

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would he still and cold to-morrow
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Scattered along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by-and-by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy plian
Shades their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the month to-day!
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blossoms of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

WHALEN'S SHEEP-RANCH.

Whalen's luck was copious, and it became proverbial; the facts here recorded are but specimen pages from the book of his experience.

When the Consolidated Canal Company went into insolvency, its assets consisted of a mortgaged right of way through the sagebrush and several completed but detached sections of a big ditch.

Mr. Brick Whalen, the contractor on section three, had finished the heavy work there and was preparing to move camp to section six when the company went broke. It was, in fact, upon the very day the suspension was posted that Whalen, having had his contract work inspected, took the engineer's certificate up to headquarters to get his check. He received instead a statement that the company was in temporary difficulties, and an assurance that it would soon resume.

Whalen had before this worked for shabby corporations; he knew better, and lost no time in acting on his knowledge.

"No good howlin' over a broken pipe or tryin' to save the pieces," he told himself. To his gang of twenty men, he said: "By's the company's broke and so am I. I can't pay ye and I can't feed ye. You got to rustle."

"What's the matter with us taking the mules?" said one.

"Them mules and scrapers don't belong to me, as I've often told ye," said Whalen, whose custom it was to refer to a legendary backer. "This drottling outfit is the property of Martin, of San Francisco, and any man that meddles with it will get the sheriff after him."

"I'll take one, just the same," said Shorty, "and tell Martin he can have him again when my wages is paid. That's about fair."

A few others took the same view of the equities involved, and took mules, to which Whalen made only a wordy resistance. Most of the men were induced to accept orders on the defunct company for the amount due them, payable with large interest. "And if you don't get it very soon, the interest will double your money," said Whalen.

When the last man had gone, Whalen went out to the corral and counted the mules. "Forty-one head; that was a close call," said he.

It was late in the season to find another job of scraping, but the mules could not live on sagebrush and were at once started for the railroad. On a small stream where camp was made one night a band of trail sheep was also camped. Whalen eyed them disdainfully.

"I see the beggars eat sage," said he. "Why, certainly," replied the shepherd; "that's the finest kind of feed for sheep."

"I wish work-mules would do that," said Brick. "I never was so near a sheep in my life," he continued; "the smell of 'em a mile away is enough for me. Funny little fellows, and they look some like mules, with ears and tails cut off. What do you do with them?"

"Double our money on them every twelve months," was the reply. No extended description of sheep-farming would have impressed the fancy of the veteran mule-skinner, but "double your money" was his own familiar phrase for describing any hopeful venture, and on that evening he smoked many pipes of black plug over it. A brute that can thrive on a brush diet and double your money every year is an interesting creature.

At daybreak Whalen was in the sheep-camp negotiating a trade of sheep for mules on a basis of fifty to one, and prepared to accept much less. Three days later he sat in the door of the shack which had long done duty as mess-house on section three of the canal, as many an evening before he had sat watching the mules come in from water. To-night there was never a mule in sight. Down the breeze came

a pungent odor and a tinkling of little bells. Over the crest of an adjacent hill appeared the flock browsing on the rank sage.

"They do look some like mules," he soliloquized, "and I'll bet I'm the only Irishman in America ever owned a herd of sheep."

Winter came and passed, and the only Irishman prospered. By roofing in a cut with brush he had commodious sheds, and cross-sections of poles divided the broad ditch into as many corals as he chose. The sheep were fat and carried heavy fleeces.

Whalen had for help two boys who had wandered there and asked for work. He had proposed to hire one of them, but the boys protested that they had never been separated, and that if they got jobs at different ranches "the other one wouldn't know where the other one was," a contingency which they could not abide. So Whalen offered to take the two at the price of one, and on that basis they shared with him the shack, herded the flock, and cooked the grub. They soon knew as much, or as little, about sheep as Brick himself; and the proprietor found opportunity to break the monotony of camp life by occasional trips to the railroad and once to San Francisco.

