

THE NOW.

The charm of love is its telling, the telling that goes with the giving; The charm of deed is its doing, the charm of life is its living; The soul of the thing is the thought; the charm of the act is the actor; The soul of the fact is its truth, and the Now is its principal factor. The world loves the Now and the Nowist, and tests all assumptions with rigor. It looks not behind it to falling, but forward to ardor and vigor. It cares not for heroes who faltered, for martyrs who hustled and recanted. For pictures that never were painted, for harvests that never were planted. The world does not care for a fragrance that never is lost in performing. The world does not care for the blossoms that never is lost in performing. The world does not care for the chimes remaining unringed by the ringer. The world does not care for the songs unsung in the soul of the singer. What use to mankind is a purpose that never had winner nor wooer? The motives, the hopes and the schemes that have ended in idle conclusions. Are buried along with the failures, that come in a life of illusions. Away with the flimsy idea that life with a past is attended; There's Now—only Now, and no Past—there's never a past; it has ended. Away with its obsolete story, and all of its yesterday sorrow. There's only today, almost gone, and in front of today stands tomorrow. And hopes that are quenchless are sent us like loans from a generous lender. Enriching us all in our efforts, yet making no poorer the sender; Lightening all of our labors, and thrilling us ever and ever With the ecstasy of success and the raptures of present endeavor. —Eugene F. Ware.

The Madness of Prince Max.

By Albert W. Tolman.

"The costliest horse I ever ran a curry-comb over was Prince Max," said the city liveryman. "In those days I had charge of one of the largest private stables in New England. Twenty men took orders from me; and the values of some of the animals under my care ran into five figures. "But Max was the king of them all. He was a blooded trotter with a record on every important track in the country, more intelligent than some men I've known, and with a pedigree longer than your arm. Whenever he traveled he had his own comfortable private car, with an experienced groom as valet and chef. Nothing in those stables was too good for him, and we were proud as peacocks whenever he won a race. "Imagine, then, our surprise and consternation, the second day in July, when I got a wire that the Prince had been sold; worse still, he must start for New York the next day. His car was in the repair shop, and that very morning his groom had set out for Buffalo, with another horse. But orders were orders, and must be obeyed. "I engaged the best box car obtainable at such short notice, and arranged to accompany Max myself, partly because I disliked to trust him with an inexperienced man, partly because I wanted to see as much of him as possible before saying good-by. At 5 o'clock the next afternoon we were switched into a long freight, and rolled away southward. "Our car was carpeted with straw and carefully padded; light and air came plentifully through strong wooden gratings over the open doors. A bale of pressed hay, a barrel of oats and fine feed, and a metal water-tank and pails comprised our furnishings. My hammock swung from a hook in one corner to the end of a grating. We planned to make our two days' journey as comfortably as possible. "Wasn't it hot that first night! I got but little sleep. Max, unharmed, trotted restlessly round his narrow, unfamiliar quarters, now and then pushing his soft muzzle to my face. Every half-hour, so it least it seemed to me, whenever I dozed on, the brakeman would clump along overhead, whistling. "Way down upon the Swance River," or some equally cheerful tune. He was fond of music, that brakeman. But he wore unnecessarily heavy shoes. "After midnight every town was exploding with patriotism in honor of the Fourth. With dawn the atmosphere became sweltering. Our car, freshly painted green, appeared to draw the heat. Noon came and went. Our general course was south; and the western sun, streaming through the wooden grate, checked the straw with light. Sometimes the hot rays fell on me, sometimes on Max. At last I shut the door. This improved matters a little, although it made the air very close. "The Prince was extremely sensitive to discomfort. His restlessness and his rolling eyes showed that his nerves were on edge. I am sure we both were thankful when the sun dropped below the horizon. "A series of detonations heralded the approach of a good sized town. I tried to open the door, but it stuck fast. The heat was still intense, and Max felt it. Although I did my best to soothe him, he quivered at every explosion. "We pulled slowly through the suburbs. My car caught a steady rattle ahead like the popping of rifles. Nearer and louder it came; crack! crack! crack-crack-crack! What could it be? I was not long in learning. "The track crossed the principal street at right angles; and here a crowd of boys, supplied with torpedoes were peppering the train from engine to caboose. They were on the western side, so that I could not see them; but what a shout they set up at the sight of our brilliantly painted car! "Look what's coming! Look what's coming! All together, fellows!" "One lad in especial had a shrill, piercing voice, which rang loud above the others. I tried to shout a warning, but a big torpedo struck fairly on the door, drowning my words. As we rolled across the road we underwent a deafening bombardment. I don't believe that there was a square inch that missed its share of the fusillade. "Had the boys known what the car contained, I am certain they would have been more chary of their attentions. But to them it was loaded with goods, like any other. How could they guess what was behind that bright green wall? "Prince Max was almost fright-crazed. The long journey in the hot, un-

