

## LOVE'S REWARD.

Philip had known her ever so long, ever since she came here, a little, rosy-lipped child. He drew her to school on his little cart, he taught her to ride when older, and when her favor was no longer to be won by snowy kittens or sugared sweetmeats he had laid at her feet a man's strong love, a heart that was brave and loyal and true as steel.

And she—she thought of the face she had seen for the first time but one short month before, the dark, handsome face that had lighted into a look of involuntary admiration at sight of her, the face of the wealthy city stranger—Edgar Reynolds.

Only one month ago, and already the lustrous eyes had learned to watch for his coming, already the girlish heart had learned to throb at his voice.

And he? No wonder he was fascinated by that fresh young face, and as the days went by he smiled to see how the love of the woman crept into the innocence of the child. And so when Philip Howard asked her for love she had no heart to give him. She told him so with womanly tenderness and pity, and he had left her presence a very sad, very silent man.

The following day broke fair and bright, with golden sunlight on the hilltops and June time mists in the valley.

Along the white, winding road leading to the village, in the coolness of the dewy morning, walked Florence Thorne.

The birds are singing their matins in the tree tops; the brook is laughing as it ripples o'er its pebbly bed. In the midst of all this glorious sylvan beauty the elasticity of youth reasserts itself, and the girl's step grows lighter, her heart happier, till she almost forgets her little trouble.

In the village she posts her letters and turns to retrace her steps. She meets many laborers on their way to work, and each man touches his hat and smiles pleasantly on seeing the bright, pretty face, for, young as she is, she has spent many hours helping with kindly offices and gentle pity their wives and little ones.

Coming home, she passes a house that stands in its own grounds—a house with snowy curtains, stretching verandas and a well-rolled tennis ground attached. It is far more pretentious than her own cozy house. And well it may be, for it is the boarding house of this rustic village. It is filled with fashionables just now who have fled from the crush and heat of the city, and, among others, Edgar Reynolds.

At the gate a sudden thought strikes her. The housekeeper's little child is very ill. She will go in and inquire for her. No one save the servant can be up yet. She pushes open the gate and noiselessly fits up the garden path to the rear of the house.

She accomplishes her mission and is returning, when she sees fluttering on the path before her a sheet of creamy note paper. She picks it up and glances around. It must have blown from a window left open on retiring. Yes, there is one directly overhead.

She is about to take it to the housekeeper to return to its owner, when her eyes chance to fall on two words written in a firm, bold hand, "Florence Thorne." It is but a short letter, and the girl, forgetting all her scruples, reads every word of it almost before she knows what she has done. It runs:—

"Dear Will:—Expect me back on Thursday. Am tired of rustication. It would have been an unbearable bore were it not for an awfully pretty girl, flirting with whom has helped to pass the time. She is the daughter of Allen Thorne, the millionaire's brother, you know. Made a fool of himself by marrying a school teacher's daughter years ago. Florence Thorne is a shy, wild rose—poor, pretty and proud as a princess—but I couldn't afford to ruin my prospects for her, you know. Much as I could do to keep from losing my heart is earnest. Had half a mind to throw overboard Agatha Vere's thousands, but—pshaw, the bank account carries the day."

There is little more relating to business matters, than the letter closes with the hastily scratched signature, "Edgar Reynolds."

The girl stands still and rigid in the bright morning sunlight, a great startled horror in her eyes. All the pretty, childish beauty dies in the strained intensity of that gaze.

"Mark! Is that some one coming?" For a moment she lifts her hand to her head in a confused, helpless way. Then, crushing the letter in her bosom, she turns and flies fast as her laden weighted feet will bear her down the path, through the gate, along the dusty highway—home.

Her uncle came to her on receipt of Philip Howard's letter, stating how ill she was, his lonely old heart warming with love toward his brother's orphan child. As for Edgar Reynolds, he had heard of her illness with his usual well-bred indifference.

"Poor little thing! Perhaps it's the best way it could have ended after all," he said, and so, congratulating himself, he had gone back to town, while Philip Howard, far out on the broad Atlantic, a self-made millionaire from home and friends, carried in his heart of hearts the picture of a lovely, wistful, girlish face, with sweetest panoply eyes.

