

OVER THE HILLS.

Where is the valley of perfect rest? Over the hills, my dear. The dew falls bright on the daisy's breast...

But long the journey and dim the way Over the hills, my dear. And I hold your hand, and I bid you stay...

IN DEFIANCE OF AUTHORITY

"JACK," observed the Colonel, letting his hand hover irresolutely over the chess board, "has it ever occurred to you that it would be an extremely nice arrangement if those two children of ours would fall in love with each other?"

Through the library doorway came the blithe notes of a rickshaw, dunc, sung by two happy, care-free young voices. A teacher smile blossomed on Lawyer Reed's clean-shaven lips.

"Well," said Col. Bradlee, reflectively. "The young man laughed at me; said the idea was absurd; that while Lila and he were the best of chums, and all that, there was no thought of any sense of that sort between them."

"Lila appears to be of about the same opinion," remarked the Colonel, dryly. "She called me an old goose to be thinking of such things. I call it flying in the face of Providence—blocking an unexpected onslaught on his queen—for if ever two people were made for each other, it was those two, and they haven't the sense to see it."

John Reed nodded, then all at once smote his knee softly with his hand. "Phil," he said, leading his voice, "do you remember that white mule we used to have at headquarters—in '65?"

"Ben Johnson's mule?" replied the Colonel, with a reminiscent grin. "Of course I do. The boys used to say that when Ben wanted that mule to go anywhere he'd lead him in the opposite direction, yell 'Git up!' at him, and old Caesar would wheel and run the other way like a deer."

"Young human nature and mule nature are a good deal similar sometimes," remarked the lawyer, significantly, leaning back in his chair. "Vague comprehension began to dawn on Colonel Bradlee's countenance. 'Do you think we might work something of the sort, Jack?' he queried, eagerly. 'I'd do most anything to bring it about, short of putting my girl on bread and water—or not kissing her.'"

John Reed rose to his feet. "Phillip Bradlee," he said, in a serious voice, "prepare to have your innermost feelings outraged. I am going to insult you—For goodness' sake, Phil, he whiskered, as he perceived a look of blank astonishment sweep over his friend's face, 'don't look like that; it's only a bluff! Play your part, man, and don't go away.'"

He swept the chess board of the table with a bank. "Colonel Bradlee," he cried loudly, angrily, "this is not the first time I have caught you trying to take an unfair advantage, but it's the last game I'll play with a—"

PORTABLE SCHOOLHOUSE IN PRACTICAL USE.



EXTERIOR OF A PORTABLE SCHOOL HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

A remedy has been found for the relief of crowded schools in large cities. It is known as the portable school building. Few of the larger towns in America have as yet inaugurated them, but before many years have passed the idea brought to this side from Paris will have become familiar to school goers as well as school teachers.

The school on wheels sounds like a Western idea, where houses are frequently built upon wagons, that the owners may move about to suit their convenience. So, instead of going to their home, they have their home brought to them. In St. Louis, where the schools had become crowded until good teaching was almost impossible, these portable buildings have done much toward the relief of the situation.

The idea of portable school buildings first came from Paris. Then the idea reached the United States, about five years ago, and Milwaukee was first to adopt it. In St. Louis, which next adopted the portable school house, the plan was so commended on a small scale to have portable school houses as a part of the educational facilities.

In St. Louis there has been a great influx of people on account of the world's fair. When the city schools opened in the early fall the increase was enormous, but the schools were well able to care for them. The portable school building, however, is all that saves them, and when in any neighborhood there is a likelihood of an overcrowding, a portable school building is at once moved in. At present there are twenty-seven school houses of this kind in St. Louis, and all of them are in use.

These portable school buildings are so constructed as to enable the school board to order them sent anywhere at any time. They are easily taken apart and moved from one school house to another. They are set up in the regular district school yard. In St. Louis, the portable school plan has reached perfection from actual use, the portables are made of frame, are 20x30 feet inside measurement, with a clear-story height of 12 feet. The floor is constructed in eight sections, the sides in six sections, the ends in four sections, and the pitched roof in sixteen sections. Each section is built upon frames, which are readily bolted together in such a manner as to make a perfectly tight and secure body; all joints between the sections are covered both inside and out by movable pieces secured with screws. The rooms are heated and ventilated by a low-pressure furnace with double casing. The fresh air is taken directly from the outside, which supply cannot be cut off by the teacher. The building costs about \$250.

