

# The Awakening

By MARY F. HURLEY

The quiet of the almost empty car, the hour's ride ahead of her and the impossibility to read either magazine or newspaper caused Edith Standell to realize all the sadness of her mission.

Only the day before the lawyer had notified her that her husband had said that everything was at her disposal and that she was at liberty to go to their old home and choose the things she wished to have; that she wanted her to have the custody of little Donald and that if she desired her freedom he would not stand in her way.

The letter weighed heavily on her mind and she had spent a most uncomfortable, sleepless night. How queer it seemed that she and Jim had to communicate with each other through a third party; that they were expected to be strangers henceforth!

"The fact is," Jim had said, bitterly, "married life is too everyday. We were intoxicated with youth, Edith, and—"

"With love," she had interrupted. "Still there are memories that I shall never regret; memories of what I thought you were, Jim, and of the exciting joy of keeping up to what you thought I was."

"And this is the end!" he had said with a bitter sneer. "Well, others have made the same mistake."

A dry sob in her throat. How much easier it would be to recollect if they did not have the boy—the boy who was an fond of his father!

That morning at breakfast when she had thoughtlessly mentioned that she was going home for a few hours, how he had pleaded to go too. All excitement, with his little arms about her neck, he had said:

"Please take me, mamma. Please, please do! I want to see my papa and play with my engine!"

She had talked to him and patted him, trying to invent reasons that his six-year-old mind could grasp, for his not seeing his father and for their starting away from home so long. It seemed as though years had passed since that morning when she and Donald had left home. The days had never crept so slowly in all her life, even when she and Jim were getting the "outs."

Jim? Jim? She kept forgetting that she must blot his name from her mind and heart. She had not known how deeply it was engrained there.

As she walked on the path that led to the house she was struck with the air of desolation and neglect that pervaded the place. The walks and lawn were strewn with dead leaves, and a "For Sale" notice was nailed on the front piazza.

Mewly she went up the steps, and with a heavy heart unlocked the door. The whole house was spot. Furniture was standing everywhere but in the right place, carpets were pulled up, and large boxes blocked the hallway.

What a strange feeling to know that she was the cause of all this confusion; that but for her the house would be the picture of order and content. She looked at the armchair in which Jim used to sit with little Donald on his knee. How tired he used to be after his long ride from the city each night, still he had never complained or suggested moving to the city. Why? Because she preferred a country home. Oh, yes! He was good to her—sometimes.

In the nursery she broke down completely. There was Donald's treasured fire engine, the last toy that his father had brought for him, and scattered about the floor were his blocks and other little playthings that Jim never intended bringing home at the end of the week. How Donald used to look forward to Saturday night for his father never came home empty-handed that evening!

Feeling like a child that has lost his way, she went slowly to her own little sitting room, where, when Donald was younger, she used to sew or write while he had his nap. As she set her hand on the knob she thought she heard a noise within.

"Jim?"

The motionless figure sitting at her desk, with bowed head, did not move.

"Jim?" she repeated going nearer and noting with a pang the change of gray about his temples. "I didn't think you cared, Jim."

"How I have missed you, Edith!" he said turning a haggard face to hers, and not seeming at all surprised at her presence.

She looked to say, "I missed you, too, Jim," but instead she said:

"Did you really miss me, or was it my care and your comfort?"

"You, Edith," he answered so sincerely and convincingly that she could not doubt him.

"I want my wife, my boy and my home," he continued going towards her, pleadingly.

"And I want my husband," she replied, yielding to his embrace.

"We made a mistake, dear, when we thought that we weren't suited to each other," he said looking at her with the old, tender light in his eyes.

"And Donald will never have chance to reproach me or say that I was not a good mother," she answered, radiantly happy.—Boston Post.

"Truth By Uncle Eben."

"It's all right," said Uncle Eben, "we have a proud spirit, provided we take pride in what you kin do best in. In how much time you kin get in trouble, you see?"