comfortable car had tried him sorely, and this sudden, unseen, furious outburst capped the climax. With eyes bulging glassily, he cowered in the farthest corner. But the worst was over. We were passing out of range. A few scattered parting shots, and the crowd transferred its compliments to the next car. I tried to soothe the stallion, but he stood sweat-beaded, shivering as with the ague. "We stopped. From in front I could hear the buffers coming together—clank! rattle! bang! The engine had been reversed. Slowly we trundled back. Were we to receive another hail of torpedoes? But all was quiet. Apparently the boys had exhausted their ammunition. We stopped again, directly across the street. Outside rose confused voices. It made me uneasy. What fresh mischief was hatching now? I soon found out. "Once more the train started. To me the grinding of the wheels was welcome. I had had quite enough of that town. "Then without warning, right beneath us, came a crash that seemed to lift the car from the track! The boys had put a giant cartridge on the rail. This completed the mischief begun by the torpedoes. "Prince Max shrieked like a tortured human being, and sprang straight upward. A beam struck him across the ears with a shock almost heavy enough to crack his skull. Half-stunned, he tottered, shaking his head. Then, before I could guess at his intentions or prepare to guard against them, he came at me furiously, ears laid back, lips raised from his long white teeth, nostrils inflated, and eyes like blazing coals. "I jumped to the right, and shooting by me, he crashed against the end of the car. His head grazed my shoulder; his teeth snapped close to my left ear. My foot struck a metal water-pail, still half-full. I picked it up, and as he turned, gave him the contents squarely in the face. Sobered, he retreated, tripping into the opposite corner. "A tiger is lamblike compared with a mad horse. If Max was really going crazy, I was in fearful peril. The pail was the nearest apology to a weapon. Worst of all, I was hopelessly trapped, with one door closed tight, and both barred by gratings which it would require some time to remove. Meanwhile one snap of the stallion's powerful jaws or a single stroke from a steel-shod hoof might seal my fate. "I spoke to him, at first gently, then in tones of command, but to no effect. His eyes glared; his teeth ground together, foam dripped from his lips. Poor fellow, he was suffering horribly! But I had no time for pity. With a sudden wild-scream of fury he rushed on me again. "I retreated behind my hammock, swinging the empty bucket over my head; the ball came out in my hand, and the pail clattered on the floor. Fortunately, at that instant the car swerved sharply, hurling Max against the right grating. That disconcerted him, and he backed into his corner. "His flanks heaved, his ears pricked forward, his nostrils expanded. The membrane of his dilating eye grew red as blood, contrasting sharply with the glassy clearness of the cornea. He grasped a fold of stout padding with his teeth, and shredded it from the wall like tissue-paper. He tore and champed at the backing of excelsior until the car was thrown with curling fibers. Heart-sick and terrified, I realized that he was stricken with phrenitis, or, as it is more commonly called, the mad staggers. "A horse suffering from that affliction does not attack a man maliciously. He simply flies at him blindly, as at a post or a tree. But he is none the less dangerous because his violence is not deliberate. In one of his mad rushes Max might pin me down and tear me to pieces. "How I longed for the brakeman's hobbled tread and cheerful whistle! But he did not pass overhead; and the train was making too much noise for me to hail the caboose. "Stupor succeeded frenzy. Max stood quiet, with hanging head. I watched him apprehensively. Speedy bleeding was, I realized, the only thing that would prevent the phrenitis from terminating fatally. I feared to approach him, however, for in two or three seconds he might again become a dangerous maniac. Yet I must seize the earliest opportunity for drawing the blood away from his brain; for not only did the prospect of saving his life lessen with every minute, but each fresh paroxysm exposed me anew to deadly peril. "An idea came to me. Keeping close watch on the horse, I unhooked my

