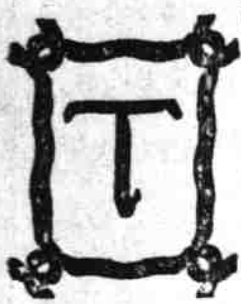


# Love at First Sight.

By Winifred Oliver.



HE man or woman who loves at first sight misses half the sweetness in the game of love. The process called "falling in love" is second only in sweetness to the actual fact of loving.

For the one who tumbles headlong into this blissful state there are many surprises in store. Having fallen in love with the shadow, they proceed to investigate the substance, and sometimes the substance is alarmingly disillusionizing. Poets have thrown a glamour over love at first sight. They have brought much beauty of thought and word to bear on the subject. Their theories are beautiful, but not convincing. Do we not love the rose that we have watched bud and blossom more than we do the one which is thrust upon us in full bloom? Love at first sight is not the deepest and truest of loves. How could it be? We cannot learn the whole creed of love in one lesson.

True love learns to condone the faults as well as to extol the virtues of the loved one. Love at first sight knows not the faults and has but a superficial idea of the virtues. It is too ideal and ethereal a state of affairs to last. It is a gorgeous, gleaming bubble which may burst at any moment, and what is left? Nothing but wounded hopes and gray memories.

Examine well the love which thrusts itself too suddenly upon you; be very sure that it is love and not mere fascination before you succumb to it.

True love does not come as a thief in the night nor like an electric shock. From a small beginning it gradually spreads into an irresistible force, which sweeps all before it. In love at first sight there is no gradual perception of love's charms and blandishments. There is no glad capitulation after a protracted siege; it is all sudden, stunning. Paradise is attained with no appreciation of the joys which led to it. We must learn the lesson of loving by constant conning of love's alphabet. It is a sweet lesson and happy the man or woman who learns it by earnest application and not by having it thrust upon them.—New York Journal.

# Art of Stump Speaking.

By Lieutenant-Governor Curtis Gould, Jr.



HE part that the public speaker plays in our National life is familiar enough, but the manner and method of it have changed in late years almost as much as the methods of the stage. The old-fashioned stump would carry little weight to-day, though in that select class that still regards politics as "low" a political speaker is still supposed to deal largely in personalities varied with comic stories more or less reflecting upon the methods and morals of the opposite party.

It is a hopeful sign of the future that though abuse of men in public life unhappily still exists, it is no longer effective. The speaker who falls to recognize the honest intentions of honest men who disagree with him carries no conviction. Neither are audiences who assemble at political meetings satisfied with smooth generalities phrased in gracious language or even with the sarcasm, wit and buffoonery which may and does provoke their amusement and applause.

The speaker who wishes to attract votes to his party to-day must have something more than a pleasing personality and a smooth tongue. He must state specific facts and present specific evidence in support of his argument. Mingling with a crowd in North Dakota during the speech of a noted orator on a certain National issue, I heard his general statement as to the attitudes of the respective parties in Congress received with utter incredulity and disbelief. A few weeks afterward I heard a Massachusetts Congressman present the same issue in Massachusetts. He did not indulge in eloquent generalities. He produced a copy of the Congressional Record, read the essential part of the bill in question, read the vote and invited the audience to examine the official record. That speech counted.

The man with convictions who talks to his audience and tells them what he knows and believes, has taken the place of the gentleman who left his audience amused, but not instructed. The preparation of a political speech that is to be effective involves much hard study and investigation. Even then it is likely to fail utterly in its purpose if, in the excitement of delivery, the speaker overstates his case or forgets the rules of courtesy, which happily for our political future, are now more and more observed by all parties.

# An Age of Dyspepsia.

By the Rev. Dr. G. R. Van De Water.



AS far as I know Wall Street is no more wicked than any other street and dealing in stocks no worse than dealing in hides.

Our country owes more to Wall Street and stock exchanges than is realized or appreciated. Business is a good thing and work a divine order. A man who does not work is a leech on society. The man who never rests wastes, and waste is sin. There is no real business in rushing, but real business is the exercising of common sense.

We are in danger of a great commercial decline, because men as a whole are too much interested in the selfish motive to get wealthy, and in consequence the great National questions the unbiased, unselfish, heartfelt consideration which they should have at large in the hearts of the Nation's men.

