

# HEART'S DELIGHT.

BY MARION DICKINSON.

There was the constant passing of footsteps and the sound of merry laughter in the halls of Mrs. McCallum's rambling old-fashioned house; a snatch of college song, sung by fresh young voices, floated up the moon-flecked road; from the distant gymnasium came the throbb of languorous music, but the ten young women in one of the upper rooms of the college boarding house were oblivious to outside sounds.

The little feast was over, the candles were burning low beneath the dainty pink shades, the scent of fading roses was heavy on the air, but still they sat absorbed in the recital of what use each had made of the ten years that intervened between their graduation and this night.

Delight Everett sat with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, and as one and another spoke, sympathy, admiration and affectionate pride were mirrored in her changeable face. How nobly the girls had lived, how well they had fulfilled the promise of their college days! And through it all she felt the familiar influence of the dear room that once she had shared with Lettice Clayton, who now presided at this feast of remembrance.

It was kind of Mrs. McCallum to arrange matters so that the reassembling should be in the place that had witnessed the last gathering of their college days; it was thoughtful of the present tenants to relinquish the room to these returning girls of '91. And then, at that instant, she was conscious of the gala sounds that proclaimed the high tide of the college commencement, and for an instant she forgot the years that separated her from that night so long ago.

Nine sighs of relieved tension greeted the conclusion of Judith Graves' exciting story of the winning of her first case, and a babel of questions and congratulations rose about the table. Surely Judith's triumph shed a reflected glory upon those intimate friends who had always appreciated the brilliant intellect, even in the old college days. Did not the waiting toast to the most successful belong to her? Do light wondered.

But then there was Henrietta Soule, already taking an important place among the faculty of her alma mater; and Mary Lowell, a successful physician, spending every moment that she could spare from her large practice in work among the suffering poor. The balance wavered here.

And what of Lettice Clayton, spending her time and strength in a college settlement; and Dorothy Tait, whose delightful kindergarten made a spot of brightness in barren little Hives; Eleanor Day, just returned from Paris, fresh from the triumph her spirited pictures had won; Laura Dennison and Rose Abbott, happy in their married life and the love and care of little children; and Cecelia Merton, whose lovely voice not long since had thrilled them with its richness and its power.

Delight sighed again from excess of joy. The day had been full of the happiness of revisiting beloved scenes and renewing old friendships, for the daughters of '91 had returned in large numbers, and class feeling had proved itself strong to withstand the years. But this evening was the crown of all, and in a few moments they would carry out the old resolve to toast the one of their number who had made the best use of her time and talents since last they had parted. But oh, how difficult it would be to choose!

Delight suddenly awoke from her absorption to find laughing eyes turned upon her.

"I beg your pardon," she stammered with a bright flush. "Did you speak to me?"

"We are waiting to hear your story, Delight," Lettice said, gently. "Then we will put the question to vote."

"My story?" Delight had forgotten that she must testify. And what could she say? Ah, what a pitiful, meager record beside those of these fuller, richer lives! None of the hopes with which she had crossed the threshold of college life had been fulfilled; she had cultivated no talent until it had become a minister to the sum of beauty.

She rose, as had the others, but stood silently, twisting her fingers in the old way that the women about her remembered tenderly. Then she looked appealingly about and laughed—a tremulous little laugh.

"Dear girls," she said, a bit unsteadily. "I have no story to tell, for I have just lived along in Durham and the record of life in Durham would not interest you."

Before any protest could be raised, they were surprised by a tap at the door, and Delight, being upon her feet, moved to answer it, glad of the interruption.

"O Mrs. McCallum," they heard her say, with sweet cordiality in her tone. Then she stepped into the hall and drew the door shut. No one spoke or stirred until the door swung open again and Delight stood holding the knob.

"If you will not mind, I must leave you for a few minutes," she said. "Grandma McCallum wishes to speak to me before she goes to sleep. Don't wait for me, girls. If I stayed, I couldn't decide which one has done the most nobly, for I wonder at you all."

She glanced about at the garlands of roses which Eleanor had hung upon the walls, at the twinkling candles, at the faces turned affectionately toward her. What a wonderful evening it had been, and each had contributed to its perfection. Through the open windows she could see the glimmer of lights upon the campus, and the sound of music and gay voices mingled with the sigh of the night wind in the trees. She

treasured it all in this moment, that its remembrance might bring gladness in the coming years, for when she returned the spell would be broken, and all that remained would be to say good night and good-by.

When the door closed behind the slim, white figure, Lettice Clayton rose abruptly at the head of the table.

