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COME BACK.

"Won't you change your mind, Maud?"

"It is too late to change. The dogcart is at the door."

"What does that matter? It can go back to the stables. I wish you would."

"My dear Jack, do not add inconsistency to my other faults. Goodness knows the list of them is long enough in your estimation."

The speakers were a man and a woman, both young, and both good to look upon. She was very pretty and very young, but her mouth was set in a hard line and there was defiance in her eyes. The man stood in front of her, looking at her anxiously, and mingled with the cawing of the rooks overhead came the sound of a horse's hoofs, impatiently pawing the gravel in front of the hall door. Truly the dogcart was waiting.

Jack Rodney gave a sigh which was almost a groan, then drew himself up and squared his shoulders with the involuntary action of a man who has to say something unpleasant and who hates the task.

"Very well, Maud. I can say no more. It is evident we cannot go on like this. Our lives are burdens to us, and soon people will begin to notice that we are not on friendly terms. Perhaps when I am away you will think better of me. I may not irritate you so much. You know, I only speak to you for your own good."

"You preach—you don't speak."

"Maud!"

"Oh, don't let us argue. I am sick of it."

"And of me, too, I suppose? Well, then, good-by, if you will have it so. I have left a note for you on the boudoir table. Will you kiss me?"

"No. It is stupid to be hypocritical, and there are no onlookers."

With another sigh the man turned away, and without one backward glance walked to where the dogcart stood in readiness, took the reins and in a minute the sound of a horse's swift trot was heard down the gravel drive.

Maud Rodney sat quite still where her husband had left her until the faintest sounds had died away. Then she rose and pulled a rose from a tree as she passed, but it fell to pieces as she gathered it; and a thorn scratched her finger. After all, it was as well that Jack had gone to Norway. They were always quarreling, and he never let her do as she liked. She had been so spoiled at home that she could not brook the slightest contradiction; besides, she wanted to show him how independent she was and how well she could do without him.

It was getting cold, and she shivered. Where was her warm cloak, which Jack always wrapped around her when the dew was falling. The maid would bring it. She went to the house to summon her. As she passed through the open French window into the boudoir she thought of the note left for her by her husband.

"Another lecture, I suppose," she muttered, as she broke the seal. It contained a blank check and a short note, which said:

"My Darling Wife—You can fill up the inclosed for any amount you like. Do not deny yourself during my banishment, and try to recall me as soon as you can. You know how much I love you. Yours ever, JACK."

She twisted the letter about in her fingers, and the corners of her mouth drooped as those of a child about to cry, but she forced back the tears and tried to tell herself she was a woman of spirit.

Wrapping a shawl round her, she went again into the dusky garden and wandered down a long green alley, with tall white foxgloves bordering it on either side. They looked uncanny in the dim light, and the groups of pale blossoms in the distance seemed to take queer shapes and to bend and wave like fantastic spirit forms made misty by the darkness. It was so horribly still and yet the throb of the night beat like a silent pulse in the air. Two white owls flew over her head and startled her with their mournful cry, and surely—yes surely—there in the distance under the shadow of the trees was the crouching form of a man. Mrs. Rodney's heart sank into her boots, and with a cry of "Jack, Jack!" she turned and fled. Footsteps followed fast behind her, and like a flash the thought went through her mind that she was left defenceless.

"Jack, come back! Oh, come back!" was her voiceless cry as she felt her strength going and feet flagging, but as she turned the corner she saw a maidservant running toward her. She paused to gain breath, and then went on. A happy thought flashed through her mind. Her husband had returned. She would never be wilful again.

"Your master—has he come back?" she gasped.

The woman nodded, but said nothing.

At the hall door a group of people were standing, and their faces looked pale and terrified. She heard murmurs of "The horse fell," "pitched on his head," "all over in a moment," and with an icy fear in her heart she rushed into the ball. A man held up his hand for silence.

On a low couch lay a still form, with a handkerchief over the face. With trembling hands she lifted it and saw her husband, quite white, quite still. He had come back, yet not he, but a lifeless form, an outward semblance only of the man she had loved, yet banished. And then she knew that she was indeed alone. And yet the world would go on just the same, the flowers bloom, the birds sing and morning and night dawn and darken, making up a round of weary years, while only God and her own heart would know the despairing bitterness of her cry, "Come back!"

USED TO BE LUCKY.

The Number Thirteen Was Not Unlucky in Olden Times.

Thirteen! There are probably few men who in the innermost recesses of their hearts have not some kind of an unpleasant emotion when it comes to 13. Of course, there are some men who protest loudly—and usually in some hilarious company—that 13 is simply an odd figure, like 17 and 19 and many others, and such men have formed the Thirteen clubs, of thirteen members who on the 13th of a month, particularly if this date happens to fall on a Friday, eat a meal of thirteen courses at the thirteenth hour of the day.

