

HYPOSCOPE ENABLES SOLDIER TO SHOOT WITHOUT BEING SEEN.



An English clergyman has invented a device which enables a marksman to aim over walls, ramparts, etc., without exposing himself to the fire of the enemy. It is called the hyposcope. The device consists of an arrangement of mirrors in a vertical tube which reflect the sunlight and save the shooter from exposing his head to look along the barrel. At four times in thirty-five shots.

THE THANKFUL HEART.

Thou art not rich, thou art not poor;
Thy fortune keeps the middle way.
No life thy strength cannot endure,
Apporportioned to the passing day.
Thou art not young, thou art not old,
Yet calm thou seest thy years depart,
And joys are thine a thousand fold—
Because thou hast the thankful heart.

A thankful heart for life alone
For beauty in the earth and skies
(And for such share as thou dost own
By happy gift of seeing eyes);
For human love's endearing bond,
Where stanchly thou dost bear thy part;
For solace here and hope beyond—
For all thou hast the thankful heart.

So to this day of crowning cheer
By easy course thy steps did tend,
Since with each day of all the year
Some grateful heaven thou didst blend.
No chance thy prize from thee can wrest;
While life shall last thou shalt not part
With that good gift of all the best—
The treasure of a thankful heart.
—Harper's Bazar.

COUSIN JOSHUA'S WILL.

"Cousin Joshua is dead," said mother, unbuttoning her jacket.
"Cousin Joshua dead!" repeated Chloe, incredulously.
"He lived to a good old age," remarked Celia, cheerfully.
"At last," breathed Persis.
"He left \$150,000," went on mother, taking off her bonnet.
"Dear Cousin Joshua," said Chloe, still more cheerfully.
"And he was a bachelor and father's first cousin," said Chloe, anxiously.
"Italy!" sighed Persis, blissfully.
"He left \$100,000 to various churches, libraries and charitable organizations," said mother, sinking into her chair.
"Well, that leaves \$50,000," said Celia, a little less cheerfully.
"The rest goes to the son of a dear friend of his youth, Charles Frederick Greyson," went on mother.
"But what about his first cousin's children?" gasped Chloe.
"To the children of his first cousin, your father," went on mother, as if she were reading from the will of the late Joshua, "he left the half-acre lot with the six-room cottage thereon, situated at Tyler's Crossing."
"The wretch!" cried Chloe.
"It is all because you married papa, and he wanted you himself," snapped Celia.
"Perhaps the six-room cottage on the half-acre lot contains one of those desks with a secret drawer concealing a fortune," said Persis, in whose breast "hope springs eternal."
"I'm sorry for you, girls," said mother, "but you know Aunt Hannah always said that all we should ever get from Cousin Joshua we could 'put in our eye and see clear.'"
"Well, go to that six-room cottage in summer," said Persis.
A few months later mother and the three girls took the barge at Tyler's for the cottage.

After riding a mile or two without passing any house, the driver stopped at the first of two weather-beaten cottages.
"This 'ere's the old Josh Slocum place and father's the Widder Bassett's. She and her son's stayin' there now, so you'll have neighbors. There ain't any others for two miles away."
"Let us hope 'Widder' Bassett's son is young and charming," said Persis, as they went into the cottage.
The next morning as Persis was weeding what she termed their "Garden of Eden" (more let it be confessed in the hopes of seeing the "widder's son" than from love of gardening, a snake glided across her path. The shrill, unearthly cry which came from her throat brought a young man over the dividing fence with as much celerity as even Persis could wish.

"What is it? Can I be of service?" cried the young man, hastily lifting his cap.
"Twas a snake! An enormous snake!" gasped Persis. "There it is now!" and a second cry rent the air.

