

* The Limit of Lands. *

By ANDREW LANG.

Between the circling ocean sea
And the poplars of Persephone
There lies a strip of barren sand,
Flocked with the sea's last spray and
straw.

With waste leaves of poplars, blown
From gardens of the shadow land.
With altars of old sacrifice
The shore is set in mournful wise—
The mists upon the ocean hood;
Between the water and the air
The clouds are born that float and
fade
Between the water and the wood.

Upon the gray sea never sail
Of mortals passed within our hall,
Where the last weak waves faint and
flow.
We heard within the porter pale
The murmur of a doubtful wail
Of voices level so long ago.

We scarce had care to die or live,
We had no honey, cake to give,
No wine of sacrifice to shed;
There lies no new path over sea,
And now we know how faint they
be,
The faints and voices of the Dead.

Ah, flowers and dance! Ah, sun and snow!
Glad life, sad life, we did forego
To dream of quietness and rest;
Ah, would the fleet sweet roses here
Poured light and perfume through the
drear
Pale year, and wan land of the west.

Sad youth, that let the spring go by
Because the spring is swift to fly;
Sad youth, that feared to mourn or
love,
Should have rather far is this,
To know that rest is noise blas,
And darkness is the end thereof.

David and Jonathan.

By COSMA HAMILTON.

Glynde and Hilgay, whose friend-
ships that of David and Jonathan
to the right about, were rated to be
pitted against each other in every-
thing.

They remained their friendship by
blackness and white's cross when
Glynde was nine and Hilgay ten.
They both played cricket. Hilgay's
most brilliant innings for Cambridge
were stopped at 88 by a magnificent
catch by Glynde, of the Oxford eleven.

Naturally enough, it came to pass
that Glynde and Hilgay fell in love
with the same girl. At least, that is
only my way of putting it. Glynde
and Hilgay would tell you, if they
liked you well enough to discuss the
matter with you, that they were in
love with the only girl in the world.
Men in love are never accurate.

There was, to both of them, a touch
of tragedy about this last coincidence.
They were dining in town together
on an off evening to see the "Man of
Many Collars," at the Alhambra after-
wards.

With something of bluntness Hilgay
had said, "Jack, I'm in love."
Jack Glynde put down his cigar and
turned very pale.

"I don't believe you. It's—it's ab-
surd."
"Absurd? Good heavens, why?"
said Hilgay.

"Because I am, too, and were dead
certain to be in love with the same
girl."

A little chilled silence fell upon the
two men. For a moment they sat
looking at each other, superstitious
horror in the eyes of both. Neither
dared to ask what was her name.

Glynde waited for Hilgay to give
the name and Hilgay for Glynde. At
last they made a simultaneous move-
ment. Their theatre tickets were in
their pockets, but, with that tacit
understanding which can only exist
between bosom friends, they turned
away from the Alhambra and made
for the Embankment. Each felt that
air was a necessity. The Embankment
is the only place in London
where it can be found.

For an hour, arm-in-arm, they
paced the flagstones. Sometimes
Glynde's hand would close hard on
Hilgay's arm, as though to say,
"Whatever happens, old man, nothing
matters," and sometimes Hilgay
would squeeze Glynde's hand tight
against his ribs, and Glynde knew
that he was saying, "Whoever she is,
old man, we are pale to the end." It
is well said that the love of one man
for another passes the love of woman.
These two never really knew what
their friendship meant until the
woman came into their lives.

With a sudden inspiration Hilgay
took out half-a-crown.
"Heads or tails, Jack?" he said.
"Heads!" said Jack.

Teddy Hilgay uncovered. It was
tails.

"You must tell me her name, old
man," he said. Glynde cleared his
throat, took Hilgay's arm, and started
walking away from the Embankment
at four miles an hour towards the Ox-
ford and Cambridge Club.

On the steps of the club Glynde
made a mighty effort.

"End Allerton," he said, and then
looked sharply round at Teddy. He
saw a wave of blood fly into his face,
and felt his arm tremble.

