



To-day is the Day

# Uneeda Biscuit

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

COMPANIC

\$1.75 A YEAR.

EY, Billy! Whar you goin'? You surely don't want to pack old cannon! Why, I wouldn't be seen in the dark, even, totin' it!" Squire Cat-lett's eyes twinkled as they

rested on his son.

Billy was out of proportion to the gun he was loading. It was a double-barrelled duck gun, long and heavy enough for a very big man; but the boy a very big man; but the boy only gave the ramord an extra bounce as he answered, over his shoulder, "I'm goin' out in the neck of the woods, makin' believe I'm hog-huntin'; but what I'm really after is 'Long Beard,' I want him for Christmas dinner.''
"Sure enough?" Squire Catlett asked, in merry sarcasm, pulling off his hat.

asked, in merry sureasm, pulling off his hat.

"Sure enough," Billy echoed, laughing himself. "You may laugh, pap, but I'm just bound to have him—that's why I've put in extra powder and a double handful of mustard-seed shot."

"So! Well, I'd a heap rather be before your gun than behind it," his father said. "If'll kiek like a steer, and them little shot can't do more than sting anything beyond the size of a sparrow. But if you find the listed sow, and tole her home with her litter, you shall have half the pigs she mises, so you had better let off huntin' anything else this time."
"I want the pigs and Long Beard,"

"I want the pigs and Long Beard, too," Billy said, saucily, running down the steps with the cannon over his shoulder.

his shoulder.

He carried, besides, shot-gourd and
powder-horn slung across his chest,
and had ears of corn crammed in all
the pockets of his greateoat. Nevertheless, he walked so fast that he
came to the woods all in a glow,
eithered, it was become, and the although it was December and the day nipping cold.

Billy loved the woods dearly, yet

Billy loved the woods dearly, yet he wished they had been cut down before he was born. Then fire from his father's new ground could not have crept into them and swept through to burn up all Major Dancy's outside force.

outside fence.

That was enough to exasperate any man, yet even that could not be accepted as a warrant for the hot and hard things Major Dancy had said of his

careless neighbor.

Billy had heard all about the quarrel, although it began when he was a baby. He stood up stoutly for his father, yet could not help sighing sometimes. The Dancy boys, Tom and Jack, were his best chums at school, and it was freadfully awkward to like fellows so much when you could not go to see them or have them in your own house.

He knew it was of no use to say anything: careless neighbor.

He knew it was of no use to say anything; the quarrel grew worse and worse every year. That was why the neck of woods still stood untouched. Neither of its two owners would clear a foot of it, because each wanted it to shut out sight of all the other's belongings. Since it lay out in commons, everybody's stock was free to use it. Indeed, the Catlett hogs seemed to take a mischievous pleasure in rooting on the wrong side of the line. The Dancy pigs, not to be outdone, ran, grunting and sniffing, almost every day up and down the Catlett boundary fence. Both droves fed and harbored a good deal in the flat woods from which the neck ran out. It had different soil and timber—the earth, a lively chocolate loan, light and sweet-smelling, nourished hickoryand beech-trees, besides oaks, whereas the flat

and beech-trees, besides oaks, whereas the flat woods had black mold, a trifle sour, and grew, for the most part, only oaks of bitter mast. The listed sow, after being three days invisi-ble, had come up to morning call, showing plainly that she was suckling a fine young family. After a big breakfast she whisked out

family. After a big breakfast she whisked out of sight, running back to the pigs, left snug in the bed. Billy meant to find her and tole her home, with her litter squealing at her heels.

The corn was for the toling. He would shell off a few grains at a time, and drop them in front of the sow's nose, thus keeping her inching forward till he brought her to the draw-bars. He must look for her in the very thickest woods, where the warm light beech leaves were most plentiful and the beechmast not yet more than half-decoursed. The listed sow had a fine





THE GOBBLER STOOD WITH HIS HEAD UP, EVIDENTLY LISTENING

Long Beard. It was indeed the beechnuts that drew Long Beard out of the flat woods, his usual haunt and harbor. He had come for them now four winters, his beard growing longer and brushier all the time.

