What It Is to Live

To grapple fate and fearlessly
Defy its stubborn, stern decree
Until, disarmed, the terror lies
Beneath our feet, recoils and dies.

To look beyond, content to wait
And dignify our low estate
By binding lower, e'er to seek
To help the fallen, lift the weak;

To take no backward step—to-wit,
Be sure that each ascends a bit,
To love the best, the best to give—
This is the meaning solved, to live.

—Boston Transcript.

CONFESSED

BY NELLIE CONEY GLINCH.

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Ashleigh glanced questionably across the tea-table at his wife. That "bright particular star," who for the past two years had been the faithful custodian of his Lares and Penates—as well as of his loyal heart—answered him with smiling eyes.

"Well?" she queried, her soft hands fluttering like white butterflies above the Dresden.

He did not reply at once, and Francesco leaned coaxingly across the tea-tray curiously, and a tiny, dawning shadow coming into her face, "I hope it isn't anything unpleasant——"

"Oh, no—not exactly; not in the way you mean." Ashleigh laughed, tilting back in his chair in a little contemplative way, and regarding her with a dubious expression. "I was just wondering," he pursued, "whether you would rather go to that ball this evening or remain at home with me? I find that I can be somewhat late, but perhaps Kendrix——"

"Kendrix, indeed! Why, you silly boy, will you ever outgrow your infancy? Which do you suppose I would rather do?"

"That settles it then. I was a bit worried for fear you might be disappointed."

A little laugh that sounded to Ashleigh like the music of gurgling water trickled up to her lips.

Francesco left her chair and, going over to where he sat, rested two soft, pink palms on his shoulders. "I don't believe there are any two people in the world quite as happy as ourselves," she said, letting her hands slip up till they touched his cheeks. After a moment he rose and kissed her for answer. A servant came in to clear the table, and they went back to the cozy little sitting-room, where the light from pretty, rose-shirted candles glowed warm and mellow.

Ashleigh gave his attention to some accounts he had brought up from the office, and Francesco went to the piano. A half hour passed, and tiring of her music, she went over to the fireplace and threw herself into a prodigious leather chair that almost swallowed her up. She stretched out the tips of her slippered feet to the brass fender, and watched the sleepy bed of pink and purple coals with musing eyes.

After awhile, Ashleigh put aside his papers, and drawing up a bassock, sat down beside her, laying one of his strong brown hands over her dainty white one that rested enticingly on the arm of her chair.

For some time, neither spoke. Presently he gave her fingers a playful little pressure. "Penny for your thoughts," he said, smiling up into her half-closed eyes.

"Are you just awfully anxious to know?"

"I am."

"Make a guess."

"Me?" he asked.

They both laughed. Francesco did not answer immediately, and he shook his head half-deprecatingly as he looked toward her for corroboration. Her lips smiled, but he fancied that her eyes were a trifle grave.

"Yes," she responded after a little, "I was thinking of you. I always am, and I was wondering"—her voice faltered a bit—"if happiness like ours could—last."

Ashleigh threw her a startled glance, vaguely conscious of some sudden, indefinable change.

"I don't understand," he said, almost harshly, as though under a sting.

She made no verbal response, but

"Well?" he asked, gravely.

the shadow faded momentarily from her face. Then, after a while:

"It occurred to me," she began reflectively, "that most of the married people I have seen, seem—after a time—to grow weary and indifferent, if not actually discontented or unhappy and——"

"Don't talk that way," he interrupted somewhat impatiently; "it's foolish and—and not natural. You are not yourself. Of course we shall always be happy, happier and happier as the years go by."

"If things were always what they seemed," she persisted absently.

"Well, and if they are not? What do appearances—what does anything matter so long as it is the one real love?"

Francesco had drawn a little away from him, and looking at her closely, he noticed that the brightness of tears was in her eyes, and the pink quite gone from the delicate curving cheek. He had never seen her that way before, and a wave of apprehension swept over him.

"I wish you would tell me what it is worrying you to-night?" He leaned toward her suddenly, touching the loosened heap of shining brown curls with gentle, persuasive fingers.

"I hope it isn't anything unpleasant?" "What is it, Francesco? What is the trouble?"

There was complete silence for a moment. An almost imperceptible glow overspread her face, losing itself abruptly in a quick rush of pallor. She winced involuntarily, but forced a smile to disguise the deep shadows that clung insistently to her eyes.

