

IF SUN AND LOVE WERE DEAD.

No rosy moon, no radiant noon,
No purple glory in the West,
No dim twilight, no stars, no moon,
Nothing but darkness, death and rest.
If only the sun were dead, sweetheart,
If only the sun were dead.

No tender word, no soft caress,
No eyes would shine with love's sweet dew,
No light, quick touch of tenderness,
Nothing on earth were worth desire,
If only love were dead, sweetheart,
If only love were dead.

The sunlight flits the world with bloom,
Shows us the arch of sapphire skies,
The light of love disperses gloom,
And makes of earth a paradise.
Nor sun nor love is dead, sweetheart,
Nor sun nor love is dead.

—Miller Purvis, in *Woman's World*.

THE FROST-LILY.

BY ARNETTA J. HALLIDAY.

It is the greatest festival of the year among the Norse peasantry, and in Vik, the cluster of little houses, which nestle in the bend of a great fjord, the vigil of St. John's Eve was kept with dancing and drinking and song. The old belief of the Northmen, that those born near the sound of many waters are endowed with a natural gift of music, made the Vik daddlers sought far and wide for the June merry-makings of St. John's Eve; and before many houses in the little village the Wolmar fire burned brightly in token of the noisy betrothal within.

Somewhat removed from the gayety and revels of the night, the small white dwelling of old Liof Thure nestled in the long grasses full of clover blooms, with a gravel pathed garden on one side, overflowing with old-fashioned pink and white roses; and a long white fence at the other, leading down to a quay and the tossing green fjord, which looked violet black in the shadows of the night.

The family of Thure was an old one, and had lived in the same spot for generations, looking at the grand, gray, fir clad mountains and the wild, moss grown boulders, and listening to the wash of the great water against the little landing stage. The present occupants of the place were old Liof, who had never known a day's variation from his accustomed routine in his life time; his six yellow-haired, strong-limbed sons, who looked like nothing so much as pictures of the old Norse Vikings; and the imperious Gerda, the acknowledged beauty of Vik, who looked at him with her mother's eyes and face, and spoke to him in the tones of the woman whose life had gone out eighteen years ago when she gave to her husband the girl-baby for whom he had so longed.

Gerda was wilful and spoiled and tantalizing. Her brothers had long lost all patience with her because she had laughed in the face of every honest fellow who would have married her, and because she loved many strange things that had no beauty to the sons of Liof Thure; the magpies, which are as much a part of Norse scenery as the invariable birches and pines; the blue gentians of the snow-capped heights; the yellow and white water-lilies of the Norwegian tarns, and the lady-ferns, which the first cold snow-winds of winter tinged with bright scarlet. She gave to the wind and the weather the love that should have been a husband's, and worshipped the swift, wild rain which made the moss and ferns so lovely, and the flushing of the waters and the brilliant heavens above them when the sun went down. She loved to paddle her boat idly about the shores of the fjord, watching the colors deepening in the sky, and the gloom which spreads itself over all nature as the day dies, when she should have been merrymaking instead, with some Norse lover, after the fashion of her people.

Of admirers, who would have willingly become something dearer, she had had more than any other maiden in Vik. She was bright with an intelligence far beyond the average Scandinavian girl, such as was that of Hoberg, the peasant painter of Sweden. She loved nature with the unconsciousness of the Greek and the passion of the German; but she was practical and well skilled in the arts which attract a Norse husband. She could prepare the flesh of the reindeer most deliciously with cream, which is used so lavishly in Norwegian cookery; she knew the confection of each of the many cheeses beloved of the Scandinavian; she could bake great round rye cakes a foot and a half in diameter, and so flavor and dry them for the winter that they were like confections; and the large attic chamber of her father's house was hung around with her wardrobe, most of which was her own handiwork—snow-white wool aprons with brilliant red borders, lined, colored prints, embroidered bodices, deer-skin coats, snow shoes and winter boots; for Liof was a well-to-do peasant, and had brought up his daughter in the belief that plenty of cleanliness in the matter of raiment elevated the Norwegian woman above her Swedish sister.

But to-night there was no sound of joy from the white house so close to the fjord. No light gleamed from the windows, and a hush seemed to have settled over the place, in marked contrast to the revels of the neighborhood. Sweet-smelling odors of fragrant new-made hay filled the air, and a savage-looking cow, which wore a

collar and a tinkling bell, was just wandering home from the far-off fields, and was the only sign of life about the Thure homestead.

