HIS MOTHER.

Within her fond, encircling arm
  Safe slept her little child—
A helpless weight, sweet-breathed, and warm!
Her eager look down-bent, to scan
  That face, all lovely innocence,
The features of the full-grown man
  She seized on with prophetic sense—
Foresaw the hero that should be
Clothed in his manhood's majesty,
  And seeing, smiled.

Relaxed in every massive limb,
  The man, sore wearied, sleeps;
His bearded cheek is rough and grim.
She, hovering near him wistfully,
  And gazing long, is fain to trace
One line of childhood's purity
  In that toil-marred, world-hardened face.
Now once again she feels and sees
Her nursling warm upon her knees,
  And seeing, weeps.
—New York Independent.

HER OPPORTUNITY.

DICK, what chance have I for success? What opportunity to do one brave thing?" The girl spoke without a tone of resentment in her voice. The young man, whose name was upon the lips of every one in his city as the rising young lawyer of Iowa, looked down at her.

"One never knows the coming opportunity until it presents itself. To each one of us there comes a chance for success. But no preaching to-night. This is Florida, and a Florida sunset is an inspiration in itself."

But Virginia was not satisfied. The red and yellow splendor of the sun as he sank over the waters of the great gulf and reflected his brilliancy on the thick foliage of the park and the gray, wooden walls of the hotel did not interest her to-night. She was a mere slip of a woman. But there was a strange beauty in her dark, oval face, reminiscent of old Spanish paintings, which was intensified by the simple white dinner gown which she wore. As she passed along the piazza the loungers, who sat in groups of twos and threes in the wicker chairs, saw that

"A SHARP, QUICK PULL."

she walked with difficulty on a pair of black crutches.

"What can I ever do?" the girl asked, anxiously. "Fate has decreed that I shall spend my life half helpless. I can't walk a step, Dick, without these crutches of mine. It's just as if I had a millstone hung around my shoulders."

Dick Fairfield was rarely at a loss for a ready reply. He looked out at the sea so vast and imperious, and he thought of how the lame girl at his side had come into his life.

"You are doing much, Virginia," he answered, after a moment. "You are bringing happiness into many of our lives. What more can you want to do?"

The girl turned her face and answered not at all.

The orchestra was playing in the long ballroom. It was one of the stirring marches that a great bandmaster had given as his tribute to his fellow men and women. It had been dedicated to the national colors, and the swinging cadences and clear rhythm told of the waving flag of the free. Dick Fairfield thought of what it had meant. He heard it as a marching chorus, and he had but to close his eyes again to see the long files of dust-covered men who had left the dock in front of the hotel twelve months ago to fight beneath its folds. He saw it carried and waving before the trenches in the swamps where disease, the deadliest form of hidden foe, was lurking. He thought of his own town in the west; how, when at the convention which had nominated him for mayor, the local fire department band played the song of the flag and every single man in the rink had risen and shouted wildly. These easterners were content to criticise. They wondered why the hotel bandmaster didn't get new selections. New selections? Why, a march song like that had no age; it was superior to time itself. He had little use for these eastern men and women. They were too languid, too contented.

"I doubt if your thoughts are worth the fixed price," said a voice at his side. "Won't you give them to me?"

And Dick realized that it was a man's occasional privilege to change his mind. For Virginia Howper was another kind of easterner. During the ten days he had already spent of his fortnight's vacation the girl had come to mean more to him each day. Her restless spirit, her ambition to succeed, he thought a wonderful contrast to the splendidly built eastern women, who preferred to let others talk and think and act for them.

"I should have been thinking of you, Virginia," he finally answered.

The girl looked him full in the face, and read the truth in a moment with the God-given intuition of her sex.

"There goes your dance with Miss Clark," she broke in. "You must not keep her waiting."

"But I can't leave you, Virginia, all alone here."

"Please do. Then come back to me after the number. I want to be alone for awhile."

And Fairfield reluctantly left her sitting on the farthest corner of the broad piazza, which had been made gay for the party by long festoons of colored paper and a multitude of candles in fantastic paper cases. Virginia sat in a brown study. The bandmaster, with an ingenuity nearly akin to sacrilege had made the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" into a waltz. The girl knew that the music told of a man's love for a woman, of the great joy that had come into her own life.

