

### LOVE, THE CAPTAIN.

Love became a captain—  
Marching with the men;  
But a whippoorwill was singing—  
A thrush-song filled the glen;  
And "Halt!" cried Love, the captain,  
"And rest ye, merry men!"  
And lost in hills and dales  
He vanished down the glen.  
His weary soldiers rested  
Beneath the stars that night,  
With sunflowers tall for sentinels  
By lily-tents of white.  
And wild the war-notes ringing  
Called Love to lead the men,  
But a whippoorwill was singing—  
A thrush-song filled the glen.  
—Arizona Constitution.

### THE WONDER BOAT

Across the bay from the village is the farm of old Peter Hogeson. From the water it extends up a steep slope that a little further north becomes a cliff, but Peter and his wife are from the highlands of Norway and a perpendicular farm is their choice. A rotten little pier juts into the bay and on the little plot of level ground they have built after the fashion of their fathers in the old country. It looks like a small village, for, besides the main house there is a sleeping house of two stories, a cook house, a dairy, a cow barn and the shed where Peter builds his boats. The two main houses are painted white, with pale green trimmings, and they are surrounded by a curiously carved fence of black walnut tortured into strange devices. At the pier a fleet of skiffs always rides; some are old and half full of water and some are glistening with fresh paint and gilding, for Peter loves to build boats, and in the winter he hews and shapes all day in his shop, making a strange build of boat that has a high prow, carrying an emblem and a curious keel of intricate curves that is braced with ribs of bent wood.  
Peter's wife is a sour old woman, who is forever nagging her husband to leave his boat building, that he loves, to work on the farm—labor that he hates. They live a lonely life, rowing over to the village only to buy their necessities or to sell the scanty produce of their stony acres. They have no neighbors, for behind their farm is a forest of hemlock and spruce and to the right the cliff raises its rocky shoulders.  
One day when Peter was trading at the village store he heard some Norwegian sailors talking of the World's Fair. The crew of the schooner Arrow had seen the buildings as they were trying to beat into the harbor, and even their rude hearts had been thrilled by the beauty of the domes and gleaming facades as seen against the red evening sky. "It was de new Jerusalem w'at de bible tole about," big Olaf Hanson said, relapsing into English—he was proud of his command over it. "I am going to dat fair if I saf to swim dere!"  
Peter listened to the talk and asked when this great air was to begin. When he had heard he went out and stowed his groceries in the stern of his boat. The glories of the fair had stirred his sluggish old fancy, and as he rowed home in his high-prowed green skiff a flash of inspiration came to him. He would build a viking boat and take it to Chicago—the idea was all his own, for he had not heard of that other ship which was to come from Norway.  
When he had tied the painter to the pier he ran to the house to tell his wife, what he had heard. She was seated by the window knitting a coarse gray sock. The living room was so clean that it reeked with the odor of yellow soap and whitewash. "Take off your shoes!" the old woman screamed as her husband came in, his boot heels leaving their print on the white floor.  
He went out and returned in his stocking feet. "Everina," he said, "have you heard of the great fair in the South—in Chicago?"  
"I read something about it in our paper," she grunted—they took the Scandinavian Gazette, and they spoke little English and read none. "But what is that to you, old fool?"  
The old man moved about the room in his excitement; his faded brown eyes were bright and his wrinkled cheek showed a touch of color. "I am going to build a beautiful boat," he cried, "a viking boat, and I am going to take it to the fair. There I can sell it for much money," he added cunningly, knowing that the hope of money would interest his wife—for himself the joy of planning and building would be enough.  
"You are a dreamer," she retorted scornfully. "You will build a wonder boat—you are always building boats that fall to pieces or rot on shore."  
