

She Read My Palm

She read my palm, and, from her eyes,
I would have sworn that she was wise.

"Fear not," said she, "though long you
drop,
Some day you'll shine 'way at the top."

For weary years I toiled away;
I worked by night, I strove by day.

Yet fame and wealth seemed just as far
Ahead of me as any star.

All else I bore, nor thought to grieve,
Until my hair began to leave.

Oh! then I wept and cursed the day
That palmist maid had crossed my way

When at the glass I chanced to stop—
Behold! I shone upon the top.

—Lippincott's Magazine.



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I was in love with Gloriana; that is, I was as much in love with her as I would let myself be; for, unfortunately, Gloriana was another man's wife. This was not only unfortunate for me, but unfortunate for Gloriana as well—not necessarily because she could not have me, but because she had him. He was a terror. He was as bad as they make them. Doubtless you wonder how so sweet and lovely a girl as Gloriana could have married such a fiend. That is because you have never seen him. Or if you have seen him, you never imagined he was married to Gloriana. He never behaved as if he were married to anybody. Perhaps it would be more strictly accurate to say that he always acted as if he were married to everybody. But I never heard of his marrying anybody but Gloriana. Perhaps it wasn't necessary for him to marry the others, for he was the handsomest man I ever saw. And Gloriana was only seventeen years old when the wedding took place.

Now, I am not handsome, but I am good. At least, I am pretty good. At any rate, I am so good that I tried not to fall in love with Gloriana while she was another man's wife. In fact, I loved her so well that I did not want to love her better than I ought. In consequence there were often long periods when I did not see Gloriana. "Ount of sight, out of mind," I philosophized proverbially, only to discover the same proverbial philosophy that "absence makes the heart grow fonder." The carrying out of my resolutions in this regard was made easier for me by the fact that Gloriana was much of the time on the road.

For Gloriana was an actress. He was on the stage, too. There was some compensation in this; because, as they never by any chance played in the same company, I knew he saw less of her than I did. As a matter of fact, Gloriana had left him in the middle of what is properly styled the honeymoon, though I never heard Gloriana so term it, and she had never gone back on him. Somehow or other she was always able to arrange her engagements so that it was not convenient—and thus avoided anything like a scandal. Never was there an actress who had a lower opinion of the advertising value of scandal than Gloriana.

"I am working for fame, not posing for notoriety," she declared; "and I cannot afford to let the public's mind become confused on this point. If I have committed an act of folly in my youth—Gloriana at this time was nearly twenty-one—"I fail to see that



I was in love with Gloriana. It would be the part of wisdom to commit another act of folly now." "Oh, I don't know," I urged; "two negatives make an affirmative." "Not always," replied Gloriana; "and two affirmatives never make a negative; so that for you and your proverbs, Mr. Prosy Tapper!" with a gesture of contempt, but with a damp little tear in the corner of her eye that made me forgive her. Little things like this—the tear, the gesture of contempt—at last forced me to the conclusion that I should be better for me and for Gloriana if I gradually drifted out of her life.

So I did not write to her when the company went on the road again. Instead, I subscribed for the Dramatic Reflection and read the reports of the out-of-town correspondents as she journeyed from place to place. And when I read that the company was coming back to the city for a week's engagement before disbanding for the season, I found that the Chicago branch of my business required my immediate personal attention. I had been in Chicago about a month and the Reflector, forwarded



Gloriana Was Free!

from home, had been accumulating unopened on my desk, when in an idle half-hour I thought I would see what was going on in the theatrical world. I glanced through the reports of the out-of-town correspondents in the latest number and found them pretty dull reading.

I was about to throw the paper down in disgust when a familiar name in the personal column caught my eye. I read the paragraph. So Gloriana was to have the leading role in Henry Arthur Cloyd's new drama, "A Dead Man's Shoes," and in meanwhile was resting near Buffalo, N. Y.—at her cousin's, of course.

My business in Chicago was practically accomplished, and I would see no reasons for delaying the return beyond the end of the week. If I left Chicago Friday afternoon, I should be passing through Buffalo Saturday morning, due to arrive in New York late that afternoon and forty hours before the office opened up Monday morning. Why not spend those forty hours in Buffalo? It is a beautiful city and I had not been there for a long while. Then, I might run out and make a little call on Gloriana. Really, I had not treated her with ordinary politeness of late. I went to bed early that evening, but spent a rather restless night. I awoke at early dawn, hours before rising time. As I lay there thinking, it occurred to me that it would be foolish to stop off at Buffalo unless I was sure of seeing Gloriana.

