Yearnings.

Jest a little cradle in a wagon passin' by,
But it sort o' hurts me in my feelin's; wonder why?
We ain't had no children, Mandy Jane an' me, that's sure,
Tho' we've often wished the stork would linger at our door:
Kind o' looked an' waited till the years had passed away,
An' her brown locks an' my black ones both had turned to gray,
Went on jest believin' that our dreams 'ud all come true,
Kep' so busy hopin' th' warn't time fur feelin' blue.

'Tain't no doubt, it's lonesome settin' roun' a grim ol' house,
Jest us two ol' people, evenin's, quiet as a mouse:
Seems like that a feller'd like to have a couple of boys
Stompin' roun' the kitchen, an' a-makin' lots o' noise;
With a pair o' girls a-chatterin' in their foolish way,
Giggling', waitin' fur ther comp'ny, prinkin' up; an' say—
Some folks worry at it, but it kind o' seems to me
That's the sort o' life our Maker meant this life to be.

When your courtin's done an' over, where's your youth to go,
When there ain't no children roun' you keepin' life aglow?
Tho' the fires o' love have smoldered, embers heat the ash
When you ketch your boy's eyes dartin' love's first lightnin' flash.
Say you're old an' getting doty, why, the sight'll start
Jest a reg'lar dancin' measure in your dim ol' heart,
An' you feel that life is sweeter when you see love's fire
Puttin' fears an keers an' doubtin's on a fun'ral pyre.

Jest a little cradle in a wagon passin' by,
Yet it brings the tear drops an' a long-regrettin' sigh;
Jest a little cradle—my, I wonder who it's fur?
Mighty happy father, him, an' happy mother, her.
Wish 'em all the blessin's that I'm ask fur fur myself,
Tho' the Lord has laid me kind o' useless on the shelf:
Hope they'll live the 'lotted time o' hearty ol' threescore,
Hope they'll fill that cradle up a dozen times, or more!

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Run Down In The Fog

There was fog to starboard and fog to port, fog ahead and fog astern, fog above and fog below. I should have said that there was fog to windward and fog alee, had there been air enough stirring to make those quarters possible of identification. But a dead calm brooded over the ocean, and the clammy mist of the Grand Bank blanketed everything.

Even in the bow of Harvey Hilton's dory, beyond the scalp heap of mottled cod, the fruit of half an hour's labor with hook and line, there lurked little clinging wraiths of vapor, which disappeared as you moved your head nearer, but took indistinct and evanescent form as you bent father away. In short, it was the thickest, darkest morning the fisherman had ever seen in his twenty years' experience on every bank in the North Atlantic.

To a landsman it might have seemed dangerous enough for the crew of the Moonstone at the dawn of June 24th to put forth singly into the mist. But the sturdy Gloucester men had been too thoroughly hardened by the dangers of their calling to be frightened by a little fog.

Each fisher, as he pushed off from the Moonstone, carefully noted by his dory compass the direction he was taking. Besides the compass, he had also a small horn with which to answer signals from the vessel's larger one, and to warn approaching craft of his position.

Harvey Hilton's dory had been the fourth swung out from the starboard nest; and in accordance with the directions of the "first hand" he pulled for an anchorage a half-mile off the starboard bow of the schooner.

His nearest shipmate was two hundred yards away. A mile to port lay the dory fleet from the Alice, a sister vessel, plainly visible from the Moonstone in the clear air of the day before. These were but two of the scores of craft from North Atlantic fishing ports that lay at this time within a twenty-mile circle on the lower end of the Grand Bank.

While the boats of the entire fleet were being swung overboard by the tackles on that fog-smitten June morning, twenty miles to the eastward a huge ocean greyhound, which we will call the Aldebaran of the Royal Purple Line, was rushing west toward New York, bent on establishing a record.

Thus far all had been propitious for clipping two or three hours from the fastest time in which the passage between England and America had ever been made. A fair wind astern, smooth seas and clear weather had favored the hope of all on board, and it was a great disappointment to the ship's officers on their approach to the Grand Bank to run suddenly into this gloomy wall of fog. The liner's speed was of necessity checked, but still she cut the water at a rate not far from fifteen miles an hour. Early that morning her passengers were awakened by the ominous, oft-recurring roar of the great steam siren, warning all lesser craft to beware of the ocean monster that was approaching through the semi-darkness.

