

DOLLIE'S PARACHUTE.

By HARRY LONG.

"Pa-pa-a-b-b-n-e, Uncle Harry, what's that? A parachute?"

"A big word for a little girl's tongue, Dollie. Come, let me see if it has twisted it crooked?"

My six-year-old niece gravely put forth her tongue, and I as gravely pronounced it sound and straight.

"But I want to know, Uncle Harry," she persisted.

So I took her on my lap, and explained, as well as I could, the mysteries of the parachute; and the beautiful brown eyes grew bright with wonder at the new ideas thus presented to her inquiring mind.

My story finished, Miss Dollie sat with her knees in deep thought; and then she got down and trotted off with a preoccupied, business-like air.

I loved a good cigar in those days—I do now for the matter of that—and sitting smoking on the porch, with the sweet summer breezes dancing around me, and the woodland songsters filling the air with music, I forgot Dollie—though I had promised to keep an eye on her—until suddenly startled by a series of screams and outcries proceeding from the garden, a sure indication that she had got into some sort of trouble, as usually happened on an average twice a day, at least.

I threw away my beloved cigar, and rushed out to the scene of the turmoil, my sister closely following; but neither of us were prepared for the sight that met our view.

There was a tall grape-arbor in the garden, composed of several upright posts connected by long slats, nailed longitudinally, and projecting a foot or more beyond the uprights at either end. There were fifteen of these slats, a foot apart, and on the end of one of the uppermost ones hung Miss Dollie.

She was suspended somewhat in the manner of a pocketknife with the blade partly open, and as she swung to and fro, filling the air with lamentations, her poor little nose received many a blow from the frantic plunges of her knees and feet.

"Keep still, Dollie!" I cried out, my voice full of laughter.

And then I clambered rapidly up the arbor, and plucked the terrified child from her impromptu, elevated swing, landing her safely on the ground.

"Dollie," said her mother, severely, "haven't I forbidden—"

"It's all Uncle Harry's fault, so it is!" sobbed Dollie, in doleful accents. "He said a person could jump off a high place, and come down easy, if they had a parachute, so I thought I'd try, and I got his—"

"Mine!" I cried out; "I have none, you little goose!"

"You has, Uncle Harry; you take it out to keep the sun off when you go to draw pictures and to paint."

"Oh," said I, "I see; you mean my artist's umbrella! That is not a parachute."

"It's not an umbrella!" cried Dollie, indignantly. "It's big, and strong, and heavy, and you put it in a pipe and stick it in the ground. I got it, and I got on the fence and jumped down, and I bumped my head, and I most took the breath out of me. Then I remembered Uncle Harry said the air must get under it; and so I climbed up the arbor and jumped off, and—didn't go at all. Just look at my skirt, mamma—it's all Uncle Harry's fault—just look!"

Mamma did look, so did the much-abused uncle, and both fell into fresh convulsions of laughter.

It was the fashion in those days for the little females, as well as the big ones, to wear stiff, rattan hoopskirts. Dollie had been very proud of hers—the first of its kind to her—and now, alas, having served as a hook to suspend its owner in mid-air, it presented a woe-begone appearance—rattans twisted and broken, and trailing behind in a decided peak.

"Altogether it was too much for my gravity, and I lay down on the grass to laugh at my case, while my sister carried off much-offended Dollie to restore order to her dilapidated clothing."

It was some time before I recovered sufficiently to go to the rescue of my impromptu parachute, which, meanwhile, was reposing quietly in a blackberry bush.

The next day was like many of its predecessors—warm and beautiful—almost too beautiful, in fact, for we were getting tired of the hot sun and cloudless sky, and felt that we could heartily join in the cry of the drooping plants for clouds and rain.

We had had three weeks of oppressively hot, dry weather, but today was considerably cooler; there was a brisk breeze, and a few floating, fleecy clouds gave some hope that a change of weather was at last approaching.

"Lou," said I, to my sister, as we stood on the porch together after breakfast, "it really looks as if it might rain some time, and perhaps I had better not postpone my sketch any longer. I'll go now, and while I saddle Fleet, and get my portfolio and Dollie's parachute ready, do you put me up some lunch, like the dear, good sister you are. I shall not be back before night."

