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My Fellow Laborer.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT three months after my dear wife's death, Fanny Denelly and I commenced our investigations in good earnest. But, as I had prophesied, I soon discovered that I could not serve two masters.

It is practically impossible for me to carry on the every-day work of my profession, and at the same time give up my mind to the almost appalling undertaking I had in hand. Any spare time that was left to me, after providing for my day's work, was more than occupied in collecting notes of those particular kinds of physical and mental, or, to coin a word, spiritu-mental phenomena—some of which are, as readers of "The Secret of Life" may see, exceedingly rare—that I required as a groundwork of my argument, and with the carrying on of a voluminous correspondence with such scientific men all over the world as did not look down as a dreamer, or worse. So I had to make up my mind either to do one thing or the other, give up my search after the moral philosopher's stone, or surrender the lease of my chambers in the city. For some months I worked double tides, and hesitated, but at last my decision could no longer be postponed, it must be one thing or the other. So in my perplexity I consulted Fanny, and having laid the whole matter before her, asked her which course she thought I ought to take. Her answer was prompt and unhesitating. It was to the effect that I should give up my profession and devote myself exclusively to my investigations.

"You have six hundred a year to live on," she said, "and therefore will not starve; and, if you succeed, you will achieve immortal fame; for you will have found the way to minister to a mind diseased, and, if you fail, you will have acquired an enormous mass of knowledge which you may be able to turn to account in some other way. I have no doubt myself on the matter. Think of what the reward before you is."

I did not quite like Fanny's way of putting the matter. She always seemed to me to dwell too much upon the personal advantages that would result from my success. Now such a quest as mine is not for the individual; it is for the whole wide world, and for the millions and millions who are yet to live upon it. What does it matter who finds, provided that the truth is found? Why, any right-thinking man should be glad, if his circumstances will permit of it to give his life to such a cause; aye, even if he knows that, so far as he is concerned, he will never reach the goal, but be trodden down and forgotten. He should be glad and happy, I say, if he can only think that some more fortunate seeker will be able to step a pace to forward on his prostrate form. But, after all, even the best and widest-minded women, as I have found them, will look at things in a strictly personal light. I do not think that as a class they care much for humanity at large, or would go far out of their way to help it; of course, I mean if they are certain that nobody will hear of their good work. But this is only an opinion.

I pointed this out to Fanny, who shrugged her handsome shoulders, and said that really she did not think it mattered much which way one looked at it; the great thing was to succeed.

Well, I took her advice, partly because I fell in with my own views, and partly because I have always paid more attention to Fanny than to any other living creature. Indeed, to this day I hold her judgment in almost childish veneration. It was a hard wrench to me, giving up the outward and visible following of my profession, more especially as I was then in a fair way to achieve considerable success in it; but it had to be done. I felt it my duty to do it, and so I made the best of it. What was still harder, however, was the reception that my decision met with among such few relatives as I possessed, and my friends and acquaintances. They remonstrated with me personally and by letter, and annoyed me in every way, and upon every possible occasion. Even relatives with whom I had never had the slightest intercourse thought this a good opportunity to inaugurate an epistolary acquaintance. One old aunt wrote to ask what amount of truth there was in the rumor that I had given up my profession, and what I had taken to in place of it? I replied that was devoting myself to scientific research. An answer came by return of post, to the effect that having heard that I was doing so well as a doctor, she had recognized my talents in her will. This she had, on receipt of my letter of explanation, at once given instructions to alter, by commission of my name; she was not going to have her money squandered on scientific researches, which always ended in smoke. "Science, indeed," her letter ended. "Why you might as well have taken to looking for the North Pole or even literature!"

Finding my resolution unalterable—for one of my few good points is that I do not turn back—I was, however, soon given up by the whole family as an irreclaimable ne'er-do-well, and it was, I believe, even hinted among them that I was not altogether responsible for my actions. At any rate, the rumor did get round, and whether it was owing to this or to the fact that I could no longer be looked upon as an individual who was likely to make money, I soon noticed a decided change in the manner of my acquaintance, professional and lay, toward me. Therefore, their attitude had at least been respectful; now it was, if not contemptuous, at least tinged with superior pity.

Well, I put up with it all humbly enough, but now that my position is such that these very people who have treated me with contumely for so many years, go about and boast of their intimacy with me, and are even so kind as to supply the papers with the supposed details of my private life, I will confess that the pill was a bitter one for me to swallow. Not that I was altogether without comfort, even during the hour of triumph that has come.