A well-directed blow soon killed the invader of this second garden of Eden—a small, harmless, green reptile.
"Are you sure that is the one? I certainly thought it must be a boa constrictor at least," said the young man, eyeing Persis and the snake rather dubiously.
"You wouldn't stop to think whether it was one foot or one hundred if it was running under your skirts," said Persis, then stopped rather suddenly.
"No," said the young man, soberly, "that would certainly alter the case."
The two families became good friends, finding each other most congenial.

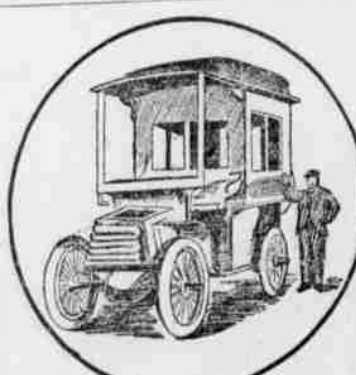
"You would hardly suppose this small cottage represented \$50,000 and a trip to Europe, would you?" asked Persis one afternoon, as she lay swinging in a hammock.
"The best thing you can do," said Mrs. Bassett, after hearing the explanation, "is to find Charles Frederick Greyson and marry him."
"I wouldn't marry him if he had a million," retorted Persis. "The idea of robbing a defenseless widow with three charming daughters."
"Really, though," said Frederick Bassett, "I don't see how young Greyson is to blame."

"Well, he is," snapped Persis, with an air of finality. "I despise him. I shall marry some young struggling doctor or lawyer or—" and she stopped, blushing furiously, for it occurred to her that Frederick Bassett was a lawyer, although he did not appear to be struggling for fame just at present.
The summer wore away, and as a natural sequence its close brought the engagement of Persis and the "widder's son."
"Persis," said Frederick one night, "do you think you could have confidence in one who had deceived you?"
"Do you mean to say that you have deceived me?" said Persis, sitting up very straight.
"Well—or—that is, Persis—"
"Are you married?" gasped Persis, with such a tragic air that the heartless young lawyer laughed.

"No—not yet, Persis, but my mother was married twice, and I am the son of her first marriage. My name is—"
"Don't say it is Smith," interrupted Persis; "anything but that."
"My name," he went on, rather hurriedly, "is Charles Frederick Greyson."
"Is Charles Frederick Greyson?" cried Persis; "then you are Cousin Joshua's heir; and I always said—"
"Never mind what you said. You didn't know what a nice fellow he was, did you?"
"But why didn't you tell me before?" asked Persis.
"Why, bless your heart, Persis, you always said you wouldn't marry Charles Frederick Greyson, and I have found you a person who knows her own mind quite thoroughly; but you were so adorably lovely I couldn't resist trying to win you as Frederick Bassett."
"Well," said Persis, "I suppose I can forgive you, but—"
"Of course you can," said Charles Frederick Greyson—Indianaapolis Sun.

LONG TOUR IN AUTOMOBILE.

Dr. Lehwess Has Set Out for Paris to Circle the Globe.
Dr. Lehwess, a naturalized Englishman of German birth, who lives in



DOCTOR LEHWESS' AUTO.

Paris, proposes to complete this cosmopolitanism by going around the world in an automobile.
The doctor says the journey on which he set out from Paris is undertaken

partly from love of motoring, partly because he wants material for a book, partly because of a keen financial interest in the prospects of increased trade between Russia and England following the completion of the Trans-Siberian railway. From Paris the route route proposed is as follows: Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Nijni Novgorod, Kasan, Omsk, Tomsk, Irkutsk, Khabarovsk, and then either across the desert of Gobi to Peking and Tien-Tsin, or by Nanchang, Ghabarov to Vladivostok, according to the political situation in China. From the Pacific coast the expedition will cross by steamer to Japan, and from there via Honolulu to San Francisco.

"The car must be a good hill climber to surmount the Rockies?" was suggested.
"I don't intend to put it to the test," said the doctor. "We shall proceed south across Mexico to New Orleans, and from there to St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and after an excursion into Canada we shall finish our transcontinental journey at New York. From New York the car will swing on the crane for the last time, and the last lap will be a quick run from Liverpool to London."

