

WE TWO.

We two make home of any place we go;
We two find joy in any kind of weather;
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow,
If summer days invite, or bleak winds blow,
What matters it, we two are together?
We two, we two, we make our world,
Our weather.

We two find youth renewed with every dawn;
Each day holds something of an unknown glory.
We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone;
Tricked out like hope, time leads us on
And thrums upon his harp new song or story,
We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make heaven here on this little earth;
We do not need to wait for realms eternal,
We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,
And pain for us is always love's rebirth,
Our paths lead closely by the paths supernal;
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.
—Century.

Alicia's Experiment.

ALICIA WELLINGTON was 26 years old and she had never received an offer of marriage nor had a lover. Her two younger sisters were both happily married—Gertrude to a young man who had adored her from childhood and Lottie to an elderly widower who had fallen in love with her at her coming-out party. Gertrude had refused three offers before marrying John Nelson; Lottie, who was a born coquette, had received homage from almost every man she knew from the time she could talk.

Alicia was serious and rather haughty. Her friends called her "intellectual," and this same intellectuality made her unpopular with men, who were generally her inferiors in her chosen style of conversation, if not in depth of thought. Until now Alicia had affected to despise the other sex. Lottie's flirtations and Gertrude's conquests had seemed frivolous to her. But she wished to be a well-rounded woman and it suddenly occurred to her that she knew nothing of love, although it was one of the chief things of life. The fact that she was different from other girls and their inferior in one respect



"SHE THINKS ME CLEVER."

was brought home to her by a meditation on love and matrimony which followed the receipt of a letter announcing the engagement of the only unmarried one of her classmates. To be sure, Alicia was younger than the other girls, but she had come out the same year.

"It is all very well not to marry," she said to herself in conclusion, "but it is odd not to attract a single suitor. There must be something lacking in me. I have always known that I didn't like men, but it is strange that men don't like me. I can accomplish almost anything if I make up my mind to it. I will have a lover. I need not marry him, of course, but I will have him desperately in love with me, so that I shall have an impassioned offer; then I will refuse him."

Alicia cast about her list of male acquaintances with a view to selecting a suitable man for her experiment. Finally she chose Reggy De Greve. Reggy was a year younger than Alicia. He was as frivolous as any girl and decidedly effeminate in his looks and ways. He had been one of Lottie's numerous admirers, in an impassive way, but he had never gotten up courage to propose to her. He had not been sure that he wanted to do so. Now he came to the house rather because he was used to coming to see "the ladies," once in so often. Alicia's mother was fond of him, for she had known him since he was in dresses and she regarded him as a boy. Of Alicia he stood somewhat in awe.

"Reggy will be a good one to begin with," thought that young woman. "He will be easy to influence. After I have refused him I can try some one more difficult."

Thus Miss Wellington began her career as a flirt. That evening Reggy came to the house. He found Alicia wonderfully interesting. She talked about cotton figures, pretty girls, fudges, and golf. Reginald was in demand as a cotton leader, he was a cavalier des dames, an expert chafin dish cook, and an aspiring golf player.

"Gwacious, I never thought she knew so much," he said to himself as he left the house. But this was only because Alicia had displayed knowledge of the subjects with which Reggy was con-

versant, for he had always known that she was "intellectual."

It was scarcely a week before Reggy again presented himself at the Wellingtons'. He asked for Miss Wellington instead of for "the ladies." He was unconscious of the neglect of Mrs. Wellington, but wary Alicia smiled when she alone, was summoned to the drawing-room.

"Oh, Mr. De Greve," she said—heretofore she had called him Reggy—"I am so glad to see you. I know you can help me solve something that has been worrying my poor brain."

She took a seat beside the young man and submitted the "something" that had been worrying her. It was only a charade, an intricate one, however, to which Alicia knew the answer. Reggy did not suspect that and he was good at puzzles. He solved this one easily and explained the elaborate process to Miss Wellington.

"Thank you, Mr. De Greve, you are so clever," said Alicia, exactly as she had heard Lottie say the same words to different men at least a hundred times.

That evening as Reggy went away his predominant thought was "She thinks me clever."

In the course of time Alicia convinced Reggy that she was uncommonly pretty, agreeable, not too wise, and altogether charming—just the woman to preside over his house and help him spend his rather large patrimony. She also convinced him that he was good-looking, clever, witty, and manly. Indeed, under the sun of her approval he grew wonderfully until he was quite a different Reggy.

At last the schemed for proposal took place. Satisfied with himself and much more than satisfied with the accomplished Alicia, Reggy asked her to be his wife. Alicia foresaw the coming offer, of course. She made ready to refuse it. She even chose her next victim, William Giles, a lawyer of skill and renown. He would be difficult to enthrall, but a foeman worthy of her steel.