This is done, of course, to break the superstition attaching to 13, but this superstition will not down. For the love of the marvelous and mystic will not down. Were not Sulla, Scipio, Caesar, Wallenstein, Napoleon and others superstitious? Is it not historical fact that they all were under a spell and undertook no great action without having first consulted some medium?

It is well known that all the nations of the old world were in more or less intellectual rapport. The ideas of one tribe descended to the other. But it is certainly interesting to learn that the figure 13 had its sacred and divine meaning also in America of yore, among the long since extinct tribes of the Incas and the Aztecs. The inhabitants of Peru counted seven days, without any particular name, in the week. Their year had seven times fifty-two days, of four times 13 weeks. The father was compelled to support his illegitimate child to the 13th year. The Aztecs had weeks of 13 days, each with a special name. Their public archives were of circular form, with a sun in the center or each of the 13 parts, and 13 were their tribes.

Thus the brief ancient history of 13, and it may be said of modern times in Germany that even to-day a "baker's dozen" is 13, that is, the original twelve, with one thrown in for luck.

Fishes That Fall Upwards.

This phenomenon cannot be witnessed everywhere. You must go out to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and then let yourself down into the sea for about two miles, if you wish to test the fact. At this depth the pressure of the water is very great—so great, in fact, that the fish, being used to the great weight, dare not enter shallow water for fear of falling upwards and bursting. Fishes which are adapted to considerable depths may accidently leave the bottom, swimming toward the surface. This allows the gases in their bodies to expand slightly, and thus renders them more buoyant. The more the gases expand, the more buoyant they become, and the greater is the difficulty of returning to the depths, until finally the buoyancy of the body becomes so great that they are no longer able to return to the bottom. They continue to rise to the surface more and more rapidly, until the expanding of the gases in the body kills them. As soon as the bodies reach the surface, the release of all outer pressure causes them to burst into pieces.

Embraced by a Devilfish.

A diver engaged in Moyne River in Australia had a terrible experience with a sea-devil. Having fired off a charge of dynamite and displaced a large quantity of stones, he went to the bottom of the river and while engaged in rolling over a large stone he saw something moving about in front of him. This dark object came in contact with him and coiled about his arm. The diver walked slowly and painfully along with the sea-devil's feelers twined about his body and legs. He made tracks for the ladder and gained the boat, a curious looking object, indeed, with this huge, ugly thing entangled about his body. With the help of the sailors he was in time freed from his submarine companion. The body of the octopus was only about the size of a large soup plate, with eyes like a sheep's, but possessed nine arms, each four feet in length, at the butt as thick as a man's wrist and tapering off at the end like a penknife. All along the under part of the feelers of this strange sea creature are suckers every quarter of an inch, giving it immense power.

Need No Water.

We are so accustomed to drinking water that we hardly ever stop to consider how much we might suffer if suddenly deprived of this freest and best of beverages. Water in some form is necessary to preserve the health of humans, but there are animals that seem to have little if any use for the liquid. The llamas of Patagonia, for instance, are said to never taste of water, and certain kinds of gazellies that are native to the dry wastes of the orient seem to thrive without it. A paroquet lived 52 years in the London zoological gardens without drinking any water. Some naturalists assert that the rabbit never drinks, being content with the dew that stands on the grass that it nibbles while feeding at night. Many reptiles live in arid wastes apparently destitute of water. In the neighborhood of Lozere, France, are herds of cows and goats that seemingly rarely drink, yet they produce a fine quality of milk from which is made the famous Roquefort cheese.

THE MONEY QUESTION

RESPONSIBLE FOR WOMAN'S RELUCTANCE TO MARRY.

A Man Should Carefully Instruct His Wife Regarding the Value and Proper Use of Money—A Trusted Woman Is Proud of Her Husband's Prosperity.

However advanced the world may be said to be, however quickly we may grasp and adopt new fads, fancies and notions, and however much we may think we have improved upon old times and former usages, there are yet a great many things that are susceptible of decided betterment.

Among these the management of household affairs stands out prominently, especially that phase of it that involves the financial understanding between the husband and the wife.

For a great many years it was thought that women were not capable of managing their domestic concerns as far as money matters went. There was, to an extent, some show of reason in this idea, and in some instances there is yet, but, as a rule, the existing state of things is just about as bad as civilized people are capable of making it. A little analysis of the situation will readily discover why this is so.