The girls looked at her in surprise and inquiry. Would she propose the toast at once? Not one but would have waited indefinitely for Delight's return. Nothing was complete without Delight.

Lettice looked from one to another with a curious expression. "Perhaps Delight Everett is the last person competent to tell her own story," she said, with a thrill in her voice. "If you are willing, I should like to tell you something of this quiet life in Durham."

"Do tell us, Lettice!" urged Dorothy, and the rest nodded.

"Perhaps you remember that it was the desire of Delight's life to go into settlement work with me," Lettice began, "and I know of no one who would be better fitted for the work. Besides, she was an orphan, and seemed unusually free to follow her wishes. But the summer after graduation the aunt who had made a home for Delight during vacations fell sick, and Delight would not leave her. It proved to be a lingering illness filled with intense suffering, and through it all the poor woman clung to Delight as to her only hope and comfort. For three years Delight devoted herself to this mission, going the housework as well, for the doctor's bills were heavy and the family purse was shallow."

She stopped a moment, and her eyes grew tender, while the others waited in silence.

"I saw Delight once in that time," she said, softly. "She was the same dear Delight—no word of complaint, no sigh for her deferred hopes, no consciousness of sacrifice, just 'sunshine in a shady place.' It was only when she was listening to the stories of my work she begged for that, that I caught a glimpse of her hope denied. But if you could have heard what the poor sufferer said one morning in her absence! 'Girls'—she threw out her hands dramatically—'what would I give to have such things said about me!'"

Lettice stood turning a rose in her fingers while she waited to recover her voice, her eyes looking beyond the drooping petals of the flower.

"I went to Durham again," she continued, "when I heard that the poor woman was at rest. This time I expected to carry Delight away with me. The work needed her—I needed her. But I found somebody else had established a prior claim. I can not leave poor uncle," she said to me, with her bright, brave smile. "He is so desolate and so helpless."

"When I urged that there were others who might shoulder that burden, she shook her head. 'Uncle is peculiar,' she answered, 'and if one did not know him well, one might not understand, and might be impatient.'"

The narrator laughed out suddenly. "'Peculiar' she cried. 'He was a wizened little creature, but possessed of a cantankerous spirit quite gigantic. Indeed, if Delight had not stayed at the helm, I doubt if anybody could have been found who would take charge of that terrible old man. And there our dear Delight has stayed, caring for him as tenderly as if he had been her father, and finding time, too, to spend her love and sympathy upon every needy creature in that little town. And now, at last, Delight is free, for her uncle died this spring, leaving her the poor little farm as a token that—somewhere in his gnarled and twisted soul—he acknowledged her loving service. And this is why Delight has no story to tell of the past ten years.'"

Judith Graves looked across at the narrator with eyes that were suspiciously bright. "She hath chosen the better part," she murmured.

"I have so often wondered that Delight did not marry," sighed Rose Abbott. "She would make a wonderful wife and mother."

Lettice opened her lips impulsively, then closed them again. Not even to her had Delight confided the full extent of her duty. But she remembered the day when her cousin, Dr. Phillip Clayton, had come to tell her that he must go alone to complete the preparation in Vienna which should make him more skillful in his beloved profession.

"And she used to sing so charmingly, not a brilliant voice, but wondrously touching," mused Cecelia Merton.

"Oh, Delight still sings," said Lettice, whimsically. "She leads and trains the village choir, and every week she goes to sing to the forlorn souls at the poor farm—not a trained voice, but they enjoy it."

"And now what will Delight do?" asked Eleanor Day.

Lettice thought of the letter with a foreign postmark, which had reached her that day. "She goes to Russell House with me until somebody else puts in a claim," she answered, with inward wonder whether Delight would recognize her right to listen to the call to happiness.

Mary Lowell looked thoughtfully up at her. "It seems to me that we shall have no difficulty in deciding who is worthy of our toast," she said, gravely. "There is but one of our number who has put aside her own hopes for the good of others. No matter what the rest of us have accomplished, it was all in the line of our personal plans, ambitions, pleasures. Girls"—she looked about at the assenting circle—"I propose that we wait a little longer before drinking the toast. Undoubtedly Grandma McCallum has sent for Delight to quiet her with a hymn, as she used to do in the old days. Suppose we frustrate this little sacrifice—for it is a real one—by delaying until her return."

A chorus of acclamation greeted the proposal, and in the midst of the clamor the door opened, and Delight paused in surprise on the threshold. "You dear girls," she cried, "did you really wait for me?"

