

START RIGHT.

Two boys from childhood's sheltered lane
Into life's highway strode,
And each had naught but hand and brain
To help him win the road.

"Come on!" cried one. "Here's luck, for-
sooth.
There's work for miles ahead!"
Less eager stood the other youth.
"Consider first," he said.

"Consider well before you waste
Your years in fruitless toil.
Find out your calling; do not haste;
The work ahead won't spoil."

"'Tis waste of time to linger here,"
The first boy made reply.
He dropped a sad and pensive tear
And bade his friend good-bye.

The other waited by the way,
Determining his bent,
And when his calling called one day
He straight to fortune went.

Pray do not think the eager one
With like successes met.
Of all the callings he has none:
He's doing odd jobs yet.
—Newark News.

THROUGH THREE FEET OF SNOW.

BY WILLIAM R. LIGHTON.

ONE who lives in the peace and quiet of long-settled parts of the country must find it hard to understand the motives that prompt the pioneer to leave peace and quiet behind him and to go into an untamed wilderness of forest or prairie. Too often we think of the frontiersman as but a wild-hearted adventurer, who is moved by a half-savage love of excitement rather than by clear reason and a constant purpose to perform certain hard tasks. The true pioneer must be a wanderer; he must be a worker. His courage must be equal to more than his rare and exciting adventures; it must be equal to his endurance of the countless fretting annoyances of his daily life.

The pioneering of Nebraska was begun in the summer of 1854, when the Territory was formed and the lands were thrown open to settlement. Some of those who took part in the work are still alive, hale and hearty. They have been my chosen companions for a long time, and they have taught me many things. Let me tell you one of their true tales of the early days—tales that wholly reformed my first mistaken notions of pioneer life.

In 1850 the Nebraska prairies were but thinly settled. Most of those who had crossed the Missouri River with the purpose of making this land their home were gathered in the towns along the eastern border of the Territory, or were settled upon the rich lands near by; only the more daring had pushed on to the prairies west of the river valley, where they thought they saw large opportunities and a more perfect freedom.

Richard Warren came to Nebraska from Ohio in the early summer of 1850, bringing with him his wife and child, a boy of seven years. He had three horses, a strong wagon, and a little food and furniture.

At Nebraska City, where he crossed the Missouri, he bought those implements needed for his first year's work in breaking the prairie soil. He had been a farmer all his life; he was not afraid of labor. From Nebraska City he went on into what we call the "Platte country," one of the richest and most beautiful of all our prairie regions. A day's journey west of the town of Columbus he chose the site for his home, and set bravely to work.

As he had nothing at hand of which to build, except what was furnished by the prairie, he did what the other settlers had done—he made a dugout. He dug a hole three or four feet in depth, as if for the beginning of a cellar; then from the banks of the Platte he hauled willow saplings, whose butts he planted round the edges of his hole, the tops being bent over and joined together, forming a dome-like roof, then upon the willows he piled earth, covering the earth with a layer of firm sod; and when he had made a doorway and a fireplace his house was done.

Externally it was only a low, round mound; but it was snug and warm within, and it sufficed. When he had provided a sod stable for his horses, his farm-buildings were complete for that year.

October had then come, and while fair weather continued he gave his time to breaking the sod upon a few acres of his claim, that the soil might be ready for corn-planting in the spring.

Through the summer there had been nothing to occur to cause him the least discomfort or uneasiness. Various bands of Indians had visited his claim occasionally, but when they found that he showed no fear and that he dealt justly with them, they bore themselves as his friends. He had money enough to supply the winter's needs, and the future was bright.

In Nebraska no season is so treacherous as the early winter. Sometimes we pass the Christmas-tide with almost no ice or snow, yet in the next year the sternest rigors of storm and cold may be upon us in November, and endure unbroken until spring. The terror of the open prairies is the blizzard, which in its greatest severity is unknown in the East. It comes upon us with the suddenness of a hurricane at sea.

In one hour the air will be the balmy breath of the South; in the next, without apparent cause, a gale from the North will begin; the mercury will fall as if the bulb had been broken from the thermometer; the sky will be almost instantly overcast by a leaden gray mist, and then will come the blizzard, more dreadful and fatal than the tornado. No protection of clothing seems to avail to save one who is caught abroad.

The cold is intense, and the wind will sweep wildly along with the speed of an express train, whirling before it a mass of fine snow whose crystals cut like glass where they strike. The traveler cannot see where he is going; for even if it were not for the blinding snow, the bitter wind renders his

eyes useless. Even to breathe the polar air is torture.

