

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

It is well to wander sometimes in the land of Make-Believe, though its ever-smiling garden, where the heart may cease to grieve, where the beds are gay with roses and the paths are paved with gold, and our hopes, like soaring songsters, their mercurial wings unfold, let us all be little children for awhile and make our way through the sweet and sunny meadow land of Make-Believe to-day.

There's a Queen within an arbor, where she rules in high renown, with a lily for a scepter and a rose wreath for a crown, and her laws are love and laughter, for they know not sorrow there—Never hate or pain or money enter in her kingdom fair. So we sing the songs the children sing and play the games they play as we wander in the golden land of Make-Believe to-day.



The Work of the Puppy

Mr. John Preston was in a discontented and uncertain frame of mind. He told himself a dozen times over that he had been very badly treated; that life was a blank.

Mr. John Preston had been (and still was, for the matter of that) honestly in love with little Lucy Minton. But there had come a time when John wanted his way, and Lucy knew that she meant to have hers. John Preston had gone off in a rage—and had cooled five minutes afterward, when it was too late.

"I never want to see you again—it has all been a mistake," Miss Minton had declared. "I sincerely hope, for your own sake, that you will find some one who will understand you."

There are quite a number of people in this world ready to be sympathetic on an emergency; when the emergency comes you wonder why you haven't thought of them, and begin to see virtues in them they never before possessed.

There was Miss Clara Harcourt, for instance. True, she was reported to have a temper, but Clara Harcourt thought well of him; there was much in that.

During three days Mr. John Preston thrust out of his mind the image of Lucy Minton and resolutely held before him that of Clara Harcourt. On that third evening he came out of his office into the raw air, and thought for a moment what a hideous place the city was.

He came to a long, narrow street, with various articles hanging outside the shops for sale, and with other streets opening from it. Wandering aimlessly and stopping now and then to look at the shops, he came to one of the windows of which was fitted with small cages holding birds. From inside came a noise of barking and yelping, mingled with the twitter of many birds.

And that was where he saw the puppy. The puppy was not associated in any way with ordinary puppies, or even ordinary dogs; he had a cage to himself. And as John Preston stopped to look at the shop his eyes were on a level with those of the puppy.

He was a nondescript sort of fellow, that puppy. In a word, he may be said to have been all head, like a species of hairy tadpole, and to have had no legs to speak of.

"Nice dawg for a lady, sir," suggested a man in his shirt sleeves, who lounged out through the doorway at that moment. "E's a handsome dawg, that."

"I should scarcely have called him handsome," said John Preston, with a smile.

"You take 'im in your 'ands, sir," urged the man, opening the cage, and hauling out the puppy unceremoniously. "Feel 'is teeth, sir."

Not desiring to appear an amateur, Mr. John Preston felt his teeth; and, incidentally, the puppy, not to be outdone in courtesy, "felt" Mr. Preston's finger.

On the man urging again that this was really a very good dog Mr. Preston remembered that Miss Clara Harcourt had once said that she loved dogs; this should be a propitiatory gift—an excuse for calling that night.

So the puppy was bundled unceremoniously into a basket, and fastened down with a skewer, as though he had been so much meat; the price was paid and Mr. John Preston walked away with him, wondering a little, before he had gone a hundred yards, why he had bought him at all.

He wondered still more, during the



And That Was Where He Saw the Puppy.

next half hour, because the puppy kicked. More than that, he wriggled a blunt little nose out of one corner of the basket and yelped.

Finally, in desperation, Mr. John Preston boarded a car and there the real trouble began.

The car had just started, when the

puppy announced who he was, and where he was, by a series of yelps that drowned the rattle of the wheels. Instantly all eyes were turned on Mr. Preston and he endeavored to suppress the puppy by pressing him hard between his knees.

"I don't believe the pore thing can breathe in there," said an elderly lady sitting opposite. "Come to that, I don't think the law lets yer keep 'em shut up like that."

Mr. John Preston looked helplessly round, and then he observed a curious thing. He was looking straight into eyes that he knew, in a corner of the car—the eyes of Miss Lucy Minton, and the eyes were dancing.

Of course, etiquette demanded that



"I Wanted to—to Give Him to Someone I'm Very Fond Of."

he should take absolutely no notice of her; indeed, no sooner had the dancing eyes met him, than they were turned in another direction.