"Nothing," she returned, "nothing at all—unless, perhaps—I am a little out of gear." Her voice broke, but he did not appear to notice her emotion. She sat very still and silent for a long time. Once or twice she drew in her breath in a little sharp way, and averted her head, lest he should see, and read some of the tragedy of her face.

A long time passed. When she looked toward her husband again there was a certain bitter determination in her eyes. "I have been thinking of a story," she said mechanically. "Shall I—do you think you would care about—hearing it?" She gave him a quick, tentative glance. "Don't—don't look at me that way, Dick. You—you vex me. I'm nervous and—and silly, I suppose." She tried to smile at him through stubborn tears.

Ashleigh threw a deep sigh of relief, answering her with obvious interestedness.

"Not many years ago," she commenced in a low tone, to hide its meaning, "there lived a girl who was young—very young, and innocent and credulous. This girl had a mother who was all that was devoted and kind, but—ambitious, and withal, perhaps a little bit unwise. After one or two attempts, she managed to—marry her daughter to a man with a stolen title—no name at all. When the money—the girl's money—was all gone, the man disappeared. A short time after, there came on the scene, another woman—his wife. She—the girl was crushed, but still self-respecting. She tried to put it all out of her life forever. Everyone—everyone has a right to a little happiness in the world. Two years later, she married—someone else who loved her for herself alone—who—he——" She broke off miserably and covered her face with both hands. But in a second she pulled herself together and looked up with her old brave expression.

Ashleigh glanced at her a little strangely and commenced some queer uttered words of his heart. "Well?" he asked gravely.

"That is all—except that he—the last one—never knew." She had risen and was leaning listlessly against the mantelpiece, her face the color of ashes.

He looked up at her slowly, wonderingly, comprehendingly, and all at once his eyes filled.

"Do you think she did wrong?" she asked, trying hard to keep her self-control. Her voice quivered suddenly, under its veneer of calm.

Ashleigh rose quickly and drew her into his arms. He felt her sobs against his coat, almost convulsive. "What does anything matter," he repeated "so long as it is the one real love?"

Leisure of Japanese Generals.

During the winter just past Japan's generals along the Shaho spent their time variously. "Gen. Nodzu," according to Japanese newspapers, "studied calligraphy. Gen. Kuroki kept barnyard fowls. During the Heikautai engagement Gen. Kodama scarcely slept at all for a whole week, but did not seem one whit the worse for his experience." Gen. Oyama was reported as being "the same robust, merry-hearted gentleman as ever."

THRIVE ON VEGETARIAN DIET.

Wild and Domestic Animals Grow Fat and Intelligent.

Although carnivorous animals are capable of marvelous feats of strength they have nothing like the endurance of the herbivorous animals, nor are they so long-lived. The animals of greatest service to man on account of their strength, fleetness or endurance—the horse, the elephant, the camel, the ox—are all vegetarian animals.

The gorilla, which is said to be, for his size, the strongest and most intelligent beast in the forest, is frugivorous. He has often been known to beat a lion to death with a club, and it is said that he will even kill an elephant in like manner.

Dogs are in much better condition in every way when confined to a strictly vegetarian diet. Every dog-trainer knows that meat spoils a dog's wind, and also his scent. On this point an old hunter out West said: "I have a dog that can scent a bird two hundred feet away; but when I feed him meat he can't scent a bird half a rod off. Besides that, when I feed him meat he has no wind; he can't run."

That cats also can be kept in perfect condition on a vetarian diet many a vegetarian family can testify. The mistress of a hundredweight pair of felines says of them: "These beautiful Maltese kittens are vegetarians. They have never eaten meat of any kind. Their favorite dishes are protose, nuttolene, potatoes, green corn and baked beans. In addition they are quite affectionate and unusually intelligent. My children have taught them to run a race, try to catch a rubber ball, and play a game of hide-and-seek. Fat, healthy and happy are these vegetarian kittens."—Exchange.

FORMS OF MODERN SOCIETY.

Proper Usage of the Words "Gentleman" and "Lady."

As to the subtle question of "gentleman," that is, as to "and" "woman," there is a difference, where a correspondent, between the sexes. A duke must always be a man, unless he be, for the purpose of conversation, a "gentleman," with great emphasis of voice. Without emphasis, every man of gentlemanly rank is a "man" always and in every social circumstance.