# ILLINOIS TURTLE FARM

Owner Expects Also to Raise Gold Fish and Guinea Pigs.

A mud turtle farm, which will also be devoted to the raising of mud roams gold fish and guinea pigs, is the latest venture of the head of one of the big Western railroads. President H. I. Miller of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois is the man who has hit upon this novel form of diversified farming as a relief from business cares and he intends incidentally to show the farmers of the grain belt that 200 acres of terrapin and guinea pigs will pay bigger dividends than even 40 cent corn.

The farm is located at Farrington, a suburb of Chicago, and is a tract of rolling timbered land. Numerous lagoons and roads are being dug at various points on the property and an elaborate system of irrigation ditches will be established. The guinea pig yards will cover several acres and will be the largest in the country. The mud-roams will be allowed to grow wild wherever they will in marshy spots and damp nooks in the woods.

With the starting of the farm comes a little known industry. It is estimated that over 1,000,000 turtles are consumed annually in Chicago restaurants. Some of them are mud turtles, but the greater part are mud turtles, soft shells and snappers. The demand for mud-roams is enormous.

Derivation of Chauffeurs.

Chauffeurs literally "dromon" existed long before there were automobiles. About the year 1799 there sprang up in France principally in the eastern and central regions families of men with their faces blackened with soot and their eyes carefully concealed who gained admittance to farmhouses and other isolated dwellings at night and committed all kinds of depredations and outrages. They had an atrocious habit, from which they obtained the name that posterity has preserved for them. They first garrotted their victims and dragged them to front of a great fire, where they burned the soles of their feet. Then they demanded of them where their money and jewelry were concealed. These were the first chauffeurs.

Earthquakes as Warnings.

The belief that earthquakes are signs or warnings of their origin is a part of Prophecy in the Bible, where, for example, we read that "there shall be no famines and pestilences and earthquakes as pertaining to future calamities. Earthquakes have led to the abolition of oppressive taxation, the abolition of masquerades, the closing of theaters and even to the alteration of fashion. A New England paper of 1737 tells us that "a considerable town in this province has been so weakened by the awful providence in the earthquake that the women have generally laid aside their hooped petticoats."

During the Moscow Revolution.

It was impossible to go quietly about your business even in those parts of the city where there had been no disturbances, says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*. A dozen times a day you were peremptorily ordered to stop and had to submit to an offensive search by more or less drunken soldiers. These of course did not touch the insurgents, as there were not enough soldiers to search at every street corner, and those who carried arms found it possible almost without exception, to avoid the patriots. But when you were sure to be held up two or three times, I was searched twice in two minutes at the L'Esplanade. Another time I was being searched by the L'Esplanade with a friend, our sleigh was stopped and we had to get out. A search of our baggage showed the sleigh I suppose the bombs allowed my friend to get in again.

He then turned to me and began to nervously search me. I had a large pipe in my pocket and through my heavy overcoat it may have felt like a revolver. He cried out an order, and three soldiers with fixed bayonets rushed to protect him. My friend told me afterwards that I looked like a statue of Arnold von Winkelried gathering in the lances of the Austrians and making way for liberty. At the time she was thoroughly frightened as she thought I might have a revolver. I didn't have time to think about status. I was wondering whether the soldiers were sober enough to search me first or whether they would, as often happened, shoot first and search afterwards. I had to stand there, "hands up," while the officer unbuttoned my overcoat and gingerly poked out the pipe. This incident had its humor, but more often there was nothing to laugh at.

First Aid to the Hungry.

The Hobo—"Please, ma'am, no stomachic's bin easy for a week."

The Lady—"Well, go ask the woman next door for a pound of dried apples. After you have eaten them come back here and I'll give you a pint of warm water to drink."

Fair Exchange.

Mrs. Diggs—"Do you know Mrs. Oosp?"

Mrs. Bligs—"Of course I do."