hammock and flopped it over my left arm—and not an instant too soon. "Rousing with a start, Max screamed ferociously, and plunged toward me. He reared on his hind legs, a little more, and I should have been crushed under his hoofs. But again his skull collided with the ceiling, and he was hurled upon the straw. Before he could rise I flung myself on his neck, realizing that the critical moment had come, and began to wind the hammock folds round and round his head and jaws. It was no time for mistake or miscalculation. I worked hard, for I knew how much was at stake. "Never shall I forget those few terrible minutes. With my whole weight thrown upon the animal's throbbing neck, my face pressed down close to his hot skin, and my arms almost torn from their sockets by the violence with which he wrenched his head from side to side, I kept tight hold of the hammock ends. Once let him clear his strong jaws from those entangling folds, and my life was not worth a penny. "His hoofs beat, a mad tattoo upon the floor. His gnashing teeth splattered me with foam-flecks as he champed and tore at the stout hemp. His windings were growing looser; a few more wrenches, and they would be off. "Hope was slipping from me, when his muscles suddenly relaxed, and his head dropped forward. The stupor had come on again; I should never have a better opportunity. Letting go the ends of the hammock, I pulled out my penknife, ran my fingers along a vein which I could feel swelling in his neck, and punctured it with the tip of the smallest blade. The hot blood came streaming out and formed a little pool on the floor of the car. "Was the operation in time to save the animal's life? I rewound the hammock about his jaws, and waited. Before he roused again a considerable amount of blood had drained off. His struggles were appreciably weaker, and I had no difficulty in controlling him. The fight was won. "Before long we rolled into another town. When we stopped I was able to attract the brakeman's attention, and summon a veterinary. We spent that night in the car, working over Max, and between us managed to bring him round, although he was a good deal weakened by his loss of blood. The next day I delivered him, safe and sane, to his new owner.—Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In the United States, out of every 10,000 marriages there are 700 divorces. In Canada, out of the same number of marriages the divorces are but four. In our great civil war there were used 12,069 tons of powder and 42,690 tons of lead. With these supplies about 96,000 men were killed on the spot, or wounded so that they died. The finest grapes for the table are grown under glass in Belgium. In the busy metropolitan suburb of Hoezlerd, near Brussels, there is a whole district covered with glass. It is one of the shows of the country to sight-seers. One of the favorite postal cards offered for sale to tourists by shopkeepers of Rouen, Normandy, shows a modern feminine compatriot of Joan of Arc dressed and posed to represent the great French heroine spinning in her thatched roofed cottage at Domremy. Following a wager with a friend a London pawnbroker exposed for sale in his shop window for five days a hundred-guinea (\$500) diamond, which he priced at 2 shillings 3 pence (55 cents). The article found no purchaser and the wager was won by the pawnbroker. No pope ever reigned under the name of Peter. The custom for the popes to change their Christian names on their elevation to the papacy began in 884 by Peter di Porca taking out of a feeling of humility the name Sergius II. He deemed it would be presumptuous to have styled himself Peter the Second. Hats, as the term is understood today, were first made by a Swiss at Paris in the year 1404. Before that time the usual head covering was some kind of hood. It is true that, as a rule, the ancients went bareheaded. The Greeks and Romans found but little use for any kind of headgear except on gala occasions and in war time. The Book of Job is far from being the oldest in the world. The most ancient writing is the manuscript by Ptah-Hatep, an Egyptian prince of the blood, who lived about 3266 years before Christ. Ptah-Hatep's book is written on papyrus, and deals with matters moral, political and religious. It is preserved in the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris. The Squirrel and the Sap. There have been several gray squirrels about the premises of H. K. Morrell, in Gardiner, all winter, and the other day Mrs. Morrell was the witness of a curious act by one of them. He was in a maple tree, and gnawed off some of the bark on the upper side of a limb. When the sap had commenced to run and was gathering in drops on the lower side of the limb, the squirrel reached down and drank it. How he knew it was sap in the maple, and that it is time for it to run, does not appear, but it is evident that he did know both that the maple was the sap tree and that it was time for the sap.—Kennebec Journal.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