Three years afterward James Thorne's palace home is a blaze of light and beauty. The massive doors

are flung open; the perfume of the flowers floats out on the night air. The soft, brilliant light from the chandeliers, through curtains of amber satin and creamy lace, streams forth on the street below.

She has received them all with a sweet, imperious grace wholly her own, and is walking away, on a partner's arm, when she looks up and sees before her a late arrival—Edgar Reynolds.

The dark, debonaire face is handsome as of yore, and it brightens as if with new life when he sees her.

"Florence—Miss Thorne!" He has sprung forward eagerly, and, regardless of the presence of others, held out both hands.

Florence Thorne looks up at him in calm surprise. She does not smile, she does not cry out. No tinge of the rose flush dies from her face. The pansy eyes do not droop, the lily hands do not tremble. So she lays her hand a moment in his, coldly, courteously.

"Have you come back at last—at last!"

"Yes, we returned a fortnight ago," rings out the clear, silvery voice. "Captain Arthur, will you take me to the ballroom?"

She bows a trifle haughtily to Edgar Reynolds, and leaves the drawing-room on her partner's arm.

The night goes by with the ripple of laughter, the crash of music, the tread of dancing feet.

Everywhere admiring eyes follow Florence Thorne, and her uncle looks fondly on and smiles to see the world bow down before his darling.

"Such wit, such repartee, such matchless grace!" they say. "She is the beauty of the season."

"One dance, only one," pleads Edgar Reynolds, "for the sake of old times."

She laughs, that clear, happy laugh of hers, and leaves him.

He stands where she has left him and looks after with hot, angry eyes.

He has staid single and let Agatha Vere's bank account slip through his hands for the sake of this girl and James Thorne's wealth.

Oh, now—now for one hour of the old dominion.

He sees a servant approach her in the crowd, sees her bend her haughty head and follow him.

"I must have it out with her now," he says, clutching his hands fiercely. "I must awake the old love to-night if ever."

He follows her through the long, gaslit room till, parting the velvet curtains at the end, she enters a cool, shadowy alcove.

He is just behind her, but draws back, quickly in the shade of a tall, flower-crowned pillar as he sees a man turn from the marble mantel at the farther end of the room, against which he had been leaning—a man bearded and bronzed and travel-stained.

"Oh, Philip!"

The girl sprang forward, a gleaming light in her eyes, a vivid color in her cheeks.

"Little Flo!" he says softly, taking her hand.

It was the old pet name for her when she was a little child. When she grew up a "fair girl graduate, with golden hair," she was "Miss Florence." Now the old name sprang first to his lips.

Both her slender white hands rest in his own—not reluctantly now. The man in the shadow of the velvet portiere looks on with compressed lips. Ah, he recognizes him now—his rustic rival of three years ago.

"Little Flo," he says again, and this time his eyes are suspiciously moist. With a woman's quick perception she sees it and withdraws her hand.

For a moment she is a shy girl again, for she knows how, in spite of wealthy suitors and a countless coronet, she has faithfully guarded the love awakened three years ago—the love that flourished when the fates were kind.

"Have you no better welcome, Florence—no gift of love? Have I loved and waited in vain? Oh, my darling!"

"Silence! This lady is my promised wife."

It is Edgar Reynolds, white with rage, who speaks. But Florence turns to him with her calmest, sweetest smile.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Reynolds. A pretty girl with whom you flirted three years ago helped to pass the time, but she was only a shy, wild rose, and you could not afford to ruin your prospects for her, you know."

As she speaks she draws from her breast and hands him a sheet of crumpled paper.

Then she turns to the lover of her childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and lays her hands in his, and he clasps the figure in its trailing satin robes close in his strong arms till "Little Flo" cries out in alarm.

"Oh, Philip, you have crushed my flowers!"

And Edgar Reynolds goes forth from the room and forth from their lives, and for once true love has its royal reward.

A New Type of Railroad Coach.

There has recently been completed for the East Coast Scotch Express service, a new type of railway coach. The carriage, which is a brake composite, has straight sides, and instead of the clerestory type of roof, the new carriages are built with elliptical roofs, and as they have been carried to the extreme height allowed by the British loading gauge, there is a greatly increased air space in the passenger compartments. The passenger compartments are luxuriously furnished and are brilliantly illuminated by means of inverted incandescent lights.—London Mail.

