

THE MORTGAGE PAID.

We ain't havin' many luxuries, like city folks do,
We ain't wearin' all the latest styles an' all our clothes ain't new;
Of our honesty and goodness we ain't makin' no parade,
But we're havin' all we want to eat an' got the mortgage paid.

We ain't pillin' up a fortune for the boys to fight about
When our last day's work is over an' we're steppin' down an' out,
But it's good to have succeeded in the effort that we made
For to keep things runnin' smoothly an' to get the mortgage paid.

We have had our share of ups and downs, as other people do,
But we've tried to keep our spirits up when things were lookin' blue;
We'll be ready for the ending when the game of life is played,
For we've raised the children best we knew and got the mortgage paid.

MIRIAM LESLIE'S PROPOSAL.

I DON'T care if it is unmaidenly. I'm going to do it. I know the man loves me, and what is leap year for if it isn't to give girls an opportunity to help out those of the other sex who don't know how to help themselves? So here goes! He can't more than refuse, and he won't do that; but whatever the verdict, I know that he is too honorable ever to breathe a word of the affair."

When Miriam Leslie had concluded the delivery of this speech, which had only Miriam for an attentive audience, she sat down at her desk at once and began to write the letter which she had planned the night before, after Frank Webster had left the house. She had parted from him with a smile on her lips, but the smile had lasted only long enough for the door to close upon him, and as Miriam had entered her room she had looked far from happy.

She had enjoyed Frank's call; but it had ended as unsatisfactorily as had all the others, in that words which would have made her happy, and which she believed had been almost upon his lips many times, had again remained unspoken. If the man she loved wouldn't take a hint, he must be given something broader than a hint, and when Miriam went to sleep it was with the determination to write a letter on the morrow that even a stupid man might understand. Strange-



WITH WEAK VOICE AND FAINT HEART.

ly enough, as she admitted to herself, the morning found her mind unchanged, with determination fixed to take advantage of her leap year prerogatives.

The writer of the letter had gone over in her mind its prospective contents a number of times, and as a result her editorial revision had "boiled it down" until it was brief and to the point. It ran as follows:

"Dear Frank—You have been coming to see me for several years, and the evenings spent together have made me think how pleasant it would be if we could go on spending them together the rest of our lives. Has the idea ever occurred to you? MIRIAM."

Miss Leslie heard her brother pass her door, preparatory to starting for business, and she no longer waited for the ink to dry, but grabbed a piece of blotting-paper and the letter was soon in the hands of her brother, who was told that it was important and that it must be mailed by him when on the way to his office. The brother's departure was timely, as Miriam had begun to weaken in her determination, and as she gave him the letter she said to herself: "Here's where I don't get a chance to change my mind." She did, however, have many changes of mind through the day, which seemed to her one of unusual length. Soon after her brother had left she was tempted to telephone to him to try to get the letter back from the postoffice, but she didn't know if that would be possible, and besides the request would cause her brother to ask a good many questions which it would be awkward for her to answer, and so the request was not made.

By the afternoon mail Miriam received a letter addressed in the well-known handwriting of the young man to whom she had proposed. "Is it possible that he has answered so quickly?" she asked herself, as she held the envelope in her hand, fearing to open it. She had had a little experience as a writer and knew that quick returns usually meant no sales, and her first thought was that Frank had declined

the honor of being her husband. That was a mortifying thought in itself, and the continuation of the train of thought suggested by the comparison of her offer with the manuscript was not a comforting one.

She had offered herself, even as she had been wont to submit a story or poem to an editor. The only consolation she could get out of the comparison was found in the thought that she wasn't exactly placing herself on the market, as if one editor, Frank Webster, by name, declined, she wouldn't offer herself to another.

When Miss Leslie thought to look at the postmark she was convinced that the letter had been mailed before Frank could have received her letter. With trembling fingers, this maiden, who had had so much courage a few hours before, opened the envelope and read as follows:

"My Dear Miriam—I see you so often that it seems cowardly to write what I might speak; but, although many times when in your presence I have tried to say certain words, courage has always failed me. Resolutions made when alone have not been kept when I found myself by your side.

