

## TWO CAREERS.

BY JENNIE BETTS HARTWICK.

What has she done that men should stay  
To seek with hazy eyes  
The darkened mansion where she lies?  
What has she done that, far and wide,  
Has flashed the word that she has died—  
That folk in distant lands have said  
To one another, "She is dead!"  
Why should the lips of strangers raise  
To her a monument of praise?  
It was hers to conquer fame,  
She made a Name.

And she who lies so whitely still,  
Untouched of joy, unwept of ill,  
Has she done aught? Why, surely, no!  
The records of her living show  
No laurels won, no glory gained,  
No effort crowned, no height attained;  
In life she championed no cause;  
Why should the passing people pause?  
One little household's narrow scope  
Held all her heart and all her hope,  
Too lowly she for fame's high dome,  
She made a home.  
—Harper's Bazar.

## IN LATITUDE 37 1/2 WEST.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

THE STORY OF A FEW MINUTES' WILD ADVENTURE AND AWFUL PERIL JUST OUT FROM MORRIS COVE.

WHEN you were a boy," asked Helen, thoughtfully, "did you ever imagine things?"  
"Oh?"  
"Ever make believe you were—what you weren't, you know—Jack the Giant Killer, a Fairy Prince, King Arthur—"

"I used to make believe I was a locomotive sometimes, and go choo, choo, choo," I replied with an effort.  
"Oh!"  
She seemed disappointed. I put my pipe back between my teeth and pulled my cap further over my eyes, yet not so far as to shut her out of vision. She was very lovely. She wore white things. Her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows—I could see the dimples occasionally—and her hat, a broad, flapping thing of white cloth with a scarf floating away from it, was getting very, very wet from the water that had splashed in the bottom of the boat. I wanted to warn her of this, but the sun was so jolly, the air so balmy, and I was so altogether comfortable that conversation was repellent.

Helen drew in her line dreamily, scowled ferociously at fiddling the bait intact, and dropped it back again into the smooth green water. Then she folded her wet, brown hands on the gunwale, and stared thoughtfully across the harbor. She was very lovely. The sun made glints of copper in her brown hair. Behind her, half a mile away, was the beach, golden in the morning sunlight; above it the green-clad bluff, topped by the hideous, veranda-mad hotel. Over all was a cloudless blue sky. About us was the sea, green around the boat, blue further away, shot with dazzling flecks and blurs of sunlight.

From the beach came the soft-sounding of the waves. A far off, hee-motive shrieked shrilly. Seven silvery chimneys floated across from the gleaming white yacht in front of the clubhouse, and were echoed over and over by smaller craft. Under my head the lazy walled lapped sleepily at the bow.  
"—I think you have a bite," said Helen, dreamily.

I glanced at where my line was tied around a thole-pin.  
"Yes, I believe I have," I said.  
"Aren't you going to see?" asked Helen.  
I closed my eyes negatively.  
"You're the laziest man I ever saw," she said.  
"Not lazy; philanthropic. I am giving a little fishie a nice breakfast."

Helen watched my line. Presently she sighed, "It's all over."  
I shuddered and closed my eyes again. After a minute or two the end of the painter began to dig into my back, and I stirred uncomfortably and looked at Helen. She was observing me intently from two very wide open blue eyes. She laughed softly.  
"I thought I could do it, she triumphed.

"It was the painter," I denied, indignantly.  
"Very well," she replied, soothingly. "Let's make believe."  
"All right; go ahead."  
She scowled until she had two creases over her nose and looked at me as though I wasn't there; then she said, "We're shipwrecked."  
"The deuce!" said I.  
"Yes; three days out from—from—"

"Morris Cove."  
"Liverpool," she continued, frowning. "We ran into a terrible storm, which dismantled us."  
"Oh, well, we can do without mantels," I comforted.  
"Both masts went by the board and the captain and second officer and the entire crew were swept overboard in a heavy sea."  
I shuddered. "He owed me three dollars," I mourned.  
"He was a godless man," said Helen, severely.

"I beg your pardon?"  
"He was a godless man. He was—ah—intoxicated at the time of the disaster. It was a judgment."  
"It was," I affirmed. I shook my head sadly. Then I asked, "Where were we at that time?"  
"In latitude thirty-seven and a half west," said Helen, glibly.  
"Must have been a bargain," I murmured.

