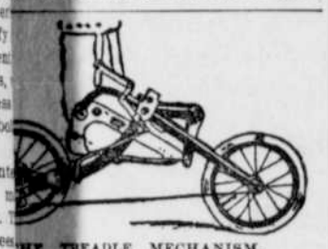
WIFT FEET FOR SOLDIERS.

he tachypod is the latest invention gned to facilitate human locomo- It is the work of a Swedish in- or. As shown in the engraving, tachypod is a sort of bicycle worn

NTRYMAN WEARING TACHYPODS.

feet. The wearer moves his s in walking, and the weight of dy as he puts his foot to the d serves to set in motion the ling mechanism of the tachypod. chypod was tested at the recent olm Central exhibition for gym-



HE TREADLE MECHANISM.

and it is claimed that the was enabled to cover the , and especially rough ground, eed equal to that attained by inary cyclist. The tachypod is d to be of great service in the

HE BROKE IT TO HER.

Wilmarth was a brakeman. while his train was on a side- a town in Ohio, another train s doing some switching on the ack suddenly bumped into the on the rear platform of which was standing, and he was se- bruised. He was taken to a ospital, where it was found injuries were so serious as to ate his remaining several for treatment. At the end of h he surprised his mother at e in Pittsburg by walking into se on crutches.

Danny!" she exclaimed. s the matter? What has hap- o you?"

I wrote and told you, moth- answered, with a grin.

son, you didn't. All you wrote t you were going to quit rail- for a while; that you had omething else to do, and that n indoor job. You didn't say about getting hurt, or any- that kind."

rely did, mother. I told you ppened to me."

surely didn't!"

did I say I came to be stay that town?"

said you happened to be caught two trains."

I was."

ays of Women in Tunnels.

r Knickerbocker is 283 years he is still learning things omen. His latest experience of value to younger and cal- ttles, so declares a writer in Magazine.

time ago William G. McAdoo, built up a thriving little under the Hudson river, run- ins between New York and ed States, set aside a special the exclusive use of women. ple hailed the innovation with re, at last, women could ride, m jostling, seat-grabbing, to- nted men. True, some fun ed at the "Jane Crow" cars, e were sly suggestions about perfumery and powder boxes, ertheless Mr. McAdoo was s a public-spirited business a perfectly lovely gentleman. nformed attendants at the sta- formed ladies of the special verything went beautifully. was only one drawback to the The women would not use Giving the uniformed attend- such a look, the ladies crowd- he co-educational department, heir special car half empty. ree months' trial the gallant doo has ordered the ladies' ntinued.

He a Truck Garden?

n earth did you ever culti- a beautiful black eye?" ask- 's friend.

eplied Brown, who had unin- been illustrating the fall n roller skates, "I raised it lip."—Everybody's Magazine.

that a man is getting a big d some one present will add: doesn't look as if she were r share of it."

lls a man to church on Sun- pleasure urges him to go

THE STREET-CORNER GIRL.

Her Unconsidered Acts Shut Her Out from Social Advancement.

Horace Wendall, the well-known banker, was on his way to the office of Dr. Richards, the even better-known physician. It was half past 2 in the afternoon—an utterly impossible hour, as he had informed the physician; but Dr. Richards had quietly said it was the only hour at which he could give him treatment, and had added that the walk from the banker's office to his own was part of the treatment; and Mr. Wendall had yielded, as people always did with Dr. Richards.

He walked briskly, to lose as little time as possible, yet even so he smiled sympathetically at a group on the corner of Bellevue avenue—a pretty, bright-faced schoolgirl with two high-school cadets. The girl made him think of Jessica, his own little niece and adopted daughter, who was the apple of his eye.

The next day, half-unconsicously, he looked up as he reached the corner. The pretty schoolgirl was there again, this time with three boys; they had the air of having lingered for some time; and this afternon Mr. Wendall did not smile.

During the next three weeks there was scarcely a school-day that the girl was not standing upon the corner with one or more boys. Once she reached up and saucily boxed the ears of one of the boys; once, a man, passing, glanced insolently at her. The banker, still thinking of his little Jessica, wondered gravely if the girl had no mother.

It was the next night that Jessica brought home a schoolmate to dinner. She had talked a great deal lately of Carolyn Edson,—her brightness, her popularity, her generosity,—and Uncle Horace always wanted to meet her friends. As for the girls, they were always delighted with him. But this evening things seemed to go wrong. Uncle Horace was courtesy itself to their guest, but Jessica, knowing him, missed something that she never had missed before.

