

ALL FOR THE LOVE OF MAN.

She thought that love was only this—
A little smile, a little kiss,
A promise given, a freedom lost,
And years to come to count the cost.
She laughed aloud at Cupid's dart,
And said, "I'll never pierce my heart,
For lover's smile I never would sigh;
For lover's kiss I would not die."

But that was yester'en
Before the dance began,
But lo! this morn she sighs, forlorn,
All for the love of man.
"All else," she says, "is vain!"
Oh, pity her who can;
Her heart is rent with discontent,
And all for the love of man.

She used to say that love was made
For foolish maids who were afraid
To face alone the trials of life;
That meet us in this world of strife;
And freedom, so she loudly cried,
Was lost when maid became a bride.
Said she, "A slave I ne'er will be;
It goes against my theory."

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Before the dance began,
But lo! this morn she sighs, forlorn,
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PETE SANDERS' TRIUMPH.

BY ARCHIBALD HOBSON.

So Smithville was to have a big sewing machine factory. According to Giles Sanders the building was to be "bigger'n all creation, with a smoke chimney a hundred and eighty odd feet high." And surely Giles was in a position to know for he had seen the plans with his own eyes. He was a bricklayer, and the contractor had agreed to employ him on the work. It was an all-summer's job.

Now Giles had a boy, Peter; and Peter, it cannot be denied, had no affection for work. The neighborhood called him a lazy good for nothing. The other boys nicknamed him "Pretty Pete," in very irony of his homeliness. Even his father had very little good to say of him. His mother alone, with the faith and hope that mothers have, God bless them, stoutly maintained that Peter was a good-hearted boy. And she was right.

Peter was the kind of a boy that people, especially sober-going, thrifty people, find it hard to understand. He was different some way, and when any one is "different" he is likely to be disliked by the indifferent. Pete was to cut it short, a genius. His head was full of ideas, but he was retiring and sensitive, and instead of trying to "show off" he kept his thoughts to himself. So it was that he knew a good deal more than people gave him credit for.

But he hated work. Some way it generally happened that when there was work to be done, Pete was not to be found. The chances were he was off hunting or fishing or gathering specimens for his butterfly or bird's egg collections. If not then he was pretty sure to be back in the corner of the woodshed that he appropriated, sawing and hammering away on some new invention of his for using up lumber and nails. And it was like pulling teeth to draw him away.

He was always making something. But as the products of his ingenuity were seldom anything practical his father thought all this tinkering and experimenting was time thrown away or worse. But this roving and tinkering bent was the extent of Pete's wickedness. There was nothing morally bad about him. He was simply afflicted with the irresponsibility of genius, perhaps.

Work went along on the sewing machine factory steadily all summer. Gradually the walls arose one, two, three, four stories; then the roof was put on. By August the carpenters were at work on the inside, and some of the machinery, even, began to arrive.

The last of the masonry to be finished was the great brick smokestack, a hundred and eighty-five feet high. This was a very important piece of work. On account of its great height it had to be built with extraordinary care in every particular.

As tier after tier of bricks was added and the huge shaft rose higher and higher in the air it became to the country round a matter of growing interest. It could be seen miles away, and before it was yet finished "the Smithville stack" was a landmark that half of Smith County had seen and the other half had heard all about.

The chimney tapered gradually in as it progressed upward, till, by the time it was a hundred feet high there was only room enough on the little scaffolding for one mason to work to advantage. And the man selected to complete the job was Giles Sanders; for he was, beyond question, the best workman in the neighborhood.

Finally the last tier of bricks was laid and the chimney finished, all but setting in place the capstone that was to protect the top from the action of the weather. The setting of this capstone was made the occasion for a sort of voluntary celebration by the good people of Smithville. The new factory was their factory, they felt, and they had good reason to rejoice at its successful completion. Their chimney was the highest chimney in all that part of the State, and it was a thing for every man, woman and child in the town to be proud of.

So it became noised abroad that on Saturday Giles Sanders would set the capstone. Saturday was the day that

all the farmers went to town, and those of the women folks that got wind of the doings contrived to have business in Smithville that day and went along. In short, as Giles Sanders, proud man that he was, made his final trip to the top of the chimney that bright September afternoon, and looked down around him, he might almost have taken a census of Smith township by counting the number of heads he saw.

