled frequently with the pleasure I experienced in overhearing their remarks, but after a day or two the delights of eavesdropping swept all my compunctions to the winds.

First the carpenters put the sign-board up. She and I could hear the noise of the operation early in the morning, and reached our windows simultaneously. We watched them a little while, mentally debating, or at least I was, as to the probable length of time the hammering would continue. Turning, she seemed a bit confused to see me leaning out at the next window. I thanked heaven that I was old and white-haired and decrepit; otherwise I am sure she would have drawn back hastily into her room. As it was, I spoke to her and she smiled. Our conversation was as to the work going on below took words, and we discussed the matter thoroughly. The immense sign-board reached from the ground up to our windows, which were on the second floor, and when the job was completed we understood only too plainly that the mercenary disposition of our landlord was about to wreck the appearance of our lodging-house. For myself, I was in no position to allow trifles like sign-boards, loaded down with glaring advertisements, to coerce me into changing my quarters. An old man with a scant income, and beyond the power of increasing it, is not apt to be squeamish about his living quarters.

The girl, however, in a pretty, pouting way, was greatly displeased with the commercial acquisition, albeit, I am afraid, with a compulsory fortitude equal to my own. Young girls who sew for a living can scarcely afford to be too particular either.

But about the painter. He put in appearance about the third day, after the board had received a coat of white paint at the hands of two young fellows, who conversed loudly and chewed an immense amount of plug tobacco. The painter, I can scarcely call him an artist, although some of his brushes were quite fine, made a favorable impression with us from the first. After the preliminary racket caused by the rigging and adjustment of his swing, the work took on a comparative quiet in its execution, and he moved about with a fascinating deftness that it was really a pleasure to witness.

"I am glad there is to be no more noise below us, at any rate," said the girl to me as the young man began his measurements, following each with the slurring sound of a soft pencil.

"Yes, it will indeed be a relief," I replied, mentally remarking on the fondness I have always felt for the brunette type of beauty.

The painter raised his head, having overheard the remarks, and there was a little smile of appreciation on his clear-cut lips.

"The carpenters made it disagreeable for you, did they?" There was a quiet reserve in his manner that convinced me immediately that he was a gentleman. Otherwise I should not have encouraged him to continue, on the girl's account, though I was burning with an old man's curiosity to know what kind of a sign it was to be.

I looked at the girl, and thanked heaven that he was a gentleman, for I saw in her face the dawn of a healthy interest in the proposed advertisement. I did not at the time imagine for a moment that the interest extended to the painter, and still do not think so, though I realize only too well that I am old and that love moves with unrelenting swiftness in these days. At least she was a well-bred miss and not flirtatiously inclined.

"Yes, the carpenters were a noisy lot," I admitted, after mature reflection. Then I launched out to satisfy my—perhaps I should say our—craving for knowledge. "What is the sign to be?" I queried, endeavoring to suppress any suspicion of rudeness in my tone. The question had the double effect of securing the somewhat uninteresting information, and of letting the painter forever into our good graces. You see I have adopted the plural now without excuse, and the girl's wide-eyed interest and seeming dependence on my good judgment was beginning to justify it.

"A cigar sign," he announced pleasantly, pausing in his preparations and glancing upward, as if to see how the intelligence was received. I flatter myself that I have now reached an age when I can assume a stoical cast of countenance under stress of deep and lasting disappointment. It was not so with the girl, however. Her face not only gave evidence of displeasure, but she voiced the feeling in words. The words were:

"How perfectly horrid!"

The painter laughed immoderately. I was certain now that he was no boor, for it takes a brave and courageous man to stand a woman's scorn of his work. He was not without reason for his courage, though, and I must not over-rate his good nature.

"But this is not going to be a horrid sign," he said. "It's going to be handsome and attractive." Here the young American assurance. I thought.

"I am commissioned by the manufacturer of the Dorothy cigar," he continued, "to illumine this sign with the head of a charming woman. She must be beautiful and alluring in the extreme. If I succeed my future is assured, and my fortune also."

"And do you feel certain that you will be able to paint such a face?" asked she.

