

STICK TO IT.

O prim little postage stamp, "holding your own
In a manner so winning and gentle,
That you're "stuck on" your task,—(Is that slang?)—you'll own,
And yet, you're not two-cent-mental.
I have noted with pride that through thick and through thin
You cling to a thing till you do it,
And, whatever your aim, you are certain to win
Because you seem bound to stick to it.

Sometimes when I feel just like shirking a task
Or "chucking" the work I'm pursuing,
I recall your stick-to-it-iveness and I ask
"Would a postage stamp do as I'm doing?"
Then I turn to whatever my hands are about
And with fortified purpose renew it,
And the end soon encompasses, for which I set out,
If, only, like you, I stick to it.

The sages declare that true genius, so called,
Is simply the will to "keep at it."
A "won't-give-up" purpose is never forestalled,
No matter what foes may combat it,
And most of mankind's vaunted progress is made,
O stamp! if the world only knew it,
By noting the wisdom which you have displayed
In sticking adhesively to it.
—Nixon Waterman, in Success.

THE END OF A RAINBOW

THE sudden summer shower was over and two children stood on the hotel veranda gazing wistfully at the glorious bow that spanned the sky.

"I wish we could touch it," the girl said longingly; "it is the most beautiful thing in all the world."

"Well," the boy returned practically, "I don't care much about touching it, but I'd be mighty glad to find the end of that rainbow."

"Why?"
"Don't you know, goose? There's a great pot of gold at the end, and it will belong to the person who can find it. Jiminey, but I wish I had it here this very minute."

"Let's go and get it."
The boy stared at his tiny companion in surprise. The feminine mind was much more daring than his own, it appeared. Did the girl really mean that they should go off alone into that limitless forest when they were never even trusted near it unless accompanied by some older person? Still, he took another look at the brilliant bow. This was certainly the chance of a lifetime, and, of course, he would not refuse to go any place that a girl was willing to go.

Besides, it was her suggestion anyway, not his, and if there were future reprimands and scoldings in store he could just say that it was she who proposed going.

"Come on," he said briefly, holding out his hand, and off the two trudged toward the alluring, treacherous bow, giving no heed to the awful terror which their absence would surely inspire.

It was nearly twenty-four hours later that they were found. The boy's father, heading one of the many search parties that were scouring the woods, stumbled over them, and his pale lips sent forth a triumphant shout—for the children were safe, and in view of that fact all minor matters sank into insignificance.

Death had hovered too near to leave room for any feeling save that of deepest thankfulness. There were no scoldings in store for the culprits, though both were questioned closely regarding the escapade.

The girl always remembered with fervent gratitude that the boy never told any one that it was she who had proposed seeking the pot of gold.

The boy rather wondered at his own reticence, but after all it seemed rather a mean sort of trick to palm the responsibilities of his misdeeds on a girl! He kept a discreet silence on that point, and by doing so exhibited considerable more manliness than a certain ancestor of us all once displayed.

Two weeks later the hotel closed for the season, and the girl and the boy went their different ways. Off in her eastern home the girl did not quite forget the boy who had done his best to comfort her in the terrible forest, and who had protected her by his silence when they were found.

Off in the West the boy remembered with a feeling of pride that the girl had never cried during that awful experience, and that she had never reproached him for allowing her to go into such peril. Of course, he should have known better, for was not he a boy, and the elder, too?

The girl had been a casual summer acquaintance and the two were effectually separated when the brief summer season ended. For several years the boy begged his mother each June to go back to that place, but she had a shuddering horror of the valley and the mountains, and nothing would induce her to return.

So at last the boy gave up asking, and the experience was crowded into the background by a hundred new interests and aims.

Long years after, when he was a man playing a man's part in the world, the old desire suddenly seized him to return to that place. The hotel was still there, very modern in every way, but somehow he felt bored and missed an intangible something which he had imagined he would find. He stood it for a week, then the quiet became intolerable. He resolved to leave the place. That day she came.

He knew it was fate from the very first. He was not ordinarily inclined to be shy, but he felt like a raw school-boy in her presence.

She had many friends at the hotel, but he managed by sheer persistence to monopolize a good share of her time.

He could not tell whether he was making any headway or not. She was friendly but very elusive, and the time had come when he must go back to his work, for there were obligations which he could not ignore.

