

A FARMER IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

My head's in a muddle,
My heart's full of trouble,
And little the wonder, as soon you may see,
I want a wife badly,
And marry I'd gladly,
But that's where my heart and my head disagree.

My heart says, When you love
Be sure that it's true love
Before you dare venture to ask for her hand.
Then my head whispers, Charmers
Are useless to farmers,
Take a lass of good stock and a flatful
Of land.

Oh, Sheila is artful,
She carries a heartful
Of Cupid's devices hid under her
shawl—
A smile to allure you,
A glance to assure you,
Then a toss of her head that makes
light of them all.

My impudent Kitty,
So smiling and witty,
So bold and bright when, there's com-
pany near,
She'd banquet a neighbor,
But bring it a labor
To work for the poor man that loved
her so dear.

Bad luck to the fairy
That saddled poor Mary
With a face and a fortune so contrari-
wise;
Though her features are twisted,
Could the farm be rested,
Sure her cows and young pigs would
bring tears to your eyes.

But the lass that will love me—
By all that's above me!
I'll take her and wed her for love's own
sweet sake;
If she's fair, all the better,
I'm thankful to get her,
Rich, poor, plain or handsome, I'm wil-
ling to take!
—H. M. Johnston, in Spectator.

"Saved as by Fire"

John Chalmers looked at his watch, the watch his father had given him the day he was 21.

"Eight-thirty," he muttered, and closed the case with a sharp click. He stared at his desk, at the papers in confusion, at the overturned wastebasket and the litter on the floor. Then he went to the window and opened it.

The night was dark and the east wind blew softly. The sky was sprinkled with stars that seemed strangely near. Far below the street lamps trailed away in orderly rows. The night was oppressively quiet.

He turned back. A peculiar sound caught his ears. It was a rapid clicking that came from beyond the north wall of the room.

"It's the girl at the typewriter," he muttered. "Those fellows don't spare her. But she doesn't seem like the complaining sort. I never saw her when she wasn't looking bright and cheerful. I wonder what she finds in life?"

And because he had found very little in life, he kicked the wastebasket viciously and flung himself into his desk chair. He was 31, a young man who had tired grown old in experience and had tired of the game. His castles had gone crumbling, his hopes were withered, his faith in himself was wrecked. He had thrown up his hands in surrender.

Out of the little fortune he had won by his shrewdness and daring, there was a handful of dollars left. But he didn't fear poverty. He had his health, he had his hands, he was big and strong and he had his quick brain.

There was no question about his ability to keep the wolf from the door. But he couldn't bring himself to the thought of working for a master, he had always been so free, so independent.

But no, he was tired of it all. He had played his cards and lost. He was down, he was humiliated, he was glad to quit.

For two nights he hadn't slept, but there was a long sleep ahead of him. And the busy typewriter beyond the north wall clicked on.

"I fancy I've been too much alone," he muttered and a little wave of self-pity ran through his mind. "If I had married," he paused with a short laugh. "That girl's pleasant face is making me sentimental. I wish I had spoken to her this morning when her skirt caught in the elevator door. How prettily she thanked me." He looked around. "I'd like to leave her something," he murmured. "What shall it be? When a man is making his will he can't be too careful. I wonder if she'd care for that paper weight? It was cut from a mummy case in old Egypt. It's thousands of years old, if Battersby is right. I'll put it on her door sill with my card. For the girl with the cheery face." He laughed again and then looked at his watch. "Guess I've settled up everything," he said. "No man will be the poorer for my going, and no man will be the better if I stay." He arose and crossed to the window. "I've only to drop from this," he slowly muttered. "Twelve stories. No doubt I will be dead before I reach the pavement." He peered down at the twinkling lights far below. "Ever since I was a boy great heights have fascinated me. They seem to draw me with invisible hands. I have had to clutch at something to save myself from that fatal lure. The invisible hands will get me at last."

He paused and the typewriter clicking was heard again. "I'll put the paper weight at her door," he said, and turned and picked up the polished cube and started for the door. He swung it open and slipped into the hall. As he did so a puff of gray smoke came up the elevator shaft.

"What's that?" he cried, and ran to the iron gates. A stronger puff smote him in the face. He drew back coughing and gasping. For a moment he hesitated. Then he ran to the narrow stairway at the end of the hall. The smoke was puffing up there, too.