"I'm going to see my friend Martin," he told the boys. "Now tend to business and don't let any get away." And the boys gave their word that not one should escape.

During Whalen's absence in the city he went out of the sheep business even more abruptly than he went into it the previous autumn. The instruction to the boys was fulfilled to the letter—not any got away.

It happened on a hot day in June when, contrary to usual custom, the boys brought the flock to camp and the shade of sheds at noontime. It never rains in that arid region, but sometimes pours. This was one of those times. Charged with ice and water, a great black cloud came drifting down the wind, and emptied out its load upon the camp and the hill-side above it. The canal, curving around its base, formed an cave-trough for the whole mountain and poured several thousand inches of water into Whalen's improvised sheep-sheds. The flood very soon subsided, but when the cloud had passed and the sun again shone forth, there were no living sheep. Not many minutes are required to drown a rat in a hole.

Meanwhile the boys greatly frightened by the sudden storm, and with no thought for the safety of the flock, were in the shack. The hail pounded and the wind shook it. Water covered the floor.

"Pray, Billy," said the one on the barrel.

"No, you do it," he answered from the table-top.

The shack had no window, and, with the door closed, it was pretty dark in there. When Whalen reached home two hours later, the floor was still wet and the boys were yet roosting on table and barrel, but outside, in the bright sunlight, the ground appeared already almost dry. A solitary goat stood upon the shed roof; he had been among the sheep in the pen.

"You can't keep a good man down any more than you can a goat," was Brick's comment on the catastrophe.

While Whalen was working the boys double time at pulling the wool from the dead sheep, he had the happy thought of stocking his ranch with bees. Having money enough from the proceeds of his wool sale to buy a hundred stands, he promptly carried the thought into effect.

Again he sat down in the door of his shack to "double his money."

"This is better than sheep," said he; "for they herd themselves. And they are like mules in one thing—you are liable to get hurt if you fool with 'em."

This wave of prosperity broke up as soon as former ones had done, for he had imported a bad case of foul brood, and within a year the hundred swarms had perished out. When we went down there last summer in the interest of a new company which has taken up the work of completing the canal, Whalen gathered the bones out of the old shed in the cut and hauled them to the railroad, where he sold them for fertilizer, realizing enough to buy two more mules. With his four-mule team he is at work in the ditch for day's wages. Somewhat grizzled now, and not so bricked-red of hair and whisker as formerly, he is happy as ever, and sanguine that he will double his money.

"Here's hoping" that he may.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Title of Admiral.

It should here be explained that the title of "Admiral" was not used in England in the earlier days, says the London Nautical Magazine. In fact, the better opinion, is that it was not so used before the beginning of the fourteenth century. He was called Captainen Maris (Captain of the Sea), "Keeper of the sea-coasts," "Captain of the King's mariners." The title "Admiral" or "Amiral," probably derived from the Arabic amir or emir (perfect), was used in foreign countries much earlier than in England, and came to us from France. Prynn ("Animadversions," page 106), states that there were admirals and an admiralty court in England as early as the time of Henry I., derived from our ancient Saxon kings—Alfred, Edgar, Ethelred and others who had the dominion of the British ocean. None of these kings probably was more potent than King Edgar, who, possessing an absolute dominion of the neighboring sea, sailed around about it every year and secured it with a constant guard. These ships, being very stout ones, were in number 1,200; some writers even affirm that there were 4,800 sailing ships.

Whenever you hear anyone speak of himself as "high spirited," it is nearly always a sign that he is a little bit silly.

DELICATE MAINSPRINGS.

Very Quick to Feel the Effects of Heat and Cold.

"Mainsprings are very much like people," remarked a New York watchmaker recently to a writer for the Washington Star. "They are as susceptible to extremes of heat and cold as human beings. When the thermometer is hovering around the freezing point or dancing away up in the 90's the sensitive little mainspring will succumb just as easily to freezing or sunstroke as man."