At twenty minutes past four Harvey Hilton, after a quarter-hour of quick, unhestitating rowing, guided by an occasional glance at his compass, which had been placed on the thwart before him for ready consultation, took in his oars, threw over the anchor, baited his hook with a good sized clam, and dropped his heavy sinker over the side.

Not four minutes from the time his line touched the water a thirty-pound cod was flapping his tail against the bottom of the dory, and the fisherman's hook was soon on its way for another prize forty odd fathoms down. Five minutes later another handsome fish lay beside the first.

So it went for thirty minutes, as fast as he could throw out, haul in, gaff the cod over the dory's side, rebait and throw out again. It was the best fishing he had found in many a day; and if his good luck continued, he would be able to load his boat and row in to the Moonstone long before any of his mates.

It was about five o'clock when he first heard the whistle of the Aldebaran far to the eastward, at first merely a low, hoarse rumble rolling over the surface of the sea.

Who-o-o-o-ooo! Who-o-o-o-ooo! Hilton had heard that sound so many times before during his years on the fishing banks that he ordinarily paid but little attention to it. But somehow this morning it made him feel uneasy. An unpleasant shiver ran down his spine as he remembered one foggy dawn six years back, when one of those ocean monsters had passed so close to the stern of the schooner that it had splintered her main boom. Ugh! He shrugged his shoulders at the thought, and then devoted his energies to pulling in another cod.

No one could tell just where the steamer would cross the fishing grounds, and he was as safe in one place as in another. It was as well to take the thing philosophically and keep on about his business. What likelihood that the high iron prow miles away, with the spray feathering aloft on both its sides, was pointed straight at the fifteen scanty feet now occupied by the broadside of his dory!

Nearer and nearer, louder and louder came the shriek of the siren.

Who-o-o-o-ooo! Who-o-o-o-ooo! In the intervals between its discordant outbursts, faint hollow pippings from the horns of the scattered dorymen, with now and then a louder peal from the bell or crank-horn of some anchored schooner, told that the fleet was taking the alarm. All feared the headlong, irretrievable ruin that might be wrought by that merciless prow amid the fragile invisible flotillas.

The Aldebaran was now fairly upon the Bank, and rushing across it at half-speed. Additional lookouts were stationed forward to give quick warning of any mast or boat they might spy through the thick mist. Shorter and more frequent rose the waining blasts of the steam-whistle, while the dories replied in notes that sounded low and feeble beside the metallic roaring of the huge leviathan.

Harvey Hilton's uneasiness had been increasing as the whistle grew louder. He stopped fishing suddenly, leaving a heavy cod half pulled in, and rose to his feet, vainly striving to pierce the mist in the direction of the approaching peril. He lifted his horn to his lips and threw all the strength of his lungs into one warning, appealing blast. But just before the sound reached the ears of the liner's lookouts, a blast from another quarter had caused them to signal in such a way that the great ship sheered straight toward Hilton.

The fisherman heard the rushing of the water before the stem, and knew just how it would look, even before he could see it through the fog. Thrusting the horn into his pocket, he sprang forward and seized the anchor-rope, intending to haul his dory ahead.

In an instant, however, he dropped the line, convinced of the futility of his endeavor. It was too late now to attempt to shift his position. Again he set the horn to his lips and blew with all his might. Perhaps the steamer might not touch him, after all!

Vain hope! A straight, black knife-sharp edge of steel cleft the mist asunder not a dozen yards away!

In one fleeting second Hilton saw at its base the snow-white spray-feathers rising from the bubbly foam; saw the iron plates of the swelling hull, dull salmon color below the water line and jet black above it; caught a glimpse of the white face, and blue, staring eyes of a Norse lookout, with his clustering yellow beard and blue seaman's shirt open at the neck, peering down at him over the bow twenty feet above; and then, with a hoarse, inarticulate cry, the horn still clutched in his right hand just as he had snatched it from his lips after his last despairing blast, he leaped headlong overboard as far as he could to the right!