But she did not think of William when Reggy proposed. She watched "the boy," as she called him in her heart, with a curious pride. "How well he does it," she thought. "Love has made a man of him. He is desperately in earnest; he is charming—he is adorable."

"Why, Reggy," she said aloud, to her own astonishment, "I believe I do love you. Yes, I will marry you, after all—yes, yes I will."

The happy Reggy did not notice the peculiar wording of Alicia's acceptance of his heart and fortune. He had won her and his joy seemed complete. Not one but his wife ever knew that he had been the subject of an experiment.—Chicago Tribune.

NIGHT IN A BUFFALO HIDE.

Queer Imprisonment of a Hunter in the Northwest.

A party of scouts from the stations on Biedsoe's Creek, in Sumner County, was over in Wilson on a tour of observation for Indian signs, says the Portland Oregonian. As they prepared to camp late one winter afternoon Capt. Jennings, who was one of the number, started out to kill a buffalo from a herd which was near by.

There was a heavy sleet on the ground, and he found it difficult to get a good range on account of the noise of his feet on the crackling ice, but after following the game for several miles he at last killed a very large bull. Fearing that the meat might be injured if left until the next morning, he skinned the animal and took out the viscera. By the time he was done night had come, and he decided to remain with his meat instead of seeking camp in the darkness. So, wrapping the huge hide around him, flesh side out, he lay down and slept very comfortably until morning. On waking he found himself tightly imprisoned in the hide, which had frozen hard and now resisted all his efforts to escape.

Hour after hour roled by in agony to the captain. He yelled at the top of his voice for help and strained and kicked with all his might at the rawhide inclosure, but it proved stubborn to the last degree. He doubtless swore many a bitter oath, for he was of too irascible a temperament to submit tamely. He expected his companions to search for him, and they did, but with a great deal of caution, fearing that he had been killed by the Indians. His prolonged absence could be accounted for in no other way. He gave up all hope of extricating himself as the hours wore away, but help which he had not thought of was to save him from a death which would have been extremely mortifying, at the least, to a man who had escaped Indian bullets and swam icy rivers like a beaver. We will let him relate the issue in his own words: "Well, the sun came out in the afternoon, and this softened the hide on the top so I could get one arm out, and when I got one arm out I worked like pizen until I got my body through."

Archibald Forbes.

The recently deceased Archibald Forbes' entrance upon the career of war correspondent was, it is said, decided by chance. His first step was to enter a cigar shop at the bottom of Ludgate hill, where he bought a cigar, and threw the names of the four or five principal daily newspapers into his hat before drawing lots to decide which of them he should first approach. The name that he drew out was that of the Daily News. Without delay he sought out Mr. (now Sir J. R.) Robinson, whom he then met for the first time, and was promptly engaged.

Economy in Wireless Telegraphy.

In one case \$206,000 has been saved owing to the establishment of wireless telegraphy between the East Goodwin lightship and the South Foreland.

VOTING BY MACHINERY

A QUARTER of a century ago when a citizen desired to vote he was beset with difficulties—at least annoyances—from the time he loitered in the army of "heelers" at the polling place until he reached the ballot box handlers. He was crowded out of line, jostled, yelled at, delayed by challenges. Voting was a matter of strength, brute force and endurance. There was no privacy or secrecy of political inclination. The program then in vogue disgusted the respectable voter, and there was no remedy or improvement afforded until the Australian system came into use.

This plan exceeded in purity and accuracy anything that America had been able to devise. Its salient benefits were that the intending voter has a clear 200 feet in which to approach the voting booth unattended, that no man

or trebled. The office expenses of the commissioners are also extremely heavy.

Without too close analysis a saving could be effected by the use of machinery that can be shown at once. It is estimated that on this basis the number of voting precincts could be reduced to 650. The printing of ballots would be done away with. Of course the care of the machines would be an expense, although not nearly so heavy. On an equitable table of reduction, after careful computation, it is calculated that the enormous sum of \$57,000 could be saved on every city election. Itemized, this plan shows as follows:

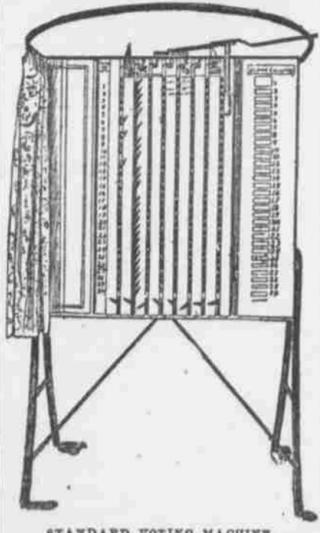
Reduction in number of precincts	470
Reduction in salaries of officers of election	\$39,950
Reduction in rentals at \$15 a precinct	7,050



OLD-TIME VOTING.

but the judge of election could hand him a ballot, thus preventing tissue ballots and vest-pocket voting; that he retired to make his choice of candidates free from prying eyes, and that he saw his ballot get inside the box.

