

THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

The swallow seeks the grove where first it saw the sun's bright gleam,
The salmon leaps the torrent's fall to reach its native stream;
A thousand leagues the wild goose flies on tireless wings o'erhead,
Straight as an arrow to the bleak, bare North where it was bred.
So in the spring my faithful heart, holding all else in scorn,
Turns back to old New England, and the home where I was born.
Though here I've cast my lot for life, and here I must remain
Fill death shall plough me underneath like stubble on the plain,
Make not my grave in this strange land, but place me, if you will,
Within my father's burial lot upon the wind-swept hill,
Where I may watch the mountains glow, and ocean break in foam,
And see in spring the orchard bloom round my New England home.
—Eugene Barry.

THE WRONG MISS SHURTLEFF.

REALLY Gifford was not at all to blame for it. Anybody might have made the same mistake. Gifford was short and fat and new to the big woods. He had been in camp a week and had spent most of the time lying in a hammock and reading a novel while the other men tramped the trails and rowed eight or ten miles through Eagle Creek to Virgin or Lake Julia. Everybody said that Gifford was too fat and lazy ever to make a woodsman.

But that was before Miss Shurtleff and her mother came to the camp. They had a log cabin next to the big cook shack, and it was announced that Mr. Shurtleff would come up to join them later. The young woman was tall and athletic looking, full of life, and eager to see and to do all there was to be seen or done within twenty miles of Big Lake.

Perhaps it was intentional—at any rate Gifford got mixed up on the introductions. But that was nothing against him. Anybody might easily have made the same mistake.

Gifford fell desperately in love with the younger of the two women at first sight. And his new love transformed him. He became all at once the most enthusiastic oarsman and wood-tramper in the party. It made a hero of him. What would have terrified him before he now gladly undertook.

One evening when everybody in camp was sitting under the birch trees watching the sunset, a curious animal as large as a small dog ran shambling down in front of the shack and tried to hide under a pile of logs. Gifford and Gifford's Irish terrier, both entirely new to the woods, were up and after it in a minute.

"Oh, what in the world is it?" cried Miss Shurtleff. "Do you suppose it is dangerous?"

Gifford would show her he knew not the meaning of fear. He ran directly towards the beast, which, badly frightened as it was, made but poor progress over the sand.

Gifford's dog was even before him. It attacked the animal with open mouth. But it made but one bite and then began to roll over and over, yelping with agony. "Look out," called one of the guides. "It's a porky hog. Better not touch it."

But with Miss Shurtleff looking on Gifford would have tackled a raging lion. He raised a club he had picked up from the ground in his right hand, and with the other grasped the beast by the back. But, like the dog, he did not keep his hold. His hand felt as if it were full of red hot needles, and from his heroic lips came a groan of pain.

But even that was worth while, for his sufferings called such expressions of tender sympathy from the red lips of his divinity that Gifford would gladly have embraced another porcupine. Tommy, the guide, pulled barbed quills out of Gifford, who bore the pain like a Spartan, and then performed a similar operation on the dog, which for the remainder of its stay in the woods absolutely refused to go within reaching distance of anything that had life.

Doubtless Gifford would have discovered his mistake earlier if the two women had not insisted in always remaining together. Doubtless also there was a conspiracy to keep him in ignorance of his mistake, though no one believes that either Miss or Mrs. Shurtleff was a party to it. And the fact that the two women called each other by their first names—Anne and Julia—prevented his making the discovery in that way.

With his left hand done up in a bandage to soothe the pain of the porcupine quills, Gifford became more than ever the slave of the young woman. She, on her part, was kind enough to him, though she seemed anxious that he should pay attention to the older lady rather than to her. And Gifford obeyed her commands and waited on the ancient person assiduously. Once the old lady announced that she would like to drink some milk, fresh and warm from the milking, and Gifford, at a look from Miss Shurtleff, volunteered to get up every morning at four o'clock, when Tommy milked, and get the milk for her. That

was heroic, for Gifford liked better than most men to lie abed late in the morning.

