

MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

He was strong and trim and a good-sized cur.
A giant of dogs; with soft, silk fur,
Poised head of an intellectual size.
And two straight, luminous hero-eyes.
A tail whose gestures were eloquence;
A bark with a germ of common sense.
And this dog looked upon the whole,
As if he had gathered some crumbs of
soul
That fell from the feast God spread for
man,
Looked like a line of the human plan.

There went with his strong, well-balanced stride
A dignity oft to man denied.
God's humblest brutes, where'er we turn,
Are full of lessons for man to learn.
That night that he crouched by the yielding door,
And two grim, murderous thieves, or more,
Had bribed the locks with their hooks of steel,
He fought with more than a henchman's zeal
For sleeping loved ones' treasures and life,
He conquered rogue, and bullet, and knife.

He saw distress with a quick, sure eye,
And heard the half-choked drowning cry;
A living life-boat, soon he bore
A half-drowned man to the welcome shore.

And when the wife of the rescued one
Wept him her love for the great deed done,
And fondled him in a warm embrace,
He talked with his fondest, kind old face,
And said, "I have shown you nothing new;

It is what we live for and love to do.
In lake or river, or sea or bay,
My race are rescuers every day;
In the snowy gulfs 'mid hills above
My race brings life to the race we love."

The soul of the humble brute has fled;
The grand old dog lies still and dead.
Oh, man-like brain and god-like heart!
You were made to carry a noble part.
You did, old dog, the best you knew,
And that is better than most men do;
And if ever I get to the great just place,
I shall look for your honest, kind old face.
—Will Carleton.

WHAT HE KNEW ABOUT GIRLS

HERE'S a girl over there that I keep meeting constantly, and yet she never deigns to give me more than a nod or perhaps a commonplace or two."

Ned Black's manner as he turned toward his companion was distinctly aggrieved. Then as his gaze fell upon a stranger instead of his familiar friend, he exclaimed: "Oh, I say, I thought you were Graham, you know."

It was at an afternoon reception, and the two men lounged at either side of a wide doorway.

The man addressed, without shifting his gaze from the jostling crowd before them, answered easily: "Graham's been gone about five minutes. What girl do you mean? The pretty one in white, talking to old Miss Fitznob? Why, she's not particularly difficult—at least she hasn't that reputation, like this Miss Maynwarding. Perhaps you don't take the right tactics. Popular girls like that have to be managed. You ought to make her understand that 'there are others.' I suppose you seek her out and say all the usual pretty things that she takes as a matter of course. So do all the other fellows and so she doesn't distinguish you from the crowd. Now, my advice—but perhaps I'm boring you, and, after all, I suppose it isn't worth while."

"Not at all," broke in Ned. "I am very much interested; I really admire that girl. Go ahead and tell me your scheme."

"Well, then, you ought to do exactly the opposite thing, apparently come across her by chance; then pause a few minutes as a matter of duty. Don't seem particularly interested at first, but gradually lead the conversation round to some other girl, and then wax eloquent. See, now is your chance, she's all alone for a moment. Go ahead, old man, and try my plan; it will at least succeed in fixing her attention."

"Oh, I say," muttered Ned, a little dazed by this rapid arrangement. "I wish I could, you know. I see the idea is good, but I'm afraid I can't follow it out, though—"

"Nonsense, all you want is confidence. Faint heart, remember. Go ahead. Good luck to you," and with a scarcely perceptible shove the older man started his companion on his way, shrugged his shoulders and murmured: "Well, I've got him off my hands. Thinks he's hurt, but he's only plucked. Wonder where Miss Maynwarding is. When a girl is really difficult there's some zest to the chase."

Meantime Ned jostled through the crowd and passed by the girl in white with a well-simulated start of surprise. "Oh, good afternoon, Miss Edgerton," he exclaimed in a slightly forced manner. "Rather a crush here, isn't there?"

"How do you do, Mr. er—Black. Yes, indeed, and it's insufferably warm," she responded indifferently.

"Can't I get you an ice, or something," this rather perfunctorily.

"Thank you, no, I've tried that twice already. If there were only some cool place where one might go. Auntie isn't coming for me for another half hour."

"Oh, I have it," said Ned affably. "I know a place. Miss Blake and I discovered it the night Mrs. Noyes gave that little dance, last fall. You were here, of course," he asked, as if he couldn't quite trust his memory.