"I think you know what has been in my heart for a long time, and I have occasionally felt that you cared for me; but if you have, you have never made the least attempt to help me out. I should have forgiven you if you had made it easier for me, and should have blessed you for having done so, and yet, after all, dear, I love you all the more for your womanly reserve, and have always contrasted it with the actions of some of your sex, who seem ever ready to say, 'This is so sudden!' I hope, dear, that you do care enough for me, or feel that you can care enough some day, to make me the happiest man on earth. I know they all say that; but forgive my lack of originality, and remember that there is something original about my statement—as I really mean that on the day you say you will be my wife I shall be happier than anybody in this or any other neighborhood.

"Don't answer this letter in a hurry, unless you can at once reply to my question: 'Will you be my wife?' by saying 'Yes.' If you can send that answer I shall have no cause to complain of your haste. But I feel that I must have the right answer to my question, and if you cannot give it at once, I want you to take all the time that you need in order that you may arrive at the favorable verdict so necessary to my happiness.

"It is hardly necessary to say that I shall not call again before receiving your reply; but when you say the word 'Come!' it will not take any great length of time for me to accept the welcome invitation. I hope that you will be able to say that word. Yours, with love, FRANK."

Miss Leslie's mingled feelings of misery and joy when she read the letter may be imagined. "Why did I write that miserable letter? Why didn't I give him one more day after all these years? Oh, why wasn't I too sick to get up this morning?" were some of the questions that the poor girl asked herself, when the feelings of misery were in control, as they were during nearly all the rest of the afternoon, the happiness which she had felt for a short time giving way under the influence of the thought that she might have been happy without the loss of her self-respect.

"But, perhaps, there is yet a chance to save it," thought Miriam, as once more came to her mind that friend of mankind and womankind, the much-abused and misunderstood telephone. She would try to get Frank at his office, and if by any chance he had not received it, she would make him promise to return it without reading. But she realized that the hope was a faint one, as there was almost no chance that the letter had not been received, and if he had received it—well, she would like to see him leave a letter of her's unopened for more than a minute! And so this contradictory woman went to the telephone with a weak voice and a faint heart, hoping against hope that Frank had been away from the office, and that the letter had arrived in his absence. The

reply to her inquiry for Mr. Webster gave her momentary comfort, as she was told that he was out, but when she asked further questions she learned that he had been at the office until a few minutes before the time of her telephone call. As she hung up the receiver Miriam said to herself, with a sad smile, that she wished she could hang herself as easily.

The next half hour was one of the most miserable that the girl had ever spent. She again read her lover's letter; but instead of finding any comfort for her troubles the reading only added to her misery. "He thought me so modest and womanly and contrasted my conduct with that of others who were not so modest! But what does he think now that he has read my letter? Modest girls don't propose to men, even if the men haven't nerve enough to propose themselves."

Miriam was still in a most unhappy frame of mind when her brother returned at night from business. He had a shame-faced look as he approached her.

"I'm sorry, sis, after all you said about the importance of that letter; but—well, I've had an awful busy day of it and I forgot to mail it. Here it is."

Her arms were around his neck in an instant. "You dear, darling, forgetful, absent-minded brother!" she cried, as she looked at her in amazement. "Now that you have forgotten to mail the letter, just forget another thing; forget that I asked you to mail it."

And the brother, who dearly loved Miriam, and knew from her earnestness that it was important to her that he should say nothing about the letter, kept her secret faithfully. But he marveled as the days went by at her continued sweetness to him, until she told him of her engagement, and then he explained the problem to himself by saying that there was nothing like requited love to change a woman's disposition. And to this day Miriam's brother believes that her happiness in loving and being loved saved him from a scolding the day he forgot to mail her letter. Miriam has been married for ten years, and in all that time has kept only one thing from her husband. That is the dark secret of the letter that her brother forgot to mail.—New Tribune.

HARD RIDING IN NORTHWEST.

Halfbreed Who Made 120 Miles in Ten Hours.

"You people who came here since the railroads were built have an idea that we used to have a bad time of it in getting about Washington Territory," said the old-timer the other day. "That's where you are wrong. Distances were no greater than they are now. True, we didn't always go so fast as you do now, but we made speed that would astonish you.

"I remember one trip an old friend of mine made, a big cattle man from Kittitas County, afterward the owner of considerable property in Seattle. His divorced wife was living here, and she took it into her head to go after him through the courts for non-payment of alimony. There were a number of reasons why he shouldn't pay, but he didn't care to stay here and argue it out with the court, so, getting a tip on what was doing, he decided to go back to the cattle in Kittitas. About 6 o'clock one evening, accompanied by his horse wrangler, who happened to be here with him, he struck out horseback for Ellensburg. The two rode all night—it was in midsummer and at the full of the moon—and the next morning they ate breakfast in Ellensburg—100 miles away. And they didn't think it was much of a ride at that.