He was a wild turkey-gobbler, the leader, and in a way the remnant, of a scant flock. His beard almost swept the ground; he had It is beard almost swept the ground; he main the finest bronze-black coat with green fire playing over it, and was so tall and heavy that he looked really formidable when standing upright. Somehow, throughout the pleasant weather, he managed to hide, but from Novem-ber to April he was seen nearly every week, either scratching for beechnuts or pecking and neletive zende object the cut and but strakes are

ettner scratening for becoming or peecing and picking round about the coat and hay stacks, set where the clear fields joined the woods. He was always alone, and had of course been hunted times without number. Squire Callett had sent the gobbler's own weight in lead vainly after him. Other mighty hunters had been as valuely:

Major Dancy, on the other hand, affected scorn of Long Beard. This winter he even said that his own tame gobbler, Nicodemus, was bigger, fatter, of sweeter flesh than any wild bird that ever flew.

The saying was not wholly unreasonable.

The saying was not wholly unreasonable. Through using and nesting in the woods, every-body's turkeys round about were so crossed with the wild strain that they were hardly distinguishable from birds truly wild. And Nicodemus, always a fine fellow, now at three years old was a giant indeed.

He was to be setten on Christmas, but there

He was to be eaten on Christmas, but there He was to be eaten on Christmas, but there was no need of fattening him. Every day he led his flock into the woods for a nut feast, stopping by the way at the corn-pile, or marching through the field of standing stalks to feed

off a few grains at a time, and drop them in front of the sow's nose, thus keeping her inching forward till he brought her to the draw-bars.

He must look for her in the very thickest woods, where the warm light beech leaves were is most plentiful and the beechmast not yet more than half-devoured. The listed sow had a fine knack of bed-hiding. Billy was glad of it. It gave him all the better chance to come up with

and handsomer.

Tom and Jack hoped to get the money. They had built a turkey -coop beside the most sequestered oat stacks, builed it lavishly, and were keeping the closest watch on it.

Turkeys are simple birds. Feeding down a baited trail that leads into a tunnel, when they

come up through it inside a big coop they have not wit enough to go out as they came in, but run round and round, sticking their heads through the cracks, or flutter wildly upward against the top. In the old time it was nothing for a well-set and well-batted coop to trap a whole flock. But that commonly happened at the end of winter, when the birds had much ado to live, much less thrive.

ado to live, much less thrive.

Billy's mind was made up to build a coop
also, provided he did not get at least a shot at
Long Beard. He went very quietly, after he
reached the woods, taking care not to stumble
or step on crackling twigs.

The woods were silent yet full of sound, the
finest rustling echoes too faint to be noted and
constant. Bill's beach disturbed them. All

separated. Billy's breath disturbed them. All unconsciously he drew it in more lightly. By the time he had come to the middle of the neck, in the little hollow where beeches stood thickest, the fine icy airs ruffling the treetops sounded to his straining ears like the rush of a storm.

to his straining ears mee me rush of a soon.

He stopped, set a hand back of one ear, and listened harder than ever. Certainly he heard something stir out in front, a little way off. He looked to right and left. Everywhere he saw only tree trunks—straight boles, rising columnwise to a groined and fretted roof of bare boughs. There was no undergrowth. The leaves lay in even spread, yellow, fading red, brown and russet, all over the face of the earth. Suddenly a crow cawed three times. The

rustling grew stronger. As Billy stood still he shelled off a handful of corn. He threw it widely round him, shelled a second handful, scattered it also, then took up his gun and crept forward. If the noise came from the listed sow he would set her corn gathering where he stood, while he made a cast

about, looking for Long Beard.

He had hardly shaped the thought in mind when he saw her black nose pointed straight for him and heard her squeal a little, hungry squeal. In half a minute she was at his knees, a minute she was at his knees, begging gutturally to be fed. He shelled more corn, flung it all about, and as soon as she was fairly eating, slipped away, with an ear only half-shelled showing conspicuously in one pocket.

The ruffling wind strengthened and broke up the low gray clouds. A straggling sunbeam shot through the trees and glinted back, full in Billy's eyes, faintly, to be sure, but unmistakably, from something shiny twenty yards ahead.