For a moment Peter was abashed. It was true that heretofore there had always been grave defects in his boats that made them safe only in smooth weather, but he was ever dreaming of the perfect boat that could ride out any storm. He had not been born a builder—he had picked it up after he was grown, but he came from a family who had been shipwrights as far back as their annals ran. In a minute he was cheerful again. "I will build a wonder boat," he said stoutly. "I will make a viking galley, for I remember well the model that used to be in my grandfather's house at Aardot. He has told me that it was very old and was exactly like the long ships of the old days—and my grandfather was a viking man and a builder of stanch boats."  
"Ah, your grandfather was, but you are not a viking man. If you make now you will not get to Chicago? Will you come to see me, so in the old days, when a viking man, so in the old days, the old woman sneered.

"I will sew a square sail, as my grandfather said the later vikings used. I must have my boat ready by the time the ice is off," said Peter, unmindful of his wife's sarcasm. "I will paint it white with blue trimmings and have a golden prow, and it will ride like a gull on the waves." He fell to dreaming of his wonder ship, and his wife knitted in silence until the fading light obliged her to lay down her needles.  
Through the long Wisconsin winter Peter was busy in his shop. He set up a small wood stove that kept out the bitterness of the cold, though the wind came in at the cracks and pinched his lean old body. He had seasoned timber laid by, and before the snow fell he had hewn his first rough model of the viking ship. A thousand stories came back to him, and when he closed his eyes he could see his boat filled with yellow-haired giants whose great strokes sent it shooting across the water like an arrow. When he went to the store he talked so much of his viking ship that his hearers shook their heads and said among themselves that his brain was quite turned by this boat building.  
On March 1 he walked across the ice to the village to buy his paints. His wife had cried out at this extravagance, but he paid no heed and carried home his buckets of color and his brushes. He painted the body of the boat white. The wooden shields that hung alongside the sides as the vikings had hung theirs were blue, as were the prow and rudder post. He had to be content without the gilding. He looked at it in an ecstasy of admiration. He touched it tenderly and sat for hours gazing at the graceful curve of the keel and the bold upward sweep of the prow. To his simple mind it seemed the most beautiful thing he had ever seen—and he had made it. He longed for the day when the ice would break up and he could launch his boat.  
When the bay was yet filled with floating cakes of ice he slid it down the runway that sloped from his shop into the water, then he tied it to the pier while he set the square squat sail that he had sewed laboriously in the evenings. He loosened the ropes, the sail flapped, then filled, the sharp bow cut the water like a knife, and the boat flew away from shore. He guided with the rudder placed at one side of the stern and made a long tack toward the village pier, for he wished to beat out into the main water of Green Bay. His heart exulted. He felt as if he had created some beautiful living thing, and he had vague magnificent dreams of the fair as he glided along—no need of rowers straining at the oars when his sail carried so gaily. He avoided the ice cakes and went on past the village, flying before the wind like a witchboat.  
He shifted the sail and beat toward the passage between the cliff and the island. Suddenly the wind changed and the boat refused to obey the awkward side rudder and drove straight toward the rocks under the cliff. The old man tried to lower his sail, but it pulled away from him and fluttered and snapped in the wind. The boat went on toward the rocks which showed in rough points above the surface. The keel grated and boat listed far on its side.  
Peter fell into the water, but it was not more than thigh deep, and he waded to the beach. Then he looked back and his heart grew like lead—his beautiful boat was being ground to bits by the sharp-toothed rocks. The mast snapped and the square sail lay spread on the water; the gay wooden shields were loosened and floated on the waves. He shook his fist and cursed in wild oaths the rocks that were beating apart the work of his hands. Once he waded out and snatched one of the shields and held it to his breast; then he sat down in despair and watched the breaking up of his wonder boat. Now and then the waves washed a bit of wreckage at his feet, but when he put out his hands it floated from his reach. He sat there until it was dusk, forgetful of his wet clothes and all save his loss. Finally he arose and walked along the cliff's base until he came to a path which led to the top. He went up slowly, and when he reached the top paused. His farm was to the left, but he turned into the deep woods where the pale birches shone faintly in the dusk.  