A man of more or less mature years, who has made or is making a competence or a good living, marries a young woman, sometimes scarcely more than a child. She has been in school almost all her life, and has never assumed any responsibility in money matters other than to be expected to make her allowance buy candy and other petty luxuries. If the money were all gone she went without confectionery and trinkets until next time, and it was just as well, perhaps better. This constituted her limit of financial experience. Her bills were paid, her necessities provided for, incidentials were looked after and shortage was made up. Whatever she wanted in excess of this she coaxed or cried for until she got it, or maybe was sulky, sullen or disobliging until the coveted article was forthcoming as the easiest way out of the unpleasant state of affairs.

Fairly launched upon the sea of married life, that condition in which young people feel at liberty to do as they like, her natural inclinations, untrained and unguided in the bud, blossom out into extravagant and unreasonable demands, and feeling a perfect right to call for whatever she desires trouble comes sometimes suddenly and without warning. It is safe to say that money matters are responsible for more domestic infelicities than all other causes combined. The man is not long in discovering that his wife manages badly, and he tightens the purse-strings. Instead of carefully instructing her in the use of this necessity of life, he becomes arbitrary and often unreasonable, insisting, in many cases, that all articles shall be bought on credit and the bills sent to him to overlook.

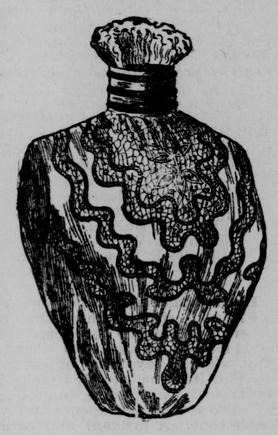
There are few things in the world more annoying than a systematic espionage of this sort, and the knowledge that even the most trivial purchase has to be accounted for. It is humiliating and puts the mistress of the house on the level of an irresponsible child. How much better it would be to arrange at the outset some fixed method in which forbearance on both sides forms an important part. Honorable, straightforward, honest men have very little reason to fear the knowledge which their wives may have of their business. It is only when illegitimate pleasures and indulgences are to be provided for that there is any occasion for such secrecy.

A woman who is confided in and trusted will, as a rule, feel quite as much pride in and interest in her husband's prosperity as he himself does, and it is almost always possible, when business is depressed, for a well-informed woman to curtail expenses and suit her demands to the exigencies of the situation. But where there is no understanding or confidence, where money is literally doled out and that, too, in the most grudging manner, a feeling of resentment springs up, and the idea prevails that there must be just so much contention anyway in order to get what is required. Under such circumstances there is no wonder if the demands are excessive and infelicities follow fast upon one another's heels.

The money question, more than any other, is responsible for the reluctance of women to marry and their ambition to provide a competence for themselves.—By N. S. Stowell.

Stylish Corsage.

The illustration shows a corsage the front of which is mousseline de soie, embroidered all over with an irregular undulated pattern cut out of guipure, or large meshed tulle spangled with steel beads or jet, and also edged with spangles. These undulated



A PRETTY CORSAGE.

designs are lined with colored silk, as is also the small yoke, which is embroidered with a design composed entirely of spangles. The next trimming is of mousseline de soie trimmed with narrow back ribbon and with a gather of mousseline de soie and tulle.

Ornament For the Newel Post.

A charming finish for the newel post of a country house staircase is to have a china jar fastened upon it by means of scrolls of bent iron.

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CAPITAL'S RUSH INTO CUBA

Many Capitalists Anxious to Invest Money for Commercial Footholds.

There should be great comfort to the intelligent people of Cuba in the spectacle of the capitalists in rivalry for commercial footholds upon their island. The syndicates are forming to control this, that and the other industry. Vast sums are being raised to exploit plantations and factories to run railroads, conduct various lines of enterprise, develop mines, operate steamer routes, and so on through a course of commercial activity which is certain to regenerate the industries of Cuba and more than restore her former prosperity. The island is unquestionably fertile and productive. Its mineral wealth has never been fully measured. All of its opportunities for culture and productivity have been more or less handicapped by the pressure of Spanish misgovernment and the danger of frequent insurrections. Now the prospect is changed, and the men of wealth are competing in lively fashion for the chance to spend money and to make money in consequence. The latest effort is to secure control of the tobacco factories, along with great areas of tobacco lands. Following the present tendency, the projects in this direction now on foot are of the trust sort, with the main issues between American and English capital. It ought to matter little or nothing to the Cubans in their present plight whether the money which is to restore the industrial prosperity of the island comes from one side of the Atlantic or the other. Americans would naturally prefer to see the bulk of the trade chances controlled—if by others than Cubans—by American capitalists. But from the Cuban point of view the matter is of relatively slight importance. The fact remains that here come men of means and executive ability, used to handling large enterprises, anxious to hire armies of laborers, to build factories and railroads and establish communities in the interior and upon the coast, starting an endless chain of buying and selling and sending coin into the meanest hovels on the islands. With capital in abundance eager for openings, and confident that insular conditions will remain stable under the temporary guardianship of the United States, it will be but a short time before Cuba will bloom as a garden. This result will be the more certain and speedy of accomplishment if by American governmental enterprise the sanitary conditions are improved, the swamps are drained, the cities are cleaned and the pests of yellow fever and smallpox are reduced as well as they may be by the application of common sense, science and a little instructive forcing by the authorities.