He looked at her intently for a moment. "I was somewhat doubtful of it when I took the contract," he said, "but am beginning to feel that possibly I may be able to accomplish something that will help to sell the Dorothy cigar."

That ended our first conversation. Of course we could not see the work he was doing, as the sign-board was immediately below us and against the building. I was, moreover, unable to go down stairs that evening, being confined to my room by a painful attack of rheumatism, although I was haunted by a strange suspicion, and was more than anxious to have a glance at the rough outline on the sign-board. Nor was I able to move about much the following day.

The painter arrived bright and early, and I was awakened by a combination of harmonious melody, which emanated from a masculine whistle below and a girl's voice from the next room. The three of us exchanged salutations and discussed weather conditions without variance. Presently I found intent watching from the window more painful than pleasant, and sank back from sight into my rocker. Then it was I became an unwitting, and at first unwilling eavesdropper. The first remark that reached my ear was the following from the girl:

"Is this beautiful woman you are painting to be a blonde or a brunette?" She hesitated slightly on the last word.

"Which do you consider advisable?" The slap of his brush had ceased, and I knew he was losing valuable time. I could also guess that his eyes were elsewhere than on his work.

"Why a blonde, of course. Everybody thinks blondes are more attractive than brunettes." The girl spoke in a manner that brought to my mind a number of impressions, chief among them being that she did not mean what she said. Realizing that she was probably conscious, or should be, of her own dark beauty, I could not bring myself to censure her.

"A blonde it will be, then," was his quick reply.

"But you have such a dark supply of paint. How will you be able to paint a blonde with that?"

He did not answer for a moment. Then he said: "Well, it's all in the mixing, you know." I hoped he was blushing with shame. If not, I was for him.

"Is this—this girl, to be your ideal?" They were becoming acquainted remarkably fast, and I began to feel that my life was lapsing over into a new and strangely rapid generation.

"I hope I can bring the picture up to my ideal," he finally answered.

My rheumatism was still aggravating me greatly that evening, but I made a groaning descent to the ground floor and out onto the opposite side of the street. Then I turned and beheld for the first time the gigantic cigar sign. The picture was still a mere outline, but it told me that my suspicions had been correct. I have said that the painter had courage. This

was positive daring? And I also formed a poor opinion of his ability to mix dark paints into a blonde preparation. The hair was dark as night!

The next day I felt better. I was able to have leaned out of my window indefinitely, but fifteen minutes sufficed. My old-fashioned conscience was becoming a deliberate failure.

"What are you working on now?" she asked.

"I am finishing up the right eye," responded the painter.

That explained their low tones. The right eye was directly under her window, and for that reason I had difficulty in hearing.

"She has blue eyes, of course, being a blonde," was the next observation from the girl.

"Of course," he returned. I cowered like a guilty wretch in my chair. I felt it almost a duty to correct him, but discovered that I was calling myself an "old fog" and "back number." Deceitful silence was a happy recourse.

Several days followed, more rapidly for me than the time was wont to pass. I wondered vaguely at times if sewing was remunerative, and if making up a trifle hard on the eyes. Also whether painting signs had to be done with any great dispatch in order to be profitable, and just how much time should really be taken to paint a large cigar sign like the one below our window. Then I began to hope that time was no particular object in sign-painting and that gaslight was not hard on the eyes.

"I will be through to-night," he said, on the morning of the tenth day.

"Then I will be able to see the picture to-night," she said, not gaily, but with a half note of sorrow. She had rigidly refrained from viewing the sign until it was completed.

He painted silently for a time.

"You seem very much in love with your work," she said finally.

"Yes," he replied quietly, though the words reached me clearly. "You are right, I am very much in love with my work."

That night he came for her, and they crossed the street together in the gathering dusk to look at the picture. I found myself quivering with excitement, and wondered if my old ears would serve me at that distance. At least I could depend upon my eyes to a certain extent. I both saw and heard something of what occurred. They stood closely together, and as the girl turned I heard a sharp exclamation of surprise. I could detect no anger, though I was listening intently for it. He began talking rapidly and vehemently. I knew intuitively what he was saying, and almost prayed that he would be successful. After a short time the two forms melted together, and I could see his arms steal about her. I fell on my knees and the tears rained down my cheeks.