"The time it will take? Oh, we calculate on being away about eight months. This is not to be a race, but a tour of inspection."
The automobile is a Panhard Levasor of thirty horse power, with a carriage beautifully fitted up to Dr. Lehwess' specifications. It is of the Pullman type and has sleeping accommodations for four. It is painted a brilliant yellow, with dark red relief.

ITS 250TH ANNIVERSARY.

Old Maine Town that Dates Back to the Beginning of Our History.
The town of York, Me., recently celebrated the 250th anniversary of its incorporation under its present name. Previous to this, however, the town existed under the name Gorgeanna, so called after Sir Ferdinand Gorges, its founder, who received a land grant from the Plymouth Council in 1622. York experienced its share of Indian



M'INTIRE GARRISON.

deprivations, and in 1692 nearly all its inhabitants were killed or captured by a band of French and Indians. The few who escaped had found refuge in the jail and the McIntire garrison, both of which buildings still exist in good preservation, although the jail dates back to 1653 and the garrison building to 1623. In the revolutionary struggle York took a patriotic and noble part, and her sons were among those who helped to shape the policy and build up the Massachusetts commonwealth.

Equal to the Task.

A certain lady had, one day, been rudely treated by a minor railway official. She was very indignant, and quite at a loss for words; but she had a saving sense of humor, and turned to a stranger at her elbow.
"Sir," said she, "will you tell this man what I think of him?"
The stranger, without betraying the least excitement, said, in a melancholy drawl:
"Sir, this lady thinks you an under-strapper, clothed with a little brief authority, whose only qualification for the position you occupy is your extraordinary impudence."

Mexican Carpenters.

A Mexican carpenter considers hanging one door a big day's work. An American carpenter will easily hang ten doors a day.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who inquired of her sulking boy: "Has the cat got your tongue?"

LATE JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

The right of a municipality to reassess the cost of a street improvement upon abutting property after an assessment is set aside, as in contravention of the charter, is held in Green vs. Tidball (Wash., 55 L. R. A. 879) to be within a covenant against encumbrances, in a conveyance of the property made subsequent to the improvement.

A homestead exemption is held, in Lyons vs. Andry (La., 55 L. R. A. 721) not to be lost by failure to actually reside upon the property, where the homesteader left the place because his house was blown down by a storm, and lived with a son at a short distance, but visited his place every day, and continued to cultivate garden truck upon it by which he earned his living.

There must be something beyond a mere guess on the part of the miner to authorize him to make a location which will exclude others from the ground, holds the Supreme Court of Utah, in the case of Copper Globe Mining Company vs. Allman (64 Pac. Rep., 1019), such as the discovery of the presence of precious metals at the place where the notice is posted, or in such proximity to it as to justify a reasonable belief in the existence of a lode there.

Even at this day the courts are called upon to decide questions arising out of slavery, as appears from a recent decision of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts in the case of Irving vs. Ford (60 N. E. Rep., 492), in which the legitimacy of a child of a slave marriage was involved. The parents of the child, now advanced in years, were at the time of his birth slaves in Virginia. In 1846, prior to his birth, by consent of their owners, they went through a form of marriage in the presence of the master of one of them, and afterward lived together for eight years. In 1854 the father escaped to Massachusetts, and there, in 1856, married another woman, by whom he had a son and daughter. He lived with this woman until his death, in 1898. After the war the son born in Virginia by the first marriage was recognized by his father as his son. On the death of the father the son by the second marriage was appointed administrator, whereupon the son by the first marriage asked to have him removed on the ground that he was not a lawful child, but that he, the son of the first marriage, was the lawful son of the deceased. It was contended by the Massachusetts son that the son born of the slave marriage in Virginia was illegitimate because in that State marriages between slaves had no legal effect; but this contention was answered by stating that the statute passed in Virginia after the war legitimizing slave marriages was sufficient to make the Virginia son legitimate. The court escaped from the embarrassing position of declaring either of the contestants illegitimate by holding that even though the Virginia son were made legitimate by statute, it did not follow as a consequence that the Massachusetts marriage was void and the children of it illegitimate; that as the petition for removal goes on the single ground that the Virginia son is the only legitimate child, a sufficient case for removal has not been made on that ground. The court said they would leave the question as to whether the Virginia son was entitled to share in the distribution of the estate undecided.