Besides, even when we must perforce do worship to Mammon and bow the knee to Baal, there are yet consolations. It is something to feel with the keen instinct which knows no error that the minds of these contemptuous scoffers, who think so well of themselves and so ill of you, are to your mind as the ditch-mud is to the mirror reflecting heaven's own light; that in you there dwells a spark of the unique creative fire of which they know nothing, and cannot even understand; and that they, the rich, the respected, the prosperous and unctuously happy, are as far beneath you, whom they despise as an unsuccessful dreamer, in all that really tends to make a man divine, as their dogs and horses are beneath them.

That was how I thought in those days, and think so still, though now that it is showered in upon me, I do not care much for that world-wide praise I used to covet in my bitterer and more lonely moments, when imminent failure seemed to press me round like the darkness closing in. It is too rank and too undiscerning, and much of it is merely tribute to success and not to the brain and work that won it.

In short, it will be understood with difficulty, being human, I felt all this neglect of all which I have given to show the color, pretty sharply, and though I submitted, and was perfectly able to analyze its causes, it gave my mind a misanthropic turn, from which it has never quite recovered, for the world's adulation did never atone for the world's contempt, or even for the neglect of those around us who make our world. And thus as time went on I gradually acquired a greater and greater dislike to mixing in society, and began to attach myself more and more to my studies and to Fanny, who became by degrees the only person that I thoroughly trusted and relied on the world.

When my dear wife had been dead eighteen months, it occurred to me that there were inconveniences attaching to our mode of life, and that if she saw matters in the same light, it would be well to draw the bond of friendship and affection yet closer by marriage. Not that I was in love with Fanny Dennelly in the sense in which the term is generally used. Indeed, it was one of her great charms in my eyes that it seemed possible to live on the terms of the closest friendship and affection with her without any consciousness of the sort being imported into the intimacy, either on one side or the other. Also, as far as I was concerned, I had buried all passion of that kind with my dear wife, and my speculations occupied my mind far too entirely to allow of the entry into it of any of those degrading imitations to which imaginative and intelligent men are, oddly enough, especially liable if they are not very hard worked, probably on account of the greater irritability and sensitiveness of their brains.

What I looked forward to in marrying Fanny Denelly was a reasonable and sensible companionship, entered into for the comfort of congenial society and to further the end to which we had both devoted our lives. Also it was desirous of giving my unfortunate boy a permanent substitute for his dead mother, and one whom he dearly loved. Accordingly, I took occasion one evening after dinner to speak to Fanny about the question, before we settled down to our night's work. This I did with some trepidation, for however well you may think you understand a woman, it is not always possible to know how she will take a matter of the sort. Still I put the best face on it that I could, and talked for a quarter of an hour without stopping.

All the time she sat still with her hands behind her head, and her dark eyes fixed upon my face, and never said a word.

"You are a very curious man, Geoffrey," she answered, with a little laugh when at last I had done.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because you have put the whole question to me as though marriage were a chapter out of 'The Secret of Life.'"

"Well, for the matter of that, so it generally is," I said.

"And you have not said one word of affection. It has all been business, from beginning to end."

"My dear Fanny," I answered, "you know how deeply I am attached to you. I did not think it necessary to enlarge upon the point."

"Yes," she answered, gently, and with a new light shining in her eyes, "but it is a point that women like to hear enlarged upon. I am only a woman, after all, Geoffrey, and am not all scientific and mathematical."

I saw that I had made a mistake, and had appealed too much to the reasoning side of her nature as opposed to the sentimental. To tell the truth, when one lives day by day with a woman, and all one's talk is of the highest problems of existence, one is apt to forget that these matters are, after all, only more or less accidental to her, and that the basis of flesh and blood, on which they are built up, remains the same. In short, one gets to view her more in the light of a man.

A man can lose his old Adam in studies or aspirations, or in devotion to a cause; but a woman, so far as my experience goes, and as the moral of this story tends to prove, can never quite get rid of the original Eve.

"My dearest Fanny," I said, "forgive me," and then I took another line of argument with her which I need not enter into—for that tale has been told so often before, and besides one always looks back at those sort of things with a kind of mental blush. Sufficient to say that it proved effective.

"I will marry you, dearest Geoffrey," she murmured at last, "and I hope that in looking together for the Secret of Life, we shall find the secret of Happiness also."

"Very well, love," I said; "and now that we have settled that, let us get to our work. We have lost an hour already"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

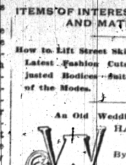
The Roquefort cheese is made of the milk of goats or sheep.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

How to Lift Street Skirts—Some of the Latest Fashion Cuts—Cunningly Adjusted Bodices—Suit Yourself—News of the Modes.