Every day, when he could persuade them to go, Gifford took the two women out rowing or fishing or exploring. Before they came to camp he had been too lazy to go out on the water unless Tommy pushed the boat, but now he was always ready to row a boat containing both Miss Shurtleff and her mother any number of weary miles, while Tommy, with a smile hidden under his brown mustache, came skimming along behind, with nothing but the lunch basket in his skiff.

When you consider that Gifford's arms were short and thick, that his wind was bad and his hands tender, and that he had never done any rowing before that summer, you may begin to realize the power of love. Big blood blisters came on the palms of Gifford's pudgy hands, and he suffered almost continually from pains in his back and legs, but not for a moment did he ever think of giving up the battle. Miss Shurtleff expressed an admiration for water lilies; Gifford waded out in ten inches of water and two feet of mud to get them, greatly to the damage of his footgear and trousers. Miss Shurtleff casually remarked that the great hairy woodpecker must be a curious looking bird; Gifford, fat and round, climbed a forty-foot pine stump, and took a young bird out of its nest to show her. Incidentally the stump broke as he was coming down and Gifford fell into the creek. Fortunately the creek bottom was good and soft.

The climax came on a Saturday. Tommy, the guide, precipitated matters the night before.

"Mr. Shurtleff is coming Sunday morning," he said.

Gifford started as if he had been shot. In the more than two weeks which had passed since Miss Shurtleff came to the camp, he had never once had an opportunity to speak with her alone. And now her father was coming. For some reason Gifford felt much afraid of Mr. Shurtleff, though he had never seen him. He was anxious to reach some sort of an understanding with the daughter before the old man put in his appearance. Only one day remained in which to make the attempt. Gifford's back ached and his arms were sore; his hands were one mass of blisters and his legs pained him at every step. But he was game.

"What do you say to a little row down to Big Dog lake?" he asked airily that Friday evening after supper. Big Dog lake was a good twelve miles to the south. Altogether the trip meant a row of twenty-five miles.

"I'd like to go," said Miss Shurtleff, "but it's a terribly long row."

"Not at all," said Gifford, and Tommy, the guide, retired to the porch and laughed noiselessly, with one hand over his mouth.

"I'll take you in my boat," said Gifford, desperately, "and—"

"No," interrupted the young woman, "I think we'd better go together. We can both go in Tommy's boat and you can—"

"Not at all," said Gifford, "I will row you both, of course, if you prefer to go together."

They started at five o'clock in the morning. Gifford felt sure he should faint before they covered the first five miles. But he gritted his teeth and kept on, though every stroke was agony. He had laid out his plan of campaign. He would wait until they landed for luncheon, and then make an opportunity to speak to the young woman alone.

Luncheon time came. Gifford ate almost nothing. When they had finished their coffee he started to walk back into the woods. Presently there came the sound of a cry.

"Come here, quick," Gifford was calling. Tommy, the guide, must have been posted beforehand. At any rate, he did not move. But the young woman was up in an instant, running back through the wood's trail as lightly as a fawn. The old party sat still on her cushion—which was as Gifford had expected.

Gifford wasted no time.

"Miss Shurtleff," he began abruptly, "I love you and I made this chance to tell you so."

"What?" said the startled young woman.

"Miss Shurtleff, I love you," again declared the red-faced Gifford. And then Miss Shurtleff's face broke into a smile.

"Why, my dear man," she said, "I am Mrs. Shurtleff. Julia, there on the bank, is my step-daughter, and the only Miss Shurtleff I know of."

Poor Gifford's face was purple.

"You see, my husband is thirty-five years older than I am. But I'm not angry with you. In fact, you've paid me a great compliment. But I thought you know all the time."

Mrs. Shurtleff wanted her step-daughter to help her row to camp in Tommy's boat, but Gifford would not listen to it. He was game to the end. He left the camp that night and went back to Milwaukee. He didn't care to wait and meet the aged Mr. Shurtleff. —Chicago Tribune.