While still in the air in the middle of his leap, he heard the splintering crash, as the steel tore through his dory. An instant later he plunged head foremost into the chill water, feeling that he would never rise alive. Then, before he could collect his thoughts, he had the sensation of being rolled and tumbled up and down along the side of a rapidly moving wall that bruised and battered him, making no more account of him than if he were merely a piece of wreckage.

Sucked in close to the vessel's side by the action of the water, thrust out again by striking against the iron wall stunned by the roar of the waves and bewildered by the rapid motion, Hilton could at first hardly comprehend what was happening. He was a plaything in the swirl of the steamer-sundered billows.

Twice while he was being swept along the steep, straight side, when his head came uppermost and his eyes were for a moment clear of the smarting brine, there came a vision of faces looking down upon him, one the red, weather-beaten countenance of an officer in a vizored cap with gold braid round it, the other the startled visage of a man in a gray soft hat.

Then Hilton was whirled suddenly feet uppermost, until he feared blindly that he was never to breathe again. Presently he found himself as suddenly out of water to his shoulders, his back to the ship's side.

The Aldebaran was nearly six hundred feet long, and at her present speed it took between twenty and thirty seconds for her entire length to pass any given point. So for that period of time Hilton was whirled and hammered along her side. Fortunately his head did not once strike the hard steel, or he would have been stunned into an insensibility that could have had but one result.

After the shock of the first surprise had passed away, the hope came to him that perhaps he might escape, after all. Then a horrible dread laid hold upon him. The steamer's screw! He did not know how many revolutions it was making a second, but he did know that if it touched his body, as he was swept out past the stern, the slightest flick of its curved blades of tempered steel would slice him in two as if he were a potato!

Could he pass it in safety, all might yet be well. If not! He was now almost under the liner's quarter. time with his face toward the stern. Fifty feet away he could see the turmoil made by the revolving blades. He heard the dull reverberation of the beaten water. He saw the liquid bosses rising above the surface, and Again he was whirled upright, this calculated how far beneath must be the blades, the sweep of which was causing that commotion.

Fainting with terror, he was borne in toward the fatal spot, and gazing into the depths with fascinated eyes imagined that he saw the flashes of light, as the knives swept round and round.

He closed his eyes, fancying that already he felt the slicing steel. Then he found himself dancing up and down like a cork in the air filled billows. He opened his eyes again.

Twenty feet overhead a round black stern was disappearing in the mist. The rushing died away as the ship sped on. Again the wailing blast of her siren set the air vibrating. More and more remote it sounded.

Hilton paddled feebly, surprised to find his arms and legs uninjured. But what hope of life was there for him now, alone in the fog in the steamer's wake! Would it not be better for him to give up and sink at once, than prolong his misery by making a vain struggle? No! he would keep afloat as long as he could.

Then an idea came to him. Tightly clutched in his right hand was the horn that he had blown just before plunging overboard from his dory. Somehow he had unconsciously retained his grip on it despite the terrible handling he had received. Was it possible that any one might be within hearing?

Lifting it to his lips, which were just above the surface, he blew it faintly again and again. A blast not far to the left answered him. It was the man whose horn had been heard by the steamer's lookout just before Hilton was run down. Again the swimmer blew, and again the other replied. Hilton shouted faintly, and was rewarded by hearing the hasty dip of oars.

Two minutes later the prow of a dory appeared through the fog, and in a short space the sinking fisherman was pulled, swooning, aboard the boat of one of his mates.—Youth's Companion.

TRIALS OF RED COATS.

British Army Needs 4,000 Wealthy Officers.

The military forces of the Crown are, by the latest computation, 4,000 officers short of the requirements as laid down in the army and auxiliary establishments for 1905-6.

This serious shortage, combined with the fact that resignations are still as numerous as ever, is causing considerable misgiving in the minds of the authorities, and conferences are now taking place at the War Office under the Director of Staff Duties and other officials, the object of which is to find a remedy for the situation.