And thus it happened that an hour later found me riding over the broad prairie that lay on one side of the beautiful lake near which my sister dwelt.

There was a little town there, the beginning of one of those wonderful Western transformation scenes where the wilderness becomes a city as by the stroke of a wand.

The lake was a beautiful thing to look upon; its shores were bold and abrupt, in some places rocky, and more like a precipice than the banks of a peaceful sheet of water; on the side opposite the town, from which point I desired to make my sketch, a rank, dense growth of forest extended to the very verge of the lake, forming a sharp contrast to the flat prairie that

port, so that I had not that overpowering horror of death that otherwise must have oppressed me.

There was one little spot as yet untouched by the flames, though they were momentarily closing in upon it; and thither I fled, riding to its uttermost limits ere I dismounted.

Then I looked about me once more, in a last dying effort of hope; it was so hard to resign myself to meet so horrible a death. Behind me, to the right, to the left, that terrible wall of fire; in front, the lake, calm, beautiful, clear as a mirror, glittering in the sunlight; two hundred feet below me; and then, looking downward, close at my feet, I saw that I stood on a projecting point of the cliff, overhanging a tangled mass of underbrush, at least one hundred feet below me.

The fire would be checked on this rocky shelf—I saw that at a glance; but, alas, there was plenty of fuel to feed it up to the very outermost edge, and its mad career would be stopped too late to save me; for there was no spot of refuge to which I could flee until its fury should have passed.

Already I felt its scorching breath on my cheeks as I stood, waiting, with my hand resting on my poor, trembling horse; and suddenly, as he whinnied piteously, the thought came to me that he, at least, need not suffer so painful a death as stared his master in the face.

I always carried a pistol, and now I drew it out, and nerving my shaking hand, drew it to his beautiful, quivering ear, but lowered it again as, for the first time, I noticed that my clumsy artist's umbrella still swung from its accustomed place from a ring in the saddle. It had so happened that the spot in which I had been sketching, when hemmed in by my fiery foe, was so cool and shady that the umbrella was not needed; so I did not remove it from the saddle.

When I drew the trigger, Fleet would fall, it might be, upon it; he might not live a moment or two, yet even for that short time I did not choose that the strong, heavy steel ribs should have the chance of adding to his pain.

I detached it from the saddle; and even as I did so the sudden memory of little Dollie's experiment that morning—ah, how far away it seemed!—forced a smile to my dry lips, and then followed a thought, swift and startling as a lightning flash.

A parachute, Dollie called it; and why not use it is such now, in my dire extremity? It was very strong and stout, and I had some twine in my pocket, with which to secure the ends of the ribs to the handle, so that it could not turn wrong side out.

With the resistance it would offer to my descent, I felt sure that it was

quite possible to land in the midst of the brushwood—a hundred feet below—with no more serious hurt than bruises and scratches, or perhaps a broken limb; and surely these were light evils in comparison to being burned to death.

With eager fingers, I knotted the twine to the steel ribs, and secured the former to the base of the handle.

The flames were almost upon me by this time; so, with one long-drawn breath, I raised my pistol once more, and with one quick, nervous jerk, sent a bullet into the brain of my petted steed.

Then, as he gave one wild shriek and fell lifeless at my feet, I seized the umbrella—Dollie's parachute—and leaped off the rock.

At the outset I fell so rapidly that I almost lost my breath, but in a second I could feel that my descent was checked, and then began a swaying, jerking motion, that made my head spin.

Doubtless there was not more than one or two moments' interval between my leap from the ledge and my landing amidst the branches of a small tree, but it seemed as many hours.

When I clambered down to the ground, scarcely believing yet in my wonderful escape, I found myself with sound limbs. My hands and face were scratched and bleeding, my clothes torn to rags; but what cared I?

The fiery fiends were leaping in disappointed anger far above me, and now I could listen to their roar without a tremor, save of grief at the loss of my favorite steed.