"Yes; that is, I think so. Small dances are so much alike it is hard to distinguish them near the end of the season."

"Here we are." Then as the girl drew a deep breath of relief, he hurried on, "I really shouldn't claim the credit, you know; it's all due to Miss Blake. Mighty nice girl, Miss Blake."

"Yes, isn't she dear! All Southerners have such pretty manners."

"Haven't they?" he assented heartily. "I knew another charming girl of that same name. Any relation? I never heard, but it's possible. A great many of those nice Southern families are connected. This other Miss Blake was the sister of my college chum, and after graduation I spent a couple of

INDIAN CHIEF AN EPISCOPAL PRIEST.



THE REV. CORNELIUS HILL.
"CHIEF OMOH-GWAT-GOY"

Cornelius Hill, chief of the Oneda Indians, was consecrated a priest of the Protestant Episcopal church by Bishop Grafton at Fond du Lac, Wis., recently, with a ceremony in which the Protestant Episcopal ritual and the Indian form of worship were mingled.

months with him in Atlanta. I saw a good deal of her, and of course fell in love with her. Fact is, I proposed but she wouldn't have me."

Miss Edgerton almost gasped. Was it possible that she, the acknowledged belle of two seasons, was hearing the charms of some other beauty discussed? All the coquetry that she had found it needless to use was aroused, and she looked at her companion with an air of awakened interest.

"Dear me! She didn't show very good judgment, did she?"

The question was accompanied by a little upward lift of her eyelids, and Black hastened to reply with an air of strict impartiality.

"Oh, you're a little hard on her, I think. You see, I wasn't such a finished product then." There was the slightest emphasis on the then, and his challenging smile, directed straight at her eyes, aroused an answering gleam in their blue depths.

"It would be only fair to give her another chance, I should think," she questioned solicitously. "It's rather difficult to judge of things in the er—raw!"

The blue eyes, without a shade of ulterior meaning, gazed innocently into his for a minute, and then Ned burst into a laugh at his own expense.

Recovering himself, he replied impressively: "She forfeited that chance forever by marrying an Englishman within a year." He paused reflectively, then added as if in concession to her views, "Perhaps her taste was not quite all I supposed it to be."

"Why, there's Auntie! Have I been here a half an hour? You've been very entertaining, Mr. Black. I haven't been bored a minute."

"Are you often bored?"

"Oh, sometimes."

"Perhaps I might succeed in amusing you again," this tentatively.

"Possibly!" Then more encouragingly as they neared her aunt, "You might try, I should be sure. Next Thursday, Oh, here you are, auntie, dear. Thank you, Mr. Black, goodbye."

As Ned hurried down the stairs on his way out, he overtook his chance acquaintance. "You know a few things about girls, don't you?" he smiled.

"Well," the other drawled, "I know a few things about that girl. Then, in an explanatory tone, as Black's manner indefinitely stiffened, "you see, she is my only sister."—American Cultivator.

PNEUMATIC LIFE PRESERVER.

The steamship companies which did not provide life preservers in number equaling or exceeding its passenger-carrying capacity would be summarily dealt with by the government, and yet every one knows that when the time arrives for their use the passengers and crew may be too much excited to profit by the provision thus made for their safety.

The passenger crossing the ocean would certainly feel no small degree of added security were he provided with the apparatus shown in the illustration. No one would think of wearing one of the bulky life preservers usually provided on shipboard all the time, but here is an apparatus which will answer the same purpose, and yet without discomfort when constantly worn. The spiral form which the tube is given enable the wearer to suspend it around his body by means of the supporting jacket, beneath the outer clothing, and it takes but a short time to inflate the reservoir through the mouthpiece, which is provided with a valve to check the outward flow of the air. The spiral coils lie flat when deflated, and are scarcely perceptible to the wearer, who, even if the device rendered him slightly uncomfortable, would have the feeling of safety to counterbalance the annoyance.

Wiley P. Tibbets, of Toledo, Ohio, is the inventor.



CONSTANT WEAR OCCASIONS NO DISCOMFORT.

The average man will stretch the amount he paid for his Panama to every one he talks to, but his wife.

ROMANCE OF CABIN JOHN BRIDGE

Most Unique Structure in Engineering History, is Linked With the Annals of the Country



WORLD'S LARGEST SINGLE SPAN STONE ARCH.

