

## OPENING OF THE DEER HUNTING SEASON.



### HE IS CAPTAIN, SHE STEERS.

It was a random rhymist,  
Blithe-hearted as the May,  
Who plucked the flowering climber  
Along the river way;  
It was the ferryman's daughter,  
With gypsy rose and tan,  
Who ferried o'er the water  
This straying minstrel man.

Her hair had purple tints  
Above her seashell ear;  
Her eyes had starry glintings,  
Her laugh was lyric clear.  
He listened and he lingered—  
(His trust was one with faith)  
Till eve, the fairy-fingered,  
Had shut day's sunset gate.

Thus oft they met thereafter,  
At last no more to part,  
For love (or was it laughter?)  
Had snared the rhymist's heart.  
And now upon life's ocean  
The twin together float;  
He's captain—that's his notion!  
But she still steers the boat!

—Lippincott's.

### FALLACY OF A FACE

**C**RANFIELD holds that the beginning of his courtship was unique; but that may be Cranfield's one-sided view. It was the night of the hunt ball, and he leaned against a pillar in the dancing room. At no time a dancing man, on this occasion he was excessively bored; he was out of sorts, the band was too loud; the crush was too great. He thought regretfully of his fine library fire and shiveringly of the long drive home.

After five minutes of abstraction a man touched him on the shoulder.

"Hallo, Cranfield!" he said. "Been looking for you. Counting on you to see that Lady Marche dances."

The speaker darted into the crowd and Cranfield returned to his thoughts. He fixed his eyes on his eye and glanced slowly around on this occasion.

"Some men are so beastly optimistic," he said in his own mind.

At the end of the room he had caught a distorted glimpse of Lady Marche.

He gazed at her for a space; then his eyes wandered and his ideas came to a sudden halt. Round about him he saw preoccupation settled upon groups of men; he saw heads turned toward the door. Following a very human impulse he turned his own in the same direction. He was not inquisitive, but the desire to know is quite as infectious as a disease.

In a brief space the crowd about the entrance parted and his curiosity melted before another feeling—a feeling as rapid, if infinitely more strong. He closed his eyes; then he readjusted his glass.

It was Creighton—Tommy Creighton and his wife. He watched them move slowly up the room, and as they moved he felt, rather than heard, the admiration that hummed in their wake. He took a long look; then he leant back against the pillar, seeking to realize exactly where he stood.

He had seen her before—once before. The point alone wrought self-distrust. He had called one day with Bishertrope and she had given them tea. His verdict had been, extremely pretty, sarcastic and a trifle cold. He recalled the criticism with a guilty pang, and wondered whether it could be the dress. But he had never guessed a riddle in his life.

He screwed in his eyeglass and leant still further back. He saw Creighton introduce four men. Then his control gave way. He forced an opening in the crowd; but when he reached her side and scope his voice had a tone that even to him was new.

"May I have the pleasure?"

She looked up with just the faintest surprise. Then her eyes fell on the facing of his red coat, and she smiled—the friendliest and most perfect smile he had ever seen. He realized with shame that he had never known till then that basal eyes had shadows and reflections, and positively shone with light.

"I—." She hesitated and glanced around.

She smiled again, and held out her card. "I can give you No. 5," she said. "Will you put down your name?"

"No. 6 is also free," he said.

"May I—?"

"You may."

The words seemed the frankest and most delightful he had ever heard.

There is nothing in the world so vivifying as hope. Cranfield gave the next three dances to Lady Marche. His lassitude was gone. In a single moment the shifting crowd had become the universe, and he had found its core. Like a wonderfully deferred dream, the fifth dance came around, and waiting was at an end.

"Mine, I think," he said.

She folded her fan, smiled at the man beside her, then laid her hand on Cranfield's arm.

"Shall we dance?" he asked.

"Oh, please."

He hid his disappointment, though his ideas were curiously upset. She seemed so enthusiastic—so buoyantly young. He had never believed that married women came to dances just to dance.

She glanced up at him, unconsciously answering his thoughts.

"I think dancing is the loveliest thing on earth—or nearly. Don't you?"

He said nothing, but he slipped his arm about her. In a moment they had drifted into the circle of whirling feet.

