

HE HAD NO HARD FEELINGS.

You see that woman coming, Jack, dressed up in pink and gray? Well, that's a woman whom I loved in times long passed away. I used to visit her each night and write her every day. And words of burning, eager love to her I'd take her out to parties and to many a matinee. Jack, she's coming, and would send her every week or so a costly big bouquet. Large sums out of my salary I cheerfully would pay. For buggy rides and such like things, to make our courtship gay. Well, after all I'd done for her, this same young maid, Miss May, although her parents stern had said to such a marriage, Nay. Packed up her clothes together and skipped lightly on one day, and wedded a young fellow down at Narragansett Bay. Well, good-bye, Jack, she's coming, and with her I must stay. You say that you're astonished that a word to her I'd say. That I should coldly snub and scorn such a beautiful day. But don't you see? I am the man with whom she ran away.

—Charles J. Colton

"YOU'RE NOT RIGBY."

"So you didn't do this from having taken a fancy to me personally?" The girl raised her sad eyes and looked at the speaker. His slow and rather moody question had ended a long spell of silence—a silence broken only by the crackling of the flames, and the sound of the snow and sleet beating against the windows. It was a nasty night in that far Western mushroom of a city called Redwood. "Do what?" The girl's voice was as sad as the spirit revealed in her pale but attractive features. Both seemed laden heavily with trouble and anxiety. "Take me in here and care for me as you have," said the man, slowly measuring his words. "It's aigh a week now since I fell on the ice outside and sprained this ankle o' mine. We were strangers, but you took me in and have cared for me like as if—well as if you were my sister." "I have done only what I would do for any one in like distress." "Then you didn't do it out o' fancy?" "Fancy?" The girl's mind was so far away that she had lost his earlier question. "Fancy for me personally," explained the man, in those same low, moody, half-subdued tones. The girl shook her head, smiling half wearily, half sadly, and a glitter on her lashes reflected the firelight and betrayed a falling tear. "Do you know," he went on, when the girl let her gaze drop to her lap and did not answer, "since I've been laid up here so quiet like with you and her—here and here he tossed his head in the direction of a gray-haired old woman who sat sleeping in her chair, "do you know I've been twice back over a good many years?" "Have you?" came the question, indifferent from his very sadness o' tone. "True, I have. I used to have a home something after this, and I had a dear old mother, too, and a sister. She'd be aigh your age if she'd lived. They're both dead, God—"

He stopped short, as if something had got in his throat and choked him; then he shifted his bandaged foot from the crutch across which it was extended, and raised it to a chair near by. "Yes," he went on, for the girl evinced no interest. "They're dead now, both of em. I sometimes am driving round, what killing what. That was aigh dozen years ago, and in the far East. You hall from the East, don't you?" "Yes, from New England."

"And what sent you way out here in this rough territory?" "Why do you ask?" The eyes of the two met, but the man did not answer the question. "Do you know," said he, his low voice sounding strained and forced, "that being here along with you and her, and sitting here in the firelight, have carried me away back to something I'd lost sight of. 'Twas something about the lad I heard 'em talking about last night from my bed room fonder, wasn't it?" The girl drew a quick, gasping breath, as if she had suddenly caught back a sob which had leaped up in her bosom. "You overheard?" she exclaimed, chokingly, like one in fear. "Aye," said he, in unvarying tones, and with steadfast scrutiny of her pale face. "Twas for his sake, wasn't it, you came out here, you two, and wasn't there something about his having gambled away some of his employer's money?" Tears were trickling down the girl's cheeks yet she answered him: "What was it all about? Since I know so much you might do well to trust me with the rest."

"I do not fear to trust you," said she, through her tears. "The story is well enough known. I—I was to have been married here to Harry Randall. He sent for us, mother and myself, to come here from the East. Harry has been here four years in the employ of the mining company. We arrived two weeks ago."

"And this—this trouble they spoke of occurred since then?" "Yes, but—"

and the girl gave way to heart-broken sobs; "I can scarce tell how! It seems that Harry was influenced or misled into some place where men meet to gamble. He was the first time in his life that he had yielded to temptation. He had no intention of using other than his own money; but he had with him nearly \$4,000 of the company's funds which—"

"You needn't tell me any more," interposed the man. "I can guess the rest."