Only the inexperienced try to make way against a blizzard, and in a few minutes they find themselves benumbed to the heart and quite helpless. Even the beasts of the plain and range know that their only hope is to drift before the storm until it abates. It may continue for a few hours, or it may be interrupted for two or three days, and for those poor creatures that can find no shelter, its touch is the touch of death. If it were not for the blizzard this story would not be told.

Warren knew that he must make a trip to the town, about twenty-five miles away, to buy the winter's food; but thinking that it could be done when the weather had grown too bad for his plowing, he put the journey off from day to day until December was near at hand and the ground was frozen hard. Then, when he was getting ready for the trip his wife was seized with a severe illness, and for a week he was at her bedside as nurse.

When she was at last much better, he worked late into the night preparing for his journey. The supply of food was nearly exhausted; the flour was quite gone, and there was almost nothing in the house which the invalid could eat. Although his anxiety for his wife was great, there was nothing to be done but to leave her and the boy alone together while he went upon his errand. He meant to start very early in the morning, hoping to reach the town and make his purchases before nightfall, and to return home in the night.

But about midnight he heard a sweeping gust of wind roar in the chimney, and then another, and within a few minutes the roar was unbroken. He rose and opened the door to look out, and the harsh wind chilled him through and through in a moment. It was a sharp struggle to get the door closed again in the face of the strong blast. Dressing hurriedly, he went outside to make sure of what was happening. When he had gone to bed an hour before, the stars were shining brilliantly, but now there was no star to be seen—only a dull black sky above and the formless black prairie below.

The stable lay a few yards away from the house to the south, and as he made his way to it, the north wind upon his back forced him to run. The horses were whinnying and stamping uneasily, as if their instincts warned them of trouble. Warren closed the stable door, lighted a lantern that hung upon the wall, and busied himself in putting the harness upon the two horses he meant to drive to town, for he thought he had better start at once.

But when he opened the door again to return to the house the flame of his lantern went out, and he was thrown violently to the ground. The wind had greatly increased in strength, and his face was stung by tiny flying particles of ice. He was half-stunned by the force of his fall, and lay in the doorway for a moment before he could rise. Then he used all his strength to pull the door shut behind him, and tried to run to the house; but the riotous night seemed to be making sport of him, for instead of running he could only stagger stiffly, bending his head and shoulders low and bracing his feet upon the earth to keep himself upright.

Warren struggled so for several minutes, unable to see where he was going, but thinking he was making his way straight to the house, until at last he turned his back to the wind, and stopped to look about him. He could see neither the house nor the stable—nothing but the unbroken level of the prairie that was now whitened with snow. The air was so clouded that his eyes did not serve him beyond the range of a few yards.

He shouted with all his strength, but even while he did so he knew that he could not be heard through the tumult of the storm. Although he could never have been far from the house, he wandered round and round for many minutes until at last, by the merest accident, his foot stumbled upon the rising dome of his roof. He was so thoroughly chilled and exhausted that he must very soon have given up the struggle and lain down upon the ground to be covered by the drifting snow. When he got into the house an hour passed before the benumbing chill left him.

In deep anxiety he and his wife waited for the morning, and heard the storm increasing. The evening before Warren had brought into the house a plentiful supply of fire-wood, and there was enough wood piled outside to last for four or five days. The wood would outlast the food.

The blizzard blew until darkness came at the end of the second day. When Warren opened the door he found his house almost buried in a drift, and in the doorway a solid wall of snow rising to the top. With much labor he forced his way out, until he could stand with his head and should-

ders free. Nothing was to be seen but an unbroken expanse of snow, and as he floundered about he found that around the house it lay more than waist deep.

A weight of fear settled upon him. The sun had set an hour before, but he could see that the clouds were broken, although they were still drifting wildly with the wind. His only hope lay in the probability that there would be no further fall of snow. When he returned to the house he cooked a little of the food for his wife; then he endeavored to sleep that he might be strong for the ordeal of the morrow.

He could not guess how long it would take him to reach help, and his wife was far too weak to be left alone. So when the cold, clear morning came, he prepared to take her and the boy with him upon horseback through the snow. They might all perish of cold upon the prairies, but he thought that such a death would be easier and quicker than death by starvation.

His nearest neighbor's house was fourteen miles away, and to it he meant to go. Upon the back of one of the horses he placed his wife and boy, wrapping them about with all the blankets and bedclothing he could find; then he got upon his own horse and set off, leading the other by the bridle.

He was not an experienced plainsman, and he found the struggle even harder than he had feared. At first he tried to pick his way across the higher spots, where the snow had been somewhat blown away; but as the wind was still strong and pitilessly cold, he was forced to keep in the lower, more sheltered places where the snow was deep. This course was painfully slow, and it was also dangerous, for it made their path zigzag, and might lead them far to one side of the place they wished to reach.