A solitary breath of wind stirred the festoons along the front of the piazza. The coasting sailors knew a storm was brewing. A sharper breath of wind came and swung the festoons near where Virginia sat. The candle in one of the paper lanterns toppled over. In a second the tissue paper case was all afire.

The girl saw the accident. In a second she realized the danger to the great hotel, its wooden frame as dry as tinder. Virginia saw the peril of the hundreds of men and women it held. Then she realized her own helplessness. Dick had taken her crutches and placed them in a corner of the building beyond her reach. While she thought with the full rapidity of her active mind the fire spread to the festoons. Then she conceived her plan.

In a second she was upon her knees. She half-crawled across the piazza floor until her outstretched hand could reach her crutches. She slipped them under her shoulders and swung back across the piazza. Not a soul was near to help her, and her quick instinct told the girl that a scream would create a panic in the crowded ballroom. The fire danced along the paper festoon.

How she ever did it she could never afterward tell, but it seemed a divine strength aided her strong arms as she climbed upon the piazza rail. With one arm grasping the pillar for support, she stretched the other toward the blazing decorations. She thought she caught the sound of hurried footsteps along the piazzi. She could not reach the festoon by several inches. In a moment the dry dead vine along the eaves would be ablaze and it would be too late. But Virginia had kept her head. She coolly reached down, and, grasping one of her crutches by the arm rest, stretched it up and twisted it in the blazing paper decoration. A sharp, quick pull—something broke, and in a moment the whole blazing mass lay burning it out in the grass far from harm.

She turned and saw Dick standing beside her. He gravely helped her down and carried her to a chair.

"Your opportunity came quicker than we expected. You did a very brave and a very gallant thing." She heard Dick's voice speaking in her ear, and she turned and gave him her hand without saying a word.

It is needless to tell what followed. Virginia Howper found her popularity had swept into fame. People called her the heroine of the hotel, and new arrivals begged to be presented. Sunday newspapers sent for her photographs, and the tales of her achievement went far and wide. Virginia laughed at it and took it most good-naturedly. To her the praise of a certain westerner was infinitely more desirable than the entire loud-voiced plaudits of the eastern contingent of the hotel.

Richard Fairfield returned to Cordona, Iowa, after his fortnight's rest in the south. To certain of his friends he gave confidences. He hinted very vaguely of a general dislike for the easterners he had met at the Florida resort. He described them vigorously as cold-blooded and disagreeable. Then he would lower his voice and hint that there was one exception to the rule. Two months later when he returned from a flying trip to Baltimore that seemed strangely suspicious in view of his previous opinions, he gave more confidences. This time he allowed that he would make no exceptions in the future. The only exception in the east was going to move into the west.—New York Evening Sun.

The Duty of the Rich.

"The rich man has no more right to repose than the poor. He is as much bound to labor as the poor; not to labor in the same way, but to labor as really, as efficiently, as intensely. I am tempted to say more intensely, because he has a sphere so much wider and nobler opened to him. No man has a right to seek property in order that he may enjoy, may lead a life of indulgence, may throw all toil on another class of society. This world was not made for ease. Its great law is action, and action for the good of others still more than for our own. This is its law, and we violate it only to our own misery and guilt."—William Ellery Channing.

It Wasn't Encouragement.

"But you must have given him encouragement, Nell."

"Why, my dear, how foolish! Of course, I used to take walks with him almost every afternoon, and often go to the theater and skating rink with him, and have him for dinner at the house, and go to church with him, and most always danced with him at the class, but really never gave him any encouragement."—Brooklyn Life.

