

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.



WHEN MOLLY LED THE MEETING

I wuz settin' with the sinners—'way back by the door,
The pew that smiles a welcome—meetin'—evenin's—to the poor.
I wuz jest the hardest sinner that salvation ever knowed—
A reg'lar ol' backslider that had lost the gospel road.

'Twuz a Wednesday night pra' meetin'—when they talked from left to right;
An' the word come that the preacher wouldn't be with us that night.
An' "Who would lead the meetin'?" A woman raised her han',
An' Molly, with the bright, sweet eyes, marched up an' took the stan'!

My heart wuz palpitatin'—an' what would Molly say?
She didn't keep me waitin'—fer her bright eyes shined my way!
She give that ol' time hymn out—an' they sung with sweet accord,
With Molly's voice a-leadin' 'em—"Come Ye that Love the Lord!"

An' lots of 'em went up fer pra', an' got religion true;
An' Molly called across the pews: "John, ain't you comin', too?"
An' I come!—I couldn't stan' it! They hollered out, "Amen!"—
With Molly's han' a-holdin' mine I got religion then!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A BIT OF BRAID.

HE turned her head very slightly, so that the man behind her caught the narrowing of her eyes with sudden anger, and the tilting of her rounded chin.

"Clumsy!" she said in a voice ringing with scorn. She caught up her skirt, just raising it from the ground, and hastened on. But she threw a few more or less acceptable home thrusts over her shoulder as she went.

"I can't think what you have been doing with yourself lately. Not improving, anyway. And you won't get on in the direction you are taking. I can assure you. It makes me very doubtful as to the truth of all your yarns of conquest—they are just what I took them for—fairy tales, every one. For no girl would be tame enough to be trampled on, if that is your habit. Oh, of course you saw the braid hanging. You could not be so blind as that."

She gave the offending skirt, with the loop of braid dangling uncomfortably, a further hitch. She had the daintiest ankles—the word expressed her altogether—and the man following her made no objection.

It was, indeed, his continued silence she seized on next—to misconstrue.

"At least," she said, with sisterly straightforwardness, "you might apologize."

They had reached the landing stage

where the boat was moored. The girl proceeded to take her place in it with the calmness and ease which only can come to her sex through practice and long suffering. She was seated with the ropes in her hands before she really looked up at the man who had followed her—into the boat by this time.

"Now let me see the stroke which takes captive your best girls," she was saying, and then her eyes met his.

Though it would have seemed more appropriate that he should be the one to blush, it was to her cheeks the color mounted. She actually hesitated before she spoke.

So he was given the opportunity of speaking, and this time he availed himself, willingly.

"I do apologize," he said, "very humbly." His manner and the laughter in his eyes did not, however, accord wholly with such an attitude.

"Well—really—" she began, but he interrupted her.

"I will go further—you will grant it is a long way further—I will explain."

"There seems room for it—" He was quite a genius at seizing his chances. He took her words as a concession, and dipped his sculls into the water at the same time.

"I shall be able to talk so much better when we are moving," he said, artfully. "I fancy my stroke may prove as worthy of comment as your brother's," he added. He was still smiling, and he noted, with growing satisfaction, that so was she.

"And you do not even know who I am! Check? Oh, don't be hard. Luck—if you like. I am proverbially lucky. I am not to blame for that, am I? Your brother told you he was expecting his college chum, Charles Dean? I was just coming along—neither of you saw me. I heard you send him back for your cape—" he paused, with sudden compunction.

"You are not cold?" he questioned, anxiously. "I forgot, and I have nothing in the way of a wrap to offer you."

"No, I am not cold," she said, as stiffly as she could.

"You walked on, you know, and then temptation seized me. An evil spirit disguised, most charmingly disguised, as a piece of braid! And I could not resist it. I was only afraid you would think I had been suspiciously quick—for a brother."

"I just wasn't thinking," she admitted, dimpling.

The mood for confession grew on him. "Or that you might look round," said he.

"I wish—"

"No, don't say it! Hear me out first. Honestly, I was not entirely actuated by motives of mere selfishness, as might at first appear. I put it to myself like this: Here is a charming girl going to spend a most perfectly delightful summer afternoon on the river, with no more exciting companion than the brother she has known from her earliest days, whose thoughts are as open to her as her own; who hasn't a peculiar-

ity, or even a virtue, left undiscovered. I argued with myself about it. Should I let such a paltry thing as the lack of an introduction prevent me from giving this girl a treat—"

"Oh," she cried, "you really are—" "Yes," he said, "it stands to reason even as a study, a sort of unexplored continent, so to speak; a strange young man, in such a case, must present himself in the light of an acquisition."