Early in the eighteenth century a pilgrim appeared in what is now known as Montgomery County, Maryland. He built for himself a hut on the margin of a creek which empties into the Potomac river, seven miles above Georgetown. The Revolution came and went; the tall, lithe figure of the hermit became bowed with years, and his shaggy dark locks turned gray. During these years he had been a hunter and fisher, his only clothing the skins of beasts, and two hunting dogs his only companions. He sought no intercourse with the few human beings who, straying from the much-traveled "river road," occasionally drifted into his lonely glen; but, to the kindly disposed and curious, his manners were ever those of a gentleman. He had a strong, beautiful voice, in which he sang sweet but sad verses of his own composition, accompanying himself on a banjo, or mandolin, constructed of rude materials by his own hands. Toward the close of the last century he disappeared.

The hermit had been known on the Potomac as "John of the Cabin," and the little stream by which stood his tiny home is still called "Cabin John Creek." The ravine through which it flows is now spanned by a bridge which for over forty years has figured in our national history, and bears the added distinction of being the longest single arch stone bridge in the world.

Work of Jefferson Davis. Early in Pierce's administration Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, directed Capt. Montgomery C. Meigs, United States Corps of Engineers, to span the ravine and the creek with a conduit bridge, to convey to the rapidly growing city of Washington its water supply, from the reservoir at Great Falls, sixteen miles above the city. In November, 1852, Capt. Meigs had begun the work of designing and constructing the Potomac aqueduct. This, together with the duties of superintending the building of the new wings of the general postoffice, and the completion of Fort Madison, at Annapolis, occupied his time so fully that work on the bridge was not begun until 1857. It was well under way when, in July, 1860, he was detailed to duty at Fort Jefferson, Tortugas, Florida.

The dimensions of Cabin John bridge are as follows:

Length of bridge, including abutments	450
Height above bottom of ravine	105
Length of span	220

GEN. FRANK WHEATON.

A Distinguished Soldier, with a Splendid Army Record.

Major General Frank Wheaton, U. S. A., who died in Washington a few days ago, served in the army for forty-two years. Deceased was born in Providence, R. I., in 1833 and was in his 71st year. He became civil engineer, took part in the Mexican boundary surveys and, in 1855, was made lieutenant in the Third U. S. Cavalry.

The General's fighting record was one greatly to his credit. He took to the field against the Cheyenne Indians in 1857 and his opening fight was near Fort Kearny, Neb., where he acquitted himself most gallantly. He took part in the Utah expedition and, on the breaking out of the rebellion, proceeded to his native State and was made lieutenant colonel of the Second Rhode Island Volunteers; a month later he was made colonel, and had his troops in Virginia early in May, so that they took part in the opening engagement of the war at Bull Run. Thereafter the command was with the Army of the Potomac in all its desperate engagements.

In 1862 the commander was made brigadier general and directed a division of the Sixth Corps at Gettysburg and in the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864, and was actively engaged in the maneuvers preceding the surrender of Lee in 1865 at Appomattox. For gallantry at the battles of Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Middleburg, Va., he was made major general and further honors came to him for bravery in the battles of the Wilderness, Cedar Creek and Petersburg. For his chivalric conduct in these engagements the State of Rhode Island presented him with a sword in 1866.

How Lightning Kills. The case of death by lightning is the sudden absorption of the electric current. When a thunder-cloud which is highly charged with positive electricity hangs over a certain place the earth beneath it becomes charged with the negative electric current, and a man, animal or other object standing or lying directly beneath comes also under this influence. If while the man, animal or other object is in this condition a discharge takes place from the cloud above, the restoration of the equilibrium will be sudden and violent, or, in other words, the negative current from the earth will rush up to join the positive cloud current, and in passing through the object which separates the two currents, if it be an animate thing, will do so with such force as to produce almost invariably instant death. According to this, a person is really "struck" by the ground current, and not by the forked fury from above at all.

A Densely Populated Island. Malta is the most thickly populated island in the world. It has 1,300 people to the square mile. Barbadoes has 1,054 people to the square mile.

The women are getting even: Wives of men who have bought Panama hats are complaining about their husbands' big millinery bills.

When a girl is a sure enough Tomboy, her mother has to follow her around with needle and thread.

JOKE HARRISON ENJOYED. But Justice Field, on Whom It Was Told, Failed to See the Fun in It.