Old Liof had gone for a visit with two Norwegian sisters returned from a fifteen-years sojourn in the Western States of America. They found old Norway very slow after the new world, and the boys were making the most of their holiday, and had tramped away early in the morning, each bearing gifts to his sweetheart. Gerda had persistently refused to join in the pleasures of the festival of St. John, and had strayed out this delicious night, going from boulder to boulder, until she had clambered nearly to the top of the mountain through the lichen, whortleberries and ferns.

She had moped all day, said the great, rough brothers, Olaf and Byn and Nils and Bruu and Rolf; while Jarl, the youngest and more nearly in sympathy with his sister, had watched her wistfully when she was among the red-currant bushes of the garden and whispered softly to his brothers: "She will never forget him!"

One year before, upon this very St. John's eve, the little steamer which came tri-weekly from the Norse capital, bringing with it a breath of the great world, in the shape of tourists who found fjord-traveling a charming novelty, had stopped at the little quay nearest to Liof Thure's dwelling, late in the afternoon, when the purest of purple shadows were lying over the lake.

Gerda stood waiting for its arrival, and the mate handed to her a small parcel, which from its size and shape one could easily guess contained a pair of new shoes.

"Great heavens, what a lovely girl!" exclaimed a voice in English as the boat moved away, and looking upward at the steamer's tiny deck, Gerda saw a man whose dark eyes spoke to her plainly the sentiments which her Norse ear failed to comprehend.

The superb fringes of her large, dark-blue eyes deepened as she walked away. He was an artist and an American, of that she was sure, for he had had sketch-book and pencil in hand, and bore about him the general air of assurance which characterizes the American at home and abroad. She had seen many of them who had passed through Vik, finding a constant interest in the exquisite scenery of the fjord, and the mountains of the waterfalls and the stretches of green slope, with the hay stacked on the wooden fences to dry; she smiled again the next afternoon when she turned her boat homeward after a long ramble, and remembered his tone and glance.

The evening was coming on, and the setting sun tinged the snow-tops a faint pink, while the green grass on the mountain-side was covered with white daisies, like a powder of pearls. Her boat was filled with harebells and purple heath-plants and ferns and niggonette, and as she reached the small wooden bridge which stretched across an arm of the fjord, she saw a stranger leaning upon the rail and watching her. It required no second glimpse to assure the Norse girl that it was he whose admiration of her had been so outspoken upon the steamer the night before. In a moment he was at her side.

"Let me help you," he exclaimed as she gathered the boat's fragrant freight in her arms, after making the tiny craft fast, and although the tongue in which he spoke was a stranger to her, she needed no dictionary to interpret his actions as he walked homeward beside her, and easily persuaded old Liof Thure to accommodate him as a boarder.

He was a landscape-student from New Orleans, with dreams and a great ambition, and he had come to paint the wild beauties of the Norse scenery and the glowing sunshine which laughed through the tall, swaying pines.

For six months he had lived in the family of Liof Thure, and had acquired enough of the Norwegian to tell them of the distant city of his birth, of his hopes, and his prospects and his friends. He had learned to listen with the keenest pleasure to the sweet voice of Gerda during the long days and evenings, when she explained to him the lore of her country and the folk-tales of the North—of the castle of the pirate Erik, and the three hunters turned to stone—of the mystery of the parsley bed and the milk-white deer and the white worm of the witches; and how the spectre-cross in the enchanted garden frightened the Finnish sorcerers. Gerda and he had taken long strolls together over the gray mountains and the little green patches of field where peasant-girls in scarlet and blue were raking the grass; or they had wandered to the village at evening and watched the boats heaped high with hay coming in, or the fishing-smacks gliding lazily out to sea; and Gerda would tell the stranger how the rose-colored harefoot was dyed with the blood of Charles XII.; or of the black stork that built its nest among the anemones and dog-violets of the marshes; and how a stalk of clover worn by a man was a sure charm against women with false complexions, hair and teeth; and the American, looking at the cheeks of his companion, which were dashed with a color richer than the freshest peach-bloom, had laughed and thrown away the trefail in his buttonhole as he told her in broken Norse that it was needless.

