

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

OUR DESPISED GRANDMOTHERS' SPLENDID PHYSIQUE.

By Lady Forbes.

We cannot nowadays open a newspaper without hearing of some department of athletics in which women have taken part. The pictures published of women's hockey teams are about as numerous as those of men's cricket elevens. Women carry off golf and lawn tennis championships, perform amazing feats of pedestrianism, ride bicycles for unusual distances at unbroken records of speed, swim, shoot, fish farther, faster, better, or at any rate as far, as fast, as well as most male competitors. The twentieth century woman has therefore passed into a proverb for strength and activity. So it has become the habit to compare her with her grandmother, to the latter's disadvantage.

Grandmother was a poor creature, a soft, drooping thing that shrieked at the sight of a mouse and fainted at that of a cow; that exclaimed "La!" on all occasions and was always blushing; that wrote a fine hand and expressed herself in precise English. She scarcely knew what lay beyond her garden gate, far less traveled by herself half over the known globe. She became crimson at the mere mention of men's nether garments, far less put them on for bicycling or mountain climbing purposes. She hardly went for a walk, let alone a cross country tramp. She shrieked at the sight of a gun, and nothing would have persuaded her to touch it. A mild rubber of what was the only game she ever played. She knew how to keep house, but she had never heard of the "higher mathematics." I think she would have disapproved of her descendant quite as markedly as her descendant disapproves her.

Yet, after all, when one comes to analyze the two women from an impartial point of view, grandmother does not compare so unfavorably with her stalwart granddaughter as she is supposed to do. She was not an athlete. But as far as endurance went, her granddaughter cuts a poor figure beside her. To begin with, grandmother had no nerves. She did not know what the word meant. If you had talked before her of a "rest cure," you might just as well have been talking Chinese. Her tears and her fainting fits were merely the weapons in her armory, cunning little grandmamma! She did not waste them on the wrong young man.

Again, grandmother, when she married in her teens or early twenties, looked forward with perfect equanimity to the bearing of a round dozen of children. That her descendant, with all the alleviations of modern science, thinks differently is the complaint of President Roosevelt. If by any chance grandmother did leave her peaceful lavender and rose scented garden and went out into the world, she emerged after a journey of half a dozen days and nights sitting up in a stage coach far more fresh and smiling than her granddaughter after eight hours in a sleeping car.

MARRYING A MAN TO REFORM HIM.

By Helen Oldfield.

The new cult which declares love a disease and counsels its treatment as such is scarcely new. Centuries ago Shakespeare wrote: "Love is merely madness, and I tell you deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love, too." Moreover, Shakespeare is said to have borrowed the idea from a far more ancient writer.

It is probably due to this fact, the lack of reason, which is part and parcel of love in general, that so many good women are willing to marry men who have absolutely wallowed in pitch, such as none can touch and not be defiled, fondly believing that love for themselves shall change the leopard's spots and wash the black sheep as white or whiter than any in the flock. In truth, the better and purer the woman the more ready is she to assume the task. So,

also, the professedly penitent rascal who confessed to sin many and grievous and pleads for a helping hand in behalf of love, has a better chance with the best of women than he who, while actually turning his back on a discreditable past, refuses to acknowledge his transgressions or to put forth his need of saving womanly grace.

Sometimes the venture is successful, but rarely. Usually the trusting wife learns through much tribulation and many heartaches the all compelling power of old associations, the infinite strength of long established habit. Much has been said and sung of the power of women's influence over the men who love them; history and romance are full of it. But the lesson of the ages is, alas, that it is far easier to influence men for evil than for good. A touch may be sufficient to send a stone down hill, when the utmost strength of a team of oxen will scarcely avail to haul it slowly up the steep incline. In point of fact, the influence of the husband over the wife is usually much greater than that of the wife upon the husband. It is often hard to overcome evil with good; far easier is it to condone the sin of a beloved sinner, to make one's self believe that black is white.

The miserable husband is the man who cannot bring a clean bill of moral health to his marriage. The lover ought to be a better and more unselfish man on the eve of his marriage than on the eve of his proposal. He has had a chance, with the strongest incentive, of breaking off bad habits and undesirable, not to say evil, associations. Neither should he, as some men are apt to do, regard this partial reformation as merely a temporary sacrifice and look forward to relapsing into the old ways when once he is married.

NATURE MAKES US CREATURES OF HABIT.

By Andrew Wilson.

