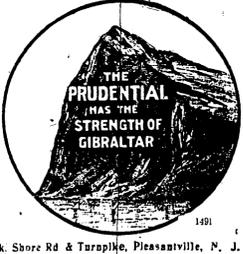


Filed Sept. 13, 1902 Lewis Scott clerk

If You Weigh

carefully the merits of policies issued by The Prudential you will be convinced that this Company offers Life Insurance under the most advantageous conditions possible.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America.



Home Office: Newark, N. J. JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. LESLIE D. WARD, Vice President. EDGAR B. WARD, 24 V. Pres't and Counsel. FORREST F. DRYDEN, Secretary. A. B. Higbie, Asst. Supt. Martini's Block, Shore Rd & Tarzillo, Pleasantville, N. J.

GOOD Short Stories

The Living Church quotes this extract from a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Mr. S., who carved, had a bit on his fork, and said: 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' Yes, said Sister Patty, and it's from very much the same kind of critter."

General Horace Porter, the American minister to France, says that when he departed for his post five years ago, his partner, Mark Twain, as he said, was about to board the steamer for the other side were, "Mark, may the Lord be with you." "Yes," the humorist replied with a slight cough, "and I hope He may occasionally send a leisure moment to pay a little attention to you."

An unlettered Irishman applied to the Philadelphia Court of Naturalization the other day when he was asked: "Have you read the Declaration of Independence?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Have you read the Constitution?" "No, sir," he repeated. "Have you read the history of the United States?" "No, sir," he repeated. "No," exclaimed the judge in disgust, "but what have you read?" "I have read the Lord's prayer," was the unlettered reply.

In a series of sketches, entitled "Lights and Shadows in a Hospital," Mrs. Terton tells of a melancholy man, depressed with rheumatism, in her cottage hospital, whom she wanted to cheer by reading. Ordinary hospital literature was no good. At last, she said to the nurse: "I shall read him 'Three Men in a Boat' and find that 'Three Men in a Boat' will give him up as hopeless." So she read till finally a reluctant smile came over his face, and he said, with slow satisfaction: "I don't think they're three men 'uns." That was the turning point in his illness. He recovered completely, and left the hospital a bright and cheerful man.

It is said that Senator Jones, of Arkansas, dropped into Mr. Hoar's committee room to see what the Massachusetts senator thought of a proposed bill. Hoar, in pardoning a negro on condition that he go to Massachusetts. "Why, I don't see the governor's complaint for Hoar," Hoar is reported to have replied, "while the negro was looked upon as a criminal, it seems that Hoar's pardon was innocent and a badge of good citizenship, he was denied to go to Massachusetts, where we have a good citizen. Please convey to the governor my thanks for his commitment to Massachusetts."

Senator Perkins says that once when he was a sailor, a tremendous storm came up and he looked as if the vessel would be wrecked. In the midst of the storm, he asked the passengers, "What do you think if he could have prayers?" "Oh, never mind about the prayers," said the captain. "The men are swearing to hand to help for prayers, and as long as you hear them swearing, added the minister, "I don't think there is any danger." The minister went back to his cabin. A little while later, when the storm grew worse, the preacher went on deck to see what the sailors were doing. Then he went to his wife. "Thank God," he said, "for every 'those men are still swearing.'"

Humor in New Jersey. The following note from Camden, says the Philadelphia Record, shows the progress of humor in that interesting New Jersey community: Camden, N. J., March 13. Mr. Editor: Here Sir—I thought I would write you what happened here the other day. My big brother goes to the high school and there is a lot of girls in one of his classes and the other day his history teacher said that the old duck who started first the lawyer business made his skollers argue for practice that black ink and white ink is black and then one of them boys said I can prove that and she said you can and he said I can and he said there is a girl on our street name White and she married a chap name black and now white is black and black is white, but white and black are both white and both are black and then the girls all laughed and my big brother laughed.

