THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame;
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to heaven the rest.
—John Vance Cheney, in Harper's.

CHESAPEAKE.

(A $100 PRIZE STORY.)

IT was a mistake to say that I didn't know a horse from a mule; such a thing would be absurd for me, a careful student of natural history. Then to say that I knew nothing about driving was a base exaggeration. Many a time had I stood on the forward platform of a horse car and observed with the greatest interest how the thing was engineered. And if a car driver isn't scientific, who is?

But I must admit that when I saw that horse, I had misgivings as to my own ability. Let me describe him. In the first place, he was called Chesapeake—I suppose because he was a bay. I forget just how many hands high he stood, but it was somewhere between thirteen and twenty. He was educated for a trotter, and although only five years old, had a record of 2.34. He had been taken off the track, however, because on two or three occasions he had run away, sulky and all, and played havoc with the fences, and once he had tried to get up on the grandstand, causing a panic in which several people were injured. There wasn't a man in the county who could be sure of holding him down to a trot if he should take a notion to run; so his owner gave up the record-breaking idea, and decided to make a family nag out of him. He was turned over to a stableman with instructions to give him plenty of exercise every day, and not allow him to speed. In a few months he was pronounced no longer dangerous, and Mr. Owner took his wife for a buggy ride. But Chesapeake got excited, and after a run of about two miles through town collided with a telegraph pole, broke Mrs. Owner's arm, and made excelsior out of the buggy. Then he was announced for sale, very cheap.

When I first saw him he had been standing for a week in a dark stall, and was somewhat impatient. He was harnessed into a buggy, and stood with two men at his bit, one on each side, while the stableman and I got in. My companion wore a pale, ner- [illegible] there was a troubled look in his eye as he took the reins. Nobody told me how I looked.

"Are you ready?" from one of the head-holders.

"Y-yes; let him go." And he went, just missing the curb on the other side of the street, as the buggy went around on two wheels; and then what a ride! All the driver could do was to keep him pointed down the road, and it was fully ten minutes before Chesapeake came down to a trot. During that time I think we must have traveled at least fourteen miles.

"You see," said the man, when Chesapeake finally struck a moderate pace, "all he needs is a little exercise, and he's all right."

I didn't say much, but did a lot of thinking; and the thinking resulted in a decision that that horse was too fast for me and I didn't want him. A higher authority, however, decided otherwise.

I'm telling this story backwards. First, I ought to have told who I am, and when, why, and how this all occurred.

Well, in the summer of 1890, I received an appointment under the United States Geological Survey, with orders to report at once for field duty at Hutchinson, Kansas.

I was young—in fact, had just completed my education—and the paternal roof had been almost my only shelter. Consequently, the thought of camp life on the billowy prairies filled my soul with wild excitement. Visions of painted Indians and long-haired cowboys rose in my mind, and I went and bought a revolver. Lavishly I squandered my father's cash on an "outfit" such as I thought suitable for the plains—boots, spurs, a white sombrero, and pistol holsters; rough, gray flannel shirts and corduroy clothes. No one was going to size me up as a tenderfoot.

On reaching my destination, I was somewhat surprised to see handsome residences, beautiful lawns, tennis courts and ladies promenading the streets whose sleeves were of just the fashionable size—I forget what we called them then. Fortunately, I had some fairly decent clothes which I had traveled in, and I began to regret my corduroys and my boots. It might be mentioned here that a month later I gave them to our cook, but I never saw him wear them.

When I arrived, my "chief" met me at the station, and conducted me to an elegant hotel, where I lived on everything good imaginable, and where the tables were waited upon by lovely divinities in cool white dresses. My sojourn at that hotel was among the happy incidents of my life.

By his intimates, my chief was called "Doc," because he always knew what was the matter with everything; so I might as well make that his name for the purposes of this narrative.

Our party was at Hutchinson a couple of weeks buying supplies and stock, engaging cook and teamster, and otherwise getting into shape for work. Each man in the party was to have his own individual horse, and in looking for an animal for me, Doc came across Chesapeake.

As I said before, my decision as to his desirability was overruled. Doc said: "Why, he's just what you want. After he's traveled thirty or forty miles a day for a month, he'll be quiet as an old cow. All he needs is exercise."