So I decided to send her a few lines telling her I was coming and asking if she would be at home. To pass the time away, I composed the note I should write when I got up. It was quite a little masterpiece in its way, bright and friendly, not too apologetic, a wisp of sentiment woven through a warp of playfulness, that seemed to make the closing sentence at once truthful, appropriate and non-committal—"I have not seen you for many moons, but I love you just the same." Whereupon I promptly fell asleep again.

Immediately I dreamed that I was in court and on the witness stand. He had sued me for countless millions for alienating the affections of his wife! I was conscious that a letter had been produced from somewhere and marked for identification. Out of the corner of my eye I could see it lying on the clerk's desk. No allusion had been made to the nature of its contents, but there was something hauntingly familiar in its appearance.

"Do you love this man's wife?"

It was like the counsel for the plaintiff who asked the question. Like a flash the whole hideous plot was revealed to me. If I said "Yes," I stood convicted out of my own mouth; I lost the case. I could see it in the triumphant look on the face of my interrogator, I could see it in the anxious expression of my own counsel, in the judge's sober mien, in the eagerly expectant attitude of the jury.

If I said "No," there was that fatal letter!! I recognized it now. I could read that incriminating sentence right through the envelope from where I stood, as if it were written in letters of fire—"I love you just the same!" The mental shock was so severe that I woke up.

Now, I am not a superstitious man, nor am I a believer in dreams and portents; but on thinking the matter over, it struck me with considerable force that to write a letter as I had composed to Gloriana would not be the best way to drift gradually out of her life; and if my love for her was to be of the truly self-sacrificing variety, I had better pass through Buffalo without stopping. It was with this pious resolve that I went to the office and took up the morning's mail.

There, right on the top of the pile of letters was an envelope addressed in her dear, scratchy, little fist! It had been sent to me in New York, and forwarded. I opened it hurriedly and a single newspaper clipping, its only contents, fluttered out. I picked it up and read:

"Obituary.

"Popular Young Actor Passes Away."

Gloriana was free!

"Where are you rushing to?" inquired our Chicago representative, as I threw my papers together and pronounced my determination to leave by the "Limited" that afternoon.

"To take the leading part in 'A Dead Man's Shoes!'" I shouted.

PUT THE JUDGE "NEXT."

Young Lawyer Furnished the Court Valuable Information.

Judge Alfred Conaling Cox of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals was telling the Cornell Law School students the other day of an up-State judge who came to sit in New York. He reached the courtroom at 8:30. No one was there, and he sat down to wait. At 9:30 in came a young man. He began talking to the judge, not knowing who he was, and told of a case of his that was on for that morning. "I don't know the first thing about the case," confided the young man, "but there's an old duffer from Podunk coming to hold court, and I'll tell him my partner is sick or that there's a witness from Jersey we can't get here, or something of that sort. It'll be easy enough."

Some time later, much to the young man's astonishment, the "old duffer" ascended the bench. Several cases were called and several lawyers gave the same excuses for not being ready that he had said he might give. His own case was called. "Ready," said the opposing attorney. He looked up at the judge, and the judge spoke. "Young man," he said, "whatever we do with these other cases, we'll grant you an adjournment if you want it. The court learned a whole lot from you early this morning."—New York Times.

Cupid's Hunt.

Hunt, Dan Cupid, spy around! Search the woods from bound to bound, Seek my love, who's straying far. She is snatched to make a star. Set the fly-bells a-ringing. Send the butterflies a-dancing; Leave your torch; the darkest places She'll illumine with her graces. Where the harts horns foam to whiteness, She has passed and scattered brightness.

How to know her when you meet her? Philomel has voice no sweeter. You will know her by her smiling, By her absolute beguiling. By the speech with which she melts you, By the quips with which she pelts you, By the breath more sweet than posy, By the twin lips soft and rosy, By the eyes amazing tender, By the smile more winsome slender; And to name no other feature, By the best in every creature.

If you find her, swift arraign her, In the name of Love detain her; Stay not! or she'll take your arrows, Mount your ear and drive your spurs; If her sugared words you drink, boy Cupid, you shall be her link boy; Bring her, then, with all her blisses, To the prison of my kisses.

—Henry Hanby Hay.

We Now Have Radiumitis.