Her eyes were dancing. "Why don't you say such an exceedingly nice young man, while you are about it?" she asked mockingly.

"I will go one better," said he, "with your permission. Such an exceptionally nice pair!" and he bowed.

"Oh, you are dreadful—dreadful!" But she did not say it as a fact to be deplored. She looked away from the soft summer landscape, down to the edge of her serge skirt with its trimming of braid and the fateful loop.

"They do sew these so insecurely," she said. "You haven't a pin to spare?" "It seems almost a pity," said he, while she busied herself over it. "I suppose it will be just as well now."

The afternoon was, as he had said, delightful, and his swift stroke left nothing to be desired. It was not cold, after all, and she never gave another thought to the cape until she saw it, when at last they got back, hanging deserted on the boathouse door, where her brother had left it when he arrived there to find her vanished.

The brother and sister were very alike in disposition, and took things lightly and as they came. So he never openly resented her desertion—perhaps, as her new friend pointed out, he, too, had his more than adequate compensation.

This is just a story of the inevitable. For the man of resource was something of a character reader, and he had looked at the girl before he stepped.

She called it, in her kindest moods, an anticipation, but he maintained that he gave the incident its most appropriate title when he named it a "forerunner." And this it was.

The weather favored them, and his visit lengthened from a week's end to a week and more. Ample time for a man of such ready methods to win for himself a girl not indisposed to be won. Thus his visit to the brother ended in his marriage with the sister—an old tale, but often a very pleasant one.

It was later in the season, and boating interests had given way to the necessity of stock-taking in fashionable wearing apparel, and discussions on the relative merits of new and antique furniture.

"I could almost wish," she said sweetly, "that it was possible to trim a white satin wedding dress with braids in a sort of squiggly pattern of loops and turns."

"If you contemplate having one loop pendant to trip me up during the ceremony," he said, laughingly, "I am off."

"Then, perhaps, it is just as well to reserve braid as a trimming for serge and cloth," she said.

TO LIVE A CENTURY.

VARIOUS RULES FOR REACHING A GOOD OLD AGE.

Numerous Helps to Longevity—Different Physicians Prescribe Different Rules of Living—Cleanliness, Repose and Exercise Recommended.

There are many helps to longevity, the latest being the Hundred Year Club. Join in, say its members, and you need have no further thought of sickness and death. However, everybody does not belong to the Hundred Year Club, and old-time doctors and physicians, as well as new ones, lay down many laws that must be followed if health is to prevail.

"Avoid fussy women," says one learned doctor; "they kill persons off by the dozens. Avoid being fussy yourself; it wears you out as nothing else will. Calmness can be attained."

"Make cleanliness your motto," says another. "Extend this to both the house and the grounds. Few women starve for food, but many do for fresh air. Every woman if unable to take a walk daily, should go out into the yard or to the window if an invalid and breathe deeply a hundred times or more for exercise."

"Throw away your corsets and never wear any tight clothing, and by all means sleep in a well-ventilated room. Beware of gluttony. If not hungry confine the eating to fruit and utilize the teeth instead of the stomach for chewing the food. Bathe often and keep the blood pure; exercise daily and do a kind deed on every opportunity."

"The effect of exercise on the mind is always good; the brain and nervous system are supplied with more blood and the repair of waist is more complete."

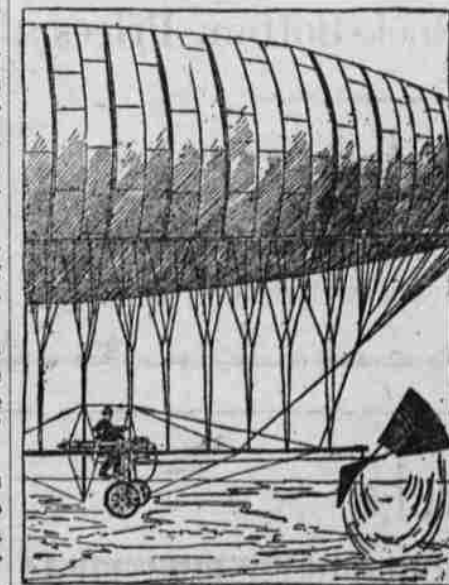
According to Sir James Sawyer, by observing the following nineteen rules one stands a good chance of being a worthy member of the Hundred Year Club:

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold water in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked.
9. (For adults) Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms; they are likely to carry about disease germs.
14. Live in the country if you can.
15. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp, drains.
16. Have change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition.
19. Keep your temper.

NAVIGATING HIGH IN AIR.

Steerable Balloon Has Already Made Several Aerial Trips in Paris.