He stood still, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, and looked with

like a trip-hammer, and looked with all his eyes. The sun was low; again he caught the glint, but this

again he caught the glint, but this time from another place. The shiny thing was in motion. He crept cautiously forward, gained the shelter of a big beech trunk, and peering round it, saw—Long Beard.

The gobbler stood with his head up, evidently listening. The wind was blowing from him to Billy, otherwise he would long ago have been off. But some fluttering sound had reached him and disturbed his hunt for bechnuts. The leaves all had reached him and disturbed his hunt for beechnuts. The leaves all about him were ruftled and ragged with his vigorous scratchings. He was looking past Billy's tree. The instant he saw the hunter he would spread the strong - sweeping wings that had saved him from so many older and better marksmen.

But the boy was bound to have a shot, even a hopeless one. Cocking his gun, he slid from behind the trunk and let fly—not at Long Beard, but at the place experience had told him Long Beard would be in the next second.

in the next second.

The blurring boom filled all the neck, but through the fire and smoke, nees, but through the fire and smoke, despite a kick that left his shoulder numb, Billy saw Long Beard, with a running leap, rise and sail through the tree trunks straight in the teeth of the wind.

It was indeed the beechnuts that learn of the flat woods, his and harbor. He had come for unwinters his beyond peradventure that Nicodemus was bigger and handsomer.

he fired again.

This time Long Beard, in full sweep, checked, fluttered madly, and came down with a flopping swoop, not to lie still, but to leap and bounce, now on his back, now on his side, often with claws in air, and working convulsively all the time. He was stunned, clearly hit, although perhaps not mortally.

Billy nonned myon him, wrung his work.

perhaps not mortally.

Billy pounced upon him, wrung his neck, and swung him over his shoulder, whooping triumphantly. Then, quite disdaining the listed sow, he struck out for the mill road that ran through the neck. It was the longer way home, yet much the best. He could never lug nome, yet muon the best. He could never lug
that monster over tree roots and leaves mid-leg
deep. Besides, he had an unconscious hope
that on the road he might somehow chance to
meet Tom and Jack. Much as he liked them,
he was boy enough to thirst for this triumph
over them.

Eith: varyls after he come into the word he.

over them.

Fifty yards after he came into the road he heard hoofs and voices in confused medley. They came on very fast, and almost before he knew it, Tom and Jack had got down and were standing on each side of him, openmouthed and a trifle crestfallen, saying in the same breath, while their father looked on, frowning:

the same breath, while their father looked on, frowning:
"Billy! How—how did you get him?"
"Shot him," Billy said, trying to speak in the easy, offhand way his father used to mask a special triumph.
Jack enthusiastically hugged Long Beard, crying, "I believe he's heavier'n I am! Let's go weigh him, Billy," while Tom, somewhat sobered by his father's impatient eye, only asked, "Where did ye hit him, Billy? I don't see any blood."
"I didn't ston to look, Was too 'fraid he'd

"I didn't stop to look. Was too 'fraid he'd get up and run off before I could wring his neck," Billy said, sticking his hands in his ockets.

As he brought them out again the half-shelled

ear of corn came with them. Major Dancy looked at it sharply, and said, satirically: "I see! Billy shelled corn down at his feet

and picked up the gobbler when he came to eat it. 'Like we do Nicodemus!'' Jack shouted,

Tom looked troubled. 'We can't find Nicodemus,' he said. 'Have you seen him, Billy? laughing heartily. demus," he said. "Have you seen him, Billy? He ain't with the other turkeys. We just now found them all together,—came out, you know, to drive 'em home,—and we're lookin' for him.

This is all the turkey I've seen," Billy

"This is all the turkey I've seen," Billy said, stoulty, but with a sinking heart. "I shot him back yonder under the beech-trees—"
"Let's see where you hit him. That will settle it," Major Dancy said, getting down and beginning to rumple feathers all over the big

He could find no shot mark anywhere. Billy, by this time very white, began to snatch out reckless handfuls of feathers. Major Dancy had said nothing, yet from his face Billy did not doubt that he believed him a thief—a mean, not doubt that he beneved min a thiel—a mean, lying thief, who, having snared a tame fowl, had made up a clumsy, vaunting story of shooting a wild one.