There lay the capstone at the foot of the chimney, jacked up on two timbers. It was a great, ponderous, flat stone, with a hole cut out of it, just the right size to fit the chimney. More than a quarter of a ton it weighed, so the stonecutters said. No wind would ever blow the top off that chimney, it was certain. The whole thing would go first.

A strong derrick had been specially rigged up on the top of the chimney. A great beam had been strongly lashed in place, so as to project out over the edge, with a tackle block fastened at the end; and the capstone was to be hauled up by a wire cable with two yoke of oxen at the end.

It always takes longer than expected to make ready for such an operation. The crowd began to grow impatient. Giles Sanders, however, conspicuous on the top of the chimney, was in no hurry to have the thing over, for as long as it lasted he was bound to be the object of all eyes and the subject of conversation. It was the greatest day and hour of his life.

At length, after much toggling and testing, everything was pronounced ready. Word was given, the driver whipped up his oxen, the sturdy fellows strained at the yoke, the cable tightened and slowly but surely the heavy capstone rose from its resting place into the air, steadied by the workmen, and then went straight on upward, as if it had been a pebble.

A shout of exultation broke from the crowd, and then all was quiet again while every eye followed the massive block in its upward course. There was Giles Sanders up aloft looking over the edge of the chimney, he too watching intently the steadily rising burden. Half way up—now three-quarters—now nearly there. Only few a feet more and the capstone will rest triumphant in its place.

Suddenly Giles Sanders waved his arms frantically.

"Stand from under down there, for Heaven's sake," he shouts. "She's breaking, she's breaking!"

Something gives way. There is a creaking, rasping hum, followed by a deafening crash of timbers, and the mighty stone comes tearing its way to the earth, carrying away in its flight the wooden scaffolding and burying itself deep in the earth at the foot of the chimney. The people rush to the spot with one impulse. Fortunately no one is hurt. Giles' warning shout and the creak of the cable gave the workmen time to get out of the way. No harm is done; the stone is not even broken. But stop! Now the crowd begins to realize it, and there is a buzz of anxious voices. How is Giles Sanders to get down? There he is on top of the shaft nearly two hundred feet in the air. The derrick is broken and fallen. The scaffolding, his other resource, lies scattered on the ground, except for a few straggling timbers that still hang loosely in position. Jump, it would never do. Ladders, none can be spliced long enough to reach.

Yes, the scaffolding can be rebuilt; but it will take two days to do it. And all this time the poor man must stay up there, with hardly room to bang on, nothing to eat and no possibility of sleeping. What if, during the night, he should grow weak or unsteady and fall off? The bare possibility is frightful to think of.

Ingenious fellows in the crowd puzzle their heads for some means to rescue the unfortunate one. "Tear up your shirt into strips," shouts someone, "and tie 'em together, and let down the end, and then we'll fasten a rope on for you." And Giles sets to work ripping and tearing and cutting, with fingers and teeth and pocket knife. Then he ties the lengths together, but no, they're not long enough; they reach only a little more than half way down.

The case seems hopeless. Giles must stay on the chimney until the next night at least, without relief. Already it is beginning to grow dusk, and now the men set to work in earnest to rebuild the scaffolding.

"Where's that good for nothing Pete?" someone inquired. "Likely 'round when anything's the matter," answered another. "No," ventured his mother, as she overheard the remark, "he was here this afternoon, I saw him just before the accident." "Sure enough, here he comes across the fields," assented the man. "But what's the boy got? It looks like a kite. He ain't got the heart to go a flyin' kites with his father up there on that thing, has he? But it's just like him, I don't believe he thinks as much of his father as he does of his dog."

Mrs. Sanders put her apron to her eyes and walked over to meet Peter, who had meantime come running up. "What in the world do you mean, Peter, by foolin' with your kite at such a time as this?" she asked. "Just you wait, mother," answered Pete, softly as he adjusted the tall and guiderstrings of the kite.