"We really did," and Henrietta Soule beckoned her to her place. As she reached it, the girls rose; Lettice lifted her glass of lemonade. "To the one who 'seeketh not her own,'" she said, clearly—"our Heart's Delight!"

Across the brimming glasses affectionate eyes were turned upon the girl, so self-forgetful, so generous, so swift in loving service, so slow to claim reward, so well-beloved.

"Why, girls," gasped Delight, growing very pale. "Why, girls?"—Youth's Companion.

## A Woman Among Women.

The well-worn talk about woman's sphere sounds poor and empty as one recalls the tasks to which the late Mrs. Livermore set her hand and the interests for which she made room in her heart. Editor, reformer, organizer, nurse, orator, patriot, and above and beyond all, a matchless friend, mother and wife—she was a living demonstration of the fact, that today in our great country, a woman's field is bounded only by her powers—not by the straight fence of convention or by the high walls of prejudice. Mrs. Livermore did great deeds because she was a great woman and fit for them.

With all her multifarious occupations and her devotion to public duty as it came to her, she remained woman to the core of her heart. There was no unsexing here. Telling through a winter lecturing tour, she was capable of talking all night long with a young woman friend, teaching in a remote country village—talking as only Mrs. Livermore could talk of work and love and country and the unquenchable hope of human betterment which was her lifelong stimulus.

When dawn broke in the east, she could say smilingly, "We've had a good night," and set forth with cheerful serenity for her day's work.

Friendship had its just dues at her hands, and no pressure of public activity made her disloyal to its high joys. The full secret of her eloquence has never been fathomed. It was surely in part this very act of irradiating the great truths she uttered by the light of personal, womanly imagination which was her birthright.

In her speech there was no such thing as abstract truth. Freedom, temperance, purity were all alive under her touch. Vice and greed struck before the fire of her words.

Sincerity was not merely a quality of her oratory—it was the oratory itself. What she spoke she was. She will be remembered long for what she said and what she did, but longer yet for what she was.—Youth's Companion.

## A Potpourri of Fruit.

A few hints may help those who wish to try again after having failed to succeed in keeping a potpourri of fruit.

Fermentation, followed by the inevitable scalding which was sometimes permanently effectual—sometimes otherwise—seems to have been the rule last year. I think the unsatisfactory condition of all fruit had much to do with this state of things.

For an alcoholic potpourri, one pint of brandy should be sufficient to preserve a gallon of fruit; rum may be substituted by those who enjoy its strong and insistent flavor. Before each addition of fruit and sugar mix and leave it in a warm place till the sugar is entirely dissolved and a thick syrup is formed. The ideal way to accomplish this is to set the mixture in the sun (under a netting) for from twelve to twenty-four hours. This insures keeping qualities, prevents "sloppiness" and makes stirring unnecessary beyond that given when adding each new portion to the whole mass. For those who object to the alcohol, a cooked potpourri may be made of early summer, and later those which are in season then plums, pears, peaches and oranges, with juice of grapes; yet the result is of the nature of a compromise. Take in all four pounds of prepared fruit—strawberries or cherries, pineapple, apricots or any fruit you prefer. Keep each kind separate. Press three quarts of juice from raspberries, currants, blackberries, blueberries—two or more as you prefer. Strain, mix with five pounds of sugar and simmer in this each fruit separately till it is tender, then remove it. After all have been cooked, reduce the syrup by boiling till it is thick then turn the fruit back all together, boil ten minutes and seal in jars.—Good Housekeeping.

How to Care for the Feet in Hot Weather.

BY DR. DR. LEWIS MORISS.

Summer is called the trying season for feet. This is because of a curious reason that has its parallel in nature. It is in the spring that sap, which is the blood of trees, begins to flow freely after the half sleeping state of the previous winter. The cold of the winter has contracted the feet. In the early summer the new warmth causes them to expand, which is the reason that chiropodists are hearing the universal complaint, "My feet are so swollen, what shall I do?"

The part of wisdom is to wear the most comfortable pair of shoes you can find. If you still suffer from swollen and aching feet, try the old remedy that was in vogue at the time of the famous six-day walking matches. My father treated some of the champions of that time, and when they came to him with blistered, swollen, aching feet, he bathed the affected members with a simple solution that gave instant relief.

