



IF WE KNEW.

Could we but draw the curtains  
That surround each other's lives,  
See the naked heart and spirit,  
Know what spur the action gives,  
Often we should find it better,  
Purer than we judge we should;  
We should love each other better  
If we only understood.

The Bookkeeper's Mistake

HARLIE ANDERSON, the bookkeeper, sat behind his little sliding window covertly watching Miss Dolly over the top of his ledger. She was leaning rather dejectedly over some work she had just finished on her typewriter, with her head on her hand and her eyes gazing wistfully.

The regular scratch, scratch of the shipping clerk's pen was the only sound in the office, and presently Miss Dolly's eyes wandered in that direction and lingered on the curly head bending over the desk in the corner. They lingered there a long while, then she roused herself with a little sigh and began to fold her letters.

The bookkeeper nodded to himself. "There is something wrong with Miss Dolly. She hasn't been like herself for a long time. She used to sing and rattle away so cheerily, and now she sighs and looks wistful and is too quiet. I have watched her. And I know what it is. She is in love with the shipping clerk. I was a young fellow myself once."

The bookkeeper was not yet forty, but care and hard work had brought a little gray into his hair, and his youth seemed very far away.

Presently he opened the door of his cage. "Miss Dolly, you may as well go now. You don't look well, and Mr. Sperry will not be back this evening."

"Oh, thank you," she said, and closed up her typewriter and put on her hat.

When she had gone the bookkeeper sat for a long time thinking hard. He was meditating a plan of attack, for Miss Dolly was too nice a girl to waste her affections on the shipping clerk. The bookkeeper had fallen into the habit of walking home with her in the evening, their roads lying together, and he knew what a sweet, lovable, womanly nature she had. The shipping clerk must be made to realize it. He must have his eyes opened.

In his corner that young gentleman scratched away, blissfully unconscious of the schemes darkening over his blonde head. He looked up when the bookkeeper came over and sat down by his desk.

"I think Miss Dolly is a very sweet girl, don't you, Wells?" said the bookkeeper.

"Yes, she is rather a nice little girl," answered the shipping clerk, a little surprised. The bookkeeper seldom had anything to say. But he went on.

"She is more than 'rather nice.' She has a lovely disposition and is very pretty, too. I have been walking home with her at nights and I have had a good opportunity to judge. I think she is a girl in a thousand."

"Falling in love with her?" asked the shipping clerk.

"Oh, no, no. Nothing like that for me. She didn't look well this afternoon, and I was thinking of her, that's all."

The shipping clerk had his suspicions, however, and Miss Dolly acquired a new interest for him. He talked to her whenever he could get a chance and found her rather dignified and reserved, which only made him more eager to draw her out. The bookkeeper helped matters along all he could. He left them alone together whenever an opportunity afforded, he dropped little judicious words and he gave up his evening walks with Miss Dolly, being always too busy to leave when she did, so that it soon happened that she and the shipping clerk began to walk home together. That young man had come to the conclusion that he was mistaken in supposing the bookkeeper to be in love with Miss Dolly. The bookkeeper came in suddenly one day and found Miss Dolly crying, with her pretty head dropped on her arms outstretched on the typewriter table.

He was much distressed and laid his hand gently on her shoulder, but she only shivered under his touch and would not look up, so he went away and communicated with the shipping clerk.

shipping clerk. That gentleman evidently knew what to do, for after waiting a suitable length of time the bookkeeper followed him into the office and found him sitting on the table and Miss Dolly laughing and talking gayly, with flushed cheeks and starry eyes.

After that Miss Dolly was no longer dignified with the shipping clerk. She smiled at him bewitchingly and gave him shy, coquettish glances and let him button her gloves. He thought her charming and matters were going along swimmingly, but somehow the bookkeeper did not feel so elated over his success as might have been expected.

There was a curious ache at his heart, and he began to feel a most unreasonable dislike toward the shipping clerk. What an impudent young fellow he was; he positively forced his attentions upon Miss Dolly! Was he the man for her? The bookkeeper had meant it for her good, but had he done the wisest thing? He never could manage to walk home with her at all now and he missed the little confidences she had been wont to give him. She hardly ever spoke to him nowadays, she even appeared to avoid him and he turned to his work with a sigh.