Mrs. Diggs—"Then suppose you tell me all the horrid lies she has told you about me, and I'll tell you all the lovely scandal she has repeated about you."

# The First Quarrel

It is said they all go through it some time or other generally in the early part of the married state. Here is the way it was.

They had been married two weeks and were settled in a Harlem flat. He sat in the Morris chair smoking with apparent contentment, but there were signs that he was a bit restive. She idly picked up the evening paper and glanced over it, but no divorce suits were chronicled at any length and there were no new cases—practically nothing. She tossed the paper away. There were a few desultory observations from each, but strange to say, it seemed a trifle difficult to keep a conversation going. Of course there was the eternally fruitful topic of themselves and what each meant to the other, but this subject had been so thoroughly discussed during their honeymoon that neither felt really like taking it up again now. They were trying now to "game" their newness to each other and wanted to seem settled and married like the others. There was a hint of uncertainty, a vague uneasiness in the air. Harry glanced at his bride as if he felt that in his capacity as head of the household and her lord and master, it was up to him to do or say something or other but he didn't know what.

He glanced at her again. Their eyes met, and instantly each looked off somewhere in an attempt not to seem self-conscious. Finally he spoke.

"Would you like to go to a show this evening?"

"Why, I don't know. Do you want to go?" inquired the bride sweetly.

"Why, no, not especially, but I thought maybe you'd like to go."

"Why, yes, I'd like to go if you think you'd care to."

"Well, I don't particularly wish to, but I thought if you felt as if you wanted to see a show, why we'd go."

"But I don't want to drag you out with you looking so comfy and fixed," protested the bride affectionately.

"How absurd!" said hubby feebly.

"That doesn't matter if you think you'd like to go out."

"But I don't want to go if you're coming along just because you think you're pleasing me."

"Nonsense! Why I want to go if you want to go."

"Yes, that's just it! But I don't want to go unless you do."

"But then it will give me no particular pleasure to go to a show unless I know you are enjoying it."

"Why, of course I will enjoy it if you're along."

"All right, then," said he promptly. "Come on and we'll go."

"But just now," said she anxiously. "You said you didn't particularly care to, I am sure I shouldn't want to go unless I felt that you were getting as much fun out of it as I."

"Fiddlesticks!" He said it a trifle impatiently. "Now listen to me and answer yes or no—do you or do you not want to go to a show?"

"Why, you know, Harry, I'd just love to, but—"

"All right, then, we'll go," proclaimed he a bit shortly, springing to his feet.

"But I'd be perfectly miserable all the time," said the bride, "thinking that you came just to please me, and that we might have had a cozy little evening at home if—"

"All right then, we won't go," angrily replying an impulse to sit down again.

He picked up the paper and pretended to become immediately absorbed in it, sitting back in his chair with an air of patient but irrevocable finality. Mrs. Bride glanced appealingly at him, but his face was stony and gave her no comfort.

She sat perturbed and anxious, feeling as if something dreadful had happened. A deathlike silence reigned for perhaps two minutes. Mrs. Bride then broke it fearfully.

"Harry," she said, "I feel perfectly dreadful as if you were terribly angry at me. But you are not, are you?"

"Pauses. "I did think when you first mentioned a show that it would be nice to see John Drow. I've been just crazy to see him in that new play of his, but I was not sure that—"

"Then you do want to go after all?" said her husband, laying down his paper and staring across at her mystifiedly.

"Why, I always love to go to the theatre, but—"

"Then, for Heaven's sake, come on and let's go!"

So they went, but neither enjoyed the play, because Harry was grumpy and his wife was hurt. On their return Harry stumbled over something in the dark hallway, and said "G—!" and the bride's feelings ended the first quarrel. It is said they all go through it some time or other, generally in the early part of the married state.

People Eating Less Meat.

Sanitarism, or half vegetarianism, has gained many converts since Minister We coined the new word. The theory of the stomach's being the seat of all diseases is banishing meat from the bill of fare of many homes.

