THE WIND IN THE EVERGREENS.

When the drifted snow has hidden
Roads and fences from the sight,
And the moon floats through the heavens
Like a frozen thing, at night,
Flooding all the frigid stretches with a ghostly, bluish light,
I like to lie and conjure
Up old half forgotten scenes,
As the savage wind goes howling
Through the sighing evergreens.

There's a cottage I remember,
With an orchard in the rear;
There's a winding pathway leading
To a spring that bubbles near—
Ah, the dipper that I drank from bears the rust of many a year!—
There's a peach tree near the window
Of the room where oft I lay
In the long ago, and listened
To the wild wind howl away.

When a range of snowy mountains
Stretch along the winding lane;
When the gently sloping meadow
Has become an icy plain,
What a joy it is to snuggle under quilts and counterpane,
And hear the peach tree creaking,
At the corner where it leans,
While the wind goes badly shrieking
Through the mourning evergreens.

When the ruminating cattle
Stands in bedding to their knees;
When the sheep are warmly sheltered,
When the horses are at ease,
And the kittens in the kitchen are as happy as you please—
When father's work is ended,
And mother sits and sews,
There's a wondrous mystic music
In the angry wind that blows.

Ah, the rambling little sheepfold's
Weatherbeaten, so they say;
The horses are no longer
Munching at the fragrant hay—
Beneath the old-style kitchen stove no happy kittens play
And, out behind the village church,
A mossy gravestone leans
Above two mounds o'er which the wind
Sighs through the evergreens.

—E. S. Kiser.

TRIAL BY FIRE.

(The Life Story of an Army Belle.)

There are colonels and majors and generals and some old captains who hold that Isabel Hampden was the most attractive woman who ever graced the frontier; and in their time most women seemed attractive because of their scarcity. She was handsome, and accomplished, and clever, and something more than all these which was inexplicable but very potent. She had been brought up in garrisons and large cities, and by the time she was two-and-twenty she knew the world rather well. Moreover, she knew men—not girls and women, but men.

Because she had been allowed to live in posts during most of what should have been her boarding-school days, and because she was pleasant to look upon and to converse with at an age when most girls are impossible, men had fallen in love with her pretty much ever since she could remember. It was said that she had refused all the bachelors in all the frontier regiments. This was not far from the truth. A woman who had married one of the rejected ones said that refusing was a habit Miss Hampden had formed, and that it began to look as if she might never break herself of it. In the nature of things, this was repeated to the girl. Her good temper was one of her charms "It is so much better a habit than accepting them all," she argued, sweetly. Nevertheless, she wounded if there were not some truth mingled with the malice.

But Lieutenant Loring was the last victim of her practice. He proposed to her, unfortunately for himself, just after she had met young Ardsley.

"I thought this morning that maybe I would marry you," said Miss Hampden. "But I've changed my mind, someway."

Loring was accustomed to a great deal of frankness from her, but it clashed with his notions of feminine modesty for a woman to have entertained thoughts of marriage before the offer thereof.

"Weren't you just a trifle prompt in determining my intentions?" he asked.

"Has the event proved me wrong?" she returned.

He lost his temper. "You are spoiled," he said.

"If you knew how often I have heard that! Yet I do not think I am. I am simply sincere, and you are a little too vain, all of you, to grasp the difference. I like you awfully well—no, now, don't misunderstand me. I don't love you. And you are too nice a fellow to be married to a girl who only likes you. No," she repeated, "I do not think I'm spoiled. I am not agitated and tearful as I ought to be, perhaps, under the circumstances. I used to be, but I've passed that. I have been so placed that men were making love to me at an age when other girls were playing dolls. It's partly because I am pretty and partly, largely, because there are so few women out here. When I have been in the East, I haven't made much of a sensation. I've grown a bit hardened, perhaps. Custom has dulled the edge—which was fearfully keen and cutting, at first—of being told that I am breaking a heart. But, though I am only twenty-two, I've lived to see dozens of your marry and be happy. You'll do the same."

"Oh, no, I shall not," moaned Loring.