"Stop! You ought to let your father see your turkey in all its glory. He'll be—proud of you, no doubt," Major Dancy said.

Billy looked at him appealingly, and bravely well-lored the lumn in his throat before he

swallowed the lump in his throat before he said, "I can't stop, major. I'm bound to find out where I hit. If I don't you'll always think —"

"Never mind what we think—my boys and I," Major Dancy said. "We must be going, I," Major Dancy said. "We must be go and you had better get on home." He spoke with his foot in the stirrup. Is sprang at him, caught him, and wheeled

him about, saying yet more imploringly
"You—you mustn't go, major! Thi
—if it was one of your boys!"

—if it was one of your boys!"
Major Dancy tried hard to keep his skeptical feeling. He could not do it. Something very like pity crept into his eyes as the three boys, working all together, picked the gobbler clean, without finding anywhere the least trace of shot. shot

When at last the big carcass showed bare, with its shields of yellow fat against the darkening pink, there was genuine compassion in the voice that said, "Pepper him with a light load, Billy, and tell the folks at home you picked him to make

iouss at home you picked him to make him lighter."
''You think it's Nicodemus. It—it may be—but I did shoot him for Long Beard!" Billy cried, his face whiter than Beard!" Billy cried, his face whiter than ever. "I won't lie about it, least of all to my pappy. I'm goin' to tell him the whole truth —"

whole truth—"
"Better not! It'll mean—trouble. We have had enough," Major Dancy said, folding his arms. "Come on, boys! It's high time for us to be taking our turkeys

"You can take this one, too. I sha'n't ever touch it—unless I can prove—'' Billy began. He was fairly choking at the last word, but it was not that which stopped him, but Jack's

'I've found it! I've found it!

"I've found it! I've found it! The shot! Right here back of the head—in the rough skin—with no feathers!"
"You look!" Billy said, trembling like a leaf, his eyes on Major Dancy, who caught up the gobbler and ran his finger over its head. At the back, just where skull and neck joined, he felt a tiny hard pellet, so tiny the break it had made in the skin was nearly invisible. In a trice he had slit the skin with his penknife, and was looking at a single mustard-seed shot, and was looking at a single mustard-seed shot, firmly embedded in the almost bare skull. It had struck the exact spot to stun and disable the big bird. Billy's ready grip had done the

'O Billy, I'm so glad!" Jack said, hugging

"O Birly, I'm so guar!" Jack stath, nuggar his playmate. Tom held out his hands. So did Major Dancy. He was a hard man in many things, but with a heart underneath. "I'm ashamed of myself, Billy, so much ashamed I can hardly ask you to forgive my suspecting you," he said. "We've fought,— your father and I,—but I ought to have known anything was more possible than for Catlett blood to lie or cheat. What can I do or say to make it up to you? You can't ask anything too hard."

"Then—let's all be friends—like it used to be," Billy said, very low. be," Billy said, very low. He could not see anything very clearly. As he spoke he shook so that he had to lean on his gun.

Major Dancy also was disturbed. For a minute he kept silence, his face working. Then he caught Billy's hands in a warm clasp, saying:

'If we're not, it sha'n't be my fault! Tom. Jack, you get on my horse. Billy and I take your two. I'm going home with him take your two.

'Wait! I want to look in our coop!" Jack wat: I want to look in our coop: Jacks said, darting away, with Tom at his heels.

In five minutes they were back triumphant, with Nicodemus, safe and sound, huddled in

Tom's arms.
"He found the coop all right! Didn't you,

old man 9" Tom shouted.

old man?" Tom shoulest.

Billy could not get whiter, but suddenly he spun round like a top, and fell all in a heap.

But in a minute he was himself again.

was no more talk of any separation. Instead, place of honor, and both families sitting round all four went up to the Catlett house.

What happened afterward is immaterial, except as to results. The first of them was a Christmas dinner, with Long Beard in the friends.