An Old Wedding Ring.



HAT a symbol of love is that circle of gold,
By the token of which our devotion was told!
How our youthful affections shine out, as it seems,
In the light of the romance around it that gleams!
And it knows no beginning or ending, or why
Its continuing course should not run till we die.

And a sign and a seal of our ever-ence too,
Had a part in our creed when that old ring was new.
When a slender, light hand was upraised to our lips,
And our kisses were pressed on its slim finger tips,
For that circle of gold seemed a bal-loving pledge
Of a homage profounder than words dared allege.

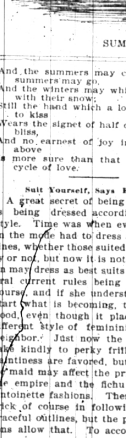
But the metal that's purest wears quickest away
And that old wedding ring has grown thinner to-day.
Yet the hand with it graced graces it in its turn
With a hair the alchemist vainly would learn.
For sweet charity's touch has so filled it with gold
That that hand never lacked to the hungry and cold.

SUMMER GOWN.—From "Toilettes."

And the summers may come, and the summers may go,
And the winters may whiten the hair with their snow;
Still the hand which a lover delighted to kiss
Wears the signet of half of a century's bliss,
And no earnest of joy in the heavens above
Is more sure than that ring and its cycle of love.

Suit Yourself, Says Fashion.

A great secret of being well dressed is being dressed according to your style. Time was when everyone to be in the mode had to dress along certain lines, whether those suited her especially or not, but now it is not so. A woman may dress as best suits herself, general current rules being observed, of course, and if she understands at the start what is becoming, the result is good, even though it places her in a different style of femininity from her neighbor. Just now the women who take kindly to perky frills and fluffy daintiness are favored, but the romantic maid may affect the princess gown, the empire and the fichu and Marie Antoinette fashions. There is a great deal of course in following only the graceful outlines, but the present fashions allow that. To accomplish this, clever ones, of the sort of bodice belt that is shown in the accompanying picture, though when the uses of the two sorts are considered the relationship is not so plain. Folded black satin, each fold edged with mauve taffeta, add to this belt, three rows of black satin ribbon trimming the skirt below it. The dress material was pale gray woolen stuff, and both skirt and blouse waist were accordion plaited. Mauve taffeta furnished the vest and revers, the latter being trimmed with narrow Brussels lace; a narrow frill of taffeta edged the gray stock collar, and chiffon frills finished the sleeves.



A genuinely odd accessory for the waist is very like the thick leather dog collars, its fastenings clumsy and curious. This makes a stunning belt for the summer girl, though a slender waist is a necessity. If she has a big dog, then her belt will exactly match his collar and the two will go out together that no one can possibly miss the fact, that she wears a collar around her waist. These collars come in dark and tan leathers, and one of bright red leather is voted just right. It will be a pretty notion to wear, such a belt with a very simple and feminine dress, say a scarlet, black braided canvas, with a scarlet dog collar belt as almost its only ornament.

a lovely modification of a princess had the front breadth cut to a deep point at the bust to show a yoke of contrasting material. Over the shoulders lace was draped, and the lace narrowed along the seam between the front and side breadths, thus softening the frequently fatal hip curve, while the yoke point insured a graceful bust curve. Plain and short waisted effects are fashionable, and all suit charmingly

Enamel Paint.

Juliana would like to know how to make and apply enamel paint. Answer: Get some white paint—the ordinary thick paint from a keg—and mix good varnish with it until it is about as thick as ordinary cake batter. Then put it into a cheese cloth and allow it drip through. If it is too thick reduce it with a little spirits of turpentine. Press it gently until it is all drained; then dip the cloth in clear spirits of turpentine to remove the paint from the scraps that will always be found in it. Thin to the required consistency. It is well to apply it as thick as it will spread comfortably. White enamel is very attractive, but it may be made any color desired.

Cunningly Adjusted Bodices.

Beautiful bodices that take the outline of folded belt, extending from just to the hips, swathed in at the waist and widening in graceful folds as the figure rounds to the full curve of the bust, are so cunningly adjusted that they seem to be careless drawing about the figure. Such a belt or bodice is of great value as an accessory in your wardrobe just now, for it cannot only be worn with your early spring cloth costume, but with the very daintiest muslin of next August's. Nothing is more becoming to an figure than such a belt. The bodice to be worn beneath need be really nothing much besides pretty effect of sleeves and yoke. Often a fichu effect is secured, the fichu ends disappearing under the belt, to appear at the waist below the belt, where they hang free as far as the knees.