The music had quickened to its end when he swung her out of the crush. His brain was still swaying to the beat of the tune as he drew her down a passage to a distant seat. In ten minutes of companionship she had grown straight into his life.

The carpet of the passage was very soft; the light of the hanging lamp was very dim. It seemed to him that he had only existed until now. He arranged the cushions on the divan and she sat down.

"Do you believe in infatuation?" he asked suddenly. "I suppose infatuation is the word."

He felt afraid of what he was going to say. He felt that his principles, his honor—he used the word boldly—all staple things were drifting from him like a mirage. He sat down beside her and strove to call the thought of Creighton to his mind.

"Have you ever heard of a man going off his head in a single night?" he asked.

With a rush the music came to an end.

She looked up at him, and behind the uneasiness in her eyes he felt that she was measuring him, inch by inch.

"I'd like to ask you something," she said. "If you don't mind."

"Some women ignore difficulties; the method, if unscientific, is concise. He felt rebuffed and bent his head.

She glanced down, then once more glanced up.

"I want you to tell me your name."

He met her gaze in blank surprise. It was hard to be rebuffed; it was inhuman to be forgotten—wiped off her memory in six weeks.

She unbuttoned and buttoned her glove.

"You're being puzzling me the whole night," she said. "Of course, I know that you're some friend of Tommy's; but what friend—and where I met you—." She broke off suddenly and looked at him once more.

"Please do enlighten me. I'm just dying to know."

He had a vague idea that she was talking against time. Desperation seized him.

"I suppose you're laughing at me," he said. "I suppose you think that because you're so—so horrible pretty you can turn a man's head just for sport. But it isn't sport; at least, not for me. I'm handicapped every way." He came to a sharp stop.

The music of the next dance began. It appeared distant and much subdued. His balance and his nerve seemed lost. He rose slowly.

"At least," he said, grasping at a thread, "at least, say that you remember giving me tea—Bishertrope and

me, one day soon after you'd come back from your honeymoon. Don't make me feel quite an outsider."

His tone was ludicrous, but his face was woefully perplexed.

She watched him curiously. Then an expression—just the dawning of a smile—stole into her eyes. She clasped her hands and the smile crept very slowly from her eyes to her mouth.

"How delicious!" she said. "How perfectly delicious! How absurd!"

Cranfield was fidgeting with his program. At her words he suddenly tore it in two.

She glanced at him, and there was a glow like firelight in her eyes.

"I don't think," she said deliberately, "that I ever gave you any tea. I'm not Daisy, you know, I'm Daisy's sister. We are horribly alike, and I always keep forgetting. Please forgive me—it's been all my fault."

Her glance suddenly fell.

The swish of the dancers and the throb of the waltz came to Cranfield; they were the accompaniment to his tangling thoughts.

"But you came with Tommy," he said obstinately.

"Of course in Daisy's place. Daisy had a headache."

He passed his hand across his eyes, brushing away many things. Then for the first time that night he smiled.

"Might I—?" He halted. "Might I—?"

Their eyes met.

He suddenly bent near; so near that his breath touched her cheek.

"Might I—?" Just to level things, he heard her droop, and the color rushed into her face. Her answer, when it came, was a whisper—one of those inaudibly mysterious that are never really placed. To this day Cranfield insists it was "yes," but Mrs. Cranfield is quite persistently determined that it was "no."—New York News.

### FAILURE TO ADVERTISE

**Killed the Bicycle Business, Says the "Father" of the Industry.**

One man who believes that business success is dependent upon advertising is Col. A. A. Pope, prominent among the officials of the American Bicycle Company and "father" of the industry.

"The cessation of advertising killed the bicycle business, and the way to revive it is to resume that most important matter," says Col. Pope. In one year the latter expended \$500,000 in this sort of publicity. In 1877 Col. Pope organized the Pope Manufacturing Company, which started a year later with an output of fifty wheels. Now the company employs a capital of upward of \$20,000,000, covers ten acres of floorage in its factory at Hartford, Conn., and besides an army of skilled mechanics engaged the services of 2,000 selling agents. Col. Pope gained his title in the War of the Rebellion, entering the service as a private at the age of 18 years and receiving his discharge with the rank of lieutenant colonel. He served under Burnside, Grant and Sherman.