"Yes," said he, in those same moody tones. "He lost his own, and then played on with what he had, hoping ever for a change of luck, and fearing to stop. It's a common story. Why, I have seen men—good men at heart—go mad at a gambling table. There's something about it which steals away every sense but that of—"

"You! you have seen this?" "I have seen much of the world," cooled the man, less foolishly, "de-

this Harry of yours lost all he had, did he?" "Nearly four thousand dollars, many times more than all of us possess."

"And where is he now?" "Under—under arrest."

"I wish you wouldn't cry. Where was the loss made?" "In some kind of a place owned by a man named Rigby."

The man's gaze intensified as if it would penetrate the very heart of the sobbing girl. "Is the company inclined to prosecute?"

"O, no, sir, not if an adjustment could be made! They had all faith in Harry and this is his first wrong step. They even offer to retain him still in their employ if the sum can be recovered. But the law has the matter now in hand."

The man's thin red lip curled slightly. "That would seem rather bad," said he. "What sort of a man is this Rigby?" "I don't know that, sir," sobbed the girl sadly. "They say he owns some kind of a bank where—"

"A faro bank?" "Yes—now that you speak it. And they say it is the most dangerous place in town, and that he is the most desperate and disreputable character. The man smiled faintly. "Why don't they dive him out, then?" asked he. "They cannot, so I'm told. He has too many friends of his own class who support him."

"No doubt. This is not much like the eastern country. What sort of a looking man is this Rigby?" "I don't know, sir," said the girl with all the pitiful helplessness of utter despair. "I never saw him."

"Can't he be forced to refund this money?" "Indeed, no, I am told. His friends claim that no such sum was lost in his terrible den. He, himself, they say has fled from Redwood."

"Fled, ah?" "At least he has not been seen since the night of Harry's downfall."

"Don't weep any more. Probably he's a cowardly dog along with all the rest."

"He must be," said the girl with terrible sadness. "An unfeeling, heartless wretch of a man. A brute of a robber. A knave without principle or soul."

"It would seem so, else he could not seek to live upon the ruin of his fellow men. Heaven knows I pity him."

"Yes—so do I," said the man, speaking still in those deep, moody, half-musing tones. "Still, to know a man, one must know the world as it is. I don't suppose even you'd have done this for Rigby, would you?" "Done what?" "Yet I more'n half believe you would. Yes—since you took me in a perfect stranger, and cared for me. 'Twas a bad sprain I got, falling outside here. You've been as kind and gentle as a sister—aye, and so's she. And never a word about pay. Yes, I more'n half believe, you'd have done the same for Rigby."

"I don't think I understand you," she faltered, doubtfully. "Think nothing. I was only thinking, you both have seemed so kind and unselfish, that like as not you'd have done as much for Rigby, even as you've done for me."

The girl stopped abruptly, with a look of mistrust leaping to her eyes, and cried quickly, half inquiringly, like one alarmed: "You're not Rigby?" The man shook his head. "No," said he, deeply. "I'm not Rigby—not the Rigby you have in mind. As I told you, my name is Reynolds."

"No, you could not be Rigby?" "There was in these simple words a significance which sent another twinge to the man's face. The girl glanced toward her mother. At length she folded the work which had been lying untouched in her lap, and arose as if to awake her. The man looked suddenly up, reached forth his hand and laid it on the girl's arm. "You've done me a very good turn," said he, slowly, his thoughtful eyes raised to the girl's face. "I shan't forget it. And—mebbe you'll think o' me sometimes?" "I think so, sir," said the girl, wondering. You have been very patient and considerate."

"Have I? And perhaps you'll—"

He suddenly thrust the girl away, and coughed loudly. "See! Your mother's waking!" Then he stooped, with his hueless countenance distorted, and began to readjust the bandage on his ankle. He did not lift his head till the girl again addressed him. "We are about to retire. Shall I light a lamp for you?" "No—thanks, I shall not need it."

"If you require anything during the night, you can ring."

"Thank you—I shall not need to ring."

"I hope you may rest well. We will bid you good night."

"Good night."

He turned, and with his eyes followed the two women from the room. And what eyes! They might have been those of a man led to be hunted, or haunted. For ten minutes he did not move a muscle, but stared steadily at the vacancy which the two women had left behind them. At length he began to mutter, in desultory phrases, with long intervals between. "I could not be Rigby! . . . I never yet went lower but that I met for even . . . Couldn't he Rigby! . . . That was an awful stab! . . . I reckon I've got to make a play for even. The game's likely to break down, but—"

He drew a roll of bills from an inner pocket of his vest. Then he counted the money by the light of the fire. "Four thousand and ten—the ten'll take me out of town. . . . Judge Hastings has often said he'd give up considerable to run me out o' Redwood. . . . I'll make him an offer. With the money returned and me disposed of, I reckon he'll be glad enough to not prosecute the case. . . . The lad's first offense, eh. How was I to know the money wasn't his. I'll make sure the money goes his last. The feel went mad—I can see him now.

with eyes fixed on every turn. I'll bid him by the light of the candle to play another card—will I do? The Denver express came through here at midnight. I've just about time."