"Rides? Why, I could talk all day about rides in those days. One of the best ever done in the territory, however, was that by a young halfbreed during the Nez Percés uprising of 1877. When Joseph went out with his band one of the first things they did was to cut the military telegraph between Fort Lapwai up the Clearwater river from Lewiston and Walla Walla. Fort Lapwai wanted to send dispatches to Gen. Howard at the post at Walla Walla, and wanted to send them bad. At that time nearly all the Indians on the reservation had a halfbreed or at least one pretty good horse in his riding string. This particular young halfbreed boy had an extra good one, and he was selected to carry the dispatches, being a reliable and faithful fellow. Well, he rode through to Walla Walla in ten hours, a distance of 120 miles, and during the ride he never slowed down from a gallop. That was in midsummer, and if you ever have been in that Snake river region at this season of the year you can imagine that was some riding."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Getting Even.
Slim—That dentist is an old enemy of mine, but I had to go to him, it was a case of emergency. Though I think he needn't have rubbed it in so!

Jim—Whatdiddedo?
Slim—When I asked him if he'd pull my tooth, he said "with pleasure!"—Detroit Free Press.

After a girl passes 18, she can't take so much as a week off her age by wearing her hair down her back.

Popular Science.

Soapstone is now fused by the oxygen-hydrogen flame into a clear glass. This can be drawn into very fine fibers, which have all the advantages of the quartz fibers used for delicate suspensions, and is likely to prove otherwise serviceable.

Nearly 12,000,000 tons of coal per year are now saved, according to the estimates of A. A. Campbell Swinton, by the use of water power for the production of electricity. Statistics collected by him show that up to last August about 1,500,000 horse power for electrical work was being generated from water power, and of this total nearly one-third belonged to the United States. In England only 12,000 horse power is thus developed.

That some of the lower vertebrates possess a sense unknown to us has been made evident by the prolonged observations of M. Werner, a naturalist of Vienna. Not less than 136 individuals, one-third of them at liberty, have been studied, and it has been made certain that reptiles and amphibians are so strongly attracted by water that they go straight toward it, even though he so far away that no sense known to man can detect it. The new sense is supposed to depend upon some kind of chemical attraction, though how it acts and on what part of the body are mysteries.

Students of the science of the weather are giving greater attention than formerly to the phenomena of the atmosphere high above the earth's surface. Explorations of the upper air with kites and balloons have had results which have made evident once more the great value of mountain observatories. The Weather Bureau is now planning a great center of meteorological research to be placed on Mount Weather, in the Blue Ridge mountains, six miles from Blumont, Va. A new theory of the nature of cyclones and anti-cyclones is expected to result from the investigations now going on.

The increasing demand for platinum, particularly for use in the manufacture of gas mantles, has led to the invention of a process of saving the fine powdery grains of this metal found in the gold placer deposits of southern Oregon and elsewhere. The platinum, being in a state of very fine division, almost in the form of dust, will not settle in a placer sluice so long as the water is briskly stirred. After the metal-bearing water has passed over a riffle table, on which nearly all the gold settles, it is drawn more slowly over a coco-mat riffle, on which the platinum settles, and is then collected by rinsing the coco-mats over tanks. Formerly the platinum was all wasted, at first because its identity was not recognized, and afterward because no process was then known for saving it.

In order to counteract the opinion that the Amazon Valley offers favorable opportunities for investment and settlement, our consul at Para, Louis H. Ayne, sends to the Department of Commerce a discouraging picture of the conditions that new colonists in that part of the world would have to face. The banks of the vast river and its tributaries are flat and swampy, and the tangled forest invades the edges of the streams. Expenses that look like fertile meadows are composed of green ooze, in which the capybara, or tapir, wade more than knee deep. The extraordinary forests do contain many kinds of precious woods, the most valuable in the world, but these trees are scattered and hard to get at. There are almost no markets, and no ways to reach markets. The food supply is neither varied nor abundant.

TRAMPS IN SWITZERLAND.

Vagrants Who Went Work Are Sent to Prison.