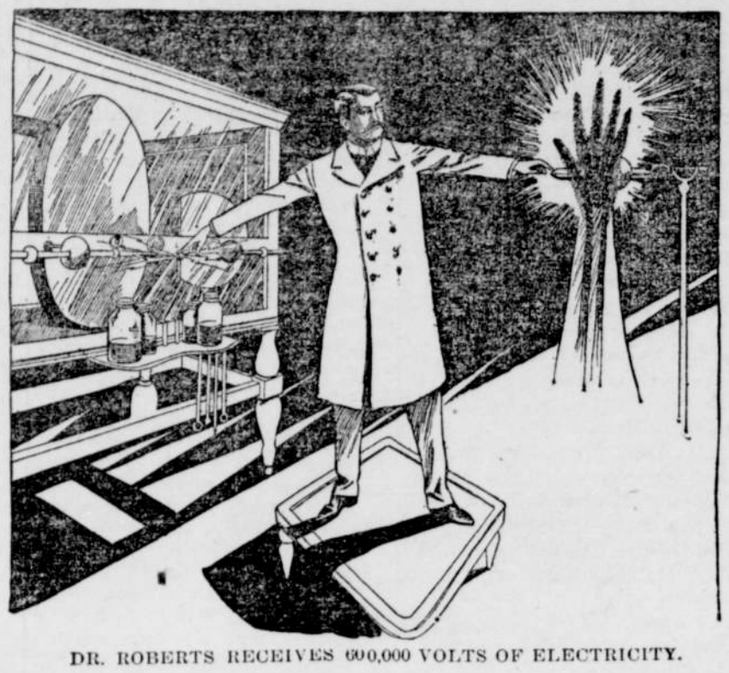
A girl preparing to get married attaches a great deal of importance to her new position, considering that she will get nothing but her board and clothes.

MARVEL AMONG MEN.

PASSES 600,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY THROUGH HIS BODY.

Before a Gathering of Medical Men a St. Louis Doctor Proves that High Voltage Currents Are Not Necessarily Death Dealing.

Dr. Heber Roberts, of St. Louis, before a gathering of medical men in that city recently, proved that 600,000 volts of electricity could be passed through the human body without injury to it, and that the popular belief that high voltage currents were death dealing is a fallacy. According to Dr. Roberts, the injurious possibilities of a current depends upon its amperage, and the voltage when properly handled is without the power to kill or even injure any one. The experimenter attracted much interest among professional men



DR. ROBERTS RECEIVES 600,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY.

in that city and will no doubt create widespread interest throughout the country among students of electrical therapeutics. In the course of these experiments Dr. Roberts sent a current through his body and thence to a Crooks tube. In this he created an X ray by means of which a photograph of a hand was taken, showing perfectly its skeleton. The X-ray was of rare brilliancy and penetrating power. But even were this not true the feat would be remarkable in that he is the first man to ever make himself the conductor of a current of electricity of great power enough to create an X-ray.

The secret of Dr. Roberts' success in his experiments is that he employed what is known to be a static current through his body. The static-current has no volume, but great power. It is not the potential energy that kills, but the volume. This may be illustrated by an analogy. A needle might be passed through the body with great rapidity and power, but it would not be as harmful as a thousand needles passed through slowly and with little power. In other words, the power, the voltage, has nothing whatever to do with the physiological effect. It is the number of needles, the amperage. Still the experiment is not without danger. It requires a nice adjusment of machinery to produce the proper kind of current. It requires a thorough knowledge of certain conditions to apply the current perfectly. It requires a familiarity with electric currents to prevent shock. To Dr. Roberts it had little or no danger. "The idea of passing an X-ray current through my body was conceived," Dr. Roberts explained, "while I was making experiments in electrical therapeutics. I became convinced that it could be done if the current were produced by a static machine, and I immediately proceeded to do it. Static currents have no volume and therefore do not kill. The only effect they can produce is that of a slight burning. I was used to this sensation from handling the machine in my practice, and consequently the powerful X-ray stream did not give me the slightest pain.

"In the static current the medical profession has exactly what it needs to balance. The static current is electricity restrained in a condition of high tension. It is sometimes called Franklinic because Franklin demonstrated its identity with terrestrial electricity. It is electrical pressure without volume. It is almost free from amperage and consists almost wholly of voltage. Poetically, it is the great invisible messenger for light, heat and electricity from the tangible storehouse of nature. The generating of the static current is simple. An initial charge of electricity must be imparted to the armature or receiving part of the machine. The plates are set in motion with artificial power. About the revolving plates a certain multiplication of the certain electricities takes place by the influence of one charged body upon another, with the resulting output of static currents depending upon speed, number of and diameter of plates and atmospheric conditions. This machine, which is not more than five feet long, six feet high and three feet wide, is capable of generating 10,000,000 volts of electricity. Anybody could do the same thing under the same conditions. This machine while throwing off a prodigious amount of energy, is much like a serpent whose fangs have been removed. The major portion of its destructive force is subdued because its amperage is small, owing to its peculiar construction. Of course, it would be dangerous for a novice to attempt to perform this experiment. He would probably be painfully injured and worse consequences might ensue. The experimenter must have perfect knowledge and control of the machine. He must also have accustomed himself to electric currents, for there would be great shock to one unused to it upon getting into the circuit of an X-ray stream. These two conditions complied with, I see no reason why anybody should not perform this feat."