P. S. My brother is in the See Class and I won't give my name, do you think that is funny?

Comings and Alice Judson have both joined "Florodora" casts.

HOW EBEN STRUCK HIS GAIT

R OACH & LUFKIN, Attorneys at Law. That was the first name, but everybody, including the office boy and the bookkeeper, knew that Lufkin, Eben Lufkin, didn't amount to much either in the affairs of the office, as a lawyer, or as an individual. He was older than Judge Roach, slimmer, slower, more silent, an old-fashioned bachelor. As a matter of fact his position in the firm was more that of chief clerk than partner. He wrote most of the letters "by hand," a small, beautiful, legible hand of which he was very proud. Judge Roach "made allowances" for "Eben," as he called him. They had been classmates at college, and the judge remembered that Lufkin had been his guide, counselor and friend at school. In business, though, things were different. Roach was assertive, confident, pushing. He had up-to-date methods and wore up-to-date clothes. Lufkin had the scholarship without any ability to "get there." Roach was one of those men who would have succeeded from section hand to superintendency. He got "next" to everything. After ten years of profitable service, he began to regard Eben more as one of the office fixtures than as a friend and equal.

Being wealthy by inheritance, the division of profits with Lufkin didn't matter to Judge Roach, but his partner's cautious, hesitating, methodical ways began to seem irksome. Lufkin imagined that he was the "safest" of the partnership. Roach began to think he was a hindrance, a dead weight. He no longer felt the need of an adviser, and he resented criticism. Eben seldom ventured to interfere with affairs, but Roach "felt" that his acts were essential, his words weighed, his manner considered, his behavior criticized by the silent, watchful, gentle old fellow behind the desk. Eben Lufkin's ruddy black alpaca coat looked like a tactless remonstrance against Roach's smart blue serge "military."

"He's too slow," thought the judge. "He's a boy yet," said Lufkin to himself. "Wonder if Eben'll stand it," thought Roach, when he made up his mind to employ a young woman stenographer. "A good wife would make a man of him," mused Lufkin, who didn't know anything about the impending innovation.

The new stenographer was the daughter of one of the firm's deceased clients. She was a Southern girl, with a bright, nervous face, much wavy black hair, wistful gray-blue eyes and a distant manner. Mr. Lufkin looked at her as he might have looked at a strange, beautiful insect when his partner stammered an introduction, but he took the large, white hand she held out to him, and said:

"Thank you, Miss Gilderleeve." He was always polite like that, even to clerks, servants and beggars, and Judge Roach had an idea that it was one of the qualities that helped to keep Eben down. When Miss Gilderleeve had been duly installed in her little corner Lufkin seemed to forget her presence altogether except when he entered or left the office. Then it was "Good morning, Miss Gilderleeve," or "Good evening, Miss Gilderleeve," but no more. She had been in the office two months before he ventured to dictate a letter. But he didn't keep it up. He seemed to prefer writing his own letters with a pen. Judge Roach, on the contrary, never had written so many letters. In fact, Eben, who naturally overheard everything, had never known that his partner belonged to so many clubs, went to so many places, knew so many fashionable ladies, was in correspondence with so many prominent men.

But when the judge bought a brand-new oak, drop-top typewriting desk for Miss Gilderleeve and had it placed in his own private office, where neither the prying clerks nor the receptive Lufkin could overhear him dictating letters, old Eben got out the little obnoxious paper out of the waste basket, he saw the same rose in a bottle of water on Miss Gilderleeve's desk.

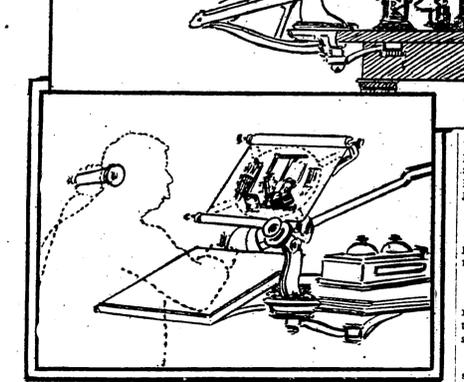
You elderly people: Do you ever cry? There are incidents in every one's life that bring tears to the eyes. In spite of tuberculousness, and they increase as you become older.

