

# MEETING OF THE FLIERS

Marvin, from San Francisco, stepped from the Pullman to the platform of the small station where the eastbound flyer had drawn up to await the passing of the flyer going west. It was barely dawn. The dampness of the night was still upon the sweater, and he and she threw back his broad shoulders, breathing deeply—once, twice, thrice, before the headlight of the coming train appeared like a star upon the horizon. Then he walked rapidly back and forth, intent upon getting as many of the links out of his travel-stiffened legs as possible before his train continued on its flight to the east.

"Exercise without definite object," he told himself, quoting from something he had read while at school. "It is worse than doing at all. Ergo, have an object. I do. I walk down on one side of this train and back on the other, my object being to—walk down on one side and back on the other."

There were faces in the windows of the coaches, and he glanced up at them curiously, wondering what nature of beings they were that they did not get out into the air and kick a bit while they had the chance. He reached the end of the train still wondering. Then his attention was attracted otherwise.

A young woman was sitting within the setting of the Pullman, and she was sitting on a camp stool, and she was quite alone. Marvin grasped one of the platform iron and looked at her in bewildered astonishment for a full minute. She flushed to the roots of her hair, and her glance fell. Marvin spoke, lifting his hat.

"Good morning, Miss Dartin," he said. "Why, Mr. Marvin!" The young woman arose hastily from the camp stool and held her hand toward him. "I thought it looked like you, but it didn't seem possible. Where in the world did you drop from?"

"San Francisco," said Marvin, simply. He noted with some interest that the young woman's eyes were full of tears, and that her manner was constrained. "I am on my way to New York," he added, after a short interval; "my first visit in three years."

"And I am going to San Francisco," said the young woman. "How strange!" "How long are you expecting to stay?" asked Marvin.

"I don't really know. I had arranged to remain indefinitely, but circumstances may in fact be quite likely to alter my plans materially. Are you to be in New York a great while?"

"It is impossible for me to say. I had hoped to transact my business in a very short time, but one can never tell until one finds out, you know. The person I was going to see may be—out of town or something, and I have registered a vow not to return without definite statement from her—his own lips."

He looked at his watch and stepped to the side of the platform, glancing nervously toward the station. "You see," he continued, "it is really a most important matter. I undertook the commission only under protest, because it is one involving several extremely delicate considerations, and I am not good at such things. I am a natural blunderer. You know that well enough."

The young woman lowered her eyes again. "Yes," said she. "I—I have known you to blunder."

Marvin climbed over the railing and seated himself upon a camp stool, and she sat at her feet. It was an impulsive characteristic of him, and the young woman smiled as if pleased.

"We won't talk business any more," said he. "Business is an abomination. I want you to tell me a little—just a little—about yourself. You are not—married yet?"

The young woman winced, but he did not notice. "Of course, you aren't," he went on recklessly, "or you wouldn't be sitting out here at this time in the morning—alone. What have you been doing since that night, hundreds of years ago, when you and I last met?"

"Nothing worth mentioning," she replied, the young woman. "I have laughed a little and wept a great deal. I was in fact, and have been restored to something which bears close resemblance to my normal condition of health, although it is not really the same. I am taking this trip with a definite purpose; the doctor thought it might make me feel better."

"Did he recommend California?" asked Marvin quickly. "No, he merely recommended a change of air and scene. I chose California of my own accord."

"Why?" Marvin's tone was eager and his hand clutched the platform iron convulsively. "Because—because I wished to see—California."

"Marvin," Marvin raised his eyes suddenly to hers, and there was an implication in them—"tell me all about it. We are to be well understood each other. We are to part in a little while. Perhaps we will not see each other again—ever."

"About what?" "About your tears. Why did you weep? You were not much given to weeping once upon a time. About you weeping, you used to be as the trees and the birds and the winds of the prairie. About your determination to visit California. Was it—was it because I was there?"

"Do you think it could be possible?" She spoke reprovingly, and Marvin bowed his head. "No," he replied, gloomily, "it was ridiculously impossible. It is in me to suggest it. I—I had hoped it might be so that is all."

The young woman placed her hand lightly upon his shoulder, and he quivered at the touch. "Russell," said she, "three years ago you honored me by a proposal of marriage. I deferred my answer for one week. I was not in doubt regarding my own mind, but I had a good reason. And you did not come back for your answer. Why?"

"Why?" Marvin repeated the query as one dazed. "Yes, why? I had a right to expect something better of you than I received. I waited for you, but you neither. There was but one inference to be taken, and I took it. You had changed your mind; I could forgive you for that, but it was cowardly not to let me know. It was cruel. It hurt me, Russell, more than I can tell."