Naturalists, whose business it is to study the ways and works of the children of life, have long recognized the power and influence of habit as a factor in molding the destinies of animals and plants. An excellent illustration of the adoption of a peculiar habit indeed is that afforded by the ways of the rifle fish. This fish is a near relation of the perch. In its own special family circle we find at least two species included. It has a short and compressed body, ending forwards in a distinct "snout," while the lower jaw projects beyond the upper. This conformation of mouth bears a distinct relation to its peculiar mode of life. Modification of structure, in other words, has followed alteration in the way of life. We find here two of a family that do not agree in the regulation or following of existence. The peculiar habit of this fish is found in its mode of capturing the insect prey on which it lives. It has acquired the power of ejecting drops of water forcibly from its mouth against the insects which settle on leaves adjacent to the water. So accurate is its aim that it rarely fails to hit its prey and to bring down the quarry into the water, where it is at the mercy of its captor. The water pellets may be ejected in a stream or singly. The particular form of the mouth is adjusted to the ejection of the bombarding drops. So that the modification of habit in respect of what life does has taken place with alteration of the machinery on which the performance of the habit depends.

The "first step" may have commenced by the simple, aimless ejection of water from the mouth; then might have succeeded chance shots which had the effect of bringing down the insects to the water. Animal life is not slow to take advantage of the fruits of experience, and, as practice makes perfect, we might thus roughly figure out the beginning and perfecting of marksmanship of the rifle fish. Perhaps also the rising of the fish to the surface may have been connected, as in some other fishes, with a necessity for air breathing. But this last is pure conjecture. The case, none the less, illustrates excellently the difficulties of accounting for the beginnings of things.

sets slowly along the coasts of British North America, the United States and Lower California, ultimately rejoining the equatorial current. The branch that sweeps southward along our coasts is known as the California current. The northward branch washes the shores of our Alaskan islands. If explosives get into the main stream of the Kuro Siwo coastal streamers between Alaska and Panama and deep-sea vessels along the northern route between the American Pacific and Asia will be liable to meet terrible disaster.

The Luxury of Debt.

Since the Indian has laid down his tomahawk and come in off the war-path, the post trader's store on an Indian reservation has become the general gathering place where the white and red man meet on a common level with a feeling of good fellowship.

With the Indian's adoption of the white man's civilization has come the adoption of his evils. The proneness of the white man to purchase beyond his ability to pay has been speedily imitated by the red man. If a personal appeal for credit does not avail, he usually attempts a written one.

The following is a copy of a letter written by Mark Long Pumpkin, who acquired some knowledge of the English language as one of the government boarding schools which he attended for a few years:

"Big Turkey Camp, Wososo, S. Dak.

"My Dear Trader, I shake my hands with you with a good heart, sir. You know I am your honest friend and now I would like to owe you something. This is what I owe you for: A blue pants for \$1.50, just one perfume 25 cents worth, a coffee for 50 cents and one gum to chew for five cents worth. Now for this you can have charge against me always on paper, and I paid you when I sold my cattle. Your truly honest friend, "Mr. Mark Long Pumpkin."

This Was a Boy at the Hub.

Mother—Johnny, do stop teasing that cat. How would you like to be treated so, do you suppose, if you were a cat?

Johnny—In that case I presume I should have a bias, the same as Kitty has, but don't you think it quite unnecessary to suppose anything so fanciful, mamma?—Boston Transcript.

Some men seem to have the horseless brand of horse sense.

Occasional silence would improve some people's conversation.

MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

CHAPTER VII.

Thus began my knowledge of the mine; from that day forth my interest in it deepened, and it haunted me like a passion. Its darkness and perils had a fascination for me, and I was not content till I had explored every cranny and familiarized myself with the mining art or science. I read every book on the subject that I could buy or borrow, and in a short time I could have passed a pretty stiff examination as an engineer.

I must now pass over, at one swift bound, a lapse of eight years. During that time I had exchanged the duties of clerk for that of assistant overseer, and then, on the death of Mr. Redruth, for those of overseer-in-chief. Behold me, then, at twenty-two years of age, the mainstay of the Pendragon household—rough, robust, full of strength, and its rude pride. In my twenty-second year occurred an event which was destined to exercise no little influence over my whole future life.

I was standing one day on the cliffs, close to the mouth of the mine, when I saw two figures coming from the direction of the village. One was my cousin Annie, now a comely young woman; the other was young George Redruth, whom I had scarcely set eyes upon since the time of his father's death.