Such belts are elaborations and very

Lifting Street Skirts Easily.

While it is considered bad form for a woman to carry her skirts when walking, there are conditions and circumstances when she must do so. In the first place, unless one is a woman of luxury, with those in her service to do everything but her walking to look after, one is not excusable for wearing skirts that in consequence of their all-round exaggerated length are veritable street sweepers. For women who are not thus favorably conditioned, walking skirts should be made just to escape the ground, and then they should be allowed to hang free, unless the sidewalks or crossings are too damp or otherwise dirty, when it is not, of course, be most uncleanly not to lift the skirts. The way to lift them most effectually and conveniently is to throw the extra back fullness of the skirt over the back of the head, which should be closed and placed as a hood on one side of the body, and sheltered by bend the forearm forward. The fullness of the skirt will thus be found to remain in place, and will not cause the fatigue to the hand and wrist that one experiences in the old way of holding so much weight of material in the hand. This is a decided saving on gloves, since it does not stretch them or soil them or cause the hand to become overheated, and skirts lifted in this way look more graceful than when they are held in the hand. One's anatomy is less liable to be emphasized, and it gives an ease and certainty that all the fullness is properly looked after, while at the same time petticoat, ankles and shoes are more becomingly exposed.

Marrying Cousins.

Chicago is deeply attached to his cousin, and she returns his affection. They have been devoted lovers for some years, and having recently come into more property by the death of an uncle of both, they are inclined to join hearts, hands and estates. But their church forbids the marriage of cousins, and they ask if it is wrong to have a civil marriage in defiance of the rules of the church? Also why is the marriage of cousins forbidden? Answer: For many years there has existed an idea that the children of cousins were likely to be deficient in intellect or otherwise wrong in some way. But science has taken up the subject, and after an exhaustive investigation the following conclusion has been reached: That unless cousins are very like in temperament and disposition and very closely resemble each other and follow very nearly after a common ancestor, there is no reason to suppose there would be any ill results. Where they are unlike, the danger of mental deficiency in their children is reduced to a very small factor. As to defying the rules of the church, that is a matter for you to settle with your own consciences. A civil marriage is perfectly binding. If two persons are so devotedly attached to each other there might be more harm done in parting than in marrying. The Ledger is a most enthusiastic advocate to marrying for love and believes that to separate two loving hearts is little less than a crime.—New York Ledger.

Shrewd Burglar and Plucky Woman.

New York Times: Mrs. Helen Howard of Jersey City on returning from a grocery the other day, found a thief behind her bed. She seized him by the collar and dragged him out of the house on the sidewalk. There he said that the landlord had given him keys to look at vacant rooms and that he had mistaken the floor. This, he added, he would prove, if she would go back into the house with him. She complied, and when her hold was released in the house he jumped out of a rear window and escaped, only to be caught later by an officer. He was identified as William Adams, burglar.

The Brew of Tea.

Tea should never be boiled. By doing this an extract is obtained from the leaf, which if constantly used will become quite harmful. The teapot should be well scoured at least once a week. When making tea, the pot should be filled with boiling water, and then emptied into the pot while still hot, put the necessary quantity of tea, and at once pour on the fresh boiling water. Then let it stand for five minutes, covered with a cozy and at the end of this time you will have a delicious and fragrant cup of tea that will be decidedly beneficial.

Fashionable Chit-Chat.

Taffeta ribbons in bright colors and extra width are stylishly striped with white gauze. Black satin ribbon in No. 9 width is used for girdles.

The inevitable white satin for wedding gowns is to be displaced by moire antique and the novel moire velour. A great deal of plain chiffon is used as garniture.

If you are planning a pique gown, you have a large choice of colors. There are dainty grays and tans, china blue, meadow green, pink and yellow, as well as brown, black and white.

Shirts of turkey red percale, dotted with white, are very swell for the summer girl. For evening wear the shops are showing lovely waists of white chiffon, dotted with bright red and green.

Girdles galore play an important part in the display of spring importations. New and picturesque varieties of these dainty accessories for milady's gown are being evolved, and there will certainly be no excuse for "sameness" in this season's wardrobe.

Two women are about to establish a factory in Atlanta, Ga., for the manufacture of a bicycle tire they have patented. These women are the daughters of the late Judge Robert Gregory of the Supreme Court of Indiana. The tire was begun by their brother and has been completed by the two ladies after two years of close application to the idea and unfaltering hope in its value.