And as the days went by, the idea of a picture which should show the beauty of Gerda to the world filled his brain, and the hours when she posed to him as a model passed too swiftly for them both.

There was no word of love between them, but day by day the American saw the sweet womanliness of this Northern girl, the rich nature still undeveloped, though responsive with

poignant feeling to each vibration of his artistic soul, the spirit of true life, unfeathered by the contractions and ceremonies of conventionalism, a life high and wide, like the blue Scandinavian heaven above; he saw all this, he felt the inspiration of this continual contact with nature, and yet he did not tell her that his whole heart was hers, because of the elder brother across the sea, who would have deemed it an unexchangeable blot upon many generations of financial prosperity, that the sole heir with himself of many American dollars should marry a Norse peasant girl.

Finally the picture was completed. There was the wide fjord stretching out to the ocean with silence and solitude on its waves, which caught the blood red reflections of an angry sky. There was not a vessel in sight, and so well had the artist caught the spirit of the scene that the slow majestic sweep of the heaving rollers, seemed to die out without breaking, and to give place to others, and against the gathering darkness the exquisite slenderness of a woman's figure stood clear out upon the canvas. She wore a white skirt and white bodice, the dainty sleeves revealing more than half of the round, dimpled arms, which hung down and were clasped in front of her; from the white cap upon her head the great braids of pale-gold hair extended below the waist line; the eyes, which were of the purple blueness of water of great depth, looked outward over the waves, and the whole face expressed subdued fervor and sweet seriousness. It was the portrait of a woman whose heart knew not yet the thrill of love, but had experienced the sadness of some undefined longing.

It was a matchless picture, a masterpiece of the artist's power; and as he mixed his colors and labored over it, but one name seemed suitable to the American as he thought of Gerda. "So pure, so fresh, so cold!" he had said to himself; and when old Liof Thure first saw the painting and read the name of "The Frost Lily," he was quick to grasp its significance and to realize what had prompted the stranger in his house to call the gem of his Norse collection by the name of the most prized and the most unattainable of the Scandinavian flora.

"It dies when they take it from the snow-bitten waters of its mountain tarns," thought the old man sadly. "Does he think to take her away from me to the country across the waters? The child would die in those great cities!"

But he was wise in his way and said nothing, although he could have chosen for his Gerda one of the white-skinned, serpent-eyed Northmen of his own race. Brown eyes and hair and beard did not accord with the Scandinavian ideas of freedom and manliness.

When every detail of the picture had been made as perfect as brush and colors and the critical taste of the artist could render it, the American packed up his palettes and canvases, and bade good-by to the snug farmhouse where he had eaten and slept and worked for so many months. When he said farewell to Gerda, it was in the presence of her father and brothers; there was a close quick pressure of the hand, and he had jumped into the sledge which was waiting to speed him over the frozen snow away from his love to the nearest station of the continental trains.

That was nearly half a year ago; and through all the long months tidings had come from him but once, when he had sent a great medal of gold which the picture had taken in some famous exhibition, with the words, "Gerda, in remembrance of Ralph!" And it was upon all this that Gerda was thinking, this anniversary of their meeting, as she strayed aimlessly upon the mountain side, and listened to the merry voices singing upon the fjord below, or the rush of some mountain stream not far from her feet.

She paused a moment, and looking downward, taking off her cap and pushing back the rebellious locks of thick, soft hair with which the breeze loved to play upon her temples. It was a quarter to ten, and only half darkness; there was a sweet, fresh smell of fir and pine wood, and whiffs from the drying hay in the air, while the moon had risen, outlining the mountain shades in deep violet and black; the colored lights, red and white and green, which the villagers were burning gleamed in the soft dusk.

As Gerda turned to descend the side, a little boat darted out from the shadows of the fjord, and rowed swiftly through the long path of silver light which the moon rays threw upon the waters. The road down the mountain so wound about it at intervals it commanded a view of the fjord, so Gerda saw the boat near the shore as she herself approached the valley. To the rower she paid little heed, simply noting that he wore the holiday costume of the Norse peasant, in scarlet and brown.

As the boat shot under the bridge, toward the pier, the man looked upward with a glad cry.

"Gerda!" said he, "Gerda, don't you know me?"