**The American Iron "Plant."**

The Englishman was being properly surprised at the rapidity with which the sky scraper was going up.

"Death me!" he exclaimed, "it seems as if your buildings grow as rapidly as your maize."

"Yes," replied the Westerner, unblushingly, "and the process of raising them is much the same."

"Fawncy! Won't you explain further?"

"Well, you see, we just get an iron plant, put it in the ground, have the street sprinklers water it, and in a month or six weeks the sky scraper is full grown."

And taking another breath, the cousin from over seas managed to believe it.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

### SOLVED SERVANT PROBLEM.

Former Slave Came to the Rescue of His Mistress.

"Our Luther is a jewel," exclaimed one of Washington's leading society women while calling one afternoon last week. "And I just hate to think what would become of us without Uncle Martin. When my father sold the old homestead the servants were scattered around in the family, and Uncle Martin was sent to me. He was father's oldest slave, and never left our family. I am the old man's favorite, and for this reason he asked to go to me, and you may believe me, it is to Uncle Martin that I owe my sanity."

"My husband and I have been married ten years. The first five I spent in looking for cooks, and then discharging them after their trial week. The servant problem put me on the verge of nervous collapse. It had reached such a pitch that I could find it no longer. I not only talked 'servants' all day, but I dreamed of them the few hours I did manage to sleep. The whole atmosphere was filled with bad cooks and worse dinners. At each new burst of complaint from my husband I would go off and cry myself sick. This was all I could do, for strange as it may seem, I didn't know enough about kitchen matters to make tea or coffee. Well, it was exactly at this state of affairs that Uncle Martin came, and, bless him, he immediately proposed to take entire charge of the culinary affairs, to run that department in his own way and charge us so much a week for board. I didn't even wait to consult my husband, so afraid was I that Martin might regret his bargain and change his mind by dinner time, so right then and there Martin and I closed the deal."

"That was the end of all my troubles. We give Martin a stated sum each week, out of which he provides for the table. He does the marketing, cooking and serving himself, and everything is beautiful."

"Of course, we are liberal with him. He has always been in the family, and I naturally feel greatly attached to him, and think he should have concessions made to him. Now, when we have dinner parties I always allow so much extra a plate, and when we have guests visiting in the home we give him so much extra a day, and really I never feel imposed upon. To escape all the fret and worry of looking after things is sufficient reward for me. Now and then I have heard the other servants speculating as to the size of Uncle Martin's bank account. My husband investigated, and found that the old man had a comfortable sum on deposit, but we both decided, after a long talk on the subject, that our plan of living is by far the best, and we even think we have saved money by its adoption."—Washington Post.

### GESTURES AND SALUTATIONS.

Certain gestures are absolutely identified with certain feelings. To shake one's fist is to threaten; to hold up one's finger is to warn. To indicate thought we place the tips of the fingers on the forehead; to show concentrated attention we apply the whole hand. To rub the hands is everywhere a sign of joy, and to clap them a sign of enthusiasm. It would be easy to multiply examples. Affirmation, negation, repulsion, are all indicated by motions that everyone understands.

It is the same, in quite as great a degree, with nationalities, in spite of the original diversity of the races that make them up. The mimetic character results at once from race, from history and from climate.

The gesture of the Englishman is fierce and harsh; he speaks briefly, brusquely; he is cold, positive, forceful. His salutation is cold and accentuated, but his handshake is loyal. The gesture of Germany is heavy, good-humored and always ungraceful. Many of the Slav people are unwilling to look one in the face, and they have a false gesture.

The Spaniard and the Portuguese, although dwelling in a southern land, gesticulate little; their language is rhythmic, slow, solemn; they are grave, and their salutation is a little theatrical.

The Italian is lively, mobile, intelligent, gay; his language is harmonious, sonorous, warm and luminous, like his country's sky. The salutation of the Italian is quick and full of feeling, his gesture colored and exaggerated.—London Answers.