One evening he watched them going away together and he noticed what a handsome, clean-limbed young fellow the shipping clerk was and how daintily Miss Dolly lifted her skirts, and what a handsome couple they made, and he turned away to the little mirror and scrutinized with earnest eyes the face that greeted him there. He noted bitterly the gray sprinkled in the dark hair and the wrinkles about the eyes and the grave mouth.

"What a fool I have been!" he cried passionately. Ah, poor, clumsy, great-hearted spider, caught in the web he had so carefully woven for the unsuspecting fly.

But now that he had begun this work he would not go back, no; not if it brought the keenest torture into his life. He had deliberately brought it upon himself and must bear the consequences. And if Miss Dolly loved the shipping clerk, why, she must love him—her happiness came first of all. So he crushed his heart sternly and bore the anguish as silently as he could.

But it was hard, hard work as the days went by. Miss Dolly has grown gay again, sometimes it seemed almost a feverish gaiety, she was so bright and restless. The bookkeeper caught himself watching her and was astonished to remember how long he had unconsciously been doing so.

Once he came upon them standing close together and the shipping clerk was bending over her slim, gloved hand fastening a most refractory button and looking up at her with ardent eyes. Miss Dolly started, and then dropped her eyes, flushing rosily. And the bookkeeper clinched his hands, a mighty impulse came over him to fling the shipping clerk through the open door, and he took one quick step. Then he controlled himself by an effort and went on to his desk.

After that he hardly dared look at Miss Dolly and seldom trusted himself to speak. His only safety lay in work, so he toiled away from morning till evening with the tireless energy of a machine.

Then one day came the news of the shipping clerk's promotion, a good position, a snug salary. The bookkeeper knew what that meant. He wondered dully how long it would be before the shipping clerk took her away. Oh, what would the office be like without her! However, she would be happy; he was so glad she would be happy.

He stood beside her at the window as she was getting ready to leave, and thought what a lucky fellow the shipping clerk was. All things had come to him.

"That promotion is a fine thing for Wells," he said. "I am so glad it came."

"Yes, I am, too," Miss Dolly answered, pausing to watch the sunset. She looked subdued and thoughtful in its red glow.

"He deserves it," the bookkeeper said gently. "And I am so glad for your sake."

Miss Dolly turned on him. "And why are you glad for my sake?" "Well, because, of course, it must mean so much to you."

Miss Dolly flung out her hand impatiently. "And why should it mean so much for me?" she demanded.

The bookkeeper floundered stupidly. He did not understand these bewildering woman's moods.

"I thought, you know, you acted as if it seemed like you cared. I—I thought you were in love with him."

"You seemed determined that I should be!" flashed Miss Dolly. Then she said softly: "I was in love—but not with him."

Her eyes were fixed dreamily on the purple clouds in the west, but there was something in her face that made the bookkeeper take a sudden stride toward her and cry out fiercely: "Dolly! I have a right to know! Who was it that you were in love with?"

Then Dolly dropped her coquettish and lifted her clear eyes to his face and held out her hands.

"It was you," she said simply. And the bookkeeper—well, no matter what he did.

FREED BY A SNAPSHOT.

Success of an American Amateur in a South American Jail.

A member of the Camera Club tells with some pride of an incident which happened while he was traveling in South America, and points out the result of it as a triumph for photography.

"It was in one of the cities of Peru, and an American acquaintance of mine who was there temporarily on business was trotting me around among the sights of the town. After we had visited most of the show places he said one day: 'Now I want you to see the old dungeon of a prison which they have here, but it is a place where you can't take your camera. The rules are very severe against that. I wish you could, though, for you would get some mighty interesting pictures. These people are unrelenting jailers, and some of their treatment of the prisoners is pretty medieval in its character. Why, they have an American there now for some alleged insult to the Government, and he is kept incommunicado, as they call it—that is, in a cell removed from those of the other prisoners, and so strictly guarded that he can communicate with nobody. They don't care much about having visitors see him, but as you pass his cell, if he happens to be near the front, you can sometimes catch a glimpse of him through the bars. His friends are trying to get him out, but none of them have been able to see him, and there is some difficulty in proving that the prisoner is really their man.'"