[illegible] I shan't [illegible] to dance [illegible] Mr. Ardsley, and if [illegible] every one will surely guess what has happened."

"They'll know, when they see me."

"Don't be a goose, Jack. It's only the heart that is trying to take itself seriously that exhibits the pain."

"Don't discuss a subject you know nothing about. You have no heart."

He left her, with an exaggerated bow, as young Ardsley came up.

As Miss Hampden waltzed off with Ardsley, she knew that Loring was wrong; that this tall boy, fresh from West Point, as new in experience of the world as the brass buttons on his blouse, was the man she was going to love. He would love her, of course. It is to be feared that it did not enter her head that he might not. She liked his stron, rough-cut face, and his jolly, stone-gray eyes, and his drawling, heavy voice, and his waltzing, and the way he held her. After the dance she determined that she liked his hands, and when she looked at them, she saw a ring

"Is that your class ring?" she said.

"Yes," he told her.

"May I see it?"

He gave it to her, and while she examined it he sat and admired her. On his part, he liked the women who carried themselves haughtily, he liked tall women, he liked straight, black hair and olive skin and dark eyes and large features and a neck of statuesque proportions. In short, he liked exactly the things he had never fancied up to then. Miss Hampden raised her eyes and met his. She smiled, but it was like no smile she had ever bestowed on a man before. He looked at her very gravely, and her hand closed tightly over the ring. In a moment she was studying it again.

"I like this. It's unusual," she said.

"I am glad you think so, as I conceived the design." He expected to be told that he was clever.

"Indeed!" was all she said, and that indifferently.

"How cool! I rather thought you'd express surprise and give me some credit. You are not addicted to flattery, it would seem."

"I am not. But I don't think it would have been flattering to be surprised that you have done it. It struck me as being quite the thing you would naturally do."

"That is very pretty."

"It is perfectly true."

It happened, oddly enough, that Ardsley chanced not to have heard of Miss Hampden's reputation by the next night. He was rudely awakened to a knowledge of it. There were private theatricals in the hop-room, and Miss Hampden was the leading lady. Now the suitor was quite recovered, and he meant to play a joke on those in the audience who were not—and these were some eight or ten, three of them married. He proposed to the heroine in nicely read lines, and was rejected by her with a perfection that spoke her practice. So the audience thought; and it laughed. When the laugh had subsided, the hero arose from his knees. He walked to the footlights and sighed.

"Ah! well," he said, "I have one crumb of comfort. I am not the only man in this place who is in the same fix."

The astounded Ardsley looked about him, and he picked out the entire number by their faces. Miss Hampden dropped her head in her hands and laughed with the rest.

Between the acts, Ardsley made inquiries and learned the truth. He was bitten with a desire to obtain the unattainable, and he was not one to dally. He went behind the scenes.

"Whom are you going home with, Miss Hampden?" he asked.

"I fear no one will take me after the light Mr. Graves has put me in."

"May I do so?"

She nodded, and Ardsley went back to his seat.

"So you have refused the entire army?" he asked, as they walked home.

"Not quite."

"The entire department?"

"Well, a fair percentage of it," she admitted.

"Are you going to refuse me?"

"I can't say until you are offered."

"I offer myself now."

"And I accept you now."

"Good enough! Will you announce our engagement to-night at supper?"

"At the risk of being adjudged insane—yes."

"Put on this ring until I can get you another. Your hands are not small. It will fit your middle finger. Now I am in earnest."

"So am I," she said.

They were very much in earnest, the event proved; and the garrison derived unmixed pleasure from the total, unconditional, obvious surrender of Miss Hampden. She was as open in her infatuation as she had always been in everything else. And Ardsley was equally infatuated. He took back the class ring and gave her a diamond which cost him three months' pay. They were altogether happy. So, just a fortnight before the day arranged for their wedding, the Gods demanded the first payment on their loan.

