

Farmer Had to Sprint

Herman Dittweiler performed a heroic feat recently at the imminent risk of his life. He was coming to town with a heavy load of rock when he overtook a little girl carrying a basket of eggs to market, and invited her to ride the rest of the way with him.

When he reached the top of the long, steep hill leading down into town, he locked one of the wagon wheels in order to make the descent safely, but had only gone a very few feet when one of the horses stepped on a rolling stone and was taken suddenly very lame.

He got off the load, unhitched the team and requested another farmer who was just behind him to put in his team and take the load down the hill. The other farmer was about to comply and Mr. Dittweiler had lifted up the tongue of the wagon to prepare for hitching in the other team, when the load chain suddenly broke and the loaded wagon started down the hill, with the little girl still riding in the seat.

Dittweiler braced back on the tongue, but was unable to stop the wagon, which, gathering headway every moment, was soon flying down the steep hill like a runaway engine.

Dittweiler knew that if he dropped the tongue the wagon would be tipped

over in a second and the little girl probably killed, so he held on with a death grip, kept the wagon in the road and ran as a man never ran before.

The heavy wagon, with its ton and a half of rock for a load, crashed and roared behind him, and, gathering speed with every second, flew like an express train down the incline, bounding over the inequalities of the road and fiercely striking fire from the stones.

Dittweiler ran till his legs fairly fluttered beneath him. A man who was crossing the street with a wheelbarrow gave one frightened glance at the coming avalanche, dropped his barrow and ran. Dittweiler jumped the obstruction, which was crushed to pieces beneath the wheels of the wagon.

The hill is 300 feet long, and, after the bottom was reached, the wagon ran 500 feet further before its speed was slackened and Dittweiler, by digging the tongue into the earth, could bring it to a stop.

The plucky farmer was gasping for breath and dripping with perspiration when his trial was over, but the little girl was laughing gleefully at the "splendid ride" she had enjoyed.

Not a single egg was broken.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Real Wealth of Nations

It is estimated, says the Army and Navy Journal, that Japan has put forth 25 per cent of her strength thus far in the contest with Russia, while the drain on the resources of Russia is less than 2 per cent. This is only a single factor, however, in the complex problem of military success, which does not always respond to the conclusions of the multiplication table. The politico-economists and the pseudo-philanthropists may manipulate the figures as they please, the fact cannot be made to accord with their theory that war is necessarily exhausting to national strength. Precisely the contrary was shown in the case of our great war. Material resources may assume new forms of distribution in time of war, but this is not necessarily waste. It is the industries created by industry which are the foundation of the business of a community through which its individual members procure their means of living. If all those who have the power of purchasing should cease for a single year to buy to make good their wastage, universal poverty and

distress would follow. As a matter of fact, the assets of the American continent are less than they were when Columbus discovered it. Millions of mineral wealth that were then stored away in the bowels of the earth are there no longer; our soil has been partially exhausted of its fertile properties, and our hills and valleys have been largely denuded of their forests. Yet 75,000,000 people exist in comparative comfort where a few hundred thousand Indians gained a precarious living before. The industries of war draw upon the surplus energies of a people, and, by stimulating them to larger effort, increase their power of production. What would be the effect upon the fortunes of the industrial classes of the European states if their armies were suddenly disbanded and the millions now employed by the state were to come into competition with the laboring classes? It is the industries created by the artificial wants of a complex civilization that produce what we call wealth, and the simplicity of living which the philosophers of the Poor Richard type are always extolling and never practicing.

How She Managed Hubby

"Tom Gray is a very clever man," remarked one of his friends. "He has managed to get us into a very good way of life, and he has done it by self-education, I. e., a satisfactory freedom of marital action while remaining on perfectly affectionate terms with his wife."