# EVER BURNING MOUNTAINS.

Huge Beds of Coal Afire for Ages in the Rocky Mountains.

Through a long line of cliffs from Colorado to central Utah, and then southwest toward Arizona, extensive beds of coal are found, and recent geological investigations into this coal formation of the Far West has developed what may be termed burning mountains, or coal beds, a fire with surface indications of constant combustion for ages past.

Like other coal producing States of the Rocky Mountain region the coal fields of Utah are somewhat widely separated and even the known fields have been comparatively little explored therefore very little is known of their productive area.

The edges of these beds come to the surface in these cliffs barely 1,000 feet above the bordering desert, and in ages past this coal has burned into the mountain cliffs until smothered by the accumulation of ashes and covering of superincumbent rocks in places so intense as to melt rocks. From surface appearances the fires have gone out in these cliffs but at one point in the canon of Prince River where the coal is being mined the rocks are found to be continually breaking out and the miners were compelled to break out.

Other coal fields lie in the desert west of Green River. At two places near tributaries of Fremont River the coal is burning and have been with occasional stops they were discovered by the earliest explorer. At other intervals as the burning of the thick beds progresses producing cavities in the earth, the rocks break out forming vents for the free circulation of air. Then the coal burns more fiercely and the heat becomes so intense as to even melt the rocks. The origin of these fires has been the subject of much speculation.

Three explanations are commonly heard among the people the Moros who inhabit this peculiar country where the mountains burn.

One explanation is that lightning has by chance struck the edges of the coal fields at various times since the mountains were lifted up.

Another is that forest fires ignited in the mountains came in contact with exposed coal. The more thoughtful point out that the forests in the desert region are too sparse for forest fires to occur.

Still another and more common explanation is that the Indians built their campfires under the protecting ledges of the mountains against the point to the fact that there are ruins of the habitations of cliff dwellers here and that in their day the coal began to burn.

The coal minor in this region seems still another possible cause for these fires. In the dry mines and most of them are dry mines, they observe that when a quantity of water is thrown upon a heap of dry coal it sparks and begins to burn and if not provided will burn the mine.

Now it can be seen that if the rocks are not by some subterranean cause, as sometimes happens there may be a sudden access of water to the fresh dry coal causing spontaneous combustion.

Sealy—"The Poor Man's Oyster."

Properly cooked the snail is both nutritious and tasty. If, however, the preparation that it should form an article of diet here were seriously considered upon we fear that the supply in this country would prove to be very limited. The snail, but doubtless, would be cultivated, as is the case with a considerable patrimony. The snail has, indeed, been called the poor man's oyster, though we do not remember to have seen it eaten raw.

We know, however, says the *Lancet*, that it makes an excellent food. Possibly also a few snails in a steak and kidney pudding would increase the tastiness of this popular food. There must be exercised in the choice of the snail for food purposes, as it is well known that snails feed on poisonous plants, and it is the custom in France to allow a few days' repose after they have been taken from their feeding ground in order that any poisonous matter may be eliminated.

Compared with the oyster, the snail contains about 100 per cent more nutritious substances. The suggestion, therefore, that the snail should be used for food is not merely sentimental. *London Chronicle*.

Evolution of the Bath.

In a guide to etiquette published early in the last century the writer says that "scop does not irritate the complexion, some of the finest combs we have known have been regularly washed with soap every day."

The same authority remarks that "the daily bath is now the rule rather than the exception, and common sense has triumphed over the delusion that washing was injurious."

A volunteer in a Colorado regiment in Manila has been cured of tetanus by being shot through the throat with a Mauser bullet.

Trade marks—Dollar signs.

# PARSEE FORM OF CHRISTENING.

Interesting Religious Ceremony Observed by Natives of India.

