

What's the secret, some one tell
Makes the happy light so well?
Is it from the food he swallows
Or the exercise he follows?
Is it from the daily dish,
Or the unseasoned unseasoned fish?
Or comes it from the kind of haub,
Put beneath the silken sauh?
Has his habit of tea-and-water
Made him contented for slaughter?
Or comes it from the fan he twirls
Coily at the gala girls?
Or perhaps the secret lies
In his daily exercise.

TWIN SOULS.

By Ida De Lonoy.

The Story is Told at Budapest in the Present Day.

I was already growing dark; the tea hummed gaily in the samovar, and a great fire sparkled in the open hearth. A group of juitics and gentlemen was gathered around Madame Ada Okolicsanyi, the mistress of the house, discussing the subject of reincarnation.

Madame Ada Okolicsanyi, the handsomest of them all, lay negligently back in her easy chair. She was dressed in a beautiful soft white material, and had large, dreamy, nut-brown eyes. In her dark hair some freshly gathered lilies of the valley nestled tidily.

"Well, who will tell us a story to convince us all?" asked Countess Rolla, holding her tiny nez-retour in still higher in the air than was its wont.

"I don't believe in reincarnation," said a poet. "It is impossible that one should ever see even once during a lifetime—remember one's pre-existence—that far away past."

"Why not?" ventured the fashionable critic. "If one knew to what end one was born again, life would cease to be a trial. There would be absolutely no need in the second life, and it would be nearly impossible to fail."

"There you are wrong," interrupted the low, even voice of Adam Doroslay. "If you were wrong, I would be silent in his career, and only listened to the various opinions of the company. You are wrong," he repeated. "Just the fact that one remembers, that in one's heart of hearts there always exists a longing for all that was sweet and delicious in one's former existence—just that makes men miserable."

"What a curious idea!" said one of the ladies.

Ada Okolicsanyi laughed hysterically.

"Are you one of those who remember?" she asked sarcastically.

He looked at her; he gazed into the fathomless depths of her dreamy eyes, and let his glance rest for a moment on the beauty of her rich chestnut hair.

"Yes," he answered, after a pause. "I had an experience which I shall never forget."

"If a dream is to be believed," cried the little Countess, strutting her shoulders.

"He sits in his corner all the afternoon like an old grumbling bear, and now he ridicules us. But mind, sir," she added, turning to him with a bright smile, "if you wish to be forgiven for your reprehensible conduct, it shall only be on one condition; you must tell us that interesting experience."

Adam Doroslay moved back into the shadow somewhat frightened.

"This is pure cruelty," said he, hesitating. "We have heard so many thrilling tales on this subject to-day that mine would surely prove a failure."

"Ah, you only want to get out of it! But that won't do. We have suffered enough before now because of your heartless cynicism; now it is our turn to make you suffer. Ada, dear," continued she, turning to the lady of the house, "do make him tell us that story!"

"Please begin it," said Ada, but her voice sounded cold and hard.

"Must it be?" he asked playfully.

"Well, he is to begin. Only, I warn you, Countess Rolla, that my story will be anything but interesting."

He left the place where he had been sitting, and leaned with his back against the mantelpiece.

The flames threw small, flickering lights upon the foreign weapons hanging about upon the walls; the netcases of ivory, the samurai swords, the kris from Malay and the Scotch claymores that had been brought home by Ada's husband from his various travels abroad.

"A thousand years ago," began Adam Doroslay, "everything was different from what it is nowadays. The roads had not been superseded by the railways; and the air was not dirty from the breathing of flying giants. Thus it happened that I, a knight, found myself one day sitting upon the back of a dark chestnut mare, at the entrance of a white marble castle, the many towers of which reached above the top of the gigantic cypripediums.

"The great portonilla was fastened; the drawbridge which had to be let down from the inside was drawn up, and the two marble lions near the gate seemed to have been petrified just in the act of springing.

"The people of those days very seldom went to pay each other a visit, and I could give no other sign of my arrival, so I turned my horse and began to play and sing. The notes of my song went flying to the pointed towers, like so many white doves; and as if by some magic the iron gate rose and the sliding bridge of the entrance, studded with silver nails, fell down before me.

"I passed through three or four courtyards; in each of them a fountain was throwing its silvery stream into the air; then I turned to the left and came in view of a large staircase. I released the bridle of my horse and raised the visor of my helmet. And this was what I saw:

"On the floor in the centre of the large open hall a beautiful queen was sitting amidst her ladies in waiting. She had a dress of soft, pure, clinging material that looked dazzling white in the sunshine, and in her dark, silky

hair a bunch of lilies of the valley was nestling.