Well, the horse was brought and led to our first camp, just outside of town. I was, of course, not allowed to drive him, as Doc still persisted that I was ignorant of horses; but Jake, our teamster, gave him all the exercise he could possibly need, and surely enough, in a couple of weeks he was very much more calm in his deportment; and while never consenting to walk, he was willing to trot at a moderate speed when held firmly in.

So he was turned over to me, together with unlimited advice about how to go down hill, how to go up hill and how to go on a level.

I had by this time mastered what my work was to be. Our business in that country was making maps, and my part of it consisted chiefly in taking long drives by myself, and at frequent intervals making barometric observations for altitude. We got over the ground very rapidly, and in November were far west of our starting point.

At the time I am going to write about, we were camped at a little station called Hanston, on the railroad that runs from Larned to Jetmore. It must be understood that by this time Chesapeake was my obedient servant. If I spoke to him he would travel like the wind; and in Kansas that means a good deal; but if I said "whoa" never so gently, he would stop so short as to pretty nearly throw me over the dashboard. That sort of obedience was just what I wanted, as I had to stop so frequently. I had been careful, and he had never run away, so I had begun to feel the utmost confidence in his integrity and virtue.

That part of Kansas is but thinly settled. It is splendid grazing country, and years ago was the pasture of numberless wild, long-horned Texas cattle; but the settler drove out the rancher, and drought drove out the settler; so that now there is only a scattered population—some who came there with money and haven't lost it all yet; some who would like to get away and can't; a few who have actually made money through some exceptional piece of luck or unusual industry. The prairie is dotted everywhere with the fallen remains of sod shanties; and deserted "dugouts" line the benches beside the creeks—telling of the prosperous "boom" days when every quarter section had an occupant, and when Kansas, to the Eastern mind, was another name for Arcadia. [illegible] places [illegible]de. A recess is dug in a steep bank or terrace, the sides of which form three walls of the structure. The front is usually built of squares of sod superimposed upon another, forming a wall frequently three feet thick. There is an aperture left for a door, and another for a window. The roof is formed by laying light boards across front to back and shoveling dirt upon them, and it is often difficult to distinguish from above where the bank leaves off and the roof begins. One frequently sees a better crop of corn growing on top of the house than in the field. These "soddies," or dugouts, are often plastered within and without, have good doors and windows, and are very satisfactory domiciles in a climate where the range of the thermometer is from 115 degrees in the shade to forty degrees below zero in the sun; for they are as impervious as a cave to external changes of temperature.

About that time we were working unusually hard, for we expected to break camp and go home the 1st of December if we had finished a certain amount of territory. There was danger of a snow storm coming up and stopping us completely. In fact, it had snowed a little already, and we were impatient to get through.

In spite of the near approach of winter, the 14th of November was warm as a summer day. Not a breeze was stirring as I started out bright and early upon my daily drive; and, making up my mind to accomplish more than usual on that perfect day, I kept Chesapeake up to an unwonted speed. In fact, I even touched him—it was barely a touch—with the whip. It was the first time I had done such a thing, and he was surprised and pained. He put his ears back and looked around at me with a very wicked expression, and I knew he meant to let me understand that he'd get even with me. Then he started up at a good gait, and I soon forgot all about my offense against his horseship, but he didn't.

It was one of Chesapeake's peculiarities that he wouldn't drink with a bit in his mouth. So at noon, when I watered him, I always had to take his bridle entirely off. At first I used to take him out of the shafts and put on a halter, so that he couldn't possibly get away. Then he got more docile, and I used simply to take him by the forelock, holding the bridle in my hand; and on this 14th day of November, at 12 o'clock, I drove up to the edge of a shallow pool—a "buffalo wallow" filled with melted snow—took off the bridle, hung it over the knob of the hames, and climbed back into my buckboard. Such was my confidence. Chesapeake walked into the middle of the pool and began to drink. Of course my intention was to let him drink his fill and wade through to the other side, when by simple word of mouth I would stop him, put on the bridle and proceed upon my business.

