

IN THE OPEN AIR.

Wheel and away from the smoky town,
To the country side, where the earth
blooms fair;
From the busy ways where the sun beats
down,
For a bracing run in the open air.

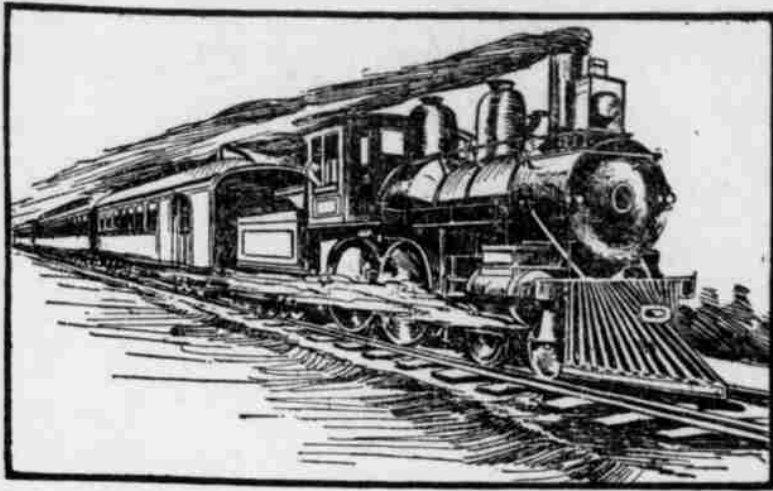
Spring into the saddle with feverish
haste,
Keen joy in the heart and a laugh for
care;
Away where the branches are interlaced
With the glorious blue of the open air.

The soul grows lean in the narrow
streets;
The spirit hearkens to grim despair;
Wheel and away where the rarest
sweets
Scent every breath of the open air.

The soul shall expand and the heart grow
light
In the distant lane where the city's
blare

Is lost like a phantom of vanished night;
Wheel and away to the open air,
—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE TRAIN PHOTOGRAPHED ITSELF.



By the use of the electric current a passenger train on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad was recently made to take its own photograph while going at the rate of nearly sixty miles an hour. A sharp, clear picture was obtained, including even the smoke from the locomotive, while the engineer's features are clearly outlined.

The camera was connected with the railroad track by an electric switch, the idea of Mr. Ayrault Green, of Chicago, after having made several attempts to get a snap shot in the ordinary way. Mr. Green's story of the way he carried out his plan is interesting. It is as follows:

"Thinking this was a simple task, I set to work with my regular camera, but to my regret my first pictures were utter failures. After some study as to the speed of trains and shutters, I determined these facts: Assuming the speed of the train to be sixty miles an hour, it is plain that eighty-eight feet would be covered in one second; hence, with a shutter working at one-hundredth part of a second, the train would move about 10.6 inches during

the interval of exposure, making a blur on the plate.

"I finally succeeded in devising a shutter which worked at a speed of one-thousandth part of a second. This speed allowed the train to move only a fraction over one inch, which would give quite a sharp picture, and on decreasing the angle at which the camera was set the movement on the plate was constantly reduced.

"After trusting to luck several times, and meeting with little success, I decided to employ electricity in the scheme and finally completed a machine which was simple, yet very efficient. The device comprises an electric switch communicated through a metallic circuit to a set of dry cells, and thence to a shutter release. One with a little knowledge of electricity can readily see that when the engine strikes the switch it closes the circuit and instantly the electricity communicated with the high speed shutter and the picture is correctly registered on the center of the plate.

"Thus the Burlington train took its own picture while running at full speed, and it may seem odd, yet it is true that a railroad locomotive has at last joined the great army of amateur photographers."

an assured her. "One of them suspicious gents came to the door last evening, as though it was the right that he had, but I gave him me mind on the subject, and he took himself off. Never a spoon or a fork would have been left the day had he got in!"

As she moved away from the door Mrs. Fenton caught sight of the folded piece of paper, which she hastily read. "What was the tramp like, Mrs. Maloy?" she asked.

"Dad and he was like any other member of the swell mob, as we call such in old Ireland. He had a false mustache to his face, and a hat that came down over the eyes of him."

"How was he dressed?"