"We must tell Uncle Ben," I heard her say presently.

"The first thing, to be sure."

They were upon the steps in a moment, and it was a guilty old, rheumatic wretch they found simulating surprise on their arrival.

I have saved and reread a hundred times the clippings from the daily papers which told of the sudden rise to prominence of a young "ad" painter in the city, and the crowds which gather every day to look upon the picture of the young American girl on the Dorothy cigar sign little imagine the secret in the heart of the old man in the window above.—National Magazine.

A WOMAN ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Romance and Hardship of a French Girl Exile on a Lone Island.

Off the coast of Newfoundland lies a small island known as the Isle of Demons, which holds within its rocky shores a romance as thrilling and a tragedy as real as any told in fiction. Says Youth's Companion. About 1540 Marguerite de Roberval, niece of the French viceroy, fell in love with a young cavalier and promised him her heart and hand. Her uncle, the viceroy, considered the youth unworthy of his niece's proud position, and angered by her refusal to give up her lover, he passed a sentence of exile upon both of them. A vessel carried the couple to the Isle of Demons, leaving them there alone, with an old nurse who attended the lady Marguerite from her childhood, and who wished to share her exile.

At first the banishment did not seem so dreadful a thing; the young man's strength stood between his wife and suffering, and for two years all went well. A child was born, and the parents began to plan for the establishment of a colony which might thrive in this island home. Then came trouble, swift and terrible.

Disease smote the little family, and the young wife and mother saw her husband, child and faithful nurse all sicken and die. With her own hands she dug their graves and buried all that was dear to her; and then began a life alone, a life in which the mere question of existence became a problem hard indeed for a frail woman to solve. By means of the gun that had been her husband's, she kept herself provided with food and with skins for her clothing.

For two years she lived a Robinson Crusoe life, this gently nurtured, highly bred girl.

At last she was rescued by some fishermen who ventured on the island, half-frightened at first by what they thought was an evil apparition.

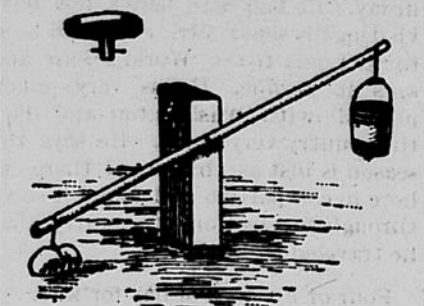
Marguerite was sent to France, but her uncle discovered her whereabouts and continued to persecute her. She finally found a refuge in a small French village, where she hid until the viceroy's death. After that she came into the world once more and lived to a good old age.

ROAD TO FARM IMPROVEMENT

WATER POWER FOR A FARM.

You May Catch the Idea and Make It Useful for Your Own House and Barn.

A friend of mine has a useful contrivance by which water is utilized as a power for light mechanical work, like pumping, stirring a vat of cream, scaring away birds, etc. It consists of a pole balanced upon a pivot, or bolt, to one end of which is suspended a weight and to the other a water bucket. This bucket has a large auger hole in its bottom, forming a rough valve, the stem of which



IMPROVED WATER POWER.

projects an inch or two through the bottom. (See cut.)

The motion is that of a walking beam. First the weight draws up the bucket. Water running into the bucket fills it, and its weight carries it down, lifting the weighted end. When it strikes the ground, the valve is forced up, letting the water out. Relieved of its weight, the bucket rises, only to fill and descend again.

The valve in the cut shows the loose plug with a head that completes the bucket valve. It has a pin, or spike, through its lower end, so it cannot rise too high and float away. It is held down by water until forced up from below. This little power is quickly constructed and is quite effective for light uses.—Farm Journal.

ROADS FOR MIDDLE WEST.

Principle of National Aid Has Many Friends in Illinois and Neighboring States.

In many parts of the middle west there is as great need of road improvement as anywhere else in the world, and it is no wonder that the people of this section have gone into the good roads movement with enthusiasm.