For all his ice and chilly quibbles President Harrison owned a sense of humor, and would now and then get hold of a joke and treasure it as a schoolboy might an apple, having it frequently out of his pocket to exhibit and admire. One such, says a writer in the Saturday Evening Post, is a story he was ever quick to tell on the austere Justice Field, who didn't like it.

Complaining letters of all sorts come to a President. One day a Western

Topics of the Times

The University of Zurich is about to establish a chair of journalism. A flock of ostriches at Phoenix, Ariz., now numbers more than 1,000 birds.

The United States has 78,000 post-offices. Germany is next with 45,623, and Great Britain third with 22,400.

Golden eagles are increasing in the Scottish highlands, owing to the efforts made by large landowners for their preservation.

Flower growers in the South of France and other favored climes find it profitable to send the products of their skill to British markets.

The navy, which gives England the supremacy of the seas, costs \$155,000,000 a year, or a little more than the United States pays in pensions.

Berlin has now a "bachelors' club" divided into small flats, with smoking and dining-rooms in common, where single men can live at moderate rates.

The number of theological students in Germany has diminished gradually from 4,267 in 1830, to 2,149, or less than half, although the population has doubled since 1830.

Oregon spends for the education of children \$12 a year per capita; Colorado, \$11; Illinois, \$11; California, \$10; while Kentucky expends only \$3.32; South Carolina, \$1.30; Mississippi, \$2.06.

The Patron—Your picture isn't bad, but the drawing's a bit off, isn't it? The Artist—How's that? The Patron—Why, the clock says ten past ten, and the right time now is a quarter to four.—Pick-Me-Up.

The United States is almost a goatless country compared with others, and the importations of goatskins, young and old, aggregate \$3,500,000 a year—which represents the slaughter of 17,000,000 goats and kids.

Until lately children under fourteen used to pay half fare on the Vienna tramways, but the rule has been altered so that any child above three feet and one and one-half inches in height will in future have to pay the full fare.

King Leopold of Belgium never wears gloves. He is very proud of his hands, which are perfect in shape and appearance, and on which he spends a great deal of time. His beard also comes in for a large share of attention.

That low lying territory of the Mississippi should at times be overflowed is not surprising if one considers that the "Fathers of Waters" draws supplies from twenty-eight States, draining one-third of the area of the United States.

The Brooklyn bridge has lost place as one of the wonders of the world since the building of the Williamsburg steel bridge, a mile farther up the East river, and the bridge now building to Blackwell's island will be more wonderful than either.

Captivity changes animal's nature. A lion captured when it is full grown will always be treacherous, but lions, tigers, leopards or other carnivorous animals that have been born in captivity can be tamed till they are as gentle and affectionate and safe as poodle dogs.

There are in New York City to-day 1,320 millionaires, as against 294 twenty years ago and twenty-five in 1853. There were no millionaires in the city 100 years ago. The first person to reach that distinction was John Jacob Astor, who became a millionaire about the year 1820.

Breaking away from a wagon at Rheims, France, a horse dashed into a passing motor car, and leaped into the back seats. The chauffeur was struck by its forelegs and thrown into the road. Passers-by were treated to the novel spectacle of a horse driving alone in an automobile.

The Berlin newspapers tell of a wonderful baby giant which was recently brought by his parents before the medical faculty of that city for examination. He is the son of a baker at Driers, and, although only eighteen months old, stands three and a half feet high. He measures thirty-three inches round the chest.

The difficulty in damaging a war balloon in midair was recently shown by tests made in Austria. The experimenters anchored a balloon at a height of 7,000 feet and had gunners, who had not been given the distance, to try to disable it. It required twenty-two shots to find the range, even approximately, and not until the sixty-fourth round was the balloon hit.

That each ring on a rattlesnake's rattle represents a year of the snake's life is a popular but an erroneous belief. As a matter of fact, a new ring develops every two or three months, and the snake, by the time it died, would have sixty or seventy rings at least, were it not for the fact that when the rattle becomes unduly long, accident breaks it off, either wholly or in part.

A Dresden (Germany) physician, having addressed a list of thirty-six questions to seventy-three persons who were more than ninety years old, learned, among other things, that all of them are below the average height; most of them have light hair and have retained plenty of it, and none of them has any teeth remaining; all but five are inveterate jokers. Few of them take kindly to the bath or to fresh air.

NO DIAMONDS, NO FIXIN'S. This Heiress Had no Use for Anything but a Home.

They sat crowded into a narrow seat on a Wabash avenue grip car. He was a tired-looking man with a babe in his arms; she was a tired-looking little woman.