"But your letter—"

"I wrote you no letter."

"I received a letter, Marvin—"

Marvin spoke slowly, after the manner of one who has been stunned—"written

## ADJUT. GEN. CORBIN.

Rose from a Log Cabin to His Present Post of Honor.

Adjutant General Corbin, who has now reached the grade of major general in the regular army, was born fifty-four years ago at Batavia, Ohio, in a log cabin which is still standing. He entered the Civil War a second lieutenant in the Eighty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, July 28, 1862, and has risen by merit through all the grades to that of major general of the regular establishment. He was honorably discharged from the volunteer service on March 20, 1863, with the brevet rank of brigadier general for meritorious service. Gen. Corbin's early ancestors were Virginians, and he is a distant relative of Col. Richard Lee. His grandfather was sergeant of the Virginia line in the Revolution. His great-grandfather moved to the mouth of the Muskingum River in Ohio and later settled in Clermont, Ohio. Gen. Corbin's father is still living, at the age of 80.

The Adjutant General is the instrument through which the Chief Executive and the Secretary of War act. He dare not usurp a single function delegated to his superiors. His duty is to carry out in letter and spirit their orders. He must be capable of advising when his advice is asked; he must be an absolute master of details, and must be able to answer questions relating to the army with accuracy. When war clouds gather it is the busiest office of the Government.

To call to the field 250,000 men, arm and equip them in sixty days, and attend to the innumerable details, as did Gen. Corbin during the recent war with Spain, is a task so gigantic that none but a man of extraordinary ability and physical strength could fill the place. And now he is prepared to enlist, drill, arm, equip and dispatch 100,000 men of a regular army 7,000 miles. Grant.



ADJUT. GEN. CORBIN.

when Secretary of War, wrote of Gen. Corbin: "Made major for gallant and meritorious service at Decatur." He was also highly commended by Gen. Gilliam, Weed, Rousseau, A. McDowell, McCook, and Ruggles, and Gen. Merritt's endorsement was, "Well worthy and fitted to be the head of the adjutant general's department; can be trusted with important duties."

Gen. Corbin's personality is striking. Imagine a man 6 feet 4 inches in height, erect, soldierly, weighing about 250 pounds, but carrying very little superfluous flesh, and you have the outline of the adjutant general of the army. His complexion is olive, eyes brown, nose aquiline, and the lines of his mouth well chiseled. He wears a mustache, and a full beard. He is a "No" without the quiver of an eye or the flutter of a muscle, and no one can say that he was ever known to lose his nerve in a crisis.

## TALKS ON ADVERTISING

### ORIGINAL SPEECH.

In all probability it consisted exclusively of the following words. The original speech, the true primal tongue of man, was quite unlike any language we have ever heard; yet we have all the tongues of today. The primal language was a vowel language altogether; it had no consonants, or accents as we ought to call them, at all. Its words consisted of vowel sounds following each other, repeated or varied—of words like aaaa, oooo, uuuu, eeee, aaaa, laaa, looo, oooo, uuuu, eeee—all of which, I may say in passing, are taken from a language in use today. The sentences were intermittent streams of vowels, each stream held on so long as the speaker's breath allowed or whim dictated. When all literature was recited, the same consideration, the capacity of the lungs, determined the length of the bardic line; so we have our shokos, our hexameters, our Alexandrines, and so forth, each a lung-full of verse; in the primal tongue it was likewise, but the sentences were vowel sounds only.

There are about ten or a dozen pure vowels to go upon, and vowel words may run up to five syllables, so we have a very considerable fund to draw on for our vowel streams. And these streams of vowel speech corresponded to, and expressed, streams of emotion or feeling rather than descriptions of concrete objects. For when the speaker's breath allowed or whim dictated, when all literature was recited, the same consideration, the capacity of the lungs, determined the length of the bardic line; so we have our shokos, our hexameters, our Alexandrines, and so forth, each a lung-full of verse; in the primal tongue it was likewise, but the sentences were vowel sounds only.

How to Cure a Cold. To cure a cold first stop eating. The system is overloaded with impurities and they must be eliminated. Fast until these poisons can be disposed of in a natural way. Take long walks, draw in many deep, full breaths; exercise every muscle of the body, that the circulation may be quickened and every part of the body thoroughly cleansed by this accelerated circulation. Baths at least once a day, rubbing the surface of the body briskly all over for five or ten minutes. After rinsing from two to three meals a day a warm appetite is acquired it is, of course, desirable to indulge this appetite, but in moderation. Under no circumstances should the stomach be gorged, and those foods which are unwholesome or but moderately nutritious should be avoided.

