

THE SWEET, LONG DAYS.

The sweet, long days when the morning breaks
Over the mountains in rose and gold,
When the shadows linger on vale and lakes,
And the afterglow tints field and wood,
The summer days when the pasture land
Lies dappled with daisies beneath the sun,
When the waves wash up on the pebbly strand,
And the little ripples leap and run.

The sweet, long days when the children play
Merry and sweet as the day is long,
Driving the cows, and tossing the hay,
And singing many a sweet and true song,
When mother is busy from morn till eve,
And father is earning the children's bread;
In every task when a prayer they weave
For blessings to rest on each little head.

The sweet, long days when, though trouble may come,
We bear the trouble in trustful cheer
For ever in God is our constant home,
A refuge and shelter from grief and fear.

The sweet, long days which our Father sends,
Foretaste and pattern of days to be,
In the time when the measure by days shall end,
On the fadeless shore of the Crystal Sea.

—M. E. Sangster.

SUSAN'S LUCKY SHOT.

It was a very pretty prospect that confronted Miss Susan Galton Brown. The scattering white homes among the trees in the valley, the blue hills beyond with their fringes of pine trees, the clear sky that was such a novelty to the girl from the great manufacturing town—it was all bright and fresh and so delightfully clean. Miss Susan Galton Brown looked back on the peaceful prospect for a lingering moment or two and then pressed ahead up the mountain road.

She certainly was an unusual figure for that quiet neighborhood. Attired in a close-fitting suit of gray with short gray skirt and wide-brimmed hat, and do it all in a way that met that adoring father's critical approval. She had minor talents, of course—an education rounded off in a finishing school, a pleasing smattering of music, taste for art that was only second to her taste for nature. But all these were quite dwarfed in her daddy's opinion by those manlier attributes that he so assiduously cultivated. She was his companion on long hunting and fishing trips and an ideal companion at that.

It is needless to say that quiet Elmwood looked upon this accomplished young woman with a very doubtful expression. She was a little too advanced—that was the term they used—for Elmwood's old-fashioned ideas of maidenly modesty. The mothers of Elmwood held her up as an example of the baneful coming woman, and the girls of Elmwood thought her dreadfully bold—and secretly envied her. As for the men—well, there were but few of them in Elmwood whose opinion was worth recording, and of these a mere handful dared to express an honest opinion in the face of the universal feminine condemnation. Of these dependent souls it must be admitted that John Cortwright stood first and foremost.