He lured her out that morning for a row, with the promise of a lovely spot which she had never seen. He was unusually silent and she leaned back in her corner of the boat watching him with speculative eyes. Apparently he was searching for some particular nook. At length his quest appeared ended, for he drew the boat carefully to the shore and held out his hand to her. Then they wandered over a woody knoll nearby. "This is the place, I am sure," he said at last. "I have seen it often in my dreams, and here is just where the end rested."

She stared at him in mild surprise.
"No, I am not out of mind," he assured her, "I wanted to tell you a story, and I had an unaccountable fancy for telling it to you in this spot. Will you hear it?"

"Is it interesting? Does it commence 'Once upon a time?'"

"Of course it does. It would be an exceedingly poor story if it didn't. I hope," and the man's face grew very earnest, "that you will be interested in the poor little story—but I cannot be sure—"

"Once upon a time" when the world was nearly two decades younger than it is now, a boy and girl started from the hotel down in that valley to find a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow—at least the boy, who must have been a very mercenary creature, was thinking only of the gold, but the girl was much more poetic, for she cared nothing at all for the gold. She only wished to see more closely that wonder of mist and light which held and enthralled her fancy. They got lost; of course, that was a foregone conclusion, you know, and they were only discovered and saved by a kindly miracle of fate. The girl was a genuine brick, though, and never taunted the boy with his cashiness and wickedness in leading her into such peril. The boy should have known better, you see, for he was considerably older, but he was always a good bit of a fool. He did not find the end of the rainbow, but for years he dreamed of it, and in some mysterious way he came to fancy that the treasure was not gold after all, as his nurse had told him, but that it was something infinitely more precious than gold. He was never quite sure what the mysterious treasure might be, but he knew that when he was a man he must seek it here—just on this very spot, for it was here that the rainbow seemed to end as the children looked up to it from the valley below—just here by this little hill.

There was a silence. Her face was turned quite away. The man looked at her keenly and then went on with his story in a low voice which, perhaps, shook just a trifle.

"And so—and so—he came here today. He knows now what the treasure is at the end of the rainbow. A woman's heart and a woman's love. He does not know whether he dare claim it or not, but it is the gift which he most covets from life. And—can I have it, dear?"

Her face was still turned away. The man's heart had time to grow very heavy before she spoke.

"I was always wildly grateful to you for not telling that it was actually I who had proposed the expedition—"

"You don't mean—" he interrupted breathlessly, "that you were—"

"And—and—I did want to find the end of the rainbow, too, and if you think that we could, perhaps, find it—together—why—"

He was holding her hand in a tight clasp, and was looking down at her with eyes full of reverent, incredulous joy.—Everywhere.

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GETS PAY FOR OLD STUMPS.

Farmers Reimbursed by the Speculative Makers of Turpentine.

Turpentine can be extracted from an old pine stump and this fact is the basis of a new industry reported from northern Minnesota. The promoters of the novel enterprise are asking farmers for the privilege of clearing their land of stumps.

Such a proposal comes to the owner of a "cut-over" farm, whose ribs are sore from contact with the plow handles in futile effort to dodge the obtrusive stump, like a message of deliverance. All the promoter wants is the stumps, and the farmer sincerely wants him to have them, so a bargain is easily struck.

The turpentine men go on the land with a stump puller and extract all the remnants of the forest, hauling them away to the plant where the turpentine is extracted, and all the stumps, pine or hardwood, are burned for charcoal. It is asserted that the stumps are rich in turpentine and that the process yields good financial returns.

Hitherto the manufacture of turpentine has been practically confined to the South, where the yellow pine is very rich in all by-products. White pine yields them in comparatively small quantities. It is not likely that the industry will ever reach great proportions in the north, but as long as the turpentine man finds his raw material cheap and easily accessible he is likely to carry on the good work.

What Minnesota is more interested in is the elimination of the stumps. Some cut-over land really needs them to decay and thus enrich the sandy soil, but there are large areas of good farming land, especially adapted to potatoes, red clover and other crops, that will be much more valuable when entirely cleared. It is an enormous labor for the farmer to clear a quarter section of these obstructions. When it is done he can put in a larger crop acreage and raise more to the acre, but the clearing means years of labor. If he can have it done him by the turpentine and charcoal producer, he will not begrudge his benefactor a handsome profit.—Minneapolis Journal.

Had a Good Trade.

"I thought you said you had worked up a good trade here," said the man who had just bought a drug store.

"So I had," replied the man who had just sold. "I put in six months working it up, and it's the best in this district."