"Faith and I couldn't tell you. I never take count of the clothes of tramps, for I know they never came into them the right way," said the deep reasoning woman.

Still unsatisfied, Mrs. Fenton went to the house of her nearest neighbor, and asked if she had seen her husband pass by on the previous evening.

"No," was the reply, "but I saw him this morning, walking hurriedly away from the house."

On her return Emmie again questioned the housekeeper.

"Do you think you could recognize Mr. Fenton from having seen him in his office?"

"Sure and I could that."

"Then you don't think he was the gentleman you took for a tramp?"

"Do you suppose I don't know a tramp when I gets the sight of him—me who was married to one ten years, till I couldn't stand his ways no longer?"

Mrs. Fenton's state of mind was anything but satisfactory. What should she do. She reckoned up the days, and concluded that her husband would be back from Chicago in a week's time. Should she write to him and explain matters? No, it was for him to explain—he had been in the wrong.

The days went slowly by, but the postman brought no letter from Gerald. The time she set expired, and he had not returned. So she went to his office and she learned that the Englishmen who were negotiating for the purchase of some mines insisted on Mr. Fenton's going to England. Should she write to him now, and explain that an accident prevented her return on that unlucky evening? No—the humiliation of getting the address from the office was too great. She again reckoned up the days, allowing three weeks for his return. The third came and went with no arrival and no tidings. She became a prey to the keenest anxiety, as well she might, for Gerald Fenton was an inmate of a London hospital, having met with an accident.

The weary weeks dragged on. There were times when Emmie left she must lose her reason. If her husband were only restored to her she never again would complain of his domineering ways. And on his side Gerald was thinking:

"How could I have been so overbearing? Emmie is my equal in all save my professional work and my superior in some ways. No wonder she resented my masterful airs! Well, she shall have no reason to complain in future."

"Can I soon leave, doctor?" he inquired one morning, when the house surgeon came on his rounds.

"You'll be ready to go in a day or two," was what he gladly heard, for he was all eagerness to commence his home life under a new aspect.

He had written a few lines to his wife, telling her what had befallen him, adding, "I am longing to be at home again that we may start a new

and a happier chapter together; one like the first of our series!"

And what that letter meant to Emmie only a woman similarly placed can know.

"Emmie, I'm still a bit of an invalid!" Gerald said on arriving at home. "You must be kind to me!"

Emmie could not speak; but she kissed him, and the silence that followed was eloquent.

"How on earth did you get rid of that drunken old witch?" he inquired presently. "Did you call in the police?"

"You don't mean Mrs. Maloy, do you? Why, she's here still, and is not a drinking woman."

"Well, I declare! I must have it out with her before I'm an hour older, or she'll be for turning me away again," laughed Gerald.

"Then you were the tramp, after all! I thought so from the first!" cried Emmie. "Poor Mrs. Maloy!"

According to the proverb concerning "black angels," the housekeeper appeared at this moment with a cup of tea for the traveller.

"Do you know me this time, Mrs. Maloy," Gerald asked, "or do you still take me for a tramp?"

"The salts preserve me!" was her excited response, while the tea cup narrowly escaped a spill. "Every fiber o' me is shaking with the sight! 'Twas the fairies that threw dust in me eyes! 'Twas the living with Maloy that put tramps on me brain. Rather than make the mistake to myself, I'd unbar the door to a whole regiment of 'em, and die on the gallows!"

"It's all right now, Mrs. Maloy; don't worry any more," said Gerald, and she retreated in tears to her kitchen. "All's well that ends well," added Gerald. "If Mrs. Maloy had not mistaken me for a tramp we both should have missed a lesson we needed." And he drew his wife's face down to his and kissed it fondly.

Awakened out of her sleep by her father's voice, Ada jumped from her crib, rushed into the sitting room and bounded into Gerald's arms.

"I knew you'd come back, 'cause we all love you!" she cried. "Don't we, mummy?"

"Better than life itself!" fervently replied Emmie. And Gerald felt that his matrimonial infelicities were over—Waverley Magazine.

Lapsus Linguae.