"See here," said I, "this is a chance for me. I have a small camera with me which I'll almost flat—is it a device of my own—and I will guarantee that I can get it by the guards. When we are drawing near to the American's cell, you give me a sign and I will be ready. Perhaps luck will favor us."

"Well, smuggling the camera in was easy. Even if those keepers had found it they wouldn't have recognized it as one. As we came near the 'incommunicado' cell my friend nudged me, and, without attracting attention from the accompanying guards, I prepared the machine for an exposure. A moment more and I nearly jumped at our good fortune. There, a little distance in front of me stood my unfortunate countryman, leaning wearily against the bars of his cell and looking full at us. The guards, seeing him at the front of his cell, seemed anxious to hurry us by, but they did not do so until after my quiet and unobserved little snapshot was made. And the best part of the whole story is that the man was actually released by means of that picture. When developed and printed it was an excellent likeness, and through it his friends were able to prove his identity. Within a short time the injustice of his arrest was established, in spite of the authorities, and he was free.—New York Tribune.

For a Very Good Reason.

The administration of the German Army is undoubtedly excellent. Perhaps Americans would say "stingy," but never mind that. By the strictest economy it has been possible to keep up a big army, an efficient and a healthy one, with considerably less means than any other nation has required to do the same. One of the reasons is that Prussia has the "Oberrechnungskammer," the superior auditor's office—an institution founded by the ultra-economical father of Frederick the Great—which controls every expense incurred, even the most trifling farthings. The reprimands of this institution are much dreaded by officers, and especially by paymasters. If anything is found wrong long reports have to be submitted, and it is astonishing what this "Oberrechnungskammer" will find out. A short time ago the commander of the Tenth Army Corps at Hannover received a query from the auditors asking why the broad streets of the camp at Muenster had not been let out to peasants for cattle pasture when not in use as a camping ground, as is done with other camps in Prussia. The General sent the question to the commandant of the camp at Muenster, whose witty vein he knew. This General returned the question to the "Oberrechnungskammer" with no other comment than the words on the margin: "Because in this section of the country cattle do not eat sand."—Hanover Letter in the Chicago Record.

Broncho Bill's Denomination.

During the first years of his career as an actor, Will had in one of his theatrical companies a Westerner named Broncho Bill. There were Indians in the troupe and a certain missionary had joined the aggregation to look after the morals of the Indians. Thinking that Broncho Bill would bear a little looking after also, the good man secured a seat by his side at the dinner table, and remarked pleasantly: "This is Mr. Broncho Bill, is it not?" "Yaas." "Where were you born?" "Near Kit Bullard's mill, on Big Pigeon." "Religious parents, I suppose?" "Yaas." "What is your denomination?" "My what?" "Your denomination?" "O—ah—yaas. Smith and Wesson."—From the "Last of the Scouts," by Helen Cody Wetmore.

The Dakotas First Settlement.

The first settlement in the Dakotas, Sioux Falls, was not made until 1857. In Wyoming, it is true, a fur-trading post was established as early as 1834, but there was no need of organizing a separate territorial government for this region until 1868. By the census of 1890, the Western States and Territories, from the line of Missouri and Iowa to the Pacific, contained 3,789,302 people.

TRAINING RAW RECRUITS

HOW MEN ARE PREPARED FOR THE PHILIPPINE CAMPAIGN.

The Presidio at San Francisco Has Been Turned Into One Vast School, Where Thousands Are Learning the Art of War Under Competent Drill Masters.

On the Presidio rifle range, west of the Marine Hospital, in San Francisco, Uncle Sam is carrying out an extraordinary work, the first of its kind ever attempted in the United States. Since the beginning of May over 3000 raw recruits, a great majority of whom had never had a rifle in their hands in their lives, are there being transformed into excellent marksmen, with a thorough technical knowledge of the army gun and the way to handle it.