"Best in the district!" exclaimed the purchaser. "Why, a man can't make enough money here to keep his shoes shined."

"Well," admitted the other slowly, "I didn't say anything about making money, you know."

"But you said you had a big trade."

"Yes, I said that."

"Steady stream of people coming and going most of the day."

"I recall saying something to that effect."

"Claimed your unfailing courtesy to all comers was responsible for it."

"Well, I think it was."

"Then where's the trade now? I haven't sold anything but postage stamps all day."

"That's the trade I referred to," explained the former proprietor pleasantly. "When I left this place it had the largest postage stamp trade in this section, and if you have lost it it is your own fault. By the way, I have a letter to mail myself. If you would like my trade—"

He was quicker than the new proprietor and so escaped.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Rate Railroad.

"Mister O'Thunder," said Mr. O'Toole, "can ye tell me wan thing?"

"O' kin tell ye more than that," asserted Mr. O'Thunder.

"Thin tell me this: Is a railroad a rate rate road?"

"It is not, Mr. O'Toole. A rate road is wan that has horses on it an' a railroad is wan that hasn't, by reason av th' fact that a horse hasn't th' conveniences fer walkin' on a railroad thot it has on a rate road."—Judge.

Secrecy of Age.

Miss Oldgirl seems anxious to conceal her age.

"Yes. She claims to be afraid of the coup."



In a test of the sense of time, intervals of a quarter of a minute to a minute and a half were overestimated, 45 per cent by 15 men students and 111 per cent by 15 women.

Many European physicians treat alcoholism by hypnotic suggestion, some practitioners claiming as high as 80 per cent of cures. The suggestion is usually repeated 15 or 20 times within a year.

World-shaking earthquakes seem to be most numerous in the years when the earth wobbles most. For example, in 1900 the pole shifted 0.32 second, and there were but 17 severe earthquakes, while in 1897 the pole's movement was 1.07 second, and about 45 great earthquakes were felt.

The growing of acid fruits—such as tomatoes and strawberries—is among the means suggested for lessening the mosquito evil. It has been noticed that when mosquitoes have access to acid fruits their bites are less poisonous, and districts of Italy seem to have been freed from malaria by the cultivation of tomatoes, the natural food of mosquitoes. It is supposed that the malarial parasite is destroyed by fruit acids.

Capt. Barrett Hamilton says that the popular idea that flying fish beat their "wings" is a mistake. The wings are not true organs of flight, but rather play the part of a parachute or an aeroplane. The whole motive power is supplied by the tail, which acts as a propeller, and the vibration, or quivering, of the wings in the air-currents, and their occasional shift of inclination, are not phenomena connected with the propulsion of the fish in its aerial flight.

Without swift and safe elevators a modern office building of 15 or 20 stories would be nearly as useless for business purposes as the Washington Monument or the Pyramid of Cheops. Some rapid elevators give nervous persons the impression that they are moving with the velocity of a railway train. In truth, however, the highest practicable speed for a way elevator is said by a writer in the Architectural Record to be 450 feet per minute, and for an express elevator 600 to 700 feet per minute. In a very tall building a greater speed is possible than in one of less height.

Unlike the famous blades of Toledo and Damascus, Japanese swords are not flexible or elastic. They are unequaled for strength and hardness, and hold a very keen edge. Japanese steel is said to excel even Swedish steel in purity. The manufacture of the swords is a very elaborate process. Some ceremonial and superstitious practices are intermixed with the scientific operations. The sword-hardener is regarded as the most important personage connected with the manufacture. It is his name that is inscribed on the hilt, and his reputation that enhances the value of a sword. Those who shape the blade, sharpen and adorn it are of minor importance.

MATRONS SEE SEAMY SIDE.

Their Field Is Dark and Gloomy but Not Altogether Thankless.

To those who believe that all women are good there is no sadder spectacle than a glimpse into the interior of the woman's ward in the city jail, where the police matron holds full sway and in spite of her better judgment sympathizes with the poor wretches under her charge.

The path of the police matron's life is strewn with more thorns than roses. She deals with the scum of society, the dregs of the earth. The larger part of her time is spent in their companionship, truly a dark and gloomy sphere of labor, and yet not altogether a thankless task.

Women make queer prisoners. No matter how low they may be, they recognize that the matron is but carrying out the duties of her position, and she comes in for only a little share of their abuse. That is reserved for the arresting officer.