The bankruptcy of an officer, whose examination was held at Colchester recently, has shown the futility of subalterns attempting to meet their expenses out of their pay. The decision of the Army Council that this officer should resign has spread alarm throughout the subaltern ranks of the army, for numbers of young officers are heavily in debt to tradesmen or in the hands of money lenders.

In spite of the smallness of his pay, the officer is burdened on every hand with expenses for mess, band, regimental clubs, servants and social items.

The changes in uniform absorb an abnormal amount of his pay. First it is a new undress, then a new full-dress alteration, a change in headgear or overcoat, a new pattern sword, or field service dress.

At Sandhurst recently the cadets had changes of headdress involving the possession by each cadet of no fewer than five caps, none of which is of any use after passing to a regiment. The cost of altering cadet kit to regimental pattern involves an outlay of from £20 to £30.—London Express.

HOW TO LOCATE SPRINGS.

Indians and Frontiersmen Learn Much From Signs and Observations.

There is undoubtedly a practical art of discovering springs. Indians or frontiersmen can find water in the desert where a "tenderfoot" cannot. Mexicans and experienced prospectors can similarly find ore. These arts consist mainly in the recognition of superficial signs which escape the ordinary observer.

It is not necessary that the operator should consciously note these signs separately and reason upon them. No doubt he frequently does so, though he may not give away the secret of his method to others. But in many instances he recognizes by association and memory the presence of a group of indications, great or small, which he has repeatedly found to attend springs or ore deposits.

This skill, due to habit, is often almost unerring for a given limited district, but under new conditions it breaks down. Old miners from California or Australia have often made in other regions the most foolish and hopeless attempts to find gold, because they thought this or that place "looked just like" some other place in which they had mined successfully.

Apart from the magnetic minerals, there is no proof that ore deposits exhibit their presence and nature by any attraction or other active force. With regard to water, however, there may be an action affecting the temperature and moisture of the overlaying surface. Even here, however, it seems more likely that such effects are manifested visibly to a close observer than by a direct system. The favorable fields for water diviners are regions in which water is abundant, but not gathered upon given horizons of impermeable strata underlying porous rock.—Cassier's Magazine.

What, Indeed?

Mr. Tuckwell, in his "Reminiscences of a Radical Parson," tells, among other anecdotes, the story of two miners walking through the park at Chatsworth. One said to the other: "What should you do if you had this chap's income?"

"Blowed if I know," was the answer; "but I should like to know what he would do if he had ours."

By a recent census the population of Rome, former mistress of the world, is 506,840.

HARNESSING THE WATERFALLS OF THE WORLD.

In order further to extend the scope of mechanical industry engineers in almost every country are employed on schemes for converting the power of falling water into electrical energy. In Italy the control of this valuable source of energy is in the hands of the government, and undoubtedly the force of falling water is a source to which engineers will always look with longing eyes. Unfortunately, the spots where the falling of water occurs in nature are generally spots of extreme beauty, and these are only too apt to be spoiled, if not wholly destroyed, by the action of converting the water into electrical energy. It should, however, be pointed out that this is not really a necessity of the case. In many cases the conversion of part of a flow of water over a fall into electrical energy is effected without perceptibly diminishing the flow over the natural fall and at the same time not destroying the beauty of the view by awkward, unsightly buildings such as disfigure the gorge of Niagara in a highly distressing manner. In tapping a natural waterfall for the purposes of energy production the fall itself is not actually interfered with, but a certain amount of the water is conducted into artificial channels alongside the fall

WONDERFUL LIP OF WATER AT NIAGARA.

and then conducted to steel penstocks, or tubes, through which the water drops to the turbines below. This need not be done in the actual vicinity of the waterfall itself, the canal leading the water to the edge of the gorge some distance below the falls. In the case of the Zambesi we are informed that every care will be taken in order not to damage in any way the stupendous spectacle provided by the plunge of the Zambesi into its tortuous gorge. The great advantage which can be claimed for producing energy from falling water rather than from coal-produced steam is that white, smokeless cities can be built which can be wholly run by electricity supplied from neighboring mountains, thus avoiding all the dirt and foggy air generally associated with industrial districts.