Not since the early eighties, when the word "electric" leaped into fame with the arc light, the telephone and the trolley car, has a newly discovered term been so popular as radium and its derivatives. Already we have radio cigars, radium soap, radium tooth paste, and so on, just as there used to be electric soap, electric polish, electric tooth powder, electric cleaning material and even electric silk. The properties of the mysterious radium, of course, no more enter into the articles which bear that name, or names allied to it, than soap or silk, polish or powder was electrified. Yet the new term, applied even to old and well-known articles, appeals to many people who don't bother to think what it may or may not mean.

Took Squire's Advice.

A squire in a certain town had just finished marrying a young couple, and proceeded in a paternal way to give them good, solid advice. Turning to the bridegroom, he said: "Never spend your money extravagantly, and be saving in every way possible." The bridegroom listened respectfully and then remarked: "Well, Judge, we might as well begin on you," and he proceeded to give the squire 50-cents for tying the knot.

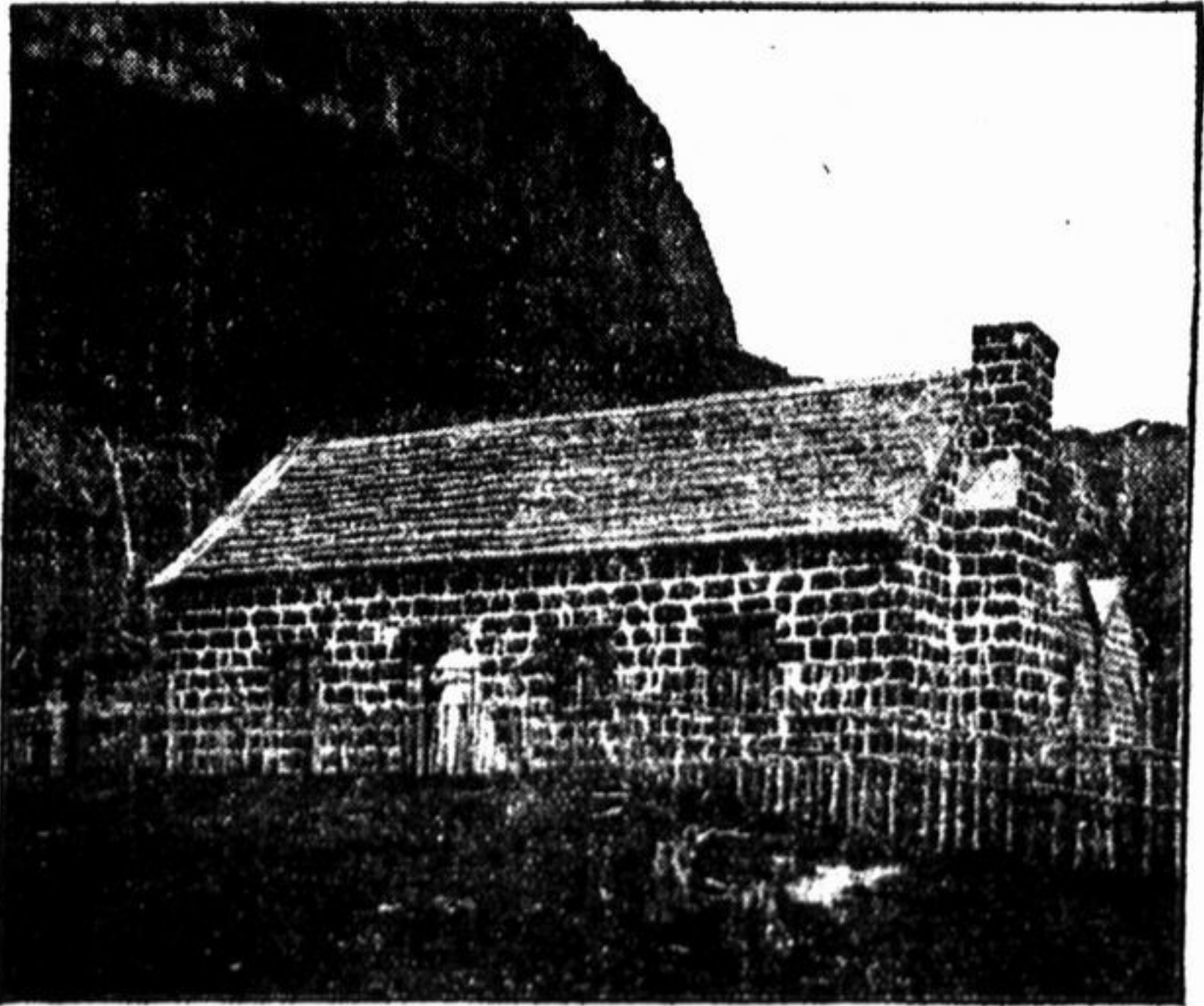
Pretty Bouquet of Pansies.

