

# THE OPEN DOOR.

RESIDENT LINCOLN had just issued a call for more troops, and volunteers from every direction responded with the unhesitating alacrity of true patriots. Some of the States failed to furnish their full quota, however, and Iowa was among the delinquents. Then came the order for a draft, and the name of Hon. James Fisk of D— headed the list of the drafted. This was no particular credit to his fellow townsmen, for in spite of his title (which, by the way, was a tribute to wealth only), a meager, more miserly creature than James Fisk never lived upon this earth.

He was just in the prime of life, or would have been had he been less selfish, but little by little certain objectionable traits of character had left their imprint upon his countenance until he appeared prematurely aged. Hence the sobriquet of "Old Jim Fisk," which he was familiarly called by every man, woman and child—excepting on rare occasions when discretion was considered the better part of valor.

The Hon. James Fisk was a banker, a railroad magnate, and a real estate man combined. In fact, he had owned a large portion of the town in its early history, and he therefore considered himself of no small importance in the financial world at least. Like many another, he loved his money first, his next and his country last, as well as least; though it is said that when he ran for United States Senator during the previous campaign, he made some thrillingly patriotic speeches, and apparently without the slightest compunction. In those days he was called "Old Sodom and Gomorrah," an appellation which he never quite outgrew.

James Fisk was not the type of a man who could conscientiously sing "America" or "The Star Spangled Banner," consequently he felt that personal insult had been directed to him when the President had the audacity to place his name with the rest of the common herd. Nevertheless, it was a case of compulsion, and he knew that he must either hire a substitute or go into the army himself. The former was not very easy to accomplish, as the majority of the poor men had already enlisted, and money, at such a time, was no inducement to the rich men.

He was not in an especially amiable mood, when at the close of an unsuccessful day spent in search of a substitute, he entered his office to attend to the afternoon mail. As he read the last letter a heavier scowl deepened upon his forehead and he exclaimed harshly:

"The young jackanapes need not think that he can fool with a hornet and not get stung. Extend their time, indeed! Why, the interest was due a month ago! I'll foreclose the mortgage to-morrow."

A new thought seemed to occur to him, for the muscles of the stern mouth relaxed; he smiled blandly, rubbed his hands together carelessly, and said:

"Mr. Fisk, you're a diplomat—a born diplomat. You're an honor to your country, but more particularly to yourself. If you can only manage this thing properly, you will be all right—yes, all right."

At the close of the foregoing colloquy he filled out a telegraph blank as follows:

"Horace W. Packard, Carson City, Iowa—Have found a way to help you out. Come to D— on first train."

The message was soon dispatched, and reached its destination just as Horace and his mother were sitting down to their evening meal.

"Old Moneybags is getting awfully considerate, all of a sudden; what do you suppose is back of it, mother?" asked the boy as he handed the telegram to her.

Mrs. Packard gave a sigh which belied her words, but she responded hopefully, "I don't know, dear, but we will trust that his heart has softened a little toward the widow and the fatherless."

"Don't you think you can go with me, mother? I believe Jones will give us passes, so you can offer no objection on that score; anyway, you need a change, for you look pretty tired these days."

And thus it was settled that Mrs. Packard was to spend the week with an old school friend, while her son attended to business matters.

Mr. Packard had been one of the first of Iowa's sons to lay down his life for his country. From the hour that his father had marched away, Horace had secretly cherished a desire to join the army. He knew that his years were against him; then, too, his mother's heart was so sore at the heavy blow which had fallen on their home nest as the result of the war, that he never mentioned the subject, and Mrs. Packard little dreamed of the great struggle that was going on in the mind of her boy.

How his heart swelled with patriotism the next day as he walked up Main street! All D— was astray with the news of war, and a bugle was sounding the reveille. When he passed a squad of the drafted men in their gay uniforms, the sight was almost too much for him, the war fever was on him, and had it not been for the thoughts of his already bereaved mother Horace Packard would have gone at any cost.