Ardsley was ordered off on a scout. Miss Hampden was the sort of a girl who might have been expected to take this reasonably. But she did not She clung to Ardsley, and cried like any little girl, and did not behave in the least like a woman who had seen countless scouts. And she let him go to the wars remembering her standing with her arm against the wall and her head upon her arm, sobbing as if her heart were utterly broken. He himself was moved and stern. Loring would have liked to remind her that hearts which were really wrung did not show their pain. He had not yet recovered.

Ardsley did not come back from the scout. He was in a fight on what should have been his wedding day. Others were killed and their bodies were recovered and buried, but Ardsley's body was never found. There was a tale that a fire had been seen on the battle-field the night after the encounter, and in the midst of the fire a tree with a form which might have been that of a man against it. There were Indians grouped around it. Miss Hampden never heard the story. She never even guessed at what had happened until twenty years afterward.

She was the superb and spiritless wife of a mighty general, and she was accompanying her husband on a tour of inspection in the West. They were at an agency, one day, and were visiting the tepees. It was the agency of the Indians that young Ardsley had fought two decades before, and the general's wife was nerving herself not to show that she remembered this.

The general was examining the trinkets that hung on a string around the neck of a half-blind squaw.

"Is that your class ring?" she said.

"Yes," he told her.

"May I see it?"

He gave it to her, and while she examined it he sat and admired her. On his part, he liked the women who carried themselves haughtily, he liked tall women, he liked straight, black hair and olive skin and dark eyes and large features and a neck of statuesque proportions. In short, he liked exactly the things he had never fancied up to then. Miss Hampden raised her eyes and met his. She smiled, but it was like no smile she had ever bestowed on a man before. He looked at her very gravely, and her hand closed tightly over the ring. In a moment she was studying it again.

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SEA WOLVES AT WAR

FIERCE BATTLE BETWEEN A SPERM WHALE AND SWORDFISH.

She Leviathan Kept on the Surface by Strategy While the Thrashers Stabbed Him to Death—Thrilling Combat Witnessed in the Pacific Ocean.

"Did you ever see a school of thrashers after a whale, with a swordfish assisting the sea wolves?"

Some of the party had witnessed the sight, others had not, all, however, were cognizant of the close association existing between the thrasher and swordfish, but the story was asked for.

"It was from the deck of the old brig Firefly, plying in the fruit trade between San Francisco and Tahiti, during the seventies that I saw this sea battle," said the shipping man. "We were off the Marquesas and lolling along with the equatorial drift, not enough wind blowing to keep the sails from slatting against the masts. The heat was something deadly in its intensity, and there wasn't enough energy among either crew or passengers to even read.

"Suddenly we were roused by a call from the lookout 'Something coming up, sir! Two points off the lee bow, and at the break of the horizon!'

"In a moment we were all on our feet, and leaning over the port taffrail Far down near the horizon could be seen a flurry of foam and a jumble of dark objects. These would appear and disappear, with each appearance the white spray we had first noticed showing clear against the blue of the equatorial sky.

"'Number of native canoes out after a whale, I make it,' said Captain Turner, as he handed the glass over to me

"I got a steady sight on the object, which were rapidly approaching us. With the second flurry of foam, as the black spot appeared on the surface I could make them out It was a big sperm whale being chased by a school of thrashers.

"'But the whale doesn't sound long enough to have thrashers after him,' said the captain. 'It must be natives in canoes and the swell hides them from the deck.'

"To make certain I went aloft, in the fore rigging, and from the top could make out the fight distinctly. But just as the captain had said, I was puzzled at the short lapses of time transpiring between the whale's fluking and his again appearing on the surface

"The whale was headed straight for us, and working along at a rate that within half an hour would bring him, with the thrashers abreast of the brig, providing he did not change his course This, fortunately for our excited curiosity, the whale did not do, and at a distance of less than 300 fathoms, the people of the Firefly were treated to such a sight as seldom comes, even in the varied incidents which go to make up a life at sea.

"We had all been offering conjectures as to why the whale did not sound to a depth the thrashers could not follow When the big fellow had ranged just off our quarter the question was answered.