Not There. A farmer once wrote to a distinguished scientific agriculturalist, to whom he felt under obligation for introducing a new variety of swine—"Respected Sir: I was yesterday in the cattle fair; I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of beasts, and I was very much astonished at not seeing you there."

When the rainy day saved for finally comes, a man finds that it is a deluge whereas he only saved for a shower.

## CHAT ACROSS OCEAN.

### AN ITALIAN ELECTRICIAN'S WONDERFUL INVENTION.

Will Make It Possible for Us to Have Conversation with Our Kin Beyond the Sea Without the Medium of Cables.

Great things are promised for the new century by G. Marconi, the author of wireless telegraphy, says the New York Press. Before the first Christmas in the twentieth century he will, he declares, have England and America on speaking terms without the aid of submarine cables. One big pole erected at Southampton and another at Montauk Point will, he says, be all that is needed. The cables which now connect Liverpool with America will, if Marconi fulfills his promise, become as obsolete as the stage coach became when the railroad came in. The optimistic electrician is confident that he can establish telegraphic communication between the eastern and western worlds by his system at a hundred-thousandth part of the cost of laying a cable and maintaining it. Marconi says he has discovered a method of controlling the sound

### A LAND OF MILK AND HONEY.

#### Some of the Reasons Why Oklahoma's Claim for Statehood is Valid.

Oklahoma means Beautiful Land. It is easily one of the wonderful sections of our wonderful country. Only a dozen years ago it was given up to the Indians and formed a part of the Indian Territory, but on April 22, 1889, it was opened to settlement by the proclamation of President Harrison, and in one day 50,000 people rushed upon it. The same day a national bank was opened and its modern history begins. Behold the contrast since that time! The census of 1900 shows a population of 288,254, and in addition there were 1,527 Indians not taxed. So here we have a great state springing from practically nothing to a population of over 400,000 within one decade.

That does not begin to tell the story. The taxable value of the land is now nearly \$100,000,000. Within two years four great grain and cotton crops have enriched the state, and the deposits in the banks have increased more than 100 per cent. The people have built 800 churches and established nearly 200 newspapers.

The population is described as a superior one, thoroughly American and progressive in its enterprises. The beauty of the country is drawing more and more people to its shores. It has an average elevation of 1,500 feet; its climate is delightful, and to quote a recent writer who visited the country, "It is not an unusual thing for a wheat farmer in Oklahoma at the close of a good season to realize enough money from the sale of his product to more than cover the entire value of his farm and the improvements upon it." It was considered that cotton would not grow north of Texas. During the past year Oklahoma's cotton crop brought nearly \$4,000,000 to her people.—Saturday Evening Post.

### A Rude Prince.

It has not always been wise to look to a royal court for the etiquette of polite society. Witness this quotation from the "Countess Potocka," a recollection of the court life of Joseph II., at Berlin.

One day, at the end of dinner, she related that she had known Prince Kautsky, who had a varied reputation, and incidentally one for impudence. Having done the tooth, he attended to them without the slightest regard for his guests. As soon as the table was cleared he valet put a mirror, a basin and brushes before him, and then there the prince began his morning toilet over a chair, just as if he had been alone in his dressing-room, while every one was waiting for him to finish to get up from the table.

"I could not suppress my astonishment," says Countess Potocka, "and asked the princess if she, too, had waited."

"Yes, alas," she replied, "I was so put out of countenance that I only returned to my room to get out of the stairs; but later on it was different. I complained of the heat, and left the table at dessert."

### CHARMED BY WILD BEASTS.

Perkins Experience of a Keeper in the Philadelphia Zoo.

There is something in the fancy of a wild animal's eye that fascinates the human mind, and his fondness for the animal is a natural result of the fact that he is literally "hearing the lion in his den" some day may cost him his life. No one knows this better than Lover himself, and yet he feels that his "lines are cast in pleasant places" and will be envious of any man foolishly enough to apply for his position. At least half of the time this man with the dardevil recklessness of spirit goes about with bandaged limbs, the results of encounters with his "friends," the animals. When his hands, arms, or legs are torn by the claws of the maddened beasts he makes a dash for a bottle of cauterizing fluid, pours it over the ragged wound, and then goes back to subside by kindness or punishment, as the case may require, the animal that attacked him.

"I wouldn't leave my position for any other one that could be offered to me," he said today. "I love wild animals and know it is their nature to attack men. So, I don't care much for fame or money. The fierceness and splendid courage is beaten out of them, and I regard them as I would a cowardly man."