They were talking earnestly, and did not seem at first to notice me; but presently I saw Annie give a startled look in my direction, and afterward they approached together. He stropped carefully, swinging his cane and smoking a cigar.

"Ah, Trelawney," he said, with a nod; "your cousin Annie has been telling me that there are complaints again about the outlying shafts of the mine. So I'm going down to have a look round."

"Very well, sir," I replied, wondering in my own mind why Annie had chosen to make herself the mouthpiece of the men.

"I suppose it's safe enough," he said, after a moment. "You know, though I am a mine owner, I don't know much about the business; I used to leave all that to the governor."

"It is only right," was my reply, "that you should judge its safety for yourself. If anything happened, you would be responsible."

"For the men, of course; but it's their living, and no doubt they know how to look after themselves. Be good enough to make all ready, Trelawney, for I'm going down at once."

I walked off toward the office. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw him glance after me, and then, with a contemptuous laugh, say something to Annie. My blood boiled angrily, and my cheeks grew crimson. I could have turned back and struck him in the face. Close to the office I found my uncle, who had just come up from underground. I told him the young master was going down, and he was delighted.

"He's a brave lad, Master Jarge," he cried. "I'll give you 'un, and show 'un where the wall be breaking down."

Presently Redruth came along, and followed be into the office, where several woolen costumes were hanging. He laughed gaily, as he transformed himself into a miner. My uncle led the way down the trap, showing infinite care and tenderness for the young master. The earth soon swallowed us, and the only light we had was the light of the candles stuck in our hats.

From ladder to ladder we went, till we reached the central platform. Then down we crept again, till we reached the lowest galleries, and became conscious of the gnaw-like figures at work in the submarine darkness. My uncle still led the way, stopping from time to time to pilot Redruth over awkward stones and dangerous trap-holes. Our progress was now very slow. Walking, stooping, crawling, climbing, descending, we proceeded; now crossing black abysses, this-ly covered with quaking planks; past wild figures kneeling or lying, and laboring with short pickaxes at the ore; and as we went, the roar which had been in our ears from the beginning deepened, while the solid rocks above us seemed quaking in the act to fall.

"Where are we now?" asked the young master.

"Whar, Master Jarge?" repeated my uncle, with a friendly grin, "right down under the sea. Twenty fathoms under the sea level, and three hundred feet, or more, out beyond low water mark."

"Well, where's the damage? It all seems snug enough."

"Come this way, Master Jarge!" said my uncle, crawling forward, until we reached a narrow space with just room for two of us to stand abreast. Suddenly, we found ourselves ankle deep in water, and at the same time thick drops like heavy rain fell from the rocks above us. My uncle reached up with his hands, and touched the roof, which was partially fortified with wood and cement.

"I plug'd this year last night, Master Jarge," he explained; "the salt water were streaming in like a fall."

As he spoke, the roar deepened to a crash, and we could distinctly hear the sea grinding on the pebbles, right above our heads. It seemed momentarily as if the whole fabric of the rock would break in, under the flux and reflux of the rolling waves. I saw Redruth start back and glance toward the gallery down which he had come. But he recovered his sang froid in a moment.

"How thick is the ceiling here, Trelawney?" he asked.

"Six feet at the thickest, sir; at the thinnest, where you see the wooden plug, not more than three."

Young Redruth looked up again, and taking a candle from his person, examined the rock. It was actually perforated with sea water oozing through the solid granitic mass, but through all the dampness and sliminess the stripes of pure copper ran in rich bars, forming part of the finest and most precious lode in the whole mine.

"Why, it's almost solid ore," he said. "Is, Master Jarge," returned my uncle, "but we can't go further this way without flooding the shaft. It would be worth thousands of pounds to gaw on, and 'twill cost a heap to keep tight and safe as it be."

The young master made no further remark just then, but continued his examination of the other parts of the mine. In several other places the roof was dangerous. My uncle pointed out the various unsafe portions.

At last we re-ascended to the sunshine. How bright and dawning all seemed after that subaqueous darkness! Redruth seemed in a brown study. Not until he had washed himself any reassured his ordinary attire, did he find his tongue. By this time, my uncle had returned to his labors down below.

"Is there anything else you wish to report?" asked Redruth, sharply, as we stood together at the office door.