"Shortly after," she continued, "the storm abated. Alone and unassisted you rigged a jury mast."  
"I did," I assented, eagerly. I strove to look heroic, even going to the length of removing my pipe; then a natural generosity reproved me. "But you forget yourself," I charged; "you forget the—er—the splendid assistance you rendered me. You forget how, lashed to—er—lashed to a hen coop, you labored bravely with me through

the long watches of the night, and when morning dawned gray and cheerless over a tossing, leaden sea, you—"

"Nothing of the sort," she interrupted. "You forget that I am a passenger. I passed the awful hours in my state-room, praying for morning, expecting every moment to be the last."  
"Oh," said I, "I had the wrong book; it's Clark, Russell, isn't it?"  
She paid no heed. With eyes fixed upon the distant horizon she spoke on like a seer. "A spell of calm weather followed."  
"It did," I said, humbly. "I saw it following."  
"Hourly we scanned the ocean for sight of a sail. Once—the sea paused; her voice broke with emotion. "Once, far in the distance, low down on the horizon—"

"I thought it was horizon?"  
"We sighted a speck, a faint blur against the immensity of the empty world. All day we watched it, eating nothing, silently praying that it might change its course and come to our rescue. Yet when night came down we were once more alone in the vast darkness."  
"Or dark vastness," I offered, helpfully.  
"When morning dawned again the faint speck was longer there. A frightful loneliness, an awful hopelessness, came over us."  
"—It—they did."  
"Yet you were brave, so brave!" She looked at me admiringly. What could I say? I waved a hand carelessly, and smoothed my tie.

"While there's life there's hope," I murmured.  
"You bade me keep up my courage. Ah, I needed your comfort then! Life was very empty for a while. You—"

"Well, you had me," I reminded.  
"—Then—then the food gave out."  
"What?"  
"Starvation stared us in the face."  
"No, no!" I cried. "Not that! Anything but that!"  
"The barrel which we had believed held—held plumduff and—"

"Devil'd kidneys!"  
"Hard tack—"

"Oh!"  
"We discovered to be filled only with—"

"Crullers," I said, imploringly.  
"—With—dumb-bells!"  
"Dumb-bells? Why dumb-bells?" I asked, coldly.  
For an instant she looked non-plussed. Then she said, falteringly, "I don't know. They—they were part of the cargo, I think."  
"Maybe she's a training-ship," I suggested.

Helen blinked.  
"Starvation stared us—"

"You said that once."  
"With a groan you covered your face with your hands—"

"Yes, yes," I cried. "Then, like a flash, I remembered that in the captain's cabin I had seen a box of beef-steak and onions. With an exclamation of joy I dashed headlong down the companionway. The box was still there. Seizing a large, thick steak, I hurried to the galley—"

"You're quite wrong," interrupted Helen, inexorably. "Hunger has gone to your brain. You've had nothing to eat for three days, and—"

"No, no, please! Not three days! One, if you must, but not—"

"For three weary days," she insisted. I groaned aloud and passed a trembling hand across the front of my shirt. It was true! The pangs of hunger were already biting. I looked longingly toward the shore.  
"But that was not the worst!"  
"Stop, stop!" I beseeched.  
"The next day we drank the last of our meagre store of water. Then indeed Death hovered nigh."  
"Tell me one thing," I begged, in broken whispers. "The—cask of Burgundy, vintage of '78, and the two dozen bottles of Scotch whisky in the captain's cupboard, they—they were still there?"

Helen looked across at me pityingly, and shook her head. With an anguished cry I hid my face in my hands.  
"We found the cask stove in and the bottles broken to atoms."  
"Did we?" I muttered, vacantly. "I had forgotten."  
"Without food and water—"

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink!" I gibbered.  
"For three days we have drifted over a cruel, glassy sea, under a burning, pitiless sky."  
"Pitiless sky," I echoed, with parched lips.

"And yet—and yet through it all there has been one thing to comfort us, one bright spot in the darkness of despair."  
I looked toward her eagerly. "I

know it! I know it! There was on bottle saved! He had hidden it in his bunk!"  
"Hush!" she said.  
I sank back again, weak and dispirited.

"And that," she continued, with a wrapt, dreamy expression in her eyes, "and that was our love for each other."  
"Eh?"  
"And that was our love for each other," repeated Helen, softly.  
"—Oh—er—yes; that, of course!" I said, hurriedly.

"What though we had known each other less than a fortnight? Love—"

## ESSENTIALS OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

WRITING in the World's Work, Austin Bierbower sets down the principles that underlie American citizenship, which, he says, differs in several essentials from citizenship in other countries, and some peculiar duties arise from the difference which require special attention now when our institutions are receiving a general re-examination and are subjected to special strain through the attempt at expansion.

An American, having a great country, has wide relations in his patriotism. He loves something great, which is important in the character of a people. When a man must fix his affections on the small it tends to be little him. One is measured by what one loves. With our vast and opulent domain, we need never be ashamed of the object of our affection, but can be enthusiastic for our country without seeming ridiculous; which a Belgian or Portuguese can hardly be.