"She speaks upon me," he said, and when she struck me I fell to the floor furiously, but did not make an attempt to attack me until Nellie had my left arm tightly clenched between her sharp teeth. The pain from the bite was fearful, and to protect myself I struck her with my club, which seemed at first to enrage her.

"She weighs about 150 pounds, and when she struck me I fell to the floor furiously, but did not make an attempt to attack me until Nellie had my left arm tightly clenched between her sharp teeth. The pain from the bite was fearful, and to protect myself I struck her with my club, which seemed at first to enrage her.

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## Science and Invention

The number of known explosives is stated to have increased from twenty-five to 1,100 in thirty-two years.

Cold is not fatal to micro-organisms. Dr. Macfadyen and Mr. Howland find that an exposure for ten hours to a temperature of 250 degrees C. has no appreciable effect on the vitality of micro-organisms.

Prof. Fleming of London University is now conducting important experiments in connection with the transmission of electrical energy. It is said that which power can be distributed without wires by utilizing ether.

Caterpillars occasionally crawl from their hiding places on warm days in winter. The most common of these is a thick furrow worm with a red coat banded with black, which has the appearance of chenille. Of the caterpillars that live through the winter a large number belong to species that require more than one season to develop from their eggs to the perfect insect.

Moscow is probably the worst-paved city in the world. Great cobblestones driven by hand into a loose bed of sand form a roadway which is always dusty in summer and muddy in autumn and in many of the roads there is no attempt at a roadway of any kind. The streets are badly watered and cleaned.

The yearly expenditure for these two operations is only about \$155,000. Every traveler in France has been struck by the sight of multitudes of slender poplar trees growing by the roadside and brookside. Two or three times in twenty years the branches of these poplars are trimmed, and the light wood thus obtained is dried and sold to bakers, whose practical science has taught them that the quick, intense heat produced by burning poplar is excellent for giving a thick crust to their bread.

A gutta percha substitute has recently been patented. It consists of a mixture of pulverized peat and resin oil. The peat is dried thoroughly and is then pulverized and sifted until it is about the fineness of flour. It is then mixed with equal parts by weight of resin oil and 2 per cent of amyl acetate. It is then stirred and worked until it forms a smooth, doughlike mixture. It is pressed into shape and is said to be hard like gutta-percha.

In Central Africa are found districts which impress the beholder with the belief that the hand of man has shaped their features, although there is no population capable of producing such effects. These districts, near Lake Tanganyika, are called "park lands," and their origin was recently explained before the Linnean Society in London, by Mr. Moore, as being due to the action of vegetation over a light surface soil gradually deposited above the salt places left by former lakes. In some places these districts are covered with natural plantations that have a "quite homelike look."

The balloon races and contests conducted in connection with the Paris Exposition were productive of some very interesting results. Every Sunday spent the spectators witnessed a large number of balloons starting on their journey. "One afternoon," says A. Lawrence Rotch, "it ballooned successfully, each aeronaut endeavoring to land as near as possible to some point that he had fixed beforehand."

By taking advantage of the various air-currents and skillfully manipulating the ropes, surprising results were obtained. One aeronaut, after traveling 30 miles, landed within half a mile of the goal he had set out for. The greatest height attained by any of the aeronauts was 27,000 feet. In the long-distance race six balloons started, and three of them landed in Russia. About 1,400 miles were traveled in 37 hours.

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## COMBINES THE HORN AND VIOLIN IN ONE.

With the beginning of the new century a new musical instrument—decidedly a "twentieth century idea"—has been brought into existence. This is a combination violin and horn, not yet christened. It may appropriately be called a violohorn.

Alex Lundgren, the inventor, has for twenty years been employed in the marquetrie department of the Pullman car works at Pullman, Ill. All his spare time he has spent in making violins and other musical instruments. One evening while listening to a violin and horn duet it occurred

"I yelled for help, and with a thin broomstick was compelled to fight my way to liberty. I worked my way to the door of the cage, leading to a small enclosure in the rear, and thought I was safely out, but I was disappointed again, as the female wolf, who is a safe, cunning beast, sent me to the door, and slipped out just ahead of me. "I was now without club, broom, or anything to defend myself, except my right hand. My left hand and arm were useless. I was covered with blood and seemed to infuriate the beasts, who were growling and prancing about, both with their glaring eyes upon me. This seemed to be against me for the time, and a thousand thoughts ran through my head in an instant.