There are thousands of men who do not take time to eat properly. The sidewalks are filled with a rushing, hurrying, bustling crowd of men, women and children who are rushing through life. There are more things going on in a week than can properly be done in a month. This disposition is stamping out family life and instincts. It is entering the church and shortening the sermons. The State is affected by it. The dominant spirit is to get wealthy, and this is tending to make our halls of government more like marts of commerce. Are not United States Senators optioned in some cases to the highest bidder? A poor man cannot go to the United States Senate. The first consideration is always, "Can I afford to go?"

The business spirit is crushing out the sweeter elements. Home should receive first attention; yet how many children are greater strangers to their fathers, and often mothers, than to the servants? How many men are there who really take time to indulge in the luxury of doing nothing? As a result we have an age of dyspepsia, morose dispositions, sleepless nights and selfish humanity. I am glad to see that the remedy is beginning to be applied, and that men are beginning to realize that their bodies need rest and recreation; to see that they have immortal souls; that truth is truth in business as well as anywhere.

# Animals and Intoxication.

By Ellen Veilvin, F. Z. S.



ALTHOUGH it has often been said, when speaking of drunkenness, that even the beasts of the field do not get drunk, it is, nevertheless, a fact that a great many animals do get intoxicated. Take the elephant, for instance. He is particularly fond of the fruit of the Uganu tree, and although he appears to have some idea that it is not good for him, he will go on eating, when he has once begun, until he is wildly excited, and so intoxicated that he will stagger from side to side. Every now and then he will pull himself up, shake his huge head, and tear madly through the forest trumpeting at the top of his voice, and terrifying every living creature. It is said that he will even dare and defy his most dreaded enemy, the tiger, when in this condition, but we have no means of verifying this. It is well known, however, that an elephant is in a most dangerous condition when suffering from the effects of eating this beautiful fruit, and all who can take care to keep out of his way as much as possible.

The sloth bear is another animal given to this falling. The natives of India are in the habit of hanging little vessels on the palm trees for catching the juice. This juice is so attractive to the sloth bear that, although such a poor climber, he will scramble up, and go on drinking the juice until he is so drunk that he can only slip helplessly to the ground, and lie there in a drunken stupor until the effects have passed off.

But the sloth bear is not the only animal who is so partial to this juice of the palm tree. The curious fruit, or fox, bats (family Pteropodidae), are particularly fond of it. This peculiar little combination of beast and bird, with its fox-like face, reddish furry body, and black, uncanny-looking wings, the delicate membrane of which is always quivering down to the very tips, will fly to these vessels in company with some hundreds of his companions, and they will suck the juice until the ground below the tree will be dark with the bodies of these bats, who will lie there too helplessly intoxicated to move or defend themselves, no matter what may turn up.

The biggest drunkard of all is, perhaps, the palm civet. So addicted is this animal to the drinking habit that he has been termed the toddy cat. And a more helpless, foolish-looking creature than he is when he is thoroughly intoxicated with the palm juice it would be difficult to find. There are many other animals given to this falling, but all those I have spoken of live in India, and it may be that the heat which induces extreme thirst—a frequent excuse among men—is the direct cause of it.—Collier's Weekly.

# THE DREAMER'S JOY.

I have no heaps of gold; I may  
Not leave my work and fare away  
To where the old world's wonders are,  
I may not climb the pyramid,  
Or stand where Roman Scipio did  
To meet the son of Hamcar.  
I toil within a narrow zone  
And claim few treasures as my own,  
Yet God has blessed me royally.  
For, filled with dreams, I often sit  
And taste of joys I'd have with it  
If fortune some day fall to me.  
—S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

# Hope Deferred.

OF course, she had always been of an imaginative turn, and had seen things rather romantically, besides having a gift of words. But she had never thought of writing a story, not even a little poem, such as a great many school girls write—girls, some of them, with little imagination, and still less gift of words. Then came her valedictory, which was praised and printed, and part of it reprinted in a city paper. After that she decided to write.

There was plenty to write of and she was buoyant, full of enthusiasm and young. It seemed but natural to her that she should write for the young at first, believing that with added skill she would be fitted later for a mature audience. To write skillfully for the young is hardly the lesser art; but she did not realize this, nor the value nor charm of her work.

She was surprised, very much surprised, and oh, so delighted, when there came to her, perhaps a fortnight later, a brief and apprehensive note from the editor of The Juvenile, and a check—not a large one, for they did not pay much in those days of a quarter of a century back; but the letter and the check made her blood dance and bound and quiver and sent her far out into the fields, to lie in the tall grass and look up at the sky, and to whisper over and over to herself that she was an author! an author! a real live author who wrote for this great new publication for the young which from the far away city had sent her a check for her first story, and had asked for more! Dear heart! it is good to be young and alive, looking up to the sky and to feel that somewhere in the big world there is a place for us.