Take two quarts of elder vinegar; five cents worth of Fuller's earth; a pinch of alum. Boil the vinegar until it has boiled down to half its original quantity. Pour the Fuller's earth and alum into it, shake it well and set it in some convenient place where you can frequently give it the vigorous shaking it requires. The boiling requires a day and the solution is not ready for use until it has stood for two more days and been frequently shaken. The vinegar and Fuller's earth reduce the inflammation and

soothe the feet and the alum harden and shrink them slightly.

The formula of the Red Cross and septic foot powder is the same or similar to one which my father used for these same contestants in six-day walking matches: Zinc stearate, salicylic acid, boracic acid, eucalyptol (distilled), pulverized iodoform. It is a good plan to bathe the feet every night before retiring in warm water with a little borax in it. In the morning bathe them again in tepid water with this time dashing cold water on their feet after ward.

Things Worth Knowing.

That a little saucer of fresh charcoal kept in the refrigerator helps to keep it sweet.

That a cup of dried orange added to currant jelly sauce for venison or mutton gives a surprising pleasant flavor.

That whipped cream heated on a freshly made squash pie and before serving adds greatly to its appearance and flavor.

That a freshly made custard split and filled with boiled sweetened apples, flowing and frosted with chocolate is delicious. Children do not think so.

To Improve Baked Beans. Add one cup of cream to a pot of baked beans the last hour of baking.

Add one quart of tomato to a pot of beans, and add the sugar instead of molasses, when preparing beans for baking.

Add maple syrup instead of sugar or molasses to sweeten them.

Add an onion or two to a pot of beans as it is put into the oven.

Salad Dressing.

Salad Dressing. A very good salad dressing and one that is not expensive may be made in the following manner: Stir one tablespoon of flour with a little cold milk. Add one cup of hot water, four tablespoons of boiling water, and cook these together over hot water, two minutes. In a separate dish, beat the yolks of four eggs well. Add one-fourth a cup of sugar, one tablespoon of mustard, salt and pepper to taste. Beat these well and add to the first mixture. Then remove from the fire and stir the whole mixture into half a cup of brandy vinegar, slowly.

After this has been done, return the dressing to the stove, and cook for a few minutes. This dressing is quite thick when cool and can be placed in a glass jar and kept a long time in a cool place.—Boston Cooking School.

Economic Side of Housekeeping.

To a young married woman whose husband grumbled at the ever-increasing gas bills, the inventor who sent a note from the gas office to see what the trouble was, said: "Little things count for much in keeping you as bill within reasonable limits. For instance, while I have been talking to you I have noticed that two circles of flame are burning white on your gas stove and that there is nothing cooking on the stove. Never light your flame until whatever you have to cook is all ready. Don't light the flame first and then let the kettle.

One minute's waste may seem trifling, but multiply it by 30 days in a month and then by the number of months in a year, and you will find that needless habits are formed, and the total adds materially to the amount of your bill. When the kettle boils lower the flame.

In preparing for painters and paper hangers there are several things to be borne in mind. Cleaning for painting should be thoroughly done as dark marks show through. Old wall paper should be entirely removed from a wall before the new goes on. Accumulated layers of papers each with its own layer of dust and microbes is most unsanitary. The easiest way to loosen old paper is to set an uncovered boiler of steaming water in the room, close doors and windows and let the steam do its work. If there is any danger of moths, water or other bugs stop up all cracks with putty or mastic paper, forcing the latter in with the blade of a knife.

Prepared stains for floors, furniture and woodwork are now so plentiful and cheap, and put up so conveniently for amateur use that many persons like to freshen up their rooms without calling in outside talent. If one has time and strength, this is usually satisfactory.

Don't try however, to use stains that are not mixed with oil, as they will lose color and fade, instead of growing deeper with age.

If preferred, stains may be prepared at home with very little trouble.

A woman who does her little household work and who always manages to look neat and tidy has given some helpful ideas. While washing dishes or clothes she takes a folded newspaper over her apron. This she throws away when the work is done, and her apron is kept perfectly dry. She also keeps a pair of stocking legs to draw over her sleeves while sweeping or dusting about the house and when she does not like to crumple her sleeves by rolling them up.

"I have noticed a request for a crockery cement; and I take the following from my scrapbook," says Marion Harland.

A cement which will resist the action of hot or cold water, and which is most useful for mending coarse earthenware and stone jars, stopping cracks and holes in iron and tin kettles and pans, is made by a mixture of litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or putty. It is a cement that will mend a large variety of things—only one thing must be remembered, and that is, the article mended must not be used till the cement has had time to dry. This may be a week or even longer.