As the keel rasped upon the shore, he leaped from the boat and held his two hands out for hers.

"Dear-eyes," he exclaimed in the Norse love words, "Do you love me?"

And what did Dear-eyes do but nestle with a great throb of content against his heart!

"I have come straight from New Orleans to you," he cried. "It is one year ago to-night since I first saw you, and I could not stay away another day. I stopped yesterday to buy this costume which is to be mine in the future, Gerda, and then I came on to you, sweetheart, to be with you always if you will have me." He paused an instant,

to press her head to his shoulder tenderly before he continued: "I could not ask you to leave everything that has made you what you are, and go across the seas with me. There is nothing about you that I would change for the world, and so I am come to you, Gerda. When we are married, we will live right here in this pure air and amid all this grand scenery; our life shall be the same simple, primitive one that has made you the woman I love. I am a Norseman hereafter for your sake."

Gerda looked into his eyes with rapturous fondness. The moon hung in the dark blue ether, like a round shield over woods and hills and waters, flooding the mountain path with ghostly shadows and silvery light, and as the soft beams fell upon her and etherealized her beauty, the American held her to him in an ecstasy of tenderness.

"Have you nothing to ask me, Dear-eyes?" he murmured, as he pressed his cheek against hers. "Have you nothing to ask me of the home or friends or family I have left?"

"No," answered Gerda, "I have you, and I love you so that there is no room for any other interest in my heart!"

Life's golden paradise opened for them, and unquestioning and content they entered in.—Romance.

WISE WORDS.

Dollars are delightful.
The morning is the tonic of the day.
Every smile chases a wrinkle away.
Pleasure is time; happiness is eternity.

Most people don't know why they marry.

A fool and a fast horse are soon parted.

A flower has nothing to do but look pretty and be sweet.

Before saying an unkind thing of one think how you would like to have it said of you.

Talebearers and talehearers are alike guilty; the one hath devil in his tongue, the other in his ear.

Circumstances form the character, but like petrifying waters, they too often harden while they form.

To have given pleasure or benefit to even one human being, is a recollection that may well sweeten life.

The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.

These two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together—many dependence and many independence, many reliance and many self-reliance.

They who provide much wealth for their children, but neglect to improve them in virtue, do like those who feed their horses high, but never train them to character and success.

"To be employed," said the poet Gray, "is to be happy." "It is better to wear out than rust out," said Bishop Cumberland. "Have we not all eternity to rest in?" exclaimed Arnauld.

Too Many Dogs.

The Savannah News says that the papers of Georgia and of the neighboring States are up in arms against sheep-killing dogs, and are clamoring for some efficient legislation on the subject. "There is no doubt," it says, "that a plague of worthless dogs exists all over the South, to the detriment of everybody, even their owners. But how are they to be got rid of? Nine men in ten who own dogs, no matter how worthless, will fight for them, and there have been numbers of tragedies brought about through the kicking or shooting of a dog too mean and worthless to let live. The plan of taxing worthless dogs out of existence has been tried in the South and found wanting. The people who own dogs will not endure such a tax. They guard their right to own dogs as jealously as the right to own horses and land, and the candidate for the Legislature who would let it be known that he was an enemy of hounds would hardly secure an election. Then how are they to be reached? The man who solves the problem satisfactorily will be a benefactor to the South. For Georgia, in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi thousands of acres of pasture lands that could, and would, be devoted to sheep raising, if the dogs were removed. Until they are put out of the way the wool industry will not amount to much in either State."—New Orleans Picayune.

Welding by Electricity.

Two Belgians have discovered a method of welding by electricity which will be of immense use in the arts. Electricity forced into water separates it into its component parts, hydrogen and oxygen. A glass jar with a leaden lining is connected with a conductor of positive electricity. A pair of tongues connected with a negative pole and having insulated handles is used to take up a bar of iron, for instance, and put the end in water. The oxygen is forced to the leaden lining while the hydrogen collects about the submerged metal, which quickly produces an intense heat. The hydrogen, being a poor conductor, offers intense resistance to the current, and this generates the heat. It is shown the most refractory ores can be fused by this process, and as it is possible to produce in this way large crystals of carbon, diamonds, rubies, and sapphires may be made by the process in any quantity desired.—Chicago Times.