"Ain't you glad we're goin' to get it, George?" she said, with more enthusiasm than any one would ever have suspected her of having staved away in her anemic-looking body. "Ain't

you glad we're goin' to get it?" she went on. "Just think, \$3,000, George, and it'll all be our own."

George grunted. "Ain't it grand, \$3,000?" she repeated.

"I can fix up the barber shop a little now, I guess, and you can get a diamond if you want it," the husband said, as he shifted the sleeping babe from one arm to the other.

"No, we don't fix up no barber shops and we don't wear no diamonds. We're going to hang on to that \$3,000 like it was all the money in the world."

"I know, but I could make a lot more money if the shop had a few of those factory fixin's. Fixin's draws trade."

"Yes, but George, you don't get any fixin's with my money. It was my pa that died, and he didn't leave no \$3,000 for barber fixin's, and I'll be thinkin' a long time afore I say buy any fixin's with my \$3,000. I'm goin' to buy us a home, and there won't be any fancy fixin's. I want just a plain little home."

"Ain't you even goin' to buy a diamond?" asked the husband in astonishment.

"No, I ain't a goin' to buy no diamond."

"Well, you're the funniest woman I ever saw. Now that we're rich you don't want to do a thing with the money. I wish your pa had never died and left us anything."

The wife said something as the two go off the car. It was something about diamonds, but she said it in a way to let those who heard her know that she didn't banker much after any of Kimberly's gems.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

It Was True, After All. The penalties of being "too smart" are sure and always unpleasant. Stray Stories gives a new instance. The clever young man was wandering up and down the platform of an English railway station, intent on finding an empty carriage in the express which was almost due to start.

His search was in vain. An idea, which he considered very clever, occurred to him, and assuming an official air, he stalked up to the last carriage and cried in a stentorian voice, "All change here! This carriage is not going!"

There were exclamations, low but deep, from the occupants of the crowded compartments; but nevertheless they scurried out of the carriage, and packed themselves away in other parts of the train.

The smile on the face of the young man was childlike and bland as he settled himself comfortably in a corner of the empty carriage and lighted a cigar.

"Ah," he murmured, "it's a good thing for me that I was born clever! I wish they'd hurry up and start."

Presently the station-master put his head in at the window and said: "I s'pose you're the smart young fellow who told the people this carriage wasn't going?"

"Yes," said the clever one. And he smiled.

"Well," said the station master, with a grin, "you were right; it isn't going. The porter heard you telling the people, and so he uncoupled it. He thought you were a director."

Girl Miller of Perkiomen. On the Perkiomen River, near Valley Forge, is a flour mill which has the distinction of being owned and operated personally by the only woman miller in the United States. She is hardly even a "woman miller," for she is only 17. Miss Sallie Freilicher, the girl miller, is her own master entirely, makes her own rules, does her own business, keeps her own books and carries on her own correspondence, obeying nobody's orders but those of her customers.

She played in the mill as a child, and as she grew up helped her daddy, and half unconsciously and half with thought of the future, learned the miller's business thoroughly. When he died there was no one else to carry it on, so Miss Sallie took his place.

For two years now she has operated the mill entirely alone, only calling in assistance when there is a heavy load of rye to be taken in or a large invoice of flour to be shipped. She is at work before sunrise in winter and keeps hard at it all day.

And she seems to like the responsibility and the clean dollars her work brings in. She caters to one of the richest farming communities in Pennsylvania and the community likes her and helps her to get along.

Besides being a thoroughly capable miller, Miss Sallie has won another sort of reputation in the last year and a half. The farmers round about, consider her an expert on rye in all its stages, from the seed to the ground product.

Stories of Sir Henry. C. R. Kennedy, of the "Everyman" company, is credited by Harper's Weekly with this story:

On one occasion Sir Henry Irving's company, having been called to the theater for rehearsal, arrived there ahead of time. As Sir Henry had not yet come, one of the actors in the company, who was noted for his accomplishments as a mimic, proceeded to give a lively and elaborate imitation of Sir Henry's highly characteristic acting. As he finished his demonstration, a well-known voice came from the depths of the darkened auditorium:

"Very good," it said. "Very good indeed! So good, in fact, that there is no need for both of us in this company."

It is also related that a brother actor famous for his pomposity and his inordinate ambition was regaling Irving with a forecast of his plans for the future.