He was a very deliberate drinker, and it was probably five minutes before I said "Get up." He walked on across the pool, and when he reached the other side I said "Whoa." He nearly stopped, then seemed to remember something. He turned around and looked at me, showing the whites of his eyes and laughed wickedly. People say a horse can't laugh, but he certainly laughed then. Then he started on a gentle trot, and I said "Whoa" again, more forcibly, and gave him some other instructions, and Chesapeake laughed again and quickened his pace a little. He knew that I had no control over him whatever, and I was aware that my position was becoming decidedly precarious. Then a brilliant idea struck me. He wasn't going very fast. I would jump out, run around quickly to the front and head him off. Acting on the impulse, I jumped—but didn't manage to get anywhere near his head, for just as soon as he perceived me running beside him he broke into a gallop, disappeared down a ravine, and came up the other side with the buckboard bumping and banging behind him, first on one hub, then on another; and at intervals I could see my belongings flying out in every direction. My impulse was to follow on a run, but I gave that up as a bad job and walked rapidly in the direction he had taken. Fortunately, the first half mile of his course lay over what had once been a plowed field, and everything loose was shaken out of the buckboard by the time he had made that distance; so I walked along, here picking up my cushion, there my overcoat, somewhere else my package of maps, until I was too heavily loaded to be much good in a chase; so I carefully laid them away in a corner of a deserted shanty that had happened along just then, and pursued my weary way.

For some minutes Chesapeake was visible, farther and farther away, at last a mere speck on the horizon; then he seemed suddenly to drop from view; and there I was, alone, ten miles from camp, and not a living being that I was aware of nearer than that point. It was discouraging, to say the least.

Well, the only thing to do was to go ahead; to walk to that distant point where my property had faded from view, and then an indefinite distance farther. The prairie seemed to stretch away eternally. I took a map from my pocket, sat down on a tuft of bunch grass and thoughtfully contemplated it. Then, with a pocket compass, I got my exact bearings. Chesapeake's vanishing point was almost due northeast from where I stood. Less than eight miles distant in that direction was Guzzler's Gulch, a "draw," having, as is the rule in that locality, a deep channel with almost perpendicular banks twenty or thirty feet high, and forming, even when perfectly dry, as was its usual condition, an impassable bar[illegible]

Following the hoof prints, I soon reached a dim trail, invisible except at a distance in front, and which Chesapeake had evidently decided was the proper course for him to pursue. I followed rapidly, but the distance seemed interminable. Perspiration poured out from under my hat and trickled in streams into my eyes and down my neck. My throat was parched almost to choking, but not even a buffalo wallow, not the smallest suggestion of anything wet was there, except that which issued from my own pores. I was hungry, too; but there was no manna in this wilderness, and my lunch box was securely locked under the seat of my buckboard.

I kept this up over an hour. The sod was still cut deeply with the toes of Chesapeake's heavy shoes, showing that his pace had not slackened. I was becoming discouraged; but I knew that Guzzler's Gulch was somewhere ahead of me, so plodded wearily on.

Suddenly something dark appeared before me, less than a quarter of a mile away. It seemed slowly to elevate itself a foot or two from the ground, then it sank back out of sight. It looked like a horse's head. Tired, played out as I was, I quickened my steps into the nearest approach to a run I could assume. There it was again; it was a horse. Chesapeake had fallen down and was dying. But where was his body and where was the buckboard? Those mysteries I could not solve.

Suddenly, as I hurried on, I beheld a female figure emerge, apparently from the ground, close beside the mysterious head. On seeing me she waved her arms violently, as if suggesting that I might make a little more haste. I reached the place and a strange sight met my astonished eyes.

A hundred yards before me was Guzzler's Gulch, a narrow canon winding along the level prairie; scarcely visible even at that short distance, for not a tree nor a bush marked its whereabouts. I was standing on the brow of a bank or terrace eight or ten feet in elevation, at just the point where some enterprising Kansan had dug himself a home. The roof was covered with live sod, and had formed an apparent continuation of the ground where I stood; but at that time it was broken in—apparently utterly destroyed. From a hole in the middle protruded Chesapeake's neck, and at intervals he raised his head and gazed around in mute appeal. The buckboard was lying bottom upwards on the ground below, the shafts broken short off. Evidently Chesapeake had landed, full jump, onto the roof, totally unconscious of the trouble he was going to make. The light boards gave way, and down he went, breaking loose from the buckboard as he went; and the vehicle, by its own impetus, turned a somersault over the edge of the roof and landed in the position in which it still lay.