Thought He Smelled Gas.

That the dangers of asphyxiation are not confined to leaking gas pipes is shown by the experience of a denizen of this city a few days ago. Going to his home at night, when all the members of his family were away, he was startled by a strong odor of gas, and promptly went over the house from garret to cellar in search of an open stopcock, says the Washington Star. He was unsuccessful in his search and finally, when worn out, he opened all the windows above the first floor and went to bed, determined to risk the consequences. The next morning, when the odor of gas was still strong, the lonely man's wife, who was on a visit to her mother's home, returned and was horrified upon learning that any one had actually slept in a house in which danger from asphyxiation must have been imminent. She proceeded to search for the leak in the gas pipe, but gave up her attempt in despair, and then the plumber was sent for to learn whether the pipes were broken at some place where they were out of sight. The plumber arrived and after working diligently for a while his trained olfactory nerves guided him away from the gas fixtures to closets and storerooms, where portieres, rugs, carpets, winter wraps and a multitude of other household and personal goods had been freely treated with gasoline on the previous day and packed away. The plumber will send in his bill within a few days and there may be an explosion then in which gas and gasoline will have only an indirect relation.

Look His Bath by Schedule.

The family of a newly-made millionaire was visiting New York, says the Sun, and took apartments in one of the large and luxurious hotels. One of the younger members of the family was much impressed by the wealth of his surroundings.

Writing home, he gave a glowing account of their apartments. "We have such a fine porcelain bath-tub," he said, "that I can hardly wait until Saturday night to get into it."

As Indicated.

First Citizen—Is the policeman in your neighborhood square?
Second Citizen—I guess he is; at least he's never round when wanted.

OLD-FASHIONED CAMP MEETING...

When the Exhorter Spoke Intense Excitement Reigned—Manifestations of Grief and Repentance...

JIMMY JONES had volunteered the information that there was going to be a camp meeting over in "Frisbie's woods," and a crowd soon volunteered to go over in the evening and hear the services. Camp meetings constitute a phase of summering that is always looked forward to with satis-



"GOOD MORNING!"

faction by the duty-bound devotee, and always duly visited by the outsider in the vicinity for the variety, excitement and novelty ever presented. It is here, "close to nature's heart," that the enthusiastic young churchman finds new zeal for his religious fervor, while to

movement animating them. Suddenly a tall, heavily built negro woman, dressed in a bright-colored Mother Hubbard gown and with a jaunty little jockey cap cocked on her woolly head, threw her hands up and shouted, "Glory Ah Hah!" Then she rocked herself back and forth and began to moan and cry out inarticulately, and presently her excitement was communicated to others. A wild-eyed man of about 50 years pushed forward to the mourner's bench, dropped on his knees and began to rub his hands together and shout, "Hallelujah!"

A perfect stampee was now made for the mourner's bench, or mercy seat. One young colored woman toppled over with a moan and lay perfectly still. Two young girls of about 14 clung to each other and cried, "Oh, save me! Oh, forgive my sins!" The old gray-bearded man to the left kept up his rapid ejaculations of "Save me, rescue me, oh, that I may be forgiven!" at the same time rubbing his hands together in an ecstasy of religious fervor.

It was a lurid sight—tense with the rapt and agonized faces of excited humanity, colored and white arms, and tear-stained cheeks, the flying tresses of young girls, and the white locks of old men. Nothing but the strong emotional excitement could have produced such a result.