Researchers found him the next evening in the deep woods, wandering with stumbling and feeble steps. He had not eaten or slept and was likely to drop from fatigue. He went with them willingly enough, and when they took him home bore the reproaches and complaints of his wife without reply. When he spoke it was sensibly and without any of the violence of the demented, but when his beloved boat was torn to pieces on the rocks, the light of reason had been forever extinguished from his mind.  
He spent his long days in his shop building boats that have always some fatal defect that renders them unseaworthy, for the defective brain makes boats that are like unto himself. But the old man toils on, dreaming of the day when he shall finish another wonder boat and sail away to the White City, for he has never learned that the World's Fair is a dream come true and vanished.  
None of the energy of an electric current travels along the wire, but enters into it from the surrounding non-conductor and begins to be transformed into heat. The amount crossing successive layers of wire decreases until by the time the center is reached, where there is no magnetic force, it has all been transformed into heat.  
"Hello, Briggs! You're looking well."  
"Yes; I'm looking for a fellow that owes me twenty."

### TO OMAHA.

O, wondrous city of the plain,  
Where once the red man pitched his tent,  
Where savage war cries o'er the slain,  
To trackless wilds their terror lent.  
Now all is changed from pathless wood,  
Most beautiful scenes before us lie,  
Where lowly frontier cabins stood,  
Our pennants proud on mansions fly.  
Here magic wand has spent its might,  
Ah! Peace in truth arise,  
Here groined arch in heavenward flight,  
And turrets climb unto the skies.  
Her golden court here Ceres holds,  
Pomona here her empire sways,  
Here Flora in her ample folds  
Renews again her ancient days.  
Here art has built her latest shrine,  
And lavish pours her treasures forth,  
Here wealth of field and wealth of mine  
Are garnered up from south and north.  
Here gathers strength to Freedom's cause,  
Here peace and stately order reign,  
Here loyalty to self-made laws,  
Here justice rules the wide domain.  
**HOW SHE FOUND A HUSBAND**  
**A Story of True Love and Real Pantaloons.**  
By FURBERT BURGESS, of Omaha World-Herald.  
Ten years ago Miss Jennie Haverly lived in Taylor county, Iowa, and supported her widowed mother by making pantaloon suits for a wholesale firm in St. Joe.  
By the death in Boston of Mrs. Haverly's brother she came into possession of several thousand dollars, and at once decided that the daughter should be allowed to complete her education.  
The giving up of school had been a matter of deep regret to Miss Jennie, for she had made an enviable record in all her classes, and was more ambitious along intellectual lines than perhaps any of her schoolmates. But she took up the work of bread-winning cheerfully for her mother's sake, and followed it without interruption until the change in circumstances, two years later, made it possible for her to return to school.  
While she was working on the last pair of trousers that she would be required to make and chatting with a chum, Laura Engleman, over past experiences and plans for the future, Laura remarked that it would be interesting to know where the hundreds of garments that Jennie had made were sold and what kind of men wore them, adding:  
"Why not put your name and address on a slip of paper in the pocket of this pair and request the purchaser to let you know who he is?"  
Jennie laughed, thought a moment and said:  
"As this is my last work of the kind for at least a few years, I should like to do that very thing, but I fear it is not just proper to ask an unknown man to write to me, and I might be under the embarrassing necessity of answering his letter. Some gay young men would take having my name and address as an excuse for annoying me in various ways."  
"But, perhaps," replied Laura, "these pantaloon suits will fall into the hands of some good old grandfather, away down in Texas, who wouldn't harm a hair of your head and so rich he may be glad to remember you in his will."  
"I don't care anything about his will, but you have aroused my curiosity regarding the man in the case—or in the pants, if you please, at some future date—and this is what I will do."  
**CURIOSITY VICTOR.**  
Jennie took a slip of paper from the desk at her side and neatly wrote:  
"To gratify the curiosity of the maker of this garment will the purchaser please send his name and address to box 2356. — J. A."  