The valuable point is the readiness with which a portable school can be sent to a neighborhood that becomes suddenly overcrowded and where the schools of those who have been in regular attendance are interfered with.

as much as how to each other! Let's take matters into our own hands, and get married right now—this afternoon! That was what he said, and they can't storm as much as they like, and they can't alter anything. Besides, I don't believe they would hold out forever. We'll slip out the back gate, and go down to the church street on Carver street. I saw the Rev. Tisdale going in when I came over." Billie fumbled in his pocket, and produced a formidable looking document. "I got a special license this morning," he announced, in triumphant tones.

Lila Bradlee opened her lips to say no—to expostulate—hesitated, and was lost. Hand in hand the lovers fled swiftly down the gravelled walk. As the defiers of authority vanished through the gate, a portly form rose warily from the further side of the grape arbor, hastened to the fence that bounded Lawyer Reed's lawn, and whistled shrilly.

The Colonel was setting up the chessmen as his old friend joined him in the library. "They've gone to the minister's!" he gasped. "Don't that heat all the rapid transit you ever heard of?" "Thank the Lord it came out all right," said John Reed. "I don't believe I could have kept it up another week."

The newly wedded pair paused on the familiar threshold, and stared in utter bewilderment at the two erstwhile bitter enemies placidly playing chess. "Father," called Billie, "you here?" "Howdy do, Billie," remarked the Colonel, rising affably. "Been getting married? Your father just came over to congratulate you. Lila—"

"Come here, girlie," he cried, "it's all right!" and in a second his daughter's head was resting on his shoulder and her arms were around his neck.—Farm and Fireside.

St. Pierre in This Country.

The destruction of St. Pierre has solved a mystery for the cowboys of the Rio-San Francisco valley, in New Mexico. Ever since the capture of Geronimo permitted the cattlemen to occupy the extreme western part of this Territory the cowboys have been digging for pottery in the homes of an extinct race of Indians that once lived along the Rio San Francisco.

These homes were dugouts—cellars—with stone walls built into the second bank or bench of the river valley. The pottery differs from that of the cliff dwellers, and it is very beautiful. But when digging the dirt from the old dwellings the cowboys immediately noticed that it was not like that in which the dwellings were dug. The soil of the bench, where many of the dwellings are found, is a broken-down granite, while that used in filling the old homes was a soft black loam fit for a market garden. One had to travel far down the valley to find such soil as that.

Too, as they cleaned out the old dugouts, the cowboys began to find skeletons in queer positions. An old man had been buried apparently while he sat leaning against a house wall with a pipe in his mouth. Near him a papoose, wrapped and tied on a piece of bark in Indian fashion, had been standing against the wall.

Elsewhere a woman had been buried as she knelt behind a mirror, or corn-grinding stone. One hand was on the stone and the other in a bowl of corn—and the corn, though blackened, was recognizable. Plainly this man will be found and the woman had died suddenly and unexpectedly. Other skeletons were found showing that death came so swiftly that no movement could be made, while some were piled up as if there had been a rush for the house entrance when death entered.

Seeing the lava on the hillsides and mesas round about the stream, it was easy to imagine that an outflow of suffocating gases from some volcano had killed the Indians, even though a hundred square miles of territory show certain proofs of this remarkable slaughter, but the unsolvable mystery was the fact that these old cellar-like homes were filled with a kind of earth not found near at hand. If every one in the pueblos was killed—and that was plainly the case—who filled in the homes?

If Indians had come from other parts of the Territory to fill them they would have prepared the dead for burial in the usual fashion. Moreover, no man could have shoveled dirt into the rooms and filled them without disturbing the pose of many of the dead, who, beyond question, had been buried as they fell. But now everybody can understand the thing, says the New York Times. As at St. Pierre, a blast of gases struck dead every soul in the valley of the Rio San Francisco. A tremendous flow of mud came next, and it flooded these homes, and very likely filled the valley, full. When all that was over the rains began washing out the valley, and in the course of the years and centuries since the mud has been cleaned from the old arid granite sand, but it remains, of course, in the cellar-like homes where a prehistoric race lived and made beautiful things for every day use, and were destroyed in a breath and they followed their usual course of life, as were the people of St. Pierre.