Aeronauts all over the world have been watching with deepest possible interest a contest conducted in Paris, where M. Deutsch offered a prize of \$20,000 to the airship which shall make the first successful voyage of four miles and return. The "course" is from Suresnes to the Eiffel tower and back, and the entire journey must be made in half hour. Suresnes is a suburb of



NAVIGATING THE AIR.

Paris fully four miles from the colossal turning point. This makes the entire distance at least eight miles, and to travel so far in the prescribed time limit will necessitate a speed of sixteen miles an hour or better. This is a greater velocity than has ever yet been attained, which is in itself of much importance. But the chief thing to be demonstrated by the contest is the possibility of steering an airship.

The attention of persons directly interested in this sort of enterprise is more particularly centered upon the ship devised by M. Santos-Dumont, who has been in Paris for several months with the intention of competing for the \$20,000 prize offered by M. Deutsch. It is said that in one of his

experimental voyages M. Santos-Dumont sailed from Suresnes to and around the Eiffel tower and returned to the starting point. But when he was about to make the attempt one day last month in the presence of the Deutsch prize judges something went wrong with his apparatus and the full trial was postponed. He ascended for a short distance, however, and executed a few maneuvers to show that the ship could be steered. Only a light breeze prevailed at the time, and hence the test was not very significant. In fact, it was meant chiefly for exhibition purposes and to avoid a complete disappointment to the crowd of spectators. He will make a fresh attempt in the near future, he says. M. Santos-Dumont is a Brazilian by birth, an engineer by profession and only 25 years old.

When his airship is in operation M. Santos-Dumont sits on a saddle almost exactly like that generally used by bicycle riders. The machine is provided with pedals and sprocket for starting the great propeller. But he relies mainly upon a gasoline engine to drive the latter. The propeller is two-bladed and has a diameter of twelve feet. The blades are of steel and aluminium, with a cover of silk. The screw makes 180 revolutions a minute and is expected to develop a speed of twenty miles an hour.

In modern experiments in navigation with a self-propelled airship two general plans have been adopted in order to sustain the craft in the atmosphere. Langley, Maxim, Chanute, Lillenthal and others relied solely on the aeroplane, or widely outstretched wings, but for the last two or three years little or nothing has been done in this direction. The other method was to have a bag filled with hydrogen or illuminating gas and shaped like an immense sweet potato. The longer axis of this receptacle was kept in a horizontal position, and from it was suspended a boat or other support for the propelling engine.

With a device of this latter kind Renard and Krebs, of the French army, were able to develop a speed of fourteen miles an hour as long as 1885. Numerous attempts have been made since that time to improve on the record, but thus far without success. Great things were expected of Von Zeppelin's airship on Lake Constance, which, a full year after was begun on it, had its first real trial early last July. The projector's expectations were not realized, however, and radical improvements were undertaken.

SUBSTITUTE FOR EAR TRUMPET.

Arrangement Intended for Use in Public Places.

Here is a simple and convenient arrangement which the inventor claims is a good substitute for the ear trumpet, the device being intended for use in theaters, at the opera or at other public amusements by those whose hearing is defective. Two devices are provided, which are the shape of a hollow truncated cone, of aluminium, sound collector other material being used in their manufacture, and each collector is formed at the upper edge with a slotted keeper, through which a tape or cord is passed to attach it to the head. A flat elastic tape is preferable, as this may be adjusted without the necessity of tying. As only one ear trumpet of the usual pattern is generally provided, and this is not always of a convenient shape for use in theaters, etc., it may be that this arrangement will be a practicable one for its purpose, even if the trumpet is preferred for individual conversations. The new collectors can be adjusted on the head and never given a thought during an entire evening, leaving both hands free and generally relieving the mind of the care of the trumpet. William G. Ehrhardt, of New York City, is the inventor.



Near Enough.

A group of men were exchanging stories of adventure in a grocer's store in a small Western town.

"I've been in camp," said one of them; "only came down yesterday. One morning last week I struck the trail of a grizzly about half a mile above the camp. I followed that trail without let up till about half-past four that afternoon, and then I gave it up, and went back to camp."

"What possessed you to quit after putting in a whole day's work?" asked one of his listeners.

"Well, to tell the truth," said the grizzly's follower, shifting his weight ponderously from one leg to the other, "it seemed to me the trail was getting altogether too fresh."

Slipperiness of Fish.

Why fish are slippery is accounted for in this way: The slimy coating protects them from the attacks of fungus, a form of plant life found in all waters. If a fish is uncovered by slime the fungus lodges on the skin and grows until in time it kills the fish. The slime helps also to increase the speed of the fish through the water.

If you would have Mary marry a single letter inserted in the proper place will bring about the desired result.