Printer's errors are often amusing—such as that by which "O tempora! O mores!" was rendered "O Tennyson! O Mosis!"—but just as amusing, though less frequently observed, are oral errors. Here are two good examples. In a country church the old vicar read out in the lesson for the day, that John the Baptist, in the Wilderness, fed on "locusts and wild beasts." The astonishing fact is that apparently no one in the congregation noticed the slip. More generally enjoyed was the exquisitely funny allusion in a local wedding-sermon, when the quotation "Sweeter than honey or the honeycomb" was rendered, to the confusion of several, "Sweeter than honey or the honeymoon!"

Long Postponed.

Helen of Troy was admiring a new girdle given by her lover.

"You don't think that horrid thing becoming?" asked one of her maids; "it's not at all the style."

"Oh, you're very much mistaken," replied the beautiful princess, "this is the latest thing from Paris!"

So obtuse, however, was the Trojan mind that it failed to see the point, and the straight-front corset did not come into vogue for 3,000 years.—New York Sun.

NOW A KING IN FACT.

BUT THERE IS NO GOOD REASON TO ENVY ALFONSO.

Threatening Political Situation Confronts Spain's Young Ruler—His Mother's Struggle in His Behalf—He Is Neither Petted Nor Spoiled.

The scepter to which he was born, but which has been withheld from him, has passed into the hands of Alfonso XIII. of Spain. The lad whom the world has pitied, and into whose future it may well look with deep concern, who was fatherless from birth, and whose courageous mother's regency has been full of troubles within and without, who has himself seen his country lose 160,000 square miles of territory and 12,000,000 of population—this boy is now a full-fledged monarch. He has been described as a physical weakling, with corresponding mental insufficiency. Those familiar with his training and acquainted with his personality say this is not true—that he is strong. For his own and his country's

child of middle class parents, mindful of his physical development, and surrounded by all the healthful influences of home life. He was kept in the open air and made to exercise his body as much as his years and his strength would permit. His teachers, as such, had over him the authority that teachers have over the son of any gentleman, and his kingly prerogative did not allow him to neglect his work or his studies. Born to command, he was taught to obey, and this system has been followed.

The King, besides Spanish, speaks French, English and German fluently. He has had teachers of military science, and in all departments of human knowledge is as proficient as a boy of his years, subject to a most careful training and gifted with a clear intelligence, may be expected to be. His mother has neither petted nor spoiled him.

There is no coronation in Spain, such a custom being foreign to the institutions of the country. The swearing-in ceremony took place in the Chamber of Deputies, where the young King stood on a throne and altar and took the oath. This simple ceremony was



She—Is your knee tired, dear? He—Oh, no. I can't feel it at all now.—Life.

"Dat's a queer boss-shoe over your door, Mr. Johnsing." "Boss-shoes is out of style; dat's a automobile tire."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Dugan—Shure, 'tis a gra-a-ty day fer us; me man Dinis is wur-r-kin' agin. Mrs. Hogan—Who?—Colorado Springs Gazette.

But she got there: "So he has at last led her to the altar?" "I don't know whether he led her or she pushed him."—Indianapolis Press.

"I tell you what, there's a dark outlook for that young man." "Why?" "He has a night job in a signal tower."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Zenas—The wallpaper in my room has a design with streaks of lightning. How do you like it? Ephraim—It looks like thunder.—Harvard Lampoon.

A Red-letter Day: The Stranger—How long have you been civilized? The Native—Ever since my home was burned to the ground, and my wife and children shot.—Life.

Time for Consideration: Miss Lulu Finnigan—I will give you me answer in a month, Pat. Pat—That's right, me darlint; tek plenty av time to think it over. But tell me wan thing now—will it be yes or no?—Judge.

"My son, before you study history, you must understand the philosophy of it." "How is that attained?" "By practice. You must learn to discriminate between lies of doubtful origin, and those which everybody has agreed to accept."—Life.

First Theatrical Manager—I thought you were going to put on "The Winter's Tale," and now you are billing "Midsummer Night's Dream." Second Manager—Yes; I didn't like the name of the other piece. It sounded too much like a frost.—Philadelphia Record.

The professor's granddaughter was looking at a half-tone portrait of Prince Albert of Flanders and the Duchess Marie Gabrielle of Bavaria. "Who are these people, grandfather?" she asked. "Those are the Belgian heirs," replied the professor.—Chicago Tribune.