Meantime the waiting crowd had begun to gather around Peter, out of curiosity to see what he was about. "What you think you're tryin' to do, Pretty?" inquired one; and the untimely banter was greeted by an untimely laugh. But Peter kept untroubled as he went on making his kite ready.

There was just a soft evening breeze stirring out of the south.

"Take her and hold her up good," said Pete to another boy standing near, as he placed the kite in his hands. Then, having unwound some string, he told the boy to let go, and in a moment the kite rose gently into the air, sailing steadily upward with an easy grace that told she was perfectly made.

Then it dawned upon the bystanders that there was method in Pete's madness, and now no one dared banter him. Steadily rose the kite on the breeze. Soon it was as high as the chimney. Then Pete paid out the string deftly and shifted about till the kite was directly over where his father was standing.

Now his father seizes the string impatiently, as if he thought it climb down on it out of that fearful trap. Now Pete ties to the end of the string a clothes line that he has brought with him.

"Now pull, father," says he with the coolness of a man thorough; sure of what he is doing.

His father pulls up the string hand over-hand, and with it the clothes line. Now the boy fastens to the end of the line the tackle block that fell from the broken derrick, and his father draws it up to the top. Now all is plain. Another trip with the line and this time a strong rope is taken up. Giles Sanders runs the end through the pulley, now securely fastened, and ties it round his body under the arms; strong and willing hands below pay out the rope with caution; Giles comes dangling through the air steadily downward, and in another minute he stands safe and sound on the earth. The people gather round to shake his hand and have a word with him. And now Peter is not forgotten. But the boy has run home, run away from the crowd to escape the praise he knew they would now load upon him.

That night his father spoke gently to him, more gently than he ever had before; and his mother's voice quivered so she could not speak. From that hour Peter was transformed. He had felt for once the encouragement of sympathy, and he saw now something to work for. All at once he was a man, willing, capable and with a heart for whatever his hand found to do.

The factory started up next month and Peter had a place as engineer's assistant. That was a score of years ago. When he was 22 he invented the simple little sewing machine attachment for winding bobbins—anyone might have thought of it you would have said—and to-day he owns a large share of the factory. He would have been a millionaire if he had invested more of his money in interest bearing securities and less in the "bonds and deeds fraternal" that bring their profit mostly in after life.

Novel Mouse Trap.

Mice are very knowing little animals, and are often too shrewd to be caught by even the best set traps. To make a very effective mouse trap take a large jar—the kind used for jam and preserves—and tie over the top a piece of stiff brown paper. Set the jar in a closet, and suspend by a string a piece of toasted cheese or bacon rind over the center. If the mice cannot easily reach the top of the jar a runway may be constructed by placing one end of a board on the edge of the jar and allowing the other end to rest on the floor. If there are any mice about the bait will attract them. Just as soon as the first mouse reaches the center of the paper he will drop through into the jar, and the paper will fly back for the next comer.

The same kind of trap may be used for catching rats, only a barrel must be substituted for the jar. A rat will soon gnaw out of such a trap if not prevented. The best way to avoid this is to fill the barrel partly with water. This trap is a great favorite with country people. They lay a good sized stone or brick in the bottom of the barrel and pour in just enough water to come level with the top of this. The first rat which tumbles in, of course climbs on the brick to get out of the water. As soon as another victim arrives there is a fight for possession of the only dry spot. The noise attracts other rodents, so by morning a dozen or more may be swimming and squeaking and fighting for dear life.

A Newsboy's Gratitude.

A well known London doctor was recently astonished at having a copper refused by one of the usually pert, and sometimes insolent paper boys who line the Strand and make Fleet street hideous with their cries.

On asking the reason, the urchin recalled the fact that at one of the hospitals the doctor had attended him and saved his life.

But more was to follow, as the doctor found an evening paper mysteriously left on his doorstep every night, until he himself stopped it, thinking that the debt of gratitude had been more than paid by the very thought of making any return at all.

A Unique Club House.

In Santos, Brazil, the English residents have a cricket club, and the club has what is probably the most unique club house in the world. A storm last year was followed by an excessively high tide, which landed a large bark far upon the cricket club's lawn, and it was purchased for a small sum, sheered up and made into a club house and grand stand.