There were other interesting experiments performed by Dr. Roberts along the same line. In one of these he placed a patient on a table set on legs of the purest electrical glass. Running from the electrodes on the front of the machine was a copper bar, four feet long. One end of it rested on the wooden floor of the table upon which the patient sits. The patient then placed his foot upon the end of the bar and held it there, making the connection for the current. It was not necessary for him to remove his shoes or any part of his clothing. When the current was turned into him the only sensation he had consisted in the hair becoming erect and rigid. This was caused by the exit of the current which, passing through the cells of the hair and filling them, stiffens them until they looked like tiny bars of iron. In the case of a woman her hair would have stood straight out after this fashion, even though it be four feet in length. "I made a photograph the other day of a woman whose hair is twenty inches long while she was sitting in this current," said Dr. Roberts. "If the hair is wet while the patient is in the pool, and the room is darkened, it will glow with a brilliant blue flame. The other day I placed a man on the table and turned the current into him. He had previously stripped to the waist, and wet the hair upon his face, head and chest. When the current began its passage through him he became ghostly in appearance. His beard, head and chest were wreathed in blue flame. Yet he did not feel the slightest disagreeable sensation. Another peculiar feature about this static current is that whenever it finds a point for exit it becomes a blue flame, one-half inch in length. It has heat, yet it does not burn the person from whom it passes." The discovery of Dr. Roberts should be very valuable in the application of electricity to therapeutics.

Herb Farms.

There are several kinds of farms, profitable ones, too, of which little mention is made to the public. Many herbs are grown on farms devoted to them, and they are a product not overdone by growers. In New York are acres devoted to the growth of peppermint. In Illinois are farms where the castor bean is raised for the castor oil that it contains. Many farms which have lost their productiveness could be made to grow sage, catnip, thoroughwort, and the other vegetable necessities of the pharmacopoeia. The business is one of the few that are not ruined by competition. Rose farms are to be found in different sections of the country, and there is a sweetness in this method of earning a livelihood, although that is not all there is in it by a good deal. In California some rose farms are carried on to raise roses for rose jelly.

The Whale's Vitality.

Some light was thrown a few years ago upon the subject of the vitality of whales by finding one of these animals in Bering Sea in 1890 with a "toggle" harpoon head in its body bearing the mark of the American whaler Montezuma. That vessel was engaged in whaling in Bering Sea about ten years, but not later than 1854. She was afterward sold to the government and was sunk in Charleston harbor during the civil war to serve as an obstruction. Hence, it is estimated the whale must have carried the harpoon not less than thirty-six years.

Just as Effective.

"There is nothing like being in love to make a man gentle and thoughtful in all his actions."

"No—except a touch of rheumatism between the shoulder blades."—Harper's Bazar.

He Believed It.

"They say there is arsenic in playing cards."

"Well, I thought I'd been holding some mighty 'pizon' hands lately."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Every railroad man's wife joshes her husband a good deal about some woman where he gets his meals at the other end of his run.

NEW TERROR OF SEAS

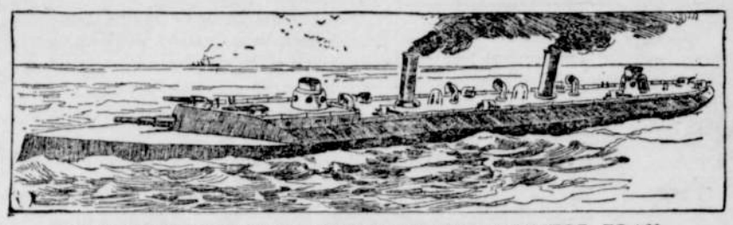
THE GATHMANN WARSHIP MAY WRECK ALL NAVIES.

