

By Lilian Bell.

HE first thing a woman should do, who sits down to think out a deliberate scheme of happiness, is to close her eyes and think, out of all the world, what she would rather do if she were mistress of her own fate. Think it out luxuriously, luxuriantly, regardless of the possibility of achieving it. Then gradually come down from your dream of a palace and a yacht and a private car to the next best. Take your time about it. Think each dream out in all its fascinating detail. Then come on down by degrees-for it is never attrac-**** tive to think of the things you can afford-until you have reached something reasonable.

Now think of the way you could best earn money, if you had a start. Can you trim hats? Can you darn and embroider and mend lace? Are you fond of animals? Do sick birds get well under your care?

Or are you a business woman by instinct? Can you count and multiply and subtract without chewing a lead pencil and using a ream of paper?

Were you born in the city and into the heritage of the hall bed-room, and would you give anything on earth for a little cottage in the country, not so far from the city as to bar you from going in when the frogs at night make you too lonely, nor so near to other people as to hinder you from wearing a short skirt and a sun-bonnet all day?

Oh, you office women on small salaries! You poor starved souls struggling to make both ends meet, deafened by city noises, harassed by city prices, plinded by city sights! Get out into the suburbs, or even the country, and and what life holds for you .- Harper's Bazar.

What Invention Has Done.

By John Graham Erooks.

HEAPNESS and abundance of grain foods is explained when the story of machinery has been told. The steam-going plow, combined with a seeder and a harrow, has reduced the time required for human labor (in plowing, sowing and harrowing) to produce a bushel of wheat on an average from 32.8 minutes in 1830 to 2.2 minutes at the present time. It has reduced the time of animal labor per bushel from fifty-seven to one and one-half minutes; at the same time it has reduced the cost of human and animal labor in plowing, seeding and harrowing per bushel of wheat from four cents to one cent.

Before Whitney's invention it required the work of one person ten hours to take the seed from one and one-half pounds of cotton. The machine will now do in the same ten hours more than 4000 times as much. That 10,000,000 bales can be marketed in a season and that cloth is so cheap is no longer a wonder.

A linen sheet that once cost thirty days' labor can now be made in seven bours. A steam shovel can do in eight minutes what one man can do with difficulty in ten hours. The dirt may be unloaded from a train of cars in six minutes that would require with a shovel a day's work of ten men. A stonecrusher will perform the work of 600 men. Few material blessings bring more comfort to every class in the community than good roads. To none is the advantage greater than to large sections of the relatively poor, as in country fistricts. Yet the rapid growth of these highways is almost exclusively the result of the machine. I choose this more striking form of invention because it is largely against such that labor has raised its most angry protest. It is seen that hundreds are thrust aside, it is less easily seen that masses are set to work. The Hoe press prints, folds, cuts and pastes 72,000 eight-page journals in a single hour. To gather the materials, make and deliver the raw paper and finally to distribute the printed sheets daily in twenty States must bring occupation to many more than the machine dislodged.



Dy Eugene Field.

once knew all the birds that came And nestled in our orchard trees; For every flower I had a name-My friends were woodchucks, toads and

bees: knew where thrived in yonder glen What plants would soothe a stone

bruised toe-Oh, I was very learned then-But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill Where checkerberries could be found; knew the rushes near the mill.

Where pickerel lay that weighed pound!

I knew the wood-the very tree-Where lived the poaching, saucy crow, and all the woods and crows knew me-But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth, I tread the old familiar spot. Only to learn the solemn truth; I have forgotten, am forgot. Yet here's this youngster at my knee Knows all the things I used to know: To think I once was wise as he-But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain Of whatsoe'er the fates decree; Yet, were not wishes all in vain. I teil you what my wish should be: I'd wish to be a boy again, Back with the friends Lused to know; For I was, oh! so happy then-But that was very long ago.

