

## A SNOW FANTASY.

Honey-palace summer-long—  
Hive of sweetness and of song—  
Court of golden-girdled bee,  
Home of all felicity,  
Whither fled your guests, and how  
Came these ghosts to haunt you now?

Yet I guess the secret quite,  
Following your pathways white,  
Watching ghostly bees who swarm  
In the wildness of the storm;  
Born of snow, they gather where  
Now the garden stretches bare.

Silently they come in hosts—  
Snowflake-bees and honey-ghosts—  
To this barren garden-hive,  
Where they gladden, labor, thrive,  
And when Spring hides them depart,  
They shall leave a honey-heart.

Bud and blossom, leaf and vine,  
In the sun their sweets shall shine,  
And the summer bees shall know  
Of their brothers of the snow—  
Specter bees, whose frosty wings  
Flutter over fragrant things.  
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in the  
Woman's Home Companion.

## A Terrible Follower.

BY CHARLES O. D. ROBERTS.

In the years between 1840 and 1850, settlers were few and scattered in what is now the fertile and prosperous Aroostook region of northeastern Maine. The red deer had not yet retreated before the rifle and the axe of the pioneer, and where the deer lingered, there lingered, too, their hereditary foes, the wolves. Seldom gathering to the hunt in packs, these wolves were little accounted of by the settlers; but to their stealthy depredations might be charged the vanishing of certain strayed children, or solitary women, or tired travellers.

The following adventure was told me by an old lady, Mrs. Hetty Turner, part of whose childhood was passed in a pioneer's cabin on the head waters of the Aroostook River. Her father, James Atkinson, a widower, devoted his winters to lumbering and his summers to hewing himself a farm out of the wilderness; and Hetty took charge of the cabin, the chickens and the pig. Schooling she had had at her former home, and her father's small library accompanied her into the backwoods.

"Our nearest neighbors," said Mrs. Turner, "were Cyrus Turner's family, about three miles away. They were on the main Caribou road, while we had settled on Hardwood Ridge, where the land was better. A rough wood-road ran from our place about two miles, till it struck the Caribou road about a mile this side of Turner's. "Mr. Turner had had a large family before he moved up the Aroostook, but he had lost all but the two eldest boys in an epidemic of diphtheria. Then, in the backwoods, two more children came to them, a boy and a girl. At the time I am telling of, the little boy was between four and five years old, and the little girl perhaps six.

"They took a great fancy to me, and father liked to see them around, so one of their big brothers used to bring them over to our place pretty often to spend the day.

"One sunny September afternoon, when father was off in the woods, I heard the patter of little feet outside the door, and small fists knocking for admittance. It was the two little Turners.

"I asked them where Tom was—Tom was my favorite of their big brothers—and what had made him hurry away so. They told they had come all the way alone. They said their father and Tom and Bill were away somewhere, and their mother had gone to sleep, after washing the dinner dishes; and they had wanted to see me 'just awfully,' so they walked."

"Of course, I was pleased at such devotion. I kissed the hot and dusty little faces, and brought out a liberal supply of milk and molasses-cake, which soon disappeared. But presently I thought of the anxiety Mrs. Turner would feel when she found the children were missing. So I decided to walk right back with them, and to depend on getting Mr. Turner or one of the boys to drive me home.

"First, however, I had to do the milking, and then get father's supper ready. I left a note on his plate telling him where I had gone, and then started off with my little visitors. They were very loath to go at first; but I explained to them that soon it would be getting dark in the woods and we should all be frightened.

"Even as I spoke, I noticed with some uneasiness that the shadows were growing long. I hurried off at as quick a pace as I thought the little ones could stand, and the first half-mile of our journey was soon left behind.

"Then, however, I had to slacken our speed. Eddie's fat little legs were getting very tired. He had to sit down on a log and rest. Meanwhile, Mamie and I plucked blackberries, both for ourselves and Eddie; and when we started on again, I was careful not to go so fast. But it made me uncomfortable to see there was no chance of our reaching the Turners' till after sundown.

"In a little while Eddie began to complain of his foot hurting. I took off his shoe and found a severe stone-bruise; so I wet a couple of leaves in a spring by the roadside, and put them inside his sock. This gave him some

relief, but he had to cling to my hand and walk slowly.