Some men seem to move to a larger place for no other reason than that they have to make bigger fools of themselves there to attract attention.

THIS IS HOW YOU SEE A MAN AT THE 'PHONE.

Dr. Sylvestre, whose name has flashed around the world as the inventor of a wonderful device by which you cannot only hear by telephone, but see by 'phone as well, has allowed several illustrations to be made of the visual telephonic machine, although he will not as yet show its working fully, because he says to see it is so simple that a man could go away and make one himself. So until the machine is bought by the French government for \$5,000,000, the price he wants, the doctor will not exhibit the device.

The illustrations show the different parts of the invention, and something of its workings. It consists of a small circular mirror, with a hole in the center, to which is screwed a tiny electric light of a little more than one candle power. The mirror is fixed to the microphone plate of the telephone



DR. SYLVESTRE'S METHOD OF PICTORIAL TRANSMISSION.

and a pair of little brass pencils connects the current and the apparatus. In a mysterious looking hood two acids mix drop by drop, and out of a spot comes a phosphorescent vapor, falling on the mirror. If, when telephoning, a sheet of white paper is placed in front of the mirror, the room from where the person is telephoning may plainly be seen, and also the person telephoning.

Dr. Sylvestre was sitting in his laboratory in the dark one night some weeks ago, awaiting the slow working of some chemical process. He has in his laboratory a theater 'phone. He was listening to the opera, when suddenly on the white wall of his laboratory he saw the stage scene from the theater, colors and all. Investigation revealed to him the secret. He has made half a dozen tests that have convinced him that the visual telephone is practicable, although he admits it seemed to him as if they may have impressed others when they first heard of it—Incredibly phenomenal.

Suggestive. "Many happy returns of the day, grandpa! And mother says if you give us each sixpence we mustn't lose it!"

Contradictory. It is said that men in a savage state never have toothache. It is also said that there was never a man with toothache who was not in a savage state.

Investigation will reveal that every successful man gets down to work early.

dominantly concerned with producing the most beautiful buildings of which the eye could be made to take notice, and the monotony and sameness of their art. Almost without exception they delight in their work; they are proud to show and discuss it. These are symptoms of a living art. It is in dying when artists are eager and enthusiastic and earnest partakers in the strenuous activities about them.

AS TO ARCHITECTURAL ART. One Writer Declares America Is Developing a National Type. How about an American style? Is such a thing discernible through the apparent chaos of varied local requirements and practice and individual idiosyncrasies?

Surely not. If by "style" we mean a certain definite and uniform combination of unvarying details; styles have sometimes meant this in the past. But there is no reason why they should be distinguished by the same definitions in all ages. If by "style" we mean a dominating character, we have a style or styles which clearly set off American work from English, French or German work, however varied its decorative details may be, says a writer in the Forum.

We are developing an American style in our church architecture, our college architecture, our public buildings, our residential architecture, our railway stations, our school houses, banks and Young Men's Christian Association buildings. In each of these classes our architects are bringing their work with intelligence and, for the most part, with taste to the changing requirements, the special conditions, the scientific advances of our rapidly developing culture. No doubt they make many mistakes, and which critics will carp. No doubt some of them lack artistic training, and on others the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts has set the stamp of its influence a little too strongly. Perhaps in some quarters there is too much of Louis Quinze ecstasies and carousals, and in others too much reliance on the five orders of Vitruvius.