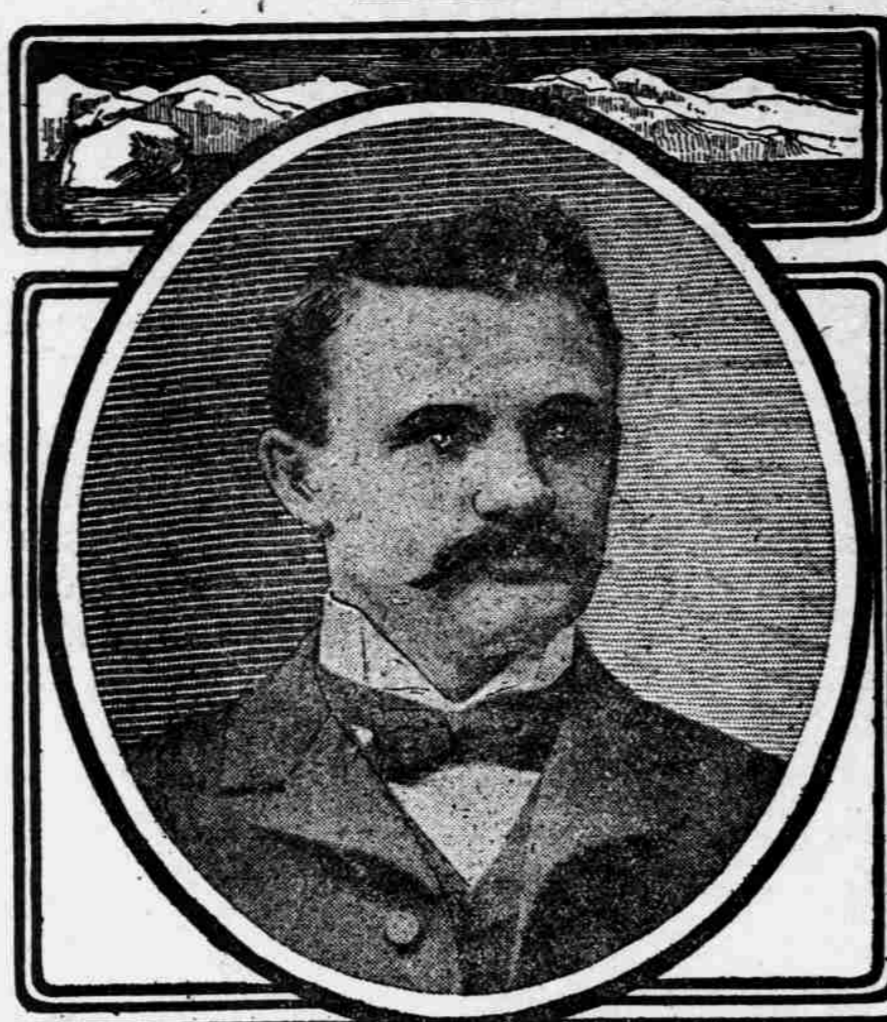
Miss Susan Galton Brown knew of the unfavorable light in which her short-skirt and her Teddy hat had placed her—and there is no doubt she did—the matter failed to worry her in the least. She had come down to Elmwood to stay a month with her maiden aunt—her dead mother's only sister—who lived in the big white mansion on Main street, just beyond the Baptist meeting house. It was this fond aunt, who had invited Jack Cortwright to call, and although this was a particular youth, with high ideals of womanhood, he called again and again, and again. What was strange about it, too, was that Jack hailed from the East, and from Puritan surroundings at that. Yet with all this discreet bringing up he certainly was fascinated with the wild Western boyden.

They all said that Jack Cortwright was a rising young man. Boston capitalists had sent him—fresh from college—to the Western town to look after their interests in certain undeveloped coal-mining property that lay a few miles north of Elmwood. And Jack had taken off his coat metaphorically, and gone to work to develop it. There was plenty of capital behind him, and he had built a railway branch to the mine, and started a bank in Elmwood, of which he was temporary cashier, and stirred the little town into making certain improvements that had long been discussed. In short, Jack Cortwright was recognized even by those who didn't approve of his revolutionary tactics to be the liveliest factor of progress the sleepy little hamlet had ever known.

Miss Susan Galton Brown had poor luck that bright October afternoon. She didn't rouse a solitary rabbit. But, after all, it was the tramp she was after rather than the game. Still she must have a shot at some thing, so she planned a brilliant leaf to tree trunk and at twenty paces—split it at the first trial.

The sun was still high above the hills when she started to return to her aunt's. As she went down the old state road a sudden clattering caused her to turn her head. Three men mounted on powerful horses came trotting down the slope. Susan stepped aside to let them pass and one of the horses, catching sight of her, suddenly sprang aside and almost unseated his rider. Susan looked up anxiously and saw to her astonishment that the man's heavy beard was twist-

AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPLORER.



EVELYN B. BALDWIN.

The head of the celebrated Baldwin-Ziegler north pole expedition was forced to return from the arctic with his playship because the reserve of food was getting low and because of the destruction of the expedition's sledges. He arrived at Honningsvaag, Norway, recently and reports a successful year's work in establishing food depots for the final dash for the pole.

ed very much to one side. But he quickly regained his seat with an oath, and striking the horse, clattered after his companions. Susan wondered why the man was disguised and dimly fancied that the three rough-looking strangers were up to some mischief. But she was thinking of Jack the next moment and the strange incident was shelved.