The first characteristic of American citizenship is a confident pride of country that goes parallel with love of country, a pride that is well founded and honest; so that an American feels a satisfactory self-respect as an American, and seldom gets anything but respect from others. He cannot be easily ridiculed, and he need not be sensitive about foreign opinions. A seer who would laugh at the United States is like the simpleton who would ridicule the sun. Owing to our size, we are not often challenged to fight for our country, even in words, for most antagonists seem unworthy of us. Only three or four nations are ever compared with ours, and we need not fear the comparison then. The American can accordingly indulge a generous high-mindedness toward the world without the usual temptations to jealousy which characterize small peoples.

A second feature of American citizenship springs from the fact that we are a growing country. Great as we are, we expect to be greater. Our eyes are turned to the future and our pride is founded on hope. It matters much whether one is on the rising or declining side in his feelings, whether his enthusiasm is a swelling or a receding tide. Americans are in the line of the world's movements, going in the direction in which things are enlarging. Our country is to take part in nearly all events that are to come, and to act with the whole world as an arena. We have a career before us rather than behind us, and enter on our battles yet to be won. We are in the line of permanent movements, too, and not of mere episodes. Our acts must have an influence that is to grow with the enlargement of the country and of the world's civilization; so that in making history, we are not building a fabric that is soon to fall, but one that will grow for centuries.

A third feature of American citizenship results from the fact that our country represents liberty and equality, so that in being proud of our country we are proud of something good. In taking up the cause of the United States one takes up the cause of right. Most countries represent tyranny or some form of inequality, so that their citizens, to be patriotic, must be unjust. In Europe they are committed to the interests of the Bourbons or the Hapsburgs, and stand for the aggrandizement of privileged classes. We stand for the equal rights of all the people; and nothing can be better. Americanism is a sum of virtues, standing for a principle. Our flag has a meaning of which we approve. It is demoralizing when one's national sentiments are in conflict with one's private convictions. The liberals of most foreign countries are disaffected toward their national institutions, so that many of their best citizens live not in the spirit of their country, but in hope of revolution. In America, on the other hand, loyalty is a virtue; the good are committed to our institutions; and to be more of an American is to be a better man.

Another circumstance affecting American citizenship is the fact that our country represents progress. The traditions of our fathers have little weight when pitted against our common sense. The world's best ideas have a chance to be put into practice. Thought and activity are alike free. Old machinery, old opinions, old institutions are constantly passing away, and we are in a country of revision. Americans are accordingly independent and aggressive. Instead of being a led people, chained to precedent, they search for the unknown, rather than try to recall the forgotten.

these conditions, and especially avoid great extremes. It is not safe, either for our republic or for the wealthy, that there should be many fortunes which exhaust the materials which make competences for thousands. The very rich menace the moderately wealthy, and the very poor menace in turn the rich. All must have a competency or hope of it.

Another duty of American citizenship is to adjust with like liberality our political idea of equality to our social relations. With a better acquaintance with men we find them more alike. The workingman's intelligence rivals that of the professional man, and the qualifications of the artisan are everywhere recognized as a culture. There are virtues in the poor which the ancient world did not know. Refinement, not exclusiveness, ought to be the test of social distinction in a republic, which in all things is inclusive. One does not lose his respectability in this country by allowing others to be respectable, or degrade himself by mixing with many people.

Nearly every social problem that now confronts us might be solved by simply a return of the people to a manly and generous common sense, which would enable them to enjoy their possessions without a sacrifice of taste or happiness, and at the same time make such enjoyments more common. The American aim is simply the welfare of the race in which we have enlisted a part of the race and are trying to stand as an example for all others.

A Story of Disraeli.  
Disraeli, who had never been to a public school or a university, had not had reverence of this sort flogged into him in his youth, as the following reminiscence of him, recorded by Lord Dufferin, suggests:  
"The elder Mr. Disraeli, being as yet more celebrated than his son, my mother had expressed a desire to see him. But the introduction could not be managed, inasmuch as at that particular moment Mr. Disraeli had quarreled with his father. One fine morning, however, he arrived with his father in his right hand, so to speak. In Mrs. Norton's drawing-room, at Storey's Gate. Setting him down on a chair and looking at him as if he were some object of verth of which he wanted to dispose, Mr. Disraeli turned around to my mother and said in his somewhat sententious manner, 'Mrs. Blackwood, I have brought you my father. I have become reconciled to him, my father, on two conditions—the first was that he should come and see you; the second, that he should pay my debts.'"