A SUMMER'S "PLEASURING."

Mary Makepeace sat down in her favorite chair in her own room, and threw her head back with a long sigh. "No words can tell how glad I am that I've made my last visit for the summer," she said. "Now I shall have some peace, not to mention pleasure."

"My dear," said her mother, reproachfully. "I mean it," returned Mary. "Of course I like change of scene, but I am tired of adapting my whole life to others, as I am expected to do as a welcome guest."

"My dear!" said her mother again. "Think how kind everybody has been to you!"

"They meant to be—they were kind," Mary said, wearily, "yet I feel as if I had barely escaped with my life, and you will admit that is not just the right kind of after-feeling."

"Let me tell you, mother," Mary continued. "At the Fosters' I changed my hours for rising, for retiring and for eating my meals. At the Lanes' I changed father's politics—for of course I haven't any of my own—to please Mr. Lane, and I had all I could do to keep from changing my religion to please Mrs. Lane."

"At the Jenkins' I changed all my views about what constitutes diversion to suit the family in general. At the Pages' I entirely changed my point of view concerning music and books. And at the Nevins', where I was ill, I changed my doctor, and took stuff which I felt sure would poison me, just to please them."

"I ate cheese, which I abhor, and gave up fruit, which I like, at the Flisks'. I slept with closed windows at Great-Aunt Maria's because she is afraid of a breath of air, and drank twenty-one pints of hot water the four days I was at Cousin Thomas' to flush my system."

"No," said Mary, in a firm voice. "I pay no more visits for months to come. Home-keeping youth may have homely wits, but if I go about much more I shall not have any wits at all!" —Youth's Companion.

Ballad of Fashions.

Where are the fashions of yesterday—
Garments our elders sometime wore?
Styles that, smiling, we now survey
In many a magazine of yore.

Where are those garbs ourselves forswore
And scornfully dropped beside the way?
Knocking, in truth, at To-morrow's door.

There are the fashions of Yesterday!
Peg-top trousers that long held sway,
Casing the legs of far-back beaux,
Of tailors' gooses were late the lay
(Is it geese, or gooses, who knows,
who knows?)

Skirts that flared over dainty toes
Flare again o'er the toes of May!
So chic a damsel you'd scarce suppose
Would wear the fashions of yesterday!

And points, outre, are again au fait!
(Ring the knell of the bull-dog last.)
And thicker and thicker come tripping gay

Those high French heels of the
frowned-on past!
And punctured sleeves are inflating fast,
And laces slip from retirement gray,
And pokes and bonnets their shadows cast—
Hail to the fashions of yesterday!

Man and maiden, who'd scorn, egad,
Tangings in the slightest sense passe,
This very moment, dear hearts, you're clad

Simply in fashions of yesterday!
—Edwin L. Sabin in Puck.