A few moments of brisk walking brought her to the brow of the hill where the road turned sharply and ran at an oblique along the side of the steep descent. Susan seated herself on a log and looked down into the village, which lay, as it were, at her very feet. She traced the one long street of the hamlet, which was but a continuation of the highway, and followed the dusty line past her aunt's trim home, and the little park with its soldiers' monument, and the town hall, and then along to the bank—Jack's bank—and there her gaze rested.

Miss Susan's eyes were good ones and the air was very clear. She saw a horseman sitting in his saddle at the bank door. He was holding the bridles of two riderless horses. Even as she noted this the two riders rushed from the building and leaped into their saddles. There were puffs of white smoke and sharp denotations. Susan could see people running in wild confusion. Then three riders started at a sharp canter up the road. Every dozen yards or so one would turn in his saddle and fire down the roadway.

Susan knew what this strange scene meant. It was a daylight bank robbery, one of a series that terrorized all the countryside during the past summer. The three riders were retreat- ing with their plunder. What had happened in the bank? Why was Jack not pursuing them? She suddenly turned sick and cold.

Then an indescribable impulse seized her. She let herself over the edge of the bank and began a mad scramble down the steep declivity. She meant to intercept the ruffians. She slid, she stumbled, once she fell, but she never let go her hold on her precious rifle. The man in the rear was the man with the beard, and he had a coarse bag flung across the saddle before him. He was directly opposite Susan as she plunged down to the edge of the roadway. He must have taken her for an enemy, for his glittering revolver flew up and he fired in her direction quite at random. Susan felt a sudden twitch at her breast—her hat and quickly dropped behind some bushes that lined the roadway. The barrel of her rifle rose. The robber was rapidly increasing the distance between them. She had him covered. A moment more and it might be too late. She thought of Jack and fired.

The horse of the fleeing man suddenly leaped to one side and flung his rider heavily to the earth. As he went down he dragged the bag of plunder with him. The riderless horse galloped after his companions.

Then Susan Galton Brown sprang into the roadway and fired five shots in rapid succession after the two horsemen. She did not aim to hit them, but rather to frighten them away. They hesitated a moment and then dashed madly ahead; the riderless horse galloping in the rear.

Susan ran forward to the prostrate man. He was unconscious. She stooped over him for a moment and then drew away the coarse bag. As she suspected, it was half filled with currency. She shuddered as she looked at the live face of the ruffian and then at the blood that was slowly saturating his coat-sleeve. She began to feel a little faint.

She was aroused by the sound of wheels and the shouting of a man. A light phaeton was coming toward her. In a moment she recognized the driver as the local livery stable proprietor. He leaped out beside her.

"Nailed him, didn't you?" he shouted in a paroxysm of excitement. "I was just ready to drive out of my stable when they peeted by. As I got into the roadway, I saw you blazin' away. Kill him?"

"No," said Susan. "He is stunned by the fall from his horse. I only aimed to break his shoulder."

"You done it all right," cried the liveryman. "By George!" he shrieked, "it's Jim Bascom himself!" Susan felt her head going round.

"Mr. Tompkins," she said, "will you kindly drive me to the bank as quickly as you can?"

"Yes, ma'am, I will," he replied, with great heartiness. "You've got the stuff there, haven't you? Jump in."

And a moment later they were speeding toward the bank. They had not gone twenty yards when they met the first group of hastily-armed men who were on the trail of the robbers.

"You'll find Jim Bascom lyin' up there," shouted the liveryman. "She shot him an' we've got the bank stuff all here." And he touched up his horse again. And the next group heard the same story, and the next, and the next. And they all turned and started after blushing Susan Brown.

And then they were at the bank. There was a little crowd about the door. But they quickly melted for Susan, and the liveryman, and the precious bag.

And there was Jack sitting up in a big chair, and somebody was bathing his head, and he was blinking queerly like a man slowly waking up. But he suddenly seemed to regain his faculties when Susan Brown, forgetful of all the curious eyes about her, suddenly dropped on her knees beside him and put up her loving arms and cried, "Oh, Jack!"