When the Fifth Army Corps landed in Cuba most of the regular regiments contained fifty per cent. of raw recruits. Most of them knew nothing whatever of the use of firearms and were thrown into an enemy's country without being able to sight or aim a gun, a condition of affairs that caused every officer in the invading army the greatest concern.

A government is quick to learn and to profit by its mistakes, particularly in war time, and this is the reason why out at this edge of the continent a system has been established by which every recruit, before he sails across the Pacific to give battle in the Philippines, is put through a special course of instruction in this important work.

The new Presidio rifle range lies in a low valley. Seven automatic targets, each containing the silhouette of a kneeling figure, instead of the old-fashioned bullseye, are stretched along the edge of a deep bulkhead, which is fronted by one-half inch steel plates and heavy sand intrenchments. Here at the 100, 200, 300 and 500 yard ranges the recruits are instructed in their work under the guidance of Captain W. N. Hughes of the Thirtieth United States Infantry, who is one of the finest marksmen in the service and the holder of numerous championship medals. From 8 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon the men are kept at their task and take their turns at the targets.

The love of using firearms seems to be inherent in the native born American, and the rapacity with which the rawest enlisted man master the details of the practice is wonderful. Forty-eight hours has been found amply sufficient time to transform an awkward, bungling beginner into a fairly good rifleman, and from that on he improves with every shot he fires. On a recent day twenty-four of these men, not one of whom had ever had a gun in his hand before that day, ended the practice at the targets in the afternoon with an average of eighteen points each out of a possible twenty-five. In other words, one-half dozen hours' labor had given the United States twenty-four good marksmen. Over 3000 such have been turned out at the Presidio ranges in two months.

The process which is responsible for this transformation is full of interest. The recruit is first taught how to use the sights of his rifle. Then comes the instruction in aiming from a standing position, and after that ten minutes' trigger-snapping practice. The pulling of a trigger would seem to most people a very simple thing to master. As a matter of fact it is a most important operation in rifle work and not by any means an easy one to learn. Then, comes the "position." It is essential that a man be instructed exactly how to plant his feet, how to hold his rifle and how to brace the stock against his shoulder before taking aim. Then, when the rudiments have been mastered, he is taught to load his gun and is finally allowed to take his place beside the scorers and fire his allotted number of shots. If he makes less than thirteen points on the first day he is given a second trial at the range, and, more often than not, far eclipses his first score. On the second day he takes his place in the line again and is put through the whole work once more, finishing up with a thorough instruction in the kneeling and sitting positions.

These three positions, the standing or "off-hand," as it is called, the sitting and the kneeling are practically all that are taught in the American army, with the exception of the prone posture used in open skirmish order. In former years, where the rifle was longer and the leather strap ran out from the butt to the top notch of the gun, the "saw buck," the "Texas grip" and all sorts of recumbent attitudes were allowed, but the War Department has now abandoned these, principally for the reason that they do not give the marksman a fair sight at the object at which he is shooting.

In addition to the automatic targets, the Presidio range contains three other forms of mark. These are made of canvas stretched over iron frames, and are accurate copies of the positions men assume when standing, kneeling or sitting in the act of shooting.

The majority of the recruits now at the Presidio have drifted in from enlistment from small towns and villages all over the country. It is found that these country boys invariably make the best marksmen, having a truer eye than townbred men and being better judges of distance and atmospheric conditions, all points of the greatest importance in actual service in the field. Trench work has now got to be such a well-recognized feature of modern warfare that a low aim is always insisted on. This has been found to be really the hardest part of the instruction of recruits. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will invariably fire high.

The rifles used in this practice are the latest type of Springfield and the shells contain smokeless powder.

There is very little recoil to these guns and for many other reasons they are invaluable for the work of instruction.

In order that the recruits may not be kept out of practice for the whole length of time consumed in their trip across the Pacific, Captain Hughes is advocating to the War Department a regular system of bottle shooting on the transports. This practice will not only serve to keep the men in excellent shape as far as their rifle work is concerned, but will do a great deal to relieve the monotony of the trip and break up the tiresome routine of the long voyage to the Philippines.