Most of the architects I know are enthusiasts. They are not playing a trade or merely pursuing a business; however businesslike, they are pre-

OLD FAVORITES

Destruction of Sennacherib's Host. The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold; And the sheen of his spears was like stars on the sea, When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer's sun is shone, That host with their banners at sunset were seen; Like the leaves of the forest when autumn's wind has blown, That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

For the angels of death spread their wings on the blast, And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd; And the eyes of the sleepers were closed, and their hearts but once heaved—and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide, But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride; And the foam of his gallop lay white on the turf, And the dews of his spray, of the rock beating sur.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail; And the tents were all silent, the banners alone, The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail, And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal; And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword, Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Nearer to Thee, Nearer to Thee, Nearer to Thee, Nearer to Thee, E'en though it be a cross That our little hands may bear, Till my God, my God, my God, Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear, Where'er the angels tread, Where the bright seraphim lead, Where the cherubim adore, Ere my soul takes its flight, To the sweet home of glory, To the sweet home of glory, To the sweet home of glory.

Done on Board Ship. The party in the smoking-room of the steamer was talking of Irish wit and the quickness thereof. Several gave personal experiences, and one man, to his sorrow, tried to use an old story. Then spoke the agent for an exporting house the New York Tribune.

"I was coming up the South American coast on a sailing ship last winter," he said, "when this happened. There was a Norwegian in the crew who was absolutely fearless. He did a number of tricks for us one afternoon, and as a grand finale stood on his head on top of the mainmast. We held our breaths until he swung himself back into the rigging."

"I would like to see any of you do that," he boasted when he reached the deck. "I can do it," said a little Irishman, one of the kind who will never be "stumped." "I can do it," and forthwith he started up the mast. "We could see from the way he climbed that he knew nothing about moving about aloft, and the captain yelled at him through the megaphone to come down before he killed himself."

"New Zealand newspaper as a 'table game,' played with a miniature pair of bellows and an air ball, which is very light. At each end of the table are upstand goals and the play lies in directing the ball through the opponent's goal. This, by a stroke of luck, may be done in a few minutes, or it may not be accomplished in a night. The authority on 'puff-puff' comments on the hazards of the game as follows: 'The ball in no way confines itself to the table, as a too vigorous puff may send it circling upward to the ceiling and the player, musing his impetuosity, stands waiting his opportunity to squib by how it back into play.'

Doubly Disagreeable. Jones-Brown is an even-tempered individual. He never gets angry in an argument. Smith-Yes, but he always angers his opponent by seeming to be sorry for him.

An Oversight. Sue—So you don't like that novel? Belle—No; it says the heroine "wore an air of mystery, a dark frown," etc., but it doesn't describe the costume she wore one bit.

Science and Invention

At a speed of sixty miles an hour a train covers 165 feet each second. The Slaby-Arco wireless telegraph system is being installed by Russia on the Baltic Sea.

A side wind retards the speed of a train more than a head wind, because of the friction it produces. The volcanic dust from Mount Pelee proves to have little fertilizing value. An analysis by an American engineer of specimen from Barbadoes, where, through ninety miles away—the fall on May 7 was about three inches, has shown only 0.67 per cent of potash and 0.11 of phosphoric suboxide.

A large blank on the meteorologic map of the world has just been filled by the organization of a weather office under the Argentine Department of Agriculture. An American, Walter Davis, is at the head of it, and daily weather maps are published, covering not only Argentina proper, but Patagonia.

The nasal passages are stated to have a surface area of not less than twenty square inches. A new preventive of hay fever is the rubbing with surgical cotton twice daily of as much of this inner surface, or mucous membrane, as can be reached. The massage hardens the membrane, lessening its over-sensitiveness.

New Jersey has long been famous for its mosquitoes, and it seems appropriate that the State should lead in the scientific warfare on the malarial pests. The Legislature has appropriated \$10,000 for a preliminary investigation of the subject, but for some technical reason, not available, the Governor has set aside \$1,000 from his emergency fund to get the work under way. A scientific investigation is to be made in a malarial part of the State, where the dreaded anopheles is abundant, and the result of his inquiries is expected to guide the future steps in the campaign.