"The first year of his marriage he and his Maud were a typical pair of turtle doves, and were never happy out of each other's sight. Then the man, as is generally the case, without loving his dear Maud any the less, began to be interested in outside things. She noticed this change, and, womanlike, resented it. They had one row after the other. Then Tom considered the situation and developed Machiavellian talent. He did not relax his devotion to his Maud. On the contrary he became more and more of an ardent lover. He gave her no peace. He would come up for afternoon tea when she would be in the midst of a delightful gossip with her special intimates and sit and look at her intensely, so that her friends

would one by one desert him for a safe stay. Maud resented this, and one day Maud requested quite sharply that he "wouldn't paw so much." In the way of companionship it is undeniable that each sex prefers its own, and Maud began to long for the comfortable chat about subjects dear to her soul with other women, but Tom gave her no chance. Finally she talked to him seriously about the duties they both owed to society. Tom took it in very good part. He recognized the necessity of sometimes speaking to other women and of "keeping up his men friends and he promised to take an interest in other people.

"I should call them now a model couple. They are fond of each other, but they are also fond of their friends. She attends her dinners and bridge parties and he goes unrestrictedly to his club, and the amusing part of it all is that Maud thinks it is her clever management that has brought this eminently satisfactory state of affairs about."—New York Tribune.

Honesty of the Sexes

The increasing tendency toward the employment of women in positions of trust by financial institutions is thus explained by the president of one of the largest banks in the country: "The feeling is gaining ground that women are now rendering satisfactory service as cashiers and tellers, handling large sums daily without loss or error.

"One of the most conspicuous traits in the feminine nature is fidelity to trust. Speculation, the chief pitfall of defalcating employees, does not attract women as it does men. Cards and drink also drag down many a male employe, and these, again, are more particularly masculine vices. Some of the largest banks in New York are employing women in positions of heavy responsibility. Banking is an occupation in which men no longer have a monopoly."

As to the question whether women are by nature more honest than men, certain masculine critics aver that women have gained that reputation only because they are subject to fewer temptations to steal than are men. But is this the case? What objection offers a more severe test of honesty than domestic service? It is impossible for a mistress to look up her belongings from her servants, and opportunities for pilfering are numerous. Yet stealing is comparatively rare.

The majority of business men are convinced of woman's fidelity in responsible positions and her ability to discharge important duties. Never were there such opportunities for capable energetic women as at present await them in the business world.—Housekeeper.

New Style of Locomotive

An alluring engine with the cab on the front and has been in operation on the Pacific coast for some time, and locomotives of this construction have also been in use for several years on Italian railways. According to the Engineering News the Southern railway (of Italy) has recently added to its equipment some four-cylinder compounds of this type. They are of the low-wheel class, with the cab in front of the boiler and the cylinders at the rear end. The axle is carried in bushings at the side of the boiler (four tons capacity), and the tender has a cylindrical tank.

The six-box is of the Deplaure type and extends over the frames. The cylinders are all in a row behind the smokebox (at the trailing end of the frames) and all of them drive the middle driving axle. The arrangement of the cylinders and valves is peculiar. The two high-pressure cylinders are on one side and the steam distributor is controlled by a single piston valve and Walschaert valve gear. The two low-pressure cylinders are on the opposite side and are also served by a single piston valve and valve gear. The engine has six driving wheels. In front of the cab is a small platform with side steps.

GLAMOUR.

I have read so long in the Book of the Brave,
I hear the tramp of their feet
In the quiet village street.
I catch the sound of an echo cheer.
Blows down the night wind, faintly clear,
And the drums' unflinching beat.

I have read so long in the Book of the Brave,
Their flags go streaming by,
Sharp comes the sentry's cry,
The shaded light of my study lamp
Seems a low glimmer from some still camp
Where the sleeping soldiers lie.

I have read so long in the Book of the Brave,
I march where the heroes are;
On my breast I feel a scar,
I turn to gaze on the rayless night,
The gloom is cleft by a beacon-light,
And behind—the bivouac start!
—Lain Whedon Mitchell, in the Century.

Madame the Countess

A Good Story With a Moral From the Washington Post.

HERE was a reception at the hunting castle of the Prince, the Chateau of Friedberg.

In the grand saloon a bright fire crackled at the bottom of a great chimney, and through the half closed windows the freshness of the moonlight and the murmur of the Bavarian forest entered like a caress. The chase that day had been a fatiguing one, and in the choice circle which gathered around His Highness, the conversation became familiar and without constraint. It was in the midst of this that the valet swung open the doors and announced the Count and Countess of Aleneck, and all heads were turned with eyes full of curiosity. Even the Prince, ordinarily so blasé, sat wondering what might come.