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THE NEW PARASOLS.

Polka Dots Flourish and White Silk With Black Velvet Moons Is Stunning.

The new parasols are very attractive in their varied combinations and degrees of fluffiness, even though their period of usefulness has not yet come; and here, as in every other department of dress, the poka dot flourishes in all sizes. Silk parasols of all tints are spotted over with white, but the most stunning thing of all is the white silk covered with black velvet moons. Graduated rows of black velvet ribbon trim some of the new sunshades, and quite the newest thing of all is the scalloped edge finished with a ruche of the same silk. The ruching is very narrow and three rows are the usual number put on the spaces between. Lace insertions and frills are also used for trimming, and the same little cords and tucks seen last season are set in from tip to the edge of the plain sunshades.



SOME NEW PARASOLS.

Most of the dressy parasols have some trimming of white or black or both. Black chiffon parasols made over a color, violet, for example, are trimmed with bunches of violets caught in chiffon rosettes, are among the many styles in sight. White chiffon and lace parasols are an indescribable succession of puffs, shirrs and frills, most beautiful to look upon, and are trimmed with clusters of flowers or ribbon rosette bows. One variety is shirred in tucks all over, and each tuck is headed by a frill of narrow lace edging. Moire silk parasols in the light colors are especially pretty and are made quite plain. There are brocaded silk parasols, too, and all sorts and conditions of handles, the natural wood stick being the prevailing style. Colored silk parasols covered with chiffon decorated with appliqué lace are another pretty novelty for the few who can afford an assortment in this article of dress.

Just the Same "Old" Woman.

"One hears a good deal about the new woman," said a Washington woman who has had long and varied social experience in England and America, "but it seems to me that the women I meet to-day are very much like the women I knew fifty years ago. There may be more who are highly educated or self-supporting; but the well-bred woman doesn't talk entomology or Greek roots or shop in society, and I can't tell a pretty girl who knows about bugs from the one who doesn't.

"But I notice in society one sign that women are changed, and I am delighted with the change. When I was a girl the half hour or whole hour after dinner was the abomination of desolation. The men stayed with their wines and cigars. The women adjourned to the drawing rooms and manifestly did penance for their sins. Some of them tried to be amiable and kept up an invertebrate conversation. Some were openly, frankly bored, and the advent of the men was hailed with undisguised joy and belief. Now things are altogether different in this day and generation. To be sure, the men often leave the table with the women, but even when they don't there is no dull hour for the women. Women are more interested in each other than they used to be, or else they are more interested in themselves. Whichever it is, the result is the same increased animation and fluent conversation. When a number of women are together nowadays they seem to have a most hilarious time, and conversation never flags for a moment. I suppose it is because there are more interests in the lives of women than there were in old days. One doesn't need to talk jam or servants or children or clothes—though these staple topics are still worked hard, I notice. I have often seen a look of actual regret on the woman's faces when the doors opened and men came in. It is a wholesome sign."

Flat-Chested Girls.

Symptoms of a flat chest are seen in young girls frequently as early as nine and ten years of age. Such girls should be trained to increase the actual size of the lungs—or, more properly speaking, to expand their unused portions.

When the lungs expand fully they press the ribs and the breastbone outward. For this reason the best exercise for an undeveloped child will be exercise that calls for repeated lung expansion. Singing lessons are excellent, but must be taken with moderation during the forming period. Young girls and children under fourteen who have flat chests should be encouraged to exercise in hopping, skipping and running. All of these exercises expand the chest, although they are properly called leg exercises. In running, always begin slowly, then increase and never run to the utmost speed. Always close the run with the same moderation with which it was commenced.

The Tiresome "for Your Own Good."

We have all met the woman who is fond of telling disagreeable truths, "not to hurt your fellings in the least, my dear, but for your own good," she says. Can anything equal the slow agony of the hearer when told solemnly of her best friends growing disapproval, or the ruthless criticism of her behavior at a certain swell reception, where, poor thing, she was so confident her manners were above reproach. This woman who takes such an interest in the personal welfare of others reckons little on the sickheart condition of her victim after her disinterested advice.

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