"Nothing more than I have already reported in writing. The whole mine wants repair. Putting aside the outlying galleries, where the sea may enter at any minute, the engines and machinery need replacing, the ladders are rotten; in fact, everything is in the last stage of decay; and no wonder, seeing that scarcely a penny has been spent on it within my memory."

"You are a pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow. You want to ruin me, eh?"

"At any rate, sir," I returned, following him. "You will have the outer galleries filled up, at once? If you don't I'll not answer for the consequences."

"Who asked you?" he cried. "Your place is to report, not to advise. As to ceasing to work the outer galleries, I suppose you know that the richest lode of ore runs there, and that the inner portion of the mine is almost barren? You seem to prefer mutiny and disaffection to study of your employer's interests. I tell you flatly, I don't intend to listen to such nonsense. Thanks to you, the mine at present yields little or no profit, and I am in a fair way to become a beggar."

"Then you will do nothing?"

"I will do nothing under your advice, for I don't trust you. A gentleman in whom I have the utmost confidence will be here to-morrow morning. You will accompany him down the mine, and you will show him what you have shown me. I shall then be guided by his advice, not by yours."

Soon after sunrise the next morning, as I sat in the office, I was visited by the person to whom young Redruth had alluded. He was a thin, spare, sandy-haired young man of about thirty, with a mean type of countenance, and an accent which was a curious compound of Cockneyisms and Americanisms. He had been born within the sound of Bow Bells; but having spent a portion of his manhood in the United States, he affected the free and easy manners of a Yankee citizen, telling me his name was Ephraim Johnson, a civil engineer, from New York. He informed me that he had been instructed by Mr. George Redruth to go down the mine, and report on its prospects and conditions.

I treated him as civilly as possible, and we made the tour of inspection together. When we came to the outlying gallery, above which the sea was thundering, he trembled a good deal, and gave other signs of agitation, and he did not recover himself until he had regained the open air. Curious to know what he would say to his employer, I questioned him:

"Well, Mr. Johnson? Did I exaggerate when I said that the mine was unsafe?"

He answered me sharply and impudently, but averting his small, keen eyes from mine.

"Excuse me, young man, I shall report my opinion to Mr. George Redruth, not to you. I don't mind saying, however, that I guess you did exaggerate, on the whole."

"You didn't seem to express that opinion when you were down below!"

"What do you mean?" he cried, turning crimson.

"I mean that you seemed rather in a hurry to get back to the terra firma, up here!"

He did not reply, but gave me a look full of malignity and dislike. Then he walked out of the office, but the next minute he put his head in again at the door.

"You think yourself smart," he said; "but you'll have to get up early before you're as smart as me. I mean to do my duty, young man, and so you'll find afore very long."

He left me with this curious valediction. I saw neither Redruth nor Johnson for some days. Then I heard casually that the latter had gone back to London. About a week after his departure, I saw it publicly announced that arrangements had been made with George Redruth, Esq., the proprietor, to turn St. Gurlott's copper mine into a joint stock company, the said George Redruth, Esq., receiving half the purchase money and retaining the other half in fully paid-up shares. Nothing was said about the precise amount of commission money which went into the pocket of Mr. E. S. Johnson, but the name of that worthy was down on the prospectus as surveyor and inspecting engineer, and I had no doubt whatever in my own mind that he had made a very excellent bargain.

CHAPTER VIII.

A little after the establishment of the London company, Johnson came down to St. Gurlott and took lodgings in a farm house in the neighborhood. Although the stranger was formally installed as resident inspector and supervisor, no attempt was made as yet to remove me from my former position. I soon saw that Johnson was completely in young Redruth's confidence. Under his advice, nothing whatever was done to amend the condition of affairs in the mine, the fittings and machinery of which remained as dilapidated as ever. On my own responsibility, however, I closed up the dangerous outer galleries, and forbade the men, on pain of dismissal, from working the ore in that direction. Although Johnson heard of this, and doubtless reported it to his superior, neither of them made any communication to me on the subject—just then.

I had noticed for several weeks that some important secret communion was going on between my uncle and him. What it was all about I couldn't guess, but it was evidently connected in some way with myself. I often caught them looking at me, and, when detected, exchanging glances of infinite meaning. I was beginning to think of asking for an explanation, when accident made me acquainted with the whole mystery.

I had returned home one evening too late for the ordinary tea, and was sitting taking mine alone, waited on by Annie, as I had to return to the office again that night, and might probably have to go down the mine. The meal over, I got up, and wished them all good-night.

