



FOR THE CHILDREN

A THREE-LEGGED RACE.

Our school was getting up an athletic tournament, and a prize was offered for a three-legged race. Phil Bailey and I were poor runners and fencers, but we thought we saw a chance of capturing the prize, so we entered our names.

The trophy was a bat and ball, and we wanted both the worst way. So we practiced constantly, and as far from the school as possible.

There was a certain meadow, known as the Mill Meadow, which suited our purpose admirably. It was bounded by the mill-stream on one side and by a thicket on the other, the thicket lying between the meadow and the road. There was small chance of our being disturbed or even observed. At the end of the week we were fairly proficient, overcoming to a great extent the awkwardness of running without free play for our legs. We gradually drew the knots tighter till at last we ran with our legs properly fastened.

"We'd better have a good spin to-day," said Phil, one Thursday afternoon. "I can't come to-morrow."

"All right," I said, "let's go round the meadow without stopping."

"No; we'd much better go straight up as hard as we can go. The course is only one hundred and fifty yards, you know."

"Fire away, then," I cried, putting my arm on his shoulder.

We started well, and made the length of the field in good time. Then, after a rest, we started to go back.

I think I was the first to hear the sound of galloping behind us. I glanced round.

About a hundred yards off, possibly rather more was a bull making for us at a heavy but rapid gallop.

I gave a cry. Phil turned round to see the reason. The action interfered with our united progress and we came heavily to the ground.

For a moment this seemed to crown our misfortune, but it was not so. In our fall the fastening at our knees became loosened; a strong pull wrenched it off. The handkerchief round our ankles still held, however, and there was no time to try and get it off; we had tied it with a complicated knot.

We scrambled to our feet again in less time than ever before, but the three or four seconds had given the bull time to lessen his distance considerably.

"For the water!" I cried, "quick!"

It was our only chance. The meadow was so long we could not possibly have reached the mill in safety. But the breadth of the field was comparatively small; could we but gain the water we might hope for escape.

As luck would have it, we started badly; I tried to take the first step with my right foot, Phil with his left. We just escaped another fall. Then we got into step and set off for the mill stream.

How we raced along! If we had been running for the prize we should have won it for a dead certainty. But nearer and nearer came the footsteps of our pursuer, which still further added to our fright by a bellow.

But we reached the water's edge in good time, some thirty yards ahead of the bull. We could both swim well, in fact, our bathing place was a little higher up the same stream. Even had we never been in the water in our lives, I doubt if we should have hesitated on the present occasion; as it was, we just plunged in head first.

I never felt a stranger sensation than on rising. We were accustomed to running with our legs tied together, and thought nothing of it. But swimming tied to another fellow, like Siamese twins, is a very different thing. I thought my leg was coming off as Phil and I kicked in opposite directions.

Fortunately the bull stopped on seeing us disappear, so we had nothing further to fear from that quarter. It seemed more probable that we should drown than be gored, for it was impossible to keep still, and every kick pulled one or the other of us under.

However, we struggled to the bank, which was not far off, and, half choked, pulled ourselves up by the grass and rushes just as a man from the mill came running up.

"Why, what have you tied your legs together for?" he asked, in wonder.

"Have they hobbled you to prevent your running away?"

We explained when we recovered breath.

The explanation did not satisfy the querist, who had never heard of athletic sports, and could not understand why we did not race separately so as to see which would win, instead of tied together, when neither could come in first.

We did not catch cold, but were quite expert on the evening fall, when we reaped the reward of our practice and won easily. I might perhaps mention that we were the only couple that kept their feet for twenty yards, so we could have walked in and still been victors.

Paul Blake.

Electing a President

Politics! Politics! Politics!

For months we have had it as a daily diet, and will continue to have for some time to come. But why shouldn't we? Isn't it the privilege as well as duty of every American to be informed about every detail of his government. Where each man is a sovereign and has as much voice in the running of his country as any other man, it is extremely important that he exercise that right and keep in touch with the affairs of his time. What American boy, who is alive, can live in these stirring times and not be intensely interested? We know one who is. He is ours, the one you have all heard about. To say he is interested in expressing it too mildly. He is absorbed even to the point of excitement. But, oh! The questions he asks! He would take a dozen philosophers to answer him. The long-suffering father tries to, but succeeds only partially. As political events follow one another in rapid succession, he gets completely bewildered with such expressions as "platform," "conventions," "electors," "tariff," "Democratic," "Republican," "Populist," "protection," "free trade," etc., etc.

The father has endeavored to simplify the whole field of politics, with what success we will leave to our readers to decide.

The national party conventions have naturally attracted the young man most strongly. Learning from the papers that the object of these conventions was to decide on candidates for President and Vice-President, he wanted to know all about how it was done. "The importance of this event," the electing of a President of the United States, can be realized by noting that the whole country is absorbed in it," said the father. "This occurrence every four years, brings out the best energy and ability of the nation. And why? Why, in a country where all are free and equal, should the electing of a new man to office be of so much moment?"