"Good Lord!" said Hilgay.
"Why, what's the joke? What's
your girl's name?"

"End Allerton," said Hilgay.

"Good heavens, isn't the world
large enough for us both?" Glynde's
face was twitching and his eyes
blazed. "What have we done? What's
the matter with us? What's wrong
with the world? Why, in heaven's
name, should we always come up
against each other? Do you hear?
Why the blazes can't you fall in love
with any of the million other girls
there are knocking about?"

Hilgay sprang to his feet angrily.
"You can't talk," he cried furiously.
"You blacked my eyes, and won the
beastly cup. Surely to goodness
that's bad enough, without your crop-

ping up now and cutting in with the
only girl I've ever loved in this
world."

They glared at each other like two
angry bulls, and then simultaneously
burst out laughing. Again simulta-
neously they hit the bell and broke
the thing, and as the water boiled in
with a seared look they each yelled
for a soda.

These arrived before they had got
through with their laugh, and as the
water left the room they silently
clipped glasses and drank.

"Cigarette?" Glynde shoved his
case across the table.

"Thanks, old man," said Hilgay.

For several thoughtful moments
the two sat blowing rings. Glynde
looked his friend up and down curi-

ously, and thought, with a certain
pride, what a good-looking, clean-
limbed chap he was. He could well
imagine what a poor chance he would
stand against a man with Teddy's
kind of nose, eyes and hair. Then,
too, he was so ripingly sunburnt,
and he had always heard—he under-
stood none of the idiosyncrasies of
girls himself—that sunburn went a
long way. He suddenly caught Hil-
gay's calculating eye.

And then Teddy ran over Jack.
"Not a dog's chance against a man
like Jack," thought Hilgay. "Look
at that nose, those eyes and that hair
—and the way he tans is simply im-
mense. By gad, too, I never noticed
before what awfully decent hands and
feet he's got."

Thus both men sat, running up a
long list of the other's qualifications
which each considered he did not pos-
sess.

"Who is to propose first?" said
Glynde abruptly.

"Spin a coin," said Hilgay.
Glynde laughed. "What? Even
in this case?"

"Why not? We've always done it
hitherto."

"Very well, old man. And if you
win the toss, I wish you all the luck
I know you'd wish me."

"Thanks," said Hilgay.

They got up. Their healthy faces
were extremely cheerful expressions,
expressions of sporting keenness, hon-
esty and a desire to do their level
best.

A man called Carbis came in wear-
ing evening dress and a bashful grin.
He had been at Eton with Glynde and
at Christ Church with Hilgay. They
both disliked him intensely. For all

that, he was a very decent chap, play-
ing tennis with the best of them, and
sang songs like an angel with a sense
of humor.

"Hallo, you chaps."
"Hallo," said Glynde and Hilgay
together.

"Jolly night, isn't it?"
"Jolly," said Glynde.

"Very jolly," said Hilgay.
"You two chaps look jolly, too,"
Carbis grinned at them so widely and
unaffectedly that it was almost
possible for them to see his heart.

"We feel jolly," said Glynde.
"Very jolly," said Hilgay.

Instinctively they both made a
move towards the door.

Carbis began to tweak his fingers
nervously, although the beam was
still on his face. "I say," he said,
"you fellows, you might give me a
minute if you haven't anything better
to do. Will you, please?"

Glynde and Hilgay turned back.
After all, he had been to Eton with
Glynde and Cambridge with Hilgay.
Besides, he sang a jolly good song.
They returned his grin with some cor-
diality.

Then Carbis became flustered. "Er—
I'm—I'm intensely happy, and as
you chaps have always been my idea
of men, and I've always liked you
both extremely, I should very much
like you to be the first to—to know
why I'm—I'm intensely happy—er—
and to drink me good luck, and that
kind of thing. Will you, please?"

"Rather, old man," said Glynde,
heartily.

"I should think we would, Carbis,
old boy," said Hilgay.