"Why Susan, dear!" murmured Jack. "There, there, don't worry. I'm just a little dazed. One of them hit me over the head with something from behind and stunned me. I'm almost all right again."

"Oh, Jack," moaned Susan Brown. "I thought they might have killed you, and—and I shot the man, and—and got the money back—oh, oh, oh!"

And here poor Susan quite broke down, and putting her face against Jack's coat, sobbed convulsively. And Mr. Tompkins told what he knew, and then the astonished and delighted Jack, who had been temporarily absent at the time of the attack, and borrowing the happy Mr. Tompkins' phaeton, drove Susan to her aunt's.

"Oh, Jack," she murmured on the way. "It was so unwomanly and so cold-blooded!"

"I'm afraid it was, my dear," said Jack in a painfully-solemn voice, "but as it saved the bank in which I am infinitely interested \$37,000 in cold cash, and at the same time appears to have broken up the most desperate gang of thieves the State has ever known, I fear I must condone the fault. But you will promise me not to do it again, won't you, dear?"

Susan promised.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Penny Photograph.

A familiar automatic machine in England is an automatic photographer. Drop a penny in the slot and get a tin- type!

The person who wishes to be photographed stands in front of the machine, at a distance of about two and a half feet, and looks steadily into the lens for the space of five seconds. The sound of a gong informs him when the operation is over.

The interior machinery then passes the tinplate on which the likeness is taken through a chemical bath in order to develop the picture, and another to secure its permanence, and finally through a water bath where it is washed.

In less than fifty seconds the finished portrait is ejected, and if you are in a spendthrift mood you can for another penny obtain a gilt frame.

Hard on Both of Them.

An Irishman whose face, says the London Outlook, was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offense to the landscape, happened also to be as poor as he was homely.

One day a neighbor met him and asked: "How are you, Pat?"

"Mighty bad! Sure, 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face."

"Begorra," exclaimed his neighbor, sympathetically, "it can't be very pleasant for either of ye?"

It is usually said of nearly every woman who is ailing: "She would be all right if she would take care of herself."

FAINTING LESS COMMON.

Outdoor Exercises Regarded as in a Large Measure Responsible.

It is a curious fact, of general remark and observed not by physicians only, that fainting is less common than it used to be. It is rare that one sees a woman carried out of church or the theater, yet forty years ago it was a matter of such common occurrence as barely to excite remark. This is due in very great measure to the outdoor life young women lead in these days of tennis and golf and other sports. The heart and the circulation are strengthened by exercise in the open air, and it takes a greater shock to disorder the blood balance in the body of the modern woman than it did in that of her grandmother.

The habit of fainting is not so much a sign of weak heart as it is of an excitable circulation. It is caused by anemia of the brain resulting from a dilatation of the blood vessels of the body and the consequent flow into them of the entire mass of blood. This absence of blood from the brain arrests the action of the heart and produces loss of consciousness. It is probable that the heart does not stop beating entirely, but it acts so feebly that no pulse can be felt.

Alarm as a fainting spell may be, it is very seldom indeed when the heart is not actually diseased that a person dies in one. Women are more liable to faint than men, but there are few even of the latter who have not at some time during their lives experienced at least a faint feeling, if not an actual loss of consciousness.

In the case of a fainting fit, the first thing to do is to lay the person flat on the back, if possible with the head lower than the feet, and then to loosen all the clothing. Vigorous fanning and sprinkling the face with cold water will help to equalize the circulation. Burning a feather under the nose is sometimes of service. Smelling salts may also be used, but ammonia water is undesirable, for the person may suddenly take a deep breath and inhale a powerful dose of the pungent gas. Brandy and all other alcoholic stimulants will do more harm than good.

Persons who are subject to fainting spells should avoid hot rooms and hot baths, stimulants of all kinds—strong tea and coffee as well as alcohol—and food of an indigestible nature.—Youth's Companion.

What a Barber Sees.