After Carolyn had gone, Uncle Horace called Jessica to him.

"Little girl," he said, "have I always been nice to your friends?"

"A dear," Jessica answered, promptly. "The girls all adore you so that I'm jealous most of the time."

"Then will you trust a blundering old uncle when he asks you not to see very much of this particular one—because he happens to know that she isn't quite the kind of girl that he wants his little girl to know?"

Jessica was silent a long while; then she said, quietly, "You have the right, Uncle Horace."

That was the way it happened that Carolyn Edson found herself somehow "left out" at the Wendalls. It was harsh judgment, perhaps, but life has a fashion of exacting heavy payment —Youth's Companion.

Value of "Stooping."

Always be civil. Try to treat rich and poor alike. Is not the poor man's 20 shillings as good as the rich man's pound? The working man's wife, with her basket on her arm, says Sir Thomas Lipton in the Strand, is entitled to as much respect as the lady who comes in her carriage. When Benjamin Franklin was ambassador at the French court, speaking to a young man, he said: "The last time I saw poor father he received me in his study. As I was leaving he showed me a short way out of the house through a narrow passage crossed by a beam overhead. Suddenly he cried: 'Stoop! Stoop!' I did not understand what he meant until I felt my head bump against the beam. He was a man who never failed to give good advice. 'You are going,' he said, 'and have got to go through the world. Stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.'" I have never failed to be impressed by this lesson of humility.

A Controversy Averted.

First Old Maid—Sh-h-h, Samantha, there's a burglar in the room!

Second Old Maid (with a sigh)—Well, Matilda, I suppose he's yours by right of discovery.

A Diplomatic Reply.

An Eastern potentate once asked a group of his courtiers which they thought the greater man, himself or his father. At first he could elicit no reply to so dangerous a question. At last a wily old courtier said. "Your father, sire, for, though you are equal to your father in all other respects, in this he is superior to you, that he had a greater son than any you have." He was promoted on the spot.

Man is of a forgiving disposition, in some ways; one good cantaloupe will cause him to forget a dozen bad ones.

This is not a free country for people who run newspapers, boarding houses and telephone exchanges.

The flower of the family isn't necessarily a blooming idiot.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering, like a river smooth,
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of failing strength
Indemnifying fleetness,
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.
—Thomas Campbell.

Peter Buskirk's . . . Prudence

Peter Buskirk was very fond of money; not so fond that he quite starved himself to keep it, or to hide it up chimney, or refuse himself fire or lights or a pillow; but yet so very fond of it as to be on the verge of miserhood without quite falling over. Beggars reaped no harvest from his purse nor kitchen, and matchmakers could make no impression on his bachelor heart. Peter Buskirk saw through the latter as well as the former, and buttoned up his pockets as hastily in the presence of bewitching womanhood as in that of a seedy gentleman with a folded document in his breast pocket. The men wanted to rob him, the women to marry him. The last is the worst. Not that Peter hated women; on the contrary, even at 50, he was remarkably susceptible. A bright eye put his heart in a flutter. But the fact was, women, as wives or daughters, were expensive. They needed clothes and were fond of dainties. They were proverbially extravagant. Should he marry one she would spend his money while he lived and squander it after he was dead. And with this awful terror before him, Peter steered clear of the shoals of matrimony.

There was one inconvenience in this bachelorhood, however. That was the housekeeping; for it involved a servant—some one to make beds, wash dishes, cook and iron. In short, the servant-of-all-work was the bane of Peter's life—eating and drinking in a manner which kept the master of the house in a continual ferment; wasting butter and fuel; and each change in the kitchen's encumbrance being followed by the mysterious disappearance of towels and napkins and such small wares. There was no rest for good Mr. Buskirk. He tried Betty and Dinah and Mary and Ann, and then, in despair, flew to a certain Mrs. Brown, the giver of tea parties innumerable, to ask advice.

"Servants are sad plagues," she said.

"Eat you out of house and home," said Peter.

"Not to be relied on for honesty," said Mrs. Brown.

"Thieves, ma'am; thieves," said Peter.

"Ah," said Mrs. Brown, "a gentleman has no time to watch them. Now I should advise marrying, Mr. Buskirk."