An hour later he came out of the office of James Fisk with a determined look on his manly face, and it seemed as if he had grown an inch taller.

Mrs. Packard met him at the door, and affectionate greetings were exchanged. The boy tried to smile, but when he looked into his mother's eyes he made a miserable failure of it, and the tears welled up instead. They were as quickly dried and he said, "You see, mother, it is just like this. Fisk was going to foreclose the mortgage, but he says he will give you a clear title if I will go as his substitute. I can't bear to leave you, little mother, but I do want to go and fight for my father's country,"—and the boy's eyes flashed. Then he added quietly, "I should go sooner or later, anyway. This is our one opportunity to free our home from debt, and you will not say 'no,' will you, mother mine?"

But Mrs. Packard sat as if she were petrified. At last her voice came to her, and all the mother love asserted itself as she clasped the stalwart lad in her arms and kissed him passionately.

"Oh, my boy, my all, how can I let you go? What will mother do without you?"

"How old are you, my man?" asked the examining physician of Horace, later in the day.

"Seventeen, sir," responded the boy, promptly.

"Um! Um!" was the suggestive exclamation. This was followed by more questions. "I see, I see," said the old doctor. "Why didn't you add a year to that; what lots of them do. You'd have stood a better chance if you had."

Horace stretched himself to his full height, and the physician continued, "I don't need to ask you if you are strong, for your physique speaks for itself, but your age certainly stands in the way. Do you think you would be able to shoulder a musket all day?"

For reply Horace placed five chairs in a row, leaped over each in turn, then faced around, and vaulted over the entire group with one bound.

The physician smiled at the exhibition, but said, "Something of an athlete, my man; well, I think we will give you a trial."

When Horace entered the Hon. James Fisk's office his heart smote him painfully, for boy though he was, he saw a slight that is stamped upon his memory to this day.

The mother stood before the desk of the grim-faced man pleading for her

boy; but the two elder people were so engrossed that they did not hear Horace enter.

"For God's sake, James Fisk, for the sake of the love you once professed to have for me, spare me the misery of sending my boy to the war. What is a paltry six hundred dollars to you? Foreclose the mortgage to-morrow, turn us in the street, but don't induce my child to sacrifice himself on the altar of love for me."

For an instant the woman thought that she caught a glimpse of feeling in the cold eyes, but it passed as quickly as it had come.

"Mrs. Packard," responded the metallic voice with staccato-like precision, "business is business. You are too late, for the contract is signed, and this day I have canceled the mortgage. Allow me to say, madam, that revenge, such as this, is sweet."

The woman gave him a swift sad look, her lips opened as if to speak, then she turned and left the office. That night the Hon. James Fisk was suddenly called to join the great majority where no proxy could take his place. He had evidently not left the office since his interview with Mrs. Packard, for the servant boy found him the next morning with his legal documents scattered about him. "Heart failure!" the doctor pronounced it, that convenient post-mortem phrase which covers a multitude of errors.

In the tightly closed hand was a miniature picture of a fair-faced girl—a pensive countenance—at that sweet time when she is

"Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood feet."

"It must be the sister who died years ago," said Madam Grundy.

However, one person knew the truth of the matter, for on his desk was a note addressed to Mrs. Packard, and it read:

Friend Margaret: I have reconsidered my hasty words and have decided to go myself. Have destroyed the contract, and thus release the lad. (How like you he is!) Please ask your contractor for the sake of amid lang eyes. Obediently,  
—Ohio Farmer.

Collaborating in Soul-Saving.  
"In the days of my early ministry," said a well-known clergyman, "I thought it necessary to impress thoughts of salvation by everything I uttered."

"My first work was in a Western mining camp, and I had to remain overnight at a rough hotel to wait for a stage to convey me to my destination. At the table a savage looking man said gruffly:

"What might be your line, young fellow?"