If there is anything in the old saying that people's ears burn when some one talks about them, how the policemen's ears must sizzle. All the epithets and shandorous adjectives in the English language would be as the soft answer which turneth away wrath compared with the monstrous abuse which is heaped upon the policeman by these unfortunates. He is the one who has brought them to disgrace and thrust them behind prison bars. Nothing is too bad to be said of him.

When a man is arrested he takes his arrest philosophically, and while not entirely devoid of the feeling of resentment against the arresting officer, he usually knows where the blame lies and serves his sentence in sullen silence. But a woman feels her disgrace more keenly, no matter what her station in life.

For this reason a woman in jail is possessed of a mania to take her own life. She tries it in a dozen ways.

She will tear her bed clothes into strips and bind them around her neck in a desperate effort to strangle herself. Again, if deprived of every possible means for self-extermination, she will deliberately pound her head against the hard floor or endeavor to bat out her brains on the iron bars until she falls bleeding and senseless.

It is the matron's business to prevent a suicide, but sometimes the prisoner's cunning outwits the matron's vigilant eye, and she will take a dose of morphine which she has secured in some unknown way, and which was not detected while she was being searched.

Several years ago a woman who was known as "Big Ella" committed suicide by putting a bullet through her heart. How she got a revolver nobody ever knew. Morphine poisoning has occurred several times in the jail, but usually it was discovered in time to counteract the effect of the drug.

A drunken woman is usually the occupant of a cell in the woman's ward. Were it not for the sorrow that one feels for her there would be something almost amusing in the ravings of a woman who is crazed with alcohol.

There are few humorous incidents in the woman's ward. Some time ago a woman was sentenced to thirty days in jail. It happened that at the same time a man was being held as a witness. He was given quarters in the jail with the privilege of walking around. He became acquainted with the woman already mentioned.

A warm friendship sprang up between the two and they were soon violently in love. Whenever the matron's back was turned the man pressed his suit with ardor. But the lovers' joy was short lived, the matron finally awoke to the situation, and the lover was transferred to where the object of his affection was out of sight.

Many of the woman prisoners make wild attempts to escape. But who can blame a woman for wanting to escape from her imprisonment. No matter how deserving of punishment, the sight of a woman in jail, where murderers, thugs and highwaymen are kept, is inexpressibly pathetic. Woman was never intended for a prison cell. She feels her degradation and humiliation more than she cares to tell, and sooner or later, unless carried away by the fast pace she has been living, she finds rest from the jeers and taunts of the world in a suicide's grave.—Chicago Tribune.

OUR PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS.

How They Exert a Wholesome Effect Upon the Body Politic.

Our presidential campaigns, it is generally considered, occur too frequently in regard to the peace of mind and business interests of the community, and too frequently in consideration of executive convenience and opportunity. The excitement and turmoil of a presidential campaign are annoyances; but such annoyances do not constitute a valid objection to the speedy recurrence of the event. The serious objections to this frequency are, as already intimated, based upon the fact that presidential campaigns, as now conducted, are a great drain upon the resources of many; and, more important, that they have a decided tendency to depress business, and thus temporarily militate against the general welfare; and, furthermore, it is realized more and more keenly that a four-year presidential term is too brief a period for effective administration, especially amid the complications of modern demands upon the chief executive of a nation as enormous and "imperial" as ours. A President and his cabinet need at least six months at the beginning to learn mere details; and during the last four months, if the chief is not re-elected, they are comparatively ineffective.

The consolation for the inconvenience of the too-often recurring presidential campaign is its educational character. It is the time of our great debate, when the principles and problems of our national government are multitudinally discussed in the forum of public opinion. The party in power must then valorously defend its record, and give new promise of useful performance. The party out of power must show just cause for its return. The spokesmen of each party, on the platform and in the press, vie with one another in devotion to the national welfare; and while certain principles are shared in common by each set of advocates, each side insists upon the peculiar doctrines which are supposed to distinguish the respective parties.

This general excitement has a wholesome effect upon the body politic, and, at proper intervals, is highly desirable. It is a time when the whole nation goes to school. Interest in public affairs is quickened; the people's imagination is aroused to a sense of nationality, and to a personal responsibility with regard to that nationality. Great questions, about which there has been much hazy and inconsequent thinking, are made clear in the cross-fire of criticism and the light of lucid and earnest statement.—Century.

Youth deals in fancy; age, in facts.