Has No Armor Plate, Is Low in Water and Is Almost Invisible to the Enemy—Mounted with Guns Firing Terrible Explosives.

Louis Gathmann, the Chicago inventor of the Gathmann gun and the terrible gun-cotton explosive, has invented a battleship which he believes is capable of carrying the Gathmann gun and wrecking any warship afloat with a single shot. Should it prove practicable it will revolutionize sea fighting. Gathmann has proceeded upon the theory that a fighting boat is merely a gun carriage. The gun's the thing, after all, and any contrivance which will transport one of these destroyers most quickly and effectively is the battleship of the future.

Gathmann's invention is a ship without armor, with wide sailing radius and extravagant speed, mounting huge guns and a few rapid-firers to ward off torpedo-boats. It is designed to hurl gun-cotton at the enemy, and relies on a single well-placed projectile to put any ship afloat out of action.

The new ship has the strict monitor type forward for about one-third its



GATHMANN'S NEW WARSHIP ON THE MONITOR PLAN.

length. That is, it is sharp-prowed, and the freeboard, or the distance from the sheathed deck to the water line, is very slight. It is almost awash, as they say at sea. When in motion this forward deck is usually under water. If the vessel picks a bone in her teeth it would certainly be washed by the waves caused by swift motion.

The vessel has dimensions approximating those of the warship of the Texas type. She is about 350 feet over al, with about forty feet beam. The warship has a proportion of one in five between length and beam. Thus the Wisconsin, with a trifle under 400 feet in length, would have some sixty-five feet in width. Gathmann's ship has this proportion extended to about one in seven. The reason for this is to increase the speed capacity. She is constructed aft of the armor belt and gun station much like the torpedo-boat of to-day, with a curved deck reaching down to the water line and curved stern. Her propeller wells are covered.

Speed of Thirty Knots.

She is of light steel construction, following the modern method of using thin metal in preference to heavy timber. But her sides are not protected against an ordinary field rifle of to-day. She could be hulled if broadside on by an old-time muzzle-loading, smooth-bore. Her speed is to be not under twenty-three, and in forced draught may run up to thirty knots. Speed and the low freeboard are her strong points. She presents almost no target, and is so swift as to be able to choose her own position for attack.

The main dependence of the Gathmann warship is, of course, its battery. Back of one single plate of armor will be mounted a gun which will throw 600 pounds of gun-cotton at the enemy at each fire. The shell will leave the muzzle at the rate of 2,000 feet a second. A single discharge of this gun will be equal to a broadside from the Oregon, or about 25,000 foot tons. One shot well directed, Mr. Gathmann believes, will wreck the most formidable armored warship ever constructed. Two or three guns will be mounted on the main battery, each with a bore of sixteen inches.

One of the peculiar features of the Gathmann ship is its so-called armor belt. The vessel has no armor proper, but a part of it is protected by an armor belt. This belt rises to a point a trifle above the roof of the after portion of the ship. It is placed on at an acute angle with the lateral diameter of the ship. The angle is placed farthest forward, with the two arms extended aft and to the sides of the ship. The belt also curves from the deck plane backward to its highest extremity. Thus any shot not delivered squarely at right angles to the arm of the belt, and with a plunge sufficient to overcome the backward slope, no matter how fiercely delivered, will not even start a rivet. It will inevitably glance off, because full impact is relatively impossible. The belt being placed far enough aft to pass the point of equilibrium may be made as heavy and as impenetrable as science can devise.

The vessel lies so low in the water that with an ordinary sea on she would be practically invisble a great portion of the time in action. Its superior speed—as great as that of any torpedo boat afloat—would enable this ship to choose its own position in a fight against any heavy, unwieldy warship of to-day. She could sail all around such a fort on water, and could always present her bows to the enemy, thus materially reducing target surface, and also presenting her protected deck alone to attack.

NOT LOGIC OF THE TRADE.

The Jewelry Salesman Whose Arguments Proved Too Much.