A grandchild of Sir Dunsan Pettit, who lives in Bombay, India, was christened with the Sudrah Kusti, which is the Parsee form of christening. The ceremony is one of the most interesting rites of the Orient, and consists of placing upon the child the sudrah, a shirt believed to protect the body from harm, and the tying on of the kusti, a thread girdle which is supposed to keep the soul from evil.

The custom is one of the many handed down from the Persians. It is usually held in a vast room fitted with the most valuable treasures of the family—paintings, cut glass, carpets and carved sandalwood.

A boy or girl of the Parsees must begin his or her religious training at the age of 1, after which three months are necessary in which the child is taught the duties henceforth incumbent as a true Masdajusan, or worshipper of Ahura Mazda. The ceremony is not a secret one, but only a few guests are invited as a rule. The witnesses sit in a circle around the child, of whom there should be forty and the child, who is clad in pink trousers and a white shirt, is held with arms and a jeweled cap.

The priests receive the sudrah and kusti. Then the priests face the child, to whom the shirt and the thread girdle are handed. Around the room outside the circle of guests are ranged as many ordinary priests as the family can afford.

The high priest, or Dastur as he is called, performs the ceremony. The child holds the sudrah in his right hand while reciting the "purification prayer." The priests also pray away their bodies rhythmically before a sandalwood fire, which is kept burning in a large silver vase fully four feet high.

Then the candidate recites the Kalma Din or confession of faith. Then the sudrah is put on by the priests and another prayer called Ahura Vastjo is chanted.

The Dastur then stands behind the child and receives the "Kirang Kusti, and at the same time winds the thread girdle around the waist of the one who is being christened. Two knots are made in the front and two behind. The Dastur then sits down and recites the Hoshban while he anoints the child with a strange red powder called kungkur. After that a garland of flowers is placed around the neck of the child who is presented with beads, gold dates and some silver or gold coin which is turned over to the family after the ceremony.

The final act of the ceremony of Sudrah Kusti is the pronouncement of the benediction, or Tandarost, while the Dastur showers upon the child's head the father and mother, who then dress the child, also come in for a blessing. In return for all this a cashmere shawl is placed over the shoulders of the high priest, while the ordinary priests receive smaller presents. As a rule, at this ceremony the child receives a large number of gifts from friends and relatives in case of wealthy Parsees almost a fortune is known to have been given to a child in gold silver spices and jewels.

The sudrah, which strictly means a garment leading to the right and profitable path, is made of nine pieces of cambric, the joinings of which represent each a lesson in morality. This kusti is made from snow white wool, and consists of seventy-two threads and the web of one unbroken thread. The knots are usually made at Navsari, the headquarters of Parsee priesthood. According to religious tradition the knots can be made only by females of the priestly class, for some of the priests may marry and yet later be separated. The knots of the kusti represent the sun and the moon, the four elements of earth, water, air and earth.

There are many other details of the ceremony of the Sudrah Kusti such as the mother blessing her child on the threshold, which go to the making of a picturesque rite, the quiet charm of which is much heightened by the bare-footed priests in their white robes and the handsome Parsee women in their embroidered saris shimmering with jewels.

Naturally.

The elderly lady who was looking through the shop of a dealer in Knickerbocker picked up a small handbag. "Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is real crocodile skin?"

"Absolutely certain, madam," replied the dealer. "I shot that crocodile myself."

"It looks rather soiled," observed his customer.

"Naturally, madam," explained the salesman, "that is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree."—*Harpers Weekly*.

In Training.

"How is Josh doing in his studies?" asked Farmer Comstock.

"Not very well," answered the professor. "He is regular in attendance, but he never answers any of my questions."

"Well, maybe it's a good sign. He may turn out to be one of these high financiers."—*Washington Star*.

Unmistakable Symptom.

Mr. Tyto Phist—Jagway was trying to borrow money from me a little while ago. He seemed to be drunk.

Mr. Ardax—if he was trying to borrow money from you, he wasn't drunk. He was crazy.—*Chicago Tribune*.