"I think we must have been a good mile from the crossroads, when all at once Mamie, who was flitting about, untiring as a bird, stopped short and exclaimed in a frightened voice:

"'Look, Hetty; look at the big dog!'"

"'Big g'ay dog,'" remarked Eddie, looking over his shoulders with much interest.

"When I glanced along the road, I couldn't help giving a little scream of fright. There was a huge wolf following us! He was keeping along the shady side of the road, and when we stopped he stopped, too, skulking behind a tree.

"When I saw that he was not going to rush right upon us I took courage again. But the children had been frightened by my fear.

"'Isn't it a dog, Hetty?' asked Mamie, her eyes getting very big.

"'No,' said I, 'I don't think it is! Come and take hold of my other hand.' And I began to drag Eddie forward at a rate that must have hurt his sore foot a good deal.

"But Mamie was not satisfied.

"'Is it a wolf?' she asked, with trembling lips. When I was silent, she suddenly burst out crying, and began to run.

"For us to separate would be fatal. The wolf would leave us, and attack her alone.

"I dropped Eddie's hand and sprang after Mamie like a flash; and the poor little fellow, thinking we had both deserted him, cried out in bitterest grief, and ran after us as fast as his short legs could carry him. As I caught Mamie, and turned to drag her back toward Eddie, the look of despair and desolation on the little one's face was such as I can never forget.

"Heavy as he was, I had to pick him up and carry him a little way. I kept tight hold of Mamie with one hand till I explained that if she ran away from Eddie and me the wolf would go right after her and eat her up. After that she kept tight hold of my petticoat.

"Meanwhile the animal had skulked a little nearer. He was waiting for the dark to come. As there were three of us, and I was pretty tall, he didn't like to spring on us in the daylight. I looked through the tree-tops at the western sky, and my heart sank as I saw that it would be dark before we could get to our journey's end.

"We made desperate haste now, and whenever Eddie began to give out I would pick him up in my arms and struggle on till my own breath quite failed me. The shadows kept deepening, and as they deepened that dreadful form behind us kept drawing nearer.

"At last, as I set Eddie down for the third or fourth time, the wolf made a short run forward, as if to spring upon us.

"Eddie, catching a near glimpse of his cruel eyes and long, uncovered teeth, began to cry at the very top of his voice, while Mamie and I both screamed. The noise appeared to daunt the sneaking brute somewhat, and he drew back.

"But as we hurried onward Eddie continued his shrill wailing, and stumbled along so blindly, amid his tears, that I was in despair. Nothing I could say made any difference, and it was oh, so slow, dragging the poor little fellow along; and at last I just burst out crying myself.

"Of course that started Mamie, and I began to feel as if we should just have to give up. You see, the strain was beginning to tell on my nerves so that I wasn't quite myself.

"However, it was just that crying of Eddie's that saved us under God's providence. I am sure the noise we all made bothered the wolf so that he kept waiting for it to get a little darker. And then, which was more important, the sound was carried on the still evening air till it could be distinctly heard on the main Caribou road.

"Tom Turner was tramping wearily homeward along that main road, having been into Caribou on business for his father. As he neared the cross-road a queer sound reached his ears. At first he thought it was an Indian devil screaming, and quickened his steps. Then it came clearer, on a little puff of breeze. It was a child crying terribly.

"Tom Turner forgot his fatigue, and started up the cross-road on a run, swinging his heavy stick. He was not a hundred yards away from us, but hidden from view around a turn of the road, when the wolf, growing bolder, crept quite close to our heels, with a terrible low snarl.

"At that sound my knees fairly gave way beneath me. As I sank in the dust and stones I hardly noticed the shrill screams of the children, but I remember giving them a shove ahead and telling them to run! Then I shut my eyes, and expected the next instant to feel the wolf's teeth in my throat.

"After lying in this stupor of fear for perhaps half a minute, which seemed to me an age, I felt a dim surprise. Then the horrible thought occurred to me that the wolf had sprung upon the children. I leaped to my feet and stared wildly around.

"There was no wolf in sight. But—could I trust my eyes? There was Tom stepping up to my side, with both children sobbing in his arms!