"I shall begin this season," he announced, "with such and such a part; and after that I shall appear as Hamlet."

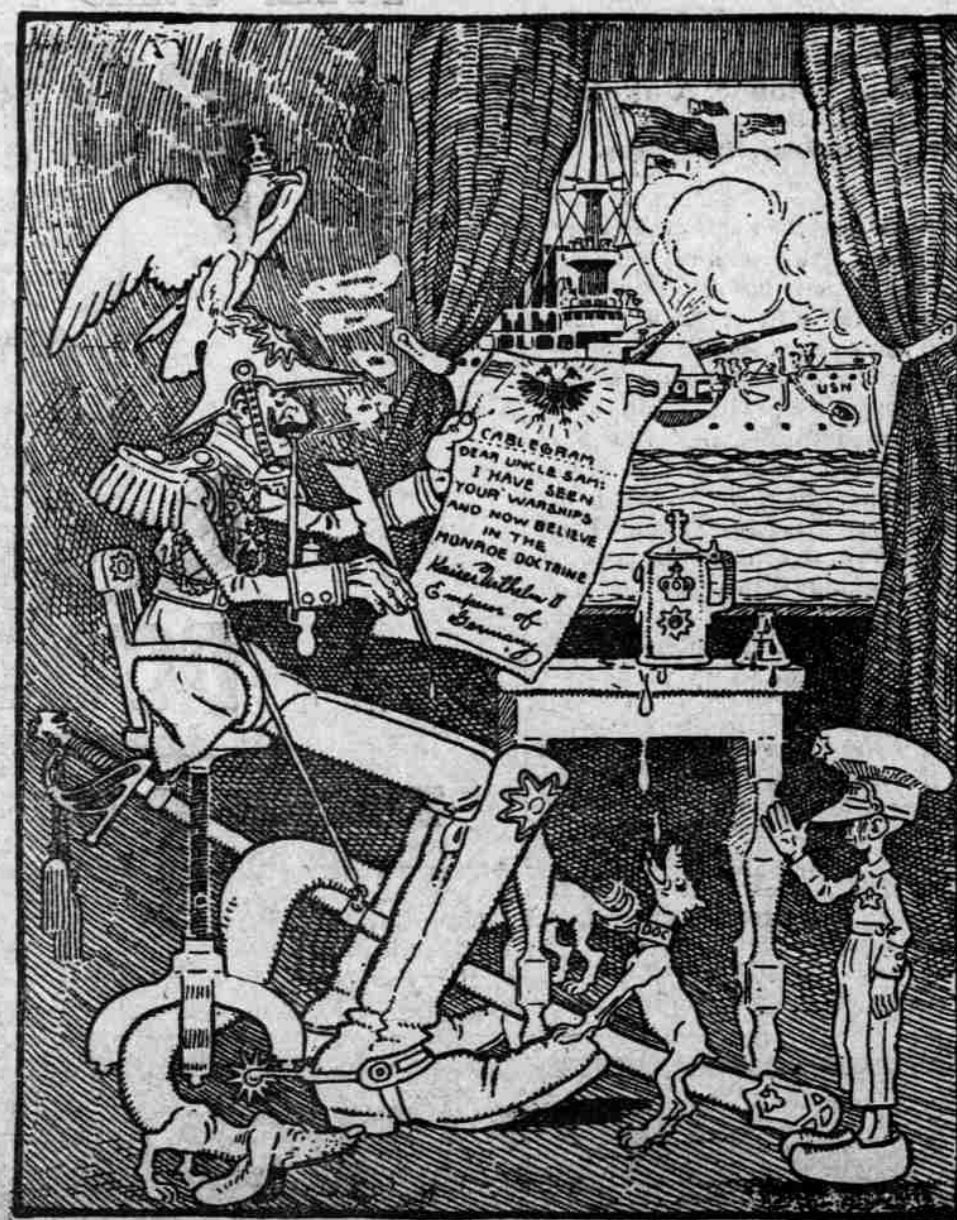
"Um!" drawled Irving. "As—Hamlet, did you say?"

The other, incensed by the tone of the query, bridled up at once.

"Do you think, Sir Henry," he demanded, indignantly, "that you are the only man who can play Hamlet?"

"Oh no," rejoined Irving blandly; "but I am quite sure that you are the only man who can't."

CHANGE OF HEART AT KIEL.



—Cincinnati Post.