How the electric waves used in wireless telegraphy follow the earth's curvature is still an unsolved problem. E. Lasher supposes that the waves run along the surface of the earth, and especially of the sea, in the same manner that they follow a wire, and that part of the electric energy enters the earth's surface as part of it penetrates the surface of the wire. A suggested test of the theory is signaling between two balloons, when the difficulty of communication should increase with the height. The electrical oscillations being at right angles to the wire or earth's surface, another interesting experiment would be the sending of signals up a precipice, using both horizontal and vertical antennae.

Many details of the backwardness of the world's metropolises in those applications of practical science with which we are so familiar in America have been pointed out from time to time. None of them is, perhaps, more surprising than the absence of telephonic connections among the London police stations. The householder who finds a burglar or his premises cannot call up the police to assist him. In truth, few police boxes in London have telephonic connections, and recently the operations of

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BE READY.
When the train you wish to board comes roaring through.
Be ready.
When a previous second will it wait while you wish to hurry back to see?
Be ready.
When she sweetly looks at you and sighs some day.
Be ready.
Come one else may have near, prepared to say.
Be ready.
The word that you in fear hesitate to say.
Be ready.
Love is often lost when it is turned away.
Be ready.
Opportunity will some day ring your bell.
Be ready.
She will not inquire if you're ill or well she will not stand waiting there.
Be ready.
While you hasten to prepare.
Be ready.
She must hurry to where anxious others dwell.
Be ready.
A messenger will summon you some day.
Be ready.
He will not withdraw, implore him as you may.
Be ready.
He will not consent to wait.
Be ready.
While you pray to God, too late.
Be ready.
To let you live to learn mistakes away—
Be ready.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Richard's Advancement.

DICK!
"Yes, Maizie," replied Dick.
"I've got an idea—ever had ideas, Dick?"
"Yes, heaps, Maizie, only they were never put to practice."
"My notion would prove the exception to the rule," said Maizie. "I think you'll fall in with my plan."
"Hope so, Maizie. I'll do my best, anyway."
"It concerns me, you and another."
"The other?" queried Dick.
"My dear old uncle, Tony Haldrum, the best of guardians. You see, Dick, it's like this. Uncle Tony is getting old and has passed the allotted span of life. He always had you in his mind's eye—for, for my grandfather."
"Grandfather?" suggested Dick.
"Yes," agreed Dick. "Ever since I first met you, two years ago he took a great fancy to me."
"Yes, Dick. He is unhappy because he says we don't advance."
"No," said Dick. "Can't help it, can we, Maizie?"
"Of course not, Dick. He has gone



HE SAYS WE DON'T ADVANCE.