Keeping along the shore of the lake, I reached my sister's house just as serious alarm was beginning to be felt at my prolonged absence, and a party about to set forth in search of me.

"Dollie," said I, that night, as I took up the dear little niece I had so nearly parted from forever—"Dollie, you were right, after all. Uncle Harry's big umbrella is a parachute, and if you had not told him so he would never have known it, and so he would have been devoured by the hungry flames. We will make a beautiful glass case, and put the parachute away in it, and label it 'Dollie's Parachute.'"—Saturday Night.

Too Good For This World.

Albert was a solemn-eyed, spiritual-looking child.

"Nurse," he said one day, leaving his blocks and laying his hand gently on her knee. "Nurse, is this God's day?"

"No, dear," said the nurse, "this is not Sunday. It is Thursday."

"I'm so sorry," he said, sadly, and went back to his blocks.

The next day, and the next, in his serious manner, he asked the same question, and the nurse tearfully said to the cook, "That child is too good for this world."

On Sunday the question was repeated and the nurse, with a sob in her voice, said: "Yes, Lambie; this is God's day."

"Then where is the funny paper?" he demanded.—Success.

A Quiet Home.

"I always make it a rule to shut myself away in my own room for one hour every afternoon," writes a "Mother of Ten." "If I didn't, I really don't know how I should get on sometimes. I look on that quiet hour in the afternoon as an excellent investment, for I come down after it rested, and consequently less worried, which is good for everybody in the house—husband, children and maids. If by any chance I miss it, I find that everything goes wrong during the rest of the day, and I'm dreadfully irritable and snappish."—Home Chat.

Health, the Secret.

The secret of beauty may be expressed in very few words—health, ease, grace of movement and a proper mental attitude. The Circle says of the latter that beauty is permanently possible only when the mind is right. It may be possible for a cross, worrying and inconsiderate young woman to be beautiful, but—she will not, cannot possibly, keep her beauty more than a few years. Gradually the figure will stiffen, the face become tensed and wrinkled and the voice ungentle and unpleasant. On the other hand, a number of plain women have become beautiful through habitual calmness, hopefulness and loving kindness.

Simplified Marriage.

We marry for love, and frequently stay married a long time without it, writes Vilhjalmr Stefansson, in Harper's Magazine, while with the Eskimo the "marriage of convenience," as it is in the beginning, is never long endured unless love develops. Whenever either husband or wife prefers separation, divorce takes place. There is a peculiar economic factor which accounts for this freedom. An Eskimo wife can leave a husband without a single thought of "How shall I support myself and my child?" for as long as there are food and clothing in the community they will be cared for. Nor does the woman suffer in social standing. As a matter of fact, however, if a couple are congenial enough to remain mar-

ried a year, divorce becomes impractical, and is much rarer in middle life than it is with us.

Home of Their Own.

The home is the kernel of life. There is no danger that daughters will despise marriage and a home. They will take to it only too readily when the magic hour strikes, but parents may well deliberate before they wantonly strengthen a girl's innate tendency to seek a home of her own. For there is a sweet dignity of maidenhood and womanhood which is sacrificed in an inordinate quest for a husband and home.

With sons it is different. Many men need to have the home principle fostered and built up. They must be made not only good hearted, but must have their nomadic instincts carefully repressed and taught to centre around the sacred idea of home.

Then, when once the notion of home and its paramount importance is fixed in his mind, a young man is perfectly free to go forth and find a maiden to share it.—Woman's Life.

Women in Prominent Posts.

The progress of woman is shown in reports of individual success in various parts of the country. Mrs. A. B. Enright has been appointed county supervisor of schools in East Concord, Vt., taking the position in competition with several men. In addition to the exacting duties of her school work, Mrs. Enright shoulders all the responsibilities that fall to her lot as the wife of the pastor of one of the largest Methodist parishes in Vermont. Another successful woman is Mrs. Alice B. Clarke, of Garfield County, California, who has been inducted on a non-partisan basis by the normal institute for the office of State superintendent of public instruction. It is believed that Mrs. Clarke will be named without serious opposition. She is serving her second term as superintendent of schools for Garfield County and her good work in this post led to her inductment for the higher office.—New York Press.