In a second he was back at the door of the room adjoining his own. He could hear the clicking typewriter within. He rapped deliberately. The clicking stopped. There was a moment of hesitation. Then the door was opened by the girl. She started at sight of John Chalmers.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for alarming you, but I'm afraid the building is on fire."

"On fire!" she echoed. As if to confirm his words a fresh puff of smoke whirled through the elevator doors.

The girl's face paled. "There is no cause for immediate alarm," said John quietly.

"What are we to do?" the girl asked.

"We can do nothing but wait," he answered. "The fire seems to have gained some headway. We can't get through that smoke on the stairs, and the new fire escape has only reached the sixth story. No doubt the firemen are on their way and we will soon be relieved."

She was watching his face as he spoke. Now she faintly smiled.

"I will put away some papers," she said, "and get my jacket."

He hurried to the elevator doors again, but the smoke drove him back. He could see the white walls of the shaft slowly reddening. As he retreated his eyes caught sight of a coil of rope on the floor in a corner. He remembered why it was there. Just the day before a stepladder had painted and glided the flange of the tower structure and the rope was part of his apparatus. John Chalmers caught up the coil and dragged it to his room and flung it through the door.

"Come," he said to the girl.

"She quickly obeyed him. "Well?" she said.

"Come into my room. It is a little farther from the shaft. This smoke is getting unsupportable. We must bar it out."

She followed him into his room and

he closed the door and pushed the window a little higher.

"Hark," he said. The clang of bells below could be heard. He leaned out. "The apparatus is coming from all directions," he said. "Ah!"

There was a crash of glass and a puff of smoke from a window several stories below.

"What was it?" the girl called.

"The fire seems to be on the seventh floor," he answered. "The heat is breaking the glass."

He went to the door and opened it a little way. Then he closed it quickly and came back and leaned again from the window.

"They are getting the ladders up," he said. "They are breaking in the windows."

He spoke quietly as a mere spectator might speak. He must not alarm the girl. He realized that they were penned in this tall tower like trapped rats. Would help come? If so, it must come soon.

Suddenly the lights went out.

"That was to be expected," he said calmly.

The room seemed very dark.

The girl came closer. The smoke was getting dense.

"May I—may I take your hand?" she timidly asked.

"Why, yes," he answered, and their hands met in the darkness.

"You do not tremble," said the girl. "Are you not afraid?"

"I am afraid of nothing save myself," he murmured.

The street. "The firemen are waving their hats to me. They mean courage. Here," he suddenly turned to the girl, "take my place for a moment. They must not think I have succumbed. Careful. Careful. Not too far. There, they see you." Another hoarse roar came from the street. The girl, with the searchlight flaring upon her, waved her hand to the crowd below, and another deep roar came up.

John Chalmers was dragging the coil of rope to the window. Then he dropped it on the floor and ran to the desk. He drew a match from his pocket and, lighting it, snatched up a sheet of paper and scribbled half a dozen words. He fastened his message to the end of the rope with a rubber band and quickly paid out the coil. He watched it with an eager gaze. Was the rope long enough?

"Ah!" he cried. "It reaches—the fireman has caught it." He knotted the end of the rope about a chair leg and flung off his coat.

The smell of burning wood was strong in the room. The smoke forced its way about the door. There was a dull red glare through the transom.

John caught up the rope again and peered down.

"They are coming with extra hose," he cried. "There, there, they are fastening the rope to it. Hurry, lads, hurry. They are waving their hats to me. Yes, yes, I understand."

With a steady and powerful pull he drew in the rope. Hand over hand he drew it in. And below the ladder the firemen passed up the hose—passed it up with trained muscles, swiftly and steadily.

John did not waste his strength. He knew that the weight would sorely tax his back and arms. But he had been the strong man of his class at college, and he was glad to feel that his muscles were gamely responding to the strain. Heavier and heavier grew the burden. He clenched his teeth and drew the rope foot by foot.

And as he labored he breathed a thankful prayer that he had unwittingly prepared himself for the emergency, and that now he was meeting it like a man.

His back was sorely cramped, his arms ached in their sockets, a red mist swam before his eyes, and then with a final pull he brought the brass nozzle within reaching distance and clutched it and with a mighty effort drew it across the sill, and so into the room. And from the street below came another hoarse cry.

Coughing and half strangling, for the smoke was getting more and more dense, John hauled in the hose until it reached close to the closed door.