"Fluking high and bringing his tail down with a swash that would have crushed the life out of any thrasher caught beneath the blow, the whale attempted to sound He could not have reached five fathoms deep, when, with a bellow of pain, he shot to the surface flinging his huge bulk high in the air Simultaneously a cry went up from all of us. Dangling from the whale's belly was a swordfish, its sword embedded deep in the blubber. Twisting and throwing itself, the swordfish seemed endeavoring to work loose from the whale before the latter could again land its great body in the sea. This it succeeded in doing a fraction of a second only separating the fall of the swordfish and that of the whale into the ocean. This was sufficient, however, for the swordfish to gather depth and with another prod, keep the whale on the surface. Then with a rush the school of thrashers were upon the whale. Setting their teeth into its sides, half of the school would tear great chunks of blubber from the bellowing leviathan, while the balance of the school, with fearful blows, would thrash at the whale with their flukes, the swordfish in the meantime keeping up a steady stabbing from beneath, until at last, in sheer agony of pain, the whale would sound, dragging the swordfish, with its sharp saw tooth blade of bone sunk deep in the blubber with it.

"It seemed impossible, however, for the whale to reach any depth, impeded as it was by the twelve-foot swordfish hanging to it and with a bellow it would again come to the surface. Three times, while life remained in the whale did we see the huge bulk shoot out of the water, the white body of the swordfish hanging from its side.

"Stranger still, though, was the tactics used by the swordfish, to so wound the whale's blowhole as to incapacitate it entirely from sounding. Twice, when the whale had been stabbed at the surface and the thrashers had taken good hold, the swordfish, ranging close to the whale's head, threw itself out of the water and with its sharp-toothed sword endeavored to cut open the whales' blowhole. That the swordfish had succeeded in one of these attempts prior to our getting a close view of the fight, was evidenced by the scattering spray in which the whale sent forth its 'blow' on rising.

"The whale had hardly gone three miles astern of us, before its body, floating, still on the ocean, showed that swordfish and thrashers had conquered."

MET AN OBSTRUCTION.

The Brave Man Who Quickly Yielded and Threw Up His Hands.

"Yes," admitted the big traveling man, as a number of the craft were paying an evening seance in the cafe, "I was one of the victims in that train robbery. And I want to tell you fellows right here that there's no other experience in the world so well calculated to take the conceit out of a man. I had expressed a desire frequently that I might encounter some of these modern bandits I'd show them what it was to go up against a good, game man, and I'd put at least two or three of them out of business.

"But I didn't Three miles out from Duck Center they held us up in a deep cut. Before I suspected trouble there was a big fellow with long hair and a .6-inch revolver coming down the aisle. His eyes were like live coals of fire, and there seemed to be more of them than are credited to Argus. When he thundered 'hands up,' I came pretty near dislocating my shoulders because of the suddenness and vigor with which I obeyed the order. Two men following the chap with the gun took up the 'collection,' and when they came to me I surrendered everything, even to my elegant self-acting revolver that I had bought with a special view to wiping out train robbers. I never entered a protest.

"Right behind me was a little old maid, not bigger than a pint of cider, with corkscrew curls and shary features. They took the pocketbook from her lap, but when they went to appropriate a jewel case, she flew up like a hen defending her chickens. That watch was for her niece that was going to be married. She had raked and scraped and skimped to buy it, and no robbers were going to get it. With an unexpected movement she had knocked the revolver against the roof of the car and was clawing at the other two men like a wild cat They forced her to her seat, and when the big fellow had recovered his gun he stood laughing. 'Keep your watch, ole girl,' he said, 'an' here's a little trinket to put with it,' as he tossed her a handsome pin 'Ef any of these men had your sand we'd never got away with this job after you disarmed me' And he was right about it.

The Increase of Homes.

