

## OPENING OF THE DEER HUNTING SEASON.



### HE IS CAPTAIN, SHE STEERS.

It was a random rhyme,  
Blithe-hearted as the May,  
Who plucked the flowering climber  
Along the river way;  
It was the ferryman's daughter,  
With gypsy rose and tan,  
Who ferried o'er the water  
This straying minstrel man.

Her hair had purple tints  
Above her shell-like ear,  
Her eyes had starry glintings,  
Her laugh was lyric clear.  
He listened and he lingered—  
(His tryst was one with faith)  
Till eve, the fairy-fingered,  
Had shut day's sunset gate.

Thus oft they met thereafter,  
At last no more to part,  
For love (or was it laughter?)  
Had warmed the rhymer's heart.  
And now upon life's ocean  
The twin together float:  
He's captain—she's the steers!  
—But she still steers the boat!  
—Lippincott's.

### FALLACY OF A FACE

Cranfield holds that the beginning of his courtship was unique; but that may be Cranfield's one-sided view. It was the night of the hunt ball; and he leaned against a pillar in the dancing room. At no time a dancing man, on this occasion he was excessively bored; he was out of sorts, the band was too loud; the crush was too great. He thought reverently of his fine library fire and shiveringly of the long drive home.

After five minutes of abstraction a man touched him on the shoulder.  
"Hallo, Cranfield!" he said. "Been looking for you. Counting on you to see that Lady Marche dances."

The speaker darted into the crowd and Cranfield returned to his thoughts. He fixed his eyes on the girl and glanced slowly around.

"Some men are so beastly optimistic," he said in his own mind. "At the end of the room he had caught a distorted glimpse of Lady Marche. He gazed at her for a space; then his eyes wandered and his ideas came to a sudden halt. Round about him he saw preoccupation settled upon groups of men; he saw heads turned toward the door. Following a very human impulse he turned his own in the same direction. He was not inquisitive, but the desire to know is quite as infectious as a disease.

In a brief space the crowd about the entrance parted and his curiosity melted before another feeling—a feeling as rapid, if infinitely more strong. He closed his eyes; then he readjusted his glass.

It was Creighton—Tommy Creighton and his wife. He watched them move slowly up the room, and as they moved he felt, rather than heard, the admiration that hummed in their wake. He took a long look; then he leant back against the pillar, seeking to realize exactly where he stood.

He had seen her before—once before. That point alone wrought self-distrust. He had called one day with Bisher-thrope and she had given them tea. His verdict had been, "Extremely pretty, suggestive and a trifle cold." He recalled the criticism with a guilty pang, and wondered whether it could be the dress. But he had never guessed a riddle in his life.

He screwed in his eyeglass and bent still further back. He saw Creighton introduce four men. Then his control gave way. He forced an opening in the crowd; but when he reached her side and scope his voice had a tone that even to him was new.

"May I have the pleasure?" she looked up with just the faintest surprise. Then her eyes fell on the face of his red coat, and she smiled—the friendliest and most perfect smile he had ever seen. He realized with shame that he had never known till then that hazel eyes had shadows and reflections, and positively show with light.