## A SPECIAL COURSE IN THANKSGIVING



LULU LINTON

might have been at home instead of being here, but she had chosen to stay at the college for a Thanksgiving reception, thinking to reach home in time for the family dinner by taking the mixed train that carried both freight and passengers by a shorter route than the one she usually travelled.

usually travelled.

She had been the only passenger when the dilapidated old engine had broken down, a mile up the road. Then she had walked to the village, while the trainmen had gone back to the nearest telegraph-station to send for another engine.

They could not hope to go on for several hours, and Christine stood by the window of the country store that served as a railway-station, looking disconsolately out upon the long stretch | but Christine looked up with pleasure, for

at the little station twenty miles from the college and twenty miles from home. The worst part of it was that there was no one for Christine Gray to blame for it all. She You'll have sent me right back after you. You'll have plenty of time to go over and eat your dinner before the train gets here. It's pretty muddy, and I saw you didn't have any overshoes, so I brought mother's along. They'll be too big, but I'll tie 'em on.''
Christine stammered out her thanks for the

invitation, feeling that any change would be a relief from the atmosphere of the store, and put out her foot for the man, who was kneeling, ready to tie on the shoes. It was well that the overshoes were large, for her shoes, with their thick soles, almost filled them. The man tied them carefully.

"Now we can make it all right," he said. Come on!"

She followed down the muddy road, splashing along, almost to the tops of the overshothey came to the last house in the row.

The house was no better than its neighbors,



TABLE-CLOTH WAS COARSE AND THE DISHES WERE COMMON

of muddy road, bordered on each side by old, woman stood in the doorway, with a smiling little unpainted houses If there had ever been any beauty in the little

If there had ever been any beauty in the little village it had vanished when the draw November wind and rain had beaten the leaves from the trees and vines that had kindly hidden the defects. And now the barren ugliness did not make a pleasing view.

The view inside had been even less pleasing. however. The genial storekeeper had offered her a backless chair near the stove, but every available box and barrel had been occupied by loafers, who stopped squirting tobacco juice at the rusty stove to stare at her, until she rose and took her stand by the window.

Christine's usually sunny temperament was shrouded in gloom, and she was thinking bitterly that Thanksgiving was all foolishness, onterly that Thanksgiving was an footismess, after all. What was the use of celebrating it, and travelling miles just to eat dinner? She had not really cared to go home, when life was so gay at the college; and the football game, the event of the season, was to be played in the afternoon.

atternoon.

She wished that her mother had not written that pleading letter, making her feel that she could not refuse. Here she was, twenty miles from anywhere, in a rude crowd, tired, hungry and cross. A pretty state of mind for Thanks-giving day! Christine did not feel that she had a single thing to be thankful for

A gray-haired man came into the store and asked for his mail. The storekeeper, who was asset for his man. The storeseper, who was also postmaster, handed out a letter, which the man grasped eagerly. He turned to leave the store, and glanced curiously at Christine. Going back, he talked in a low tone with the storekeeper for a moment.

They were talking about her, Christine felt

sure, for she caught the sentence, "Engine broke down, an' she's got to wait until another comes along." The man passed her again with "Engine a curious glance, and Christine's face flushed the supposed rudeness.
The loafers were going home to their dinners.

Glancing at her watch, Christine saw that it was after eleven o'clock. Soon she would have to purchase the lunch which the storekeeper had assured her some time before that he could

welcome on her plain face.
"I'm so glad you came!" she said, cordially,

"I'm so glad you came!" she said, cordially, while the overshoes were being untied. "We were so lonesome without Faith, and it will seem almost as if she had come, to have a girl at the table with us. Faith is our daughter," she explained, while Christine was removing her wraps. "She's away out in Colorado for her health, and we miss her so; but we're so thankful that she can live, even there." Christine looked about the quaint sitting-room, and found herself wondering how any one could feel very thankful who lived in such a place. But the house, with its scanty furniture, was clean, and the unexpected kindness had restored Christine's good temper, so she entered into the spirit of the occasion, and was so sweet and friendly that the two old people

so sweet and friendly that the two old people fairly beamed with delight.