"Upon each side of the staircase young cavaliers and knights thronged. Their dresses were beset with sparkling stones and mine was dusty from the long journey.

"Two servants brought a velvet cushion, and placed it at the feet of the queen. I knelt down upon it and gave her the message with which I had been sent to her.

"She was very kind to me. She took my hand in her tiny one, and bade me rise from my kneeling position. She had a sweet, bewitching voice, which went through me like music. But I kept my eyes bent on the ground, for I feared that her great beauty, which had already taken away all my courage, would take all my senses away, too.

"The heralds at that moment blew their trumpets, and the queen motioned me to her side. She desired me to take part in and to be her companion at the great dinner.

"We went into another large hall that was quite open on one side, overlooking the mighty sea. In the middle of it there stood a table, which was nearly breaking down under the weight of rich silver; vases, bowls, goblets and dishes, all of the most beautiful and gorgeous designs. Upon one of the latter—as was the fashion in those days—was placed the head of an ox wreathed with laurel. Near each dish stood chalices of artistic design for the golden juice of grapes.

"The queen broke off a piece of white delicate bread, gave it to me, and bade me come afterward to the table. Her hand trembled as she held the gigantic goblet, which was filled with a sparkling, ruby colored wine to her lips. She only drank one draught of it, then she gave it to me. A sweet surprise came upon me. I sought the spot which her red mouth had touched. I pressed my hungry lips to it and drank the whole contents at one draught, and I became quite intoxicated.

"Everything I saw appeared, the color of roses—the sea, the air, the huge lines of pillars around me, the smiling faces of the elderly knights, the sweet, childish face of my queen, as she bent her lily crowned head over her plate.

"Sing us a song," said she suddenly, "relate us something about your far away country and its beautiful women. Hast thou a lady love?"

"No," said I quickly, and our eyes met.

"Then silence fell upon us. I got up from my place, a noble page brought my harp, and lo! through the strings some trembling lilies of the valley were wound lovingly. This brought a storm of joy into my heart. I looked up at the brave cavaliers and young knights alike smiling and awaited my song. And so I, the poor, penniless messenger, began to sing of love to my queen. I told her everything I felt and all that I did not dare to utter in words.

"I sang from my inmost heart, and I felt that I was understood. The knights became red with envy, the hands of the ladies dropped to their laps, and tears gathered in their eyes, and I saw that my beautiful queen was pale—pale as the lilies in her hair. Her large, dreamy eyes became intense with emotion and her sweet, small lips trembled.

"I could sing no longer. I broke off with a harmonious chord in the middle of the song.

"The wild swans, which lingered along the margin of the sea in a long, white, broken line, answered me with a loud shriek.

"A storm of applause broke out around me, goblets were freely emptied, and everybody wanted to shake hands with me. Down at our feet was heard the murmur of the sea; the sky was nearly white, except for some pink clouds on the horizon. The noble gentlemen went upstairs one by one to discuss their horses; the ladies sat around the hall and began to sing an old spinning song, full of sadness and sorrow.

"Come," said the queen in a low voice, as she touched my arm.

"We went down into the garden. The air was heavy with the smell of fresh young grass and the fragrance of roses. We wandered hand in hand upon the lawns like two timid, dreaming children. The radiance of the sun faded slowly away, the moon rose wanly in her silver dress, and yet neither of us spoke. A sweet, warm breeze came from above. The roses drooped their purple heads to us; first they gave a caress to her soft, warm cheek, then they touched my lips quizzically. I felt like a hero. I bent down my head like the roses above us, and pressed my feverish, burning lips to the snowy whiteness of her hand. And she, without a word, put her arms around my neck. The moon shone into her eyes, and I saw a great ungodly happiness in their wavy depths. How long we sat upon the grass, bank I never knew. Time went by as quickly as a wave of the open band.

"Suddenly from far off there came the sound of a horn; at first it was low and falling, but later on it became stronger and louder. A silver ray through the delicate frame of my love-

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



LITTLE MOLLY'S DREAM.

"I dreamed," said little Molly, "with face alight, and voice awailed yet joyous, 'I dreamed last night

"That I went off somewhere, And there I found Green grass and trees and flowers All growing round!