"Marrying!"

"Yes, sir, a wife can manage such things so much better. Besides, if you chose a smart, capable woman she would keep an eye on the servant. It would be much more economical to marry."

"Economical!" yelled Peter, "my good lady. Eh!—I—oh, goodness! Feathers and flowers, lace and silks, and rings and—and ice cream and things—economical! How many yards do you take for a dress, ma'am?"

"Well, sir, twelve or fifteen—sometimes, when it's silk, you know, eighteen."

"Eighteen yards, at five shillings or so a yard, and not one dress, but twenty. My good lady, it would be enough to ruin a man."

Mrs. Brown reflected.

"But if you find an economical woman, Mr. Buskirk."

"Ah! if I could find a mermaid!"

"One who never wasted a penny."

"She does not exist, ma'am."

"Who lives on next to nothing. The fact is, Mr. Buskirk, I have such a lady in my eye. She's a widow—quite a young one—Mrs. Barlow, and I'll have her at Peach House next week."

Peter Buskirk grinned sarcastically.

"Economy in gowns and bonnets," he said to himself. "They want to marry me and spend my money."

And he went home wroth.

However, economy forbade him to refuse an invitation to dinner, and when, a week after Mrs. Brown sent her "compliments," etc., Mr. Buskirk donned his Sunday suit, and went over to Peach House at 5 precisely. The parlor was full of ladies; ladies in silks and muslins, flounces and furbelows. Most of them Mr. Buskirk knew well, and he looked about in vain for a stranger. Mrs. Brown's note had said: "Mrs. Barlow will be with us."

But which was that economical widow? Probably the lady in green silk near the piano. He could not remember her face.

Suddenly Mr. Buskirk's doubts were set at rest. Mrs. Brown ejaculated:

"Dear me, where is Cousin Betsey? Mr. Buskirk, you must be introduced to Mrs. Barlow."

At these words something small and flat emerged from between two portly dames and stood before him. It was a short and very slender little woman, with a remarkably pretty face. The sleeves of her dress were close and the skirt had perhaps three breadths in it. The dress itself was of very plain brown merino, and she wore neither brooch nor bow, only a white linen collar. Peter looked approval. Several of the ladies exchanged glances, and a faint giggle was heard; and, as though by common consent, the two were left tete-a-tete in a corner.

"Pleasant day," said Peter, to commence the conversation. "Pleasant day, but cold."

"Ah, yes, but I dislike cold weather," said the lady.

"Don't agree with you, ma'am?"

"Oh, that's not it; I'm never ill; but cold weather is so expensive. Lights early, and coal dear," proceeded the lady. "Money slips through one's fingers, and I never waste things."

"My case exactly," said Buskirk. "It's astonishing how things cost. Now, there is butter—say a pound a fortnight."

"Oh, I never eat butter—it costs too much," said the lady.

"Ah! and sugar, and tea and coffee."

"If you indulge in such luxuries, what can you expect?" said Mrs. Barlow.

"They are artificial wants, altogether so, they are," said Mr. Buskirk. "But then, habit is second nature."

"Extravagant habits ruin many," said Mrs. Barlow. "Oh, I shudder when I look at those flounces. Such a waste of material."

"I've often thought so," said Peter. "And you don't wear them."

"I," said Mrs. Barlow, "I have my senses, sir. I have no wish to die in

"WHO ARE YOU?"

a work-house. I've had this dress ten years."

"Indeed!" said Peter, "and I suppose some ladies buy one every month."

"Every ten days," said Mrs. Barlow. "Oh, I blush for my sex, Mr. Buskirk, I do indeed."

Peter was charmed. He began to think Mrs. Brown was right. The cost of such a wife would be a mere trifle, and what an eye she would keep to the expenses of a household!

Ere the evening was over he had decided that it would be cheaper to marry than to remain single, were Mrs. Barlow his helpmate.

"She'd not only be saving herself, but she would check me in my little extravagances," said he. "She would be invaluable to me. She wears one dress ten years. The fates must have sent her to earth for my special benefit."

So after due deliberation, Peter resolved to court the economical widow, and that lady being conveniently domiciled at Mrs. Brown's he found every opportunity. It was a very inexpensive courtship. He gave her not a present. She expected none. He took her nowhere save to church, where neither of them ever saw the plate, and both were happy.