With a face distorted by the pain which moving gave him, he made his way slowly to the door, which he silently opened. A gust of wind and sleet covered him from head to foot. The snow stood a foot deep over the threshold. On the step he paused, with his hand on the open door, and looked back—looked toward the place where he had last seen the mother and daughter. "Forty-two not old! The game should not break down for years yet. I still have time to play myself even. Yes, I'll yet make the game break even—so help me God!" Then he silently closed the door and hobbled away through the wind and sleet and snow.—Scott Campbell.

The Truth of Our Own Immortality.

The Easter festival has come again and I thank God it has permitted me to again address you on this day. It is a day which to me, you, and to all mankind, should open a new kingdom for the following of God's commands and the discovery of God's truths. We do not believe any truth simply because it is so called, we believe it because we realize it is so. Thus each year this festival becomes a richer thing for us, and we realize more the truth of our own immortality. We must realize this immortality. Christ knew Himself, and in His personality His immortality. He felt throbbing and beating out from His life that immortal, God-given gift which makes itself known in the cry, "Before Abraham was, I am." Christ's work was not a work of the past—it was a work which will ever be that of the present, of this century, year and day of the omnipresent "Now." That "Now" which binds us all, in which we are born, in which we shall die; which identifies me and you with this day and year, with this country, with the modern world, and with that spirit of Christ which humanity with should unite us all. I thank God I am living today; that I am here in this dear old church, with all its associations, that I am here in this city, state, in America, and finally in this great world. You are here with me, and from this broad life is an immediate life, and with it, a Christian one, from whose good element is that divine influence which is permeating humanity. Immortality is nothing less than an admitted relation with the infiniteness of God. And this, our present life, spreads itself over vast regions of existence and comes to the great world which embraces all of herosm, of good, of fellowship, of soulful union, and of life. Now it is impossible for us worldlings to know the beauty, the restfulness of that divine and celestial now, which is the true immortality.—From Phillips Brooks' last Easter sermon.

Scientific Clothes Cleaning.

The chemistry of cleaning clothes is set forth in a scientific magazine, and while women will care little for the technical part of the operation, the story of the actual process suggests a useful modern operand. Take, for instance, says the American Analyst, a shiny old coat, vest, or pair of trousers of black broadcloth, cassimere, or diagonal. The scourer makes a strong, warm suds and plunges the garment into it, soaks it up and down, rubs the dirty places, and, if necessary, puts it through a second time, then rinses it through several waters, and hangs it up to dry on the line. When nearly dry, he takes it in rolls it up for an hour or two, and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat, and the iron is pressed over that until the wrinkles are out, but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them and pressing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen, they are treated as the wrinkles are—the iron is lifted while the full cloud of steam rises up, and brings the nap with it. Cloths should always have a suds made especially for them, and in that time especially for white cotton or woolen clothes line will be left in the water, and will cling to the cloth. In this manner the same coat and trousers can be renewed time and time again, and have all the look and feel of new garments. Good broadcloth and its fellow cloths will wear many washings, and look better every time because of them.

She Was Toll Keeper for 39 Years.

Mrs. John Haggin, for many years keeper of the toll house on the Perryville pike, recently resigned and moved to Lexington with her family. Mrs. Haggin probably enjoys a distinction held by no other person in the State. She was toll keeper at this one house for a period of thirty-nine years, and could have held the position for life had she been so disposed, but the recent death of her husband and burial at Lexington, together with her daughter's residence there, caused her to give up her position. She was keeper of the gate during the bloody battle of Perryville, when shells, minie balls and grape shot were making the air and surroundings dangerous, but she never deserted her post. She or some member of her family never failed to collect toll at the gate for a single day in all these years.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Pneumatic Tires.