"In the good old days," said a West End barber to P. W. the other day, "nobody was in a hurry. A man took all day for a bath and a haircut, and expected entertainment thrown in with the towels and the lather. In those days the barber talked to kill time, but nowadays time kills all talk.

"Smooth faces are on the increase. A man cannot keep his secrets behind a smooth face, and it is a mystery to me, therefore, why nearly everybody is shaving, seeing that half the world is laying itself out to cheat the other half. A beard covers unpleasant looking facial lines, an agreeable fact which ought to fit in with the tastes of the majority of business men, but it doesn't, somehow.

A clean-shaven man is usually good and handsome. That has always been my experience. But the man who has the right to a smooth face is he with a fine, strong chin and clean-cut lips and good teeth and honest eyes; on the other hand, men with receding chins and weak upper lips and projecting teeth and ugly lines at the corner of the mouth ought to be required by law to grow either a mustache or a beard, or both. A few years ago it was only actors and waiters, coachmen and footmen, who affected the shaven face, but the present universal fashion no doubt took root some years ago when barbers first commenced to shave."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Cause of Grief.

Major John Burke, avast-courier of Buffalo Bill's Wild West exhibition and one of the picturesque appearances of that venture, told a party of Philadelphians during the recent local visit of the show an anecdote concerning two doughty old Indian chiefs who were present at the officers' dinner in one of the frontier forts. Both chiefs had ugly records, but possessed the respect of the officers as brave fighters, and were known as men of influence in the reservation. One of the pair was attracted by the bright yellow of a pot of mixed English mustard, and mentioned to the waiter to pass it. He took a tablespoonful and put it into his mouth. Then his face set, his teeth were clenched in agony, and the tears welled from his eyes and down his cheeks in a torrent. Without a word he passed the pot to his fellow red man, nodding approvingly to indicate that it was good to the taste.

"Why does the chief cry?" he was asked by his friend, who noted the tears suffusing his face.

"I cry," he replied, "because my grandfather is not here to enjoy the mustard."

A second spoonful went into the mouth of the other red man, and with similar effect.

"And why do you cry?" asked the first, as he noted the tears with vengeful satisfaction.

"I cry," said his friend, "for that you did not die when your brave grandfather died!"—Philadelphia Times.

Wireless Reports to Press.

Wireless telegraphy is about to be applied to press work in France for the first time. The Havas agency has had a French apparatus established on the roof of its head office in the Place de la Bourse, which is in communication with all the race courses around the city. The first paper to place itself in communication with agency by wireless telegraphy is the Journal. The apparatus is open to the public, and attracts large crowds every day.—Paris Correspondence Chicago Record-Herald.

To Cure Seasickness.

A simple preventive of seasickness is to draw a long and vigorous breath at frequent intervals. The explanation is that the extra oxygen added to the blood lessens the sensitiveness of the lobe of the brain that produces seasickness by reacting on the stomach.

A man's word in business is better than his word in a love affair.



ONE hundred and twenty-five years ago, the American Congress, in session at Philadelphia resolved "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; the Union to be thirteen Stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation, the stars to be arranged in a circle."

There are many traditions about concerning the origin of this design, but one in which there is undoubtedly the most truth is that which credits the idea of the design to Washington. The general found in the coat-of-arms of his own family a hint from which he drew the design for the flag. The coat-of-arms of the Washington family was two red bars on a white ground, and three gilt stars above the top bar. The American flag, once decided upon, was rushed through in a hurry, for the army was badly in need of a standard.

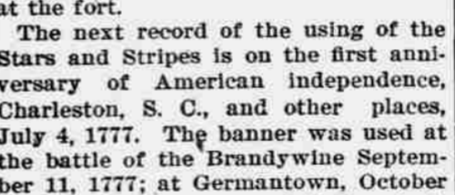
Betsy Ross, of Philadelphia, enthusiastically took up the work, and in a few days a beautiful star-spangled banner was ready to be unfurled. She had made one alteration in the design submitted by Washington. The General had made his star six pointed, as they were on his coat-of-arms; Betsy



Flag of the Colonies, Predecessor of the Stars and Stripes. The Rattlesnake Flag.