She Sees the Reason.

Notices and warnings on placards do not begin to make the impression upon the public that one individual experience will. Every woman knows that in all postoffices are cards begging persons to put their names and addresses on all valuable letters, that they may be returned in case they cannot be delivered. One woman, at least, has seen and disregarded them for years, but in the future she will do differently. Last month she had occasion to send away \$10 and put one bill of that denomination in an envelope, which she neither registered nor wrote on the back for return. The letter was never delivered, and the woman was obliged to send another bill, this time registered. One day this week her first letter came back to her after six weeks of wandering.

She found that she had used one of her husband's business envelopes, on which was stamped his name and address, and because she had misdirected it in the first place it had come back to the name printed at the top. Thus she is in \$10, and when she sends money again by mail there is no doubt that the letter will have



her own name on the outside, as well as that of the addressee.—New York Telegram.

Slavery of Dress.

The redoubtable Professor Thomas, of Chicago University, proceeds with his dissection of lovely woman in the American Magazine, his particular topic this time being female apparel. The subject is not a new one. For ages it has afforded abundant opportunity to philosophers and moralists for heaping abuse upon the heads of womenkind. But Professor Thomas has something new to say about it. From his point of view, the moralists were all on the wrong tack. The object of their abuse is a mere helpless victim, "only a pawn in the industrial game played by man."

"Her individual possessor uses her," says Professor Thomas, "as a symbol of industry make her the occasion of a market for the costly and changeable objects which fashionable habits force her to accept. New fashions are not always beautiful; they are even often ugly, and women know it, but they embrace change as frequent and as radical as the ingenuity of the mode makers can devise. Women do not wear what they want, but what the manufacturers and trades people want them to want. The people who supply them also control them."

The reason for the extreme differentiation in the dress of the sexes is not due to the nature of either, according to Professor Thomas. Man is naturally inclined to personal display, he says, but he has come to have more effective means of getting results, and so he has given up ornament. Money is now his "main charm." Woman, on the contrary, has to depend on her charm for everything. She is "not naturally spectacular," but "when man had acquired a specialized skill which gave him a mastery of the world and her person as well," she "began to specialise the display which he was abandoning. Restricted in movement, with no specialized skill, with not even life to educate her in the broad sense in which men encounter it, and

limited in her interests by the proprietary tastes of man, her occupation she has become so absorbed as even to forget its original purpose. She "almost loses sight of man—after marriage, at least—in her interest in outstripping other women. Men would prefer her more simply dressed but this is her game—indeed, it is almost her business." And here is retribution, for "man pays the bills."

Underlying the charm of woman's dress Professor Thomas finds two main principles, namely, its emphasis of her sex and the helplessness to which it reduces her. For instinctive reasons which we do not control and do not completely understand, "signs of sex," he says, "have a very powerful emotional effect." Hence the emphasis of woman's "most striking anatomical peculiarity, a waist which measures small in comparison with the bust and hips." "The helplessness involved in lacing, high heels, undivided skirts and other impediments of women has a charm in the eyes of man because it appeals to his protective and masterful instincts. It is his opportunity since the disappearance of large game and in the piping times of peace."

Nut Waters.—Butter the inside of a granite saucepan, then put into it a cupful of light brown sugar, a cupful of granulated sugar and two-thirds of a cupful of sweet cream. Cook until the mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water, add a cupful of chopped nut meats of any kind, flavor with vanilla and stir until a creamy consistency and commencing to harden. Reheat over hot water until melted, stirring constantly, then drop in small pats on buttered paper.

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EDITOR'S EYES OPENED.

Suprised to Discover a Student of His Educational Departments.

A knock at the door. The magazine editor stopped shoving rejection slips into the self-addressed stamped envelope, took the stogie from his mouth, spit into the waste-basket, and yelled, "Come in!"

The door opened with determination, and an individual walked in who looked as if he were a prosperous business man. At this sight the editor arose, politely placed a chair for his distinguished-looking visitor, and assumed the genial air which he used with advertisers in his magazine.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked.