It was the first time that the Count of Aleneck had appeared socially for many years, and many foolish and untrue stories had been circulated about him. He had married, so it was said, but far below him, and lived, retired, on his own estate and yielding only to the formal demand of the Prince, had come to present his wife to the intimate circle of the court.

But what a difference between them! He was a man of noble appearance, of fine face and noble bearing, and she, a common woman, with short hair and a peasant's face, wearing a black dress which fitted her badly, and without taste. The circle which unpolitely stared at her, did not stop to see the rare grace of her eyes, nor the kindness which covered all her features. It only saw the birthmark, written in un-

charged from there, his comrades, who baptised him "Silent William," made an arrangement for him to go with a workman, a mason, and to work for his living, and he went contentedly to carry brick and cement, happy if the daughter of Salome would bring him the meals which she had herself prepared.

"She it was who took him under her protection, and finally refusing all other (and many of them advantageous offers of marriage), went one day to the church with 'Silent William,' and they were married.

"William has need of me," she said, "more than the others."

"The village was indignant.

"Some years passed. 'Silent William' carried, day by day, his loads of masonry and Salome did her full part with her vigorous arms in earning the bread for the family growing up around them. And so it might have gone on.

"But one wintry day, when the wind and rain were impetuous, William's work was to carry his load up a high scaffolding. The other men had taken refuge from the storm, but he kept on. At this moment Salome, who had come with his dinner, terrified at an unusual gust of wind, cried:

"William! William! In the name of heaven, descend quickly!"

"He turned to her as he heard her cry, and, mistaking his footing, slipped and fell. He was quickly carried to the hospital, and hovered many days between life and death. The whole village, hearing the news, openly congratulated Salome on the approaching decease of her husband.

"Far better for him and for you," said they.

"One day when she arrived at the hospital she found the bed empty. Another room had been taken for him. They took him there that morning. Was he dead? Her heart leaped to her throat. Coming to the door indicated, she knocked and was met by an old man of noble appearance, who said briefly that his son was sleeping, and received no one. Salome answered dumbly, she did not seek the son of monsieur, but her husband, William Hosi.

"He tried to make her story short, but a voice came from the room. 'Let her enter, father; she is the good wife of the late William Hosi!'

"With a cry of savage joy the woman rushed to his side, threw herself on her knees beside the bed and cried out between laughter and tears. 'My God, I thank Thee! Then, raising her eyes, she was confounded with the change in his countenance. The nobility of his face had returned to him, his energetic will, his brilliant eyes, his imperious voice, the joy of living, had come back again. Even her boy, Sepherl, trying to hide in the skirts of her dress, sobbed out: 'Father is not father now. He has changed.' When Silent William reflected on what had passed, he could now remember the attack on the hill, at Illy, but the shade, only the love of Salome and that last call for pity which brought about the fall from the ladder remained and the doctors declared that this had in some sort re-established the life which was lost at Sedan.

"One never knew what passed that morning between the two, but the first words of Salome, when she came to understand all that had happened, was:

"And now you have no more need of me, William, adieu." And she got up from her knees to go.

"Ah, well," said Major Xylander, with a careless air, "it is certain if the Count of Aleneck had repudiated his wife Salome, whom I must call now Anne Marie Hosi, his savior in those years of distress, now that he had come to his own, the humiliation of this evening would have been saved him."

The signal for supper was now given. The lackeys opened the doors, and all prepared for the somewhat ceremonious entry into the grand saloon.

When Maximilian d'Aleneck and his wife reappeared, calm but very pale, all eyes turned to them.

Then His Highness, the Prince, stepping forward to Anne Marie, offered her his arm, and said with a gracious smile, so all could hear:

"Madame the Countess, will you do me the honor?"



Interesting Cloth Coat.

An interesting cloth coat shows three tucks introduced crosswise from above the bust line. The fullness thus liberated is caught in again by three darts, which are stitched well down, the skirt fullness hanging loosely.

Poetry of Dress.

The secret of the American girl's style is her individuality of taste. She knows what she likes, and she dares to express this liking in what she does and in what she wears.

Her fads and frills are her personal fascias. When expressed, they become the poetry of dress, says the Women's Home Companion.

And there is nothing exclusive about this poetry; it is a living spring from which every one may drink. Not to all, of course, is it given to originate; but it should be possible for all to select and adapt.