One of the best possible facts in the latter-day progress of this country is the increase in the number of homes. In crowded centers of population, such as New York, and one or two other cities, the flat and the hotel must always be necessary, for space is too valuable to be monopolized by the humble. But even around the very large cities there are being built thousands and thousands of suburban cottages and country residences, and all through the length and breadth of the country, in the towns, villages and cities artistic homes are increasing at an astonishing rate If any one will take the trouble to look up the literature on the subject he will find that in this country there are more than a hundred papers devoted to these home builders, giving them each week plans and suggestions The number of books upon low-priced architecture, written in the past fifteen years, exceeds the total for a century previous A wider education is being spread, and the gain in every way is enormous

A man who owns his home is a better citizen, even if there is a mortgage on it There is a feeling of personal partnership in the protection of property and the preservation of public order which makes him stand for what is best in law and government. It is the best possible thing for his wife and children, best for him and best for the country.

Bogus Oysters.

The municipal authorities of Paris are just now engaged in the suppression of an altogether novel form of food adulteration which is assuming phenomenal proportions. Real oysters are expensive in Paris, and so, with the object of suiting slender purses, artificial oysters on the half shell have been invented, which are sold at twenty cents a dozen, and they are so cleverly made and look so nice and fresh that, once lemon juice or vinegar has been added, they can not be distinguished from the real article, especially when white wine is taken in connection therewith. The only genuine thing about these oysters is the shell, the manufacturers buying second-hand shells at a small cost, and fastening the spurious oyster in place with a tasteless paste. The municipal laboratory has not yet proclaimed the ingredients of which these bogus oysters are composed, but has announced that they are of a harmful character.

A Big Prize in Sight.

M. Osiris, a well-known French philanthropist, has shown his interest in the Parisian exhibition of 1900 in a tangible way. He has just deposited at the Bank of France a sum of $20,000, which he has placed at the disposal of the Parisian press syndicate to reward the exhibitor of the most meritorious work in the exhibition from an artistic, industrial, or humanitarian point of view.

He Listened to All.

Fontenelle listened to everything, and he offended no one by disputing anything. At the close of his life he was asked the secret of his success, and he replied that it was by observing two maxims: "Everybody may be right, and everything may be so."

A Famous Dike Marsh.

Addison, Me., is famous for its dike marshes, which for many years have been a source of income to its people. The estimated crop of hay yielded by these lands this season is 4[illegible]0 tons.

A GERMAN CYCLIST BRAKE.

Ingenuity on a Swiss Mountain That Made Some Americans Stare.

"We Americans traveling abroad are apt to be very proud of our reputation for cleverness," said a tourist who went bicycling in Europe last summer. "And no doubt we have reason to be. But I am going to tell you how I had some of the conceit taken out of me.

"We were going through Switzerland and had reached the close of the first day's descent toward Geneva. The road had been too steep to coast without the aid of a brake, and as we were afraid to use our breaks for fear our tires would not last us through our trip, we back pedalled all the way.

"As we were sitting after supper on the veranda of the lodge, discussing the fatigue of our unusual exercise, and dreading the morrow, which meant more of the same sort, our attention was suddenly called to a cloud of dust descending the mountain side. Then we saw a cyclist, coasting as nice as you please, towing a good-sized sapling by a rope tied to the rear of his wheel, which acted as an effective brake without injury to the tires. One of the boys ejaculated: 'Well, why didn't we think of that?' The rest were simply dumb. That man was a German. I now take off my hat to our German brethren of the wheel."

Rest Destroyers.

The worrying habit.

The overwork habit.

Habitual overeating, or taking food at bedtime that is difficult of digestion.

The "wide-awakes" who cannot sleep themselves and disturb the rest of others.

The "fond mother," who awakes the baby to exhibit him to a friend.

The "early-to-bed" who interferes with the "late-to-bed's" morning nap.

You Must Remember:

That sleepiness is an indication of the need of sleep, and, so far as possible, the sleeper should be allowed to awaken naturally.

That brain workers, nervous people and children require all the sleep they can get—ten to twelve hours of the twenty-four, usually.

That stimulants and narcotics will in time prove sleep destroyers.

That sleep that is alike restful to mind and body can only be induced by natural methods.

Incubating Peaches.

Visitors to the new states of the far west are generally prepared for any phenomenal showing in the line of agriculture, stock-raising and the like, but once in a while they are taken by surprise.