An interesting series of experiments have been made recently to test the difference between the draught on road friction of a carriage with and without the modern pneumatic tired wheels. Two ordinary box huggies were employed, each being weighed to weigh 354 pounds. On a smooth, hard pine floor it was four pounds, and the power to start the steel-tired carriage was three pounds. Next an obstruction five-sixteenths of an inch high was placed in front of each carriage, and it was found that twenty-five pounds was required to haul the steel-tired carriage over the obstruction and but eleven pounds to draw the pneumatic-tired carriage.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

SOCIETY CATECHISM.

Do you see that? I do see that. What is it? A lady. What is a lady? A woman by a different name. How? All ladies are women, but all women are not ladies. Um—who is this lady? She is a society person. What is that? A person who is in society. What is society? An aggregation of individuals each possessing the necessary requisites for an equality of association. What are the requisites? Money. Nothing but money? Well, it would be absolutely impossible without it, which means the same thing. How are candidates admitted? By common consent. Immediately on application? Oh, no; it takes time. Are candidates placed on probation? No; they work their way into the sacred circles by degree. Are there set forms to be followed? Not at all. Sometimes they get in one way; sometimes another. For instance? Well, by way of London or Washington the American headquarters of diplomats who are past masters and professional society persons, or by marriage, or by contributions of personal effort, or of large checks to charitable causes, or by waiting until their children become of the chosen. It is not, then, entirely by the merit system? Hardly. Is membership permanent. As long as the money holds out society holds on. What of bad behavior? Judiciously conducted, it adds plausibility to the peccadillo and interest to the individual. Is it always judiciously conducted? Some of the more daring have characterized their acts by a certain swagger which has given a title to their set. And society dearly loves a title? It does. Do they not fear public opinion? They are quite indifferent to it. Indeed? Why not? Society is a strictly private and exclusive organization and cannot be amenable to public criticism. I don't quite understand that. And you won't until you are in it. With all the advantages of wealth, are not society persons quite superior beings? In their own estimation. Not till you have met and tried to talk to a few of the glittering exemplars of the real thing in society. What's the matter with them? Heaven only knows, and it won't tell. Are they all alike? Oh, no; some of our highest and best types of men and women are in it, but, you know, a needle hasn't much of a show in a haystack. How about a little heaven leavening the whole lump? Oh, well, there are lumps and lumps, don't you know. Don't the "glittering exemplars" want to be different? Yes—different from everybody else, and they are. I see, I see. They make figures of themselves? There is a harsher term, but let it go at that. Are society persons happy? When they are on top of the heap. How do they spend their time? As they spend their money. How is that? Trying to be happy. You mean trying to keep on top? Mostly. How old is society? Not so old as the grandfathers of most of its devotees. Who created it? The Lord Almighty. You don't mean it? I do, and man organized it and made it what it is. Which accounts for a good many things? Yes. Thanks. Don't mention it.

—William J. Lampton.

BRILLIANTS.

The day that presents no opportunity to improve oneself or benefit another is a black-letter day. The surest way of removing fruit stains from linen is to place the article in a bowl and immediately pour on boiling water, which stains will be found to entirely disappear. It is better to be wrong at the right time than right at the wrong time. Poverty is a secret that every man tries to keep from his neighbors. The man who praises what he intends to purchase and exaggerates the faults of what he means to sell is honest enough to feel lonesome in this day old world. To amuse the public, declaimers write, in the name of the day, the name of a genius to do it.

THE INSECT PESTS.

THESE ARE THE FIENDS WHICH RUIN OUR SHADE TREES.

Section of Country Covered—How the Beetle Passes the Winter—Early Work of the Moths—The Remedy to Be Applied.

As the housewife has to watch with eternal vigilance to keep the upper and lower half a dozen pests within doors, so the officials of a community, or the individuals thereof have to work unceasingly if the shade and fruit trees are to be preserved. The United States Department of Agriculture has issued a pamphlet in which are described the principal insect enemies of trees and the measures which may be taken to prevent their ravages. In almost every low-lying town from Charlotte, N. C., north to Albany, N. Y., the elm leaf-beetle has defoliated the English elms and in many cases the American elms. In certain directions this insect has also extended its northern range, notably up the Connecticut river valley. The authorities

The white-marked tussock moth attacks almost every variety of tree, shrub and ornamental trees, with the exception of the cypress. In Washington it seems to select by preference the poplars, soft maples, the alders, dora and birches, as well as the silver larch. It is also found here on various other trees, such as the Norway spruce, the varieties of maple, locust, box elder, ash, catalpa, rose, horse chestnut, persimmon, sycamore, mulberry and others.