It seems almost too bad that she did not persevere. So many have persevered with so much less encouragement. A fair start and an open way—why was it that love must come along just then to divert and hinder. True, she did not undertake the second story, but the same evening she met Tom for the first time, and that night as she lay looking out at the stars, she was not so sure that being an editor was the best thing in the world, after all. She finally gave it up, and told Tom all about it when she became engaged to him and of course Tom told her that when they were married she should write stories all day long if she wanted to.

That was easy for Tom to say. No doubt he meant it, too, at the time. But you see, during the first year there was the little new home to fix up, and during the next year there was a little new baby to cuddle and care for, while with other years there were other little new babies and cares, and the house grew larger, and more leaves were added to the extension table, though the lingering hope of one day finding time to write did not wholly die until the second and perhaps even the third baby came along.

She gave up the idea then altogether, and with what seemed an added reason, for her first story sold to The Juvenile had never been printed! True, she had heard that for one reason and another magazines sometimes delayed publication for as much as four or five years, and she was rather pleased at first that perhaps her oldest boy would be able to understand by the time "mother's story" appeared.

They watched for it together at last; but when seven years had passed since it was written she began to despair of it ever appearing. When eight or nine years had gone their way she put the matter out of her mind altogether, and regarded herself as fortunate that she had not adopted literature as a calling. The manuscript had doubtless been forgotten and destroyed. She would forget, too.

Not so with the children. The tradition of a story that their mother had written and sold to their favorite publication was every precious to them, and each number of The Juvenile was searched carefully and with a fresh pang of disappointment as each month passed and added itself to the years that brought them to manhood and womanhood, with lives and homes and cares of their own.

She was all done at last—she and Tom. The house was much too big for them now, and the table had been narrowed down leaf by leaf until it was just where it was when they began more than twenty-five years before. She was still in the prime of life, and they were not rich enough to travel. Tom, who had been hurt in a runaway ten years before, had never quite recovered, and the burden of the family had been heavy on his shoulders. Once she even thought vaguely of writing as a help; she had plenty of time now. But she put it out of her mind quickly, and went across the way to visit her "little girl" who had married the month before.

Even Joe Matthewson, who had himself been writing for ten years or more, and connected editorially with the big newspapers, even Joe did not realize that a magazine may carry unpublished manuscripts in its safe for a period of a quarter of a century. He had read jokes about such things, but these he

had considered as exaggerations. Probably some of the things he had read were exaggerated, but during his first day as assistant editor of the "Juvenile" he realized that, after all, the comic papers had enlarged less than he supposed.

In a great safe he found bundles of dusty MSS., some of them very old. When he ventured to mention the matter to his chief the latter laughed. "Accumulations of the ages," he said. "Most of them good enough once, but held up for one reason or another until they were out of date or didn't suit some new policy of the magazine, or maybe we got something better in the same line. There might be some among the old ones that we could use now, though—old things are good every seven years, you know. When you want a little recreation look them over."

The managing editor had intended the last remark half in jest, but Joe being the "new broom" in the office was determined to "sweep clean," and look them over he did.

It took a long while, for there were more of them than he had calculated upon. The oldest one had been there since the first month of the magazine's publication—a misfit from the start, and bought probably in fear that enough good fits would not be easily obtained. These things made Joe sad, for he had a tender heart, and being a writer himself he knew that the mere money return is only a small part of the writer's reward. He could close his eyes and imagine the ambitious young authors waiting month after month for the appearance of their work, finally giving up in despair and perhaps undertaking some trade or profession in which the rewards were either purely material or at least not so long deferred.

But the managing editor, who had grown hardened with time, feigned indifference. "So much the better," he laughed. "The fellows that wrote some of those things, and quit, are most likely presidents of railroads or life insurance companies by this time, with salaries of fifty thousand a year. If they'd kept on writing they'd be poorer now than when they started."

Joe came to the end of the great pile one afternoon. The last MSS. bore a date of twenty-six years before, and was written in a queer schoolgirl sort of a hand. The paper was yellow and ink faded, but the little story of country life it told was as fresh and tender and life breathing today as when the imaginative, warm-blooded girl had been made glad by its acceptance, and lying in the tall grass, and looking up at the blue sky, and calling herself an author, found the world was good, because she believed that somewhere in it was a high place which she might one day hope to win.