A state good roads convention has just been held at Springfield, Ill., and, although it is the busy season with the farmers, there was an attendance of about 200 delegates besides many visitors. Senator Latimer, of South Carolina, was the principal speaker, and he delivered an able and eloquent address. Naturally he devoted considerable attention to the principle of national aid as embodied in the bills introduced into congress by himself and Col. Brownlow, of Tennessee. The senator is strongly of the opinion that the government should contribute some of its surplus revenues to aid the states in building good roads, and he has many cogent reasons to offer in support of that proposition. At the close of his address, Senator Latimer asked all present who agreed with him to stand up, and all but three or four sprang to their feet. There was some opposition, however, led by Prof. Baker, of the State university, and a protracted discussion followed in which the professor came off decidedly second best.

One of the great obstacles to road improvement in some parts of the Mississippi valley is the scarcity of material for building roads. In large portions of Illinois, Iowa, Arkansas and several other states, there is neither stone nor gravel. All the material used in surfacing hard roads has to be shipped in which adds considerably to the expense. But the bottomless mud roads of these sections are such a burden that people are willing to tax themselves heavily to secure relief. If the national aid plan should be adopted, the next few years will see an enormous improvement in the roads of the middle west.

Where there is good local material considerable progress has already been made. In Missouri there are hundreds of miles of fine hard roads. The same may be said of Minnesota. In some localities excellent roads have been built of mining slag. Gravel is employed where available, and in southern Illinois deposits of novaculite are drawn upon and some very fine roads have been constructed from this material. On the whole, however, it must be said that only a beginning has been made, and the agricultural industries of this section are greatly hampered by the expense and difficulty of getting farm products to market.

Grain for Cows on Pasture.

It will pay to feed some grain to the cows on pasture unless conditions are exceptional. The amount fed in the winter should be cut in half in the summer, except in the driest months, when the grain ration may be temporarily increased. Some of the best dairymen in the country are doing this, though they are not getting their money back for it in the summer time. But their cows go into winter with more vigor and are healthier as a rule for the good summer treatment they have received. It is simply one way of investing money for the future. Its results are not seen so much in the milk pail as experienced in various ways in the thrift of the calf that is born later and in the ability of the mother to make the most of the food that is given her in the winter.—Farmers' Record.

FRUIT TREES ON ROADSIDE.

Why It Will Be a Good Many Years Before They Can Be Planted in Large Numbers.

It is reported that in some parts of Europe the municipalities have planted trees by the roadside to such an extent that an annual crop of fruit of considerable size is the result. We have also heard of the reported custom among the Spaniards of planting peach pits everywhere, that there may be an abundance of fruit for the people. To what extent this practice has resulted in a greatly enlarged fruit crop we do not know. But some of the travelers in Europe testify to the scarcity of fruit there, so it would look as if the practice has not resulted in a superabundance of the fruit. Annually we are confronted by the question of how to ornament our highways. Our landscape gardeners and horticulturists have the most to say about the matter.

It is easy enough to solve the problem—on paper, but not so easy to solve it in a manner that can be worked out. There have been a great many schemes tried in this country, but few if any have been successful, so far as the use of fruit trees along the highway is concerned. The one great obstacle to the planting of fruit trees by the highway is vandalism. How they prevent this in Europe, if they do prevent it, we do not know. Perhaps they have enough watchmen employed to look after the ripening fruit. In this country the fruit trees planted or growing along the highways are wantonly despoiled of the blossoms in blossoming time and of their fruit in fruit ripening time, and often the fruit is taken before it is fit to use, to prevent some one else from getting it. How often have we seen carriage loads of people driving into the city with big boughs of apple blossoms, taken from some orchard where a tree happened to stand, not on, but near, the public highway. The "grab" system of living must be eliminated before we can hope for much in this direction. Last year was a good year for wild crab apples, and the people living in the locality in which the writer resides have the custom of going into the woods and gathering what they need each year. And there are generally enough crab apples for all. But last year men from a distance came into the locality at crab-apple time. They had wagons, bags and pickers. They boldly invaded every field and wood where crab apples were ripening and skinned the trees of their fruit, which was afterward sold in South Water street, Chicago. This shows just what would happen in the case of fruit raised on the public highway. Those that did the work of caring for the trees would reap none of the benefits; nor would the general public.