The puppy continued his yelping. It was only when the conductor began to make kindly inquiries concerning the breed, and what it was fed on, and other things, that Mr. John Preston caught up his basket and swung off the car into the road.

The car passed him as he strode along gloomily. He had an idea that he could see those laughing eyes looking out through the lighted windows at him.

He told himself recklessly that he did not mind what she thought, although his heart was bitter enough; he tried to look forward to basking in the smiles of Miss Clara Harcourt.

"Keep still, you little beast!" he exclaimed, petulantly, as he shook the basket. "I wonder if you'll be quieter if I take you out and carry you?"

He desisted out the skewer, and dragged forth the small wriggling animal from the basket. Tossing the basket into a doorway, he tucked the puppy under one arm and strode on again.

But he didn't know that puppy; it wriggled and wriggled, and kicked and squirmed, until at last it was actually hanging by its head under John Preston's arm.

Then, as John stooped to gather him up afresh, the puppy made a dexterous forward plunge, and shot right out of his arms.

And with what surprising agility he moved on those diminutive legs! John Preston whistled, and called, and snapped his fingers; the puppy tucked his small legs under him and went on at a sort of romping gallop. Suddenly he stopped, however, and John Preston felt that he had him.

The puppy stopped near a slight, girlish figure walking on ahead of John Preston; more than that, the puppy flung himself right in front of the feet of the girl, and "yapped" at her, and made little forward rushes at her toes, so that she had to stop and stoop down and pick him up.

John Preston, going forward with raised hat and with thanks on his lips, stopped in astonishment; the girl who held the puppy was Lucy Minton.

"This is your puppy, I think," she said.

"Y—es," he stammered. "He slipped out of my arms, Miss Minton."

"Shall I carry him?" she asked, almost in a whisper, and immediately added: "Mr. Preston?"

"You're very good," he said lamely. The puppy knew how to manage himself, thank you; he was perfectly comfortable. He snuggled down against Lucy's muff, and—his mission accomplished—went fast asleep.

She carried that happy puppy all the way to the depot. There Mr. John Preston, with a memory of his wrongs, suggested that he would take the dog himself, and spare her further trouble.

But the puppy made such a frightful business of it, and kicked and yelped and howled to such an extent that, for the sake of peace, the dog

had to remain curled up against Lucy's muff.

"Goodby, Mr. Preston," said Lucy, when they got outside their own particular station, and stood together in the dark road. And she held out the puppy in both her hands toward him.

"I don't know what to do with the little beggar," he said, helplessly.

"O," she said, softly. "Then why did you buy him?"

He suddenly took hold of her hands—puppy and all. "I wanted to give him to—someone I'm very fond of; someone who'll be kind to him because of me—someone who—"

Of course, you understand that it is absolutely impossible to make intelligent replies to anyone when an excitable puppy is making soft dabs at your chin and when you are vainly striving against him.

But, at all events, Mr. John Preston seemed to be quite satisfied and the puppy went to sleep again, obviously content that he had put in a very fair evening's work.—Black and White.

WATCH SMALL AS A NICKEL.

Triumph Scored by an American Maker of Chronometers.

The smallest watch yet turned out in this country has just been put on the market, although few are on sale yet. The new watch is the size of a 5-cent piece.

The smallest watch which American watch factories had hitherto succeeded in making had been as big as a quarter, so the new watch is looked upon as marking a distinct advance in the industry in this country, where watches have only been made for a little more than half a century. Watchmakers also regard it as indicating that the time is not far distant when Americans will soon overtake the old world's watchmakers, the Swiss, in turning out watches of minute size.

The Swiss still make a watch smaller than the Americans, but the watch just put on the market here by both the Waltham and the Elgin companies, the two largest watchmaking concerns in this country, will have the advantage over the Swiss watches that all the other watches made here have possessed, namely, that of being turned out in quantity. Under American methods the daily output in one factory is 2,500 a day.

The new watch is the result of months of patient endeavor by the watchmakers and machinists. For every new sized watch designed new machines have to be made, and as the size of the watch is reduced, by so much more must these machines be made more delicate.

It Did Not Matter.

The man in the case was old and profoundly in love with a young, beautiful and fashionable woman.

Whether she loved him in return is not said. It is enough to say that she permitted his attentions—nay, more, she encouraged them.