Dogs might well have cherished a warm admiration for Landseer, for no other artist has so skillfully presented their beauty of form and nobility of nature. But as a matter of fact, dogs would have loved Landseer if he had been unable to use pencil and brush, for he loved them, and love begets love. The great painter respected their rights and resented their wrongs. One of his intimate friends, says the author of "Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A.," wrote that he had a strong feeling against the way some dogs are tied up. He used to say a man would far better tie up a dog, because a man can take his coat off, but a dog lives in his forever. He declared that a tied-up dog, without daily exercise, goes mad or dies in three years.

Landseer's wonderful power over dogs was well known. An illustrious lady (whom we may venture to identify as her Majesty Queen Victoria) asked him how it was he had gained his knowledge. "By peeping into their hearts," he replied. A large party of his friends were with him at his house in St. John's Wood one day. His servant opened the door; three or four dogs bounded in, one a very fierce-looking mastiff.

The ladies recoiled, but there was no occasion for fear. The creature bounded up to Landseer and treated him like an old friend, making the most expansive demonstrations of delight. Some one remarked how fond the dog seemed of him. "I never saw him before in my life!" said Landseer.

To Preserve Our Forests. Clubwomen are working in many States for forest preservation. They have taken an active part in the agitation in Pennsylvania, which has resulted in the preservation of 700,000 acres of forest land, placing that State at the head of all in this matter. The Woman's Club at Wilkesbarre has been especially interested, securing the appointment of a forester to care for forests in the vicinity. The Maine federation has a committee on forest preservation. Maryland and Delaware are trying to save their evergreens, of which the States are being denuded at Christmas time. New Jersey wants to raise a fund of \$100,000 for forestry parks along the palisades. Clubwomen of Wisconsin have planted hundreds of trees during the last few years. Miss Osoola women, says the Detroit Free Press, have labored unceasingly for a permanent forest reservation at the headwaters of the Mississippi.

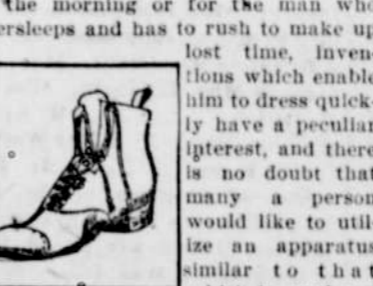
OLD FAVORITES

The Land o' the Leal. I'm wearin' awa', Jean, Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wearin' awa'!

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean, She was bathed good and fair, Jean; And, O, we grudged her sair!

Awake one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw, within the moonlight of his room, Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold—

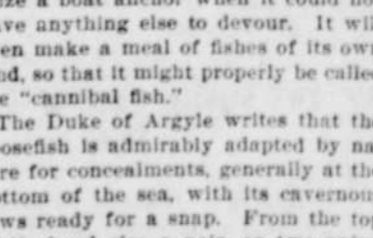
NEW FORM OF SHOE FASTENER. For the man in a hurry to get to work in the morning or for the man who oversleeps and has to rush to make up



SHOE FASTENER. For harnessing the horses if it could be applied to the clothing of a human being. At present, however, the shoe is about the only article of apparel which the inventor has sought to improve on, and in our illustration we show a new fastening device which can be applied to a shoe which has laces to draw the edges together.