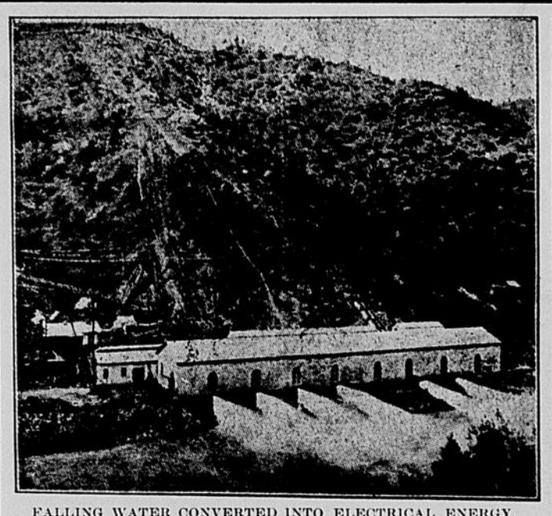
Power from the Sierra Nevadas.

In the western states of America several large schemes for water-power conversion have been successfully concluded and others are in process of being materialized. Pictures are given of a Californian system for gathering water in the Sierra Nevada range. This company supplies a very large district, the street-lighting, railways, presses of daily newspapers, and the machine factories being run by the electric current produced from the mountains. This work is accomplished with less than 50,000 horse-power, writes a correspondent. The company has replaced its old flumes with new ones as solid as the eternal hills and is building miles of additional flumes. A sawmill in the heart of the Sierras was built, and a gravity tramway, 1,275 feet long and very steep, was constructed to slide the red spruce, yellow pine, and sugar pine lumber down to a point where it could be floated in all directions for flume-building. The ac-

THE ZAMBESIA FALLS.

tual area of the watersheds drained by the flumes of this one company cover 552 square miles.

The force of the water passing through the penstocks is such at the power-houses that in an incredibly short time it "eats" through steel and iron plates, 3-inch planking and solid masonry. After devising various schemes of prevention the company has been forced to keep a large supply of 1½-inch castiron plates on hand



FALLING WATER CONVERTED INTO ELECTRICAL ENERGY.

The method of gathering and converting falling water into electrical energy in the Sierra Nevada mountains of California is shown by the above diagrammatic view and the photographic picture given beneath it. The latter shows the power house of the Bay Counties Power Company in California. Above it is shown in diagrammatic form the method of obtaining water for driving the turbine wheels in the power house below. The water is impounded at altitudes up to 9,000 feet. From the smaller reservoirs the water is led through square wooden flumes or channels to the big storage reservoir; it is conducted to the power house by penstocks, or big steel tubes, with a total fall of 1,500 feet. The falling water rotates the turbines at an enormous speed. The turbines rotate dynamos which manufacture electrical energy and pass it on through cables serving an area of 26,000 square miles. The apparatus is so delicately arranged that when a street car stops in a city 200 miles away the mechanism governing the turbines feels that there is less energy required and consequently less water is fed from the turbines.

and to constantly renew those "eaten" through. The water leaves the nozzle at a velocity of 17,800 feet per minute and travels at the rate of over three miles per minute in its sheer descent of 1,000 feet. A leak, no larger than a cambric needle, at the Comstock mines under a head of 2,000 feet went through a 2-inch plank like a bullet. When the dynamos or any of them are not worked up to their full capacity the needless water is shot out into space above them. A log thrown into the superfluous stream is shattered to bits, and a rock as big as one can lift cast into it is hurled across the canyon like a shell from a large gun.

Regulating the Supply.

So sensitive is the electric plant that when a street car stops or starts in Oakland, 132 miles from the Colgate power-house, the electric governors respond instantly to the added or released burden of the dynamos. The turbine wheels receive only the exact amount of water required by the exigencies of the system. The slightest relaxation of demand for power throws the superfluous water into the tail races. When the full power of the dynamos is required not a drop of water escapes until it passes through the turbines to fall gently out of the way, shorn of all its velocity. These matters are governed by simple devices. In the summer, if the storage

THE CASCADES OF TIVOLI.

reservoirs get low the water which passes through the turbines is taken back by the electricity generated—that is, by electrically-worked pumps—into the main storage reservoir whence it came. The same water goes down and up, down and up—down to produce power and up by the power produced.