"I—" She hesitated and glanced around.  
She smiled again, and held out her card. "I can give you No. 5," she said. "Will you put down your name?"  
"No. 6 is also free—" he said.  
"May I—?"  
"You may."  
The words seemed the frankest and most delightful he had ever heard.  
There is nothing in the world so vivifying as hope. Cranfield gave the next three dances to Lady Marche. His lassitude was gone. In a single moment the shifting crowd had become the universe, and he had found its core. Like a wonderfully deferred dream, the fifth dance came around, and waiting was at an end.  
"Mine, I think," he said.  
She folded her fan, smiled at the man beside her, then laid her hand on Cranfield's arm.  
"Shall we dance?" he asked.  
"Oh, please."  
He hid his disappointment, though his ideas were curiously upset. She seemed so enthusiastic—so buoyantly young. He had never believed that married women came to dances just to dance.  
She glanced up at him, unconsciously answering his thoughts.  
"I think dancing is the loveliest thing on earth—or nearly. Don't you?"  
He said nothing, but he slipped his arm about her. In a moment they had drifted into the circle of whirling feet.  
The music had quickened to its end when he swung her out of the crush. His brain was still swaying to the beat of the tune as he drew her down a passage to a distant seat. In ten minutes of companionship she had grown straight into his life.  
The carpet of the passage was very soft; the light of the hanging lamp was very dim. It seemed to him that he had only existed until now. He arranged the cushions on the divan and she sat down.  
"Do you believe in infatuation?" he asked suddenly. "I suppose infatuation is the word."  
He felt afraid of what he was going to say. He felt that his principles, his honor—he used the word boldly—all staple things were drifting from him like a mirage. He sat down beside her and strove to call the thought of Creighton to his mind.  
"Have you ever heard of a man going off his head in a single night?" he asked.  
With a rush the music came to an end.  
She looked up at him, and behind the unsmiling in her eyes he felt that she was measuring him, inch by inch.  
"I'd like to ask you something," she said. "If you don't mind."  
Some women ignore difficulties; the method, if unscientific, is concise.  
He felt rebuffed and bent his head.  
She glanced down, then once more glanced up.  
"I want you to tell me your name."  
He met her gaze in blank surprise. It was hard to be rebuffed; it was inhuman to be forgotten—wiped off her memory in six weeks.  
She substituted and buttoned her gloves.  
"You've been puzzling me the whole night," she said. "Of course, I know that you're some friend of Tommy's; but what friend—and where I met you?" She broke off suddenly and looked at him once more. "Please do enlighten me. I'm just dying to know."  
He had a vague idea that she was talking against time. Desperately he seized him.  
"I suppose you're laughing at me," he said. "I suppose you think that because you're so—so horrible pretty you can turn a man's head just for sport. But it isn't sport; at least, not for me. I'm handicapped every way." He came to a sharp stop.  
The music of the next dance began. It appeared distant and much subdued. His balance and his nerve seemed lost. He rose slowly.  
"At least," he said, "I hope that you'll at least say that you remember me." She took a step toward him and he saw her tea—Bisherthrope and

me, one day soon after you'd come back from your honeymoon. Don't make me feel quite an outsider."  
His tone was ludicrous, but his face was woefully perplexed.  
She watched him curiously. Then an expression—just the dawning of a smile—stole into her eyes. She clasped her hands and the smile crept very slowly from her eyes to her mouth.  
"How delicious!" she said. "How perfectly delicious! How absurd!"  
Cranfield was fidgeting with his program. At her words he suddenly tore it in two.  
She glanced at him, and there was a glow like firelight in her eyes.  
"I don't think," she said deliberately, "that I ever gave you any tea. I'm not Daisy, you know, I'm Daisy's sister. We are horribly alike, and I always keep forgetting. Please forgive me—it's been all my fault."  
Her glance suddenly fell.  
The swish of the dancers and the throb of the waltz came to Cranfield; they were the accompaniment to his tangling thoughts.  
"But you came with Tommy," he said obstinately.  
"Of course, in Daisy's place. Daisy had a headache."  
He passed his hand across his eyes, brushing away many thoughts. Then for the first time that night he smiled.  
"Might I—?" He halted. "Might I—?"  
Their eyes met.  
He suddenly bent near; so near that his breath touched her cheek.  
"Might I—? Just to level things."  
Her head dropped, and the color rushed into her face. Her answer, when it came, was a whisper—one of those audibly mysterious that are never really placed. To this day Cranfield insists it was "yes," but Mrs. Cranfield is quite positively determined that it was "no."—New York News.