By a new line of steamers tourists can go from Constantinople, Turkey, to Alexandria, Egypt, in fifty hours.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE LULLABY TREE.

Hark to the sound of the summer wind sighing,
Singing a lullaby, baby, to thee:
While it is singing, gently I'm swinging—
Swinging thee up in the lullaby tree.

Under its spreading arms lambkins are resting,
Safe from all danger, safe from all harm;
While in soft nests there, birdlings all rest there,
Up in the branches, sheltered and warm.

Starry-eyed flowers on the tree-top are blooming;
All the green leaves have a silvery light;
Balmy airs blowing keep them all glowing,
Glowing like moonbeams through-out the still night.

And as the night wind to them softly whispers,
They always reply with a sweet, dreamy air,
Their low, tender song, dear, thro' the night long dear,
Is the soft lullaby heard by thee there.

Hush-a-by, little one, wake not, but slumber;
Sweet may thy rest and thy dreams ever be;
Mother is keeping watch o'er thee sleeping,
Rocked in the arms of the lullaby tree.

THE COAT OF THE GNAT.

The gnat is a tiny, tiny insect, but sometimes just as annoying and hard to get rid of as our better known mosquito. In warm weather plenty of these creatures are to be found in the woods and near the water, where when the proper time comes they deposit their tiny eggs, leaving them to float about in the pool until they are hatched.

Now the gnat, small as she is, has a wonderful instinct which teaches her just what is best to do in order to keep her eggs safe until they are hatched. She joins them together, sticking them fast with a sort of glue which she furnishes herself. And she forms them into the shape of a hollow boat, which would not upset even if it got filled with water. The upper end of each egg is pointed, and they are joined with the pointed ends upward.

There are from two hundred and fifty to three hundred eggs in these little eggboats. They are to be found upon the surface of almost any pool in summer time. When the young are hatched they come from the under side of the eggs and the empty shells still float about on the water.

These tiny, tiny grubs are at first white, changing to a darker color, and in a few days changing again into a sort of chrysalis. In about a week this sheath bursts open and the winged mosquito or gnat comes out. It is already hungry, you may be sure, and quite ready to attack the fat legs and arms of little children who venture too near its haunts.

When we think how many thousands of these little pests are hatched out each summer we begin to be quite grateful to the birds and larger insects who make meals of them and so prevent them making meals of us.

THE WOODS BY NIGHT.

"Sit still in the woods at night, and look and listen," said an old time naturalist to me one day, "and you will see or hear strange things not to be seen or heard, save by rarest chance, in the busy hours of the day."

I thought of the remark as I sat perfectly still, resting on a stump in a small opening of the Adirondack woods at the close of one day last summer. It was twilight and out of the dim, uncertain light loomed the outlines of the tree in the valley, and of Ampersand Mountain in the distance. Quickly I saw the shadow of a moving figure, which I made out to be that of a fox. How stealthily the sly fellow crept along! He made no noise, not a twig broke beneath his cat-like tread.

As he turned for the first time he noticed me. He looked at me and I looked at him. Then Reynard reared the cunning of his kind. Still keeping his eye on me, he sidled away until he reached the dark shades and recesses, when he disappeared in an instant.

I knew Reynard was out on his nightly foraging expedition. Perhaps he was looking for a wild rabbit or a fat partridge, or, perhaps he intended to rob some farmer of his choicest fowls. The fox is a night traveler; he makes his journey after dark, finds his dinner, and retires always before the break of day.

CAGING WILD BEASTS.

A writer in Little Folks, who paid a visit to Jamrach's wild beast establishment in London, has this to say:

Now there are at the moment I am writing two beautiful Bengal tiger cubs in one of the cages. The cubs are old enough to be dangerous, so if I tell you the way I saw them put into the cage they now inhabit you will know a little of how wild animals are transferred from one place of confinement to another.

The boxes that tigers and lions come in are not very big—just big enough to allow the inmates to lie comfortably. This, beside saving freight, prevents the animal from using his full strength, and perhaps in case of fright or frenzy from bursting the box.