New York City.—The Eton is such a firmly established favorite of fashion that it is constantly appearing in new designs with the certainty of finding a welcome. Here is one of

Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist.

Here is one of the very latest developments of the simple shirt waist that is dainty and charming and altogether to be desired. In the illustration it is made of handkerchief linen and is trimmed with little frills of the same while the sleeves extend to the wrists, but elbow sleeves can be used if preferred and almost every material that is used for shirt waists is appropriate for this one, madras, the soft finished cotton rep and the like for the heavier ones, lawn, either linen or cotton, for those of lighter weight, while for the non-washable sort taffeta and light weight flannel are admirable so treated. Again, there are some new washable messalines this season that are much to be commended for travel and occasions of the sort and which make up charmingly after this design. The long sleeves make a special feature and are tucked to give the effect of long deep cuffs and to fit the arms rather snugly below the elbows, consequently being exceptionally becoming and graceful. With the waist can be worn any separate collar that may be liked. The waist consists of the fronts and back. The tucks are laid in most becoming lines and there is a regulation box pleat at the front edge. The neck is finished with a neckband to which any collar can be attached. The sleeves are of fashionable fulness and when made long are tucked below the elbows and when short are simply gathered at their lower edges, but in both cases are finished with pretty roll-over flaring cuffs.



the very latest that can be made either with or without the kimono sleeves and that is really attractive in both styles. The additional sleeves are exceedingly smart and greatly worn just now, and are much to be commended for the women to whom they are becoming, but they do not



quit all figures and the jacket made without them is quite complete and equally in style. In the illustration the material is tussore silk with trimming of banding while the trimming straps and pleats are stitched with beading silk. The model is appropriate for all suitings, however, and also makes a very charming little separate wrap, which at this season is appropriate in poncee or in taffeta. A little later the same Eton will be charming for the suitings of slightly heavier weight, as it includes all the latest features. The tie ends of soft silk are smart and pretty, but are not obligatory and can be used or not as liked. The jacket is made with fronts and back which are cut in sections and joined beneath the tucks and the trimming bands. These trimming bands are applied to give a box pleated effect and terminate in points at back and front. There is a flat, oddly shaped collar that finishes the neck and there are the two sets of sleeves, the ones of elbow length that are finished with box pleats at their lower edges, and the additional kimono sleeves which are optional. The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-half yards twenty-seven, two yards forty-four or one seven-eighths yards fifty-two inches wide with seven yards of banding.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven,



three and one-half yards thirty-two, or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with two and one-quarter yards of pleating.

Novelties in Sunshades. Sunshades of taffeta in every conceivable shade are to be had this season. The frames of the new parasols are much more bowed than heretofore. Some of the prettiest styles shown are deeply scalloped in a fanciful manner, the edge being finished with bands of taffeta. In many instances the enameled handle is tinted just a little to suggest the color of the silk of the shade itself.