"During the hot weather of the past month I have received over 400 watches which needed similar repairs. You see, this uncertain piece of mechanism is supposed to be adjusted to meet the various degrees of temperature, but when the changes are great and come suddenly there is nothing that can prevent them from snapping. Many are made in Switzerland of the very finest quality of steel, absolutely flawless. Very often the watchmaker can detect a bad spring before putting it in a watch either by its color or the softness of its spring. These have been too tightly tempered in making, and instead of being subjected merely to a red heat the fire has been brought to white heat, thus weakening the strength of the metal."

"The finest watches that are handled by reliable dealers in the United States are put through a 'cooking and freezing' process before they are sold, for the purpose of testing their reliability in all temperatures. The watch is first placed in a little metal box, which is made air tight. Then a strong gas flame is turned on the under surface of the box, and is kept there for one or two hours, so that the watch is hot at the end of that time that it could not be touched with the bare hands."

"From this it is immediately taken and put into another metallic box, which is buried in a vessel containing ice. There the costly watch is allowed to freeze for an equal length of time, when its treatment ceases, and the examination is made. If during this excessive test the watch has ticked merrily on without deviating a fractional part of a second, it is put back in the case and marked 'guaranteed for two years.' The mainspring is the first piece of mechanism that succumbs to the test. If it survives nothing need be feared."

"Mainsprings are however, about the only part of a watch that a jeweler cannot successfully diagnose. They can guarantee any of the numberless little wheels or pivots or balances that go to make up the anatomy of the watch, but the mainspring has as yet baffled the most skillful makers of watches of all countries. It is not so much the severe extremes of the weather that prove fatal to the spring as it is the process of changing from heat to cold or vice versa."

"Many people who have been the possessors of new watches but a short time often come to me much annoyed, declaring that they have paid a large price for their timepieces, and the mainspring has broken after only a week's use."

"That is nothing," I tell them. "We jewelers have them snap in our cases before the watch has even been shown for sale." Others imagine that they might have wound their watches too tight, but this does not harm it. It is rather the jerky, hurried winding that will eventually tell on the temper of the metal. Besides, every good stem-winder has a stop placed in the stem which prevents the winding of a watch too tight."

"The cost of a new mainspring is small. It is the putting them in the labor expended that costs. It costs from \$12 to \$15 to put a mainspring in the finest Swiss watch, while in a cheap American make it costs only 50 cents to \$1."

"A gentleman purchased a \$250 watch from me about a year ago, and shortly after he left New York on a tour around the world. He returned about three weeks ago, brought his watch back to me and paid me this compliment: 'Here's a watch,' said he, 'that I paid you \$250 for a year ago, and while I was traveling around it lost three minutes. You guaranteed it and I want you to make it good.' The watch was placed in my window with this card beside it:

"This watch lost only three minutes in a year in a tour around the world. Price, \$275."

"Did you sell it?"
"Yes, within two days."

Feed for Farm Horses.

Equal parts of old oats and shelled corn, mixed with a little bran, and made slightly moist, is a strong, healthy feed. Idle horses may be given two quarts at a feed, and then turned to pasture. Horses at hard work should be fed four quarts at a feed. Feed out hay. If new hay is fed, salt it. New oats should not be fed too early. Let them dry out a few weeks first.

Horses should be salted twice a week, giving a tablespoonful at a time. Curry the horses morning and night, and wash the shoulders off with cold water when they come in from work, and rub dry. If the skin is rubbed off by the collar, rub on a little rock oil, and then dust with air-slacked lime. This will harden the skin, and if the collar fits properly, there will be no sore shoulders. The collars should be cleaned off every morning before being put on the horses.

A Good Story of Clay.