But at this point the lesson ended, for after trying the Australian system—beneficial as it has proven—it is certain that progress demands still further improvements, with eight tickets in the field, and each ticket with sixty candidates, all printed on one sheet of paper, many a voter, even of average intelligence, has been bewildered. Outside of this, the question of economics, in money and time, has arisen. The "blanket ballot" has been found cum-



STANDARD VOTING MACHINE.

bersome; to the uneducated voter it has often proved a puzzle. Intricacy has been the fault. To show how common is the confusion, the faulty marking of ballots, it may be stated that in the New York election of 1897 some 122,088 ballots were thrown out as blank or defective. Add to this the fact that in the city of Chicago it costs \$75,000 merely to hold an election for two judges, and some of the defects of the Australian system may be understood.

For these and many other reasons the public mind is dwelling earnestly on the theme of voting by machinery. It is certain that the voting machine would in time be able to defeat the workings of the party machine. Several things are asserted in its favor that appeal strongly to the honest voter. One is the reduced expense of conducting elections, which is brought about by the increased speed in balloting, and the consequent reduction in the number of polling precincts. A great stride has been made in this direction in the way of practical experiment, and, in order to understand the workings of the new system, a typical case would be that of a great city like Chicago. Here there are 1,120 precincts, with an average of 328 registered voters. Five men to the precinct are officials at every election, and each man receives \$5 daily. The city sets aside \$124,000 for salaries of these judges and clerks. The rental of the precinct headquarters averages \$15. The ballots cost over \$5,000. When the care, keeping and distributing expenses are added this cost is doubled

Reduction in ballots and handling

Reduction in ballots and handling	10,000
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Total

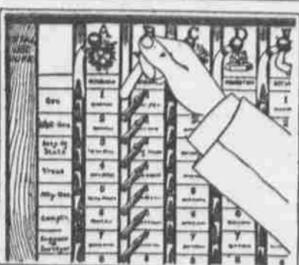
Total	\$57,000
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This is a showing based wholly on the assumption that the voting machine can handle double the number of voters that can be handled under present methods. The machine, according to reliable experts from cities where it has been tested, can handle 600 voters to the precinct without trouble. It is asserted that the voter can record his vote in one minute. In one city precinct in Detroit it was reported that 150 men voted in exactly 150 minutes.

In its adaptation to villages and to country districts generally the voting machine appears to be even at present within the compass of all as to economy, utility and expense. One machine can be taken for a type of all. To a city like Buffalo it sells for \$500. The great feature of the machine is that it insures absolute accuracy in expressing the will of the voter. It is automatic, registers only what the voter wills, cannot be disturbed without being wrecked, and casts up the totals as it goes. As soon as the polls are closed the returns are there, totaled up and ready for transcription to the records for canvass. It provides for the voting of "split tickets" by an ingenious device, varying, of course, in the various types. But it insures one thing—it renders any contest impossible.

The cash register was once scoffed at as a thing of wills and buckfulness, designed to toss the store proprietor in the air and bungle his accounts. It was remarked with scorn and hilarity that one graduate of a commercial college was worth more than 1,000 machines in casting up the receipts in cash. That day, as all others, passed. Comparatively few concerns in these days omit the humble cash register, because of its speed and approved accuracy in assembling totals. The longest-headed arithmeticians the world has ever produced cannot calculate skillfully enough to destroy the equipoise of the delicate machine, which attends to business and merely rings a bell when cleared for action.

At least half a dozen voting machines have been invented, each of which has points in its favor, according to the reports of investigators. A typical one deserves a detailed description. It is about four feet square and ten inches deep, and is supported by legs, the top



PULLING PARTY TICKET LEVER

being a little over six feet from the floor. From the upper corner projects a semicircular bar, on which is hung a curtain, which forms a booth. An operating lever extends from the center of the top of the machine, the outer end of which is attached to the curtain. The voter throws this lever, which closes the curtain about him. Placed

on the front of the machine in full view of the public before it is closed by the curtain is an Australian ballot, 22x36 inches. At the head of each ticket over the party emblem is a straight ticket knob, and in front of each name where the marking space should be is an indicator which may be moved over the name to indicate the voter's choice, which connects the counter, but does not register the vote until the lever is moved to open the curtain.