"But no time was to be lost. Nellie again started for me. I checked her leap with my foot, and quickly seized her by the throat. She struggled to get away and bit me, but fortunately I had my finger in the animal's mouth just in time to prevent the animal from tearing me to bits. After some difficulty the wolf was forced into her cage, when she and her mate walked to and fro all day long."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### CHEAPEST FAR FROM HOME.

Chocolate Falls in Price as Distance from Factories Increases.

"Chocolate is one of the mysteries of trade," explained a well-known gentleman who has spent much time in South America, to a reporter, "for the reason that it is one of the few things in trade that grows cheaper in price the farther you are removed from where it is produced—that is, from where the cocoa bean, from which it is made, is grown. The finest grade of chocolate is produced in Venezuela, and there are good forms of cocoa beans grown in many parts of South and Central America. Indeed, much chocolate was produced in Central America even before Columbus discovered America. In South America the retail price for the better grades of chocolates averages about \$1 per pound, while in Italy, France, England and in America the better grades sell at a much lower price. Indeed, the ordinary grade of chocolate sells here often for one-third of the price that it is produced in where it is produced in its best form. There are two crops of the cocoa bean in each year, one being gathered on St. John's day and the winter crop, so-called, at Christmas.

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## ABOUT BIRTHDAY STONES.

Significance of the Gems Suggested to Synthesize the Several Nouns.

A list of what are known as the "birthday stones," with the color and significance of each, is given below: January—Garnet, symbolizing constancy and fidelity. Transparent deep red.

February—Amethyst; power of mind and sobriety. Transparent violet.

March—Jasper; courage and success in dangerous enterprise. Opaque red, yellow and other dull colors.

April—Sapphire and diamond; repentance and innocence. Transparent gems. The diamond is white, rose color, blue, pale yellow and black. The sapphire is generally called a blue gem and that is the color intended when people talk of a "sapphire blue," but it varies so much in color that they are sapphires which counterfeits other gems. These are called oriental emeralds, topazes or whatever other stone they resemble. The red sapphire or oriental ruby is one of the most valuable gems, coming next after a diamond.

May—The emerald; success in love. Transparent; cool green.

June—Agate; long life and health. Opaque, varied in color, with many markings sometimes angular or zigzag, in which case it is called a fortification agate. Sometimes straight lines of color give it a banded appearance. It is then called ribbon agate. Another kind has markings quite different and is called a moss agate.

July—Carneolite, one of the evils resulting from forgetfulness. The agate, carnelian, sard, sardonyx are only differently marked and colored varieties of one stone, which is called chalcedony. Carneolite is usually either red or white and always clear.

August—Sardonyx or onyx; conjugal felicity.

September—Chrysolite; preservation from folly or its cure. Yellow to green in color.

October—Opal or beryl; hope. The opal is a perfectly clear stone whose great beauty consists in its play of colors—red, yellow and green—from its interior. Its color is commonly of a green or bluish green color, but is also pink, yellow and white.

November—Topaz; fidelity and friendship. Transparent, of a bright golden yellow.

December—Turquoise or ruby; success. The turquoise is opaque, of a bluish color, sometimes verging to violet.—Detroit Free Press.

Walled In. While excavating for a cellar in Marietta, O., a few hundred feet from a famous Indian cemetery, the workmen dug into a mound, the contents of which was supposed to be two thousand years old. The grave was covered with three layers of heavy stones with three inches of fine white sand between each layer. When the third stone was raised, the bones of a large man were discovered. In the bones of each hand were solid copper axes. The bones crumbled on exposure for an hour. Large bits of charcoal were found in the grave, as were the bones of wild animals supposed to have been deer. The grave was walled in on all sides, and also the top and bottom, with heavy stones. The body of the mound builder sat in an upright position, with the hands in a position as if supporting the body. The grave was two feet and a half wide by two and a half feet and five feet deep, and the stones surrounding it were easily broken with the fingers, as they were very soft.

Sale of William Penn's Will. At a recent sale in London of historical documents some interesting specimens of calligraphy changed hands. The list included a large number of autographs by William Penn, the quaker founder of Pennsylvania, including "My Last Will and Testament" made and written in my own hand this twentieth day of 8th month of year 1705 in ye 90th year of my age." Will and codicil cover ten pages quarto, all in the handwriting of William Penn, except, as the catalogue points out, the signatures of the witnesses.

A woman gets up a good meal for the preacher, but she neglects all efforts when her husband brings a former lover home to dine, in order that she may show him what he missed.

Every thief suspects a job of honest men is to be caught unjustly.

## Science and Invention

The number of known explosives is stated to have increased from twenty