"I caught tight hold of him with both hands, and clung to him, crying louder than I had ever cried before. 'All presently I heard him say: 'Well, Hetty, brace up and come along home, and then I'll hitch up old Boss and drive you back to your place after tea.'"

"When I had wiped my eyes and brushed the dust off my petticoat, we continued our journey without hurrying, although now, as Tom carried Eddie, it was easy to keep up a good pace. Presently I inquired:

"'What did you do to the wolf, Tom?'"

"'Oh, said Tom, I didn't get a chance to do anything to the cowardly blackguard. He was fairly on you, Hetty, and my blood ran cold as I thought he was going to tear you before I could get up. But at the first sound of my yell he turned tail and was off among the trees like a streak. I let fly my stick, but missed him—and came mighty near hitting you, Hetty!'"

"When we reached Mr. Turner's Eddie was asleep in Tom's arms, and Mamie, although dreadfully exhausted, was none the worse for her adventure. But as for me, I just went all to pieces, and acted like a fool.

"I fainted on the kitchen floor, and had to be put to bed; and instead of driving home with Tom after supper, I was sick in that bed for three days.

Even now, although I've never seen a wolf since, except in a circus, I think I'm more afraid of wolves than of any other animal on earth.—Youth's Companion.

## STEEL TIES TRIED.

Expense, Against Them, But One Road Finds Them Economical.

Why are not steel ties used on American railroads? This question is often asked by those not initiated into the mysteries of railroad construction, and it is commonly supposed that the reason lies in the susceptibility of the metal to atmospheric changes. This, however, is not the fact. The most important reason for their not being used is their cost compared with wooden ties.

Prices, of course, vary with locality and circumstances, but the fair average cost of a wooden tie may be said to be 60 cents, while an average steel tie as now constructed costs about \$2.50. The wooden tie under ordinary conditions will wear about ten years, and its life may be extended far beyond this period. The life of a steel tie is problematical, but the majority of railroad engineers do not believe it is long enough to balance the increased cost. At the same time, every engineer realizes the fact that the time is coming when the railroads of the country will be driven to the use of steel ties, whether they so desire or not.

The forests from which ties come will not last forever, and many of the roads are even now considering what to do in view of the scarcity of the timber. Knowing that the age of the steel tie is coming, several concerns have for a long time been engaged in the manufacture of steel ties and in experimenting with them. The tie that will be best adapted to general use is probably not yet made, although some manufacturers follow the European forms.

For some years roads all over the Continent have been using steel ties with good results, and accordingly manufacturers in this country are using the foreign roads as arguments to induce American roads to try the steel tie. Some engineers believe, too, that steel does not make as good a tie as wood. With steel ties and rock ballast, they say, passengers would think that they were riding on a bed of solid cement on account of the absence of resilient properties. They also believe that difficulty would be experienced in packing the dirt about the steel ties securely enough to prevent the tracks getting out of alignment. For about six months the Huntington and Broad Top Mountain Railroad in Pennsylvania has been experimenting with the use of steel ties. The tie in use there resembles the "bow" and "plate" tie largely in use in India and South America, and the company has been subjected to it exceptionally heavy traffic. The ties were laid on October 12, 1899. There are forty-four of them and the normal spacing varies from sixteen to thirty inches, the ties having been put in where the wooden ties were removed. Each trough or rail bearer weighs about twenty-five pounds and the tie bearer 90 pounds. The rails are seventy pounders, and are laid with suspended joints spliced with four bolt angle bars, and the track is ballasted with slag.

Since the ties were laid about 1,500,000 tons of freight has passed over them, principally coal cars of 60,000 and 80,000 pounds capacity, hauled by 190-ton engines. The officials claim that the steel ties make a more durable track than wooden ties and reduce the labor of track maintenance by 40 per cent. They also permit an increase of 33 per cent. in the length of the sections. If these deductions are correct it is difficult to see why railroads in general do not adopt the steel tie.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Abul Hamid Tries an Auto.

Abdul Hamid's name is the latest addition to the list of royal patrons of automobilism, says Mechveret, of Constantinople. During his recent stay in Berlin, Marshal Shakhir Pasha, Chief of the Sultan's Military Household, bought a magnificent motor car for his Majesty. It was tried on Sunday in Yildiz Park. The Sultan witnessed the proceedings from one of the palace windows. As soon as the automobile was set going the noble entourage was seized with such fright that they all scampered away. Their equanimity was with difficulty restored.