Women's Occupations.

A report from a recent meeting in England under the auspices of the Women's Trade Union League, says the Youth's Companion, states that the list of employments made out there showed women of the United Kingdom to be auctioneers, architects, ballets, blacksmiths, brickmakers, butchers, chimney sweeps, tailors, etc., railway porters, veterinary surgeons, and one of them a dock laborer. The occupations of brickmakers and butchers are the most popular among them all, the former claiming three thousand women and the latter four thousand.

A Rest Camp.

A rest camp in the Egyptian desert, where jaded nerves and ragged digestions may be repaired, is the happy conception of a Swedish woman. To each patient is given a tent, no male being allowed within the lines, the domestic labors of the camp are carried on by celibate women, and neither papers nor letters are permitted to reach the patients. Sun baths and sand baths play a prominent part in the cure, for upon the sun and air the originator of the camp relies for her greatest remedies. Not only must the clothing of those who seek the camp be of the lightest description, but fruit and cereals constitute the bulk of the diet, and books, needlework, and the distractions of the fashionable spa are banished.

Smart Parisian Garments.

A picture frock copied in detail from a toilette of one of the courtiers of the old French monarchy is of shimmering pink tissue posed upon silk chiffon and trimmed with a broad meandering band of cream and pink roses, all made of the narrowest possible ribbon, held up by bows of blue ribbon rimmed with narrow lace. Below this gorgeous trimming, motifs of real lace were introduced, and on the corsage with its sharply pointed front

Probably the most fashionable fabric for the great majority will be mohairs, the plain quantities leading and the "fancies," as they are termed, being second, while, aside from mohairs, colinnes will be second in the race. Voiles will be worn by the ultra-fashionable. It must be remembered that the manufacturers are making or have already manufactured the goods for the coming spring and summer of 1905, and that buyers for the smart shops are now placing and have been for weeks orders for these goods, therefore, if it is shown what fabrics are selling best it is easy to determine what will be worn. In silks, the chiffon taffetas, crapes and tussahs will be favorites. Soft failles and Shantung, and, of course, the standard Indias and foulards will be more or less in demand.

The Soft Pillow Habit.

The soft cushion habit grows on a woman. She begins by making a few pretty ones and putting them in appropriate places and ends by taking the clothes from the children's backs and making up sofa cushions with them. She begins by embroidering a few little flowers on her sofa cushions with everything from the kitchen stove to family groups embroidered, painted, photographed and burnt on them. She has sofa cushions made of calico, awnys, leather, lace, broadcloth, silk, gowns, sacks, etc. An Atchison woman has a large couch hidden under sofa cushions. She has them flung on every chair. She has them heaped in the corners of the rooms and uses the piano banked with soft cushions. She went to her husband's office lately with an armful, but he gave her her choice of taking them away or having him leave her.—Atchison Globe.

The Chinese Baby.

On the evening of the first day after the baby has arrived the paterfamilias, according to the Chinese custom, prostrates himself before a joss, voices thanks to the gods and to the honorable ancestors for the small son who was sent perfect of body and full of health.

On the evening of the second day the ceremony is repeated, and on the third day the voice of the wife joins that of the husband in thanksgiving. Also in the third day a limited number of relatives and friends are called in to witness the first head-shave. The rooms of the home are decorated for this occasion with green branches of either fir, cedar or spruce, to insure longevity (or good luck) to the house.

Other ornamentations in honor of the baby are long silk threads, bearing little circles, squares and hearts of gold and scarlet paper. These are fastened from the walls and are hung from the ceiling.

A few feet away the threads are invisible and the gay scraps of paper appear to be floating in the air. For

the head-shaving the guests are seated in a semi-circle before the joss. The mother is carried to a seat of honor to the right of the joss, and the baby, swathed in yards of scarlet and purple silk, is brought in on an elaborate pillow.—Leslie's Weekly.

Club For Babies.

A club for babies has been established in Paris. It is called the Casino des Enfants, and is in the heart of the fashionable playground for children of the better class in Paris—the Champs Elysees. It is daily thronged with crowds of merry-faced children, while on Sunday they are there in hundreds. It is select, too, for the membership entails an expenditure of half a franc (five pence) per day, so it is only the children of the well-to-do who are found there.