But with women it is entirely a matter of the adjective. Without an adjective a woman is a "lady." Who ever talked, on hearing that a friend was to marry, of "a woman"? Nor do we say that we met a woman at dinner who told us so and so. But introduced the adjective, and the "lady" is at once a pretty woman, a well-dressed woman, a dull woman.

The "man" and the "gentleman" difficulty was responsible recently for an unintentional aspersion upon a youthful male undergraduate friend by a young lady—that is to say, a girl. He was at the end of his teens, not quite arrived at man's estate. That was what she intended to convey to a stranger who had heard his name mentioned and inquired as to his approximate age. But as she was a polite young—girl, what she said was: "Oh, he's not quite a gentleman"—London Chronicle.

The Road.

There is no new pathway that is not
Yet who would walk in a well-worn
The weariest of life is aged and gruff,
But nevertheless he is guard to-day.

What would you do? Would you stop to
rest
Or argue the question of go or stay?
Before you decide on an untried quest,
Than beg for a crust in a well-worn
way.

Stumble you will, in the tangled turn,
Where the vines have grown and the
Before you decided to journey on
But the fountain you find and the less-
sons you learn
Will be newer and dearer than those
oft read.

Then smile at the warden and pay his
fee,
For Life has demands that are some-
What high.
He has weighed the soul of a you and me,
And he knows our strength when he
points the road.

—Lora Kelsey Clendening.

The Russian Method.

"That man," said the photographer, "owes me $20 for a dozen cabinets. I wish I dared to treat him as he would be treated in Russia.

"In Russia if you don't pay your photographer's bill, he hangs your picture in his window upside down. Every Russian photographer's window has five or six of these reversed pictures in it, and there is always a little crowd of people outside craning their necks and saying:

"'Oh, that is Vasili Popofsky. Won't he be mad!' or 'And look at Anna Glinsky. You'd think she'd be able to pay.' Is that Senia Gogol there? It certainly is. What a pity.'

"Russian photographers, thanks to this unique method of theirs, have no unpaid bills at all. If only their method was in use here!"—Chicago Journal.

Rush of Modern Life.

A well-known artist thus comments on the rush and hurry of our modern life: "Man's business requires haste. The average business and professional man eats in a hurry and gets dyspepsia. He walks in a hurry and gets apoplexy. He talks in a hurry and gets the lie. He does business in a hurry and becomes a bankrupt. He reads in a hurry, and is superficial. He marries in a hurry and gets a divorce. He trains his children in a hurry, and develops spendthrifts and criminals. He gets religion in a hurry and forgets it in a great hurry. He makes his will in a hurry and leaves a legal contest. He dies in a hurry and goes to the devil."

Young Rockefeller's Training.

At Brown university, where John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was graduated in the class of 1897, tales are still told to show how his father impressed on him the same scrupulous regard to detail that made the Standard Oil Company successful. One day when John Jr., was down in the city of Providence with a couple of girls, he took them into a convenient drug store and treated them to ice cream soda. After he had paid the checks and before he left the store he surprised his fair companions by pulling out a pocket memorandum book and entering: "Three ice cream sodas, thirty cents."

SCIENCE and INVENTION

Table and Stove.

Both a table and a means of heating foods and water are of the nature of necessities around the sick room and nursery, and it has remained for a woman to combine these features as shown in the accompanying cut. There are a number of novel features about this arrangement. The heating is done by a lamp of the ordinary character, such as is to be found around most any household. Placed on the floor, the top of the chimney is allowed to come just below the table top, and the table, being supplied with telescoping legs, can be placed at any desired height. Any small utensils filled with food or water may be quickly heated by merely placing it on the table over the opening.

The hinged extension leaf may be made to answer several purposes. In the first place, it increases the capacity of the table, as shown in the cut. Then, when the table is not doing service as a stove the leaf may be turned over the top and will hide the opening under which the lamp is placed. Dropped at the side, it may be used as a shield to keep the light of the lamp from the eyes of the patient.

Petrol Engine Works Wonders.