ABIGAIL SILOVER'S VISITORS. By Hattie E. Briggs.

than to go away from the

Silover, of he disposed of his powder flask and took down his rifle from the door of the cabin, smarting with pain side of the kitchen wall.

be lonesome with you and mother both gone, but we'll be safe enough. Don't from the results of his burns. worry one bit about us."

a young girl quietly dropping handfuls of yellow meal into the boiling water, appeared at the door. A nod was exchanged between the girl and the chieftain, whose entrance was followed by another and another, until six Indians stood in the room, each with painted face and decked in the trappings of war. The silence was unbroken for several minutdes, save for the steady movements of the iron spoon, which was grasped in Abigail's quivering fingers. At length Nakomis, who had hitherto held himself friendly toward the whites, advanced a step and said in a heavy, guttural tone, "White man home? Nakomis would have speech with him."

Nakomis spoke a little English, and had taught Abigail the few Indian words she knew.

"My father," replied the young girl, looking the brave straight in the face, "is not far off. He will be here in a moment. What do you want with him?"

"No tell little white face," returned the man, leering at her, "she 'fraid. She big coward. White man coward. White man go," and he added wickedly, "I kill him. Injun get all white man's scalp," and going toward the girl, with his cruel eyes upon her face, he laid one hand on his tomahawk and stretched the other toward her.

With a wild cry, born of the desperation of the moment, Abigail Silover raised the spoon filled with boiling mush, and as the Indian almost had her in his grasp, she dashed it full into his face. As he turned with a how] of rage and pain, she grabbed an iron dipper from its nail at the side of the hearth, filled it with the porridge and flung it at the red man's neck and head as he fled through the door. The other GOT HERE is nothing I dislike Indians attempted to stop the now inany more, my daughter, furiated girl, who knew she was fighting for her life, but as each turned place to-day and leave you | toward her he received the scalding and the children alone," said Farmer mush full in his eyes, and in a few seconds the last one of the six left the and rage, the contents of the kettle be-"Oh! never mind us, daddy," said ing about evenly distributed over the Abigail, cheerfully. "Of course it will bodies of the half dozen Chippewas. Later on one was known to have died

When Jonathan Silover returned to



MADE BRAVE RESCUE.

THE clerks at Police Headquar ters put another mark against the name of Patrolman Michael J. Coyne, of the Delancey Street Station, and this added to one

of the oddest records on their books. Coyne is at Gouveneur Hospital, and the physicians say that he will probably develop pneumonia. His condition

is the result of a hard fight he had in the East River to save a man who had tumbled off the pier. The struggle lasted half an hour and the pair were

picked up when they were nearly exhausted. While the patrolman is in a serious condition, the man he saved is none the worse for his ducking.

Coyne was at the foot of Corlears street at 11 o'clock thinking hard over the fines that had been imposed upon him for all sorts of breaches of discipline. Suddenly there came a cry for help from the end of the pier, and the policeman rushed over. He was in full uniform, and as it was wet he wore his big rubber boots and overcoat. Through the darkness Coyne could see a man struggling in the swirl of the current, which at that point runs like a mill race. Without stopping for a moment, he threw away his hat and

his club and jumped in. A few strokes and the policeman was up to the drowning man and had him by the collar. The man turned and caught Coyne around the neck with a death grip. Coyne struck him on the jaw and the hold was broken. Then he twisted his arms behind his back and held him thus.

By this time the swing of the tide had carried both men a hundred yards from the pier and over toward the Cob Dock in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Coyne up to that time had thought that the noise we knew it was a tusker he was safe with his man, but as the fight. Before we could reach the scene current bore him out he saw that he was in grave danger and began to yell himself. His cries were heard by two some forty yards in advance of us.

iam H. Corker and John T. McQueeney.

there was no other at the ranch. Hast, ily tearing into strips a piece of stout cloth, Trudchen wove together a rough headstall for the animal, with similar reins, and springing into her father's empty saddle she fearlessly urged the horse into the double darkness and dan. ger of the blizzard and the night,

She knew that a ranch lay six miles distant and in the direct outward track of the storm. Keeping the wind, there. fore, full at her back, she, desperate. but not despairing, pressed forward upon her terrible ride.

Now plunging and reeling, now stumbling, staggering and falling, now down and now up, snow-submerged and blizzard-beaten, the gallant girl and the brave brute struggled onward until, dim through the densely driven snow, shone the lights of the saving ranch, the ranch to reach which so many dangers had been dared, so much suffering sustained.

