

Her Polygamous Ideal

By **FREDERIC VAN RENSSLAER DEY**

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They sat facing each other in the dining room of the St. Denis. Pain, en-trasty, pathos, anger, consternation and doubt were compositely depicted on his features. Hers shone with calm resolution, fearlessness and defiance. Between them, on the table, nothing remained but the coffee. The room itself was almost deserted, for the hour was late and nearly all of the guests had departed.

"Can there be a higher, nobler career for any woman than that of wife and mother?" he demanded.

"There are careers and careers. Just now I cannot see my way clear to adopt the matrimonial one. I will not marry now. Perhaps never! I do not know. All that I do know is this—the thought is repugnant. My mind is bent upon other things. I have ambitions." Then she raised her eyes, and looking him squarely in the face, said half quizzically and yet with earnestness, "If you were five men in one instead of one man in ten thousand, I might marry you and try it."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, but without raising his voice. "You are entirely beyond me tonight. I cannot understand you. Is it that you doubt my love?"

"No," she replied calmly, while with delicate precision she balanced a sugar cube on the handle of her spoon. "I do not doubt your love, but I do doubt the adaptability of the love of any man through all the circumstances and conditions of married life. You are nearer my ideal, or rather my idea of what a man should be, than I ever hoped to realize until I knew you, but if I should consent to take you down from the pedestal where my fancy has placed you I feel that it would be your undoing and mine. Let us remain as we are—I, to pursue my career; you, to climb to the top of your profession. You see," and she raised her eyes again and smiled brightly upon him, "you are not five men. You are only one man."

He was silent, gazing through the window and wondering vaguely why the street lamp across the way flared so badly in the open air.

"Shall I explain to you what I mean by five men instead of one man?" she questioned.

"As you please," he replied moodily. "If I were five, one of us would poison the other four. However, let me hear this original polygamous doctrine of yours."

"Polygamous! Gracious!" she exclaimed. "I had not thought of it in that light. However, to be thoroughly satisfied from waking to sleeping nothing short of five men could fulfill my ideal of matrimonial bliss. You must remember my childhood. I lived among five aunts. As a rule, I spent from six months to a year with each and then recommenced the circuit. By combining the good qualities, or what I at least conceived to be the good qualities, of the five men of those families into one man and eliminating the bad ones, the perfect husband would be created. But it is impossible of achievement."



"I TREMBLE WHEN I THINK THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE SAID YES."

"We would have to be in five different places at once almost every hour in the day; hence, there is only one solution—five husbands!"

She sipped her coffee complacently and, raising her clear eyes again to his, said coolly, "Do you love me?"

He started perceptibly. The blood rushed to his face in a quick flush, then fled again, leaving it paler and more haggard than before.

She fixed her eyes upon his, smiling brightly, and she held his gaze until the singer died out of it. Then she proceeded calmly:

"As a single man you have ambition. If you should marry me and should love me as I want to be loved, there would be no room for ambition or for any other attribute than the one you give to me—love. Yet I would have my ambitions. If I were to become your wife and your undertaker to fill to my ambitious dreams for you, love would wither and die, un-derstand me? Forgotten. How would you provide that necessary and mighty attribute—the man and wife if you should marry me? Ambition stood between you and earthly gain—if love detached you from your daily business tasks—then your ambitions would be heavy and your ambitions would be heavy."

ning of each fiscal day? Do you know that every woman has a fad, and have you not discovered mine?"

"No. What is it?" he asked coldly. "How many hours daily, think you, I spend awheel? Could you accompany me on one century run? How reconcilable love, ambition, the social world, money getting and athletic sports and still find time among the duties of a husband to be what you would honestly define a man? Have you not yet discovered why I made that polygamous remark?"

For a moment after she had finished speaking he made no comment. Presently he rose and took his hat and cane.

"Shall we go?" he said. "No," she replied calmly, not moving. "Sit down again. I want before we part to convince you of the unwisdom of any thought of marriage between us, at least for years to come."

"I am convinced," he replied, re-sent-ing himself. "What, already?"

"Quite convinced." "What do you think of my theory?" "I think it quite worthy of a per-verse woman who has no room in her heart for any other love than self. It is the theory of a thoroughly heart-less, selfish woman whose career is al-ready attained, and I tremble when I think that you might have said yes. Shall we go now?"

"At once—if you please—at once."

Somehow they did not meet again. He scowled upon the world, and ap-plied every energy of his life to his professional work. She tossed her head in anger and chagrin and sought for extra force and pith with which to impregnate her literary work. The ambitious hopes which he had enter-tained prospered and were at last ful-filled, for he attained the height if not the zenith of his profession. The ca-reer for which she had prayed fell up-on her like a mantle when least ex-pected and most unsuspected. In a way both were famous; each was prosper-ous. They had traveled as the letter Y is formed, parting in anger where the arms lead off in either direction, each too proud to inquire concerning the other. Neither married.