Perhaps psychologically something of all this came to Joe as he sat staring out on a crowded square, that was no longer a crowded square, but green fields and sunlit river of the little forgotten tale.

"What's the matter, Matthewson?" asked the managing editor when Joe came in and laid the yellow MSS. on his desk. "You don't look well."

"I'm not. I'm heartsick at the thought of the girl who could write that story waiting and growing old without seeing it printed. We haven't a better thing in the safe, and never will have."

The managing editor saddened a little, too. "Oh, well, we are all growing old together," he said; then he picked up the story and ran his eyes down the first page. "Why, yes, I remember this," he continued. "I thought this a charming piece of work at the time and wrote to the author for more. She never sent anything else, and for that reason I hesitated about using this. I feared it might not be original. The handwriting is rather girlish, you see, and I was rather young then and I couldn't afford to get caught. Then by and by I forgot it. No doubt it was all right. And I wish we could get stories like that today. I suppose the author died, or married, or something."

"Perhaps," said Joe, "but I'd stake my life on it being her own work. Suppose we try to find what became of her. We might try the old address."

Half way across the street she met the postmaster, who handed her a letter. She recognized the envelope of The Juvenile—a notice probably of their expiring subscription. She would let it expire, she thought. They had continued it only for the "little girl" who had married the month before. They did not need it any longer.

Then some one called, and looking up she saw the "little girl" running down the path to meet her. The "little girl" was waving something in her hand—something which the woman recognized as a copy of The Juvenile.

"Oh mamma, mamma!" she panted breathlessly, as she came near. "Your story—your beautiful story! They've printed it at last!"

The woman took the bright new copy of the publication and opened at the place indicated. Her hands trembled a little, and something came into her eyes that blotted out the fair printed page and beautiful illustrations.

She glanced at the unopened letter in her hand; that made it seem even more real. Then, still in a dream, she tore off the cover, and saw a typewritten sheet, with something tinted and folded, something that made her heart bound and quiver, as it had done so long ago. It was a check—she could see it was that—but the typewritten letter blurred, and she handed it to the "little girl." The "little girl" gave it one hasty glance, then—

"Listen! Listen!" she cried. "Oh, mamma, listen!" Then she read joyously: "Dear Madam—We take great pleas-

ure, after all the years of waiting, in offering to our readers this month your beautiful little story, "Hopes Afield." It seems even better today than when we took it so long ago. Indeed, we must offer this as our only excuse for the delay; but you must allow us to add to our original payment another check for an equal amount in order to make the price something near what we would pay for such a story today, and we trust that, undismayed by the long waiting, you will let us have many such from your pen. We are, my dear madam,

"The Juvenile Company."

The woman listened, and saw the "little girl" with the letter and check in her hand, all her youth and joy and ambition came surging back. "Oh, little girl," she cried, "I must—I must go out into the tall grass once more and look up at the sky!—A. B. Paine in the Pathfinder.

# THE WARY LOON.

Traits of the Bird on Land and Water—Trials of the Gunners.

No one who has tried to get within gunshot of a great northern diver when the latter floats free upon the water will ever believe there is any sense in the expression "as crazy as a loon." No other bird, save the grebe, perhaps, is more aquatic than this and not even the grebe is his superior at diving and swimming. His powerful legs, set far back, almost at the extremity of his body, are as highly favorable to movement in the water as they are unfavorable to movement on the land.

In the water the loon is a bird, a fish and an otter in one; on the land—where he is very seldom seen, by the way—his movements are almost painful in their clumsiness. At least, this is usually the case; we can hardly consider it invariably so, in view of Audubon's statement concerning a wounded and terrified loon which, he says, ran 100 yards on dry land and another hundred yards through ankle-deep water, stumbling now and then, but still traveling so fast that his son, J. W. Audubon, an active young man, could not overtake it before it reached deep water, where it suddenly expired.

Concerning the position of the leg of the loon, there is an ancient legend. When the maker of the universe was making this bird He forgot all about the legs; but as it flew away he remembered the omission, and threw the legs after it. Naturally they struck the hind part of the body, and there stuck.

But, however they got there, they answer the loon's purpose very well, as any one who has pursued him in a boat will tell you. The usual experience is this: The loon swims along with head, neck and an inch or so of his back above the surface of the water until the boat comes almost within gunshot. Then, if no sudden movement has been made, he is likely to sink gently out of sight, and come to the surface again well out of range.

At a sudden movement, or the slightest sound, like the "cocking" of a gun, it will dive with incredible speed and swim under water to a great distance, repeating the trick as often as the pursuer has patience to renew the chase.