Kindly hands and commiserating hearts cared for Trudchen the rest of that night and in the early dawn of next morning the heroic child rode amid the foremost of those who volun. teered to search for her father. The blizzard, however, still raged and the snow heaps still grew, the quest prov. ing fruitless for that day.

All hope of Mr. Groette's surviving the storm was now abandoned, and the next search was made for his body. which was finally found, ice-shrouded and snow-coffined .- Denver Times.

CHARGED BY AN ELEPHANT

An elephant fight, if the combatants be well matched, frequently lasts for a day or more. The beaten elephant retreats temporarily, and is followed leisurely by the other, until by mutual consent they meet again. The more powerful elephant occasionally keeps his foe in view till he kills him. In "Wild Beasts of India" G. P. Sander. son describes an encounter with a defeated tusker:

A shrill trumpeting and crashing of bamboos broke the stillness, and from of combat, one elephant uttered a deen roar of pain, and crossed the mullah policemen from his own station, Will- Here he began to destroy a clump of bamboo in sheer fury, grumbling deep. his left side, high up. He was a fairly The two policemen cut the painter large elephant with long and fairly thick tusks. His opponent must have been a Goliath to have worsted him. This tusker presented a picture of rage and power as he mowed the bam. boos down with trunk and tusks, and trampled them with his forefeet. Suddenly his whole demeanor changed. He backed from the clump and stood like a statue. He had scent. ed us. ' The next moment forward went his ears and up went his tail, and in the same instant he wheeled and bore straight down upon us with astonishing speed. The bamboos behind which we stood were useless as cover, and I stepped I gave a shout, hoping to stop a turn him, but in vain. I fired when phant, and I bent down to see where he Good gracious! He had not even been checked, and was upon me! There was no time to step to the right or the left. His tusks came through the smoke like the cowcatcher of a locomotive, and I had just time to fall flat to avoid being hurled along in front of him. I fell a little to the right; the next instant down came his ponderous forefoot within a few inches of my left thigh, and I should have been trodden on had I not hastily drawn my leg back from the sprawling position in which I fell. As he rushed over me he shrieked shrilly, but 10"tunately he went on, for had be stopped there was no way of escape for me. I was covered with blood from the wound inflicted by his late antagonist. This was one of the closest calls I ever had in the wild life of the jungle.

Ø **Board of Trade Functions.**

Ninety Per Cent. of Transactions Speculation. By Will Payne.



BOUT ninety per cent. of all the transactions on the board are pure speculation, consisting of trades made by persons who do not expect to receive or deliver a bushel of actual grain. This speculative trading is not only the most prominent, but is the most useful of the board's functions. Without it there could not possibly be the broad market which makes wheat a liquid asset everywhere in the United States. The speculative business means simply the perfection of a trade organization. You may buy a corner lot which in your opinion is likely

to advance in value, pay for it, go to the savings bank, mortgage the lot, and borrow on it the major part of the purchase price, having invested of your own capital only enough to secure the lender against loss through fluctuation in value. In a highly organized liquid market like that in grain and stocks all this lumber of mortgaging and borrowing is eliminated. You simply pay down the margin. Virtually nobody would buy wheat for a rise if he had to go out and get the actual grain, inspect it, find a storehouse to put it in, see that it was properly insured, guard against deterioration by sweating etc., while it was in store, and when he wished to sell, look around for a customer who wished just so much wheat of just such a sort. The Board of Trade does all this for him, the purchaser's part consisting only in giving an order to a broker and paying down the margin which will insure the broker against loss through fluctuations in price. This is what makes the broad market that gives wheat its staple value.

The Board of Trade is a court, too. Its directors and various committees are continually busy trying commercial cases, and hearing and settling the disputes which arise in the transaction of an immense volume of business.

Without the Chicago Board and the several lesser exchanges which copy Its methods and follow its prices, the grain trade of North America would fall to pieces, and every bushel of cereals raised north of the Mexican line would have less value.-The Century.

Ø. Ø The Lack of Marrying Men.

Some Reasons Are Advanced by a Thoughtful English Writer.