Ivory Suede Gloves. Suede gloves in an ivory shade, dark champagne and pretty tones of gray seem to have caught the popular fancy. Boots to Match. Colored boots matching the color of the belt are much worn with summer gowns. Mordova shades are in great favor, also royal blue.

SCIENCE

Frog showers are purely mythical. Frogs are generated not in the skies but on the earth. The shower simply calls them forth from their hiding places. Lieut. H. Ekelund of Jonkopin, Sweden, claims to have made an important invention in fuel saving. According to his method, peat is used in the shape of a powder and is said to give sufficient heat to use steel in a furnace without the use of coal. An Austrian surgeon considers the hard palate a better means of venting a criminal than the finger tips. In other words, he believes that there is a greater degree of individuality in the corrugations of the roof of the mouth than in the lines which indent the skin. That the natural color of pure water is blue, instead of white, was long ago discovered. The green and yellow tints are said to be due to extraneous substances. Dissolved calcium salts, though apparently giving a greenish tint, due to a fine invisible suspension, have no effect on the color of the water when precautions are taken to prevent it. The brown or yellow color due to iron salts is not seen when calcium is present.—Engineer. The proportion of cement, sand and broken stone for concrete construction varies according to the contractor, the architect and the use to be made of the material. A general rule is to make a mixture of one part cement, two parts sand and five parts broken stone. This proportion is often used in first-class buildings and when needed to support heavy weights. Sometimes three parts of sand and five or six parts of broken stone to one of cement are used. A Swiss engineer announces a new fire escape. It consists of a series of folding iron ladders, contained in frames, attached to the window cases, each reaching to the window below. By merely turning a small winch on any floor all these frames are pushed outward from the building, the ladders extended and securely connected with each other, thus forming a continuous communication from the top floor to the ground. The manipulation is simple and takes less than a minute. When not in use the escape is barely visible, and does not disfigure the facade of the building in the manner that the ordinary outside iron staircase does. A public test of the new escape has proved successful, and the Vienna fire brigade representatives have expressed their approval of it. A NEW BULLET. For Use in High-Power Big-Game Rifles. The small-bore, high-power rifle that is in general use today was originally designed as a military rifle, the object of which is to wound or maim at extreme range; and owing to its high velocity, the trajectory is so flat that the raising or changing of sights under ordinary circumstances is unnecessary. Sportsmen, seeing the advantage gained by great velocity, were quick to adopt this type of rifle. It was found that by inverting the jacket of the full metal-jacketed bullet so as to leave the soft nose exposed, this bullet when striking hard substances such as bone, will very often mushroom, expanding, causing a severe wound. Improvements in powder have from time to time increased the velocity of these bullets until they now have a muzzle velocity of 2700 feet per second. With this velocity, even the soft-nosed bullet will pass through the animal without expanding in the least until some hard substance is struck, when it is apt to fly to pieces. The great heat caused by friction in the air causes the bullet to cauterize the veins and arteries, causing little bleeding, and thus making it impossible for the hunter to track his game by the blood. It is stated on reliable authority that this year in Nova Scotia over 40 percent of the game hit or wounded escaped, some to die a lingering death in great agony. To overcome these objections to the ordinary bullet, Mr. G. H. Hoxie, 4410 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., has invented a new form of bullet. The bullet consists of a jacket with a filling of lead in which a steel ball is seated. In another construction a steel wedge is used in place of the ball. Behind the ball is a chamber formed in the filling. When the bullet strikes an object the ball is forced into the chamber, expanding it and tearing it open. The wounds made by the improved bullet are four or five times larger.—Scientific American. "So Hungry." The stranger paused as he came upon two tramps of the weary order basking in the sunshine and waiting patiently for something to turn up. "We are so hungry, mister," yawned Tired Tim. "Then why don't you go and beg at the nearest farmhouse?" asked the stranger. "We are so very tired, mister, that neither of us will volunteer, so we are going to shake dice to see who must perform the painful duty." "Well, what is the delay?" "Well, boss, we are waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the dice box."—Tit-Bits.