"Now," he cried to the girl, "lean from the window and wave your arms to the men below. Make them understand that you want the water. Make them understand."

The girl obeyed.

John crept to the door and flung it open. Then he threw himself on the hose with a stout grasp on the nozzle, and his head close to the door, and waited.

The hall was gray with smoke, and flames were darting through the elevator ironwork. Above the elevator shaft the red tongues of fire were running here and there. In a moment, it seemed as if the whole interior of the hallway might be filled with a roaring flame.

"Do they understand?" he cried.

The girl heard him.

"Yes, yes, I think they do," she answered.

"Wave your arms again."

The girl leaned out.

"Do they answer?"

"They are shouting up to me. I can't hear what they are saying. They are holding the hose tightly against the ladder. Yes, yes, the water is coming."

John put his body upon the hose and, lying prostrate, waited.

Then the hose suddenly stirred like a living thing and the water gushed from the nozzle. It was not a powerful stream—the height was too great—but little by little the force increased, yet not enough to imperil John's firm grasp on the nozzle.

And now he was directing the heavy flow through the open doorway against the blazing woodwork. Round about the hallway the torrent flew and scattered and scraped. With a mighty effort John drew the hose forward a little farther and, elevating the nozzle, swept away the flames that were creeping about the woodwork above the shaft.

This was not done in a moment. The fire was stubborn and let go its hold slowly.

The girl came close to John and dropped on her knees beside him.

"Somehow he felt her presence. "Are you there?" he asked.

"Yes."

He drew a quick breath.

"You're fine," he said. "Not a whimper, not a tear. I didn't suppose there was such a girl."

"Do you know why I have been so brave?" she asked. "It is because you are with me. You encouraged me, you gave me strength, you gave me hope. I didn't dare to be weak and foolish. You were so cool, so quiet, so strong. What a power for good a man like you can be!"

There was a little silence, and the steady stream swept about the hall and drove a river of water down the shaft.

"The danger is quite over, I think," he presently said. "No doubt the firemen have conquered the flames below."

The girl still knelt beside him.

"I—I can't thank you for what you have done," she said, with a sudden break in her voice.

"Don't try," he interrupted. "You don't owe me any thanks. If you hadn't been here I wouldn't—well, I wouldn't have had any incentive to—to do what I have done. You have taught me a lesson—perhaps I'll tell you some time what it is. There, that's all the water we can put to use—except a little for our grimy faces. Will you wave your arms again to the boys below?"

The girl ran to the window and looked down. A wild cheer greeted her. She waved her arms and presently the water was shut off.

John arose from his cramped position and stretched himself and walked about a little. Then he splashed through the water and raised the hall windows and let out the smoke.

The sky lightened and the moon had risen, and the upper floor was no longer wrapped in gloom.

John looked at his watch. "Nine o'clock," he said. "A pretty lively twenty minutes."

"I hope," said the girl, "that my mother will not worry. If she hears about the fire it will greatly alarm her. And if I am late she will be very anxious."

John turned suddenly.

"I'm going to take you home," he said. "And if there are any explanations to make you can rely on me to make them."

There was a heavy step on the stairway. A fireman with a lantern arose from the depths below.

He raised his lantern above his head as he came forward.

"Oh, there you are!" he cried. He let the lantern shine on the grimy and bedraggled man and thrust out his hand.

"How are you, brother?" he said, with a coarse laugh.

John laughed as he gripped the big hand.

"Fine," he answered. "But here, I want you to know my assistant fireman."

And the fireman and the girl gravely shook hands.

"Glad to know you, ma'am," said the big fireman. "There's nothing too good in the department for either of you." He looked at John admiringly. "You're a bunch of muscles, all right," he said. "We didn't any of us believe you'd get the hose to the window." He turned and threw the light about.

"You certainly saved the roof," he cried. "But there, you'll want to go down now, no doubt. The fire was on the seventh floor—and up here. It made a pretty clean sweep. But you can get down to the sixth floor, all right. You'll find the lights still burning there, and you can wash up and the elevator man will take you the rest of the way. And you want to look out when you reach the street—there's a crowd there ready to eat you up."

A few moments later they were on the stairs.

"And to think," said the girl, a little hysterically, "that a half hour ago you and I were strangers—and might never have met!"

"And might never have met," he gravely echoed.

"And now I seem to have known you for such a long while. Life is very strange at times, isn't it?"

"Yes," John replied.

"But it's worth living."