## COBRA CHARMED BY MUSIC.

Capturing of These Reptiles is a Dangerous Profession in India.

The death-dealing cobra is passionately fond of music, and it is through this means that its capture is often accomplished.

The men of India who can effect the capture of these deadly reptiles must be possessed of remarkable skill or their lives are forfeited. When the cobra takes up its abode in the neighborhood of a dwelling-house it is customary to send for the professional snake charmer. One of them strikes up a tune near the place where the snake is supposed to be located. No matter what the creature may be doing it is at once attracted by the sound of music. It emerges slowly from its hiding place and strikes an attitude in front of the performer. There it is kept engaged with the music while the other man creeps up behind it with a handful of dust. At a convenient moment, when the cobra is standing motionless, this man suddenly throws the dust over the head and eyes of the snake. Immediately the cobra falls its length upon the ground and remains there for one short second—but the second is enough. With a movement like lightning the man seizes the body of the prostrate serpent just below the head.

In great anger the cobra winds itself round, and round the arm of its captor, but to no purpose, for its cannot turn its head and bite. If the fangs are to be extracted at once the captor presses his thumb on the throat of the cobra and thus compels it to open its mouth. The fangs are then drawn with a pair of pincers. If, however, he wishes to keep the snake intact for the present the musician comes to help him and forcibly unwinds the coils and places the body in a basket, all but the head, which is firmly held by the other man. He presses down the lid to prevent the cobra from escaping, and suddenly the captor thrusts the head in and bangs the lid.

A very expert performer can capture the snake single handed, though it is highly dangerous. While playing with one hand he throws the dust sideways with the other, and captures the snake with the same hand. The whole action must be like a flash of lightning, for a half second's delay or the merest bungling in throwing the dust or catching the snake would prove fatal to the operator.

## New Treatment of Lumber.

A novel method for increasing the usefulness of lumber has been perfected in England. The method consists, in brief, in replacing the air in wood with a solution of beet sugar and removing the excess of water by a subsequent drying. The inventor of the process, Mr. Powell, attains his object by using a large boiler in which the timber to be treated is placed and the beet-sugar solution pumped in. After the air has all been replaced by the solution the wood is kiln dried. Examination of the wood seems to show that the sugar is absorbed into the fibre of the woody tissue and is not simply held in the intercellular spaces.

It is claimed that timber treated in this way is no longer porous, will not shrink or warp, and is stronger, heavier, and more durable. Moreover, it is said that this wood is not liable to dry rot; it is hoped that by mixing the proper poisons with the sugar bath the wood will be made resistant to the attacks of fungi and insects.

## Fortunes Lost on Kites.

The Japanese Times of Tokio says: That grown-up people may be seen flying kites is true of Nagasaki, where kite flying has been developed into a science and an art. Instances are cited there of even fortunes being squandered away on the game.

## Crane for the Country.

It is astonishing what a crane Londoners have of late years developed for the country, says the Sketch. The papers are full of advertisements for eligible sites or ideal properties, while, on the other hand, opulently proportioned town mansions stand untenanted.

## Trees in Wireless Telegraphy.

One of the most interesting suggestions made recently in connection with wireless telegraphy is that of Major G. O. Squier, of the United States Army Signal Corps, who believes that for short-distance transmission trees can be used as substitutes for the aerial wires usually employed. Major Squier's plan is to connect the apparatus by wires to iron nails driven in the base of the tree from which the radiations would be emitted. While the tree would hardly be as satisfactory as a more permanent arrangement of wires, yet in a military campaign it might answer for many purposes where the distances were comparatively short.

This, of course, involves a difficulty where the army is operating in a country barren of trees, but here a return may be made to the older method of employing jointed poles or kites or balloons to raise the wires. In connection with Major Squier's suggestion the point has been made that the difficulties of wireless telegraphy in transmitting messages overland would be increased by the presence of an intervening forest, and should this be the case the operation of wireless telegraphy may be restricted greatly.—Harper's Weekly.

The British postoffice, which manages the telegraph business of the country, has adopted the word "radio" as the designation for a wireless telegram.

## Happy Thoughts.

C. W. Wagner.

Rather fast.