The leading citizens of one of the townships in a county adjoining Philadelphia, which suffers from the invasion of city vagabonds and other hoboes, have organized for the purpose of executing the anti-tramp law, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The example is praiseworthy. If the society is active in its field, the nuisance will soon be abated. In tramping bad news travels swiftly. The places that are to be shunned are soon known to the fraternity of work-shirkers. The mere existence of the anti-tramp association will probably check the tramp invasion to some extent, but arrests and imprisonment—the vigorous, persistent enforcement of the law—are necessary for the removal of the evil and often terror of the countryside. No law is self-executive. Tramps prevail in country townships because the statute providing for their suppression is allowed to slumber. Constables are few and far between. There is no State constabulary to patrol the highways. Citizens must, therefore, become detectives and make arrests, as they are empowered to do under the law in this case. Neighborhood organization, intended to bring a large body of citizens together to give vitality to the anti-tramp law—a rural law and order society to make good the deficiency and inefficiency of the ordinary

meager police establishment—is about all that can be done to cope with the trouble in an effective way in the present state of local government in small communities.

The treatment of the professional tramp is a matter of world-wide concern. Perhaps Switzerland has made a nearer approach to a satisfactory solution of the problem than any other country. From a report made by H. Preston Thomas, an inspector of the English local government board, on the methods of dealing with vagrancy in Switzerland, it appears that a plan has been devised for distinguishing the honest searcher for work and the professional tramp, which has done much for the elimination of the beggar from that country. If an able-bodied man is without means and is genuinely in search of work, and his "papers" are in order, he is supplied by the police, or the International Cantonal Union, with food and lodging, and will, if possible, have work given him. If he cannot obtain any, he is passed on to the next town, to a relief station, to his own district, or to the frontier. If it is decided that he is "work-shy," in the expressive Swiss vernacular, he is sent for from three months to two years to a forced labor institution.

It has been found that certificates of origin and of discharge from work, which the legitimate work-seeker can possess in Switzerland, materially help in the identification of the professional tramp. By means of the system of identification of the Inter Cantonal Union, represented in fourteen out of twenty-two cantons, valuable assistance is rendered the authorities. The union issues a traveler's relief book, with which real workmen can travel all over the country and be fed and clothed until work is found for them; but the inveterate beggars and the "work-shy" are turned over to the authorities for punishment. Switzerland is a country of small jurisdictions. The system described may not be practicable in this expansive country, and resort must be had to other methods. The Pennsylvania statute for the suppression of the professional tramp will be found effective wherever it is energetically applied.

ANOTHER NEW CULT.

Chicago Girl Finds a Religion Which She Calls Scientific Christianity.

Another religious cult which its founders call Scientific Christianity has been born in Chicago and already

according to the young woman who has evolved it it claims 1,500 adherents. The young woman is Mabel A. Jackman. It is not easy to tell what Scientific Christianity is. It seems to be a mixture of Christian Science and the Salvation Army,

with a few frills of John Alexander Dowie thrown in. The home of the new cult is a former Methodist church, which was gutted by fire some time ago and which came into the possession of the new society recently. This church Miss Jackman calls Paradise, while she assumes the title of the Shepherdess of Paradise. Connected with the church is a small printing office where Miss Jackman issues a weekly publication devoted to her peculiar religious views. It costs a new member \$2 to join the new church, while monthly dues of \$2 are supposed to be paid afterwards.

Like the Christian Scientists the members of the new cult claim the power of healing the sick and afflicted. Miss Jackman intends creating a new city to be known as Paradise, in which there will be no saloons, no gambling, no vice, no cigar stores and no politics. Her movement, she says, will sweep the world clear of sin and distress. Between Zion on one side and Paradise entering upon its great career on the other the people of Chicago should be happy.—Utica Globe.

Red and Green Snow.

At various times it is recorded that there has been "blood on the face of the moon." Some old chronicles tell of showers of blood, which, however are not well authenticated. The "bloody snow," on the other hand, is an actual thing. Snow is sometimes found in polar and Alpine regions where it lies unmelted from year to year, and the annual fall is small colored red by the presence of innumerable small red plants. In its native state the plant consists of brilliant red globules on a gelatinous mass. Red snow was observed by the ancients, a passage in Aristotle referring to it but it attracted little or no attention until 1760, when Saussure observed it in the Alps and concluded that it was due to the pollen of a plant. It was also noticed by the Arctic expedition under Captain Ross on Baffin's Bay shore on a range of cliffs, the red color penetrating to the depth of 12 feet. Less frequent is a green growth of snow.

Every one admits that rich people are not happier than the poor, or as happy, yet every one is striving to become one of the miserable rich.