And she laughed lightly, and her laugh was as pleasant as her pretty voice.

John looked back at her, but she could not see his face because the stairway was dark.

"Yes," he said, "life is worth living."—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WAR SCARE OF 1895.

Cleveland's Answer to Shakespeare's Invitation Averted a Crisis.

After President Cleveland had sent his famous Venezuela message to Congress in 1895, he wrote a letter in response to an invitation to deliver an address in Birmingham on Shakespeare's birthday which did much to allay public feeling in England.

George F. Parker, former consul at Birmingham, quotes the letter in McClure's:

Executive Mansion, Washington, March 30, 1896.—My Dear Mr. Parker: I have received your letter informing me that the Birmingham Dramatic and Literary Club intends to celebrate the birthday of Shakespeare on the 21st of April, and extending to me on behalf of the club an invitation to be present on that occasion.

Everything that tends to keep alive the memory of Shakespeare and preserves a proper appreciation of his work, challenges my earnest interest and approval; and though I cannot be with you on the occasion you contemplate, I am glad to know that our American people are to be prominently represented in the celebration.

There is much said and written, in these days, concerning the relations that should exist, bound close by the strongest ties, between English-speaking peoples, and concerning the high destiny that awaits them in concerted effort. I hope we shall never know a time when these ennobling sentiments will be less often expressed, or will in the least lose their potency and influence.

Surely, if English speech supplies the token of united effort for the good of mankind and the impulse of an exalted mission, we do well fittingly to honor the name and memory of William Shakespeare. Yours very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND.

"The reception of this letter by the press was generous and high-minded; Punch joined the chorus with a page cartoon; and it is safe to say that the ghost which had been raised by the Venezuela message was laid by the Shakespeare letter written by President Cleveland on March 30, 1896."

THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT

Who wrote the fourteenth amendment? is a question which has been answered so variously that any new and authoritative word on the subject is sure to claim attention from students of political history. In a book recently issued called "The Adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment," Horace Edgar Flack devotes some space to the claims advanced in behalf of different persons, among them Judge Stephen Neal, who died at Lebanon, Ind., in June, 1895, Robert Dale Owen, the communist, and John A. Bingham, Congressman from Ohio.

At the time of Judge Neal's death the papers throughout the country quite generally recognized him as the father of the amendment. Judge Neal himself firmly believed that the amendment, as adopted, followed a measure which he had formulated and sent to Godlove Stoner Orth, an intimate friend, at that time representative in Congress from the Lebanon district. To support this claim he had preserved a letter from Congressman Orth in which the latter told him that he had submitted Neal's plan to the congressional committee of fifteen, considering reconstruction measures, and that the committee had adopted it almost verbatim.

An unprejudiced and dispassionate reader of Mr. Flack's book will probably agree with him that the amendment was really not the product of one mind, but of many; that it was not a spontaneous creation, but a product of evolution, and that its growth from the time when its first section was presented to the reconstruction committee until all its five heterogeneous propositions were finally adopted by sufficient States to make it a part of the Constitution can be traced in the records of the period.

When Congress refused to accept President Johnson's reconstruction plans and claimed for itself the right to determine conditions on which the seceding States should be admitted into the Union, a joint committee of fifteen was appointed by the two houses to take into consideration the whole subject of reconstruction.

The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments were adopted as reconstruction measures. The fourteenth was undoubtedly adopted by Congress in the hope that it would deprive the South of what Northern Republicans considered unfair use of political power by granting to negroes the franchise, which they would use in support of the party which had freed them. Strangely enough, the second section of the amendment, which by appealing to the self-interest of the Southern States compelled the granting of the suffrage to the negro, has not accomplished its object, several Southern States having educational qualifications which practically shut out illiterate blacks. But it has established the principle that a higher qualification than that of race must serve as the basis of the voting privilege.

A sharp distinction exists between the war amendments and the eleven which preceded them, as Mr. Flack states in his book. "The first eleven amendments to the Constitution of the United States," he writes, "were intended as check or limitations on the federal government and had their origin in a spirit of jealousy on the part of the States. This jealousy was largely due to the fear that the federal government might become too strong and centralized unless restrictions were imposed upon it. The war amendments marked a new departure and a new epoch in the constitutional history of the country, since they trench directly upon the powers of the States, being in this respect just the opposite of the early amendments."

THE FAMILY DOCTOR



Exercise for the Fat.