"For all the signs, wherever We had to pass, Said 'please eyes, really truly 'Keep off the grass!'

"And in the beds of flowers Along the walks, Among the pinks or pansies Or lily stalks,

"Were signs: 'Pick all the flowers You wish to, child; And I dreamed that the policeman Looked down and smiled!'"

—Emilie Poulsson, in St. Nicholas.

A PARLOR TRICK.

This is a neat and effective trick to perform before a company of men, women and children, from whom you can borrow the few materials you need. These are a silver half-dollar, a large wire hairpin, a heavy ring and a long hairpin or "stickpin."

Send the hairpin into the shape shown in the picture. Force the half-dollar into the narrow hook on one end of the hairpin, which hook you have pinched well together so that it will grip the coin tightly, and hang the ring

following day we saw some flying fish and also some porpoises, that came within ten feet of the steamer. The funny part about the porpoises was that they seemed to run a race with the Pennsylvania, as for fully a quarter of an hour we saw them swimming hard, jumping in the air, but still keeping up with us.

One day our big, jolly captain asked my sister and myself if we would like to see the captain's bridge, and we gladly accepted his invitation, as we had never been up there before. When we were at last on the bridge we saw away in the distance some smoke and, upon watching it a few minutes, we saw a smokeship appear, and then a few minutes later the whole upper part of a steamer which was coming from Europe and going to America. When at last the steamer passed us, our steamer and the other both ran up flags and signalled to each other what kind of weather they had had.

When we at last reached Plymouth, England, the steamer stopped, and those passengers who were going to get off there were taken from the Pennsylvania on a small steambote. We had expected to get off at Plymouth, too, and then go to London, but as my mother was taken seriously sick we had to go right on to Hamburg and gave up our long looked for trip.

Two days after we left England we



FOR INFANTS.

Smart babies are wearing superb traveling coats of white twilled silk. These coats are extremely long, covering the entire robe the infant is wearing. They are embroidered with white silk in small bouquets over the whole surface of the silk, and regularly spaced off. A light sheet of wool wadding lies between the outer silk and the inner lining, which may be of pink, blue or pure white. A large elder lappula, covered with finest of linen fabric, trimmed with real lace and hand embroidery, must be kept in harmony, so far as the color of silk slip, under the lawn fitted cover, and its narrow ribbon bows, if they are used, must correspond in shade as well. Vogue.

AS TO WOMEN GENERALLY.

Sometimes it seems as though young women are the most frequent offenders of good taste in the matter of loud talk and in personal conversations in public places. They tell each other about their affairs as though it were all public property, and use names of other people in an uncompromising way when they do not know but some friend of the people they are talking about is sitting right beside them. It is said but true that girls talk is usually of a frivolous nature and that they are exceedingly careless in their conversation. It is a mark of ill-breeding for a young woman to talk loudly on the street, in street cars or other public places, or to air her personalities or mention names in such places.

A PLEA FOR DIRT.

It is a recollection of his own afflictions as a child that a college professor makes a plea for dirt. Children, he avers, are tortured by the madness of mothers. They are not only scrubbed with cruel frequency, but are restrained from wholesome play by the threat of punishment for soiled clothes. Nature, he maintains, has had a good purpose in implanting in every normal child a fondness for dirt, and the constant efforts to defeat this purpose must have a deleterious influence on the character. He considers it a grave invasion of the rights of childhood to insist that the human young, who are in a state of barbarism, should look like angels on parade. "The laws of nature," he declares, "can not be constantly violated with impunity;" children who have the possibilities of a fine manhood are perverted into vain and finical peacocks by the diseased desires of mothers for unnatural cleanliness.

This this desire for excessive cleanliness is in truth pathological is affirmed by a medical writer in the London Lancet. He describes as a hatred or fear of dirt, and has no doubt that it is an infectious germ disorder. The woman whose highest ambition is to be regarded as the best housekeeper, who makes all enjoyment of the home impossible by her eternal vigilance in the matter of dust; whose mind seems incapable of entertaining any other idea than that of absolute cleanliness, is obviously afflicted with this malady, which is called mysophobia. That the disease is extending is beyond a doubt. What has been called the force of example is in fact the effect of contagion. It is chiefly because of the consequences to the children that the subject is considered worthy of attention, but there is little hope that any appeals to mother love will be effective.

FASHION NOTES.

White hand-woven pongee is one of the choicest fabrics.

Wash fabrics of all kinds are immensely fashionable.