The overhead cabes across the Straits of Carquinez are one of the wonders of engineering. So powerful are the tides and currents of the straits that the experiences with submarine telegraph lines formed a warning. The cables are 6,400 feet long. The steel towers on elevations rise to 450 feet above water, while the sag in the center over the straits has a clearance of 206 feet above high tide, caused by twelve tons weight.

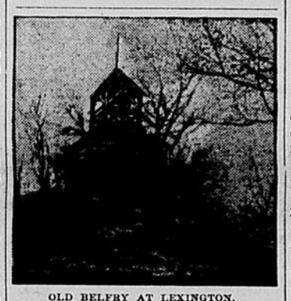
During the past few years Italian industry has benefited to a great extent by the growing use of its water-power. The Italian government decided that this source of national wealth should be withheld from the realms of financial speculation, and it has itself, consequently, taken in hand the deciding of what shall be done with the nation's water falls. A very large amount of water rushes down the southern sides of the Alps from the Appenines and from the mountains of Apulia and Abruzzi, and this in many cases is to be converted into electrical energy. It seems a very great pity that the beautiful cascade of Tivoli should have to be sacrificed to industrial extension, but it appears it was just this sort of power which was necessary to give a forward impetus to Italian mechanical industries.

There are times when a man doesn't want things to come his way—bills, for example.

HISTORIC OLD BELFRY.

Where the Bell Hung that Rang the First Alarm to Arms in 1775.

At Lexington, Mass., there is historic ground. It is there that the first blood in the American revolution was shed, April 19, 1775. It was the scene of the



OLD BELFRY AT LEXINGTON.

first armed encounter between the British and the Americans in the revolutionary struggle. On the night of April 18, 1775, Paul Revere, of Boston, eluding the British sentinels, escaped into the country across the Charles River from Boston, and spread information of the intended march of a detachment of British troops 800 strong, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Smith, to seize the provincial stores and cannon located at Concord, Mass. About midnight he reached the house of the Rev. Jonas Clark, the minister of Lexington, where Hancock and Adams lodged. The town at that time contained about 700 inhabitants, and nearly all the able-bodied males had been trained to the use of arms, and were enrolled as minute men. The alarm was given by ringing the bell in the old belfry, a photograph of which is reproduced herewith. By 2 o'clock in the morning about 130 militiamen had assembled under arms on the common, commanded by Captain John Parker, who ordered them to load with powder and ball, but not to be the first to fire. Messengers were then sent toward Boston to look for the British, but they returned, reporting that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was set, and the militia dismissed, with orders to assemble again at beat of drum. Just at daybreak, the advance guard of the enemy, commanded by Major Pictairn, was discovered approaching the village. The alarm from the old belfry rang out and between sixty and seventy of the militia assembled and were paraded in two ranks on the common, a few rods north of the meeting house. The British halted to load, and to allow the rest of the detachment to come up. They then advanced almost on a run. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the Americans ordered them to lay down their arms and disperse. They kept their ranks until he discharged his pistol against them and ordered his men to fire. That was the start of the great war of the revolution.

CLOTHES OF MEN AND WOMEN.

Scorner Sex the Best Judge of Feminine Attire.

It is often said that women dress to please each other, but men dress to please themselves. On this point a writer in the Lady's Pictorial says:

"Now and then one sees a woman whose clothes are absolutely characteristic of her, and bear the impress of having been carefully thought out by their wearer. These are those who never wear garments fashioned like others, but the majority of women do not desire, nor, indeed, would it become them, to be individualistic in their attire. They like to be 'in the fashion.' And the question is, are they, or are men, best suited to making what is understood by la mode. On the whole, one inclines to the opinion that men are really the best judges of what best suits the female form divine; and, on the other hand, it would seem as if woman's taste in men's clothing is far more reliable than man's. She is quick to detect a mistake in the choice of a tie, to note the angle of a hat, the set of a coat, the pattern of a tweed, the shape of a collar, and she never falls into the error of urging her men folk to adopt any atrocious things merely because they are described as 'very fashionable.' The man whom a woman considers well dressed is well fitted, absolutely well groomed and quite unobtrusive alike in the matter of hats, waistcoats, ties or patterns, and this looks as if each sex were meant to select the other's clothes. Women are ready enough to admit men's good taste and cleverness in this direction, but the other sex disclaim with horror the ability of their womenkind to exercise any judgment with regard to their wardrobes, despite the fact that an unfavorable feminine opinion of anything they are wearing means its instant disuse. Perhaps if men and women alike more freely expressed themselves in fashion journals from time to time about each other's clothes it would be better for both."