The horse Warren rode was soon so fatigued that it could not go on. A horse is not at all skilful in breaking a way for itself through deep snow. Warren was forced to do what plainsmen and soldiers have often found necessary—to dismount, abandon his own horse, and go ahead on foot, breaking a trail in which the led horse could follow.

For the second time he was in some way guided aright. When night came he had reached a spot upon the river that he knew, and this told him that he had come eleven miles upon his way, and that he had but three miles farther to go. Then, while he was trying to travel upon the lee in the river, where the course was freer, and where he thought they could make greater speed, the horse slipped and fell, breaking its knee.

As Mrs. Warren could not walk her husband had to lift her upon his back and carry her, while the boy struggled along in the rear. Soon, however, the little fellow's strength was quite gone, and it was impossible for Warren to carry both; and to leave the boy where he was, without protection, would have meant speedy death.

Warren searched until he found a nook upon the river-bank where the snow lay deep, and in the snow he dug a cave with his hands large enough to hold the boy comfortably. Spreading a blanket upon the bottom of the cave, he laid the boy on it and covered him warmly; then he hung up his overcoat so as to keep the wind from entering the chamber. Dividing what remained of their food, he placed half of it beside the boy, and told him to stay within the shelter until help came; then again he took his wife upon his back and resumed his weary march.

It was not until four o'clock in the morning that he staggered to the door of his neighbor's house and found shelter and relief. His wife was benumbed almost to insensibility, nor was his own plight much better. Almost two hours passed before he could speak, and he shook with a palsy of utter fatigue. But as soon as he could eat and drink the warm nourishment that was provided for him he rallied bravely, and insisted upon leading the way back to the place where his child had been left. Before noon the party returned, bringing the boy with them, safe and sound. Then, the terrible experience being over, Warren collapsed completely, and was unable to rise out of bed for a month.

Was the pioneer discouraged? Not at all. When the winter was past those dauntless spirits returned to their home upon the lonely prairie, where they lived for many years afterward, until the boy and other children who came to the household were grown into sturdy men and women, who have lived such lives as cast no discredit upon the example of their father and mother.—Youth's Companion.

She Understood Them.

Here is an extract from a girl's essay: "People are composed of boys and girls, also men and women. Boys are good till they grow up and get married. Men who don't get married are no good either. Girls are young women who will be ladies when they graduate. Boys are an awful bother; want everything they see except soap. If I had my way half the boys would be girls and the other half dolls. My mamma is a woman and my pa is a boy. A woman is a grown-up girl with children. My pa is such a nice man that I guess he must have been a girl when he was a little boy."

Newspaper First.

A business man who in early life was a practical printer, "and was fed on advertising almost from the cradle," says that when he wants to reach a limited class of people he uses handsome booklets in addition to his newspaper advertisements, but his "main reliance is on the newspapers, which reach all kinds of people, including those to whom booklets are sent." He affirms that "no matter how useful any other form of publicity may be, nothing can take the place of the newspaper."

HINTS ABOUT HOUSEKEEPING.



Beating Wears Out Rugs.

It is an excellent thing to keep the house or apartments always spick and span, but very frequently the housewife by too frequent and vigorous cleaning is apt to do more damage than good. The average American housewife wears out her rugs by continual sweeping and beating. The plan of putting them upon a line every two weeks, or even once a month, and there having them whipped, is not to be commended if the rugs are of any value. They should be cleaned with a carpet sweeper, occasionally put upon a line and brushed and once a year sent away to be cleaned in a proper manner, or else washed at home.

Ways of Cooking Beef.

The homely bill of fare may be indefinitely varied when beef is used. Beef is the staple meat in most households because of its supposed nourishing qualities. These recipes will bring out all the best flavors of the meat:

Grilled Beef—Cut some beef in half-inch slices. Dip each in melted butter or olive oil and broil quickly over a clear fire. In a small saucepan put two tablespoonfuls of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful each of tomato and worcester sauces, a pinch of salt and pepper, one-half teaspoonful of made mustard, a little juice from an onion and one or two drops of lemon juice or vinegar. Dip each slice of meat in this. Serve on toast and pour the remainder of the sauce over each.

Beef Patties—Take underdone beef, one onion, pepper and salt, some pie crust. Cut the meat into small square pieces, chop the onion finely and mix with the meat, adding salt and pepper. Roll the crust rather thinly, cut it in rounds with a small saucer; put a little of the chopped meat on one half, fold the other over and pinch the edges together. Fry the patties in hot lard till a nice brown or bake them in a good oven; time, about twenty minutes.