How to get him out was the very first thing to consider, but while taking in the situation I had time to note the person whom I had first seen, and who hadn't yet said a word, but stood near me, looking very pale and frightened, and holding by the hand two little weeping boys.

She was young—certainly not over twenty—and while not beautiful, had an intelligent, attractive face. What struck me as remarkable was that she was neatly dressed, and in garments somewhere near the correct style. I noticed that her hands were soft and white—a rare quality in that part of the world.

But I had no time to cogitate upon why a girl who would have made a good appearance on Broadway should be living here in a dugout. I went below and looked in the door. The room was full of debris—splinters of boards, lumps of sod, horse's legs and harness, dishes and furniture, all mixed up in one chaotic mass. Except to raise his head, Chesapeake couldn't move, and he didn't try. Perhaps he had already struggled until he saw it was no use.

The idea of crawling around among those legs and things didn't strike me as altogether pleasing, but it had to be done, and in I sailed. First, the traces must be cut, so as to get the shafts loose. While doing that I kept talking to Chesapeake and patting him. If he had kicked or struggled I might have finished this story by telling how the young lady was compelled to order a coffin for me. But he seemed to understand the situation, and never made a move while I hacked my harness to pieces. He didn't like the idea of putting his head clear down into the house, but by perseverance I induced him to do it. Then I took him by the forelock and pulled him over flat on his side. Next, I asked the young lady, who was standing at the door, looking ruefully at the ruined furniture, if she would kindly sit on his head for a few moments so as to hold him still while I fixed the room so that he could get up. This she readily consented to do, and while I was hauling plank and clearing up broken crockery she told me her version of the episode, and explained how it happened that she was there alone. I will not attempt to give it in her own language, but will merely state the facts, some of which I learned then and some afterward.

John Blackfield had stood for ten years behind the receiving window of a bank in Kansas City. He had married a delicate girl and lavished upon her every loving care in the hope that she would become a strong woman, but always she grew weaker. They had been some years married when their physician announced that the only possible way to save Mrs. Blackfield's life was for her to go to some locality of moderately high altitude, where the air was pure and strengthening, and live a free outdoor life.

So John bought a farm on Guzzler's Gulch, stocked it, and brought his wife and babies to the desolate spot. There he worked from daylight till dark, and became brown and muscular, and his children played in the sunshine and grew fat and sturdy, but the wife for whose sake he had come to that lonely place continued to pine and pine, and one day passed calmly away with no one at her bedside but John and his sister Mamie, who had come out from the city to care for her in her last illness. That was about three months before the time of which I write. Mamie had stayed to assist and comfort her broken-hearted brother until he could dispose of his stock and farm and to care for his children.

On the 14th of November he had started early in the morning for Jetmore, the county seat, to attend to some matters of business. He would not be back until night. She and the children were sitting at lunch when they heard a horse approach at a gallop. Taking the children with her, she ran to the door to see what was the matter, and just as they stood in the doorway, four feet came smashing through the roof all at once, and a buckboard landed off the house in front of them. Had they been in the house, or had they been fairly out of it, they must inevitably have been struck by either horse or vehicle. Of course, all she could do was wait for the owner to come, or for her brother to return, and she was having a hard time to comfort the children for the loss of their lunch when I arrived.

When she spoke of lunch, I bethought myself of my tin box; and after I had cleared up the room, gotten Chesapeake on his feet, led him out of doors, and tied him to a post, I looked up. The little cupboard under the seat was intact, and the book I sometimes read at noon, and my square lunch box with a tin cup on top of it were—well, not exactly safe, either, for the cover had come off the box. The leg of fried chicken I had thought of many times was sticking through my buggy wrench, and my book was coated inside and out with very soft tapioca pudding—an especial treat which I had anticipated with much joy. I brought it out and showed it to Miss Mamie, and we both laughed, and then felt pretty well acquainted.