so far as to say that most of his friends call me the future Mrs. Dick Renshaw. It's dreadful, isn't it?"
"A awful," responded the poor fellow.
"It's not my fault, is it, Maizie?"
"No, Dick. That's why I'm so sorry for you, because I never will be."
"Mrs. Richard Renshaw," chimed in Dick.
"Quite right," said Maizie. "I never can be Mrs. Richard Renshaw, and every one will turn round and call you Dick."
"My poor Dick, something is bad, at any rate. Dear Uncle Tony worries dreadfully, and said to me the other day: 'Maizie, you and Dick don't advance. Doesn't the boy mean to marry you, after all? There is no one in the world more suited for Maizie's life than Dick. He's a dear, good fellow. Maizie, and I shall all ways be with you. I should be happy if I knew you were going to marry Dick. I have set my heart on it.'"
"It's appalling, Maizie," declared Dick, emphatically. "Quite unintentionally I have caused the dear old chap unhappiness. I've never uttered a compromising word or led you to understand that I was in the least bit—"
"In love," said Maizie, slipping him out of a fatherly embrace—position. "In love with Dick?"
"Maizie, I have never said or done anything that could be falsely construed, have I?"
"No, Dick. Always as straight as a die."
"Nothing like it, eh, Maizie?"
"N—no, no, Dick."
Dick looked up surprised at Maizie's hesitation.
"Suppose, Dick—I only suppose—there were existing circumstances—circumstances demanding a good deal of maneuvering and cunning—"
"Maizie," Dick pronounced her name with a volume of meaning.
"Yes, Dick," said Maizie. "You are so straight I know you'll be shocked, but I believe you'll do it."
"Do it? Do what, Maizie?"
"I am going to tell you. In fact, as I said before, I've got an idea. When your father died two years ago, Dick, leaving you without a penny, he instructed you to the care of his dearest friend, Tony Haldrum, and you came to live with us."
"We have unavoidably been thrown much together, and, as a natural consequence, dear old uncle assumed us to be one another. But—but—it didn't work, did it, Dick?"
"No, Maizie."
"Not made for one another, were we, Dick?"
"No."
"Dear old Dick, I—I—like you awfully, and I love you, but only like a—"
"Sister, Maizie!"
"That's it, Dick. We are quite agreed on that point."
"Yes, Maizie. I was really in love once, but it was a different sort of love from that which I have for you. I would do anything for you, Maizie, you've been so good to me; but it's quite—"
"Platonically,"
"Yes, Maizie, that's it."
"Good, Dick. We're both of the same mind. Just for dear old Uncle Tony's sake I want you to pretend that—"
"We're advancing," suggested Dick, with a twinkle in his eye.
"Good, Dick. He'd be so much

happier. After all, it can't be wrong to brighten his last days, and he need never know but that it's real. Only when he's with us need we pretend. When alone, we can be as we really are."
Dick was silent for a long time.
"You think it would actually cheer him up, Maizie?"
"Undoubtedly, Dickie."
"Then, being a free man, I'll do it."
"Judging from a large bunch of red roses on Maizie's breakfast plate, most certainly," Dick Tony had every reason to suppose that Dick was advancing.
"Red roses for love, Dick," said the old gentleman, in huge delight. "Maizie knows that, don't you, Maizie?"
"Yes, uncle, Dick, they're lovely! Thanks ever so much."
Dick felt as if he could kick himself. When he hurried off to catch his city train, Maizie followed him to the hall.
"You're a good boy, Dick," she whispered. "Mind you return, and she cried out loud enough for her uncle to hear.
"Maizie," said Uncle Tony, "I always knew that boy would advance in time. There'll be such a wedding! I knew it would all come right. You were made for one another."
That evening Dick brought home some new songs for Maizie. They were sentimental—songs of love and love's sweet dreams, of tender eyes and Cupid's bows, such as Uncle Tony listened to Dick joining in with Maizie, he allowed his book to drop and fell asleep, happy in the thought that dear Dick and Maizie were advancing beyond all expectations. So things went on until the day when Dick and Uncle Tony began to wonder when the ring would make its appearance.
"Don't worry about that, sir," said Dick, brightly. "It will be something special. I shall order one of my own design."
"Rubies, Dick, eh? Rubies for Maizie?"
Presently Maizie's birthday came along. "This," thought Uncle Tony, "is a grand opportunity for Dick to come out in his true colors and show himself to be worthy of his advancement."
Dick gave Maizie a beautiful gold bracelet with a heart-shaped clasp, but only Dick knew the thought and care he had expended on his purchase.
Maizie in private called him a stupid fellow. "What a cheap wretch," she thought, the sake of appearance, and suggested that if he continued it were better the deception terminated and that Uncle Tony learned the truth.
"Must do the thing thoroughly, Maizie," she said. "The scheme is working splendidly, and he's a different man. Quite happy and contented."
"It's dreadful, Dick—the deception, I mean. He's no idea it's all a fraud. It's awfully wrong."
"Yes, Maizie. It's involving me in a lot of expense, too."
"Stop the presents, Dickie. However, we must continue the scheme. It would break Uncle Tony's heart were we to snub his old boy."
So the gifts ceased, but in their stead Dick, more persistently than ever, showed Maizie all those thousand and one little attentions which are usually the outcome of a sincere attachment and are currently designated as "Cupid's messages." Dick one day found himself positively delirious in pleasing Maizie and her uncle. Had any one informed him at the outset that such would have been the case, he would have ridiculed him.
Maizie sometimes thought how nice it would be to have a man who did "that sort of thing" for love instead of for appearance.
"See, Maizie," said Dick one day, "I have brought you home this—one of the best handkerchiefs I ever bought. It's that sort of thing" for love instead of for appearance.
"See, Maizie," said Dick one day, "I have brought you home this—one of the best handkerchiefs I ever bought. It's that sort of thing" for love instead of for appearance.