A copy of the first dictionary, made by Chinese scholars in the year 1109 B. C., is still preserved among the archives of the Celestials

SCIENTIFIC MARVELS.

SIGHTS IN THE HUGE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

Bewildering in Its Variety—Exhibits Representing Marine and Railway Locomotion in All Stages of Evolution—Ship Models from England.

The display inside the Transportation Building at the Columbian Exposition is bewildering in its range and variety. The whole history of transportation, from birch-bark canoes to steamships, and from pack horses to palace cars, is unfolded in a manner never to be forgotten. Looking down from the galleries upon the acres and acres of exhibits, one sees a monster black steam hammer for forging armor plates which towers above the second story, a row of famous locomotives facing out from the annex like a herd of elephants, and scattered about here and there, thousands of objects that tell the story of how man has gradually annihilated space.

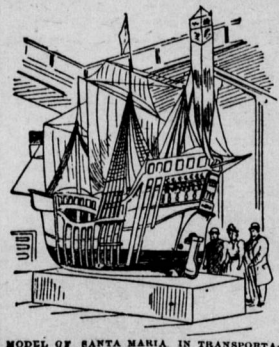
The invention and development of the locomotive and railway system is the nineteenth century wonder. Less than sixty-eight years since the first passenger railway ran its first crude train. Now the great civilization has penetrated every country. About ten acres of ground floor space are devoted exclusively to exhibits pertaining to railway construction, equipment, operation, management and development. Sixty-four modern locomotives of all types and sizes from the two one-hundred ton Decapod engines which stand on the pedestals between the Administration Building and the railway station to the five ton logging locomotives for use in the forests of Michigan. All the leading makers exhibit one or



W. A. SMITH, CHIEF OF TRANSPORTATION.

more modern locomotives, some being raised from the rails and showing the machinery in operation by compressed steam. These engines, consisting of two or more of magnificently equipped coaches and thirty-five freight cars, embracing every variety, by the leading builders in the country. Among the other attractions are two Leslie rotary snow plows, a centrifugal snow excavator and a Russell snow plow, four green steam shovels and a locomotive traveling crane, a light and heat tender of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, and the dynamometer of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road. All this represents steam transportation as it is now, but the most fascinating part of the railway show—more so even than the mighty engines and the solid mahogany train from Canada—is the display of relics, models, old engines and cars and specimens of the quaint roadways of earlier days. It is the first time that such a work has been undertaken, and Mr. T. Hackworth, of the railway department, has gathered a complete historical collection. For instance, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has for more than a year past been making extensive preparations for its historical exhibit, which includes about thirty full size wooden models of the earliest locomotives built in this country and in England, with samples of original tracks. Three of the Grasshopper type of engine, the old locomotives "Samson" and "Albion," built in England and shipped to Nova Scotia in 1838, and other specimens of the very early locomotives are among the attractions. The models are all to be shown with machinery in operation. That is one of the delightful things about the section.

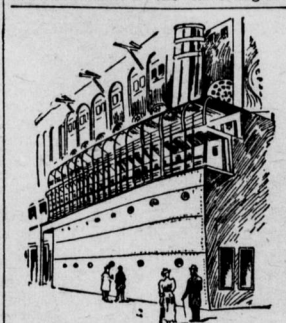
Now comes the Chicago and Northwestern Railway with the "Pioneer," built in 1835 by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, the fourth engine built by that firm. The Pioneer came to Chicago in 1848 and was the first locomotive to penetrate so far West. This engine ran on the old Galena Road, now a portion of the Chicago and Northwestern system, and it actually steamed into the Exposition grounds a few weeks ago. A little further on the Old Colony Road exhibit their first engine, the "Daniel Nason," and the first coach that ran between Boston and Providence, and these, by way of



MODEL OF SANTA MARIA IN TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

contrast, stand alongside of the latest Old Colony engine and coach. One of the most famous objects in the neighborhood is the seven-foot gauge locomotive "Lord of the Isles," belonging to the Great Western Railway of England, originally shown at the first great exposition in 1851 in London. It ran until 1882, when the change to the standard gauge laid her up. She was one of a class of engines designed by Brunel for high speed between London and Bristol, and has made seventy-

five miles an hour. Engineers will look at this giant with affection. The London and Northwestern show Trevithick's engine of 1802 and the "Rocket" of 1825 in full-sized wooden models. An opportunity is here offered for comparison, as the Baltimore and Ohio exhibit models of the same engine.