Ross made her stars with five points—and five points have been used ever since. For several years Mrs. Ross made the flags for the Government.

The first using of the stars, and stripes in military service, it is claimed, was at Fort Stanwix, renamed Fort Schuyler, near Rome, New York, 1777, August 2 of that year the fort was besieged by the British and Indians; the garrison was without a flag, but one was made in the fort. The red stripes were of a petticoat furnished by a woman, the white for stripes and stars was supplied by an officer, who gave his shirt for the purpose, and the blue stripes, and the lower white stripes bearing the motto: "Don't Tread on Me." The snake was always represented as having thirteen rattles. One of the favorite flags also was of white with a pine tree in the center. The words at the top were: "An Appeal to God," and underneath the snake were



Flag used by the Colonists at Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1775. Fine Tree Flag used on the steamers during the Revolution.

the words: "Don't Tread on Me." Several of the companies of minute men adopted a similar flag, giving the name of their company, with the motto, "Liberty or Death."

Massachusetts clung to the pine tree as her symbol for some time. Trumbull, in his celebrated picture of the "Battle of Bunker Hill," which now hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, represents the red flag, white corner and green pine tree.

Governor Has Good Name.

Out in Idaho the people are not all wild and woolly. Not long ago the governor of the State visited the office of the surveyor general. This letter, which is now in the files of the Civil Service Commission in Washington, was sent to the governor by the staff in the office:

"Dear Governor: When your earthly course is done and you will reach the borders of Styx, still bearing aloft the love torch and the friendly and beneficent banner, the ancient ferryman will, we know, receive you with love and reverence and give you a safe transit with joy and thanksgiving.

"Rhadamantus will hail you with a glad 'Well done!' and escort you to the rose-embowered gateway of the fields elysian.

"On golden hinges turning, the pearly gates will swing wide open and 'blessed spirits uttering joy' will bid you thrice welcome.

"Your countless friends cannot go all the way, dear governor, with you, as we are not all so worthy as thou, knight of nature's nobility, but we will try to imitate your example, except in that which is inimitable, and shall hope to join you when we shall have had our fill of earth and its transitory blessings."

Wheels.

The earliest mention of wheels in the Bible is in Exodus xiv. 25, when the chariot-wheels of the Egyptians were "taken off by the Lord," although chariots are mentioned in Genesis xii. 42. But there were older nations than the Egyptians. The Chaldeans used chariots, and the Greeks are said to have had chariots at the siege of Troy, 1500 B. C. Probably in reality the wheel is about as early a piece of machinery as any now existing. Of course it has been developed, but the bicycle-wheel of to-day is a direct descendant of the section of a log of wood used by the agricultural peoples thousands of years ago.

It is perhaps well to remind that an girl whose parents are doing all they can to make her happy, and who is then dissatisfied, that some day her happiest moment in life will be when the baby is asleep.

Although the United States is one of the youngest nations of the world, its flag is one of the oldest among the powers. The country's standard, with its thirteen stars and stripes, which was first unfurled June 14, 1777, has remained practically unchanged through the progress and growth of the country of which it saw the birth.

The star-spangled banner which now floats over Uncle Sam's possessions on lands

MATCHES WERE NOT USED.

Souvenirs of the Days When Smokers Got a Light from Live Coals.

When smoking first became fashionable in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was customary for those who used the weed to have in his outfit a pair of tobacco tongs. If he were a gallant of the court they were made of silver; if a substantial merchant, of brass; but if a working man, of cheap iron were rare. They were a necessary implement to the smoker. Matches were unknown, and the only available fire in the daytime was the blazing log upon the hearth. With the poker a small piece of glowing ember was broken off, which with the tongs was applied to the freshly charged pipe. Hundreds of these tongs are to be found in the collections of antiquarians. Most of them are clumsy objects, but a few are so graceful in outline and artistic in workmanship that they seem to be of French and Flemish rather than English origin.