### FAILURE TO ADVERTISE

Killed the Bicycle Business, Says the "Father" of the Industry.  
One man who believes that business success is dependent upon advertising is Col. A. A. Pope, prominent among the officials of the American Bicycle Company and "father" of the industry.  
The cessation of advertising killed the bicycle business, and the way to revive it is to resume that same important matter," says Col. Pope. In one year the latter expended \$500,000 in this sort of publicity. In 1877 Col. Pope organized the Pope Manufacturing Company, which started a year later with an output of fifty wheels. Now the company employs a capital of upward of \$20,000,000, covers ten acres of floor space in its factory at Hartford, Conn., and has an army of skilled mechanics engaged the services of 2,000 men. Col. Pope gained his title in the War of the Rebellion, entering the service as a private at the age of 18 years and receiving his discharge with the rank of Lieutenant colonel. He served under Burnside, Grant and Sherman.

The American "Iron Plant."  
The Englishman was being properly surprised at the rapidity with which the sky scraper was going up.  
"Death me!" he exclaimed, "it seems as if your buildings grow as rapidly as your nails."  
"Yes," replied the Westerner, unblushingly, "and the process of raising them is much the same."  
"Fawcett! Want you explain further?"  
"Well, you see we just get an iron pile put in the ground, have the street sprinklers water it, and in a month or six weeks the sky scraper is full grown."  
"Ah, taking another breath, the cousin from over seas managed to believe that," said a man who has never seen it.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

### CONCERNING THE OYSTER.

A Short Natural History Lesson on This Timely Subject.  
Now that the oyster season has arrived a few remarks concerning this popular bivalve might not be amiss. Epicures naturally like to know what they are eating and if those who are addicted to the oyster habit will follow this brief scientific treatise closely they will be made familiar with the habits and eccentricities of the oyster.  
The oyster belongs to the genus of lamellibranch mollusks of the third order monomya and may be at once distinguished by the bilateral symmetry of the heterogeneous convexity. The labial ganglia are very minute, while the parietoplanchic are well developed. We hate to say a thing like this about an oyster behind its back, but the truth may as well be told now, because some one would find out later, anyhow; there is no excuse for beating about the bush.  
In spite of all the hard names applied to the oyster, however, it is considered one of the most toothsome dishes that come out of the sea. A few fat oysters in the prime of life, seasoned to taste with salt, pepper and a dash of vinegar, make a really appetizing repast; an oyster needs no other lubricants save the condiments mentioned above. If placed in the mouth it will burrow its way down a man's gullet and into his vitals with the dexterity of a toboggan on a shoot-the-chutes.  
The oyster is a creature of sedentary habits. It will sit in the mud by the month at a time thinking out beautiful and ennobling thoughts without assistance from outside sources. In addition it also possesses a great amount of persistence. The oyster never gives up; it will cling to a rock during the entire period of its existence without complaint or becoming discouraged. In fact, the oyster's motto seems to be, "Hang on."  
There are various humane ways of killing an oyster, says the Ohio State Journal, all of which are highly commended by the clergy and societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals throughout the country. For instance, an oyster may be stewed, fried, baked, steamed or pickled, according to the caprice of the consumer. If eaten raw an oyster should be stabbed before taken.

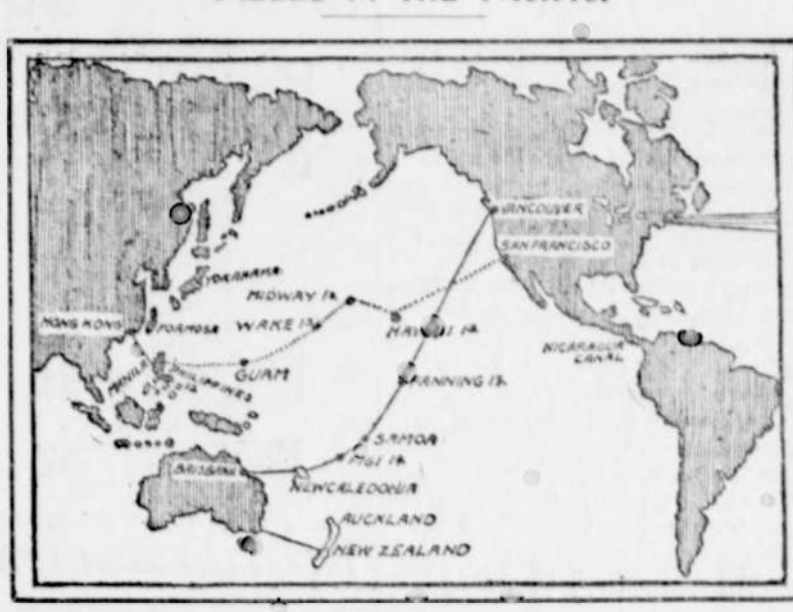
### RAILROAD POWER AT 30.