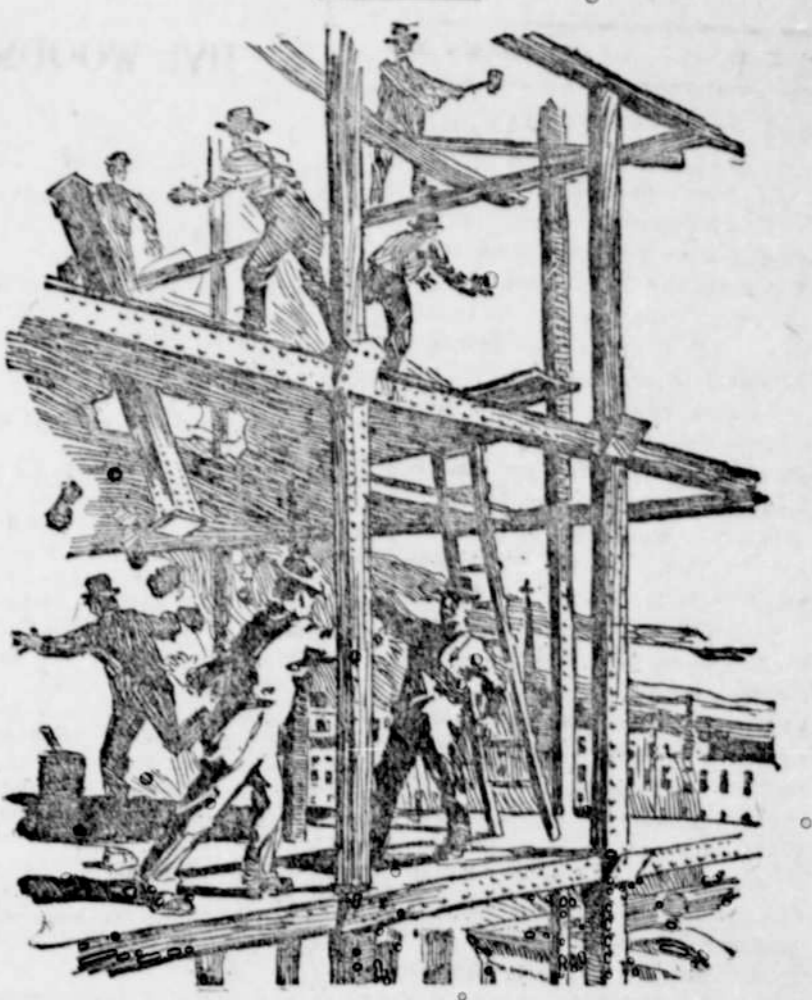
GREENEST FISH OF THE OCEAN. Sea Devil, or Gooesh, Has Huge Appetite—Eats Anchors. The sea devil does not hold a more voracious rascal or a greater hypocrite than the gooesh-fish. Not that this is its only name. It has at least seventy others. Each locality where it occurs gives it one that indicates its local greenness.

CONVENIENT SHOE FASTENER. One of the important considerations which guide some people in the question of selecting a pair of shoes is the manner of fastening them on the feet.



For when a man is in a hurry, as most men are in this century, he does not want to consume any more of his time in dressing than is necessary. In the accompanying drawing is shown what is probably the most rapid shoe fastener yet placed on the market, as there is but one motion of the hand necessary to complete the work of securing the edges of the uppers together around the ankle. One advantage of this invention is that it can be used in connection with a shoe originally intended to be secured with laces, the labor of making the alteration being inconsiderable.

CONSTRUCTION OF BIG BUILDINGS MEANS SACRIFICE OF LIVES.



In the rush of building in the down-town districts of Chicago the element of time in the construction is of vital consequence when the question of ground rents is considered; where a man, firm, or corporation is paying perhaps \$25,000 a year for a ground lease it is necessary that the building shall not be any longer under way than the greatest haste in building makes unavoidable.

Accidents that happen. To show how easily the unexpected may happen in the work of putting up a great building, an accident that broke both legs of a riveter in the new Chicago postoffice building was recalled.

Many Trades Working at Once. "Haste, as it is ordinarily understood, is not accountable for undue accidents. As a rule, men working upon a building do not work in a rush. Steel workers do, but they are the exception. Haste in building means the beginning of a string of foreproofing, carpentering, plastering, bricklaying, plumbing, and perhaps certain lines of finishing, but the structural steel is up to the level of the sixth floor of a sixteen-story building in fact, on an ordinary downtown building going up in a rush twenty-five separate trades have been at work through the structure at the same time.

Ordinarily a person familiar with the conditions under which craftsmen work might look to the laws and the city ordinances for protection of these men. But the laws do not protect. There is an ordinance which requires the builder to see that the floors in a skeleton structure should be planked over. So they are, but with a dozen gangs of men working at a dozen lines of work on a dozen floors, you may see where the element of chance plays. A foreman going through a building may see a board or two boards or three boards in a floor out of place. He orders that the hole be covered over for the protection of everybody below.

As to workmen falling, it is the experience of a foreman that many men lose their nerve on buildings; that some fright or narrow escape so impresses the possibilities of danger upon them that while they may continue to work, and may believe that they are as steady as ever, they are really a constant menace to every one about them. To the average workman walking about the skeleton of a new building, 200 feet above the pavement, the element of height cuts no figure so far as his nervous system is concerned; he can walk a six-inch beam at that height as readily as a person in the street can keep to the line of a street car rail. But persons in the street occasionally step into coal holes or trip over obstructions, and to this extent at least the workman on high buildings is not immune from falling. In case of falling, however, the ordinance requiring temporary flooring up through a building is the means of preserving many lives.—Chicago Tribune.