FRESH TRADE DEVELOPMENTS.

The impression prevails that no wood has such a long, soft fibre and is so well adapted to the manufacture of paper as spruce, but experiments are now being made with hemlock in several Canadian mills. The result is not yet known.

Alabama reports a fine demand for her soft coal, even that which is not available for coke finding a ready sale. No coal is being stored, as there is a sufficient call for all that is mined. It looks as if the miners would be kept busy all through the coming winter.

According to a Buffalo newspaper some American capitalists are considering the propriety of establishing a great gun foundry in this country that shall rival the famous Krupp works in Germany and those of Lord Armstrong in England. Buffalo is one of the cities where these men have recently been looking for a site.

The high price of copper has led to a reduced consumption in Germany and France, but this is not due to the substitution of some other metal, like aluminum, but to a postponement of various electrical enterprises that have been projected. The production of copper has increased but little this year, and the gain is apparently all abroad, not in America.

Minister Loomis, writing from Caracas, says that a leading coffee grower in Venezuela is trying to organize a confederation of coffee producing countries to advance the interests of the growers. Senor Olavarría, the person mentioned, believes that the cause of low prices which prevailed of late is overproduction, and he thinks that co-operation would result in cutting down the supply.

The American Consul at Montevideo says that very few dwelling houses in Uruguay are so built that a stove for heating could have an outlet for its smoke, and even for cooking stoves it is customary to provide only a stovepipe hole in the wall. The American oil stove, however, and the regulation cook stove from the United States are finding a market there, and in the future there is a prospect of increased sales. The natives make a rude cook stove of their own, with a water tank, but it is not economical in the use of fuel.

Dug Up Tombstones.

While workmen were excavating for a number of houses on the triangle bounded by Ridge avenue and Dauphin and Thirty-second streets the other day they were mystified by the digging up of a large number of tombstones, monuments, urns and statues at the depth of ten feet. All thought that they had struck upon an old-time forgotten graveyard. Mr. Land made an investigation into the history of the place, and found that in the year 1715 one Joseph Petersen, a Swede, settled there and built himself a log cabin, which was not torn down until about 1850. Subsequently the place was known as Shuster and Whale Parks, but the ground was never used for burial purposes. While the men were still engaged in digging up fine pieces of Italian marble an old resident happened that way and solved the mystery. He explained it as a case of beating the Sheriff, stating that a marble cutter down town was threatened by the Sheriff many years ago, and to save his stock moved it in the dead of the night to the then hollow piece of ground at Ridge avenue and Dauphin streets, where he covered it up to escape detection. The marble man died before the case was settled, and the hiding place of his property remained a secret until the workmen made the excavation.—Philadelphia Record.

Owed His Dinner to a Bugle.

While the United States steamer Brooklyn is being repaired shore leave is given in turn to batches of sailors. One man, who lives in this city on the East Side and who was allowed to remain with his family for two or three days, invited a shipmate to take dinner with him last Sunday. Unfortunately the shipmate lost the address, and could remember only the name of the street. Reaching the street he wandered up and down, asking every other person he met if he knew the house where a sailor belonging to the Brooklyn lived. None knew. The man, nonplussed, was about to give up the search, when he observed a youth sitting on a stoop amusing himself with an old battered bugle. A thought struck the sailor. "Lend me that a minute," he said to the young man, as he grasped the horn. Putting it to his lips he sounded with all his might the dinner call of the Brooklyn. Sure enough, two or three seconds later, from a window not fifty yards away, a head was thrust, and a strong, lusty voice called out: "Ship ahoy! Fall speed ahead up here. Meas has been waiting half an hour for you."—New York Tribune.

Since the war of 1894 the Chinese population of Shanghai has grown from 400,000 to 700,000.

Illinois-Fed Texas Cattle.

A telegram to the Chicago Record from Rockford, Ill., under a recent date, said:

The sale by Warren Gilmore, a farmer living four miles northwest of this city, of forty-one head of cattle averaging 1,351 pounds, after seven months' full feed, is a part of the experiment of the Illinois state live stock board in dipping Texas cattle and shipping them to northern Illinois to fit for market. The younger cattle of that shipment did not do well, but the 2-year-olds, which were placed on different farms in this vicinity to the number of 600 head, turned out fairly well and were sold in the Chicago market at the close of winter.