Author's Clipping Bureau.  
It is said that not long ago a reporter took a journey of considerable length for the purpose of interviewing a rising literary light as his next novel.  
On reaching the house he discovered the author on a side porch engaged in earnest conversation with a little boy who had a large toad pinned around his neck. The writer received his visitor cordially, but seemed rather absent-minded.  
"Are you willing to tell me a little about your next important work?" asked the reporter.  
The literary man clicked a pair of shears and patted the boy on the shoulder.  
"We were just talking about it as you came up," he said. "Bob thinks I ought to do it with a bowl, but I think I can do it by my eye. What would you advise? You see, his mother always cut it before, and she's away just now."—Youth's Companion.

Why He Celebrated.  
One of the professors at Cornell University was born in Canada. He has, however, been for a long time a resident of the United States, and his children were born here. The New York Times relates an amusing anecdote, which the professor himself is fond of telling.  
One Fourth of July the professor's eldest son had exploded, early in the afternoon, all the firecrackers that he had provided for the day. The younger and his little friends wanted more, so the boy found his father and asked for some money with which to buy a new stock of fireworks.  
"I will give you the money, my son, if you can tell me what it is that you are celebrating with all these firecrackers," replied the father.  
"I can do that easy enough," said the boy. "This is the anniversary of the day we licked you fellows."

Flinds a Cave Full of Ice.  
Harrison Martin, a carpenter, has discovered a cave in Pocahontas County, Va., containing an inexhaustible supply of ice. By what strange freak of nature the ice was formed in the cave is not yet explained. Martin has built a passageway from the mouth of the cave, which is high on the side of a rugged hill, and is marketing the ice over many miles of territory.  
Martin was prospecting about in an aimless way when he saw the hole in the side of the hill. The opening interested him so that he decided to investigate. He let himself down to it by a rope from some trees above, and on entering was astonished to find himself in a vast hall piled high with irregular blocks of ice. The ice pile extended as far as he could see, and is sufficient for the needs of a big city for a whole summer.—New York World.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

The city of Toronto, Ont., counts on getting 125,000 horse-power from Niagara Falls, although its distance from the great cataract is 90 miles. The electric current is to be carried the entire distance from the generating plant, which will be constructed on the Canadian side, by cables, supported on a double-pole line.

A singular property of gelatine, when spread upon glass, has lately been experimented with by the French chemist, Callietet. When a thick layer of strong glue, that has been allowed to dry upon a glass surface, is detached, it carries off scales and leaves designs resembling those of frost on a window-pane. Polished marble and quartz are similarly attacked. With glue containing six per cent. of alum Monsieur Callietet produced five designs, resembling moss in texture. Hypophosphite of soda and nitrate and chlorate of potash, added to the glue, produce analogous effects. The glue while drying exerts a powerful mechanical strain.

Count Zeppelin, whose experiments with a gigantic air-ship over the Lake of Constance attracted world-wide attention a few years ago, has devised a novel form of propellers intended to drive light-draft boats and launches. Instead of operating in the water, Zeppelin's propellers, like those used to drive balloons, rotate in the atmosphere. They are specially intended for use in very shallow waters, and in tropical rivers which contain so many aquatic plants that the propeller of an ordinary boat becomes clogged with them. Boats having very slight draft can be skimmed along with such propellers at the rate of several miles an hour.

By taking advantage of the diffraction disks formed by the waves of light about bright points, Messrs. Siedentopf and Zeigmondy have produced, with a microscope, a magnifying power of 50,000 diameters, and it is estimated that the same method may achieve a power of 150,000 diameters. The objects experimented with were particles of gold, which almost approach the minuteness of molecules, disseminated through ruby glass, which were rendered virtually visible by means of their diffraction disks—that is to say, the disks being seen, the particles could be counted and their true size determined, although they were not themselves visible independent of the disks.

The project of climbing the loftiest mountain on the earth, Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, whose tremendous head rises, according to trigonometrical measurements, 29,062 feet above sea-level, has now reached a stage immediately antecedent to the actual attempt. A party, led by Mr. Eckenstein, an experienced climber, has set out for the foot of the great peak. Several celebrated mountain-climbers have expressed the opinion that the feat is feasible, but only by the method of gradual ascent, whereby the adventurers may become inured to the effects of a rare atmosphere. Months and even years may be spent in ascending to higher and higher levels, a long pause being made after every considerable advance. The highest ascent now on record is that of Aconcagua, in the Andes, the elevation of which is 23,080 feet, 5922 feet, or more than a mile, less than the height of Everest.