Well, the box with the tiger cubs was placed in front of and partially in the open cage. A sliding door in the box was then lifted and the cubs darted forward at the meat that was lying in the far corner of the cage to tempt them. Meanwhile the box was quickly withdrawn and the barred gate of the cage as quickly shut.

It is easy, however, to transfer an animal from a confined box to a large cage. He is going then from captivity to comparative liberty. It is not so easy—indeed it is extremely difficult—to get him to go through the reverse process, to walk from a large cage into a box. If there be time he can always be made to do it quietly enough.

Give him no food in the large cage but put it in the large box. He may even hold out for days; hunger, however, will prove in the end stronger than his fears and he will with a growl make a dash for the joints when the trap will be closed against him. It isn't always possible for hunger to make him submit. Perhaps the animal is wanted to-morrow and the dealer has got the order only to-day and must catch the train with him at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. What is to be done now?

Here man's superior intelligence shows itself. It is fear that prevents the animal from entering the box and this fear must be overcome by a greater fear. This is an easy matter to the animal dealer with his knowledge of animals.

He simply sets light to a little bundle of dry straw in the cage; this is enough—the animal's fear of fire makes him fly at any outlet of escape.

FOREIGN CHEESES.

Delicate Processes of Their Manufacture Described.

The large number of small cheeses made in France and Germany are exported everywhere and are divided into two classes, one is used within a few days after making, the other being cured for later consumption, and it is these latter, known as fromage fin, that are extensively manufactured. The process of curing is a most careful one, by which the sharper ammoniacal taste and odor is got rid of, and a soft, rich, buttery consistency and a pronounced and pleasant flavor is given. A typical cheese of the cured kind is the Combernet, so called from the place of its original manufacture, where it was first made in 1791. The manufacture now amounts to millions of cheeses annually and employs the whole population of the district. The method of manufacturing this cheese is exceedingly delicate and demands the greatest care in the most minute details. It begins with the feeding and lodging of the cows to avoid any impurity in the milk and continues through all the work in the dairy until the milk is finally and carefully strained. After being drawn the milk is set apart for three hours for the cream to rise and it is then placed in broad earthen jars, each holding about five gallons, and, as each has been skimmed, it is set on a heater and warmed until the skin forms on the surface. The rennet is then added, one tablespoonful to each jar in which there are about twenty-quarts of milk. The high temperature of the milk when the rennet is added brings the curd quickly, and in five or six hours each jar is set on a low bench, and the curd is dipped out into molds. These molds, cylindrical in shape, are made out of pure tin, four and three-quarter inches high and wide, and are open at each end. The molds are filled with the curd, from which the whey drains, through the rushes set at the ends of the mold, to a sloping table from where it drains off. As the whey drains from the curd this shrinks in volume until the cheese has gained sufficient consistency to be handled out of the mold, which is at the end of the second day. They are then taken out of the molds, sprinkled with salt and left on the mats for three or four days, from where they are removed in shallow wooden boxes to the drying room. Here they are arranged on frames and exposed to a free circulation of air, regulated by swinging shutters, for twenty or twenty-five days, according to the weather. After which they are removed to the curdling cellar, where the circulation of the air is much increased. At this time the fermentation in the cheese begins to throw off moisture and they are removed to the finishing cellar, where they remain a month or less as the ripening progresses slowly or rapidly.

At the end of the term the cheeses are complete and they are packed in paper and sent in wicker baskets to market.

To Measure Time.

What is termed a photochronograph has been devised by a French scientist for measuring minute intervals of time, especially for experimental work in physics in the laboratory. The instrument comprises a metallic disk turning freely on an axis passing through its center, while the free end of a spring carries a needle point which bears against the disk. This spring is timed to give 500 vibrations per second. Such a rate is determined by so turning the spring that it vibrates between known vibrations of 498 and 522 vibrations per second. Any want of extreme accuracy in the determination of the intermediate point is not of great importance, as it can be shown that the difference only affects the fifth place of decimals of a single second. Of course, any vibration in speed of the disk does not influence the number of vibrations of the spring. By means of a magnesium light traces of the path of the spring are left upon a sensitive plate mounted on the disk.

A FORGOTTEN CITY.