The test showed that the southern cattle do not thrive as well during the cold weather as the native cattle of this section. The herd which was fed on into June by Mr. Gilmore made a good showing during the latter warm months and made the best results of any of the shipments. The cattle were bought by Mr. Gilmore Nov. 11, the average weight being 915 pounds. They are said to be one of the finest lots of cattle marketed in this region this year. They were high-grade Polled Angus. Their average gain in the seven months is 436 pounds. The test to show immunity from risk or southern fever in bringing them north was a success, but as to the feeding experiment Mr. Gilmore considers that the native cattle are more profitable when they can be had. He paid \$1 per 100 pounds for the entire bunch, and after adding 436 pounds average weight sold the lot at \$4.85 per 100 pounds. The cattle required about ten bushels of corn per month besides rough feed. The cost to feed per head was about \$30, while the average net gain was a little less than \$29. On the face of it this shows a small loss on the transaction, but Mr. Gilmore estimates a gain of about \$400 on hogs feeding after the cattle. The principal light shed by this experiment is that feeder cattle can be brought from Texas and fed up for market on northern Illinois farms. It has been found to be a perfectly safe operation under the provisions made by the department of agriculture. The greatest difficulty experienced by feeders in this part of the country is in getting good cattle to feed. For that reason they have been looking in every direction. At times there is almost a famine of cattle suited to the demand because of the dearth in the supply of feeders. There may be times when the relative state of supply in Texas and in the north will make the new plan a commercial success.

Feeding Skimmilk. A correspondent of Dairy and Creamery writes that paper as follows: I have had considerable experience, extending over several years, in feeding separator skimmilk to farm stock, and thought possibly I might give some facts from my experience that would be of interest to your readers. When feeding skimmilk to milk cows it does much to build up a heifer; for an old cow it was not so beneficial. Many of the latter would not touch it, while the young ones were so eager to get it that they were constantly on the watch for every pint of milk left within their reach. They seemed to crave milk as an old toper craves whisky. They would drink too much if allowed to get at it. From two to four gallons, fed once a day while warm, was the way we thought best. We never had any trouble from bloating. The milk agreed with them and seemed to be nourishing and an appetizer. Small pigs thrive on it best and the half grown ones do very well. Full grown pigs do only fairly well and need a laxative. The sweet milk in warm weather made plump, flabby fat for a time, but corn meal was needed, and in cooler weather some oil cake also. Sour milk is less fattening than sweet, though less binding. Young calves should be fed warm sweet milk, in even lots, three times daily for the first three or four months, with some corn, oats and flaxseed meal and grass or hay. In cold weather more corn meal is needed unless the stable is very warm. Cold and sour milk is injurious to a young calf, and very poor feed for older ones. Warm or sweet milk seems to give chickens the diarrhea. Thick sour milk is better and a soft smearcase best. For turkeys, moist smearcase, not too wet, is a good feed, especially for the young fowls. Used as a cow feed, my observation is that the younger the animal the greater the benefit from skimmilk. When we remember that it is primarily the calf's natural food, the fact is all the more forcible. The skimmilk has large manurial value, but unless special arrangements are made it is apt to be wasted. The hog pen must be roofed and floored at considerable expense. When hogs are kept in a yard (where they thrive best) the manure cannot be saved. When fed to dry cows the skimmilk seems to cause caked udder and a tendency to garget when fresh.

The Oleo Combine.—The butterine factories are now in a trust, also, or at least the greater number of them. The butterine trust has advanced the price of this table delicacy until it has reached a figure that threatens to put it out of the reach of the poor altogether. It has been advanced in price with such a steady and regular movement that before long none but the rich will be able to keep it on their tables. The poor will have to go back to poor butter or eat dry bread if the price goes much higher.—Chicago Tribune.

Good feeding means a greatly varied diet of clean, wholesome feed.