Here and there in unfenced lots are standing apple trees, and the treatment they receive shows what would be the treatment of trees likewise unprotected. Before the apples are hardy ripe people come and shake or beat them off with clubs. The trees are left not only stripped but maimed, and after a few seasons of this treatment present a most unsightly appearance. The writer knows of one family that had a big tree full of apples a few hundred feet from the house. One night men came with a wagon and gathered the fruit, leaving only wheel tracks for the owners of the fruit.

When we have a denser population and roads so valuable that men have to be constantly employed to keep guard over them and repair them, we may be able to raise fruit by the roadside—but that time is as yet far distant.—Farmers' Review.

A CONVENIENT FARM GATE.

It Is Not Only Durable and Attractive, But Can Be Built at Small Cost.

The other day I viewed an old well-kept farm, and one of the sights that attracted my attention was a gate that had served almost the "three score and ten." A grand old pine formed the swinging post, and

instead of hinges a band of iron encircled a round pole which constituted the left upright of the gate at the top and the pole was let into a mortise in a dogwood crosspiece at the bottom. The sketch will give an idea of its appearance and aid any who wish to make one. The iron band, a, is secured to tree, b, left upright, c, dogwood crosspiece, but any hardwood will do, x, place of mortise, d, latch.—J. C. McAuliffe, in Farm and Home.

Cut the Grass Crop Early. Ripe hay is poor stuff, not worth the cutting, yet many men consider only the weight obtained, regardless of the amount of nutriment it contains. There is little profit in feeding sawdust to a cow, whether it comes from a sawmill or a field full of ripe grass, but because the hay does not show its poverty as a milk producer, many men keep on feeding the cow a good, big ration of overripe hay, and then wonder that there are no returns in the milk pail.—Farm and Home.

The Rabbit Nuisance Solved. The exports of frozen rabbits from Australia show considerable expansion. The figures are as follows: In 1900, 2,539,012 pairs; 1901, 2,082,727; 1902, 3,274,210; 1903, 3,650,000. This industry has become an important one in Victoria. More than 20,000,000 rabbits utilized during the year were exported frozen in the fur and from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 skins were shipped, and a large number of these animals tinned and disposed of.

NOTHING BUT CHICKENS.

He Had a Bad Cough, But That, He Said, Was All He Raised.

Some amusing incidents occur at the free dispensary of the different hospitals in town, often because the poor patients fail to understand the terms used by the doctors. The following incident occurred at the University hospital the other day, and illustrates the point in question, relates the Philadelphia Telegraph.

A man came in who the doctor thought was suffering from beginning pneumonia, so after getting his name and address and other necessary data, he asked the patient if he had a chill.

"Yes, a very bad chill yesterday," came the answer.

"Do you cough much?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, some," replied the patient, with a practical illustration.

"Do you raise anything?" was the next question.

The man hesitated a moment, then answered, innocently: "Well, only a few chickens."

A Philadelphia preacher says women's extravagance is the cause of bachelorhood. How about the extravagance of the bachelors?—Pittsburg Gazette.

It takes a woman to have her eyes seem to melt with tenderness when she is gushing her teeth.—N. Y. Press.

Experience is a dear teacher tew some becuz she hez tew be hired over an over ag'in.—Four-Track News.

There is a difference between claiming the right to rule and trying to rule aright.—Chicago Tribune.

When a man is well dressed he feels he is entitled to attention.

TIME TO ACT.

When the back aches and you are always tired out, depressed and nervous—when sleep is disturbed by pain and by urinary ills, it's time to act. The kidney is sick. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys quickly and permanently. Here's proof.

Mrs. W. S. Marshall, R. F. D. No. 1, Dawson, Ga., says: "My husband's back and hips were so stiff and sore that he could not get up from a chair without help. I got him a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. He felt relief in three days. One box cured him."

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