As a rule, the northern diver, when pursued, will endeavor to keep to the open water, where he trusts to his diving powers to save him from his enemies, taking wing only in very exceptional cases. If he be cornered or driven toward the shore, he will dive like a flash, and swimming rapidly under the boat, arise far out of gunshot on the other side.

But experienced gunners seldom hunt loons in this way, unless for the fun of watching his skill as a waterman. They usually wait until autumn, when the birds are migrating, and shoot them from a boat as they pass high overhead. Often, while lying in wait for birds on the wing, these gunners see other loons riding among the whitecaps. Now and then a great, crested wave will come rolling along, diver in the flood, but the plucky bird at the last moment will turn upon the monster, and diving through its liquid base, will quickly reappear in the quiet water on the other side.

Loons often fall victims to their curiosity. Gunners who know their weakness will lie concealed in the reeds with guns at the "ready." On seeing a loon swimming at a distance they will wave a hat or a handkerchief for an instant and then withdraw it. The loon will be sure to see this and the chances are that he will start toward it, swimming and diving alternately. If he pauses, up will go the signal again, and again the bird will advance. When well within gunshot, a trigger is pulled, and the modern breech loader at short range is one too many even for the lightning dive of a loon.—Washington Post.

The Site of the White House.

The site for the president's palace, as the first maps name it was selected by President Washington and Major L'Enfant when they laid out the federal city in 1792. They purposed to have the president's house and the capitol reciprocally close to the long vista formed by Pennsylvania avenue; and they also laid out a park-like connection between the two great buildings, after the manner now proposed by the park commission. The plans for the house, selected by Washington and Jefferson as the result of a competition in which L'Enfant took part, were drawn by James Hoban, a native of Dublin, and a medal man of the Society of Arts of that city.—Charles Moore in the Century.

In Belgium there are no extensive forests or timber lands, and wood for all purposes must be imported.

# The Funny Side of Life.

No Arbitration.  
"I think I've earned a kiss," he said—  
The lights burned low, the hour  
late.  
She whispered with averted head,  
" 'Tis not worth while to arbitrate."  
—Boston Budget.

RETENTIVE.  
Wantanno—"What a memory you have! Did you ever forget anything in all your life?"  
Duzno (after profound thought)—  
"Not that I can remember."—Baltimore American.

# THAT FETCHED HIM.



"Was the trigonometry examination hard?"  
"Yes, indeed. I had to shed tears before the professor would let me pass."  
—New York Journal.

TOO GREAT A STRAIN.  
"What is the matter with Weegler?"  
"The doctor says it is brain fatigue."  
"Just as I expected. I told the doctor fellow he had better let his man pick out his spring neckties for him!"—St. Paul Herald.

ONLY HALF THE TRUTH.  
Wife (during the quarrel)—"Yes, and people say you only married me for my money."  
Husband—"People are wrong, my dear. They overlook the fact that you also had considerable real estate."—Chicago News.

HOW COULD HE?  
Teacher—"Johnny, can you spell 'catch'?"  
Johnny—"No'm."  
Teacher—"Well, then, come up to my desk and look it up in the dictionary."  
Johnny—"If I can't spell it how shall I find it?"—New York Times.

NEW IMPOSITION.  
Harris—"Walters has been looking pretty sad since his daughter got married, hasn't he?"  
Correll—"Yes, you see, he had a sonner got his daughter off his hands than he found he would have to put her husband on his feet."—Town and Country.

THE COOK STAYS.  
Mrs. Newbridge—"How does Mrs. Henry Peck manage to keep that cook of hers?"  
Mrs. Oldhand—"She threatened to leave, but Mrs. Peck would not give a recommendation, and she wouldn't go without one—and they are both stubborn."—Judge.

# SAVED!



"What a lucky thing it is that I did not take the advice of my friends and reduce my weight before coming to these mountains."—Fliegende Blaetter.

GROWN BOOKISH.  
"Josh writes that he is spending a heap o' time with his books," said Mrs. Courtssel.  
"Yes," answered her husband, "he was kind o' battered in the last football game, an' I reckon they's nothing fur him to do fur a few days except to stay in his room an' study."—Washington Star.

THE MUSEUM METHOD.  
Museum Agent—"What's wrong with our new midget? He doesn't seem to draw."  
Manager—"Of course not. See what a mess you've made of the advertisements. You've put his height at three feet. Make it thirty-six inches and the people will come with a rush."—New York Weekly.