HE other day I read some remarks on the question as to why husbands at the present day seem to be what the itinerant performer facetiously describes as "so backward in coming forward." The gifted writer on this subject was of the opinion that the fault lay with the ladies, who, he thought, were apt to specialize in almost any direction save that which would be likely to render them good housewives. This, for instance, he held that the intellectual and book-loving girl is charming to sit next to at dinner, but her partner is suf-

ficiently far-sighted to calculate that, if it were a case of sitting opposite to her at a dinner of which she had had the ordering, her knowledge of Browning would not extend to the gravy of the roast mutton!

Again, he conceived that the smartly dressed beauty is a being with whom a man loves to flirt, but he hesitates about going beyond the preliminary stages of flirtation, because he is doubtful whether his banking account will stand the strain of the costly costumes, the luxurious lingeric, and the expen-

"I am not so sure about it being his home, accompanied by his neighsafe," replied her father. "The In- bors, in response to the four shots from dians are none too friendly nowadays, the rifle, Abigail was lifting her little and they are getting more restless brothers out of their places of safety, each week. Even old Nakomis, who and as she sank limply into her fathhas always been on good terms with er's arms, she said with an attempt at the settlers, avoided me a day or two her old gaiety, "Daddy, we can't have ago when I went across the clearing, any mush for supper," and I'm afraid it all means trouble to the whites."

Grey and all the other neighbors have stood, an electric car sweeps through been so kind when you needed help the country .- Detroit Free Press. that you can't stay away to-day when they are to finish putting up the house with this day's work. You know I'm on pretty good terms with our red neighbors. Why," she added, laughingly, "I can even talk a little In dian."

"Not enough to save you, if there was an uprising, I fear," answered the father. "However, it is a comfort to me that you can handle your gun. And in case anything happens, fire it four times and we will be sure to hear it, as the air is very clear, and the distance so short, through the woods. That is one good thing about our set tlement," he added, "the houses are not far apart and we are a protection to one another, if trouble arises."

"Now, daddy," laughed Abigail, "stop looking for trouble. I have so much to do to-day. You will be home before I'm half ready for you, and now, sir,' she said, looking at him narrowly, "what do you suppose we are going to have for supper to-night? I'll give you one guess. You can't? Then I'll tell. Mush!" she cried with a merry peal of laughter. "You just forget that we have had that treat every evening for the past seven months, and imagine we are back East, having all kinds of good things."

"Good-bye, daughter, don't let the children go outside and play," admonished the father, his heart filled with forebodings, as he left his log cabin and started toward the unfinished home of his neighbor, a quarter of a mile distant through the forest.

Jonathan Silover, in company with a small party of Easterners, their wives and children, had come into the wilderness of Michigan seven months before this, in the hope of founding homes in what was then the furthest point of the known West. After months of hardship and toil, the last house was to be finished on this day, and on the morrow corn was to be planted in the small patches which these brave men had been able to clear.

"Now, children," said the older sister, after watching the father well out of sight, "if you see an Indian coming today, I want you both to hide as fast as your feet will take you. If I see them first," she went on, with her arms about the small brother, "I'll rap on the fire-place three times, and then you are to get out of sight as soon as possible. Don't go out of doors once, for we must stay close together all day." And with a few more instructions, she was soon about her work, trying to forget the dangers of hostile Indians. The day wore on, and when the sun indicated that the time was drawing on for the father to return, Abigail got out the kettles, hung them on the crane and put on the water to heat for the mush. The appearance of that article on the table usually called forth some laughing remark from the Eastern-bred girl, who was making a brave effort to be happy in a wilderness. Just as the water commenced to bubble, three sharp blows were struck First Folio, which the Emperor Wilupon the hearth, and at the same in- liam I. presented to the library, has stant the little frightened forms been completely mutilated by a caredropped into the hole under the floor, less or malicious reader. The whole of which was reserved for times of such "The Comedy of Errors" has been cut peril, and the loose plank was quietly out. It is believed that the loss is irreput into place. The next moment a placeable, as the remaining copies of sought. tall Indian, whose quick eye only saw the First Folio are in private hands.

This incident happened twenty miles from where Detroit now is; and by the "But, father," went on Abigail, "Mr. spot where the Silover cabin then

Old lronsides a Boston Boat.