"Saving souls," I said solemnly.

"Ugh," was the only response.

"After supper, a coarsely dressed man approached me and said:

"Pardner, let's make some kind of dicker. We're in the same line, an' thar ain't no room for both. Thar's a camp further up the creek whar yo' could set up and do well."

"I think you are mistaken, my friend," I said. "I am a minister of the Gospel!"

"Sense me, parson: I was mistaken in yo'; I thought yo' was a cobbler!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Ancient War Customs.  
In the ancient wars it was the custom for both armies to go into winter quarters, but nowadays such a thing is quite unknown, and several battles during this century have been fought on Christmas Day and New Year's Day.

When a married woman begins to exaggerate the size of the milk bills to her husband, her next move will be to suggest that he buy a cow.

Speaking of colleges, old age usually improves their faculties.

The Population of the World.  
The periodical estimates of the world's population, made by Professors Wagner and Supan, of Germany, are always widely accepted as the

## CAMPAIGN AND OTHER BUTTONS

Wasting Pad Out of Which an Iowa Woman Made a Small Fortune.

"I became interested in campaign buttons a few years ago," said a Chicagoan who is constantly on the lookout for novelties which will sell, "and was fortunate enough to catch the craze just at the right time. We had quite a large plant and were able to turn out 100,000 buttons a day. The device was printed on disks of specially prepared celluloid, which were then slightly softened and pressed on metal rings with a stud fastener. That part was done by a machine which was invented by a woman in Iowa. She made about \$15,000 out of her patent. The first buttons were nearly all political, but the fad soon extended to other varieties, and at one time we made over 300 different sets, each set having, sometimes, as many as forty separate designs. Making the drawings alone kept a corps of ten men busy. They were originally printed in black, but after a while the demand for novelty forced us to put in color presses and some of the work was really artistic. Eventually we used photography as a secret one, and we had to pay a pretty stiff royalty."

"There was a great difference in the quality of the buttons. Some of them sold for half a cent apiece wholesale, and some brought as high as a quarter. The latter were the large photographic buttons with German silver mounts. Of course a few are still sold, but not a hundredth part as many as were formerly called for. We thought that the war would create a demand for buttons bearing portraits of the celebrities, but we were badly led. We got out several series with pictures of Dewey, Hobson, Sampson, Schley and all the rest of them, but somehow they didn't catch on, and a set with pictures of the ships also got the cold shoulder. One order that we recently filled was for 100,000 handsome Roosevelt buttons, which went to New York and were bought by partisans of the rough rider. A phase of the fad that shows some vitality is the personal button—embellished with one's own portrait or that of one's sweetheart. A great many of these are made to order. We sell to the dealers, and they dispose of their wares to the hawkers. Nearly all the buttons in the market are peddled on the curb."—Chicago Chronicle.

## JOURNALIST AND DIPLOMAT.

Brilliant Career of J. Russell Young, Who Died Recently.

By the death of J. Russell Young, librarian in Congress, at his home in Washington, the nation lost a most capable and devoted servant, and journalism one of its most distinguished and successful men. Mr. Young was appointed librarian of Congress in

## HABITS OF THE HORSE.

Fear of Wolves, Speed of Colts and the Habit of Snying.

Another animal which, when in a state of nature, lives in droves, is the horse. It is almost as defenseless as the sheep, and when a herd of wild horses is attacked by wolves there is no escape but in flight. Says Our Animal Friends, in its wild state the horse's natural habitat is on the open plains, not in mountainous regions, but on the steppes of Asia, and when attacked by wolves its only safety lies in its superior speed. If the young foal were not so swift as its parents it would fall an easy prey to the pursuer, and so, within a few generations, the wild horse might be utterly destroyed by its enemies. The curious thing is that the foal is quite as swift as its parents. When one looks at it, even in its domesticated condition, it seems to be all legs, and one is surprised to see how easily the slight body is borne along on those long legs, beside the mother, even when she is running at her swiftest rate. In that fact lies the safety of the wild horse from destruction, and the thousands of generations in which that useful animal has been domesticated have brought no change in the peculiar conformation of the foal's limbs, though it is no longer needed for its original purpose.