"Such questions are very simple to ask, but very difficult to answer. The main reason is that each candidate is only the representative of a political party. To elect him President means to place a certain party in charge of the most important branch of the government. Each party represents certain principles and it is expected that the President will carry these principles into execution. The chief executive, as he is called, has the power to appoint foreign consuls and ambassadors, postmasters etc., and it would be perfectly natural for him to appoint men of his own way of thinking and who are from his own party, so all of these things tend to make the advent of a new President of absorbing interest to every American."

"How is it done?"

"Each party is carefully organized in each district there are some Democrats, some Republicans. The active men among the Democrats meet and hold what is called a caucus or primary. The Republicans do the same. These primary meetings are carried on like any organized meetings, under rules similar to a debating society. These rules are known as parliamentary law. A chairman, secretary and other officers are appointed. Every one has the right to speak free ly."

"At these primaries men are selected as delegates. These delegates meet in what is called a convention. Each party has a convention composed of delegates from all over the state, thus each party has a state convention. But each party also sends delegates to what is called a national convention which meets every four years."

"Do they elect the President?"

"Oh, no! They select the men who are the best representatives of their principles as their candidates for President and vice president. Before doing this, however, they make a declaration of the party's principles. This is known as the platform. To give you some idea of what this is like, I will give you just a small portion of the last Democratic platform adopted at Chicago in June, 1892:

"The representatives of the Democratic party of the United States, in national convention assembled, do reaffirm their allegiance to the principles of the party as formulated by Jefferson and exemplified by the long and illustrious line of his successors in Democratic leadership from Madison to Cleveland."

"This preamble continues for a little and then the principles of the party are taken up, beginning with the elections bill. Then comes the tariff question. On this subject it says:

"We denounce Republican protection as a fraud, a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties ex-

cept for the purpose of revenue, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the government when honestly and economically administered."

"These platforms are far too long for me to repeat all, but here is the way the Republicans read. After the introduction or preamble, as it is called, it says:

"We reaffirm the American doctrine of protection. We call attention to its growth abroad. We maintain that the prosperous condition of our country is largely due to the wise revenue legislation of the Republican Congress. We believe that all articles which cannot be produced in the United States, except luxuries, should be admitted free of duty, and that on all imports coming into competition with the products of American labor there should be levied duties equal to the difference between wages abroad and at home, etc."

"What do they do after the convention?" asked the boy.

"As soon as the conventions are over and it is known what each party stands for and who its candidates are the campaign opens. Each party tries to gain the greater influence with the voters. Each tries to show the people the benefits that will follow if it is placed in power."

"This campaign is often far from being as upright and manly as it ought to be. Instead of confining itself to educating the people to understand their duty, personalities are often introduced and the records and characters of the opposing candidates are often slyly pulled to pieces. This continues until election; and right here is an important item—we do not vote directly for President or vice president, but for men called electors."

"Of course, we always know the next morning after election day, who is elected; because a Democratic elector will always vote for the Democratic candidate for President, and a Republican elector will always vote for a Republican candidate. So we know that if a majority of Democratic electors have been voted for, the Democrats will be President."

"These electors have to meet, and go through the formality of voting. This is often known as the electoral college, and each state is allowed as many electors as it has senators and representatives in congress. These electors vote for two men, one for President, one for vice president. According to the constitution of the United States, only one of these men may be a resident of the same state. That means that both President and vice president cannot come from the same state."

"A list of the votes is then made, signed, sealed and sent to the congress in Washington. Here, in the presence of the senate and house of representatives, the president of the senate opens the packages and counts the votes. The man who has the greatest number of votes is elected, if that number is a majority of the votes cast."

"What do you mean by majority?"

"A majority is more than half. Suppose, for instance, that the total number of votes were 600, and there were only two candidates, a Democrat and a Republican. If the Republican received 301 votes, and the Democrat 299, the Republican would win; but only by a majority of one, because 300 is just half of 600. The difference between the two numbers is two. This is called a plurality. Now, when two candidates run, there would always be a majority, except in the case of a tie, but when three or more candidates are running it becomes much more complicated. For instance, suppose that out of the 600 votes cast the results should be like this: Democrat, 250; Republican, 225; Prohibition, 75; Populist, 50; total, 600. In this case, although the Democratic candidate has a plurality of 25, he has no majority and would not be elected."

"What would they do then?"

"Congress would immediately select the President, but in so doing the constitution allows each state only one vote, and a majority of the states is necessary to a choice."

"But suppose there shouldn't be a majority?"

"Then the congress is allowed until the following 4th of March to select one. If no one receives a majority before that time, the vice president becomes President."

"Can anybody run for President, papa?"

"Anyone who was born in the United States, is 35 years old and has lived here for fourteen years can run if there is that awful little word again—he can get some kind national convention to nominate him."

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A RIDE WITH DOGS.

A NOVEL TEAM USED BY A MINNESOTA MAN.