## SUGAR KING SPRECKELS.

HE INTRODUCED CUBE SUGAR TO THE AMERICAN MARKET.

How He Persuaded King Kalakaua, of Hawaii, to Form New Cabinet Favorable to Him—Story of His Fight Against the Trust—Once Cornered Sugar.

Claus Spreckels went with his family to Europe, and there entered into an exhaustive study of sugar that has since made him the undisputed master of the business in America. He even became a workman again, serving as an ordinary employe at Magdeburg. By 1867 he was again in the refinery business in California, operating, in connection with his brother, the institution which still exists to his honor, the California Sugar Refinery. For this institution he personally directed in New York the building of the machinery, and afterward participated in the training of every employe, as well as in the erecting of the building and the management of the finances. He began with a wooden structure, rather small, adapted strictly to the extent of the current operations, but within three years the building was enlarged four times, and at the end of four years an immense brick building was put up, which with a capacity to turn out 800 tons of sugar per day, still stands on the south bay shore of San Francisco—one of the most conspicuous manufacturing plants of the Pacific Coast.

The men who had driven Mr. Spreckels from the Bay Sugar Company soon found they had created a Tartar. The doughty German applied his great foresight and his close judgment to every phase of the sugar business. He not only operated upon more scientific manufacturing principles, but he reached out into the general field of competition and brought that within his control. At one time he shrewdly cornered all the sugar afloat and almost shut up the doors of his rivals by cutting off the raw supplies, all of which had always to be imported. He invented new processes which reduced the time of making of hard sugar from three weeks to twenty-four hours, and introduced into the American market for the first time the cube and crushed sugars of to-day. His competitors were helpless against his ability and his cunning, and they eventually had no alternative but to surrender.

The fight, however, went on for a long time—in fact, until, by another of the master-strokes which had given him such ascendancy as he had gained up to that time, Mr. Spreckels went to the Hawaiian Islands and made himself the virtual owner of the sugarcane growing of the Pacific Ocean. This was in 1876, just after the completion of the first reciprocity treaty between Kalakaua and the United States, admitting Hawaiian sugar free of duty.

"I went to the islands for self-protection," says Mr. Spreckels, "and soon became the largest sugar raiser there." He went over the local situation scientifically with an engineer, before entering into operations. But when he began work it was upon a large scale, forming the Hawaiian Commercial Company, with a paid-up capital of \$2,000,000.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States, in speaking of the "advent of Spreckels" to the Hawaiian Islands, says: "After a refusal on the part of the Hawaiian Cabinet to grant a request of Mr. Spreckels for water privileges, he held a conference in the evening with King Kalakaua and another gentleman, with the result that the next morning the king requested the resignation of each member of the cabinet, and the following day a new cabinet was appointed, which granted Mr. Spreckels his desires."

Gradually the competitors in the local field gave way, and by 1888 Mr. Spreckels was the unquestioned sugar king of the Pacific Coast. But his triumphs in his own field served only to bring against his single hand the colossal power of the American Sugar Refineries Company, which has since become known as the Sugar Trust. This company viewed his lucrative business jealousy, and sought to absorb it. They offered Mr. Spreckels a million dollars for his interests. But Mr. Spreckels did not prove to be the man to be bought out of his independence for the sake of amalgamation with an institution even of such enormous wealth as the Sugar Trust, nor to be neglectful of the local welfare that was more or less dependent upon his personality. He said that so long as he had a dollar in the world he would keep his refinery running, and would never consent to turn into the street men who had faithfully served him, many of them for twenty and twenty-five years.

This was sentiment, and it probably did not seem to be good business to the managers of the trust. But it turned out to be better business for California than the trust or its associates could have intended. The trust attempted to coerce Mr. Spreckels. But it did not know him so well then as it does now.