GLAD TO PAY FOR SYMPATHY.

Ennui'd Rich Woman Who Thought It Cheap at \$5 Per Hour.
"When Dr. Pills went abroad," said the young physician, "he left me in charge of his practice, and opposite one address in his book he made a mark—'won't say what it was—but it means that I was to call at that house every day without fail. I naturally expected to find the case a serious one, but owing to another mark beside the name I learned that the marking in the world was amiss with the patient."
"It was a woman, and she lived in a handsome house in the best quarter of the town. She had a husband who was wrapped up in his business, and two grown sons who have their own affairs to attend to. I found her in bed, her elderly face topped by a coquettish invalid's cap. A face shawl lay about her shoulders, and a silk quilt was spread carefully over her.
"Every time I went to see her I found her in a different toilet. Even the quilt was never alike two days in succession. There was absolutely nothing the matter with her but what I called heart ennui. She was rich, but she hadn't anything in her world to interest her. Her husband and sons were good to her, and that is all. They didn't pet her nor make of her. She was simply pining for a little sympathy. It diverted her to see me come in. It pleased her to be able to talk about herself to somebody who would listen. She gained in her own estimation from having her pulse felt every day. She wanted the doctor to plan her day for her. Some days I ordered her to drive in a closed carriage. Other days I told her to go out in her victoria would do her a world of good. I always cautioned her to wrap up well, and I made her feel that she was an object of interest to at least one person.
"Of course she was silly, and selfish too, but if her thick-headed family had only thought of flattering her, of making her feel that she was being treated with attention, and I made her feel that she was an object of interest to at least one person.
"Of course she was silly, and selfish too, but if her thick-headed family had only thought of flattering her, of making her feel that she was being treated with attention, and I made her feel that she was an object of interest to at least one person.

STRANDED IN THE DESERT.