The name of her postoffice, which is here left blank, was, of course, given. The note was carefully folded, and, concealing a tinge of nervousness behind a light remark, Jennie deposited the paper in the right hip pocket of the now finished trousers, and hardly thought of the matter again until a year from the next June.  
The trousers were sold to a retail merchant in Northeastern Kansas, and after remaining in his store for nearly a year were bought by a young man whose name in this story shall be Melvin Underwood.  
He had just been admitted to the bar, and it was with a part of the proceeds of his first law suit that he purchased this article of wearing apparel. The case was bitterly fought, inch by inch, the opposing counsel being an attorney of long experience and state reputation. Underwood won the suit, and in doing so leaped at once into local prominence. The other lawyers who were present at the trial, the newspapers and his friends spoke in the most flattering terms of his management of the case, and within two weeks he was retained for half a dozen suits of more or less importance.  
**BUYS THE TROUSERS.**  
One of these cases necessitated a trip to Omaha to procure evidence which he could not get without coming here. He arranged hurriedly for the journey, and after starting from the depot, noting that his trousers looked rather shabby, he stepped into the store of a friend and bought the pair made by Miss Jennie Haverly, whose chum, Miss Laura Engleman, he secretly known to the reader at this time, is none other than the cousin of Melvin Underwood.  
Now Jennie and Laura chanced to arrive in Omaha on a shopping expedition the same day, a few hours in advance of Underwood, and were passing down the south side of Farnam street when that individual emerged from the Paxton hotel, where he had just dressed up for the first time in his new pair of pants.  
Both cousins expressed glad surprise at the unexpected meeting, and Laura at once introduced Underwood to her friend, Miss Haverly.  
The young attorney had been in society so little during his boyhood on the farm and while hard at work in college that he never failed to feel exceedingly awkward and to blush painfully when introduced to a maiden lady.  
The sudden meeting of his cousin, with whom he was not well acquainted, of itself threw him somewhat off his balance, and by the time he had bowed his acknowledgments to Miss Haverly he was so completely unmentally that at his hands and feet seemed dreadfully out of place, and he knew not what to do with either of them.  
The perspiration, however, which began to come out freely on his face, suggested employment for one hand, and he reached for his handkerchief. As he pulled it from his pocket the note with which these young ladies were at one time so familiar dropped to the pavement. Miss Haverly saw it fall, picked it up and handed it to Underwood with the remark:  
"You dropped this."  
**THE PLOT THICKENS.**  
No sooner had she let go the slip of paper than the horrible truth burst upon her. A glance at the man's clothing made her doubly sure of it, and she instantly became tepid worse disconcerted than Underwood himself, who was now looking in astonishment and confusion at the message on the slip of paper.  
"Look at this, Laura," he said as he recognized the name of her home town. "What does it mean?"  
"Jennie, do see this!" exclaimed Laura with irrepressible laughter. "Isn't it funny that we should be present at the opening of this note and that my cousin should buy the last pair of trousers that you made? What a ridiculous outcome to our nonsense!"  
But the outcome was by no means fully apparent at this time.  
It was well that Laura remained sufficiently self-possessed to carry on the conversation, for the confusion of Underwood and the embarrassment of Jennie were too much for intelligible utterance of any kind on the part of either. Each was distinctly conscious of an intense desire just then to be at least a hundred miles from the other. This was the first thing they ever had in common.  
Laura explained the writing of the note, and the making of the pantaloon, to Underwood, and he left abruptly, saying that he was a trifle late in meeting an important appointment, but that he would see his cousin in two or three weeks, as he had arranged to make a trip into Iowa and intended stopping off a few days to visit her family. This statement suggested to himself and to Miss Haverly the possibility of their meeting again, and both very much hoped that a second meeting might be avoided.  