YANKEE BOAT WHICH BEAT THE WORLD IN YACHT RACE.

The Yacht Atlantic, which beat the world in the recent race across the Atlantic ocean, was completed in the last days of 1903 and in the early winter made her maiden cruise to the West Indies and the Caribbean Sea. The Atlantic, according to her designer's plans, is 137 feet on the water line, 188 feet over all and 29 feet beam. The mizzenmast is 80 feet from deck to hounds, the mainmast 77 feet and the foremast 74 feet. When she was cruising last summer the distance from the after ends of the mizzenboom to the forward end of the bowsprit was 227 feet. From deck to truck the mizzenmast is 137 feet; same measurement of mainmast is 132 feet and the foremast 125 feet. The mizzenboom in ordinary cruising is 79 feet and the mizzengaff 50½ feet. The mizzensail is 70 feet in the luff and 106 feet on the leach. The main and fore booms are each 35 feet, the spinnaker boom is 76 feet and the bowsprit outboard 31 feet.

The Atlantic has the complete propelling machinery of a steam yacht and, her designer says, has made eleven knots an hour under steam. The propelling machinery consists of a triple expansion engine of about 300 horse power, two Almy boilers and a Bevis feathering screw, which fills completely her aperture when feathered for sailing. The sails are ordinarily raised with steam. The yacht is lighted with electricity and has one large dynamo and engine and capacious storage batteries. She has also an acetylene gas plant, a two-ton refrigerating machine and tiled ice boxes with a capacity of 800 cubic feet. There are three skylights over the engine and boiler room. Steering is done from a raised quarter deck aft. The stack is telescopic. The accommodations consist of a large saloon, five staterooms, chart and gun room and three bathrooms, which are porcelain tiled. The deckhouse is used as an observation-room and is connected with stairs to a spacious lobby below.

Just now this Yankee boat is the most talked of boat in the world, as

THE ATLANTIC.

she went from Sandy Hook lightship to the Lizard as if two lines of buoys like picket fences to sail between marked the way across. Her story will always be gratifying to American yachtsmen if those at the helm learn to know her and treat her well.

The Telltale Water.

Hanks, the milkman, one morning forgot to water his milk. In the back hallway of his best customer he remembered this omission. A huge tub of fine clear water stood on the floor by his side. There was no one to spy him, and thrice before the maid brought up the jugs Hanks diluted his milk with a large measure filled from the tub. Then he served the young woman calmly and went on.

As he was bellowing down the next area the first customer's footman beckoned to him. He returned and was ushered into the presence of the customer himself, a millionaire.

"Hanks," said the gentleman, "I prefer hereafter to water my own milk."

"Well, sir," said Hanks, "it's useless to deny the thing, for I suppose you were watching me while——"

"No," said the millionaire; "no one was watching you. But the fact is, Hanks, the children are taking medicinal baths, and the tub in the rear hallway was full of sea water."

Took It as Personal.

Daisy—Why was Maude Oldgirl so angry about her photographs? Didn't they flatter her?

Maisie—Oh, they were as pretty as the artist could make them, but on the back of each one it said, "The original of this picture is carefully preserved."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Meant Well.

She (indignantly)—Do you mean to say that Charlie Prettyboy is not a gentleman?

He—Oh, I meant no offense; I'll say more than that for him—he's a perfect lady.—Detroit Free Press.

PRIDE OF MINNESOTA.

Magnificent New Capitol—One of the World's Finest Buildings.