SECTION OF STEAMSHIP, IN TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Here the New York Central Company shows the original "De Witt Clinton" on the strap rails of 1833, and there the Illinois Central Company shows the "Mississippi," built in England in 1836 for the Natchez and Mississippi, now a portion of the Illinois Central Railroad. The Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis exhibit the historic engine, "General," captured by the Andrews raiders on the Western and Atlantic Railroad in 1862.

The Marine Exhibit.

In no previous marine exhibit has the question of transportation on water ever been treated as a subject, but in this department is shown not only the triumphs of naval architecture, as illustrated by the modern ocean greyhound and battle ship, but also strange and curious craft from semi-civilized and barbarous tribes, showing how they solved problems of transportation by taking advantage of the materials on hand, whether of bark or logs of wood or skins of animals. There is a complete exhibit from Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, consisting of two hatch bydarks, with complete hunting outfits, and from the sea coast of Norton Sound a hatch bydarks, with the full outfit used in both hunting and fishing; birch bark canoes from the Upper Yukon River; sleds, dogs' harness and all that goes with them. The Hudson Bay country shows all the methods of water transportation known in that country. From Southwest Alaska or Queen Charlotte's Island are a tiny canoe and a large dugout and halda canoe. From Australia comes an interesting canoe made from a single sheet of what is commonly known as the gum-topped iron bark or mountain ash (Eucalyptus Sieberiana), the ends being tied up. China is represented by models of every boat used on Chinese waters, both sea coast and inland. These boats, although the architecture seems to be grotesque, have many peculiar points, such as the movable rudder and the fashion of attaching the sheet to the sail, making it possible to draw the surface very flat. A catamaran is shown that has carried the mail between Ceylon for a number of years, as well as one of the celebrated outrigger canoes. Mediterranean craft are represented by the Turkish caïque; daigaa, of Malta; gondolas, of Venice, and peculiar lateen boats, as well as the chizzoto and the bragozzio

of the Adriatic. And there are peculiar canoes from the west coast of Africa as well as the bimba, a curious form of peculiar points, such as the Indian and his birch bark canoe are features not only in this building, but also in the sun pond, with the Indian himself paddling.

Great Britain's principal ship building firms have sent a magnificent collection of models of all kinds. The period of iron ship building is well represented, both in the models of passenger and freight steamers as well as in the collection of British men-of-war. Unfortunately the period after the restoration of Charles II. and through the Napoleonic wars is not included, with models of the great three-decked sailing battleships which were for so many years England's bulwark of strength, the history of the navy would be reasonably complete. At the same time Spain sends the treasures of the Royal Museum and the models of the Invincible Armada, so that the ships of the time of the famous battle will be shown. The Thames Iron Works & Ship Building Company trace the development of the ironclad in the British navy by means of models. The Warrior was the first vessel built of iron. She was 380 feet long and was protected with 44 inches of armor, which was sufficient in 1860 to resist a 68-pound solid shot, the maximum of that day. Her ends were unprotected and consequently her steering gear was much exposed. The Minotaur rep-



A CITY BUILT BEFORE AMERICA WAS DISCOVERED.

resented the next ship of the warrior size, fully rigged and armored. The Benbow, 10,600 tons displacement, 7,500 horse power, draught of water, 25; speed, 14 knots; 18 inches of armor; armed with 10-inch guns, 10 6-inch 5-ton, 15 quick-firing guns. Then come the Graffon, a first-class steel cruiser, 7,350 tons, 12 horse power, 320 feet long, armament nine 2-inch 22-ton breech-loading rifles, ten 6-inch quick-firing guns, twelve 6-pounder quick-firing guns, four 3-pounder quick-firing guns, speed 19 knots; Sans Pareil, armored ship, 10,470 tons displacement, indicated horse power 14,000, draught of water 27 feet, speed 17 knots, armament largest guns, two 11-ton breech-loading rifles. And so on through the list.

In the merchant marine section the Cunard Steamship Company shows models of the Umbria, Etruria (8,006 tons), and the new ships built and engineered in 1892, while the royal mail service between England and South Africa is shown by Donald, Currie & Co. The Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead, exhibit the most complete collection of models and pictures illustrating the progress of iron shipbuilding from 1834 to the present time—paddle steamers, screw steamers, and a full line of models.