A beautiful bridal bouquet carried recently to church was composed entirely of white pansies, instead of the conventional roses or lilies of the valley.



The little island colony of New Zealand is a country of records, scenic, social and political, and although its entire population could be easily lost on Manhattan island, yet this enterprising community has already engaged in a series of political and economic experiments that have arrested the attention of the whole civilized world. Its early days of settlement were shadowed by many fierce and bloody combats between the British soldiers and the native Maori tribes, whose valor and endurance were so superb as to fully merit the tradition of this picturesque race that all its men are born warriors. Indeed, it

you have a few of the features of New Zealand's scenic beauties, which further include the famous Clinton valley, which so closely resembles the still more famous Yosemite of California. Waimangu geyser, which enjoys the distinction of being the greatest on earth, lies in the very heart of the great thermal belt of the north island, where the Maoris have their principal settlement. To reach it the traveler crosses the boiling lake of Rotomahana, being rowed across its miles of boiling waters by Maori boatmen, whose native-built canoes throb in response to the bubbling action of the unknown sources beneath. Then there is a walk of about three



Typical House of Settler.

may be here recalled with interest that the Maori war, although it ended in the triumph of British arms, was in many respects a moral victory for the Maori race, whose methods of fortification were subsequently adopted by the English war office. But the clash of arms and the roar of cannon have long since ceased to find echo in New Zealand, and for more than a quarter of a century the old chiefs and their people have settled down to the new conditions under which it is pleasant to record that the race is increasing and improving. The physical attractions of the Maoris, their wealth of legendary lore, their old-fashioned courtesy, quaint homes and customs add a special attraction to a visit to New Zealand, whose natural wonders are in themselves sufficient to arouse the enthusiasm of hemispheres.

In the matter of the housing of the poor, state savings institutions to encourage thrift among the masses, and old age pensions, New Zealand is already in the very front of nations, while the forces she sent to aid England in the Boer war and a recent contribution of \$100,000 to the Queen Victoria memorial fund show that progressive legislation and great financial prosperity run hand in hand there. The climate of this island is claimed to have hit the bill-eyes of perfection, but it is for its marvelous scenic wonders that the colony will always offer unique attractions to those who revel in the wonders and mysteries of nature. Just think of this pocket edition of a community boasting within its limited area a waterfall 1,950 feet high, a geyser of awe-inspiring volcanic action that plays to a height of 2,000 feet with a steam play of more than twice that altitude and an ice field close on twenty miles long

miles through silent, desolate country, with deeply scored pumice crusted surface rising on either side and marked here and there by spiral or spiraling sheets of steam that give the whole picture a semblance of indescribable weirdness.

When at length the crater of the great geyser is reached one finds that its area is about an acre in extent and that it nestles in an uneasy looking basin almost entirely surrounded by barren, bluff-like projections, that rise abruptly to a height of several hundred feet. The action of this geyser is as erratic as it is remarkable. Sometimes it rests in placid quietude for days, often it breaks into fantastic play every hour or so for an extended period, occasionally the whole body of black water rises in a mass, and after so rising for 200 feet, drops back to its usual location without having spread an inch of moisture. But the picturesque climax of Waimangu is reached, when after a peaceful repose, the geyser explodes with a terrific noise and dashes masses of water, mud and stones to an altitude of 2,000 feet, around and above which play steam pictures reaching to nearly three times that height and varying each moment against the impressive background furnished by the snow-capped range of Tarawera. In 1886 this region was the scene of a great disaster in which over 130 lives were lost. Without any warning the whole countryside became actively eruptive, and in the flames and lava that belched forth this number perished before any aid was possible. The fatalities would have been greater but for the resourceful courage of the Maori guide, "Sophia," who led nearly 200 people to a place of safety. The roof of the building where they took refuge even-



Maori Chief.

—all the greatest of their kind in the explored world! Then let the imagination take in the remarkable sounds or fjords more wonderful than those of Norway, the boiling springs and hot lake districts with their ever-changing phenomena, blaze-belching volcanoes in close location to snow-capped mountain ranges nearly as high and more varied than the Alps, and

usually become so laden with lava and stones thrown up from the new-born volcano that its subsidence on the heads of the terror-stricken inmates was only a question of a little time, when the brave Maori woman went out and by almost superhuman efforts shoveled off masses of the death-threatening load, while stones and fire fell close about her all the time.