Fifty years ago "The Great Northwest" was a howling wilderness, peopled only by a few Indians and a handful of trappers and French-Canadian traders; fifty years ago this vast region had not been surveyed, and certain sections of it had not even been explored, but to-day behold how different is its aspect!

There is not a corner of it that has not been penetrated by civilized beings; there is not an acre of it that has not been charted. A dozen States have been carved out of it, and the borders of the brush and timber lands are rapidly receding before the woodman with his ax and the farmer with his plow. In the near future there will not be left a single acre of unproductive land, for the gigantic projects of irrigation that the Federal Government is undertaking will, within the next decade, transform every arid area into a flourishing garden.

This great Northwest territory comprises fully one-sixth of the entire area of the United States and is now peopled with 6,000,000 Americans who are engaged in various industries, the annual output from which aggregates, in value, millions of dollars.

If there is one thing more than another that has fostered this marvelous development, it is the modern railroad. In the great Northwest there are over 50,000 miles of railway track

CAPITOL OF MINNESOTA.

and the capital that is represented by the operating plants of all of the railway companies serving the people of this territory amounts, in round numbers, to over $2,500,000,000.

It is marvelous that such a transformation of a wilderness into a flourishing home of civilized beings could be effected within the short span of one human life; yet the progress made during the last decade is still more remarkable and the most reliable indication of the increasing wealth of this section of the United States is the erection of some of the finest public buildings to be seen anywhere on the American continent.

The expenditure involved in the erection of State capitols alone counts upward of $25,000,000. The State of Montana, with a population of but 243,400, has just completed a commodious, new State House that cost in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million; South Dakota is contemplating the expenditure of several thousand dollars in enlarging and embellishing its present legislative hall, and its twin State to the north has already appropriated a million dollars for the erection of a beautiful new capitol to replace the ramshackle frame structure that is now used as a State House; Wisconsin has recently approved designs for a new capitol that calls for the expenditure of $10,000,000; Iowa has spent a vast sum to rebuild her present structure that was partially destroyed by fire; and Minnesota has just dedicated a $5,000,000 marble palace to the use of the people.

In many respects this latter structure is the most remarkable in the United States, and to the tourist traveler, who comes to St. Paul in the future, it will be a source of pleasure and inspiration.

When Glenn Brown, the secretary of the American Institute of Architects, of Washington, D. C., visited the new capitol of Minnesota, he declared it to be the finest structure in America to-day with the exception of the national capitol at Washington. Not so much money has been spent on it as has been spent upon similar buildings elsewhere; but, in Mr. Brown's opinion, the artistic effect of the structure is unsurpassed.

The predominating feature of the building is the massive marble dome, the largest in the United States. Until its completion the dome of the Rhode Island State House at Providence held the distinction of being the greatest. The dome of the capitol at Washington is very much larger, but that is made of cast iron, painted white. The domes of St. Peter's of Rome and St. Paul's of London, likewise, are larger, but neither of them is constructed of marble.

The interior finishings of the building are magnificent. Marbles from almost every well-known quarry in the world were imported for use in the grand halls and legislative rooms, and beautifully carved woods for the executive offices.

To see such evidences of art and culture in a country that, but a short while ago, was considered a barbarous frontier, is the most satisfying thing that can happen to a man who has faith in the great destiny of the United States as the leader of nations.—C. T. Greene, in Four-Track News.

Accounts for the Mystery.

"And so the Romans once invaded Great Britain," said Miss Gilligal, to whom her Uncle Charles had been reading of Caesar's conquests. "That accounts for it, then."

"Accounts for what?" asked Uncle Charles.

"For there being so many Latin words which resemble our English ones. The Romans very naturally picked up a good many of our expressions while in England. Wonder I never thought of that before."—Boston Transcript.

A Way to Stop It.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Lawly, "I simply cannot make that cook stop putting so much salt into her soups."

"Why don't you get out an injunction?" suggested her husband, who had lived in Chicago a long time.—Commercial Tribune.

He Is Justified.

See his glare! Hear him swear! Hear him holler!
Is he sick? Is he crazy or hurt?
No—he's donning a 14 collar
And he's wearing a 15 shirt!
—Cleveland Leader.