In fact, they were to be married. Is it necessary to state that he was rich?

"My darling," he said to her as he clasped a magnificent bracelet of diamonds about her wrist, "I love you more than I can tell you."

He spoke the truth, too, for it is easy for an old man to love a young and beautiful woman who smiles upon him.

"Oh," she laughed, as she tapped him playfully on his bald head, "you don't have to! Money talks, you know."

And the old man thought it was so very bright and funny that he stooped down and kissed her.

Her Letter and Her Answer.

"Would you be kind enough to return my photograph?" she wrote. "I gave it to you in a moment of girlish folly, and I have since had occasion to regret that I was so thoughtless in such matters."

Of course she pictured that photograph framed and hung up in his room, and was inclined to think that he would part with it with deep regret. Just why she wanted it returned is immaterial. Of course he had offended her in some way, but it is unnecessary to inquire how.

The answer to her note came the following day.

"I regret," it read, "that I am unable at this late date to pick out your photograph. However, I send you my entire collection, numbering a little over 500, and would request that you would return all except your own by express at my expense."

Failure.

Not always is it he who wins his way through proud achievement to his worldly goal. Upon whose shoulders falls the sacred stole Of sweet serenity when wanes life's day, Ofttimes the weary who beneath the sway Of so-called failure would give up his role, Has risen through the gloom with strengthened soul, And caught the gleam of some divine ray.

Failure, success are terms but relative; They are not measured in the Mind Divine. By such poor standards as our earthly are, Who patient through apparent failure live, Are like the watcher who, at sun-decline, As daylight fades beholds the even star. —Herman, Montague, Donner in "Lyrics of a Finnish Harp."

Uncomfortable.

Finnicus—"I wonder why it is that those who attain the pinnacle of success never seem to be happy?"

Cynnicus—"Because the pinnacle of success is like the top of a particularly tall lightning rod with a particularly sharp point, and those who succeed in perching temporarily upon it usually find that they are targets for all the world's thunder."—Town and Country.

PORTRAIT OF MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT MUCH ADMIRER

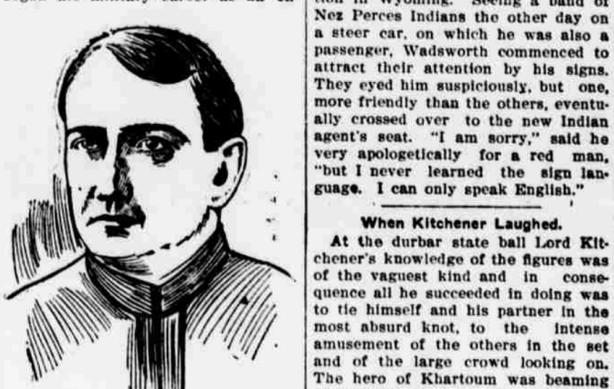


The portraits of Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Alice Roosevelt which were exhibited at the Paris exposition and were purchased by President Loubet and presented by him to President Roosevelt, now hang in the White House, where they are attracting much attention. The painting received a

PRATT'S ARMY RECORD LONG.

Chief of Carlisle Indian School Began Service in Civil War.

Lieut.-Col. R. H. Pratt, for thirty years chief of the Carlisle Indian school, who will be retired from the army as a colonel, is 62 years old, and began his military career as an en-



LEUT.-COL. R. H. PRATT

listed man with the Ninth Indiana Infantry. He afterward joined the cavalry and fought with distinction during the civil war. He entered the regular army in 1867 as lieutenant and was breveted captain for gallant services in the war of the rebellion. Col. Pratt is a native of New York state.

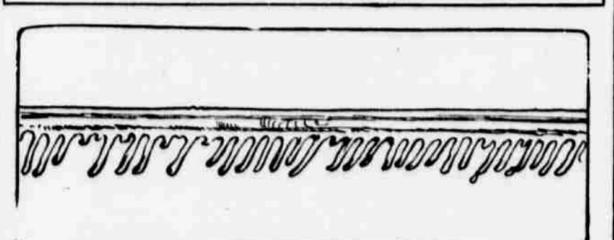
President Roosevelt's Good Nature.