"There never was a more disappointed candidate for the Presidency than Mr. Clay was in 1844," says one who knew him. "for he fully expected to tenant the White House from 1845 to 1849. He was then on his third run for the Presidency, and had long been the idol of his party. In his first run, against Jackson and John Quincy Adams, in 1824, he received less than 50,000 votes; in his second, against Jack-

son, in 1832, over half a million, and in his third run he received in a total popular vote of 2,000,000 votes, within 40,000 of a majority over Mr. Polk. Thus he had much ground for hope, and his friends, both here and throughout the country, were certain of his election. In fact, that being the day for news by slow mail, it was a week before his defeat was acknowledged, and several times was the victory (?) celebrated by the burning of bonfires. I was then employed as a messenger boy in the old Intelligence office, and by that means I came to know Mr. Clay, frequently being sent by Mr. Gales and Mr. Seaton with messages to him. Sometimes I found him at the Capitol, but generally at his rooms in the building at the northwest corner of Eighth street and Market space, the site now occupied by Mr. Wm. H. Hoek. At his rooms he was friendly with me, and seemed pleased with the manner in which I performed my duties."

"One day he said: 'My lad, when I become President, I will do something for you. I want you to come to see me at the White House.'

"Why, Mr. Clay," I responded, 'how will I get to see you when your doors are guarded?'

"Sure enough," remarked Mr. Clay, picking up a card, on which he wrote 'Admit Mr. ———, H. Clay.' Handing it to me, he said: 'Take care of it, and it will pass you. Be sure to come.'

"I fully expected to have occasion to use it, but like Mr. Clay and thousands of others, I was disappointed. I have had the card for over half a century, and have treasured it as an evidence of Mr. Clay's good intentions."—Washington Star.

A Protest Indorsed.

As the excursion boat left the wharf a baby began to cry. Its mother endeavored to comfort it into silence, but the wail continued, to the great annoyance of a young man with large hands and a small mustache.

"He doesn't feel at all well," the mother explained to an elderly woman, who was sitting near her, "and I thought the cool breeze might do him good."

"Of course it will," was the sympathetic and hearty reply. "Let him cry if he wants to. It'll open his lungs wide and give him the full benefit of the fresh air."

But the young man with large hands and a small mustache was of a different mind.

"It's a pity," he remarked, apparently in confidence to a friend, but loud enough to be heard by all, "that people don't know better than to bring babies on an excursion. It's no place for them."

The baby's mother looked grieved, and the new-found friend looked defiant.

When the boat landed that night at the wharf, the elderly woman handed the baby back to its mother and hurried away so as to place herself in front of the youth with large hands and a small mustache.

"Young man," she said, "I want to compliment you."

"What for?"
"For having so much more sense than I gave you credit for. Earlier in the day I heard you say that people had no business to bring babies on board an excursion boat. I kind of thought you were wrong at first; but I'm prepared to acknowledge you hit the nail on the head."

"Babies are too young to know how to behave," he commented a little doubtfully. "It takes a lot of training."

"That's just it. A baby can't be expected to smoke bad cigars and holler at the boy who sells soft drinks, and sing 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me' off the key, and snuggle their heads on somebody's shoulder and talk sneaking foolishness about 'Whose 'uns is it?' loud enough for everybody to hear. I kept my eye on you, and I own up that you knew what you were talkin' about when you laid down the law that babies are out of place on excursions."—Washington Star.

Rocky Road for the Doctors.

In Belovochistan, when the physician gives a dose, he is expected to partake of a similar one himself as a guarantee of his good faith. Should the patient die under his hands the relatives—though they rarely exercise it—have the right of putting him to death, unless a special agreement has been made freeing him from all responsibility as to consequence; while, if they should decide upon immolating him, he is fully expected to yield to his fate like a man.

Coal and Pig Iron.

In 1791 it required 16,100 pounds of coal to produce one ton of pig iron. In 1870 the same quantity of pig iron was produced with 5,000 pounds of coal, and in 1896 the quantity was reduced to 3,000 pounds. A blast furnace produced 80 tons of pig iron per week in 1791, 137 tons in 1870, 1,800 tons in 1896. These figures are given by the president of the British Iron and Steel Institute.