The woman bustled about the kitchen for a

time, and then called them out to dinner. To be sure, the dining-room was only one end of the tiny kitchen, the clean white table-cloth was coarse and the dishes were common; but when the gray-haired man took his Bible and read a psalm of thanksgiving, Christine forgot all this

The repetition of the sentence, "For his mercy endureth for ever," read in a reverent mercy endurent for ever," read in a reverent tone, made their grateful worship seem very earnest to her. Then he offered thanks for the plain little home, for the dear daughter who was so far away, for the frugal meal, and for the privilege given them of sharing it with the young stranger.

Christine's eyes were dim when she raised her head to join in the Thanksgiving meal, and she determined to be worthy of the kindness and respect they had shown her.

After the dinner, when they were sitting round the cheerful little grate fire, they told her the story of Faith: how they had worked and saved to send her through school at home, then through the high school in the next town; of her bright prospects as a teacher in the little of her bright prospects as a teacher in the little home village; how she had saved her money for a college course; then how her health had failed, and the doctors had ordered her to Colorado as a last resort. She had taken the long trip alone, for the money would all be needed to keep her there. The months had been so long without her! But her letters told of gradually returning health, and if she could not return to her home, it was still a blessed privilege to have such a ith Nicodemus, safe and sound, huddled in om's arms.

"He found the coop all right! Didn't you, of man?" Tom shouted.

Billy could not get whiter, but suddenly heur round like a top, and fell all in a heap, ut in a minute he was himself again.

After Nicodemus had been duly loosed, there

daughter, even so far away, and they felt that

dudginer, even so har away, and deey left that God had been good to them in sparing her life. "Maybe she'd like to hear Faith's letter, the one we got this morning," the gray-haired man suggested. And when Christine assured them that she would like it, the mother, adjusting her spectacles, read the letter aloud. It was bright and cheerful throughout, and at its close

I want you to celebrate Thanksgiving just as usual, for we have so much to be thankful for. Put my plate on the table, and at noon I want father to read the one hundred and thirtysixth psalm, for surely His mercy endureth forever toward us. I shall know how the table forever toward us. I shall know how the table looks, and I can hear father reading, across all the miles that lie between us. It seems some-times that people are losing sight of the true meaning of Thanksgiving, From the news-papers one would think that it meant only turkey dimers and football." Christine wines over this. "But we know what it means, don't we? How can people be ungrateful who meanly to fifty my their vices to Him. Whose are able to lift up their voices to Him, Whose mercy endureth forever?"

Just as the mother finished reading the letter

a shrill whistle in the distance announced the coming train.

Christine tried to thank her new-found friends

for their kindness, but the mother said:
"You have been a blessing to two lonesome old people. I'll write to Faith about you. It'll do her good."

o her good."
"I will write to her, too," Christine said.
I want to tell her about my visit."
Then she added, as she stooped to kiss the
other's worn face, "You have helped me
more than I could possibly have helped
you." you.

After waving a cheery good-by from the car window, Christine settled back in her seat for the tedious trip, but her thoughts

seat for the tedious trip, but her thoughts were pleasant ones.

At dusk of Thanksgiving day the wheezy old engine, after many side-track-ings and unloadings of freight along the way, pulled into the station where Chris-tine's father and mother were waiting.

tine's father and mother were waiting.

She hugged and kissed them rapturously, and when her mother said, "We must hurry home now; dinner is waiting. We could not eat it without you, dear," she gave her mother another kiss, out of sheer gladness that she meant as much to her parents as did Faith to the parents who had been compelled to eat dinner at Thankseying without her.

Thanksgiving without her.

When they had reached home Christine looked about her at the beautiful rooms, with their comfortable furnishings, and drew a long breath of delight.

drew a long breath of delight.

She was so bright and winsome that the father and mother watched her with glad, loving eyes, and the father wondered a little when his daughter, usually a little indifferent about such things, brought the Bible to him at bettime and asked him to read aloud the one hundred and thirty-sixth

In the little good-night talk the mother said, In the little good-night talk the mother said,
"I'm so thankful that my girl seems glad to
be at home. We felt a little hurt over your
letter. It seemed that you did not care much
for the home-coming, and we wondered if
the college was weaning you away from us. But I know now that you were just hurried in writing it, and we are so thankful that you do care for home just the same! It has seemed to me to-day that you care more for it than ever before."

than ever before."