As a result of a recent trial on the Thames of a little petrol boat which developed a speed considerably in excess of any other vessel, of equal length, the means of propulsion of sea-going vessels and the lines on which they are built may undergo radical changes in the near few years. The inventor, working on the theory that the power exerted by engines were better devoted to supporting the boat on the surface than to pushing it through the water, after numerous experiments with differently shaped models, designed a petrol driven boat with a practically flat bottom. The gain in lightness of engine and fuel by the substitution of the internal combustion petrol engine for steam enabled a forty-foot boat to attain a speed of twenty-six knots, and the inventor estimates that a 220-foot destroyer with petrol engines would reach a speed of forty-five knots. The perfection of the internal combustion engine, enabling larger sizes to be used successfully at sea, remains to be accomplished, but the physical and mechanical difficulties to be overcome hold out sufficient rewards to awaken energetic studious effort.

Device for Bending Pipe Found.

Great improvement over the old method of bending sand filled pipe by hand is promised by the invention of a workman who has found a piece of which one man can bend a piece of two inch pipe to an "S" in three minutes. The machine is operated by a hand wheel carrying a pinion, the latter engaging a quadrant gear, which in turn operates the bending quadrant. The pipe to be bent is held in position at one end by a "V" shaped clip, while a pine or roller, placed in a platen, engages the other end. Placing the pin in different holes in the platen governs the curvature obtained. While the machine is portable, its chief value will be for those shops where a large amount of tubing is bent.

Wrist-Hold on the Hammer.

Among the recent patents of minor importance is an ingenious little attachment for the use of the artisan who has to wield a hammer for many hours at a time. While the practiced arm soon becomes hardened to this unusual strain, that in the novice soon cripples the muscles, there is no reason why this strain should be borne by the muscles when mechanical

means can be devised to relieve them, or, at least, distribute the strain among muscles better able to resist it. The attachment consists of a wrist band, carrying a sling, adapted to receive the hammer handle, which has a pivot play to permit of free movement of the hammer within the limits of practical requirements.

Automatic Coupler for Airbrakes.

On a model of a recently invented automatic buffer coupling attached to two model cars now being exhibited in London the coupling not only connects the vehicles, but at the same time couples the air brakes. The outstanding feature of the invention is that no lever is required to complete the work of coupling, the whole operation being perfectly automatic. The attachment has both an up and down and a lateral movement, thus adapting itself to loaded or empty cars and to sharp curves. The model, in fact shows the cars on a two chain curve, more acute than any English or continental curves in existence. It is also said no alteration in the general construction of rolling stock is necessary to affix the attachment to present equipment.

Wind Velocity Recorded.

An anemometer at San Francisco showed a wind velocity of over 120 miles an hour on May 19, 1902. At the mountain observatory on Puy de Dome, 106 miles an hour was recorded on Dec. 9, 1901.

He's a Wonder.

Jones—I understand that your friend Gray is quite an orator.

Smith—That's what. Why, he can describe a boarding house prune supper in such grandiloquent language that it makes one's mouth water with desire.

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet front and 99 rods deep on Maple Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich., a most desirable home; convenience. Furnace, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the lot alone is worth. Purchased for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

10.

Large, roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all modern conveniences. Lot 132x198 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

12.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 181 acres. Good farm house and farm buildings; flowing well at the barn which is the wonder and pride of Troy. 80 acres good bee land and maple timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard. Circumstances render it advisable to sell at once, and one man who comes first will secure one of the best bargains in the country. Look it up.

38

Two story house and lot on south side of Oakland St., two doors from electric car line; 24 ft. 8 in. front, 116 ft. deep. Hot and cold water, bath, set tubs, water closet, bath, furnace and every modern convenience. Price $5,000 cash, balance on long time. Price $4,800. If you are looking for a home call and see us for particulars. If you are only curious it will be curious if we can't interest you.

42.

Brick house, good barn and seven acres of land suitable for platting on south side of Maple Ave. east, Birmingham, opposite the Poppleton subdivision. Price $4,000 if taken at once. Rent of it. If you don't believe it, ask us about it and we will prove it.

44.

Nice Stock Farm—the celebrated Coffee Farm—of 80 acres in Greenville or Southfield Buildings are well painted and in good condition; good fences. Large 10 room house, well divided into three compartments. House surrounded with large bay-window elm trees. Horse barn with stalls for six horses and separate carriage room. Bank barn with granary, overhead track, cow stables underneath on second floor and 3 or 4 additional stalls, sliding doors, good windows, window guards, stone foundation, etc., etc. Horse barn with 10 box stalls and paddock. Horse barn with 4 box and 4 other stalls and paddock enclosed with high board fence. Large hen house, well arranged and