A Sweeter Parting: "So you wish to take my daughter away from me," remarked her doting father. "Well—ah—that wasn't just exactly my thought," stammered the nervous young sutor; "my folks could perhaps spare me with fewer pangs."—Philadelphia Record.

House-owner—You didn't pay the rent last month. Tenant—No? Well, I suppose you'll hold me to your agreement. Owner—Agreement—what agreement? Tenant—Why, when I rented, you said I must pay in advance or not at all.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

"D'ye notice omy change since you was here before, sor?" asked the native guide at the lakes of Killarney. "How do you know I was ever here before?" asked the American tourist. "Faith, sor, no man ever comes here that hasn't been here before."—Philadelphia Record.

Teacher—Jimmy, if you found eighteen pennies and another boy should take two-thirds of them away, what would each of you have? Jimmy—I'd have six pennies an' he'd have a good thumpin' less he handed back the rest of 'em mighty quick.—Glasgow Evening News.

A Literary Career: Friend—"What is your son doing now?" Lady—"He's writing for the papers." Friend—"Oh, he is doing literary work, is he?" Lady—"I suppose so; he solicits subscribers, and when they pay him the money he writes for the papers they want."—Detroit Free Press.

He Knew: Sabbath School Teacher (striving to inculcate a love of truth)—"Now, Willy, suppose you were to promise your mother that you would come right straight home from Sunday school, and then did not do so, what would you be doing?" Willy Waters—"Goin' a-swimmin', ma'am."—Puck.

"Well," exclaimed the peralstent poet, upon opening his mail, "I call that encouraging." "Have they accepted something?" asked his wife. "No; but instead of the printed rejection slip, the editor returns my quatrain with a criticism in his own hand." "What does he say?" "He says: 'Herewith we return your quatrain; it is too long.'"—Ex.

A short time ago, at a school in the North of England, during a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question: "Can any boy name an animal of the order edentata; that is, a toothless animal?" A boy, whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark, replied: "I can." "Well, what is the animal?" "My grandmother," replied the boy, in great glee.—Ex.

Mr. G. Ormandizer (struggling to carve the first turkey his wife has ever cooked)—"Say, Mary, the bones in this bird are thicker than a shad's—just hear the knife grit." Mrs. G. Ormandizer (almost crying with anxiety)—"You must be against the shells, John." Mr. G. Ormandizer—"Shells?" Mrs. G. Ormandizer—"Yes, John; don't you remember that you asked me to stuff the turkey with oysters?"—Brooklyn Life.

They were assured of a successful season of grand opera, at least from a financial standpoint. Accordingly, the manager deferred to the two society women who had made this thing possible. "I prefer Italian opera," said one, "the music is so soft and low." "Ah, but Wagner is my choice." "Yes, but the Italian interferes but little with the conversation in the boxes." "True, but Wagner will give us an excuse for talking all the louder."—Philadelphia Press.



KING ALFONSO AND HIS MOTHER.

lake. It is to be hoped that this is true. No weakling can master the political situation which confronts Alfonso. The country is barely recovering from the recent war with the United States. Discontent and trouble are rampant in every direction. Political strife of various sorts threatens the public peace. In certain provinces socialism rears its head, menacing the kingdom with disintegration. In practically all of them, labor and social difficulties have reached a degree of intensity bordering on revolution. Socialists, anarchists, republicans and Carlists are ready to seize the first opportunity to overthrow the reigning dynasty. Darker and more threatening than it has been in over a century is the political atmosphere in Spain to-day.

To fit the youth for his royal duties has been the work of the Queen Regent during the past sixteen years. It has been a gloomy epoch. During the time that Maria Christina has reigned on behalf of her son Spain has lost the last shreds of her once world-wide empire. Spanish military prestige has been destroyed and the burden of defeat weighs heavily upon the proud spirit of the nation. Yet in the midst of all these adverse circumstances the Queen has never for a moment lost sight of the great duty of educating her son for the grave responsibilities of kingship. Through sorrow and uncertainty and in the midst of cruel vicissitudes, she has never flinched. She has rightfully earned the respect and admiration of the whole world. During the years of early childhood all sorts of rumors of the infant King's weakness were current. He was hardly expected to live, yet constant watchfulness pulled him through the dangerous years and unavoidable illnesses to which children are subject. Little by little the people began to see that, in the struggle, the mother was bound to be triumphant. The boy grew daily stronger, and the fears, and to many the hopes, of his early death began to disappear.