Louis Warren Hill Is President of Twenty Great Corporations.  
Louis Warren Hill, youngest son of James J. Hill, the great railroad king of the Northwest, is one of the remarkable young men of the United States, because of the many important positions he holds. Though only 30 years of age, he occupies more high official positions in the railway service than any man now living. He is president of twenty great corporations, and chairman, vice chairman or vice president of a dozen others, besides being the right-hand man of his father in the Great Northern road. It is said of him that he is as democratic as the humblest division superintendent. A section hand, a wiper, a conductor or a telegraph operator from out on the line can get audience on business with this young man at any time that gives a reasonable excuse. He is interested in the young man has been carefully trained. From earliest boyhood he has been in charge of a competent tutor, from the time he reached the age of understanding until he graduated at Yale the fact was in his mind that he was being trained for great responsibilities. Leaving college, he entered the accounting department. Then he went into the car shops, attired in blue jumpers. His mechanical training having been sufficient, he was put on track work, with a severe roadmaster as his boss. Grades, curves and other problems in this branch of railroad work having been mastered, he became successively a clerk in a superintendent's office, a freight handler, billing clerk in a warehouse, and traveling freight agent. In 1897 he was elected vice president of a small Northwestern railroad, and since then he has gradually come into the other positions of responsibility, honor and emolument.

Foundation of Skeletons.  
It has been discovered that the Great city of London rests on a foundation of skeletons—hundreds of thousands of skeletons that extend east and west, north and south, from boundary to boundary, of the world's metropolis, and beyond. There they lie, compressed into a compact mass by the superimposed clay, gravel, sand and surface structures.  
These skeletons were once the framework of living beings—beings that were the most simple multicellular animals known as sponges. Many thousands of years ago, when the great sea ebbed and flowed where London now stands, these metazoan organisms, these cities of cells, these vessels, with their thousands of canals, lived and died their unconscious part in the great plan of evolution.  
Now the life has gone, the cells are crumpled, the canals are closed, and only the frames of flint, compressed into a homogeneous mass, remain.

Apples for Sleeplessness.  
The apple is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up, but no harm can come even to a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it is sold at a profit of from \$20 to \$30 an acre. There is a by-product of at least 100 tons of straw, superior to native prairie hay, and 25 tons of bran. On the 100 head of stock can be wintered comfortably.  
Fatal Alpine Climbing.  
Climbing the Alps may be a very pleasurable experience, but when it is recalled that during the present year sixty-three persons have lost their lives

### CABLES IN THE PACIFIC.



New line just completed between Vancouver, B. C., and Brisbane, Australia. Dotted line shows the projected American cable from San Francisco to the Philippines.

### RICE FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

That Section on the Eve of a Great Development of the Business.  
Electricity, the king of power which has revolutionized industries without end in this progressive country, is about to work a new series of wonders in the rice fields of Louisiana and Texas. The plantations are to be equipped with electric pumps, and the question of irrigation—the only one which causes any trouble to rice growers—will be solved.  
Experts say that the present rice territory of a half million acres will be doubled within a year, and the new method with electric pumps, and the question of irrigation—the only one which causes any trouble to rice growers—will be solved.  
In that pursuit it becomes evident that the pastime is a dangerous one. Just why so many persons take the risk, with the record of fatal accidents around them, is puzzling. One would think that a person with a competence upon which to live amply and with peaceful home surroundings should know enough to fight shy of such needless dangers, but instead many such persons court the risk and think they cannot attain the height of happiness unless they have climbed some dangerous peak, a misstep on which may mean death or permanent injury. Such action seems to us a piece of reckless daring for which we can discover no excuse.