They met, apparently by accident, in the dim library of a mutual friend. Exactly how the friend had managed the meeting she never confessed. From the distance came the murmur of voices, the ripple of laughter. The mu-tual friend was giving a literary even-ing. He and she were expected to ap-pear as lion and lioness for the oc-casion. But first the hostess closed the door on them, and they stood face to face in the rose colored light. The hostess was noted for her clever ar-rangement of general effects.

It was the first time they had seen each other since that last dinner at the St. Denis. She had made her career and had discovered that it could not confer all the happiness which her femi-nine nature required.

He had gratified ambition, attained wealth, was socially popular and had become a patron of athletics. But when the door closed behind their hostess he knew that his love for this woman had alone made his quartet of successes possible.

He told her so in calm, straightfor-ward words. "Ambition, wealth, social pleasures and even sports," he said, "I have pur-sued only because I knew that some-where in the world you lived, and I found a selfish pleasure in pleasing you, even though it were without your knowledge."

And she, smiling through tears of happiness, replied: "I have lived long enough to know that the one man who truly loves pos-sesses more real worth than any com-posite being might. If you love me, it is all I ask, for by love and through love all other things are possible."

Presently the hostess returned and, peering into the room, said:

"Well?" "We are to be married tomorrow," he replied, "quietly, here in your parlors."

And the hostess again said: "Well?"

"Well?"

The Nutmeg Tree.

The nutmeg is the kernel of the fruit of several species of trees growing wild in Asia, Africa and America. The cultivated nutmeg tree is from fifty to seventy-five feet high and produces fruit for sixty years. The fruit is of the size and appearance of a roundish pear, yellow in color. The fleshy part of the fruit is rather hard and resem-bles candied citron.

Within is the nut, enveloped in the curious yellowish red aril known to us as mace. Up to 1796 the Dutch, being in possession of the islands producing the only valuable variety of the nut-meg, jealously tried to prevent the car-rying of the tree or a living seed of it into any territory independent of Dutch rule.

The Romans Invented Horsepower.

The Romans, among whom agricul-ture was a highly favored occupation, were an inventive race, especially in the matter of labor saving machines. Recognizing the drudgery of hand mills, they invented those whose mo-tive power was imparted by asses, mules and oxen and introduced them into all the countries conquered by their victorious armies. There is no positive record of the name of the ori-ginator of this improvement in milling.

An Ancient Phrase.

The frequently quoted "I do not pin my faith upon your sleeve" is traced in sentiment to feudal times, when the partisans of a leader used to wear his badge pinned upon their sleeves. Some-times these badges were changed for specific purposes, and persons learned to doubt, hence the phrase, "You wear the badge, but I do not intend to pin my faith on your sleeve."

THE BOY GIANT GOES TO SCHOOL

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The giant, Ah Grim, went to school. Jack feared he would grow up a fool unless he was taught Big A and round naught. And how to tell cotton from wool. When at the schoolhouse they arrived, The master, of courage deprived, Fell down in a faint In a pan of fresh paint. While under the desks the scholars dived.



When Jack had explained why he came And mentioned that Ah Grim was tame, The master arose. Wiped the paint from his clothes And put on the roll Ah Grim's name. Then school was adjourned 'neath the trees. The giant learned but by degrees. On the dunce stool he sat And wore the dunce hat, Which caused the school mischief "tee-hee."

Dead Dog Difficult.

Dogs that are naturally nervous, as most terriers are, sometimes prove dif-ficult pupils when a lesson is the old trick of "dead dog." However, by a great deal of patience a fox terrier or even a black and tan can be taught to lie down and close its eyes, being to all appearances asleep. The first step is to get the dog to lie down at command. This is often more difficult than to get him to stand up and walk. It is best accomplished by pushing the dog down on his side, all the time saying, "Lie down" or "Down." When the dog catches the idea and tries to do as he is told, give him some goodies. He will try in every way to please you the next time, and before long he will understand what it means when he is told to lie down. Then it is not so hard to get him to lie still, unless, in-deed, a mouse should run across the room, which once brought the best trained dog in a large circus to grief. He had just been shot as a deserter from the army and had fallen over dead when a mouse ran across the stage. The dead deserter was up in a twinkling and after the mouse, and, of course, he had to have a whipping for forgetting his part.

My Ships at Sea.

Whichever way the wind doth blow Some heart is glad to have it so. Then blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows, that wind is best. My little craft sails not alone; A thousand fleets from every one Are out upon a thousand seas; What blower for one a favoring breeze Might dash another with the shock Of down upon some hidden rock. And as I do not dare to rest, For winds to wait me on my way.