Mysterious Remains in the Piney Woods of Georgia.

To the careless traveler, on his way through the long reach of pine-barren that covers about one-third of the State of Georgia, known as the "piney woods," there is very little to excite interest or attention. But there are many points to attract careful observers, especially along the courses of the rivers whose sluggish currents wander aimlessly through the sunnier swamps.

About ten miles north of the busy little town of Valdosta, on the banks of the Ocklawaha, is the site of an ancient town, all trace of which has passed away save some long lines of oaks, set in parallel rows about thirty feet apart for nearly a mile. Each ancient street thus marked was about forty feet in width, intersected at regular intervals by other streets, the town having been apparently nearly a mile square. The trees tower above all the younger undergrowth, their wide-spreading boughs hung with gray moss. Younger trees of various kinds have grown up among them, forming a dense forest.

... western view of the ancient town overlooks a high bluff at the foot of which winds the river, which has in places washed away huge slices of the sandstone bluff, encroaching on the streets nearest the stream. The river makes a bend in the shape of a crescent around the site of the town, and from a point just above the town, an line of trees, extending in a semi-circle to a point just below the southern limit, is a line of earthworks, evidently the ancient wall protecting the town from that side. In some places this wall is almost indistinguishable, but in others it is still clearly defined, and its entire length can be traced through the open pine forest on that side. Tall long-leaved pines have sprung up from its broken crest, indicating its great antiquity.

On the river-bank, about midway of the crescent, rises a huge mound which has evidently lost much of its original dimensions. Whether this was a place of sepulture or a watchtower has never been determined, as no one has ever investigated the matter from a scientific or antiquarian point of view.

As to who built the town, raised the old wall and planted the shade trees history is entirely in the dark. The region was settled by the whites after the removal of the Creek Indians in the thirties, but the country was so poor that it was never thickly populated, and it supports but a scanty population even to-day. The Indians seem to have been as ignorant concerning the settlement as their white successors. They had no town anywhere near it, and the hunters avoided it as an uncanny place where evil spirits lurked. They did not even have a tradition as to its inhabitants. Pieces of ancient pottery and queer stone implements, with flint knives and arrow heads, have been found along the bluff, evidently made and used by a race of people alien to the savage tribes who occupied the country at the time of the advent of the whites.

Boone the Hunter.

Boone was a leader among the settlers, both in peace and in war. At one time he represented them in the House of Burgesses, in Virginia; at another time he was a member of the first little Kentucky parliament itself; and he became a Colonel of the frontier militia. He tilled the land; he helped build the cabins and stockades with his own hands, welding the long handled, light headed frontier ax as skillfully as other frontiersmen did.

His main business was that of a surveyor, for his knowledge of the country and his ability to travel through it in spite of the danger of Indians created much demand for his services among people who wished to lay off tracts of wild land for their own future use. But whatever he did, and wherever he went, he had to be sleeplessly on the watch for his Indian foes. When he and his fellows tilled the stump dotted fields of corn, one or more of the party were always on guard, with rifle at the ready, for fear of lurking savages. When he went to the House of Burgesses he carried his long rifle, and traversed roads not a mile of which was free from the danger of Indian attacks.

The settlements in the early years depended exclusively upon game for their meat, and Boone was the mightiest of all the hunters, so that upon him devolved the task of keeping his people supplied. He killed many buffaloes, and pickled the buffalo beef for use in winter. He killed great numbers of black bears and made bacon of them, precisely as if they had been hogs. The common game was deer and elk. At that time no Kentucky hunter would waste a shot on anything so small as a prairie chicken or wild duck; but they sometimes killed geese and swans when they came south in winter and lit on the rivers.

One of the trolley cases decided by the Supreme Court in Philadelphia recently related to a peculiar case of bribery. An electric road in Schuylkill County obtained certain rights in the township of Rahn by the consent of the Supervisor of the town, one Coll, and these rights were given in a consideration of an agreement to provide Coll with employment for the balance of his natural life. This, the Supreme Court says, was a "very plain case of bribing a public officer. A consent so obtained, if otherwise valid, could confer no rights on those who bought it. The contract which was given for it was as worthless as the consent."