Tips For the Cook.

In baking bread it is better to overdo rather than underdo the work.

To make a good digestible pie crust use cream instead of lard, and it will be light and healthful.

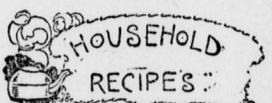
If there is not lard enough to fill the gem pan, put cold water in the empty space before setting the pan in the oven.

The rich cheeses, which have the largest percentage of fat, are those which blend well with bread in sandwiches or with macaroni or rice.

For a quick cake beat until thick four eggs. Add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cup of flour, a little cinnamon and lemon rind. Beat well and spread on a baking pan. Bake in quick oven and cut out at once.

Sweet potatoes are much richer twice cooked. Baked or boiled merely, this vegetable is good, but when the baking or boiling is followed by a subsequent cooking in the pan or in the oven they are far better.

A fine cheese pudding is made by grating five ounces of bread and three of cheese. Warm two ounces of butter in a quarter of a pint of fresh milk and mix thoroughly. Add two well-beaten eggs, salt and bake half an hour.—Lewiston Journal.



Potato Biscuit—Boil six potatoes until tender; mash them very smooth or rub them through a sieve; add when cool one cup of milk, and flour enough to roll out, adding two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; cut into small biscuits and bake in a quick oven over twenty minutes.

Baked Apples—Wash and core the apples without breaking. Fill the centres with sugar and cinnamon; turn in a cupful of water and bake slowly for an hour or an hour and a half. Put a cupful of water on the rack when the apples go into the oven. This will keep them from burning.

Denmark Pudding—Soak one cupful of pearl tapioca over night in three pints of cold water; in the morning put it in the double boiler and cook until clear, stirring often; add half a cup of sugar, one teaspoon of salt and half a cup of any red jelly; turn into a mold, stand on ice; serve with sugar and cream.

Cream Sponge Cake—Boil a pint of granulated sugar and half a cupful of water until it spins a thread. Pour slowly on yolks of eight well-beaten eggs. Beat until cold. Add juice and grated rind of an orange, half a pound of pastry flour and the stiffly beaten white of eight eggs last. Bake one hour. Ice with plain boiled icing when cool.

Cecils With Tomato Sauce—Season one cup of finely chopped rare roast beef, or steak, with salt, pepper, onion juice and table sauce; add two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, yolk one egg beaten a little; shape in the form of small croquettes and pointed at ends. Fry in deep fat or in the frying pan and serve with tomato sauce.

Why Girls Often Say "No" the First Time

By Edith Joscelyn.

It has been remarked that when a woman says "No" it should not be taken for a negative. There may be an element of truth in this statement, or there may not, I, as a girl, who thinks that she knows what she is writing about, would say that it all depends upon the character of the woman who utters the little word. If she is a poor, weak sort of creature who is certain of nothing, and who likes to hear the same thing over and over again, much after the fashion of a young mother listening to her first baby's initial utterances, she will undoubtedly say "No" when she all the time really means the very opposite.

I have known a few instances, however, in which women who knew their own minds perfectly have been impelled to say an emphatic negative when receiving an offer of marriage from a man whom they loved passionately, while conscious all the time that they would eventually say a cooling affirmative. It was this way: The men proposing were, so to speak, on trial at the bar. They were suspected of offering marriage out of pity, or out of pique, or from a sense of justice.

A woman is frequently made the recipient of an offer on these grounds, and the trick of saying "No" when the question is first put is the one and only way of discovering whether the man sincerely means what he says.

The instinct of many of us women will clearly tell us when a man is making an offer that is not genuine, but sometimes we dare not trust to our instinct; we hope against hope, and we play our fish with evasive answers until we see that he really means what he says from the bottom of his heart.

It is not long since that I met a man who told me of a friend of his who had suddenly discovered that he would be better off in many respects were he to marry. He straightaway went the round of a number of girl friends and proposed to four of them in one day! They each rejected him, as he thought, by saying "No" to the putting of the great question. But two out of the four wrote to him on the day following, accepting! In the meantime he had made a fifth proposal and had been accepted.

When a girl has been courted for an unusually long period and has at last received the long-expected proposal she will feign astonishment and will give a qualified "No." This is only her banter, and she will follow it up by laughingly explaining that she punished him because—by his delay—he punished her! Shyness or a different position in life are common causes for such delays on the part of many men.

As a rule, it may be taken for granted that no woman says "No" without reason for saying so.