Another curious thing is that one of the faults of the horse of which we are apt to complain, we mean the habit of snying, is a survival of an old habit which was useful and necessary when its ancestors were still roaming wild upon the plains. Then every noise was constantly on the outlook for an enemy, and it did not look only with one eye. It habitually kept turning its ear in all directions, so as to catch the slightest sound which should indicate the presence of danger. Not only when a wolf was seen did the herd take flight; any sound, as of the wolf breaking through the long grass, caused an instantaneous stampede; and something of that habit still survives. The horse seldom fears the objects which it sees unless they appear suddenly; but the sudden appearance of some light thing driven by the wind, or some slight sound that perhaps may not be heard by his master, may cause an instant and involuntary start, such as the poor brute would instinctively make if he were still wild upon the plains. How unjust it is, and how utterly stupid, to justify his terror by whipping him for such a fault! To do so is to make him only so much the readier to shy again, remembering—and he is sure to remember—that, even if there has been no reason for his involuntary shying, there is something to dread immediately afterward. The only sensible way to deal with this remnant of wildness in the domesticated horse is to stop and let him feel that there is nothing to fear, and so break down the remnant of his old and perfectly natural habit of flight from possible danger.

## IN HONOR OF RUSSIAN HEROES.

Monument Erected to Soldiers Who Fell Fighting the Turks.

A monument over the grave of the Russian soldiers who fell in the war against Turkey was unveiled near Constantinople the other day by the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia.

The monument stands in a square of about six acres, surrounded by a crenelated wall, with a tower at each cor-

ner. It is built of gray rough-dressed granite, with embellishments of white French stone. Over the main entrance is a painting of Christ, and on the other side is a picture of Vladimir, and on the other of Alexander Newsky. The base of the building is a charnel house, in which the bones of the soldiers have been deposited. Above is the chapel, which is surmounted by a campanile and over that is a spire. The work of building the monument was begun in 1883, under the supervision of Col. Peshkoff, who designed the monument.

Why Jenner Wore a Guinea.

Sir William Jenner, the Queen's physician, wore at his watch chain a guinea piece which bore a pleasant little history. One day he found among his patients in his consulting room a humble carpenter. On remarking to the man that his disease had, through neglect of treatment, made great progress, he received the following reply:

"I have been waiting to see you for three years, sir." "Why, my man?" queried the physician. "Couldn't you afford to come sooner?" "Oh, yes," answered the carpenter; "but I could not get a gold guinea piece anywhere; and I heard you'd take nothing else."

Sir William wears that guinea on his chain, but though he completely cured the patient within eight months, he never took another fee from the poor fellow who had tried so hard to find that guinea, and had waited so patiently to consult him.

When a woman speaks of her hired girl as a "maid," she is thinking seriously of putting her in uniform.

No man need expect much of a display at his funeral, unless he is a colored man, and belongs to a lodge.

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Items of Useful Information Set in Brief Form.