An Automatic Singer.

An "automatic singer" was exhibited to the editorial staff of a Paris newspaper. The apparatus is in the form of a tripod, on the top of which is a machine smaller than the phonograph, in to which the cylinders are put. The sound is transmitted by highly perfected boards to a metallic trumpet, and it is stated that the voice can be heard 220 yards off.

A Hasty Opinion.

"There was only one joke in life last week."

"That's funny."

"How do you know? You haven't heard it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Exactly.
She—Do you usually beat the market?
He—Yes, and bear the loss.



FOR A SHADY CORNER.

FOR a shady corner of the library or reception room, and especially appropriate if the room decorations are in Japanese style, is the lily arrangement shown in the sketch. The main stand is in Japanese lacquer ware, with brass claw feet, and upon it is set the odd bowl (also pro-



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vided with little feet, of wedgewood, which is filled with water to keep saturated the porous pots holding the lily bulbs. Since the bulbs float in the water, it is an easy matter to replace them when they are done blossoming.

Woman's Carriage Must be Right.

The stylishly made gown must be carried off with a stylish air, else all good results in the manufacturing are lost. Many women ruin the most faultless creations by a poor carriage and ungainly walk, or by sitting down all in a heap, which crushes and twists the best hanging skirts out of their original shape. Some women are hopeless so far as style goes, while others are a great success no matter what they may have on. The woman utterly devoid of some natural style is, as a rule, slovenly, having her clothes pitched on any way to get into them.

Her hair is stringy, gloves ill-fitting and soiled, veil looking as though it had blown toward her and by accident found a lodging place on her millinery. Her general air is one of neglect and usually in keeping with the ungainly walk seen in so many women who give their personal appearance little or no thought. The stylish woman has a good poise, stands well, walks well and her clothes take on just the correct swing. Put these same clothes on the woman who shambles and stands on her heels with shoulders forward and abdomen thrown up and the style of toilet is swallowed up in the lack of style in the woman herself. It is safe to say that more style is lost in the way a woman carries herself and wears her clothes than in the actual making of her wardrobe.

Where Women Toil Like Men.

While American women have their own grievances the sex enjoys a freedom of action and an opportunity for getting ahead greater than are found elsewhere. The men of European countries, as a rule, are far less considerate of women than are Americans. In Belgium woman digs in the mines and does the coarsest of work. In Germany she tills the fields. Even in France, the country of politeness, she toils laboriously and often with little consideration on the part of the male portion of the community. The towns where art and culture most abound often present striking counter pictures. Budapest is a beautiful city, yet in this apparently civilized community the tourist sees young girls and women of all ages carrying bricks and mortar, and mixing the latter, wherever a building is going up.

Cooked by Cold.

Any one who has ever picked up with a bare hand a piece of intensely cold iron knows that the touch burns almost as badly as if the metal were red-hot. Indeed the action of the great heat and extreme cold is so similar that a Hungarian chemist has turned the latter to account to prepare meats for food. He subjects the meat to 60 degrees of frost and then seals it up in airtight tin cans. The result is that the meat, which is practically "cooked by cold," will keep any time and can be eaten with very little further preparation.

Frog Skin Gloves.

Tanned frog skin is about the prettiest and softest leather for gloves imaginable, and also the strongest for its weight. Oak bark, the usual tanning medium, is not serviceable for these little skins, and a special kind of root is used, and the process is long and expensive, but well worth the trouble. The fair sex are somewhat prejudiced, however, and so far have become reconciled but slowly; however, the demand is growing and they will no doubt become popular ere long.