Keep all your small paper bags for slipping on the hands when the hearth has to be tidied. You will find them very useful, for they are slipped on in a moment, and when soiled can be burned. They are better for the purpose than old gloves, for the latter soon get grimy and therefore, are apt to soil the hands as they are put on and off.

Tea leaves moistened with vinegar will remove the discoloration in glass caused by flowers.

Pieces of sponge packed in a mouse

hole will induce the rodents to permanently vacate a house.

Until the plumber can come, a leak can be temporarily stopped with a mixture of yellow soap, whiting and a very little water.—Boston Herald.

Some Useful and Interesting Hints to the Home Dressmaker.

The home dressmaker will find that a few little tricks of the trade are a marvelous aid in making up and altering clothes. There is always a right way and a wrong way of doing even the simplest bit of dressmaking. Here are a few right ways.

Make the under part of a sleeve double, so that it can be darned, as this part wears out sooner than the upper.

Don't forget to do plenty of tacking and pressing. To neglect these two points stamps a garment "home-made" at once.

Always shrink a new braid before sewing to a skirt; otherwise the bottom of the skirt will become puckered the first time of wearing in a shower of rain.

In shortening a skirt pattern, always fold a pleat across the middle of the pattern. Never shorten from the top or the bottom of the skirt, or the shape will be spoiled.

Home dressmakers who have difficulty in pressing curved seams will find a rolling pin a very good pressing board, if a clean cloth be wrapped around it.

When putting steel or whalebone into a bodice, bend them slightly at the waist before putting into casing. You will find the bodice fits to the figure much better.

When using a sewing machine, the best way to finish off neatly and firmly is to turn the work round, and work back again a short way, so that the stitches will be double.

When new evening gowns are few and far between, nothing is so useful as either black or white, which by change of flowers or trimmings may be altered out of all knowledge.

When putting on a collar make neck of blouse or bodice slightly smaller than base of collar band, and notch bodice here and there while putting collar on. By so doing you avoid wrinkles.

When cutting out sleeves to avoid the disaster of cutting both for the same arm, fold the material either face to face or back to back.

Place pattern on it and cut both together. A proper pair is bound to be the result.

If you wish to make a walking skirt just to clear the ground without looking too short, adopt the following plan: Measure the person from the waist to the ground, then deduct one and a half inches.—Selected.

Her Commandments.

To manage her household so that the comfort, health and well-being of every member shall be insured is a difficult task for a woman, and requires much tact as well as domestic ability.

To accomplish this she must make it her aim:

To spend wisely as well as to save.

To choose and buy food which she can prepare with economy and which is suited to her needs.

To have this food cooked in such a way that it will be agreeable, wholesome and digestible, and to have the meals served punctually and in order.

To see that every part of the house is kept clean always, because dirt is degrading and brutalizing and leads to disease and crimes.

To see that all those for whom she is responsible are suitably and comfortably clad, and to study beauty and becomingness in her own dress as well as mere comfort.

To respect the rights of others and to train her children and servants to do the same.

To do everything by example, by influence, by encouragement and by sympathy; to make those who dwell under the roof good and happy.

To permit no injustice, wrong or unkindness to be done even to the meagrest.

To constitute herself the protector of all who come under her roof, even the dumb animals.

To seek to extend her influence beyond the four walls of her home; to benefit those outside, because the best use a woman can make of her home is to share its comforts with those who have none.—Exchange.

A Few Plans for Stay-at-Homes.

Commence by clearing the house. Give the heavy curtains and rugs a good cleaning and put them away. Put linen covers on all the upholstered furniture, and as far as possible have all pieces in the living room laid on wood. Try to have a bed for each individual, and, if possible, use linen sheets.

Buy what you can of the baker, and if there is a woman's exchange in your town, get your cake there. Use fruit and vegetables freely, and meat sparingly. Screen every door and window and enjoy plenty of air.

Find some place inside or out to swing a hammock and then enjoy it. Take little jaunts by day and return thankfully to your home at night.—E. H.

Things Girls Should Do.

A Telling Trait.—Neatness is one of the most attractive of feminine qualities to a man. It is also one of the rarest. Early and persistent must be the training which carries the girl into womanhood with her "bump of neatness" well developed. Unless inherently fastidious during school days, she is liable to drift into unfortunate habits which she never outgrows.

One girl may have a trick of leaving shoes about her room. As a mere tot she was permitted to do this and as she grew older the untidy custom was never abandoned, for the simple reason that she, herself, did not notice anything unusual about it, and probably nobody took the trouble to correct her. Another slovenly habit is leaving a bunch of combings in her comb or on her dressing table.