### SHOW WINDOWS WARM PLACES.

Artist Who Dresses Them Says They Heat Anything in Torridity.  
"One of the hottest places I know anything about," said the dry goods clerk, as he wiped the sweat from his brow, "is in the show window of a building facing toward the east, after the early morning's sun has been pouring over the tops of the buildings across the street for some time. Talk about bake ovens and other warm places. Well, they are not so warm. The engineer in the sugar refinery thinks he

### HARVESTING RICE NEAR ABBEVILLE, LA.



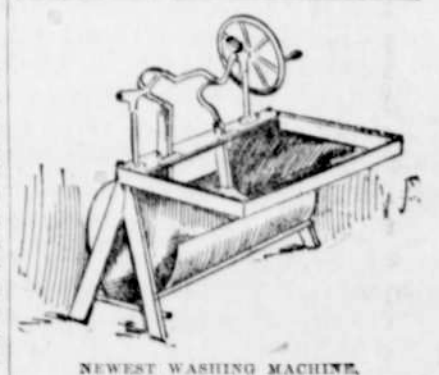
nearly all of the 12,000 square miles in the coast rice belt will be available. A new 10,000-acre rice farm in Harris County, Texas, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, is being equipped with electric pumps, and others will follow as soon as power stations can be erected.  
What the success of this new industry means to the United States and northerners do not realize. No longer will the country be dependent on the crops of Japan, China, Siam and India for this important foodstuff. In ten years more American rice will force its way into the markets of Europe, side

by side with American wheat from the vast farms of the northern plains. The remarkable progress of textile manufacturing in the Orient means that their production of rice will decrease, for every acre turned to the cultivation of fiber means one less for rice. Last year the United States produced 390,000,000 pounds of cleaned rice and imported 255,000,000 pounds. To our market has been added Porto Rico, with an annual demand for 75,000,000 pounds; Cuba, for 100,000,000, and the Philippines for 135,000,000. This gives a total present and prospective market of 725,000,000 pounds. It is thought to be time that steps were taken to satisfy this market if the United States is going to remain commercially independent.  
If it means all this for the country at large, it means even more for the South. The paramount demand in this region, writes a Texas correspondent, has been for some small grain crop which would furnish food for the people, a generous surplus for export, and leave the plantation with abundant and nutritious by-products for the maintenance of stock. Cotton will not do this, the sole by-product being too valuable to keep on the farm. Corn stalks lose too much of their value before they are fit for fodder, and this is not a wheat country.  
And so it is up to rice, and here is what one can do with 100 acres, the amount one man can cultivate with assistance. It costs from \$10 to \$12 an acre to raise an average crop, which can be sold at a profit of from \$20 to \$30 an acre. There is a by-product of at least 100 tons of straw, superior to native prairie hay, and 25 tons of bran. On the 100 head of stock can be wintered comfortably.

New Use for Bees.  
Down on Long Island the farmers have discovered that persons suffering from rheumatism and sciatica can obtain relief by allowing honey bees to sting the affected parts. This is a very unpleasant process and entirely unnecessary. The poison of the bee sting is chiefly formic acid. This acid is also found in stinging nettles, in ants and some varieties of the caterpillars. There is no difficulty in preparing formic acid, and it would seem that physicians might find it advantageous to experiment with it as a remedy for rheumatoid troubles—either in acid form or in formates. Certainly some means can be devised of introducing it into the circulation less painful than allowing bees to sting a rheumatic sufferer by wholesale.  
Quite an Influential Feature.  
Fuddy—Money isn't the only thing. Duddy—No, but it is the only thing that will buy most of the other things.—Boston Transcript.  
Give away twenty-five dollars, and you will be abused because you do not make fifty.  
A man may do worse than read poetry. He may attempt to write it.  
"Robert causal suffusion" is Boston use for a bobtail flush.