At last he proposed. She blushed and hesitated, and begged time to consider. At last she said:

"I'm afraid to say yes, Mr. Buskirk. I like you; but you are so terribly extravagant. You drink tea and coffee, and eat butter, and really I should fear coming to want, I should—indeed!"

"I! Why, I'm the most economical soul living," said Peter.

"Extravagant people always think that," said the lady. "No, I'm afraid to say yes, unless, indeed, you were to make your property over to me, so that I could be sure you would not ruin yourself. Of course that is impossible, and it would be such a care that really I could scarcely desire it, even for a gentleman I so much respect." And the economical relict blushed and hesitated.

It was Peter's turn to pause and consider. He went away to do so, and returning suddenly to his house, found his servant-maid selling drippings to a man. He dismissed her at once, and rushed back to the Widow Barlow's.

"My money would be safer in your hands than mine," he said, with a moan. "Marry me, and keep me from being ruined!"

What the widow's answer was may be judged from the fact that three weeks from that day they were united, the clergyman receiving five shillings from Peter, and the bride wearing her brown merino, in the pocket of which she carefully deposited the deeds which made the property exclusively her own.

"Now for happiness," said Peter. "No more thieving servants—no more waste—and a lovely wife into the bargain. He, he, he! Peter Buskirk is a man for luck." And he took his bride home to dine on cold meat and radishes, being absolutely ashamed even to speak of his accustomed mutton chop before so economical a lady.

The next morning he hurried off to business.

"Never waste time, love," said the newly married dame. "Besides, I've a great deal to attend to; so—good-by."

"Good-by," responded Peter. "What a treasure you are, my dear. The washing I suppose? My mother always washed on Monday."

And away he went, content with himself and all the world. At 6 he returned. Horror of horrors! there were ladders against his house, and men upon them. Had there been a fire? He rushed up breathless.

"What's the matter? Who are those men?" he panted. "Fire, thieves! Oh, I must be dreaming!"

"Don't make a noise, love," said a voice from the parlor window. "They're only the house painters."

"House—painters!"

"Yes, dear. Don't you know the Dutch proverb, 'A coat of paint pays for itself?'"

Peter breathed again.

"But the awful expense!" he said. "Dear, dear, you should have consulted me."

He stumbled into the house, and over the form of a man kneeling in the hall.

"Who are you?" he said.

In reply the person produced a card, on which was printed: "Gilt and Binder, upholsterers."

"And what are you doing?" gasped Peter.

"Measuring the hall for a new oil cloth, sir," said the man.

Peter staggered on. A woman was making up a carpet in the front parlor; another was arranging curtains. He rushed upstairs. There sat another woman also at work.

Again he gasped the question:

"Who are you?"

"Mrs. Buskirk's regular seamstress, please, sir," said the woman.

"And where is Mrs. Buskirk?"

"Here, love," said a voice.

And there entered from an adjoining room, a lady dressed in silk, with bracelets, brooch, ear-rings and a little lace cap worth a small fortune.

"The furniture is ordered, and the painters are here, and I've engaged all the servants, Mr. Buskirk," said the lady; "and cook wants to know whether you like beef under or well done. In such things you shall have your choice always. There was no time to make a pudding to-day, so we must have ices. Strawberries, too, only two shillings a basket."

"Mrs. Buskirk, have you gone crazy?" cried Peter; "or am I dreaming?"

"I'm wide awake, at all events," cried the lady. "I've starved long enough, and worn that brown merino until I hate it. I always was fond of dress——"

"Fond of dress!" repeated Peter; "and loved good things?"

"Loved good things," repeated the spouse; "and now I'm married I mean to have them."

"But if I had—known—I——" began Peter.

"Wouldn't have married me, I suppose," said the bride. "Well, my cousin, Mrs. Brown, told me that, you know."

Peter looked at her. The truth was plain at last. He tried to speak, but could not. He stared at his lady for five minutes by the clock, and then rushed out of the house muttering:

"Taken in! taken in!"

It is said that Peter Buskirk never recovered from the shock. Against his will he lived luxuriously ever after; and his wife astonished the neighborhood by her magnificent attire and grand parties.—Grit.

Corean Women Great Swimmers.

"The Corean women are the best swimmers in the world," said a life guard. "The Corean pearl diving is in their hands.