The rest of this story can be told in a few words. When John Blackfield came back from town that night, he found a big hole in his roof, and a nice hot supper awaiting him. Three people sat down to that supper—the babies having been put to bed—and while it was disappearing, I told him how it happened that he could lie in bed and see the stars. He laughed heartily. It was the first time he had smiled, Mamie—or rather Miss Blackfield—said, since his wife had died.

Their dugout was unusually pretentious, consisting of three rooms, separated by board partitions; so there was plenty of room for me that night. The next day I helped John fix his roof. "It don't make much difference how we fix it," he said; "we're going to leave here in a week." In the afternoon, having repaired my buckboard temporarily, I drove back to camp, picking up my things on the way. The next day was Sunday, and—well, I drove over to the Blackfield place and stayed all day. On Monday he took his children, and, of course, his sister, on an excursion over to camp for supper.

He gave me his mother's address in Kansas City, and when I boarded an east-bound train on the first day of December, I thought more of getting to Kansas City than I did about getting home. In fact, I postponed my return to the East for a week, which time I spent very pleasantly at a certain house on Independence avenue. When I did get home, one of my first acts was to buy $2 worth of stamps and a big box of paper. They didn't last me very long, either.

Then the next spring I went West again, and on my way stopped a week at Kansas City. That time I left something there that was round and sparkled with a diamond.

When the early winter arrived, announcing the end of field work, again I paused on my homeward way at the Missouri River. I only remained three days at that time, and when I went to the ticket office to engage transportation to the distant East, I blushed when I asked for two tickets.

Chesapeake has never laughed again. He's as steady as any plowhorse. I let John Blackfield have him, and when I stopped off last spring to see him there seemed to be a look of meek recognition that seemed to say:

"Well, old man, I acknowledge the corn. Let's call it square."

Wild oats have lost their flavor for Chesapeake.—Frank H. Seeley, in Washington Pathfinder.

Stories From the Sky.

Every country and every age has its historical, semi-historical or traditional stories concerning immense stones falling from the sky, or, more properly from space. Levi tells of a whole shower of aerolites which fell on the mountains near Rome in the year 654 B. C.

The Arundel Marbles (marble tables giving the events of the Grecian history from 1582 B. C. to 624 B. C. in chronological order) give an account of a great stone which "fell down from heaven" at Æogostami about the year 467 B. C. Pliny, who died in the year 74 A. D., says that in his time "the great air stone," mentioned in the foregoing, was still to be seen on the Hellespont; "and," he quaintly adds, "is even now of the bigness of a wagon."

Since the opening of the present century there have been several well-attested instances of falls of stone from the regions of space. In the year 1803 a perfect shower of lithomissles fell in the farming country adjacent to L'Aigle, France, upward of 3000 separate stones falling upon a wedge-shaped section of country eight miles long by about four miles wide.

Aerolites, or "meteorites," as they are sometimes called, usually fall singly, sometimes in pairs, and, less frequently, in showers, as was the case at New Concordia, Ohio, in 1860, when nearly two hundred red-hot stones fell in a field in broad daylight.

Up to January 1, 1894, there had been between three hundred and three hundred and fifty instances recorded of stones falling from the unknown regions outside of our atmosphere, and in eight of these the fall was in the shape of "showers," the individual missiles numbering from ten to 5000, and of all sizes, from that of an orange to immense blocks of strange combinations of minerals weighing hundreds of tons.—Baltimore Herald.

The Fires Will Make Work for Many.

"What is the probable loss from the fire on pine stumpage throughout the State?" was asked of a leading logger yesterday.

"The loss is in one sense nominal," replied he. "You understand, fire does not burn the body of a pine tree; it only burns off the bark and foliage. The trunk of the burned tree is as good as ever it was, with this exception: The tree, after it is burned, must be cut the succeeding winter, else it will become wormeaten and worthless.

"This fire is a blessing in disguise to labor. Every owner of burned pine stumpage must go to work this coming winter and cut every foot of it, and many of these owners are forced to cut perhaps hundreds of millions of feet of stumpage they would not otherwise have to cut for years to come. They are, you see, forced to employ immense crews of men they would not otherwise have had use for."—St. Paul (Minn.) Globe.