A mile is 320 rods.  
A mile is 1,760 yards.  
A mile is 5,280 feet.  
A rod is 16½ feet or 5½ yards.  
A square rod is 272¼ square feet.  
An acre contains 160 square rods.  
An acre contains 43,560 square feet.  
An acre is about 208½ feet square.  
A pint of water weighs one pound.  
A solid foot contains 7.48 solid pints.  
A square foot is 144 square inches.  
An acre contains 4,840 square yards.  
A quarter section contains 160 acres.  
A solid foot contains 1,728 solid inches.  
A pint of water holds 28½ solid inches.  
A gallon of water holds 231 solid inches.  
An acre is 8 rods wide by 20 rods long.  
An acre is 10 rods wide by 16 rods long.  
A solid foot of water weighs 62½ pounds.  
A barrel (31½ gallons) holds 4½ solid feet.  
A bushel (struck) contains 2,150 solid inches.  
A gallon of milk weighs 8 pounds 10 ounces.  
A bushel (heaping) contains 1½ struck bushels.  
A struck bushel contains about 1¼ solid feet.  
A section, or square mile, contains 640 acres.  
A "hair's breadth" is one forty-eighth of an inch.  
Space has a temperature of 200 degrees below zero.  
A grain of magnesia will cover 50,000 grains of water.  
An inch of rainfall is equal to 14,500,000 gallons per square mile.  
Gold can be beaten 1,200 times thinner than printing paper; one ounce will cover 146 square feet.  
The falls of Niagara carry down 10,000,000 cubic feet of water per minute, equal to 3,000,000 horse-power.  
The longest tunnel in the world is that of Mount St. Gothard, 49,170 feet. The Hoosac tunnel is 23,700 feet in length.  
The lowest temperature hitherto attained, 220 degrees, is produced by evaporating in vacuo a mixture of solid protoxide of nitrogen, carbonic acid and carbon bisulphide.  
The big trees (redwoods) of Calaveras County, California, are 92 in number, ten being 80 feet in diameter. They range in height from 150 to 237 feet, and in age from 1,000 to 3,000 years.  
A grain of strychnine will impart a perceptible flavor to 1,750,000 grains of water, and in each of these grains of water—though containing but the 1,750,000th of a grain of strychnine—the flavor of strychnine can be distinctly tasted.  
Two heaping bushels of corn on the cob will make one struck bushel of shelled corn. Some claim that 1½ bushels of ear will make one bushel of shelled corn. Much will depend upon the kind of corn, shape of ear, size of cob, etc.  
The velocity of sound depends on the elasticity and density of the medium; the elasticity acts like a spring between the molecules of the medium; the greater the density the slower the motion, because there are more molecules to be set in motion, and hence more time is required. Warm air is rarer than cold air, hence sound travels more rapidly in warm air than cold air. At the freezing point sound waves travel 1,060 feet per second. A change of one degree varies the velocity about one foot per second.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

## A Plain Truth.

No man has a right to marry till, in every human probability, assured that he can support a family in his own station. Mere love or imprudent matches seldom turn out well; poverty comes, and there is so much self-reproach on either side that gall is added to its bitterness; their tempers are soured, and they soon wish themselves unmarried. But when trials assail an attached, reasonable pair, sorrow unites them closer; the man, feeling how much depends on him, never flags in his exertions, and often recovers the lost step; if not, there is still consolation in his wife's unvarying love—in her sweet, noiseless sacrifices. In these uncertain times there are few commercial men but have met with reverses, and they will often say:

"If it had not been for those at home, I should have blown my brains out; I could not have stood it."

Wife and children! They are a beacon to us in our troubled sea; we renew the struggle when ready to sink beneath the wave, and at last are saved. At the worst, when all is black—when friends are cooled or repulsed—when the cruellest doubts assail us—there is still one who respects and loves us; at home we are still dear.—New York Ledger.

## The Coming Black Sheep.

The Rev. Dr. Meredith, a well-known Brooklyn clergyman, tries to cultivate friendly relations with the younger members of his flock. In a recent talk to his Sunday school he urged the children to speak to him whenever they met.

The next day a dirty-faced urchin, having a generally disreputable appearance, accosted him in the street with: "How do, Doc?"

The clergyman stopped, and cordially inquired: "And who are you, sir?"

"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy, affably. "Fine day."

And, tiding him up to the back of his head, he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Tit for Tat.

Brothers and sister ought to be glad to give and receive mutual assistance.

"You show such bad taste in the selection of your neckties, Horace," said the elder sister of a youth in his teens. "They always look so wrinkled and shapeless, too. You ought to let me buy them and then for you."