Then, in the soft firelight in her own pretty room, with her head on her mother's knee, Christine told all about the ugly, selfish thoughts and the spirit of unthankfulness that had filled her heart. She told the story of Faith.

When she had finished she raised her head, aying merrily, in spite of the tears that were in her eyes:

"So you see, mother, dear, the reason that I am so unusually thankful is that I have been taking a special course in thanksgiving."

5 5 5

## HICKORY-NUTS AND HICKORY-TREES.\*





HEN October comes, and the morning air is keen and bright, every true country boy goes nutting. There are beechnuts, chestnuts and filberts to choose from at this season, but the nut which will

"Other brief articles of a similar nature are to appear in The Companion at the appropriate seasons. The sugar-maple, the black birch, the slippery-elm, the sasafras, the spruce and the fir are some of the trees about which Miss Huntington will write—THE EDITORS.

keep the longest, besides bringing a good market price, is the nut of the shagbark hickory.

There are in all four hickories in the north-

eastern states, the shagbark, mockernut, pignut and bitternut. These four species are seldom separated by the casual observer, and as the general appearance of the trees is similar, and resemble each other, the confusion is not surprising.

The shagbark hickory (Hicoria ovata) is a tall, stately tree, with rough, flaking bark, which "shags" off in large plates



the Latin name, ovata (egg-shaped), refers to the oval form of the leaflets. The most certain means of identify ing the tree is by the buds. They are yellowish-brown in color, large and oval in shape, with two dark outer scales, which curve back and shag off in the same characteristic manner that the tree sheds its bark.

This bud test never fails on old or young trees, and it holds good for more than eight months of the year. The buds which are formed on the branches in August, after the season's growth is completed, remain until the following May before they open. The nuts are about an inch long, and are marked with four distinct angles, corresponding to the seams in the husks. The kernels are sweet and of much better quality than those of other hickories. The husk is thick and splits open when the nut is

ripe.

The mockernut, or white-heart hickory, (*Hicoria alba*) is a tall tree, with a HICKORY. smooth bark. The shallow furrows of the bark on the trunks of old trees have a peculiar wavy appearance, which seen at a little distance makes the trunk look as if it had a thin silk veil drawn over it. The twigs are coarser than those of the shagbark, and the leaves have from

seven to nine leaflets, instead of five, like those of the shagbark.

The buds are large, hard and round, with

the dark outer scales peculiar to those of the shagbark. The nuts are somewhat pear-shaped, with a sweet kernel, but the shell is thick and hard to crack, and it

is so difficult to extract the meat that the nut is not considered valuable.

The nut of the pignut (Hicoria glabra) is even less useful than that of the mockernut. It is small and very hard, and the partitions of the shell are so firm that the kernel is broken to pieces when the shell is cracked. The husk does not split, like that of

the shagbark. The pignut may be dis tinguished from other hickories by its buds, which are smaller than those of the two preceding species; by its twigs, HICKORY. which are more delicate, and by its leaves, which are finer, and bear from five to seven leaflets.

The Latin name of the bitternut hickory (Hicoria minima) reveals its most conspicuous characteristics. Minima means "the smallest," and no other hickory has such delicate branches and finely cut foliage. It is the most graceful member of the family, displaying an almost feminine charm, in contrast to the rugged, stal-wart beauty of the shagbark and the mockernut. Its leaves are light and slender, numbering from ven to eleven leaflets

seven to eleven leadlets.

It is surprising to find that the buds are utterly unlike those of the other hickories in form, texture and color. They are devoid of scales, and the miniature leaves may be seen, tightly compressed and of a leathery texture. These buds are long, curved, flattened and pointed, and a bright orange-yellow in color. They form an unfailing means of identifying the tree. The nut is thin-shelled, with a thin, smooth husk, which never becomes hard. The kernel is so bitter that even squirrels refuse it as food.