Women and Strong Language.
It has often been asserted that woman is deficient in humor, and another feminine "shortcoming" is thus described by a writer of the sex: "Women, it has been said, cannot bear strong language. There are certain words in English that

we have not yet learned to use. But give us time and we will overcome this weakness. We are getting hardened; modern literature and modern tendencies of all sorts are doing this for us. I heard the other day of a little domestic scene that shows how we are improving in this respect. A dignified and pious old man was being harried by his energetic little wife. His exasperation became unbearable at last, and, forgetting his stiff joints, he sprang from his chair and began to gesticulate wildly, too angry to speak. As soon as he could he said: 'Jane, I am going to swear!' 'Do! Mr. Simpson,' she said; 'it will do you good.' She called to her sister in the next room: 'Sarah! Mr. Simpson says he's going to swear!' The sister dropped her work, exclaiming: 'Oh, do ask him to wait till I get there!'

Queer Economy of German Empress.

It is well known that the German Empress is an ideal housekeeper as well as an ideal wife and mother. Her dread of waste goes so far that the suits of her elder children are cut down to fit the younger boys, and her own court dresses are altered again and again, so as not to be recognized when they are worn at many court functions. Yet it is also reported an army of twelve dressmakers is always at work for the Empress, and that it is increased to over thirty whenever the Empress is about to start on a journey. New gowns would, after all, be less expensive, since the great Berlin artist in dresses who makes the court costumes for her Majesty charges only about \$75 for making a gown of state.

Whirlwomen's Aches.

A preparation of quinine and whisky is said to be excellent for external use after a fatiguing bicycle ride. Not only as a panacea for aching muscles is it satisfactory, but it also serves as an excellent tonic, if well rubbed into the skin, for the strengthening of weak members suddenly called upon to do much unwonted duty. The proportions are sixteen grains of quinine dissolved in a pint of whisky. Clear alcohol is only in a less degree excellent for the purpose, either to use in the water of the bath or directly upon the person. Both the quinine mixture and the alcohol will serve a triple purpose, that of a preventive of cold, a pain alleviator and a tonic.

Heater Right in the Iron.

One who travels has had to carry a little alcohol lamp for heating the curling iron. With the new curling iron shown here this trouble is obviated, for the curler contains a little alcohol lamp arrangement within the handle, which keeps the iron heated as long as required. It is not necessary to wait between heatings, as is the case with the ordinary heaters. The curler is always clean, never having an opportunity to become smoky or sooty, and so the hair is kept in better condition by the use of the self-heater. The construction of the heating apparatus is such that it is absolutely safe when held in either an upright, horizontal or perpendicular position. It never becomes so hot as to burn the hair, but preserves a uniform heat throughout the time it burns.



A prominent physician of New York city has arranged a scale, showing how much an average baby should weigh at birth, and from then on up to the age of 2 years. The table, which was prepared for the New York Sun, is as follows.

	Pounds.	Pounds.
At birth.....	7	22 weeks.....14½
2 days.....	6	24 weeks.....14¾
4 days.....	6	26 weeks.....15
7 days.....	7	7 months.....16
2 weeks.....	7½	8 months.....17
4 weeks.....	8	9 months.....18
6 weeks.....	9	10 months.....19
8 weeks.....	10	11 months.....20
10 weeks.....	10½	12 months.....21
12 weeks.....	11½	14 months.....22
14 weeks.....	12½	16 months.....23
16 weeks.....	13½	18 months.....25
18 weeks.....	14½	22 months.....26
20 weeks.....	15	24 months.....27

How the doctor arrived at his conclusions is not written; but the proud parents who announce 10-pound boys had better try the steelyards again, to be sure, before the cards are given the engraver. Medical men seem to have special fondness for dashing the pride of young parents. The wonderful new baby is coldly regarded as similar to every other new baby in town, and its remarkable achievements fail to awaken the slightest enthusiasm.

As a matter of fact, few infants weigh at birth more than eight pounds, and the great majority range below that figure.

Notes on Gowns.
Silk mull is modish for full collars and long sashes, and is particularly pretty with tinted soft batiste costumes.

Negligee underwaists for warm weather are of flexible woven stuffs. Strong, lightweight corsets are of canvas and of satin.