Although the food that one takes often has much to do with the amount of fat put on, and a restriction in the intake of fat-forming foods may prevent the formation of more fat in the tissues or even effect a reduction, it is seldom that this alone will prove efficacious.

A strict diet is irksome, and most fat people are too easy-going to carry it out faithfully. This is not that they are weak or deficient in self-control, but they are too happy and content with their flesh to be willing to suffer overmuch discomfort in any effort to rid themselves of it. Moreover, too radical a change in a diet may prove injurious, and it is better to be too fat—a little too fat, anyway—than to suffer from indigestion or damage to the kidneys, as one may easily do by inconsiderate and injudicious dieting. It is much better to restrict somewhat the intake of fat-forming foods, enough to prevent the increase of fat, and to effect the actual reduction by mechanical means, that is to say, by exercise, massage, and in certain cases, by the wearing of a belt or abdominal bandage. This last is sometimes useful when the abdomen is large, not only in making the girth seem smaller, but actually in causing an absorption of fat by the action of the constant slight pressure.

Massage, when skillfully performed—not simply desultory rubbing here and there—will do much in reducing flesh, when combined with dieting and with active exercise in the open air.

Exercise—systematic, active exercise—is of the greatest value in restraining a tendency to the overproduction of fat and in causing a reduction of fat already formed. It must, however, be combined with dieting, otherwise its object will be defeated. It naturally increases the appetite, especially when taken in the open air, and if this appetite is satisfied with the articles of diet that the fat people prefer, the last state will be worse than the first.

The best exercise is walking—not strolling, but rapid, springy walking, with shoulders back and arms swinging. This kind of walking fills the lungs with oxygen, which burns up the fat, puts all the muscles in motion, by which a natural massage is effected, and increases the circulation, by which the waste products are more rapidly eliminated.

Golf is an excellent game for the overstout, and so is tennis, if the heart is strong. Equestrian exercise is also good, but driving and motoring are not the ways to reduce flesh, as they increase appetite and assimilation without giving the requisite exercise.

—Youth's Companion.

Friendship is terribly overworked.

ENGLAND TO FALL.

British Nobleman Predicts Capture by Germany.

The Earl of Clanwilliam, who is in Winnipeg with his bride on his way to Alaska, expressed himself as of the positive belief that England is doomed. He says Germany has made every preparation, has strengthened her army and navy, and will invade England without a moment's notice. Nothing will prevent England being devastated and captured. The British are unprepared. Her army is weak and she could make little resistance against an invading force.

It is such talk as this that has kept many Britons in a condition of nervous anxiety for months, so much so that the nation may be said to have been hysterical. But it seems to us that such talk is all rot. Perhaps Germany could take England. The question is, however, could she hold it? Japan could take the Philippines from us almost without an effort. The United States could capture Canada or Mexico, Great Britain could take Denmark and Russia could conquer Sweden in a month. But in none of these cases would the matter end there. Nations in these days are not permitted to go forth on pillaging and conquering expeditions against their peaceful neighbors. Civilization would not stand for that. The other powers would be asking questions and taking action before the sun could set twice. No, no; the old days are past and with them the old ways of doing things.

Child Workers in Holland.

The condition of the working classes in some of the manufacturing towns of Holland is deplorable. Wages are very low and the standard of life cannot be maintained unless mother and children take their places in the factory side by side with the head of the household.

As soon as the Dutch law allows the child to leave school—which is at the age of 12—he enters the factory workshop. Although the government has passed a law recently forbidding boys under 16 to be employed in factories, most of the boys go in as soon as they leave school. Children leave their beds frequently at 5 or 6 in the morning or earlier, summer and winter, gulp down some hot coffee, or what is commonly called so, swallow a huge piece of well-known Dutch "roggebrood," or rye bread, and then hurry in their wooden shoes through the quiet streets of the town to their places of work.

Sometimes they have to return home at 8 or 8:30 in the morning for a second hurried breakfast. Those who cannot run home and back in the half hour usually allowed for the first "schacht" or meal time take their bread and butter with them in a cotton or linen bag, and their milk and water or coffee in a tin, and so shift as well as they can.

Character Indispensable.

Talent helps a man to obtain success, but it is character which secures it for him. A man will succeed with character and very little talent, and will never succeed without character, whatever talent he may have at his disposal.—Max O'Reil.

Some people's breakfast is a sort of cereal star.

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