Traveled to California With Wife and Child Drawn by Six Dogs—Two Hired Mules on the Railroad—Over Long Trail.

Mr. and Mrs. Blandy are a Minnesota couple who have just made a most remarkable journey. Leaving their home at Brainerd, Minn., one year ago, with their baby boy, then four years old, they have traveled by dog team clear to Sweetbrier, in that far-off state.

The Blandys wanted to make a trip to the Pacific coast. They wanted to go leisurely, so as to see the country. Economy was an object, as was also an opportunity to earn something en route. So Mr. Blandy and his wife decided to travel by dog team.

"Dogs are used in the arctic regions," argued Mr. Blandy, "why not in the temperate zone?"

No one advanced conclusive reasons against his novel project, and Mr. Blandy proceeded to fit up his conveyance. This consists of a small spring wagon with one seat and covered with canvas, the whole outfit weighing 210 pounds with the baggage of the travelers. Mrs. Blandy and her baby occupied the seat, while Mr. Blandy sits in front on a roll of blankets and a tent, from which perch he drives his dogs. These are six in number, huge cross-bred St. Bernard and Newfoundland, powerful of muscle and kind of disposition. In the rear of the wagon is a rack of shelves, containing dishes and provisions, while pots, kettles and an oil stove are hung from hooks above the rack. The back end of the wagon is made to let down and supported by a stick, serving as a dining table.

When seen by a representative of the San Francisco Call in the camp at Sweetbrier, Mr. Blandy had a tin can and a paint brush in hand, and was "going the rounds" among his dogs, painting their feet with tannate of glycerine to prevent sensitiveness. I learned this at college," Mr. Blandy will tell you, "when I engaged in athletic sports and my feet became sensitive." When traveling over rough roads he makes applications of this preparation every evening to insure his animals against suffering, and the faithful creatures seem to like the operation, for they look at their master with gratitude and affection.

"These dogs are far ahead of any horses," Mr. Blandy said, emphatically, when some one suggested that Shetland ponies would be preferable. "Why, dogs will carry you through the snow to a safe, warm place and horses would give out on you. And didn't we travel 210 miles on the railroad. Horses couldn't walk them and carry you over long treks a mile and three-quarters in length as our dogs did. I wouldn't take 50 horses for one of our dogs. Would I, Bruce?" and he patted a great shaggy, yellow dog on the head.

When the Blandys set out from Brainerd, Minn., with their queer rig and \$25 in cash to attempt this unusual undertaking many people declared it was impossible. No wagers were made, no time limits were given. Mr. and Mrs. Blandy simply started out to do what they were confident they could accomplish—namely, to be drawn across the continent by dogs for the purpose of seeing the country, earning their living as they progressed. And so they pushed along, following the Northern Pacific railroad, and not being pressed for time, they traveled at a speed that was convenient to the character of the country they crossed—never traveling less than ten miles a day, reaching a daily maximum of 52 miles (at one time covering 88 miles in two days and stopping in towns to sell pictures or pick up a few dollars by palming advertisements on the canvas of their wagon.

The Blandys always leave towns amid a roar of cheers and laughter. When they are about to start Mr. Blandy walks among his dogs, and, stooping down, adjusts all their feet so as to prevent the entanglement of limbs in harness, quickly steps into the low wagon, seats himself in the bedding and tent, and, with lines in hand, he calls to the dogs, and they are off.

There is nothing slow about these dogs—they trot off at a good gait, raising a big dust, and never walking except when climbing hills. When asked if he ever walks Mr. Blandy replied: "It would take a professional runner to keep up with my dogs," but, perhaps, he finds the speed up hill sometimes convenient for his own walking and his dogs' pulling. At any rate, all the wonder-stricken villagers give the Blandys a screaming send-off when they are favored with a visit. You may hear some one in the crowd remark that "Blandy ought to be arrested for cruelty to animals," but a look at the well-fed and well-groomed dogs belies these words.

Worth Remembering.

In the woods we see that amongst the mosses and brambles there is no jostling or heart burning. The elderberry on the edge of the swamp is not anxious to be the barberry beside the stone wall. The lichen clings with fond tenacity to its own place on the rock. The chestnuts and the oaks show no dissatisfaction with their qualities and situations. An expression of content reigns supreme in the forest. The trees stand in their places where God plants them, and their roots down to drink in the water courses of the earth, lift their leaves up to drink in the upper air, away and yield to every wind that beats them, drop their yellow foliage without a cry.

BRILLIANTS.

Self-conceit is the worst enemy Religion and reason never destroy. Bigotry is not peculiar to religion. Many a God-sent affliction has been a bribe to check presumption. When in private we are overheard by God. Notoriety is cheap to get, but dear to keep. Love is the one universal badge of the Christian. Christ did for man what the Greater did for matter. There is nothing truly "God-forsaken" in the world. Love's flowers are our feelings; its fruits are our deeds. It is better to go home on foot than to prison in a palace car. It is always easier to recognize a