These tongs were revived on a small scale some twenty years ago, when they were employed for holding cigarettes. The cigarette tongs were from two to four inches in length, connected at the upper end by a smart spring, which kept the ends together when in a position of rest. When used the smoker opened them and caught the cigarette between the tips close up to the mouth end. The contrivance enabled the user to burn the cigarette down to the last whiff and protected the fingers from the discoloring vapor that produces the brown stain upon the fore and middle fingers. The new tongs shown nowadays are somewhat larger and are intended to hold cigars as well as to reach a coal from the fireplace to a pipe. They are made of iron, steel and gun metal, and many of the latter are said to be manufactured from warships, cannon and other trophies of the late war with Spain.

Colored Globes Are Passing.

Those huge glass bulbs of red and yellow and blue water, which are called show bottles, are gradually ceasing to be a feature of the decorations of druggists' windows. In the past they were as necessary to every drug store as a red and white pole is to a barber shop, but they have not, as the pole has, a well-defined history.

All that druggists know of them is that they have always been used as window ornaments. The brilliant liquids that they contain are made cheaply and plainly of chemicals and water.

Thus, a solution of copper and ammonia makes blue; bichromate of potash makes orange; aniline dyes have of late been used in the chemicals' place, but the liquids' fade in a strong sunlight, and have frequently to be renewed. The liquids colored chemically, on the other hand, last wellnigh forever.

In the drug store at the southwest corner of Broad and Spruce streets there is a show bottle of a very clear and delicate shade of green. This is a green so fine that many druggists have asked for the recipe that makes it. This, unfortunately, is unknown.

A clerk in the shop twenty-five years ago colored the water and filled the bottle, and a little later left for unknown parts. Preserved only by a cork of cotton from the air, the liquid has ever since remained as brilliant as it was in 1877.

There are, indeed, many show bottles in this city whose contents are from twenty-five to fifty years old.—Philadelphia Record.

Making a Piece of News.

A good live piece of news may often be made by accident. Readers of Barrie's novel, "When a Man's Single," will recall the telegraph editor who thought a dispatch beginning "The Zulus have taken umbrage" referred to the capture of a post and gave Umbrage the name of a capital. A dispatch in the Ottawa Evening Journal, dated "Dauphin, Man., June 18," and announcing the result of the voting in the Kinistino district in the territorial elections, states: "As a result of the vote, Meyers and Nott Shadd, a negro, have been elected for the constituency." It should be, of course, "Meyers and not Shadd." In this case the wide-awake telegraph editor in the Ottawa Journal office added: "Shadd is the first full-blooded negro to be elected to a legislative body in Canada." And he headed it up: "First Negro to Sit in a Canadian Assembly." "Nott Shadd Has Been Elected in the Territories."

Must Grow to Fit Them.

President Diaz of Mexico, has Lincoln's habit of putting a good deal of wisdom into a short humorous sentence. The New York Times tells of an American gentleman who called on Diaz some years ago, and in the course of talk brought up the Mexican constitution.

He was saying that although it is evidently modeled after that of the United States, it is not administered to the letter.

Diaz did not attempt to make a thorough explanation of analyzing the condition of the masses in Mexico, but said to his visitor that his suggestion reminded him of the story of an uncle, who, forgetful of the age of his year-old nephew, sent him a pair of trousers.

"Now when that boy is old enough," added Diaz, "he may be able to wear them."

They Ain't Skillful.

"It's dreadfully hot, isn't it, mammy?" said Mr. McWade.

"Deed it is, chile," said the old woman. "Deed it is. 'Tain't right for it to be hot this-a-way. I tell you, forty years ago when the Blessed Lawd made the weather, we didn't have these stewing days, honey—no, 'deed, we didn't; but now these big city men up at this here weather office has the making of the weather, they does send us anything they pleases, and they ain't skillful, chile, they ain't skillful."

Time of Icebergs.

Icebergs in the North Atlantic usually appear about February 15 and are seen more or less frequently until about June 15.