Miss Haverly went so far as to say plainly to Laura as soon as Underwood had gone that she greatly preferred not to see him at the time of his visit, and she repeated the statement ten days later, but found it impossible to dismiss the young man from her mind.  
**SUBTLE POTION AT WORK.**  
Underwood, too, discovered while en route to Iowa that he had an increasing dread of the possible meeting and resolved to keep away from her if he could. But he still carried that troublesome slip of paper containing a sample of her penmanship, and though he couldn't tell why, he had taken it from his pocket not less than half a dozen times every day since meeting Miss Haverly and studied it carefully, never having the courage to destroy it, as he fully intended doing.  
Something in the graceful fashion of the letters recalled a beauty in the girl's face over which he liked to linger in fancy.  
Laura kept an excellent cabinet photograph of Jennie on her piano and at five different times while Underwood was the guest of the family she came into the parlor and found him alone, looking intently at that picture. She very considerably did not appear to notice what he was doing. Neither did she comment at all on the fact that he asked a number of questions about Jennie and seemed anxious to listen whenever she was the topic of conversation.  
The only time during his visit that Underwood saw Miss Haverly was at church, Sunday. She sang in the choir and sat so that he got a good view of her. A solo by her was, he thought, the most beautiful music he had ever heard. At his suggestion he and Laura left the church immediately at the close of the service, and the dreaded meeting did not occur.  
**A QUEEN ENTHRONED.**  
From that hour, however, Miss Haverly was enthroned in his heart, and he was ever conscious of her presence there. Professional conquests, hitherto the pinnacles of his ambition, now paled into nothingness as he thought of winning her love. Without that, whatever else he might accomplish, his life would be a miserable failure.  
He went home, tried to think the matter over calmly, and promptly wrote her that her face and voice had singularly impressed him, and as he found it impossible to get away from the impression he would esteem it a very great favor if she would consent to a correspondence by which they might get better acquainted.  
His request was politely, but unconditionally declined, though she regretted her action as soon as her letter was mailed.  
Three weeks later Miss Haverly visited a classmate at a Kansas county seat, not far from Underwood's home, and learned, much to her surprise, that he was at the place, engaged in the trial of a case in which the whole community seemed interested.  
Many ladies were attending the trial, and Miss Haverly was glad when her friend suggested going. They crowded into the packed court room and remained through one entire session, but Underwood, oblivious to everything but the litigation, was not aware of Miss Haverly's presence. She quickly decided that, however poorly he might appear in society, there was one place in which he was master of the situation, and that was in a court room. Whether examining a witness or addressing the court he seemed to have his bearings perfectly, and the impression he made on her mind and heart that morning was as deep and lasting as the one he had received in church a few weeks before.  
It was most fortunate for Underwood that circumstances afforded him an opportunity to knock vigorously, but unconsciously at the door of her heart, while his energies were directed in an entirely different channel, for if he had been pleading directly for the chief place in her affections there would have been nothing but awkwardness and confusion and broken sentences to recommend him. Now, however, she saw him at his best.  
He won his case at law and his case at heart by a single effort, but he was ignorant of the latter victory for a whole year—a year of terrible misgivings and darkness, though of professional success; a year in which his heart was all hers and her heart all his but each knew only half the truth.  
**WELCOME ADMISSION.**  
Just twelve months from the date of his former letter Underwood wrote Miss Haverly again and, with due apology for thus addressing her, stated that the impression to which he had previously referred still clung to him with increasing force, making his desire to see her so strong that he must express it. Would she permit him to visit her?  
The brief reply, "Come," was received by return mail.  
Three days later he was on the way to her home, having the mistaken idea that his entire future happiness depended largely on this visit, and being, consequently, so excited that he paced up and down the car aisle from the time the train started until his destination was reached.  