Indian Boy's Home Training.

The following account of the Omaha Indian boy's home training is given by Mr. Francis La Flesche, an Omaha In-dian:

"No child is permitted to interrupt an older person or to pass between two persons who are speaking, still less to come between them and the fire. They are strictly enjoined never to stare at strangers nor to address any one by his personal name without giving a title.

"From his earliest years the Omaha child has been trained in the correct use of his native tongue. No mistake was allowed to pass uncorrected.

"No Indian parent ever whips his child. When it commits a fault, the en-tire family assemble in solemn coun-cil, and it is summoned and reproved with such gravity that it never for-gets the lesson."

A Novel Way of Capture.

The pet monkey of a German pro-fessor, having made his escape, climb-ed into a tree and defied all attempts to catch him. Well knowing the imi-tative habits of the animal, his master hit on a curious plan to regain his pet. He looked at the monkey through an opera glass, pointing the small end at him, for some time, and then he retired to a short distance, leaving the opera glass on the ground. The imitative monkey descended from the tree and, taking the opera glass, gazed after a similar manner at his master, who seemed to the deluded ape to be half a mile distant. The monkey, still look-ing through the same end of the opera glass, supposed his master was several hundred yards distant when the latter, reaching out, secured the chain and led him back to his cage.

A CASE OF RHEUMATISM

By **Carrie M. Taylor.**

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Things had happened in the town of Rossville—dogfights, runaways, Fourth of July, elections and clothesline rob-beries—but nothing had ever happened to equal the failure of Thomas Mason, merchant. He went to the wall after doing business for twenty years, owing his New York creditors \$2,000.

His failure was known at 8 o'clock one morning, and by 9 it was generally understood that his wife's extrava-gance had precipitated the crisis. An hour later everybody could remember just how many new hats, dresses and cloaks she had had during the last year, to say nothing of hosiery, gloves and shoes. At 11 o'clock Mr. Mason hung himself in his woodshed, and at high noon the body was discovered and public gossip had it that the widow had been left without a dollar and would have to take in washing. Had a vote been taken the ballot would have stood: Sorry for her, 000; glad out, 3,000.

Mrs. Mason had always been high banded and exclusive, and so her "come down" was exulted over—not for long, however. The funeral had scarcely been held when it became known that the husband had left her \$20,000 life insurance. Public opinion changed at once. She received so many calls of sympathy that the front gate dropped from its hinges, and had any one dared to hint that she was high headed or extravagant there would have been a row.

After a year, of mourning half a dozen different men were ready to give the widow a new name and to handle



HE COULDN'T SLEEP UNLESS HOLDING THAT DEAR HAND.

her cash. She had taken no vow against a second marriage, and she looked more lovable than ever. The list of her admirers included a widower, a bachelor, a divorced lawyer and three young men, and their feet kept her front steps warm. It looked as if she would have to select one of the six to protect her from the other five, but she was in no hurry.

One by one they dropped out until only the lawyer and the bachelor were left. People said it was about an even thing between them, and the lawyer, whose name was Braxton, must have argued the same way. He wouldn't have been a lawyer if he had been satisfied with an even thing.

When two men love the same woman, she is kept plentifully supplied with bouquets, books, music and all else that a lover may send, and never a day passes that at least one does not long to die for her. Neither man can score an advantage, and the case is finally decided on its merits. The bach-elor, Mr. Dayton, argued it out that this one would be, but the lawyer didn't. He began to study the widow's character with a view to making a grand coup. She was not ambitious; she was not vain; she couldn't be taken in by flattery; she had just one weak point, as the lawyer lover decided—she was romantic and inclined to hero worship and he would build up his case on that.

It isn't an easy thing to be a hero to order. When Mr. Braxton had decided to take that line, the trouble was to find an occasion. There were no mad dogs running about the streets of Ros-ville, no raging conflagrations, nobody tumbling into the river to be pulled out, no anything. He walked around for a week or two looking for a hero opening, but as none came he sat down to do some hard judicial thinking. History does not state whether he got through at midnight or was still work-ing when the sun of next morning shone on his face, but he had got his plan just the same.

That forenoon at 10 o'clock he passed the Mason house on his way to the of-fice. The widow, who was working among her pinks and hollyhocks, gave him cordial salutation. He stopped to assure her of his undying affection and, clutching the fence, cried out in pain and finally fell to the ground. The widow cried out in alarm, and when men came on the run the stricken law-yer was borne into her house and put to bed.