Trimmed skirts are the rule; the plain skirt an exception.

Even the simplest little afternoon frock is simple only in effect.

Pure white Valenciennes lace is used to an unprecedented extent this season.

On the whole, the toes of shoes are more pointed and the heels a trifle higher.

The distinctive modes are modeled upon those which the Louis periods produced.

Shirtings and cordings, such as were the delight of old times, are most fashionable.

It is infinitely easier to make an effective trimmed skirt than it is to make a plain one.

Dolly Varden silk mulls are a desirable material and form a close rival of the printed nets.

Linens and ginghams and muslins of all sorts and colors are trimmed with bands of solid color.

There never was a more favorable time to wear anything that one "happens to have on hand."

New hat models show the nodding Prince of Wales's feathers at the left side of the hat or almost directly in front.

White Brussels net is one of the daintiest of the summer fabrics and is one of the most popular for both the fancy blouse and the entire gown.

White dressy gowns have extremely full skirts, growing fuller all the while, the smartest tailored effects show the fullness only around the bottom.

Those to whom the loose blouse with drooping bertha trimming is not becoming will select the newer draped bodice which has the effect of the high girde.

Traveling Comforts.

A yellow shawl like a small bolster and covered with dark sateen is a great comfort for a long journey in a day coach. A pillow of this shape fits into the window ledge and will serve as an elbow rest, as a head rest, or will ease the weary back, says the Ladies' Home Journal. A combination pillow of denim or cretonne is sewed together part of the way and stuffed for a pillow. The portion that is left open is turned up on the side of the pillow and sewed at each end, leaving a pocket into which book, fancy work or a wrap may be tucked. A strap of the same material is fastened at one end to carry it by.

A little railway comfort is a khaki-colored bag large enough to hold one's daily necessities, to be hung on a hook by the car window. It saves the frequent opening of the large traveling bag, and may contain book, work, writing pad and toilet articles.

PICTURE PUZZLE.



THE APPLE.

A giant had tried to secure from the tree of life an apple for his bride, but failed, and at last met a prince, who undertook to overcome the many obstacles and secure the coveted prize. After many adventures he was successful, and with the apple received the power to accomplish whatever he undertook. Find the giant. — Brooklyn Eagle.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL.

To an electrician one-horse power is 746 watts.

Scientists estimate that there is energy enough in fifty acres of sunshine to run the machinery of the world could it be concentrated.

From measurements made by E. Buchmetzjew we learn that the temperature of an insect may be varied within wide limits without doing harm to the insect.

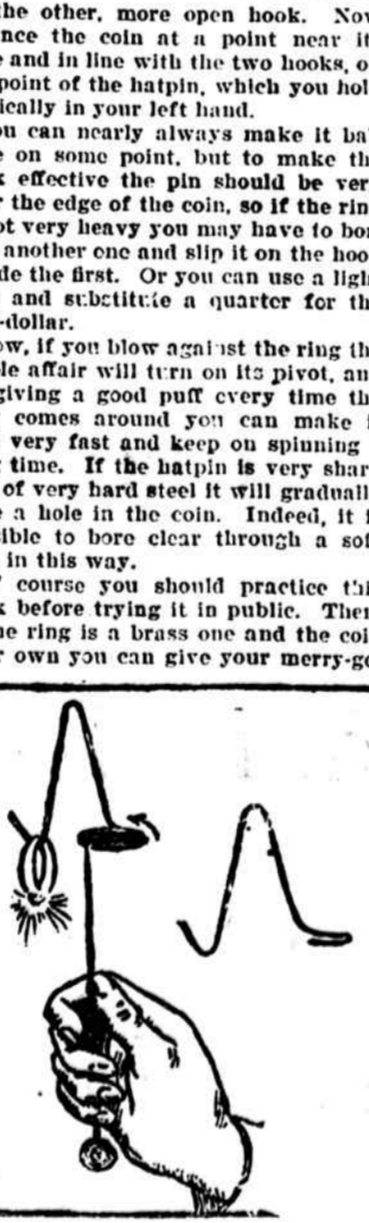
A new Swiss watch contains a tiny hard rubber phonograph plate which calls out the notes loud enough to be heard twenty feet away. Sentiment can be added by having the words recorded on the plate in the tones of a dear friend—as those of a man's wife or children.