Constant vigilance on a girl's part

is necessary in these small traits unless she would be judged unworthy her birthright—daintiness.

The Signs in the Road.—Don't be satisfied that you'll do it tomorrow or rest on your laurels because you did it yesterday; do it today.

Take advantage of every opportunity that comes your way. Don't get into the way of belittling your chances and feeling that they are not big enough to bother over.

Try to put energy and interest into everything you do.

Work with all your heart; play with all your heart; above all things, avoid indifference and that enemy to all progress—apathy.

Select the pleasures that will bring you greatest joy. Choose the work you are most fitted to do.

Keep your eyes open; be alert; never be afraid to try things.

Eliminate "I can't" from your vocabulary and put "I'll try" in its place.

Even if you don't like the work you are at present engaged in, do it well. You never can tell but that it be the opening to your true vocation.

Play is the antidote for work, and when it comes time to play, put all work out of your mind and let the joy of living and fun fill you from head to foot.

Be alert and alive; make the most of every minute of your youth and health and vitality. Your world's a pretty fine old place, and your chances are just as good as any one's else.—Modern Women.

Florida for Health.

Probably no state in the Union has been more maligned in regard to healthfulness or rather as to unhealthfulness than Florida. We do have sickness, and death comes as certain here as anywhere. But the following statistics, which we found in the Truck and Fruit Grower, show clearly that our death rate is lower than that of almost any other state:

It is frequently asserted by ignorant people that because Florida is comparatively level, and extensive swamps exist in certain localities, that the country is unhealthy, and that malaria must therefore pervade every section of the state. Good climate and good health go hand in hand. It is shown by scientific facts that the climate is good far excellence; and we will demonstrate by records that experience has proven the healthfulness of Florida equally as good.

In the first place, it is not the flat, low country that it is often represented to be, except in the extreme southern portion and perhaps one or two localities near the coast; on the contrary, the greater portions of the state consist of high rolling lands, while other portions are composed of high hills, rugged, broken and rocky, with numerous elevations of near 400 feet above tide water.

Malaria exists to some extent in every portion of the world, and of course in a country where vegetation grows with the exuberance that it does in Florida, where the breath of real winter is scarcely felt, the presence of malaria is to be expected; but the diseases arising from malarial influence are limited to the mildest forms of fevers and bilious complaints. There are no such uncomfortable and dangerous forms of malarial fever as are met with in Florida.

genuine symptoms of malarial poisoning met with in Florida as manifest themselves in various parts of the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana. Bilious fever of a remittent character is the most prevalent, but it readily yields to proper treatment. Intermittent fever, also occurs, but is rarely attended with dangerous results. Typhoid fever, as known in more northerly states, is totally unknown here.

Consumption, or those suffering from chronic disorders of the lungs membranes, particularly of the air passages, usually find much relief in their change has not been long postponed. Here are vast forests of pines, breathing forth their balsam till the whole atmosphere is fragrant with it, and if there is a possibility of relief for the unfortunate victim of consumption, this in connection with the genial sunshine and soft, balmy air, will effect it.

The climate of our state is regarded as a specific for most forms of rheumatism, and when coupled with the bathing to be had from the numerous sulphur springs, the beneficial influences of which have long been known, a cure is often certain and complete. The following comparison from the mortality records of various states and territories of the United States will forcibly illustrate the superior healthfulness of Florida:

Maine, one in 345; Massachusetts, one in 254; New York, one in 473; Pennsylvania, one in 622; Illinois, one in 579; Virginia, one in 557; Minnesota, one in 755; and Florida, one in 1,447. The records also show that the ratio of death to the number of cases of remittent fever is much less in Florida than in any other section of the United States. In the central section of the United States the proportion is one death to 36 cases; in northern sections, one to 52; in the Southern, one to 54; in Texas, one to 78; in California, one to 122; in New Mexico, one to each 148; while in Florida it is only one out of every 287. And the annual mortality for the whole state is less than 3 per cent.

On the foregoing statement of facts concerning climate and healthfulness, Florida bases her claim to absolute supremacy over all competitors.

A Singing Philosopher.

Whatever Fate to me may say, A cheerful courage wins the day. So, if she fills or spills my cup I'll sing to keep my courage up!

When things have gone from bad to worse, I'll sing about this little verse: "How glad, my heart you ought to be! Things aren't so bad as they might be!"

But, when they're bad as they can be, My heart is lightened wondrously; For to myself I sing this verse: "Things are so bad, they can't be worse."

—Helen Knight Wyman.