The voter first selects his party ticket, and by pulling the straight knob at the top over the party emblem down to the right, moves all the pointers for that ticket. If he desires to split his ticket he can move the pointer back from over the name that does not suit him, and in the same office line move the pointer over the name he wishes to vote for. After pulling the straight ticket knob, a pointer may be moved back and forth, making a click at intervals to indicate splitting, and at the same time, vote straight. In splitting his vote he can move the pointers silently, with a little care. Having arranged his vote satisfactorily, he is now ready to register it, which he does by throwing the curtain open by means of an operating lever, with which he closed it, thus casting and counting his vote in perfect secrecy. After the votes are closed and the machine locked against voting, the doors in the rear are unlocked, and the vote of each candidate is shown on the counters, ready to be copied over the election returns.

The machine is constructed of steel and non-corrosive metal, and where steel is used it is protected from rust by plating with copper and nickel. Every movement is positive, the machine is wholly different in construction from any other, and cannot be manipulated fraudulently. The machine weighs about 500 pounds, and when boxed for storage or shipment occupies a space about four feet square and sixteen inches deep.

There is another device, known as the "United States voting machine," that has a keyboard on which is placed a printed ballot, or labels, with the name of each candidate, with a separate push button adjacent to each name. The machine has a large push button for each party ticket. The operation of the door through which the voter passes out of the booth registers the vote he has indicated. This device will readily accommodate up to 800 voters. By actual test a voter can enter the booth, vote the straight ticket, and make his exit in from five to ten seconds. When the polls close the door is locked in an open position, which locks the mechanism of the machine, after which the counting compartments are thrown open to inspectors and watchers and the total number of votes received by each candidate taken off and read in public and ample opportunity is given to compare the figures with the dial on the machine. It is mounted on wheels, and is as readily transported as any ordinary truck.



THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT SYSTEM

The machine tried at the Irvington, Ind., election, a year ago the present month, has some advantages over both of the machines just described. It is arranged to handle seven different tickets, with eighty names to each ticket, while the face, or keyboard, is 36x44 inches in dimensions. This device both registers and records every vote cast—first on the dial, and then in addition on a perforated proof, or tally sheet. It has also a time lock, which can be set to stop voting at any hour fixed by law for the closing of the polls. Further, it handles fractional votes.

In a recent election in Rochester, N. Y., the voting machines made it possible for the first return to be given to the public within six minutes after the closing of the polls, while the final returns were declared just thirty-one minutes later. The entire result was known three-quarters of an hour after the closing of the polls.

From all of this it will be conceded that voting by machine has many desirable features. The reduction of the cost of holding elections, the speed with which the votes can be taken, and the speed with which returns can be made, all important elements to consider. Once adopted by law, the inanimate faces of these engines formed to tell what the people want will be the medium of stopping foolish contests, which cost the people heavy sums of money. One lack will yet remain, however. Complete purification of the ballot cannot be effected until some device is

perfected which will insure the security and legality in the registration of voters themselves, whereby a corrupt man may be prevented from registering under the name of some other man long dead or removed from the city. When such a device is



UNITED STATES VOTING MACHINE

and why may not photography or science abet?—then voting will become an accurate expression of the people's will. The reign of "the boss" end, for the entire electorate will "boss."

The Floating of a King.

The Emperor of Germany has a son that would gladden the heart of most exacting boy. It is a ship, a frigate, a full-rigged three-masted ship, fifty-five feet in length, but but four feet of water, and has a capacity of thirty tons. The ship's heirloom in the imperial family of many, having been presented by King IV., King of England, to the German emperor's grandfather, Frederick William III., the reigning monarch his first life on the wave, and in his days one of his favorite amusements was to sail on the watery Plover company with his brother-in-law, the ship's dimensions are relative, but a man at the rail or being alongside soon brings out, in trust, the smallness of the craft. The frigate can be sailed in the narrowest canal as the largest ship, but must be Libby's in size and in number; a seaman of ordinary would be totally out of place on this vessel. He would probably be in grave danger of being spars down to the deck with the weight. "Royal Louise" is the name of this king toy; she was once after Prussian Queen Louise, the frigate was built on the



River, at Woolwich, England, and was towed down the coast across the North Sea by a steamer from Hamburg; from this place it floated her up the Elbe and Havel at Potsdam, where she remains.—Woman's Home Companion.

Cedar Forests Are Diminishing.
The cedar forests remaining in the northeastern part of the coast in Aroostook County, Maine, the northern counties of New Brunswick, the counties of Temiscouata, Bonaventure and Gaspé, in Quebec. Here cedar grows large and there more trees to the acre than in the south. It is found on the high as well as in the swamps. In Southern Brunswick there is not enough supply ties for the local railroad.

He Won't Get Her a Better World.
Mr. Wimply—My constant world better.

Mrs. Wimply—Well, you'll feel sure of that.

Mr. Wimply—Ah, Maria, that you have for once in your life dedicated that you have faith in my ability to accomplish something.

Mrs. Wimply—Yes, you'll be a Chicago. Then the world will be better.

Dogs may have family trees, but cannot tell them by their tails.