For awhile Mr. Spreckels was at a decided disadvantage, because of the enormous profits made by the trust on its business in the East and the consequent possibility of selling in California at a loss. But the disadvantage was quickly met. With his usual resourcefulness, Mr. Spreckels

conceived the idea of carrying the war into the enemy's own territory. Against the strenuous advice and objections of his friends, who predicted disaster if he attempted to fight the trust single-handed, he erected an enormous refinery at Philadelphia, which is the largest and most complete in the world, at a cost of \$5,000,000. Mr. Spreckels then fixed prices in all the Eastern markets of the trust, and so soon became such a thorn in its side that the trust made overtures for peace, and the terms finally agreed upon involved the purchase of the Philadelphia refinery by the trust and uninterrupted operation of the California Sugar Refinery in San Francisco. —Victor L. O'Brien, in Ainslee's.

## THE EFFECT OF GRAIN GROWING.

Society Completely Revolutionized by Agriculture.

The cultivation of corn results in a social revolution. Corn, next to milk, is the most perfect foodstuff, but the nutriment is contained in a smaller volume. The concentration of nutriment permits of great accumulations of people, as it gives in a small space the means of feeding a considerable population, while men nourished on milk are obliged to disperse themselves over vast spaces.

Two very important characteristics of corn are that it allows, first, great facility for storage. There is no comparison between the preservation of corn (and other cereals) and that of milk, fish or game. Thus the pastor, the fisher and the hunter have by no means the same facility for creating riches and for accumulating the proceeds of their special industry. No food is so readily stored as corn; witness the famous granaries of Egypt, China, Italy, etc. The facility for accumulation permits provident people to possess themselves of considerable resources, since they are not obliged to consume their harvest within a short period. They can thus capitalize their product. Second, great facility for exchange. Corn not only preserves easily, but it is infinitely divisible and travels well. The provident can utilize it for exchange, and by commerce can become rich. It is worth while to consider the immense effect of corn in history, Egypt having regular harvests, though situated between two deserts, the growing power of Russia and the Odessa corn market, and the enormous cornfields of North America.

The cultivation of corn necessitates a much longer and more difficult labor than that of garden produce. Wheat and maize especially require good soil and manure; care must be taken to select the best time for harvesting, lest the corn should get too ripe, and the weather must be carefully watched. The harvest must be got in rapidly, consequently outside help must be called in. All these difficulties and complications necessitate foresight, skill and promptitude.

Corn also develops and complicates methods of fabrication and transport. The product, like rice, is not usually consumed in the state in which it is gathered. . . . This mode of life forces the families to be completely sedentary. . . . Property in land tends to become more and more permanent. . . . Trade develops. Corn is a product easy to accumulate and exchange. The families readily acquire the habit of selling their surplus and of purchasing food and other things. What a transformation has occurred from the pastoral life! The families content themselves less and less with what they produce themselves; they become partly dependent upon merchants, they are subject to the fluctuations of the market. The buying of books and of writing materials is a sign of another important modification.—Prof. Alfred C. Hadden, in Knowledge.

## An Unanswerable Argument.

Dr. D. B. Hill, who lived in Springfield, Ill., from 1836 to 1884, tells this characteristic story of Abraham Lincoln, with whom he was personally acquainted: "Once Lincoln was defending a man who was accused of cheating another man in a business deal. Lincoln was arguing before the jury that his client had no intention to defraud when the transaction occurred; in fact, that he never thought he was cheating the man.

"Pointing his finger at Judge Logan, his partner, Lincoln said: 'Any boy you meet in the street knows how to put on his clothes. You all know that Judge Logan is learned in the law, and nobody would accuse him of doing wrong. You will observe he has his shirt on with the wrong side in front. Now, the judge never intended to do that when he put his shirt on. You see, people do wrong without intending to do so. If my client has done anything wrong, he never intended to do so any more than Judge Logan intended to put on his shirt with the back side in front.'

"Sure enough, Judge Logan had his shirt on wrong, and the use Lincoln made of his partner's mistake in dress caused his client to get off free."—San Francisco Argonaut.

## Realism.

With my forthcoming realistic novel in mind, I strolled abroad in search of color and chance upon a man drowning.

"How fortunate!" I exclaimed. "I will throw him a straw and see precisely how he clutches at it!"

Nor did I forget devoutly to thank the kindly providence which permitted me thus to gain knowledge of paramount importance in my work.—Puck.

## THE DELTOID MUSCLE.

It Plays a Prominent Part in the Tailor's Business.