An easterner who was spending his summer vacation on the ranch of a relative in Colorado, went out one morning to inspect a large incubator in which the young chicks were hatching. In one corner of the incubator a neglected peach seed, encouraged by the warmth of the atmosphere, had burst, and a tiny sprout, several inches long was growing out of it.

"Great Ceasar!"-exclaimed the eastern man, as this caught his eye, "do you hatch out your peaches in this country?"

Woman Dies at 124 Years.

Margaret Bouhan, better known as "Peggy Bowen," probably the oldest person in the State, is dead in her late home, at Chicopee Falls, Mass. "Peggy" was 124 years old according to her own testimony, and her husband, who wrote to her birthplace, Evelane, County Cork, Ireland, and ascertained that the records showed that "Peggy" was born in that village in 1773. "Peggy" was married in Ireland in 1862, her husband being only forty-two. They came to this country in 1865 and settled at Chicopee Falls, where they occupied a house of one room. Up to within two years "Peggy" retained her faculties.

Unique Japanese Custom.

Among the rites which are practiced in far Japan and which doubtless do much to keep the Japanese women in that sweet and meek state so attractive to the masculine mind, is one called worshipping the mother-in-law.

Before a Japanese bride is married she is put through a course of ceremonies before which the initiation into a college secret society is a mere trifle. One of the most important and most imposing of these ceremonies is the adoration of the mother-in-law. The poor little bride prostrates herself most humbly before the arbitor of her future peace.

Peers in Trade.

Two peers carry on the trade of milk men in London, and there is also a titled fruiterer. He is no other than the Earl of Harrington, who keeps a shop at the Trafalgar Square end of Whitehall. His lordship's name is not up, but he acknowledges the connection by calling the establishment "Elvaston," after his castle in Derbyshire. The windows, too, are placarded with the frank announcement that the fruit is "from our own gardens."

Great Strength of Fish.

The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by fish. The whale moves with a velocity through a dense medium of water that would carry him, if continued, round the world in something less than a fortnight, and a sword fish has been known to strike his weapon clean through the oak plank of a ship.

Tropical Looking Restaurant.

Go where you may among the finer restaurants and dining rooms of New York you will find the tables shadowed by huge artificial palms, growing out of moss. The fashion has spread in every direction, and gives these resorts a certain tropical appearance.

Athletic George of Greece.

King George, of Greece, in the earlier years of his reign, often participated in the feats of running and leaping of which his countrymen are so fond. In order to conceal his identity, he entered the contests under the name of George Papadopoulos. In a certain amateur contest which he won he was accused of being a professional. As "George Papadopoulos" naturaly could not give a satisfactory account of his identity and antecedents, the crowd became convinced that he really was a professional. In order to escape rough treatment he confessed his identity, not to the crowd, but to a police officer, who managed to get him away to a place of safety without permitting the crowd to discover that they had been threatening their sovereign.

Shot a Deer on Their Way to School.

Two pupils in a Monticello, (Me.) school, aged 13 and 15 years, started out to shoot a deer before school a few mornings since. They discovered the deer and both fired, and both killed the deer, one putting three buckshot and the other a bullet through the vitals of the beast. They got their prize home and dressed and were at school in time for all their lessons. They didn't shoot a human being by mistake. It's not the way of Aroostook lads. Great grown men, with less sense and experience, do that.

A Clerical Alderman.

Dr. Forrest Browne, the new Bishop of Bristol, was the first clerical alderman elected in England, and for many years did excellent work as a Justice of the Peace at Cambridge. In his first sermon before the Judges at St. Paul's he excited some astonishment by speaking pointedly of "our duties and difficulties as magistrates."

The Latest English Luxury.

A glass house under water is the latest luxury. A rich man, who has a large lake upon his estate, recently caused it to be drained, and in the deepest part he has had a house built which contains three rooms—a smoking-room, a dining-room, and a servants' waiting room.

A Curious Fact.

It is an inexplicable fact that men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of the snow.

Land Values in Cape Town.

A bit of waste land at Cape Town, bought five years ago for $9,000, has just been valued at $150,000.