One enters the club room through a carpeted corridor, lined with palms, the main room of which is a beautiful large hall, with a roof of stained glass. Large mirrors are ranged along the walls, and these on dull days, when the electric lights in the chandeliers are turned on, convert the place into a very good imitation of fairyland. It is light, airy and cool, a great contrast to the heat and glare outside when the days are warm.

Its purpose being to give pleasure, the club is equipped with all sorts of games and amusements. In the centre of the hall there is a small merry-go-round of bicycles. There are also several swings, enclosed for safety within a railing of bamboo, low saws and rocking horses. Shuttlecock is a favorite game, and there are other pastimes played with rings, swinging balls, and spinning wheels.

Between flower stalls stalls for confectionery, ice cream and cool drinks, there are set all kinds of automatic machines, whose games give great pleasure to the little ones.—Detroit Tribune.

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A clay-white cloth coat, equally useful for afternoon or evening wear, and of three-quarter length, was delicately trimmed with effective touches of cloth of the fashionable new shade of shrimp red.

A gown for a state occasion was of blue-gray velvet, adorned upon the corsage with hand-wrought lace, introducing several artistic colors and a touch of gold.

A lovely little afternoon taffeta gown, made of the tiniest pink and cream check, had a very full skirt, trimmed with flounces closely and broadly gauged at the top, and on the corsage was decorated with coarse cream lace, and plenty of elaborate and very daintily gauged trimmings.

A very chic poppy-red faced cloth walking costume is wonderfully smart; from either side of a narrow front panel much-corded flounces are bordered with a double ruffling of velvet, the skirt of the long three-quarter coat gathered likewise over many cords below the waist, the bolero fronts trimmed with passementerie.—New Haven Register.

Hairdressing Hints.

Hairdressing has gone through many evolutions since the fashion of scraping up the hair from the nape of the neck first came in. Many women have found this fashion so comfortable and so easy to accomplish without the aid of a maid that they have adhered to it in spite of all the changes of fashion that have come from the planting of the knob on the crown to the centre of the back of the head, and from there to the nape of the neck, which is surely the most natural, if the most comfortable, of fashions. Now the decree of La Mode is that the hair shall be rolled over perpendicularly from the neck to the crown of the head, a comb with a curved-over ornament being placed in this roll. But this mode is far from being artistic and cuts off the proportions of the head to the face in a manner that is quite at variance with all the laws of beauty. Some faces are softened by a fashion of pulling down a meche of hair in a puff over the forehead, and certainly this fashion overhauls the doubtful wisdom of cutting one's hair in a "fringe." Nothing spoils the hair more than the "fringe." The French fashion, therefore, of the low, full waved meche of hair in its natural length simply held in place by combs is by far the most rational. The hair should be fringed slightly on the reverse side before turning up the ends under the comb, and if carefully disposed by seven fingers it need not have the heavy appearance that is the case when inexperienced hands are responsible for the coiffure. The sides, of course, are parted separately, great care being taken to dispose the combs in a sufficiently slanting direction. Often the combs are placed too upright, which gives a wrong movement to the lines of the hair.

Madame the Countess

Wives of the Taxidermist.

These are busy days for the taxidermist, and his little tricks are the amusement and amusement of the amateur hunter. A successful gunner brought in a beautifully-marked wood-duck and wanted it mounted. "Save me the body," he remarked, after the preliminaries were settled. "Impossible," said the taxidermist. "See this table. It has arsenic on it, and I am afraid some of the poison might adhere to the flesh; you are poisoned, I am blamed. It would not be safe to give you the body." That stereotype reply usually results in the customer yielding the point—and the duck. The latter is either eaten by the taxidermist and his family, or he passes it along to some friend with his compliments. The experienced hunter lays down the law: "See here; no footing. Skin my duck on a piece of clean paper and send me the body. D'ye hear?" There is no further controversy.—New York Press.

Condemned.

He was the most awkward dancer at the smallest ball of the small watering place, and she the most graceful. After they had literally bumped their way through a walk she smilingly remarked to a group of admirers that she had danced since she was a little tot.

"Don't be discouraged," he answered in a kindly tone, "you'll get the knack of it yet."—Detroit Free Press.