"I have called," began the prosperous-looking gentleman, "I have called to see you in regard to a small matter which I believe will result to our mutual advantage. I am not encroaching upon your time?"

"Certainly not!" responded the editor.

"You have a nice little magazine, and from the advertising pages—"

"Yes, our circulation, in round numbers, is 294,587,634,657," interrupted the editor.

"As I was saying, from the advertising pages to the front cover, it is as good a literary article as is on the news-stands to-day."

"Thank you, sir," said the editor, in an axle-grease voice.

"From the appearance of your periodical, I should judge that you are very liberal in your attitude toward your subscribers and your contributors."

"Yes, sir," said the editor. But there was a slight hitch in his voice.

"Now here I have a very clever little thing called 'The Beauties of Spring.' He took a roll of manuscript from an inside pocket.

The magazine editor was so badly shocked that he knocked off the pot of paste and upset the waste-basket.

"You're not a poet?" he gasped, incredulously.

"Yes," answered the prosperous-looking individual simply.

"But your clothes!" shrieked the editor. "They are in style, they fit; your collar and shirt are the latest design; your tie is not one of those flowing Lord Byron bows!"

"I know it," replied the poet quietly. "You see, I've been reading your department called, 'The Correctly Dressed Man.' It was there that I learned."

The editor was mystified. "But the quality! You are dressed in the very best—that takes money!"

"I know," said the poet. "I've made money; I've been reading your page on 'Safe Investments.'"

"But your air of confidence, your poise, your way of introducing yourself and your business! You don't act like a poet."

"Time was when I was bashful, and I used to sneak into an editorial office as if I had stolen something," responded the poet quietly; "but your column on the 'Development of the Personality' helped me."

"Well, don't that beat Ed Hook!" said the astonished editor, reaching for his check-book, and taking his fountain-pen off his ear. "Here, I'll take your stuff. I never had any idea any one ever read those departments."—Donald A. Kahn, in Judge

PASSING OF PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Wise Bird That Knows Too Much To Make Nest in Harvest Fields.

If a jury of students of nature from the Kansas prairies is ever gathered together and the question put to them: "What is causing the disappearance of the prairie chicken?" they would not all answer, "Hunters."

Very probably there would be a hung jury, and the unexpected verdict of that part of the jury refusing to lay the blame on the gunners would be: "The passing of wild prairie hay." A prairie chicken is a pretty wise bird. She will not lay eggs in tame hay. Somehow she knows that a mean looking machine with big cutting blades will soon come along and sweep the field of its mantle of green glory and expose her nest to the elements, robbers and other devastators. She shuns the tame grass but seeks the prairie hay. If a prairie hen, say men who claim to know, cannot find wild hay fields in which to build her nest she will go "dry."

But the pheasant is not so wise. This bird is being "planted" in Kansas by the State game warden. It is an imported bird and does not yet know the "Kansas language." Strange to say, it is alfalfa that proves the pheasant's chief enemy. She will build her nest in the alfalfa fields and then later shriek like blazes because the mower has swept her nice shady home away. The frequent cutting of alfalfa does not even give the pheasant mother a chance to fix up one good "setting" and get them good and warm.—Kansas City Journal.

Quick of Comprehension.

A celebrated Scottish lawyer had to address the Caledonian equivalent of our Supreme Court. His "pleading" occupied an entire day. After seven hours of almost continuous oratory he went home to supper and was asked to conduct family worship. As he was exhausted his devotions were brief.

"I am ashamed of ye," said the old mother. "To think ye could talk for seven hours up at the court and dismiss your Maker in seven minutes."

"Ay, verra true," was the reply. "but ye maun mind that the Lord sent sae dull in the uptake as the judges-bodies."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Inartistic Pottery.

We wonder that some of our enterprising firms with the great resources at their command do not produce cheap artistic pottery, for it would possibly create its own market after a time. One cardinal faith among most shopkeepers appears to be that art with a big A must be paid extra for. Until we get rid of this foolish belief we shall not make much progress in popularizing art.—British Architect.



To Preserve M