**The Smeezewood Tree.**

Among its many curious products South Africa includes the "smeezewood" tree, which takes its name from the fact that one cannot cut it with a saw without sneezing, as the fine dust has exactly the effect of snuff. Even in planing the wood it will sometimes cause sneezing. No insect, worm, or bacillus will touch it. It is very bitter to the taste, and when placed in water it will sink. The color is light brown, and the grain very close and hard. For dock work, pliers, or jetties it is a useful timber, lasting a long while under water.

**Willow Growing.**

A nice little side issue possible to a farmer who has a small stream running through his place is willow growing. There is a constant, and if anything increasing, demand for basket willows, and in many locations the bushes can be grown with little or no expense or trouble. Men who have gone into it, however, on a very small scale as a trial, have generally found it so profitable that they have devoted some thought to its details, and have become extensive willow producers.

**No Such Luck.**

"I see that pugilist was killed recently in a slugging match."

"Well, that is not defense of the sport."

"Well I should say not. You see—"

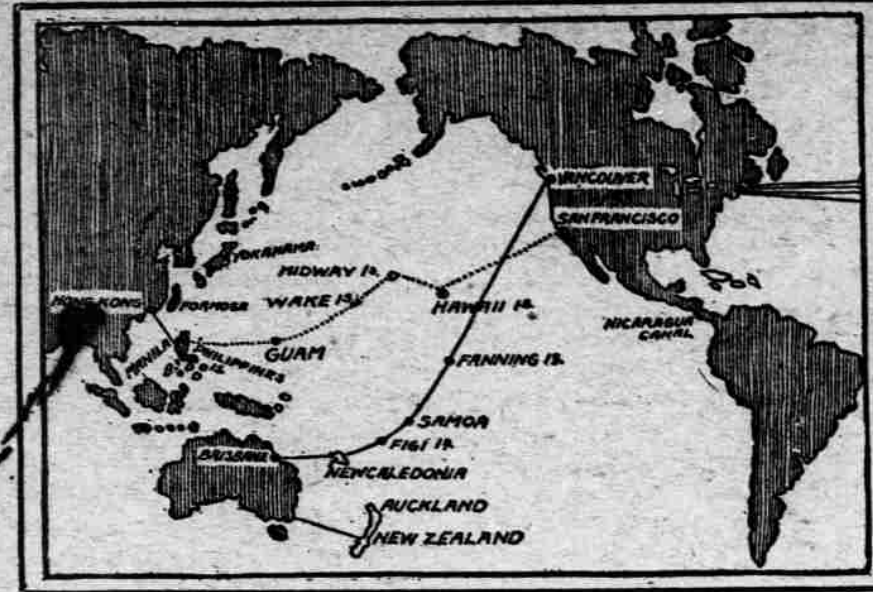
"You see we can hope for the same happy result all the time."—Baltimore Herald.

**Just a Trial.**

"So you are really going to marry," said the first Chicago girl.

"Yes," replied the other. "I thought I would for a while."—Philadelphia Press.

### CABLES IN THE PACIFIC.



New line just completed between Vancouver, B. C., and Brisbane, Australia. Dotted line shows the projected American cable from San Francisco to the Philippines.

### RICE FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

That Section on the Eve of a Great Development of the Business.

Electricity, the king of power which has revolutionized industries without end in this progressive country, is about to work a new series of wonders in the rice fields of Louisiana and Texas. The plantations are to be equipped with electric pumps, and the question of irrigation—the only one which causes any trouble to rice growers—will be solved.



PLANTING RICE FIELD UNDER WATER.

Experts say that the present rice territory of a half million acres will be doubled within a year, and the new plan, which, by the way, has passed the experimental stage, means that

in that pursuit it becomes evident that the pasture is a dangerous one. Just why so many persons take the risk, with the record of fatal accidents around them, is puzzling. One would think that a person with a competence upon which to live happily and with peaceful home surroundings should know enough to fight shy of such needless dangers, but instead many such persons court the risk and think they cannot attain the height of happiness unless they have climbed some dangerous peak, a misstep on which may mean death or permanent injury. Such action seems to us a piece of reckless daring for which we can discover no excuse.

### SHOW WINDOWS WARM PLACES.

Artist Who Dresses Them Says They Beat Anything in Torridity.