Prehistoric Diamond Mine.

A prehistoric diamond mine is a recent discovery reported from near Winburg, in the Orange Free State. A nearly perpendicular shaft sinks 150 feet, and workings from the bottom of this extend several hundred feet. Old-fashioned spears and battle-axes, with primitive tools, curiously-inscribed stones, and skeletons of men of gigantic size, have been found, but there is no legend or tradition among the natives concerning the mine or the giant race who worked it.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

A Rockland (Me.) man has two tame quails. The hen has laid forty-three eggs this season and is still laying. Both birds seem to thrive in confinement.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

In a Mud Home.

A swallow is almost as much of a cripple in getting about on the ground as that other small-footed personage, the Chinese lady. Happily, he has small use for feet; his life is mostly on the wing; flying he gets his food, skimming over the water he snatches his drink or takes a flying dip for a bath, and on the wing he even feeds his little ones.

Every one knows his castle of mud on one end of the big cross-beam in an old barn, or perhaps saddled on to one of the braces, or a big wooden peg. But not every one, I am sure, has seen the pretty baby swallows standing on the edge of the nest day after day, stretching themselves and eating from morning till night, so that their wings may grow, and they, too, may fly out of the old barn some morning to begin their happy life in the air.

One day I saw two or three of the little swallows learning to take food on the wing. They were able to fly a little, and were seated together in the lowest part of a window-sash without glass. The sash was put into the end of a barn corner-wise, so it made a sharp point at the bottom. Here sat the two in a heap, looking at their elders sailing around in the sunshine. Every few minutes one of the parents would sweep up outside and, without alighting, stuff a morsel into a baby mouth and go on. Those youngsters learned to be very expert in snatching food, and when they joined the merry party in the air they readily fed while both they and the parents were flying.

A Young Railway Manager.

Little Archie Cowley, of Delwood, Minn., is probably the youngest railway manager in the world. Archie is but 7 years old, yet he controls an entire electrical railroad. It is true that the road is but one-tenth of a mile in length, nevertheless it is fitted out just as completely as any road that is run by grown persons. Archie is president, secretary, conductor, brakeman, and motorman, while his sisters and playmates are the passengers. The road was built for Archie by his father, who is a St. Paul banker.

There are three cars on the road—one motor car and two passenger cars. Each car is five feet long and two feet wide. It is not a trolley road. Instead of a trolley wire there is a long strip of iron, which lies between the tracks and supplies the electricity which makes the cars run along. On the motor car is the rheostat, which is an arrangement for controlling the electric current. By using it Archie can make his car move as fast or as slow as he pleases. On this car also is the motor and the brake, and also the reversing switch which makes the cars move backward.

At one end of the road is the power-house; where the electricity is produced. The electric current comes from a small dynamo, which is driven by a petroleum engine. There is also a shed where the cars are stored at night and in the winter time. In the power-house everything is ar-

ARCHIE'S RAILWAY.

ranged just the same as if it was a large station run by a regular company.

But Archie is the company in this case. His road is on the hill by the side of White Bear Lake, and he is the only boy in that region who is able to go coasting in summer time. He himself will tell you, the best of all is, that in this kind of coasting you do not have to walk up the hill. The electricity pulls you up. Archie is very proud of his road, and spends the days carrying his sisters and their dolls along the road. He can stop any place on the way, so he pretends there are several stations, and his sisters get out. Then he takes them up again when he comes back, and collects make-believe money from them. They all have a very good time riding on the cars, and Archie is learning a great deal about electricity.

THE school savings bank system has been demonstrated to be a success by the experience of Norristown, Pottstown, Chester and other cities of Pennsylvania. In Chester the money at interest from school savings is nearly $32,000, the bulk of which was deposited in pennies, nickels and dimes. One pupil alone is reported to have accumulated $40[illegible] Flourishing school banks have been established after the Pennsylvania precedent in Colorado, Kansas and North Dakota, and there are now [illegible] such banks in the country. But Pennsylvania still has the honor of being in the lead of all the States in the number of these institutions.