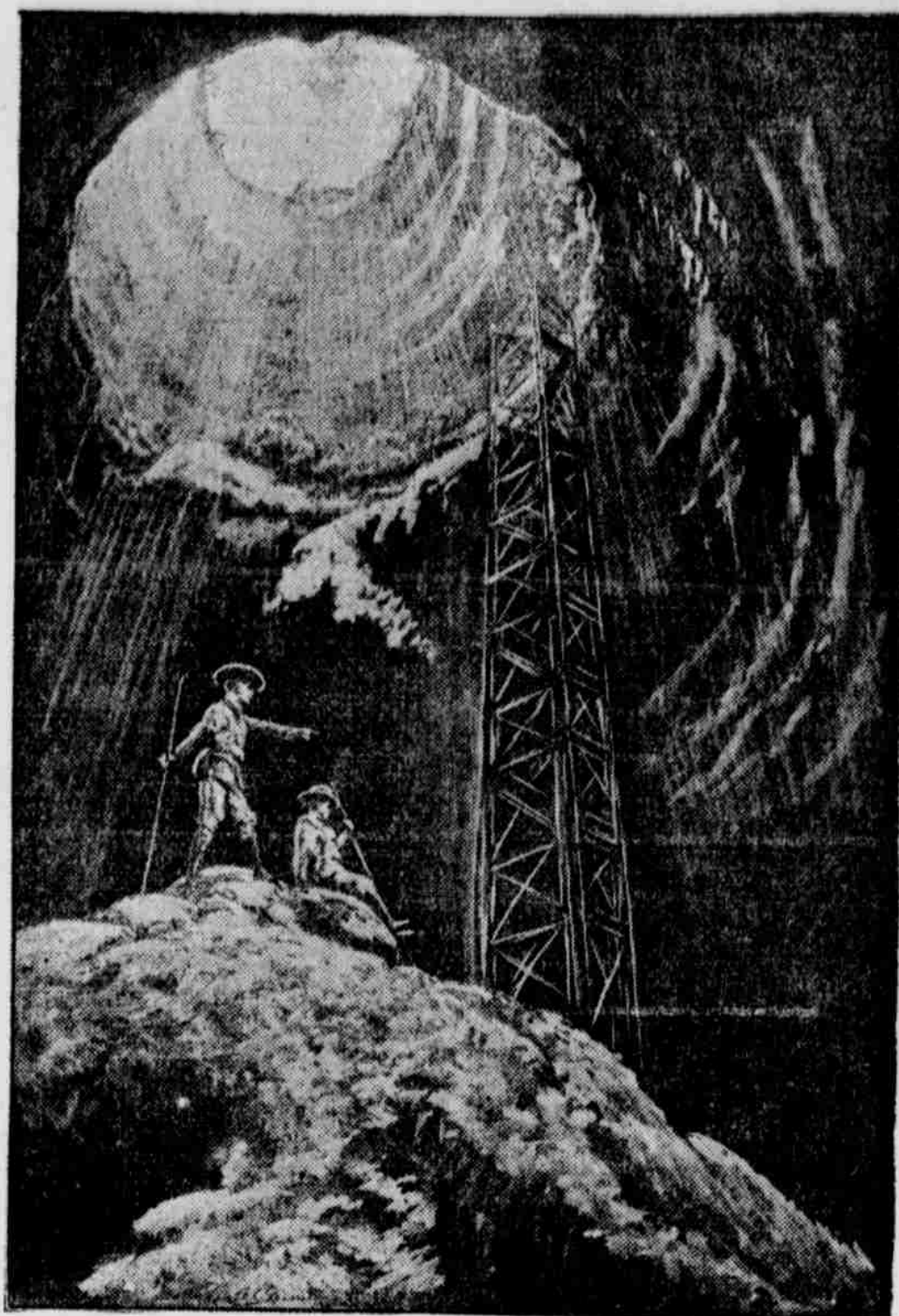
First Campaign Emblem.

So far as known, the first campaign emblem was a finger ring of copper. It was worn by the adherents of John Quincy Adams in 1825, when he ran for President, and was inscribed, "John Quincy Adams, 1825." Tintypes and medallions were among the insignia of the 1860 campaign.

Canada's New Pacific Road.

The new railroad through Canada to the Pacific coast will pass through vast regions never heretofore explored.

IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.



ENTRANCE TO THE STALACTITE CAVERNS OF PADIRAC.

One of the strangest holiday resorts, and one of the most interesting, is that recently made accessible to the public at Padirac, in the department of Lot, France. There a wonderful series of caverns, containing magnificent stalactites and a subterranean lake and river, has yielded its secrets to the adventurous explorer, and the dangers of the visit have now been ingeniously reduced, so that the average sightseer may traverse these "antres vast" with ease and safety. For ages the caves remained absolutely unexplored, but by the enterprise of M. Martel, a barrister, they have been thoroughly examined and described, and by means of iron stairways and galleries have been rendered accessible. The vast crater-like opening figured in our illustration is 300 feet in circumference, and when M. Martel made his first visit to the depths he had to descend on a board attached to two ropes after the manner of a swing. He went down 300 feet, and, with several companions, began an extraordinary series of discoveries. The chief of these is an underground river, which he navigated in a collapsible boat.