In broad common daylight, however, the scene had more of the cheering and cozy characteristics of real



ON THE MOURNERS' BENCH.

the ancient idler it is an occasion when conventional trammels are relaxed, and stentorian voice and freedom of natural gesture aid him in expressing "the faith that is within him!"
A typical country road led up to the camp site—dusty, broad, and with wide fields and a rolling country stretching beyond. Various groups of pedestrians plodded along the starlit highway, and they could hear the echoing tones of the leading exhorter, ringing from the high knoll where the tent was pitched, long before they had it in view. All around vehicles were hitched to the



LOOKING AFTER TEMPORAL NEEDS.

trees that grew thickly about. Farm wagons, buggies, carryalls, buckboards, roadcarts—all sorts of conveyances—were scattered around, and from the branches swung gasoline "blazers" and lanterns which lit up the grove.
The tent was a large one, and looped up at three sides. At the back a platform had been built, and an impromptu pulpit provided. Here the tent canvas came to the ground, and a bench on the platform occupied by the assistant exhorters was backed close to it. The revivalists were seven in number and the gathering of people before them was evidently drawn mainly from the surrounding district. Some were there purely for motives of idle curiosity, some were drawn there by a desire to study this strangest of all phases of life in rural communities and some were there impelled by a vague uneasiness regarding the condition of their souls and their prospects for the future.

It was a gathering of saints and sinners, of devotees and scoffers. The preacher, a tall man with dark-brown beard and fairly regular features, held forth in trumpet tones, striding up and down the platform and swinging his long arms to emphasize his periods. His voice rose to its full strength, his arms waved wildly and he strode up and down the platform. The circle of people seemed to gradually approach the speaker without any perceptible

outing enjoyment. Bright voices rang out with the earliest birds, here and there a pretty face would obtrude from canvas folds with a chatty "Good morning!" while practical dames and misses hovered about the stoves under the trees, looking after the temporal needs of the community, and preparing appetizing dishes, partaken of with keen zest by hungry elders and by ravenous younger members of the encampment. A certain picnic flavor invariably pervades the scene in the day time, but only to gradually dissipate as dark comes on, and shadows and silence being impressive solemnly. Then recurs the same nightly experience, until midnight arrives, and the crowd dwindles away, and physical exhaustion begins to tell on the voices and frames of the mourners, and the cries become less and frequent, the excitement dies down entirely and silence reigns supreme. Over the darkened grove and above the tall oaks and hickories the white clouds float, and a glorious moon rises full and free to a golden harbor far southward.

Dogs to Guard the Louvre.

Though the "diving dogs" of the Parisian river police have been rather ridiculed since they absolutely refused to go to the rescue of the enterprising journalist who threw himself recently into the Seine from the Pont de la Tourneelle to try their mettle, dogs are to have another official appointment in Paris.

The authorities at the Louvre are instituting a "dog service" to supplement the night guardians of the museum. This excellent innovation has been brought about by the action of an irrepressible journalist, who in his thirst for "copy" hid himself in one of the Roman sarcophagi when the doors of the great museum closed to the public at 5 in the evening. He was not discovered, and would have remained there all night with the whole of the priceless collection at his mercy had it not been that a friend to whom he had confided his intention wisely informed the authorities.

This fact conclusively proved the journalist's contention that the place was not properly guarded, and the authorities for once thought it was best "to shut the stable door before the horse was stolen," and so have settled that in future the night patrol will be accompanied by dogs who can be trusted to scout out intruders.

A Homemaker.

A woman to be the best homemaker needs to be devoid of intensive "nerves." She must be neat and systematic, but not too neat lest she destroy the comfort she endeavors to create. She must be distinctly amiable, while firm. She should have no "career," or desire for a career, if she would fill to perfection the home sphere. She must be affectionate, sympathetic and patient, and fully appreciative of the worth and dignity of her sphere.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.