Though born to the purple, King Alfonso XIII. was brought up as the

followed by a reception at the palace, and in the evening there was a grand ball.

St. Lucia's Sulphur Mountain.

The island of St. Lucia, not far from Martinique, has a volcano, until lately supposed to be extinct, that is known as the Sulphur Mountain. It has an elevation of 1,000 feet above sea level, while the crater covers about four acres of surface. The sides of this volcano are barren of trees and herbs, and covered by thick deposits of sulphur.

Formerly it belonged to France, and Louis XIV. built, at great expense, an immense sanitarium around the boiling springs on its northern slope, the ruins of which are still standing. It was at the time believed that the waters had certain curative and medicinal qualities, but afterward this was found to be untrue, and the sanitarium remained untenanted, and a monument to misplacéd and mistaken judgment.

What She Would Say.

They were seated on the sofa in the parlor. His false, curling mustache was very near to the painted roses on her cheeks. He was doubtful, after all, whether, notwithstanding the innumerable vows of undying devotion that had passed between them, he really loved her with the 22-carat, 10-ton power that he ought to, if he was to regard her as his future wife, and he wondered how he could break the news gently. So in a very low voice he said:

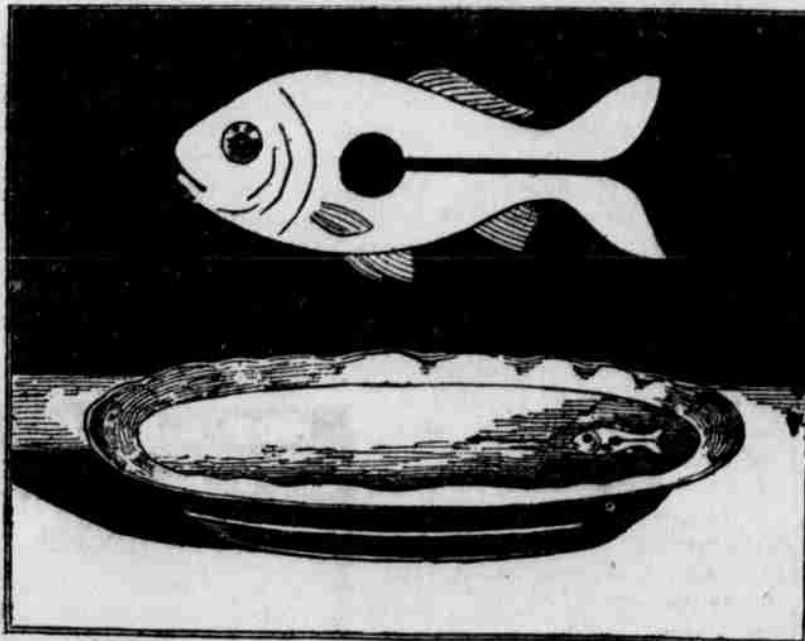
"What would you say, darling, if I should tell you that you can never be mine?"

"I should say, pet," she answered, "that I've got a nice bundle of your letters that would help to make it expensive for you."—London Answers.

Minnesota Miners.

About 40 per cent of the men employed in the Minnesota mines are Finlanders, another 40 per cent Hungarians, about 8 per cent Italians, and the rest are divided among Americans, Germans, French, Scotch, Welsh and Cornish.

THE PAPER FISH.



Cut a small fish of stiff writing paper, as shown in figure. Cut a round hole in the center and from there a narrow channel to the tail. Place the fish flat on the water, leaving the upper side dry. Our task is to make the fish swim without touching it or blowing at it.

This is done by carefully pouring a drop of oil in the hole cut out of its center. The oil will try to spread on the surface of the water, which it can do only by going through the channel. The pressure of the expansion will move the fish in the opposite direction, that is, forward—a motion lasting a considerable time.