"Strange," said a talkative man, in the hotel lobby, to the New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "but four statements, each perfectly true in detail, made a whopping big lie in the aggregate. It happened like this: I went into a jewelry store yesterday and asked to see a cheap watch. The clerk showed me a tinclad affair at $1.50. It came in a small pasteboard box, on the lid of which I noticed the statement that it was the equal of any $5 watch in the world. 'Have you a watch at $5?' I asked. 'Yes, sir,' said the clerk, and he handed me a very neat timepiece cased in oxidized steel. 'You will find that just as good as anything you can get for five times the amount,' he remarked, opening the back and showing me the works. 'It looks all right,' I said, 'but on second thought I believe I'd like something better.' 'Well, here are some filled case watches,' he replied, 'that we sell with a thirty-year guarantee. The case can't be distinguished from solid gold, and the movement is fully standarized and tested for heat and cold. It is a watch we consider very cheap at $25.' I pried open the back case and out dropped a little disk of paper, on which the thirty-year guarantee was printed. 'This watch is as well made in every particular,' it said in preamble, 'as the average $100 chronometer.'

"'What kind of a chronometer can a man get for $100?' I asked. 'The best in the world,' replied the clerk, enthusiastically. 'Here is one now. You observe its thinness and general elegance. As far as the movement is concerned it is simply impossible to produce anything better.'

"'All right,' I said; 'I'll invest on that assurance,' and I picked up the tinclad machine and laid down $1.50. 'I have your word,' I added, 'that this is the best watch on earth.' 'No, you haven't!' he exclaimed; 'I didn't say anything of the kind!' 'Don't you claim that it is as good as any $5 watch going?' I asked, pointing to the statement on the box lid. 'Yes—but——' 'And you just assured me,' I continued, 'that the $5 watch was the equal of anything at five times the price. That gets us to $25, and the filled case guarantee states specifically that the $25 watch is as well made as a $100 chronometer.' He stuck out firmly that each of the four assertions was gospel truth.

"But he wouldn't stand for that logical conclusion. I told him he ought to be arrested for asking $100 for a watch which I could prove by his own admissions was no better than one valued at $1.50. That tangled his brains in a hard knot, and I escaped while he was still dazed."

Joking Under Difficulties.

"The revenue cutters of the United States, as you may know," said an officer of one of them, who likes his little joke, "confine their services, which are really invaluable to the government, to the coast, and it is a rare thing indeed for any one of them, except those of the Bering Sea patrol, to venture any distance out to sea. Nor is this rule an unsatisfactory one, for, say what you please about it, sea service is not as pleasant as the novelists and other romancers would have you believe. Indeed, the sailor who prefers the bounding billows, a wet sheet and a flowing sea and all the rest of it to a calm and peaceful shore snap is the exception. But I am getting off of my story, which applies to the cutter Grant, when she was doing duty in New York bay and vicinity. Something had happened to call her out down the shore somewhere, and she left the bay one afternoon, and early the next morning, while she was bowling along at about seven knots an hour, she hailed a big four-master.

"'What ship is that?' came the cry from the Grant.

"'The Royal Bengal Tiger, 243 days out from Calcutta,' came the reply. 'What ship is that?'

"'Revenue cutter Grant,' was the plaintive answer, 'and we've been out all night.'"—Washington Star.

New Wood for Railroad Ties.

A new and thoroughly suitable wood for railroad ties has been found in the forests in the northern part of the Argentine Republic. It is the red cuebracho. It is an exceedingly hard wood and in its interior, not alone in the bark, is 15 to 20 per cent. of tannin, which keeps the wood from rotting, no matter in what substance it is buried.

The wood has been used in Europe for tanning, but outside of the Argentine Republic its utility to railroads, it seems, is yet to be discovered and appreciated. Posts made of this wood which have been buried fifty years in land furrowed and gullied by the torrential rains of summer have been found to be in as good condition as if they had been felled recently. In the Argentine Republic ballasts for railroad beds is unknown, and the ties are laid in the ground, which frequently is sandy and exposed to heavy rains and dried by intense heat. So iron cross ties were used until it was found that the red cuebracho was undeniably the best wood that could be used for the purpose. It not only is so hard a wood that it has to be bored before spikes and bolts can be driven into it, but it is unusually heavy. It does not split or become compressed with blows.

A woman should be perfectly willing to let her husband manage the piling up of treasures in this world, considering that he is willing to let her pile up those in the next.