"You will? Oh, now come, that's
nice of you both. I'm going to be
married. The day was fixed to-night.
She's really and truly—the only girl
in the world."

Glynde and Hilgay exchanged
glances of sympathetic amusement.

"Be good enough to wish me happi-
ness and long life, don't you know.
It's a jolly old English institution,
and I've known you two—first one
and then the other—for the best part
of my life so far."

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Hoboes En Route.

By A. No. 1.

One evening, after being driven out
from under the "Overland Limited,"
we climbed into a box car loaded with
lumber on a freight going East. We
closed the door, and after pulling
some of the lumber against it in
such a fashion that the brakeman
looking for a rake-off (a dollar tax
levied on tramps by train crews)
couldn't open it, we laid ourselves
upon the lumber. Soon the train
began to get under headway, and at
each jolt of the trucks, up and down,
sideways and crossways, the lumber
would follow suit, only a little harder,
as before it had time to settle, after
each jolt, the next one would send it
dying again into the air.

Poor Bobby! This was his first ex-
perience as a box-car tourist. He
had often complained to me after
riding underneath the limited flyers
about the sand, cinders and rocks that
were hitting him, but this ride was a
new experience, and he groaned: "Oh,
A No. 1, I wish we could get out of
this forsaken old rattlebox. Let's
get off at the next stop and take the
Overland." He kept on bothering me
so much that I had to tell him that
in the deserts passenger trains make
mighty few stops, and that we might
have to wait a week or longer at a
lone depot before we could catch an-
other ride; and that coyotes would
make short work of us should they
catch us after dark. Only by thus
scaring him could I persuade him to
wait until we reached the end of the
division. The very next day, after
being driven off at a lone water tank,
we were forced once more to take a
freight car.

We found this one loaded with
large lump coal. Here poor Bobby
suffered agony, because the coal, being
packed solid to the floor, exactly
responds to every jolt of the springs
of the car make, and as this kind of a
load reaches below the centre line,
the top of the car tumbles from side
to side, straining, creaking and groan-
ing. Bobby was groaning, too; it was
too much for him. He shouted to
me, over the infernal noises: "A No.
1, that lumber car yesterday allowed
us to lie at least flat on our backs,
but these miserable coal lumps won't
even permit this, and the racket is
making me deaf."

But, poor boy, he didn't know
there is a limit in tough box-car rid-
ing, and that very night we had a
chance to try this limit. We had
climbed into a box car loaded with
rough, coated pig iron. It's a bad
proposition to ride and worse when
the car is overloaded, as this one
surely was. The springs seemed to
have been forgotten when the car
was built, and poor Bobby's lamen-
tations were an unmistakable mea-
surement as to what is the limit of
misery in riding in box cars.

He shouted to me over the jump-
ing, thumping, racket-raising pig-
iron bars: "Every bone in my body
is aching, my insides are all broken
loose, my back is all twisted, I can't
stand, sit up, or lie down to rest on
these rough, jolting pig-iron bars.
Don't you wish we had that coal car
to ride again instead of this one?"
From "Bobby Lee," in The Bohemian
Magazine.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A good guesser always boasts of his
intuition.

If at first you don't succeed, blame
it on your luck.

Don't worry, and you'll have nothing
to worry you.

A girl's ideal is naturally shattered
when he goes broke.

If you have any doubts about a
strange bed look before you sleep.

Of course the best thing with which
to feather your nest is cash down.

A married man can always get a
little off his sentence for bad be-
havior.

Lots of politeness is wasted on
people who are too sick to be taken
in by it.

Even when a woman feels she is
worth her weight in gold she hates to
get fat.

If wishes were horses there
wouldn't be any room in the world
for automobiles.

Virtue, being its own reward, you
can't very well blame a man if he is
good for nothing.

The fellow who was weighed in the
balance and found wanting must have
neglected to drop a cent in the slot.

Some men can't even find fault
without acting as though they had
discovered something to be proud of.