The Athlete and His Stomach.  
Probably the most important consideration for an athlete in training, writes Harry Beardsley in Leslie's Weekly, is the condition of his stomach. The quantity and quality of food and the regularity of meals and sleep are all carefully watched, because it is necessary for the stomach to be in perfect running order if the athlete would make the most of his powers. For this important organ affects the nervous system as well as the muscles, and the nerves and head have as much to do with winning a race as the sinews. There is danger in overeating as there is in insufficient nourishment, the trainers say; because, while the latter may weaken a man, the former produces dullness and inertia. "A man with his stomach full," said Trainer Hirsburg, at Columbia University, hasn't the clean, quick nerve force that an athlete must have to get the most out of his muscles."

## THE NATIONAL GAME.

Waddell struck out 215 men in twenty-nine games.  
Luzins seems to be pitcher Falkenberg's worst fault.  
Joe Corbett is pitching sensational ball out on the coast.  
Ray, Cleveland American, has slumped in his batting.  
The Boston Americans lead in long hits, triples and home runs.  
Pittsburg has purchased Winham, Worcester left-handed pitcher.  
Pickering has scored more runs than any man in the American League.  
Bender, Philadelphia American, has hit nineteen men in twenty-one games.  
Pittsburg critics have finally begun war on the gamblers who attend games.  
Parent is playing the best game of any man in the country, Wallace not excepted.  
Bill Kennedy keeps up his effective pitching for Pittsburg. And only last fall it looked as if the old man was all in.  
President Hermann, of Cincinnati, has become fascinated with the work of doping young players, a la Dreyfuss.

Dick Garvin, a brother of Virgil, the tall Texan with Brooklyn, is to be given a pitching trial in the New York League.  
Several times this year had McGraw about made up his mind to play third base for the New York Nationals when a brace followed.  
John King, the Chicago catcher, has passed the hundred mark in the matter of base hits. It is seldom that a catcher reaches into the century mark of bingles.  
The St. Louis League Club has signed a left-handed pitcher named Edward Taylor, from the Dallas Club of the Texas League. This makes three Taylors pitching in the National League.

SPORTING BREVITIES.  
The Reliance allowed Shamrock III, one minute forty-five seconds.  
The season for anglers around New York City has been a poor one thus far.  
The prospects are that the coming football season will be a record breaker in every way.  
Indoor skating promises to be quite popular in the large towns and cities during the coming winter.  
Tom Keene paced the fastest heat of the year at Empire track, New York City, his time being 2:04 1/2.  
The Lady Rodhesia won the Kentucky Stakes at Saratoga, N. Y., with Divination, the favorite, second.  
Boston boxing clubs are expected to make arrangements to have all contests this winter go to a decision.  
"Jim" Jeffries received \$32,728 as his share of the receipts of his fight with Corbett. The latter took \$10,910.  
No more arrests of automobilists are to be made in New York City for failure to exhibit licenses or display number tags.

F. B. Greer, of Boston, easily won the national single scull amateur championship on Lake Quinsigamond, C. S. Titus, the former champion, being a poor third.  
The California Jockey Club has announced sixteen stakes of the aggregate value of \$45,000. The season opens on November 12.  
Frank Youkum won the Brighton Stake of \$10,000 for 210 paces at the trotting meeting in the Grand Circuit at Brighton, New York City.  
Lou Dillon trotted half a mile in fifty-nine seconds at the Grand Circuit meeting at Brighton Beach, New York City, beating the best previous record.

Edward Goodwin, the young motor cyclist, of New Jersey, will be seen on the Long Island roads trying for a motor cycle record within a few weeks.  
Broke It to Him Gently.  
A north Missouri editor received a note the other day telling him that one of his subscribers was dead, and asking that his paper be discontinued. A few days later the editor met the "deceased" subscriber on the street and told him about the note. "I wrote that note myself," returned the subscriber. "What for?" asked the editor. "Well, I wanted to stop your paper," said the subscriber, candidly. "An' knowin' how bad you need the money, I didn't have the heart to come right out an' do it. So I jes wrote you the note about bein' dead. You wouldn't send a paper to a corpse, would you?"—Kansas City Star.

Great Slave Trade Stopped.  
The great slave trade at Kano, the metropolis of Nigeria, Africa, having 100,000 inhabitants, which averaged 500 men and women sold each day, has been abolished by the British, who have extended their authority over it. Three provinces on the Niger were seized because the native chiefs refused to surrender the murderers of a British officer.

Get American Mills.  
An American firm has contracted to furnish Russian flour millers with \$200,000 worth of machinery. The output of the mills will be increased within a year to 1,500,000 barrels a day, superseding the supply of flour from America.

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