"I'm willing, sis," he answered, looking at her pinched waist. "If you'll let me buy your belts and fasten them around you."—Youth's Companion.

## Old Venetian Coins.

Venetian coins of 1570 and 1577, bearing the name of one of the doges, have been found in Mashonaland, in the interior of South Africa.



PLEADING FOR HER BOY.



CHIEF SIMON POKAGON.



J. RUSSELL YOUNG.

July, 1897, and since his appointment worked almost day and night in his enthusiasm to bring the library up to his standard of perfection.

His career is a varied and highly interesting one. Mr. Young was born a little more than fifty-nine years ago in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and, after having with much difficulty and great effort and sacrifice, obtained a high school education, he began active life as a copy holder in the office of the Philadelphia Press, and soon graduated to the news editor's desk. At the outbreak of the civil war he was sent to the front as the war correspondent of the Press. He was successful, and at the close of the war became chief editor of the Press, a position which he resigned, going to London and Paris as the New York Herald's foreign correspondent. He gained national fame by his letters to the Herald while traveling around the world with Grant. Returning to America in 1873, he did editorial work for three years on the Herald, and in 1882 was appointed minister to China by President Arthur. He has left an exceedingly well written manuscript of the life of Grant.

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He wanted a Pension.  
Ople Read tells a funny story of a colored man who had conceived the idea that he could get a pension from the Government. He went to a pension agent to learn what steps it would be necessary for him to take to bring about the desired result.

"Were you really in the army, Sam?" asked the agent.

"Yes, sah; indeed I was, sah; I was in de army for more'n a year, sah."

"What regiment were you in, Sam?"

"Well, sah, I don't jist this minute remember, but I see gwine to bring you all de papers and dat will explain de matter."

"But you surely remember whom you were with, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sah; I remember dat all right; I was wid my young master."

"Oh, then, you were in the Confederate army, were you?"

"Yes, sah; yes, sah."

"Were you ever wounded, Sam?"

"Yes, sah; indeed I was; see dat scar, sah; I got dat scar in de army, sah."

"What was it hit you, Sam?"

"Wall, sah, it was a skillet, sah; indeed it was; a big iron skillet, sah."

"Now, see here, Sam, what chance can you have to get a pension? In the first place, you were in the rebel army, and then the only wound you received, anyway, was from a skillet; what in the world has our government got to do with your case?"

"Wall, sah, it was a government skillet, sah."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## He Obeyed Instructions.

The Club Women tells an amusing story of a party of women who recently visited Pike's Peak. A youth, still in knee breeches, although he wore a collar of extraordinary height and stiffness, was their guide, but his knowledge of the points of interest appeared to be slight.

Every few minutes he stood up and shouted the names of certain boulders and streams. When we were nearly at the top he called out:

"On the right is the Lion's Mouth?"

"Why is it called the Lion's Mouth?" asked a skeptical lady, who had pestered him with "whys" all the way.

"Aw, I dunno," said the lad, tired of being asked for information. "I was told to holler these names, I dunno why nothin'. It's my job to holler, and so I holler."

## Speed of the Frigate Bird.

Many sailors believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night on the American shore. Whether this is a fact or not has yet to be determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly under favorable conditions two hundred miles an hour.

## A Clear Field.

Hardfax—Hello, Honeydew! Haven't seen you in an age. What are you doing now?

Honeydew—I'm living in Chicago, trying to make an honest living.

Well, old boy, you ought to succeed. You haven't any competition.

Life.

## Horseflesh as Food.

Over 100,000 horses are killed every year for food in Paris, and there are scores of restaurants where horseflesh is served as an article of food. The use of this meat has recently extended to many other cities of Europe.

## Dollidom Aristocracy.

"My doll can shut her eyes and go to sleep just lovely."

"Huh! My doll never goes to sleep at all; she's got insomniac."—Chicago Record.