OUR FIRST WOMAN ASTRONOMER

Birthplace of Maria Mitchell to Be Preserved to Her Memory. The birthplace of Maria Mitchell, the first woman astronomer in America, where all her early years were spent and her first observations made in Nantucket, Mass., is to be preserved by Vassar alumnae. Vassar, incidentally, was the first woman's college to introduce astronomy in its curriculum. Miss Mitchell went there as professor of astronomy and director of the observatory in 1825, remaining until her death, twenty-three years later. Harvard College

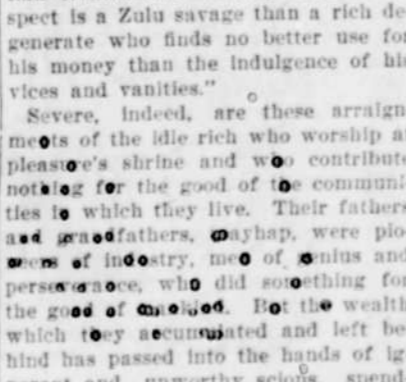


MARIA MITCHELL'S BIRTHPLACE.

lege at the time had no telescope better than that used by Miss Mitchell's father in his Nantucket home. Nowhere was tuition in this science then open to a woman, so it was through her father only that Miss Mitchell became proficient in her life work. She was the discoverer of a new comet known to the world of science as Maria Mitchell's comet. A few years before this Frederick VI, King of Denmark, had offered a gold medal to the first discoverer of a telescopic comet, and this medal was afterward bestowed upon Miss Mitchell by Frederick VII. After her discovery Miss Mitchell was elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and was honored wherever she went. The Mitchell house at Nantucket was built in 1790 and during the last 85 years has been occupied by some member of the Mitchell family. The lower part of the building will be used as a museum and the upper story for library and astronomical purposes. Miss Mitchell's scientific library was left by her to her brother, Prof. Henry Mitchell, but he will turn this over as a gift in his sister's name to the library to be founded in the old homestead.

VULGARITY OF THE ULTRA-RICH

Sincerely Condemned by United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. "When wealth expends in a single evening, upon a vulgar, brainless entertainment an amount of money the income of which would mean affluence to thousands of families; when it is used to promote corners in the necessities of life or for desperate gambling on the stock markets; when it is engaged in an effort to debauch elections or control Legislatures; when it considers that everything is for sale—Legislatures and courts, public officers, the honesty of men and the honor of women—it is hard to overestimate the peril which it portends."



HENRY CABOT LODGE.

It would carry no weight, but coming from so conservative a source as the brilliant junior Senator of Massachusetts they have attracted considerable attention and have been widely commented on. Leslie's Weekly is prompted to say: "It were well if the warbling note were sounded until it should penetrate even to the brains of the dull and most rapid of the creatures, who are dawdling away their lives in the midst of luxuries and extravagances purchased with inherited wealth. It is these living sponges, the shallow, heartless, aimless men and women, the greatest menace to our existing social order, and whose ways of life are the deepest reproach that lies against Christian civilization. Worthy of more respect is a Zulu savage than a rich degenerate who finds no better use for his money than the indulgence of his vices and vanities."

Severe, indeed, are these arraignment of the idle rich who worship at pleasure's shrine and who contribute nothing for the good of the communities in which they live. Their fathers and grandfathers, mayhap, were pioneers of industry, men of genius and perseverance, who did something for the good of the world. Not the wealth which they accumulated and left behind has passed into the hands of ignorant and unworthy scoundrels, spend-thrifts and, in some cases, moral monstrosities. The lives of how many of these gilded young men and women are filled with shameful debauchery which it takes something like the Molasses case to bring to light. The Senator who has spoken in such plain and undiplomatic language concerning the ultra-rich is one of the foremost scholars of America, a man of godly and the intimate friend of President Roosevelt. He lives at Nahant, is a lawyer by profession, but prefers to follow literary pursuits for a livelihood. He was a member of the House of Representatives for four terms before becoming a Senator. School of an Empress. The Empress Dowager of China intends establishing a girls' school in the palace at Peking. Ten daughters of princes will be the students. A female teacher will instruct them in English. The reason is that the empress needs interpreters when entertaining the wives of foreign ministers. Any man who lives up to his epitaph is a dead one.