He tried desperately to control himself and appear at ease as soon as he came into the presence of Miss Haverly, but failed utterly for three-quarters of an hour. She was the only witness, however, and a most sympathetic one, thoroughly self-possessed now and able after a while to make him forget his hands and feet and to lead him into a conversation which she found really entertaining. The next afternoon and evening they took a long drive into the country and made considerable progress in getting acquainted, but he regarded their courtship as only begun, and thought it far too venturesome to say anything yet that would require her in any way to commit herself.  
But he didn't sleep a wink that night, so wrought up was he over the day's blissful experiences, and just before leaving on the morning following, fully as nervous as on the day of his arrival, he broke forth in spite of an iron-clad determination to keep it back, with the story of his love in a torrent of words, asking in conclusion for her hand in marriage.  
She told him of her presence at the Kansas law suit, the winning of her love at that time, and her willingness now to marry him after graduating at college three years hence.  
It was a long, long three years for both of them, but they were very nappy in anticipation of future joys. Letters passed frequently between them, and he visited her every two or three months. For a birthday present each year she made him a pair of pantaloon suits, and he always found a specimen of her penmanship, in the right hip pocket. His bashfulness in society passed rapidly away, and when the wedding day arrived he was the calmest person present and the proudest man in the state of Iowa. Laura is his favorite cousin, and he continues to thank her most heartily for the part she played in the writing of Jennie's first note to him.  
**What It Costs U. S. For Flags.**  
There are two million flags made in America each year. At present most of these are about or used as personal adornment. Since the war the flag industry has received quite a boom, and at the lowest count every person in five has in some shape or form the star-spangled banner.  
Flagmaking is the sole support of over five thousand men, women and children in the United States. The factories are principally in Philadelphia where the first flag saw birth, and in New England.  
The first Old Glory that made glad the hearts of Americans was made in Philadelphia by Betty Ross, and was flung to the breeze June 14, 1777. At the battle of Brandywine the first shots were fired under it, and the first ship to sail under its graceful folds was the Ranger, commanded by Paul Jones. France claims the proud honor of being the first nation to salute Old Glory.  
On every ship and at every army post of the United States the flag is raised at sunrise and lowered at sunset. During this ceremony every man and officer rises to his feet and uncovers his head. An officer steps forward when the flag is lowered and catches it in his arms. The folds of that proud flag must not sweep the ground even for a moment.  
The flag figure at an army or navy cotillion is the prettiest on the program, and very much of a wallflower feels the young woman who is not on the floor at this time, for every officer is sure to ask his favorite partner to dance with him under its flag.  
The saddest and most impressive flag ceremony is at a soldier's funeral. It is "wrapped in that glorious shroud" and for him is sounded for the last time taps—lights out. He is laid away to sleep until the angel trumpeter shall sound the reveille.  
**How to Get Well Without Doctor.**  
The Public Health Journal furnishes the following suggestions in the way of preventives for everyday ills:  
Try cranberries for malaria.  
Try a sun bath for rheumatism.  
Try clam broth for a weak stomach.  
Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas.  
Try gargling lager beer for cure of sore throat.  
Try eating fresh radishes and yellow turnips for gravel.  
Try swallowing saliva when troubled with sour stomach.  
Try eating onions and horseradish to relieve dropsical swellings.  
Try buttermilk for the removal of freckles, tan and blemishes.  
Try the group tippet when a child is likely to be troubled with croup.  
Try hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain, and renew frequently.  
Try taking cod liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.  
Try hard cider—a wineglassful three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.  
Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.  
Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooping cough.  
Try a cloth wrung out from cold water, put around the neck at night, for a sore throat.  
Try an extra pair of stockings outside of your shoes, when traveling in cold weather.  
Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.  
Try a silk handkerchief over the face when obliged to go against a cold, piercing wind.  
The chief characteristic of fashion's present show is its infinite variety, its modified and graceful designs and outlines, and endless styles, affording an unlimited choice of models suited to any peculiarity of form, face or features.



The brief reply "Come" was received by return mail.



"Jennie, do see this!" exclaimed Laura. "What a ridiculous outcome to our nonsense."