A MYSTIC WOMAN.

MADEMOISELLE DE WOLSKA A TELEPATHIC MEDIUM.

She is Visiting this Country in Company With Emma Calve—Will Build Home for Defenseless Little Girls of the Breton Coast.

HE intimate friend and traveling companion of Emma Calve on her present professional tour in this country is Mademoiselle de Wolska, a Polish lady of distinguished attainments and individuality, whose portrait is presented herewith. She is the daughter of Count de Wolska, one of the exiled Polish patriot whose anti-Semitic book on the Russian Jew was a literary sensation of Paris a few years since. It is well known that Calve is an occultist in matters pertaining to religious and spiritual life. Her friend is of the same persuasion, only more so. Mademoiselle de Wolska is not merely a theosophist her professed beliefs may be said to begin where theosophy ends. With her, miracles are simply laws of nature misunderstood. The impossible is a matter of frequent occurrence, and mysteries seek her out. She habitually communicates with departed or distant friends by means of telepathy, or thought-transference through space, without material mediumship. In her mind, there is not the slightest doubt that the planet Mars is inhabited, and that shortly we shall not only be in communication with our celestial

MADEMOISELLE DE WOLSKA.

neighbor, but that visits in the flesh will be exchanged between the Martians and ourselves of this earth. As to mundane occupation, Mademoiselle de Wolska has interested herself in improving the condition of the children of the Breton fishermen, many of whom are driven by privation to seek their fortune—too often to find their ruin—in domestic service or as artists' models in Paris. Mademoiselle de Wolska proposes to build a home for these children in a picturesque corner of Brittany. The site was "revealed" to her in a characteristic way. She dreamed of such a place, before the project had taken shape in her mind, and before she had ever visited the Breton coast. Later, coming upon the spot by chance, she recognized it instantly, as the site which had been so vividly impressed upon her memory's vision in the dream.

A Monument for Key.

The state of Maryland has made an appropriation to assist in paying for a monument to the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," Francis Scott Key. The monument is to cost $15,000, and the state will supply one-third of this. The remainder will be raised by 5-cent subscriptions from the school children of the country. The Key family, it is said, is not particularly pleased at this method of raising funds, and small blame to the Keys for their dislike of it. These popular subscriptions are amazingly like begging, and under all circumstances, save when there is an unstimulated expression of spontaneity, undignified. As there is to be a monument, it ought by all means to be a worthy work of art. Before they go too far, the committee in charge of the Key memorial should consider the experience of the people who erected a monument to Calhoun in Charleston. This monument has been taken down after twenty years, because it was inartistic and inappropriate. If the Maryland committee carries out its present intention as to the design which it has accepted—we reproduce a photograph of the design—the people of Maryland will some day regret that the committee should have been so ill-advised.

PROPOSED MONUMENT.

The pedestal is to be thirteen feet high and the statute of Key nine feet. We need not point out the theatric pose of the statue. All who have any feeling for art will understand at a glance what we mean when we express the opinion that the proposed work ought not to be completed. It is the purpose of the committee to place it on an elevation near the main entrance to Mount Olivet cemetery, Frederick, Md.—Leslie's Weekly.

Not in Sympathy.

McCord—"Why is it that I never see you and your wife with Mr. and Mrs. Simmons any more? You used to be almost inseparable." Duncan—"Oh, we don't ride the same kind of wheels."—Cleveland Leader.

Grapes Overhang Two Miles of Carriage Drives.

Grape arbors loaded with Grapes, Umbrellas, and covered Seats for a thousand visitors. This is the extent of Speer's Oporto Grape Vineyard at Passaic, N. J., only 9 miles from New York City. Those who doubtful can have their expenses paid and will be given them by the Speer Wine Co. if they will call at the office and do not find the above true. The widest, the oldest and best to be had.

One reason why the world gains knowledge so slowly is that every child must find out for itself that fire is hot.

Speer's Wines and Brandy.

The Wine of Speer's Wines and Brandy is attested by Physicians throughout America and Europe to have used them. They received the highest endorsement of various Boards.

Those who were there the more we can say is needless.

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Some people can neither stir hand nor foot without making a clear, clear ass of themselves and laying little traps for salvation.

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Eating rich and hearty food, sweets and fats in winter, close confinement, breathing vitiated air in office, store, shop, house, factory or school room, necessarily makes the blood impure, and boils and eruptions, boils, pimples, blotches are the result. Dyspepsia, indigestion and many other troubles are also caused by impure blood.

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