"Don't sit up for me!" I said, "I shall be late to-night."

"Where are you going to, Hugh?" asked Annie, carelessly.

"Back to the office. I've got to go down the mine again, too."

I put my arm around her shoulders—gave her a kiss—at which my aunt and uncle laughed delightedly.

I had gone only a little way, when I suddenly remembered that certain account books which I should need that night were in my room at the cottage. I turned back to get them. When I reached the cottage it was quite dark. I passed before the kitchen window, which was open, for the night was sultry, and looked in.

My aunt and uncle still sat in much the same position they had occupied when I left them, but Annie was gone. I was about to put my head in at the window, and acquaint them with my return, when I heard the mention of my own name.

"Yes," said my aunt, nodding her head. "I ha' watched 'em, and I know Annie favors Hugh, if ever any lass favored a lad."

"Well, I do hope you're right, Martha," my uncle retorted. "He be a good lad, and I shall be glad to call him my son."

I heard no more—I felt like a man who had received a knock-down blow, and I staggered under it a bit. Annie love me?—the old people planning our marriage? It was all so new it took me a time to recover. But was it true? Were they right? Did my cousin really care for me? I glanced back on all the years we had been together, and I concluded that after all it might be possible. But then of late she had sorely changed. I had noticed that, and wondered a bit; now the meaning of it seemed clear. Annie, my little cousin Annie, whom I had ever regarded as a sister and a child, had developed into a woman and was capable of feeling a woman's love.

I began to analyze my own feelings, and to pronounce upon them. My affection for her was of that strong, deep nature that I might have mistaken it for love, if that one all-absorbing episode of my school days had never been. Even after a lapse of years, the thought of Madeline made my blood tingle in my veins, and my heart beat painfully. Of all this the old people knew nothing; they had evidently made up their minds that Annie and I were exactly suited to one another, and ought to be man and wife. Before I had time to think very deeply on the subject, the kitchen door opened, and Annie herself appeared on the threshold. She wore a long black cloak, which she folded tightly around her shoulders; its hood covered her head.

"I am going down to the village. I shan't be long," I heard her say, in answer to her mother's question.

(To be continued.)

TWO GREAT CITIES.

How London and New York Differ—Good and Bad Points of Each.

New York has a great initial advantage over London. It puts its best face forward to the visitor. Approach- ed from the sea, it is unrivaled. A few yards from the landing stage and you are among its stupendous buildings, in the rush of its busy life. If New York is entered by the New York Central the first impression is equally favorable, as the visitor is put down in the very heart of the city, close alike to the business center and the residential quarters.

But London, unlike the other great capitals of the world, puts its worst face forward. Whether you come to it from Liverpool to Euston, or from Southampton to Waterloo, London has a forbidding aspect. The few who arrive by the Thames may be impressed by the immensity of the shipping and the activity in the docks, but the subsequent railway journey is over the tops of little gloomy houses inhabited by the poorest. In East London there are miles and miles of these mean streets of little brick houses, with tiny courtyards, sometimes relieved by blocks of model tenement dwellings; and standing high up above the dead level are the board schools and the churches, as beacons of light and leading in a region of depressing gloom.

London, unlike New York or Paris, or Berlin, or almost any other great city, does not confine its poor to one quarter or try to hide its misery. There are quick transitions between the poor quarters and the wealthy and business districts. The cheerless dark brick houses, the slatternly women standing by the doors, tramps loitering about the street corners, all contribute to the first bad impression. But the great city province improves on acquaintance. Soon the visitor finds much that is picturesque and beautiful among the streets, but he has to find it. And he will learn that there is much refinement and luxury behind the dismal looking exteriors of the mid-century grim brick houses in the west central squares and streets.

New York rebuilds itself at a rapid rate. The system of land tenure in London deters rebuilding until the end of long periods of forty or more years, when large areas are reconstructed. This is happening at present in the streets between the Strand and the Thames, a property belonging to Mr. Astor, and in Bloomsbury, which is being covered with high class apartment houses. The only similarity between houses in London and in New York is in apartment houses and in suburban residences, and in these cases styles differ.—The Outlook.

Great Praise.

"I have always heard it said that your wife is a woman of her word," said Gazzam to Bickers.