How entirely the Constitution, finished in 1797, was a home-made vessel, and therein a typical product, Mr. H. A. Hill has pointed out in his monograph on Boston commerce: "Paul Revere, furnished the copper, bolts and spikes, drawn from malleable copper by a process then new, and Ephraim Thayer, who had a shop at the South End, made the gun carriages for the frigate. Her sails were made in the Granary building at the corner of Park and Tremont streets. No other building in Boston was large enough for the purpose. There were then fourteen rope-walks in Boston, so that there could be no difficulty in obtaining cordage, and there was an incorporated company for the manufacture of sail cloth, whose factory was on the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets, and which was encouraged by a bounty on its product from the General Court. This product had increased to 80,000 or 90,000 yards per annum, and is said to have competed successfully with the duck brought from abroad. The anchors came from Hanover in Plymouth County, and a portion of the timber used in what was then looked upon as a mammoth vessel was taken from the woods of Allenstown, on the borders of the Merrimac, fifty miles away. - Atlantic Monthly.

A Ship on Shore.

Mensa, a native African, who accompanied Mr. A. R. Freeman on his journey through Ashanti and Jaman, seemed to regard all the hardships and discomforts the party encountered as a joke. He had once been a laborer on a steamer, and was very found of personating a ship, to the amusement of the other carriers. Mr. Freeman describes this joyous African as follows:

in cargo; then he would sit for a while

The two ran to the foot of Jackson ly the while in rage and pain. Blood street, where old Andy Coakley has his | was streaming from a deep wound in life saving station.

of a boat and jumped in. They had nothing to guide them but the cries of the men that came through the darkness. Coyne was bucking against the tide, and by this time was near the Brooklyn side. The current swept the boat away from him, and before Corker and McQueeney knew it they were not far away from the Brooklyn shore. Then they returned and after what seemed an age, picked up Coyne and, his man, both of whom were almost

senseless. The two were dragged into the boat and before the craft was started for the Manhattan side first aid to the injured was administered to Coyne and out into the open to get a clear shot the man he saved. When they got ashore an ambulance was summoned from Gouverneur Hospital. There the he was nine paces distant, feeling conman said he was John Harkins, a la- fident of the shot, but I made a mistake borer, and that he lived wherever he in not giving him both barrels. The could hang up his hat. He had been smoke momentarily obscured the eledrinking, he said, and fell off the stringpiece of the pier while he slept. | lay. A few minutes after he was put to bed in the hospital he was sleeping soundly, as though nothing had happened. It was not so with Coyne. The policeman had taken some water into his lungs and seemed sure that he would have a bad case of pneumonia. When told of the probable outcome of his brave act he only said, "Well, let it come." After that he remarked that if the men on a Roosevelt street ferryboat and Pennsylvania Railroad tug had only heeded his cries he would have been picked up sooner.

Coyne has a unique record. He has been fined time and again for violations of the rules, and has to his credit a list of rescues that has few equals. Devery fined him fifteen days once and called him a "bum" and a "loafer." A few days later Coyne, at the risk of his life, saved a woman and four children from a burning house on Hester street

He was up on charges again after that. and Devery, after looking him over critically, said that he would "fergit the breaking end of the game." Men who know him said that after his feat of last night Coyne was about due to get into trouble again .- New York Sun.

HEROINE OF THE PLAINS. The Lodge Pole Creek Valley, in the vicinity where the creek crosses the

As he sat on the ground devouring a Wyoming-Nebraska State line, has a plantain he would inform the as- heroine and she is Gertrude, the thirsembled company that he was taking teen-year-old daughter of the late John start, and it is almost certain if either Groette and his wife, Gretchen. On the 18th came the first wind and snow of the approaching blizzard, and Mr. Groette, foreseeing a big storm, started for an outlying portion of his range to bring in a small bunch of his cattle. Trudchen, with a prophetic presentiment of impending danger, almost frantically entreated him not to go, but the father laughed at her "foolish feminine fears," and left the ranch on his fatal journey. "Good-by, daughter," he cheerily called. "We will soon be together again." "Good-by, dear father," replied the weeping girl. "We will never meet again except in heaven."