The new arc lamp of Andre Blondel, the French engineer, claims three substantial improvements, viz.: One of the carbons contains certain salts that increase the luminosity; the positive carbon in the direct-current lamps is placed at the bottom, and a reflector encloses the upper carbon. The efficiency is much increased by these features. The light can be varied considerably and made much whiter than the ordinary arc, and the light is very brilliant and economical.

The experiments of C. Cutton, a French physicist, have shown that phosphorescence is increased by the action of a magnetic field. Phosphorescent substances prove very sensitive to magnetism, but only when the field is not uniform, and an intense but uniform field has no effect. The magnet has even been used to act upon the eye. Objects in an obscure chamber were dimly seen, and then appeared to become brighter when the magnet was brought near the eye. The X-rays, which also have this effect, were carefully screened off by lead foil. Earlier attempts to find out whether a strong magnetic field affects the human body have given only negative results, and even a magnet large enough to admit the head between the poles showed no influence.

The American Bar.

According to the United States census in 1900 there were 80,630 members of the bar in the United States, or one to every 698 of the population. According to the census of 1900 the total number was 114,703, or one to every 659 of the population. Since 1900 there has been a very considerable addition to the number of lawyers.



THE NEEDLE, COIN AND RING.

on the other, more open hook. Now balance the coin at a point near its edge and in line with the two hooks, on the point of the hatpin, which you hold vertically in your left hand.

You can nearly always make it balance on some point, but to make the trick effective the pin should be very near the edge of the coin, so if the ring is not very heavy you may have to borrow another one and slip it on the hook beside the first. Or you can use a light ring and substitute a quarter for the half-dollar.

Now, if you blow against the ring the whole affair will turn on its pivot, and by giving a good puff every time the ring comes around you can make it spin very fast and keep on spinning a long time. If the hatpin is very sharp and of very hard steel it will gradually bore a hole in the coin. Indeed, it is possible to bore clear through a soft coin in this way.

Of course you should practice this trick before trying it in public. Then, if the ring is a brass one and the coin your own you can give your merry-go-

arrived here safely, and, dear Little Men and Women, you would envy me if you had an idea how lovely it is here in the country, with the lovely forest right in front of the house we are staying at. I live quite near to the place where Bismarck used to live in the summer.

Last week I went to Hamburg, which is a half-hour by train from here, and had the honor to see Emperor William, the Empress and also four of the princes, who seemed very gay. The Emperor was going to the horse races here in Hamburg.

Yesterday I again saw a king in Hamburg, who was King Edward of England, who had been with the German Emperor to the yacht races at Kiel. I was ten feet away from him, and saw him very well.

I think, and so will you, that I have had great luck in seeing both of these persons.

As this letter is very long already, I will have to say good-bye for the summer. Hoping that you all will have a pleasant summer, yours truly,—Oiga Maria Koloff, in the New York Tribune.

SWEET TOOTH OF ANIMALS.

This love of sweets is very common in our animal neighbors, from the bee to the horse. If you want to please a horse try giving him two or three lumps of sugar. Not only the bees, but the wasps, flies, butterflies and indeed nearly all insects, are conspicuously attracted to sweets, and it is this sweet tooth which leads the insect to visit flowers and thus help them to produce seeds.—From Nature and Science, in St. Nicholas.

Should Pay For Publicity.

Newspaperdom, that excellent New York publication that is always giving good advice to editors and publishers, has positively advocated that newspapers charge their own towns for the publicity they may give them. Many cities that do not have support their papers want those papers to give a great deal of free publicity to the cities and do an enormous amount of shouting for the cities for nothing. Of course, every paper should support its home town, but if the town refuses to support the paper, then it is inconsistent to expect that the paper should support the town. If a newspaper has any money to give away, it should give it to the most deserving. A newspaper's space is its money. If the town is in need of charity, it would be a wise thing for the publisher to pull up stakes and get out. It is scarcely proper that a paper should give its money to a city. This is certainly a correct view of the matter. However, as many papers seem desirous of giving their space away to all kinds of enterprises, it would be better for them to give it to the home town.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

Reinbeck, near Hamburg, Germany.

Dear Little Men and Little Women—Now that I have at last arrived here in Germany I will write you a letter to tell you what kind of a trip I had over, and also how I like Germany, as I know that some of the Tribune's Little Men and Little Women would like to know what one of their friends is doing.

The Pennsylvania, the steamer I came over on, took exactly two weeks to cross, but as we had a very pleasant voyage, this did not matter much. About five days after we left New York I saw a large whale in the distance, and it was very interesting to see how he spouted up the water. The