This insect passes the winter in the egg state. The eggs are laid in the fall by the female moth in the leafy part of the tree in a silken web, white, frothy-looking mass attached to the outside of the cocoon. They are seen at a glance, owing to their white color, and remain conspicuous upon the trees until spring. The caterpillars hatch in Washington in April and May. They cast the skin three times, exhibiting a different character after each molt. The newly-hatched young feed on the under surface of the leaf, eating off the parenchyma, and producing a skeletonized appearance. After the first molt the skeletonizing continues, but a few holes are eaten completely through the leaf; after the second molt many holes are eaten through between the main ribs, and after the third molt the leaf is devoured except for the midrib and its principal branches. After the fourth molt the caterpillars begin to eat from the edge of the leaf and devour everything except the principal veins.

The young caterpillars drop down suspended by silken threads, at intervals of a few days, and frequently spin down without any disturbance, and are blown to a considerable distance by the wind. When nearly full grown they are green, gray, crawling down the trunk of the tree upon which they were attached, and across a considerable stretch of ground to ascend another tree. When they occur in numbers, an extensive migration will always take place from a tree which has been nearly defoliated, and the species spreads rapidly, if not entirely, in this way. Just as is the case with the gray moth, the caterpillars are carried by vehicles upon which they crawl or drop, or upon the clothes of passerby, and in this way many trees upon which there were no eggs masses become infested.

Several scale insects or barklice are occasionally serious enemies of shade trees. Maples suffer especially from their attacks. The cottony maple scale is found everywhere on all varieties of maple, and occasionally in excessive abundances. The cottony maple scale is rapidly gaining in importance, and in several New-England towns it has reduced seriously the vitality of many trees. The so-called "gloomy scale" has long been on the increase in Washington, D. C., and every year it kills large branches and even entire trees of the silver maple, which are grown so extensively along the streets of that city.

The borers rarely attack vigorous and healthy trees, but should a tree lose its health through the attacks of scale insects, through rapid defoliation by leaf feeders, or through a heavy gas main or sewer pipe, different species of borers will at once attack and destroy it. There is one particular exception to this rule, and that is the European leopard moth, a most destructive species, which is at present of limited range and confined to the immediate vicinity of New York city. No certain information is at hand which indicates that it has spread for more than fifty miles from the center of introduction. This insect attacks healthy trees, boring into the trunks of the younger ones and eating the branches and smaller limbs of the older ones. It is an extremely difficult species to fight, and it is fortunate that its spread is not more rapid.

Passing the Winter.

The elm leaf beetle passes the winter in the adult or beetle condition. It hibernates in fences or telegraph poles, under the loose bark of trees, inside window blinds in unoccupied houses, in barns, and, in fact, wherever it can secure shelter. As soon as the buds of the tree begin to swell in the spring, the beetles issue from their winter quarters and mate, and as soon as the buds burst they begin to feed upon the leaflets.

This feeding is continued by the beetle until the leaves are fairly well grown, and during the remainder of this feeding period the female is laying thousands of eggs. The eggs are laid in the leafy part of the tree, and the hatching of the young begins in the middle of June.

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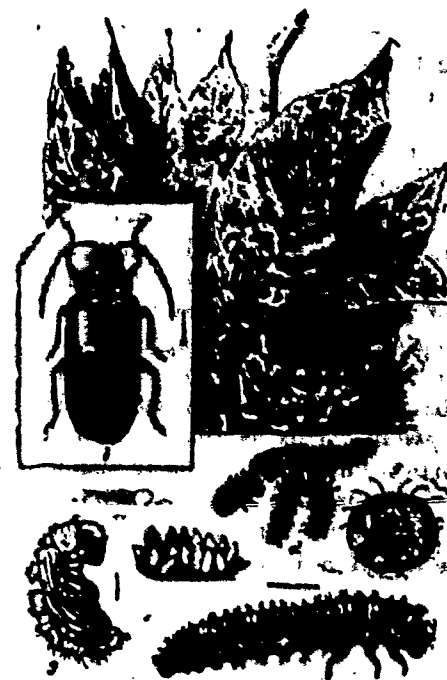
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A. Foliage of European Elm Showing Method of Work. B. Adult Beetle; C. Eggs Mass; D. Young Larvae; E. Full-Grown Larva; F. Pupae; G. Mouth parts of Full-Grown Larva.



Third and Fourth Stages, Showing the Large Hairs from Different Parts of Body.