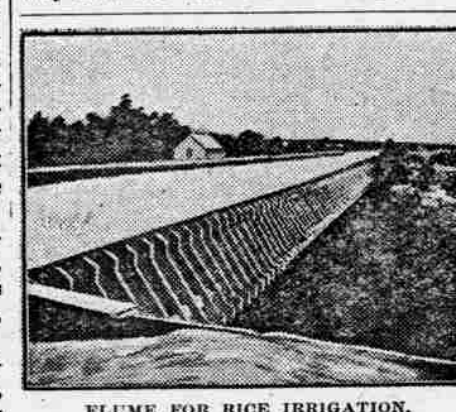
"One of the hottest places I know anything about," said the dry goods clerk, as he wiped the sweat from his brow, "is in the show window of a building facing toward the east, after the early morning's sun has been pouring over the tops of the buildings across the street for some time. Talk about bake ovens and other warm places. Well, they are not so warm. The engineer in the sugar refinery thinks he



HARVESTING RICE NEAR ABBEVILLE, LA.

nearly all of the 12,000 square miles in the coast rice belt will be available. A new 10,000-acre rice farm in Harris County, Texas, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, is being equipped with electric pumps, and others will be erected.

What the success of this new industry means to the United States most northerners do not realize. No longer will the country be dependent on the crops of Japan, China, Siam and India for this important foodstuff. In ten years more American rice will force its way into the markets of Europe, side



FLEUME FOR RICE IRRIGATION.

by side with American wheat from the vast farms of the northern plains. The remarkable progress of textile manufacturing in the Orient means that their production of rice will decrease, their every acre turned to the cultivation of fiber means one less for rice. Last year the United States produced 300,000,000 pounds of cleaned rice and imported 25,000,000 pounds. To our market has been added Porto Rico, with an annual demand for 75,000,000 pounds; Cuba, for 100,000,000, and the Philippines for 135,000,000. This gives a total present and prospective market of 725,000,000 pounds. It is thought to be time that steps were taken to satisfy this market if the United States is going to remain commercially independent.

If it means all this for the country at large, it means even more for the South. The paramount demand in this region, writes a Texas correspondent, has been for some small grain crop which would furnish food for the people, a generous surplus for export, and nutritious by-products for the maintenance of stock. Cotton will not do this, the sole by-product being too valuable to keep on the farm. Corn stalks lose too much of their value before they are fit for fodder, and this is not a wheat country.

And so it is up to rice, and here is what one can do with 100 acres, the amount one man can cultivate without assistance. It costs from \$8 to \$12 an acre to raise an average crop, which can be sold at a profit of from \$20 to \$30 an acre. There is a by-product of at least 100 tons of straw, superior to native prairie hay, and 25 tons of bran. On this 100 head of stock can be wintered comfortably.

**Fatal Alpine Climbing.**

Climbing the Alps may be a very pleasurable experience, but when it is recalled that during the present year sixty-three persons have lost their lives

has a hard time of it, and the fellow who loads grain on the ship down at the elevator is inclined to quarrel because of the heat he is forced to endure. The painter on the outside of the building may grumble, too. But these fellows do not know anything about hot places. If they want the really warm thing, let them crawl into the show window in the month of August, when the sun is heating the thermometer up to a good degree in the shade.

"In the first place, we have to close ourselves up in these places while arranging displays for the merchants. If we did not keep the windows behind us closed the place would fill up with flies, and the flies would speak the front glass. We cannot afford to let even one fly in, for one fly will do enough damage, and so far as the general effect is concerned, we might as well let in a perfect swarm. You may have no idea what the effect of a dozen fly specks will be on a clean, glossy, well-polished show window. The result of it all is that the man who arranges the things in the show window on hot days must close himself in so he can't get a breath of air. The case is practically airtight, and really it is sometimes hard to breathe. In the meantime the sun is beating down on the awning and the glass is taking up the glare from the street, and there you are.

"Hot!" exclaimed the window dresser, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "The man who complains of the biting chaff while loading a ship with grain no doubt suffers a great deal, but he does not really know what it is to be warm. Same way with the engineer, the painter and others. Hades may surprise these fellows, but the place will be no surprise to the man who has spent his life arranging show window displays in the summer time."