President Roosevelt had more fun than a schoolboy at the wedding of Senator Cockrell's daughter—joked with the girls, shook hands with the matrons and exchanged "jolly" remarks with the young and old men. At the wedding breakfast he made a short speech, in which he astonished everybody by saying that although Missouri is a splendid state he could not think of living there. "No," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I wouldn't live there if I could, because I think so much of Senator Cockrell and admire him so greatly that I don't see how I could keep from voting for him, and as he is a Democrat, you know that would never, never do."

Record in Scotch Coal Shipments.

Scotland shipped 11,279,422 tons of coal last year, constituting a record.

ICICLES ON TELEGRAPH WIRES DO MUCH DAMAGE



One can hardly fully realize the extent of damage that can be wrought by the united efforts of drops of water, especially when accompanied by a freezing temperature. Telegraph wires are often coated to a considerable thickness with ice, and break under the load, but a thing occurred during a late rainstorm which linemen of the different telegraph companies say they never experienced before. On the Florida line of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, near Maquon, the ice formations on the wires were truly remarkable. An icicle easily forms at the end of a water spout, but when a tele-



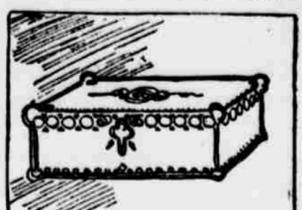
The Blind Lover.

They tell me that her eyes are blue, Her cheeks display a wild rose hue— What need is there to tell! The graces of her smiling glance, The peeping dimples that entrance, I feel their beauty's spell; When first I heard her singing, How swift the shadows flew! While yet the strain was winging I felt her heart was true.

I cannot view her locks of gold, Her little ear's enticing mold, Whereon no gem is hung; But when her fingers nest in mine, What they reveal none can divine— No poet ever sung! To me a sense is granted Unknown to other men, And by its light enchanted I see beyond their ken. —Samuel Minturn Peck in Boston Transcript.

Lucky Box.

London's latest fad is carrying "Lucky Boxes," which are made of ebony, with a secret spring holding the cover. Inside of each is an Egyptian



eye, which is supposed to assure the good fortune of the wearer in all affair of love or business.

Besieged by Snails.

A dealer in edible snails at Paris, France, recently received a consignment of twenty-five large barrels from the vineyard districts. Before retreating to bed he opened each barrel to make sure that the snails were alive and fresh.

Instead of fastening the barrels down again, he merely spread tarpaulin covers over them, the result being that in the night the snails escaped. The man, who slept in a little room off his shop, was awakened in the dark by some of the snails crawling over his face.

For the moment he was too terrified to move. Then he sprang from bed in search of a light, but he trod on some of the snails, which were all over the place, and fell heavily to the ground, inflicting a serious wound on his head.

Screaming out that he was being murdered, he fled into the street, where a gendarme subsequently found him fainting from loss of blood. Through the open door was moving an innumerable procession of snails. The shop and bedroom were found to be covered with them, and hours were occupied in returning them to their barrels.

Bill Fish of Bear Lake.

Bear lake, an isolated and deep sheet of water among the highest hills of Chautauqua county, N. Y., has in its depth a curious fish known locally as the bill fish.

It is a gar, and is a connecting link, so naturalists say, between fish as they are to-day and as they were in prehistoric times. The bill fish is found in this state only in this Chautauqua county water.

It has a horny coat of mail and a sharp, long bill, full of formidable looking teeth. The bill fish grows to weigh 20 pounds and looks ferocious. —New York Sun.

Early Steam Motor.

In 1838 an Englishman who hid his identity under the pseudonym of "Saxula," wrote to the London Mechanics' Magazine describing a steam motor carriage, which he had invented ten years previously. With the article he



A—Tubular boiler, B—Tubular chimney and steam chest, C—Steam pipe cased deep in flannel, working an endless chain wheel on the crank shaft and two small fly wheels, E—Another endless chain wheel, either fast or loose on the main axle, G—Coke box and water cistern, H—Feed door in chimney, I—Pilot pole.

enclosed a drawing of the carriage, which was published by the editor. Both reading matter and illustration were reproduced in the (American) Mechanics' Magazine several weeks later. A young New Yorker, whose interest was aroused by some comments of the American editor in regard to the possible effect which such an invention might have on the movement in favor of better roads in America, kept the copy of the paper in which this pioneer automobile was described. The illustration is the one originally published in America at that time.—Philadelphia Ledger.