# Discovery of Gunpowder.

The Chinese have long been credited with the invention of gunpowder, but Professor E. O. Von Lippmann, of Halle, has collected evidence to indicate that this is a mistake and that the Arabians did not, as commonly stated, introduce gunpowder into Europe during the eighth and ninth centuries. Professor Von Lippmann believes that the manufacture of the first gunpowder was based upon the "fire-book" of Marcus Graecus, which appeared in Constantinople about the middle of the thirteenth century. This was the source from which Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas derived their knowledge of gunpowder. The first use of gunpowder to drive projectiles is ascribed to a monk, Berthold Schwarz, whose discovery was made accidentally while preparing the mixture for medicinal purposes.

Cracks in Building Stone.

Almost everybody knows the rule of the masons that stone used in building should be so placed that it will lie as it lay in its natural bed when quarried. But Francis W. Hoyt, in the *Engineering News* says that this familiar rule is not always to be depended upon and needs in many cases to be supplemented with other precautions. There are three places of fracture known to quarrymen. The "riff" is the direction in which the stone splits most easily, the "head" that which offers the greatest resistance to a paving block the two sides represent the rift fracture, the top and bottom the grain and the ends the head. But in a quarry the natural bed is sometimes considered inclined to the plane of the rift, hence the imperfection of the ordinary rule for placing the stone in building.

Early Worship in Australia.

The first place of worship in West Australia was unique in two respects, the materials of which it was built and also the several purposes to which it was devoted. This remarkable building was made at Perth by soldiers shortly after their first arrival in 1829 and was composed almost entirely of bullrushes. In addition to its use on Sundays for divine worship it occasionally served as an amateur theatre in the week and during the whole time as a barracks.

London's Unclean Food.

At the annual meeting of the Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health in London, Dr. Newman, a borough medical officer, said there was evidence that the existence of much unclean and unwholesome preparation of food was by no means confined to America. Even in London he had come across tuberculosis germs being put into mangles, diseased horseflesh into potted meat and decomposing animal matter into potted salmon and shrimp.

"Absence Habit" in the Army.

The "absence habit" is a menace to the United States army. This is the statement made by Brigadier General Bubb commanding the Department of Dakota, in his annual report. He calls attention to the great number of officers absent from their regiments and says that the number is steadily increasing from year to year.

BURIED \$10,000 ROTTED.

But Uncle Sam Redeemed Fortune of Man Who Feared Banks.

Washington, D. C.—O. D. Earl left here satisfied that he had practically saved his fortune of \$10,000. He buried the money in the earth in 1904 and recently discovered that the tin pall in which the bills were placed had rusted and worn away. Earl, who had aversion to banks, began to have an aversion to everything else when he beheld his \$10,000 looking like a lot of withered and broken leaves.

He gathered the fragments and sent them to Lloyd Rainwater, cashier of the Bank of Morrilton, Ark., came to Washington with an affidavit of how the bills became damaged. He learned to-day that his visit was unnecessary as the Treasury is constantly receiving mutilated bills from all parts of the country for redemption.

Mrs. A. E. Brown, the veteran "redeemer," who is handling Earl's money, managed to account for more than \$9,000 of the bills.

Train Wrecked by a Cornstalk.

Enterprise, Kan.—A fast stock train on the B. & M. was wrecked a mile east of here by a cornstalk which had fallen across the track. The engine was demolished. Several similar accidents have narrowly been averted near here recently, and the trains have been given slow orders when passing corn fields.

The Father of Odessa.

A French emigre was the father of Odessa in Russia. He was the Duc de Richelieu of the line of the famous cardinal, who left France in the troublous days of the revolution and entered the Russian service. He was the governor of Odessa just a century ago. He found it little better than a fishing village and left it as it was developing into a flourishing seaport. In 1814, when the monarchy was restored, the Duc de Richelieu returned to his native land and became one of Louis XVIII's ministers. He died in 1831. In Odessa a statue is erected to his memory.