**New Use for Bees.**

Down on Long Island the farmers have discovered that persons suffering from rheumatism and sciatica can obtain relief by allowing honey bees to sting the affected parts. This is a very unpleasant process and entirely unnecessary. The poison of the bee sting is chiefly formic acid. This acid is also found in stinging nettles, in ants and some varieties of the caterpillars. There is no difficulty in preparing formic acid, and it would seem that physicians might find it advantageous to experiment with it as a remedy for rheumatic troubles—either in acid form or in formates. Certainly some means can be devised of introducing it into the circulation less painful than allowing bees to sting a rheumatic sufferer by wholesale.

**Quite an Influential Feature.**

Fuddy—Money isn't the only thing. Duddy—No, but it is the only thing that will buy most of the other things. —Boston Transcript.

Give away twenty-five dollars, and you will be abused because you do not make it fifty.

A man may do worse than read poetry. He may attempt to write it.

"Robert causal suffusion" is Bostonese for a bobtail dush.

## OLD FAVORITES

**The Bells of Shandon.**  
With deep affection and recollection  
I often think of those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would in the days  
Of childhood  
Fling round my cradle their magic  
spells.

On this I ponder, where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of  
thee!

With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a  
clime in,  
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;  
While at a glib rate brass tongues would  
vibrate,  
But all their music spoke naught like  
thine;

For memory dwelling on each proud  
swelling  
Of thy beffy kneeling its bold notes  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's  
mole" in,  
Their thunder rolling from the vatican,  
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproar-  
iously,

In thy gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;  
But thy sounds were sweeter than the  
dome of Peter.  
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.  
O! the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower  
and kloko  
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,  
And loud in air calls men to prayer  
From the tapering summits of tall min-  
arets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant  
to thee,  
But there's an anthem more dear to me:  
'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
That sound more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.  
—Francis Mahony.

**Twickenham Ferry.**  
"A-hoy! and O-ho! and it's who's for the  
ferry?"  
(The briar's in bud and the sun's going  
down),  
"And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye  
so steady,  
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham  
Town."

The ferryman's slim and the ferryman's  
young,  
With just a soft tan in the turn of his  
tongue;  
And he's fresh as a pipkin and brown as  
a berry,  
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham  
Town.

"A-hoy! and O-ho and it's I'm for the  
ferry."  
(The briar's in bud, and the sun's going  
down),  
"And it's late as it is and I haven't a  
penny—"  
Oh! how can I get me to Twickenham  
Town?"

She'd a rose in her bonnet and oh! she  
looked sweet  
As the little pink flower that grows in the  
weed,  
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips  
like a cherry—  
"It's sure but you're welcome to Twicken-  
ham Town."

"A-hoy! and O-ho! You're too late for the  
ferry."  
(The briar's in bud and the sun's going  
down),  
And he's not rowing quick and he's not  
rowing steady;  
It seems quite a journey to Twicken-  
ham Town.

"A-hoy! and O-ho!" you may call as you  
will;  
The young moon is rising o'er Petersham  
Hill;  
And, with love like a rose in the stern of  
the wherry,  
There's danger in crossing to Twicken-  
ham Town.

—Theophile Mizrahs.

**NEGRO GIRL LEAVES WELLESLEY.**

Booker T. Washington's daughter, who recently was reported to be doing well at Wellesley College, has now, it transpires, been forced to leave the institution and go to Bradford Academy. It is said she failed in music. While Miss Washington was taken up and made much of by the Northern girls at the college, her reception by girls from the South was, it is declared, of a nature to give the faculty some embarrassment.

**Bridget as a Mrs. Malaprop.**

Bridget, who came to this country last year, has a limited vocabulary, and, while she is learning fast, some of the words and expressions that she has acquired do not always fit, her ear not having been accurate in getting the right term. Thus the other day she said to her mistress:

"Mam, shall I fix that Kansas back duck for dinner?"

Again, Bridget was telling a tale of a missing friend in this city, when she exclaimed:

"Do you know I believe when Katie turns up she'll be found in the Potash Field!"

While at work on Friday a tremendous blast near by in the subway rattled the dishes in the kitchen and the girl cried out:

"There goes that rapid transom again."

A good many town men devote nearly all of Saturday to waiting to get shaved.