Fully Equipped Ship Heats on Sands Bordering the Colorado River.
There does not seem to be much use for a ship in the desert country of California, but borders on the Colorado river, yet travelers in that region may see there a veritable "ship of the desert," far from any body of water capable of floating even a motor launch. It is a found a big stern-wheel steamer, accustomed to ply up and down the river and carrying passengers and freight. She has been lying there since last September, stranded high and dry on the sands a mile and a half from the stream's present course.
This strange condition of affairs has come about simply because the Colorado, a mighty stream, but one of the most treacherous of rivers, chose to cut a new channel for itself in the early fall without notice or warning.
One night last September the Alviso, Captain J. W. Babson, tied up to the shore a couple of miles above Needles, awaiting telegraphic orders. She was loaded with passengers and supplies, and as travel is sometimes leisurely pursued on the Colorado all hands turned in for a good night's sleep. Between 3 and 4 o'clock Captain Babson was aroused by Indians, who warned him that for some reason the river had begun to rise rapidly, and advised him to pull out into midstream as quickly as possible. This the captain tried to do, but the water had already gone down so low that his prow stuck fast in the mud when he got up and man tried out his paddle wheels and tried out his engine. The vessel was stuck fast in the mud, and there he has stuck fast ever since, becoming resigned to the situation.
By this freak the Colorado river, which is always accomplishing some unusual feat, has succeeded in cutting a strip of land from three-fourths of a mile to a mile wide and about four miles long. This kind of land annexation is going on all the time along the Colorado, which is the official dividing line between California and Arizona. Sometimes Arizona steals from California and sometimes the State steals from the Territory, but this is the first time on record that a steamer has been held up as a pledge in the transaction.
Jefferson as a Farmer.
With Thomas Jefferson agriculture was a serious business. Regular farming operations on some 1,200 acres were carried on at Monticello and other parts of his property. While President supplies were carried to him from the garden at Monticello and he usually loaded the returning carts in the proper sections of the country gives special practice in trail following. It is evident that a crowd of boys start walking across country, making a plain trail, but doing it in unexpected ways, such as placing stones on the limbs of trees or tying sticks to grasses, or, on planting a fern or some such plant, which always grows in the shade, out in the blazing sun.
Half an hour later a second crowd of boys start out to overtake the first lot. This second trail may be made by those whom they are following must walk carefully count is taken of the time it takes to come up with those whom they are following. When one party has captured the other they change places and the pursuers become the pursued. The second trail may be made by those whom they are following must walk carefully count is taken of the time it takes to come up with those whom they are following. When one party has captured the other they change places and the pursuers become the pursued.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

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In giving an idea how to go about following a trail it will be necessary to wade through a few unlikely conditions in order to explain what ordinarily happens. Of course, there are a thousand ways in which a man may leave traces of himself, as, for instance, by dropping his handkerchief, or if he has been smoking, by his cigar ashes.
The conditions often are used in stories, but when it comes to actual trail following one is quite likely to find that the man to be traced has neglected to lose his handkerchief, is not wounded, and never smokes. When we throw aside all, or at least most, of the romantic trim dress or dropped slipper episodes of trail following, we find that there is only one sort of mark which, unless a man walks through running water, he cannot do otherwise than leave, and this is his footmark.
Unless a man rides in a balloon he cannot get away from the ground without some sort of mark or of conveyance touching it, and that part which touches the ground is sure to leave a mark more or less distinct and permanent. It may be a foot track or a track deep in the ground or it may be only the faintest which only a dog's nose can detect. The tracker whether or not the mark shall be correctly read and interpreted. The footmark a man leaves are of various kinds, according to the sort of ground he walks on, and the weight of his boots. The footmark of a man in a heavy boot will always take the ground into consideration and have definite, I think the sort of marks he is likely to find. It is hardly worth while to watch for a broken twig in a bare field or the impression of a leaf on the ground of a boggy field. Different surfaces will have different ways of telling the story that "some one has passed this way."
Ground, considered from the standpoint of a tracker, may be roughly divided into three classes, and these are: Crown, the first and last make the best trailing. Any amateur can follow a trail over soft ground, but over hard ground the thing becomes an art. The practice of which needs much training and great concentration.
Crown is a great factor in trail following. Stones, hard pieces of dried mud, bits of bark, even dust, are of one color next to the ground and quite another color next to the sun. By noting this it can be determined whether stone, mud, bark or dust has been lately disturbed. An abundance of large rocks makes trailing very difficult. Unless the person followed wears pegged shoes, the ruts of which scratch the surface of the ground, will not be able to follow. This is the ABC of trail following—footprints on soft ground, discoloration on hard ground and broken plants which are overturned, or plants which keep their leaves in a certain position, or the impression was made shortly after the last rain, and cannot be the mark of a recent trail.
A game which is quite popular in certain sections of the country gives special practice in trail following. It is evident that a crowd of boys start walking across country, making a plain trail, but doing it in unexpected ways, such as placing stones on the limbs of trees or tying sticks to grasses, or, on planting a fern or some such plant, which always grows in the shade, out in the blazing sun.
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