When a fellow feels like throwing
himself down and worshipping a girl
he should wait. She will probably
throw him down herself.—From "The
Musings of a Gentle Cynic," in the
New York Times.

She Took a Pair.

"How much are those shoes?"
asked the lady who had the reputa-
tion of being a keen shopper.

"Those shoes are not for sale," re-
plied the salesman, who had some-
thing of a reputation, too. "We're
giving them away with every pair of
shoe laces at \$3.50."—Judge.



ROLLED FILLETS OF MUTTON.

Cut slices from a raw leg of mutton one-half inch thick. Mix seasoned bread crumbs with a beaten egg and place a spoonful of the paste on each slice. Roll up the slices and fasten them with small skewers or toothpicks; bake them three-quarters of an hour in a hot oven, basting frequently.—American Cooking Magazine.

CORN, TOMATOES AND ONIONS.

Slice white onions and let stand in salt water for half an hour, then drain. Take an equal quantity of sliced tomatoes and twice as much corn cut from the cob. Put in layers in a buttered deep dish, seasoning well with salt and pepper. Bake in a moderate oven, covered, for an hour, then uncover and brown.—American Cooking Magazine.

SALMON WITH CAPER SAUCE.

Mix two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley and one teaspoonful of chopped onion with one-half cup of olive oil. Pour a little of the mixture over each salmon cutlet and let stand for two hours. Wrap the cutlets in large pieces of oiled paper and broil carefully over a slow fire.

Make a drawn-butter sauce; add to each cup of sauce, one tablespoonful of capers and season with salt and pepper.—American Cooking Magazine.

CHARTREUSE OF CHICKEN.

Mix together one cupful of finely chopped, cooked chicken, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, dash of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of tomato juice, one-half teaspoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and one beaten egg. Line a buttered pudding mold with a one-inch thickness of boiled rice. Fill the centre with the chicken mixture and cover with rice until even with the top of dish. Cover and cook in the steamer for forty-five minutes. Serve with a tomato sauce.—American Cooking Magazine.

HAM A LA NEIGE.

Five ounces of lean ham, one-quarter gill of milk or cream, one tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of dry mustard, four eggs, one-half teaspoonful powdered sweet herbs and pinch of spice. Chop ham very fine, mix with herbs, spice and mustard, beat up two whole eggs and yolks of two others; when well beaten add the milk or cream, all but a tablespoonful of the chopped ham. Melt the butter, grease a pudding dish, sprinkle with a few brownbread crumbs, put in mixture, place in moderate oven for ten minutes or long enough to set. Beat up the two remaining whites to a stiff froth. Mix in the tablespoonful of chopped ham, pile it on top, cover it over and bake for another eight minutes.—American Cooking Magazine.



Cold water dashed on the face and chest each morning gives the same tonic effect as the cold plunge without danger of shock.

The deep recess of a window completely filled with growing ferns makes an enticing spot of greenery in a home of any dimensions.

Learn to relax if you would be free of lines in your face and cheat old age. Most of us keep ourselves at tension, mental and physical.

Vegetables, like beets and green corn, that contain sugar do not keep well and should be eaten as soon as possible after they are picked.

An ordinary polish for silverware is made of alcohol and whiting. It will also serve excellently for polishing plate glass and mirrors.

If relaxing exercises will take the kinks out of your face, relaxation—the kind best suited to your taste—will remove kinks from your soul.

Eyebrows should not be neglected. Use a fine brush on them each night, pinch between the fingers into a delicate line, and rub in vaseline if thin.

Smoked ceilings can be cleansed with a cloth wrung out of water in which a little ammonia and a small piece of washing soda have been dissolved.

The green and blue combination is creeping into house-furnishing schemes and is being carried out in some very interesting and livable rooms.

Place lettuce in a tin pail, sprinkle with a little cold water and put on cover. Set pail in top of refrigerator, right against the ice, if possible. Will keep perfectly fresh for a week or more.