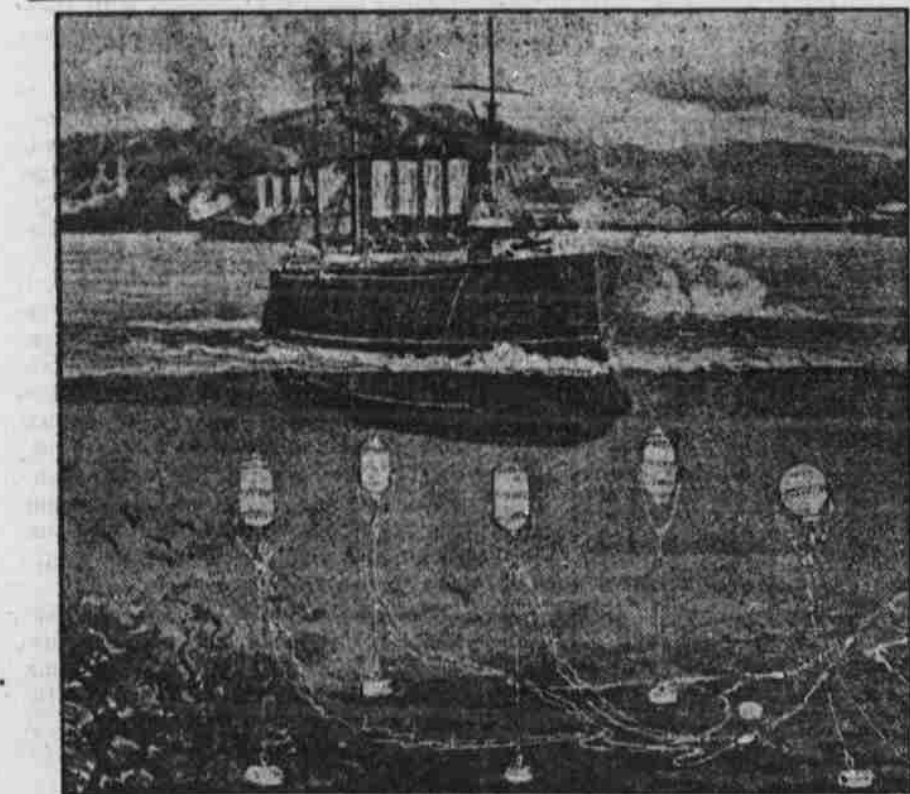
"That's quite right," added Bickers, "quite right. She is not only a woman of her word, but a woman of a good many words."

The Benefits.

Opdyke—What's the use of arguing with a woman? You can never convince her.

Depeyster—True—But think of the pleasure it gives the woman—Town and Country.

On many railways cement ties are displacing wooden ties.



WARSHIP RUNNING ONTO A MINE FIELD.

bor in case of war, for blockading purpose, is according to the laws of nations, and this is what Japan has done at Port Arthur. In retaliation it seems beyond doubt that Russia placed a number of floating mines in the open sea off Port Arthur, in the course frequented by Japanese war vessels, in the hope of thus entrapping and destroying the enemy's ships. It was one of these floating mines which destroyed the Japanese battleship Hatause with several hundred men. Since that time newspaper correspondents' boats have reported seeing mines floating on the high seas. The tremendous peril which is thus threatened to others than participants in the conflict is apparent.

Everybody should know, writes Cyrus D. Adams, in the New York Times, that the floats and jetsam of the seas are carried by currents and winds into all the pathways of ocean travel;

and it is almost incredible that sane men should add high explosives to the wreckage, timber, icebergs and other drift that are always a menace and for which seafarers are incessantly on the lookout.

What might happen next winter? The fierce winter monsoon blowing off the land carries much debris from Japan and Southern China to the Philippine Islands and all other parts of the eastern Islands world from For-

mosa and Borneo. Drifting explosives in good condition set afloat in the neighborhood of Port Arthur might bring the same dangers to shipping in the East Indies archipelago that now seem to threaten life and property in the more northern waters. Torpedoes would be just as likely to be carried into the channels among the Philippine Islands as the Asian debris that now floats in them to be dashed against the shore.

But the danger might travel further. Any floating object from these Asian coasts may be swept into the great main stream of the Kuro Siwo, the wide ocean river that sweeps in a vast curve across the North Pacific. The Great Circle steaming route followed by some of the steamships between American Pacific ports and Japan dip into the southern edge of this stream. Although the Kuro Siwo gradually loses the character of a current, it