CULTIVATION OF CHINA GRASS.

Profitable Crop for Southern Part of United States.

China grass is the old name for ramie, a fiber much resembling hemp. It is the strongest of the fibers from which textiles are made; it is as fine as flax, as lustrous as jute, and is in an exceptional degree unaffected by moisture. "Grass cloth" of great beauty is made from it in China and Japan.

In recent years the use of ramie, as it is always called in commerce, has been making progress in Europe and America. In the United States import statistics it has not yet risen to the dignity of separate mention, but the British Commercial Intelligence gives some facts about its use on the continent of Europe. Germany's imports of it have risen to \$150,000 a year, while France takes from \$80,000 to \$100,000 of it. The French ramie mills have 15,000 spindles.

The interest of America in ramie lies largely in the fact that the southern part of the United States, Mexico, Central America and the northern part of South America are excellently adapted to raising it. In Mexico experiments in its culture have been especially successful, both as regards yield and quality. It is a crop worth watching because of its excellent prospects for future development.

Getting a Good Start.

"Miss Sophie," beloved benefactress of half the poor of New Orleans, sat at her desk writing when an elderly woman who had made many previous demands upon her was ushered in.

"Oh, Miss Sophie," she said, breathlessly, "I want to borrow a dollar, please, right away."

"What do you need the money for, Ermagard?"

"Well, now, you see, I'm going to get married, and I feel I need it for the license."

"But if the man you are to marry cannot pay for the license, how is he going to support you?"

"That's just what I want to explain to you, Miss Sophie. You see, to-morrow is Thanksgiving, and we are coming to your free dinner. Then you always give us something to take home, and in the evening the King's Daughters are going to have a basket distribution, and we shall each get one. That will keep us a week each, and by that time we'll be on our feet."—Youths' Companion.

Tit for Tat.

Mr. A was a millionaire. He was fifty. He met Miss B. Miss B was a milliner. She was twenty.

Mr. A fell in love with Miss B. He asked her to marry him. They were married.

In ten years Mr. A was sixty. Mrs. A was then thirty. Mr. A was still in love with his wife. But he had found out that she was not in love with him, that she never had been in love with him and that she never would be in love with him. He brooded over this. And he died from a broken heart. But he left her all his money.

Mrs. A was a millionairess. She was forty. She met Mr. C. Mr. C was a musician. He was twenty-five.

Mrs. A fell in love with Mr. C. He asked her to marry him. They were married.

In ten years Mrs. C was fifty. Mr. C was then thirty-five. Mrs. C was still in love with her husband. But she had found out that he was not in love with her, that he never had been in love with her and that he never would be in love with her. She brooded over this. And she died from a broken heart. But she left him all her money.—Town Topics.

The Deaconess.

Alone and untried she goes where stouter hearts would hesitate. Secure from insult, armed in peace, immune from harm or hate. With calm, sweet face beneath a brow untroubled by the fear of wrong, She goes to minister to want, to love and save the whole day long.

A happy secret seems to have a place Behind the quiet smile of her face. And just to meet her somehow makes you glad, Because 'tis hers to make the world less sad.

No task too menial for her willing hands— A fever to sweep—a bed to make—a little face To wash—loving and full of peace she goes. And knows not with what queenly grace. Perhaps the world may never hear of her. But what of that? Her business is with Him Who sent her forth, and there are humble lives Enriched because she let the sunshine in.

—Harriet Crocker Le Roy.

The Servant Question.

Mrs. Dore Lyon of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, was talking about the servant question.

"A maid at my hotel," said Mrs. Lyon, "told me last night a new servant girl story. She said that a St. Louis woman engaged a new servant and gave her a number of instructions about her duties. In conclusion she said:

"And, Hannah, we have breakfast at 8 o'clock."

"Very well, m'm," Hannah answered. "If I'm not down by that time don't wait for me."

Mosquito Still in the Ring.

Expert confidence last year that the mosquito was downed and on the way to extinction this spring gives place to equally expert assurance that he is nothing of the kind, and that all the measures taken against him leave him multiplying his generations under the pavilion of the sun's throne as vigorously and generously as ever. His courtiers came with the daffodils, and his rear guard bids far to ebb slowly out with the October asters, as usual.