A striking feature has been furnished by the International Navigation Company, which exhibits the main part of a section of one of their new steamers. Imagine the longitudinal and transverse section of a ship afloat the smokestack 69 feet long and 38.6 in beam. The interior fittings, furnishings, and decoration will be the same as used on the magnificent steamers on that line. This is the most complete exhibit, showing fully the facilities of these vessels for the comfort of ocean travel.

Wheeled Vehicles of Every Kind.

But if railways and ships are interesting, what is to be said of the wheeled vehicles? The floor space occupied by this division embraces 130,000 square feet, and it is all fitted up with wood carpet in white oak strips, laid out in handsome patterns and finished in oil. Each space is surrounded with handsome ornamental brass railing and posts. This exhibit occupies the entire north end of the main building and the annex and about one-half of the north gallery in the main building. On the first floor are exhibited carriages, wagons, and vehicles of every description. In the gallery are displayed bicycles, carriage and wagon hardware and saddlery goods. There is a historical array of vehicles, saddlery goods, and bicycles. An effort has been made to show the evolution of these industries from their primitive origins down to the present time. For this purpose a large collection has been made by Chief Smith in foreign lands, from the ancient chariot that antedates Christ to the latest thing out.

In modern carriages there is everything from a baby carriage up to the finest carriage that has been built. Some of the most curious are the 810,000 each, and are really works of art. Foreign countries contribute to this division, France having sent fifty carriages from her best builders. Austria sent eighteen carriages from six of her best manufacturers. England and Germany make large exhibits, so that the industry both of the world has been represented. In the foreign collection of historical exhibits from London is a Lord Mayor's state coach, a drag that belonged to the Prince of Wales, and an old chariot. A sedan chair from Colombia stands beside one from Turkey, and near by are a Jirikiska from Japan, a carriage once owned by President Polk, and the coach of Daniel Webster, bought in 1808. In the saddlery department a display of saddles, bits, stirrups, and trappings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, collected throughout Europe, including a pair of silver spurs taken from the feet of Sir Thomas More when he was killed in the battle of Waterloo. In the bicycle division there is presented an extraordinary display. The fittings alone cost more than \$100,000, and some of the pavilions cost exhibitors from \$10,000 to \$12,000 each. There is displayed in this exhibit not only the finest bicycle that has ever been produced up to the present time but bicycles representing wheels that date back to the first machine built, showing the complete evolution of the industry.

There is now in Texas a people who trace their ancestry back hundreds of years, who are descended from the Aztecs and whose primitive city was built when Columbus landed on America's shores. This people is the Tihwas and their city is called Ysleta. They claim to have come to their present home from the Colorado River of the West.

This people became mighty in the land before the landing of the Spaniards. They had conquered the Comanches and the Apaches were their slaves. The explanation as to why they gave up so easily to Spanish rule is in itself interesting, and is based on an ancient legend of the Aztecs, which descended to the Tihwas. Cuetzacoatl was the Aztec god of air. His functions were those of a priest, many of his teachings, as described by the Aztecs, closely resemble the doctrines of the Christian religion. Cuetzacoatl taught the art of working silver. He educated the Aztecs in agriculture, trained them in the weaving of cloth, gave them a form of worship and inculcated the idea of making sacrifices only of flowers. And when the god had thus finished his work he sailed eastward on a fish of snakes, promising to return some time. When the Spaniards landed their cross-embellished banners, their religious customs and the manners brought back the memory of the god of air. The natives were sure that Cuetzacoatl had come again. They made haste to welcome them. They submitted to Spanish domination until it grew tyrannical. Cortez got in his cruel work before the Aztecs were discovered.

The derivation of the name "Texas" has long been a mystery. Why could it not have come from the name of this people? In the Aztec and Spanish pronunciation "x" is interchangeable with "hu." With this borne in mind it is not difficult to see a close relationship between Tihwas, pronounced Te-waus, and Texas.

"YOUNG HUSTLE didn't succeed very well as editor of that religious weekly, did he?" "Not very, the first thing he did was to start a voting contest to see who was the most popular sexton."—Buffalo Express.