"They swim—they don't boat—they swim out to the pearl fisheries of Quelpart, lugging baskets with them. After this swim of half an hour, they dive down 50 feet and fetch up queer, one-shelled pearl oysters as big as babies.

"They dive till their baskets are full—the baskets are corked to keep them afloat—and after three or four hours' work they swim back home with their catch.

"The big one-shelled oysters are valuable as pearl mines and as food, too. A half dozen Coreans will sit down to an oyster as gayly as you or I sit down to a broiled lobster. Sometimes, when the great shellfish is eaten raw, it quivers and moans slightly as the knife is plunged into it."

Result in Doubt.

"Just one kiss," he pleaded, "only one."

"No," she replied heroically, "it isn't right to kiss until one is engaged."

"Then I'll engage you for one."—Boston Herald.

It might be well for married people who quarrel to remember that no man is always wrong and no woman is always right.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

Big men have been mistaken about vital things about as often as little ones.

If it were not for the help he gets from the loafer the devil would have been ready to quit long ago.

We often get to a good place over a bad road.

A bird with bright plumage often has very black feet.

In the school of experience there are no vacations or holidays.

Sin is always a dirty thing, no matter how clean the sinner may look.

The great test of character is not what it can do, but what it can bear.

Nothing can strengthen a man's heart like little arms around his neck.

The devil seldom loses anything when the preacher gets an easy place.

The man who never grows is very small, no matter how big he was at birth.

The most of us have had some experience in straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

Holding a dollar within an inch of a man's nose will often make him as blind as putting his eyes out.

The real purpose of education is to make a worm big enough and strong enough to thrash a mountain.

PLOWING WITH DOGS.

The present rapid taking up of land for agricultural purposes in the Canadian Northwest makes interesting reading of Rev. Egerton R. Yonug's book, "The Battle of the Bears." Mr. Young was missionary to the Indians on the west side of Hudson Bay at a time when no farming was done in all that territory. His station was at Norway House, and it was there that he began the raising of wheat and vegetables. There were no draft-animals except dogs. They were his team.

With the dogs the summer was generally one long, restful holiday. My Indian fisherman with his nets kept them well supplied with the daintiest of whitefish. So I felt perfectly justified in breaking in a little on that holiday by giving them the opportunity of helping me in my summer work.

With the help of my little son, who loved the dogs and was loved by them, I harnessed up eight of the biggest and strongest fellows, and arranging them in four teams, we attached them to the plow as a farmer would his horses.

Then the work, or rather, at first, the fun began. The dogs had been trained to go on the jump, and so our greatest difficulty was to make them go slowly. When the word "Marche!"—"Go!"—was shouted, they sprang together in such unison and with such strength that the weight of the heavy steel plow in the stiff soil was as nothing to them.

I prided myself on being, for a missionary, a fairly good amateur plowman; but in spite of all my skill and efforts, those eager dogs would sometimes get the points of the plow up, and before I could get it down into the soil again, they, with the pressure off, were away with a rush, and there was no stopping them until we were at the fence on the oposite side of the field.

Sometimes we did fairly well by having my little son walk ahead, or rather between the two dogs of the first team. It was hard work for the little fellow, as he frequently tumbled down, and then two or three pairs of dogs would run over him before they were stopped. But not a whit discouraged, he would scramble up out of the furrow and from among the dogs and traces, and beg to be allowed to try again.

Thus we experimented until we got the intelligent dogs to understand what was required of them. Then the work, although of course laborious, was a great delight.

I plowed up my garden and the few little fields which I had, and after sowing my grain, harrowed it in with the dogs. They liked dragging the harrow better than the plow because I could let them go faster with it.

An Accident.

A spinster once who was antique
Daubed lots of rouge upon her chique,
But by mistake
She made a brake
And got a little on her bique.

The people saw the crimson strique
And laughed until they all grew wique,
The spinster saw
What made them "Haw!"
And vanished with a fearful shrique
—Chicago Chronicle.

Preaching Without Practice.

"Do you see that chap over there with the large and virtuous countenance?"

"Do you mean the fellow who was just advising the boys to pay their Christmas bills promptly?"

"That's the one. His grocer told me this morning that he's got a bill against him two years old."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Ohio man claims to have saved several thousand dollars last year by not having any for his friends to borrow.

Our idea of a stingy woman is one who declines to waste thread sewing buttons on her husband's clothes