HAD FIGHT WITH BALD EAGLE.

The carcass of a huge eagle, which measures more than seven feet from tip to tip, lies at Jobstown, N. J., 8 trophy of a terrible fight which Lloyd Stewart and Frederick Ohl, young men, had with the bird of freedom. The bird was seen by the young men on the outskirts of the village, and they managed to wound it. Unable to fly, the eagle showed fight, and savagely attacked its tormentors. The young men

sive etceteras with which she will evidently expect a husband to provide her.

Now, there is no doubt something in this; but it scarcely seems to hit the buil's-eye plump in the middle. The real fact of the matter is that in every department of life, at the present moment, we are beginning to set our standard very much higher than it has ever been set before. What was looked upon thirty years ago as a palatial and luxurious hotel is to-day classed as a dowdy and third-rate establishment compared with the colossal caravanseries which have sprung up in response to the demand for greater luxury and magblficence.

And while the standard has been raised in the matter of the creature comforts, it is only natural that, having grown more exacting all round, we should have raised our ideal of a wife (or husband) to a sort of unattainable degree.

The result is that the ordinary everyday young woman is wearing out the soles of her dainty little boots in a fruitless search for the god-like hero of her dreams and finds that the everyday young man, with freckles and red hair, does not fill the bill at all satisfactorily.

We all remember the little man and woman who, in childhood's happy hour, bobbed in and out of a little house to let the world at large know what the weather was going to do. But, by the nature of their mechanism, it was impossible for them both to bob out at once! Well, that is very much the arrangement with regard to the god-like hero and the adorable heroine, who, it they do by any chance happen to meet, are sure to find that the affections of one or the other of them are already misplaced elsewhere.

It must often have been observed that the dowdy and insignificant little men and women, who are content to recognize themselves as such, marry all right and settle down and live happily ever after. But the girls who are gloriously and adorably beautiful (at this point the blushes of the "Best Girl" betray the fact that she is reading this upside down as I write it.) are apt to be so very exideantes that they find themselves settling down into the gloom of a cat-loving and parrot-tending old-maidhood, just because they are what some one has brutally described as "too beastly particular."-Modern Society.

and get up steam, and when the bugle sounded the advance he would rise and take up his load and start himself with a great ringing of imaginary bells and loudly spoken orders to go full speed ahead, and finally trudge off with his machinery clanking and his propeller thumping an imaginary sea.

When we waded across the streams he usually took soundings with his feet, and announced the depth by shouting in genuine nautical style: "And a half-five," or whatever he considered the depth to be; and once, when he slipped over head and ears into a swamp, he emerged dripping and grinning, bawling, "No sound-

ings!"-Youth's Companion.

'A Shakespearian student in the Berlin Royal Library has discovered that the unique copy of the famous 1623

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The day of the 18th closed amid sweeping wind and driven snow. Night came on tempest wings and with the morning of the 19th the terrific blizzard was at its height.

Drearily, wearily, the day drew to a close and then, as the shades of falling night thickened the sombre shadows of the swirling storm, there came riderless to the ranch door her father's horse. Her prophetic fears were realized-her father was perishing in the snow and help and rescue must be

NAT Prays

had been alone he would have been killed.

As it was, each is covered with scratches and cuts from the talons and beak of the bird. It pounded them with its good wing and fought so savagely that several times they decided to give up the battle, but the eagle pounced upon them with renewed energy and compelled them to fight on for their lives. With clubs and stones they fought for an hour and finally managed to disable the huge bird, and then its death was easy.

When the battle was over Stewart and Ohl presented a picture of disaster. They were covered with blood from head to foot and their clothes were in tatters. They could hardly crawl to their homes, and had to look up a doctor to care for their wounds.

How True This Is.

Lead a perfectly worthless life, do nothing but amuse yourself, and if you complain bitterly of it, everyone will think you respectably serious, but if you once allow it to be seen that you are content. why, then, your oldest friend comes to see you, and will do nothing but scold you for your frivol-The horse had lost his bridle and ity .- Lippincott's Magazine.

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Noted Shakespeare Follo Defaced.