One more instance: Two sisters recently fell in love with the same man, who was a close friend of their brother's. The man proposed to the younger sister, and she said "No" because she knew that her sister wanted him. Yet when, in course of time, the man made the offer of marriage to the elder sister she likewise said "No" for the identical reason—that she knew her sister wanted him. The girls' love for each other has up to the present kept the man a bachelor.

The Girl and Her Reading.

By W. D. Howells.

WHAT, then, is a good rule for a girl in her reading? Pleasure in it, as I have already said; pleasure, first, last and all the time. But as one star differs from another, so the pleasures differ. With the high natures they will be fine, and with the low natures they will be coarse. It is idle to commend a fine pleasure to the low natures, for to these it will be a disgust, as surely as a coarse pleasure to the high. But without pleasure in a thing read it will not nourish, or even fill, the mind; it will be worse provender than the husks which the swine did eat, and which the prodigal found so unpalatable.

Thence follows a conclusion that I am not going to blink. It may be asked, then, if we are to purvey a coarse literary pleasure to the low natures, seeing that they have no relish for a fine one. I should say yes, so long as it is not a vicious one. But here I should distinguish, and say farther that I think there is no special merit in reading as an occupation, or even as a pastime. I should very much doubt whether a low nature would get any good of its pleasure in reading; and without going back to the old question whether women should be taught the alphabet, I should feel sure that some girls could be better employed in cooking, sewing, knitting, rowing, fishing, playing basket ball or ping-pong than in reading the kind of books they like; just as some men could be better employed in the toils and sports that befit their sex.

I am aware that this is not quite, continuing to answer the question as to what girls should read; and I will revert to that for a moment without relinquishing my position that the cult of reading is largely a superstition, more or less baleful. The common notion is that books are the right sort of reading for girls, who are allowed also the modified form of books which we know as magazines, but are not expected to read newspapers. This notion is so prevalent and so penetrant that I detected it in my own moral and mental substance, the other day, when I saw a pretty and prettily dressed girl in the elevated train, reading a daily newspaper quite as if she were a man. It gave me a little shock which I was promptly ashamed of; for when I considered, I realized that she was possibly employed as useful and nobly as if she were reading a book, certainly the sort of book she might have chosen.—Harper's Bazar.

Three Requisites of an Orator

By Henry M. Dowling.

THREE great requisites are demanded of everyone who would speak well. He must be clear, he must be forceful, and he must please. Clearness will be secured by translation and composition. How can we speak forcibly and in a manner to excite pleasure? Anyone may avoid egregious blunders; it is the able orator who makes his speech sinewy in its strength, charming in its beauty. "Bold propositions, boldly and briefly expressed—pithy sentences, nervous common sense, strong phrases, well-compacted periods, sudden and strong masses of

light, an apt adage, a keen sarcasm, a merciless personality, a mortal thrust—these are the beauties and deformities that now make a speaker most interesting." Nothing is more artificial than the adornments in a spoken discourse. They do not necessarily arise from the peculiar attractiveness of the subject. Erskine could throw a charm about the most repulsive cases; and there may be speakers who, without strenuous effort, could render sterile and disgusting a subject boundless in suggestiveness and luxuriant in beauty. In all your compositions, oral and written, first outline the general plan of your matter, and then select portions to be embellished by chaste adornment, not in the spirit of the pulpit orator who annotated his sermon manuscript with stage directions such as, "Here weep!" but with a rational sense of the places where ornament may appropriately be inserted to clarify the thought, vitalize the argument, or arouse new interest on the part of an audience. At one point, you will decide to use a bit of vivid description of men or scenes; at another, you will mark, as proper place to thrust forward a pungent antithesis, a picturesque metaphor, or another, you will select, as affording an opportunity, a supposed speech of your adversary or of a third person, or pretend to read from an imaginary document; at a fourth, you will see to it that you express indignation and apologies to the audience for being overborne by your feelings.—Success.

The Men Who Break Down.

WHEN a man standing at the head of a vast business breaks down the papers begin to talk of the enormous pressure of modern life, especially in the lines of finance and industrial activity. There are railway Presidents who stand a great amount of business strain, but they waste none of their energies, and are temperate, as all men of great affairs must be, if they would hold their own in these busy days.

While a great business involves large responsibilities, a strong man at the head of it will be found to have selected capable assistants, often younger men with great power of resisting strain. The railway President, bank President or head of a trust, has his staff; his business is systematized, and a large part of his worth to his corporation consists in his ability to pick good men for responsible places.

When one comes to look over the list of men broken down in business it is among those having small business that the greater number will be found. The man in a small way rarely can afford to have capable assistants; he must "do it all himself," and hence worry and over-doing. There is more of a chance for brain fog in a small shop or agency than in a big business.