It was supposed until the doctor came that it was a case of heart trouble, but he found no symptoms. Then the patient feebly explained that it was inflammatory rheumatism and that he had felt it coming on for days. If the doctor had never heard of rheumatism knocking a man down with a crowbar on the street, he wasn't ass enough to say so. The lawyer was able to pay a doctor's bill, and the doctor was there to make one. If there was anything queer and mysterious

about the case, he had only to keep quiet and charge it in the bill. Thus the news went forth that Lawyer Brax-ton had a bad attack of inflammatory rheumatism and that as he couldn't be moved for weeks Mrs. Mason would be his nurse. A few people spoke of the trouble it would give her, but most of them said it was a romantic incident that must lead to a happy marriage.

Inflammatory rheumatism is a bad thing. A doctor should call on a patient once a day at least, and if he calls twice nothing can be said except in his praise. In this case the doctor didn't hesitate to call. He spoke of the danger to the heart, and he changed medicines, gave directions to the widow about diet and selected a male assistant. The lawyer's scheme work-ed—that is, the widow spoke words of sympathy and hope, smoothed his fe-vered brow and with her own hands prepared the gruels and drinks. The patient was duly grateful, and he got hold of the smoothing hand as often and held on to it as long as he could. Eventually he couldn't go to sleep un-less he was holding that dear hand. It was a matter of two weeks before the doctor decided that the hour of peril had passed, and as the patient sat bolstered up in bed he decided that the game was in his hands. All he had to do was to slowly get better and ask the widow to lay her hand in his for life. He took another three days, and then one evening after he had been read to for an hour he lovingly said:

"Viola, I feel that I must speak to you tonight."

"Wasn't the gruel right?" she asked in reply.

"This is not a question of gruel, but of gratitude, affection and love. Viola!"

"Please don't get excited."

"I was never more calm."

"But I think you are excited, and you may have a relapse. Here, take my hand, and while you hold it I will tell you something to soothe you and make you go to sleep. Mr. Dayton was here last night."

"He—he was?" gasped the patient.

"Yes, for two hours when you were asleep. He asked about you and ex-pressed his sympathy."

"But I don't want his sympathy."

"But you must accept it for my sake. I have done my best, haven't I?"

"You are an angel!" he exclaimed as he patted her hand.

"Not quite, I guess, though Mr. Day-ton says so too."

"But what business has he got talk-ing such bosh to you?"

"Can you hear some good news and not get excited over it?"

"Try me."

"Sure it won't send the rheumatism to your heart? I don't want you to die, you know. Mr. Dayton is going to ask you to be his best man."

"B-best what?" stammered the sick man as his hair began to curl.

"Why, his best man at our wedding. He proposed last night, and I accepted him, and we are to be married in about six weeks."

That night at midnight the rheu-matic lawyer arose and dressed and left the house, and the next day it was said that he had gone to the springs for his ailment.

Water in the Bible.

The question of water goes back much further than we stop to think. For example, we are told in the book of Joshua that when Caleb's daughter Achsah was given to General Othnell in consideration of his capture of the city of Debir, and the matter of her dowry was being discussed, she said to her father: "Thou hast given me a south land. Give me also springs of water."

She understood that the tract sloping southward toward the deserts of Ara-bia was mountainous, swept by hot winds and deficient in rain supply. So she wanted besides a piece of land well watered and fertile that it might be profitably cultivated.

Caleb was so well pleased with the victory won for him by Othnell that he could deny the bride nothing. "And he gave her," the record adds, "the upper springs and the nether springs," more than she had asked, as fathers are apt to do with daughters whom they rear and love only to lose when the inevita-ble bridegroom comes.

It Struck One.

A windbag of a barrister was noted for a peculiarity in speaking. He nev-er spoke without using over and over again the words, "It strikes one." There came a time when the habit passed from him, and this is how it came about: Rising to speak for his client, he said, "Mind, it strikes one in reviewing the evidence."

"Stop!" said his lordship. "If it strikes one that is the hour for lunch-oon, and the court must adjourn."

And the court instantly adjourned.—London Tit-Bits.

Headaches.

The causes of headaches are many. Some grave headaches are due to cer-bral disease—meningitis, tumor, ab-scess, softening of the brain. In these cases there will be other symptoms pointing to the cause. Other causes are overfulness of the blood vessels, caused by the condition of the heart; a plethoric condition of the body, and men-tal excitement. Such cases are mark-ed by a flushed face, glittering eyes, a beating in the ears and giddiness on stooping.

Swimming.

Swimming is a tonic and bracing ex-ercise. It assists in the development of the muscular system and exerts a favorable influence on the bodily func-tions, such as digestion, nutrition, res-piration, circulation and innervation. It is excellent in getting the body in what sporting men call "condition." Aside from the physical advantages, swimming gives moral courage.