## THE HOUSEHOLD

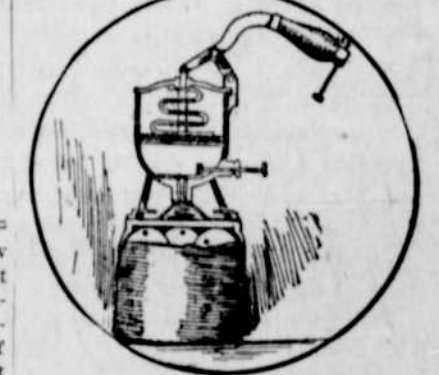
New Washing Machine.  
The washing machine shown in the illustration seems to have the faculty of cleaning the clothes without subjecting them to the harsh treatment usual in an apparatus of this character, as the pounders are so attached to the operating shaft as to yield readily when any large mass of clothing is encountered, instead of forcing their way through the pile and, perhaps, tearing the garments. The plungers which carry the pounder loads are connected with the actuating shaft by curved springs, instead of being joined rigidly, and are thus disposed to yield under pressure when the obstruction is



NEWEST WASHING MACHINE.

too great for them to force into the tub. The inner surface of the tub is covered with corrugated metal, so shaped that the plunger heads come in contact with the front edge first and scrub the clothes down the inclined surface until the bottom is reached. It will thus be seen that the rotation of the actuating shaft by the crank wheel will subject the wash to practically the same motion that it would receive if scrubbed by hand over a board. The machine is conveniently shaped for handling the washing and its weight is not much greater than that of the ordinary tubs used on washday. The inventor is H. A. Robinson of Port Huron, Mich.

Pneumatic Canning Device.  
The principal cause of the spoiling of fruit canned for winter use is the action of the air inside, which induces fermentation of the alcohol in the juice of the fruit, ultimately passing to the final stages of decay. By ordinary methods of canning it is almost impossible to exhaust this air entirely, and it is to aid in this work that the apparatus here shown has been designed



SEALING BY ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

by William H. Fredericks, of Portland, Ore. The intention of the inventor is to make the machine exhaust the air from the can and then seal it automatically without allowing a return of the air from the outside. In order to accomplish this purpose the only change rendered necessary in the jar is the insertion of a valve in the center of the screw top. The mechanism consists of a cylinder and piston, the latter being lifted by a hand lever to draw the air from the jar through the conical mouthpiece. When it is desired to open the can on a turn of the valve admits air and makes it easy to unscrew the cover.

Chicken with Pea Sauce.  
Cut a young chicken as for fricassee, and place it in a baking pan. Cover with a pint of stock; season with salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley; cover with another pan, and let it cook for half an hour. After it has been in the oven about fifteen minutes add to the gravy one can of French peas. When the chicken is cooked take it out and lay on a hot platter. Strain the gravy and peas through a sieve and pour over the chicken.

Cocoanut Cookies.  
One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of grated or prepared cocoanut, two eggs, four teaspoonfuls of soda, and four teaspoonfuls of flour on buttered papers in pans.

Orange Sago.  
Cover one cup sago with two cups cold water. Soak until water is entirely absorbed, then add another cup boiling water. Cook till the sago is clear, and pour it over four oranges peeled and sliced and with all the pits carefully removed. Set aside until cool, and serve with sugar.

Baked Pork and Beans.  
Put on one quart dry beans to boil in cold water. In half an hour after they begin to boil, add one-half teaspoon saleratus. Let boil up and pour off the water. Put on fresh water, hot or cold, and boil until the beans are tender, but not mashed. Take one pound salt pork, clean it well, score the rind and put it in the center of the beans in a large dripping pan. Bake in a slow oven until all are nicely browned on top.

Granulated Eyelids.  
An alum paste made by rubbing a small piece of alum into the white of an egg until a curd is formed. Apply to the eyelids upon retiring at night; tying a piece of soft linen over the eyes will often entirely cure the trouble.

Peanut Butter.  
Pound or grind to a powder a cup of shelled and skinned and roasted peanuts. Rub into this powder a half-cup of butter, salt to taste, and work to a smooth paste.