"It is a rare thing," said the talking man, "to find a merchant tailor who can get a 'perfect fit' in the clothes he makes. So rare, in fact, that I have sometimes thought that tailors, of all artisans, knew least how to do their work right. Yet the tailor, or the cutter, rather, is not always to blame, for a perfectly cut garment may be often set askew by a careless maker, who by a crooked seam or a slight departure from the line set for his needle may throw the whole thing out of plumb. Still, a good tailor ought to know when a garment fits, and should either be able to correct its unfitting or not let it leave the shop. Speaking of the cutting part, I remember an incident that occurred once at a convention of cutters held in Cincinnati. The subject for discussion was the cutting and fitting of garments, and a testy old Scotchman had the floor. He said in effect that if a coat were cut to set right upon the deltoid muscle the wearer would always find it comfortable and well fitting.

"'In fact,' said he, 'the deltoid muscle determines the fit of a coat.'"

"'Will the gentleman state what and where the deltoid muscle is?' asked a cutter on the other side of the chamber.

"The Scotchman turned on him sharply.

"'Sir,' he said, angrily, 'do you claim to be a cutter and not know where the deltoid muscle is located? Don't you know, sir, that a knowledge of the human anatomy is as important to the tailor as it is to the surgeon? Do you expect to cut a garment to fit an object whose every line and curve you do not know? You might as well try to fit a plug to a hole without knowing the size of the hole. No, sir, the gentleman will not state what and where the deltoid muscle is. It is your duty, sir, to know the deltoid muscle, not mine to instruct you.'"

"The discussion ended there, simply because there was nobody present to carry it on, for I don't believe a man in the place except the old fellow knew anything about deltoid muscles. I know I didn't, but as soon as I got to a dictionary I looked it up, and I found that the Scotchman was right."—Washington Star.

## An Honest Race.

"Well, gentlemen," said the commercial traveller, "I never hunted bear myself, but I heard a story the other day of some fellows who found one up in Montana.

"They were prospecting right up in the big bear country, but they let the bear alone, and the bear let them alone. One night they camped in a deep canon, and while one was cooking supper the other started out with his shotgun to get some birds. Lots of birds up there. So same you can almost kill them with a stick.

"Pretty soon the man with the shotgun ran up against a grizzly, and Mr. Grizzly was mad about something, and started for him. The man hit the trail hard for camp, the bear right after him. When the fellow who was cooking the supper heard the land-slide coming down the mountain, he saw what was up and grabbed his gun to shoot. But he was afraid to shoot for fear of hitting his partner, so he couldn't do anything but yell.

"'Run, run—!' he howled, dancing around to try to get a shot.

"'Run!' panted the other fellow. 'Run? You fool, do you think I'm throwin' this race?'"—Portland Oregonian.

## Queer Tax Suit.

The income tax laws are very stringent in the caution of Zurich. This often causes amusing complications. A short time ago a physician sold his practice to another for a certain sum of money. The buyer sued the doctor a few months later for exaggerating the value of the practice. In court the former practitioner showed by his books that he had had an income of \$4,000 a year, which was all he had claimed. He won the suit and great was his happiness.

A few days later he received a summons to appear in court to answer a charge entered against him by a tax collector for defrauding the government by giving his income as \$600 when it was lately proved to have been \$4,000. He not only was obliged to pay a large income tax for the future, but he also had to pay the difference between his stated and his real income for eight years back as well as the fines, which are very large in these cases, so that altogether his bill amounted to \$5,850, which somewhat diminished his joy over winning the other suit.—Zurich Correspondent in Chicago Record.

## Married in Disguise.

Prosecutor Mayfield, of Jeffersonville has been requested to investigate a secret wedding of a very unusual nature which took place recently. The couple, Abe Pouts and Agnes Byrne of Harrison county, so David C. Harper, a former suitor of the bride and the prosecutor's informant, states, eloped to Jeffersonville, September 21, when the bride was but sixteen years old and the groom twenty. The clerk refused them license and the groom, leaving the office, assumed the disguise of an old farmer so successfully that he returned and secured the license from the clerk by making an affidavit to the ages of the couple under an assumed name.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

It's only natural for a bright man to reflect.