Science AND INVENTION

In removing a needle from the flesh Dr. E. W. Shelton first locates it by means of Roentgen rays, then moves the limb about until the needle appears as a single point. An ink spot is placed over each end, and the two spots are pressed together, slowly forcing the sharp point of the needle through the skin.

For two years the conviction has been growing upon Dr. Menzer of Halle that articular rheumatism is a parasitical disease, due to a streptococcus that enters the organism through the lungs. Acting on this theory, he has prepared a curative serum, with which he has very successfully treated both acute and chronic rheumatism.

An investigation in asylums of the United States, Canada and England, with a total of 16,512 patients, has shown Hobart Langdon only 708 insane people with light hair, and only sixty-six with red or auburn hair. That is 96 per cent of insane are brunettes, with brown or black hair. Among the blonde insane, however, the percentage of incurables is much the greater—a fact, like that first stated, for which no explanation appears.

The discovery a few years ago by Professor Boys that fused quartz can be drawn into exceedingly fine fibers, which are superior to all others for many laboratory purposes, has been followed by Professor Shenstone with similar experiments with soapstone. When highly heated, soapstone melts into a clear glass, which can be drawn into fine fibers, possessing all the qualities of elasticity and resistance to chemical reagents that characterize quartz fibers.

The great bulk of the supply of ivory tusks hoarded by native chiefs in Africa, and shrewdly dealt out by them to traders in such a manner as not to glut the market, come—so say London dealers—from "elephant cemeteries," places to which elephants are said to resort when about to die. These spots are met with occasionally in the jungle, and they bear evidence of having been frequented by moribund elephants for centuries. Not more than 15 per cent of the ivory now obtained in Africa comes from animals killed by hunters.

A report to the Department of Commerce and Labor from Rio de Janeiro points out the warning afforded by

Brazil, concerning the effects of forest denudation. Through the destruction of trees in northern Brazil, the report says, large states have been brought to the verge of ruin. In Rio Grande de Norte and Ceara chronic droughts occur, causing famine and depopulation in regions which were once richly timbered and well watered. The Brazilians are beginning to call for the scientific replanting of their devastated forests.

The electrical treatment of sewage, as tried by Dr. Rideal at Gullford, England, seems to have proven simple, inexpensive and effective. A solution of salt and water, or even ordinary sea water, is decomposed in a special electrolyzer of large surface and using a large volume of current, and the so-called oxychloride solution resulting is added to the sewage in quantity varying with circumstances. Any kind of sewage liquid may be treated. The worst forms are readily made as free from bacteria as drinking water, and raw sewage receiving 18½ gallons of solution per one thousand gallons showed a reduction of organisms from 23,200,000 to 540 per cubic centimeter in five hours, bacilli allied to those of typhoid diminishing from over one million to none.

Respect for Old Age.

One often observes the impatience with which some young people of the kind usually called "high-spirited" regard the little oddities of those older with whom they come in contact. Indeed, it is with great effort that this impatience is rendered unapparent, and often scarcely that.

There is a respect which youth owes to age which must not be lost sight of, and, of course, there is also a respect which age owes to youth. However, youth is the time of growth and self-restraint, and it is quite easy to indulge the little foibles of those 30 and 40 years older than ourselves by remembering they are older and that charity or love must be exercised toward everyone whom we meet—young and old alike.

Bad-tempered people used to be regarded as something out of the ordinary long ago, but nowadays we know that self-control is the one thing which makes for progression, and that we must live up to our ideals and our belief in what is the highest and best, whatever the cost.

Regard for the oddities of those older than ourselves is part of that doctrine, and must be lived up to.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

The new version is that the prodigal son is not worth the price of a fatted calf.