The generic name of the hickory is of Indian origin. The Virginian Algonkins made an oily emulsion from the pounded kernels of the mockernut, which they called powcohicora, and the derivation of the name Hicoria is traced to the termination of that Indian word.

These countries are not empty, as the southern part of the United States was practically empty when the Carolinas and Georgia were formed into colonies. I say practically empty, because the native Indian tribes were few in number, and most of them soon died off or moved West. But these countries which have more recently been annexed by European powers are tolerably well peopled.

In South Africa and East Africa, for instance, there is a negro population which holds its ground, and indeed increases faster than the whites. The difficulty is that this native population does not want to work, and in particular does not want to work underground, although mine labor is the very kind of labor which the whites are most anxious to secure.

whites are most anxious to secure.

Here is the old labor question and the old race question over again. This difficulty has now become acute in South Africa. I take South Africa as a familiar instance, but the same problem has emerged in other regions also.

#### Must Africa Import Coolies?

NO sooner was the recent South African War over than that blissful period of high dividends which the European companies that own the rich gold-mines of the Transvaal had been promising themselves as the result of the war, was found to be thrown forward into the future by the want of labor for mining operations. The natives have prospered during the war. They are the only people who seem to have got something out of it, for they have had high wages as camp- and transport-workers, and have laid their hands on a certain number cattle, so that they are even less disposed to

work than they were before.

The mines of the Rand district alone are alleged to need more than two hundred thousand native laborers, and they can obtain at

sand native laborers, and they can obtain at present nothing approaching that number. What is to be done? Two centuries ago the answer of the civilized races would have been prompt: "Kidnap as many blacks as you need, and drive them to work by the kash." This expedient is, however, no longer possi-ble, although it is no doubt true that a good many Europeans settled in tropical countries would still like to be allowed to obtain labor by force. Their talk shows that they are not far removed from the feeling of the Portuguese navigators, or the companions of Columbus, or the people who carried negroes from Guinea to South Carolina in the eighteenth century. Direct contact with an inferior race is apt to demoralize the European settler, and he drifts unconsciously back toward barbarism. But the opinion of European nations at home

forbids a recourse to the old methods. The most natural alternative would be to attract and save white labor. But white labor, which in climate of much of that vast country is little some of these tropical countries is unavailable | hotter than the climate of Italy. Germans also most natural alternative would be to attract and use white labor. But white labor, which in

because the climate is too unhealthy or the heat too great, is in all of them very costly. Wages far higher than those paid in Europe would be required to induce Europeans to face the conditions of the tropics; and mining or tillage carried on at so heavy an outlay for wages might—so it is alleged cease to be profitable.

The mine-owner or planter, there-ore, thinks himself driven to the only remaining alternative-that of endeavoring to import on a large scale laborers of some foreign tropical race, fit to work in the torrid zone, but willing to work for much less than white men would demand.

This plan suggested itself a good many years ago to the sugar-cultivators of very high wages, but high wages would mean Demerara and to the French engineers who the extinction of the profit which is expected contracted for the making of the Panama from developing the mines, so this expedient is, Demicrana and to the French engineers who contracted for the making of the Pamama Canal. The former imported coolies from India, the latter Chinese. So the planters of Hawaii brought in Chinese and Japanese; so the planters of Queensland in Australia have brought in Kanakas from the isles of the Pawific. Pacific.

But even this device is not always practicable, for the white population, if possessed of political power, may forbid the immigration of a colored race which will depress the rate of wages and constitute an element either not capable of assimilation or likely to lower the white stock with which it mingles.

As awakened philanthropy now forbids sla-very, so awakened democracy forbids the influx of a type of mankind deemed unfit for social and political equality. The prohibition of Chinese immigration by the United States, by the Canadian Dominion and by Australia is a familiar instance of this sentiment. And the desire of the Transvaal mine-owners to bring in Indians or Chinese for the service of the mines is at this moment hindered by the general feeling of the middle and humbler classes of the white population of South Africa.

tropical countries where they find mines they So the matter stands, and it is now suggested who feel that their toil has contributed to this wish to work and lands they wish to cultivate. Ital, instead of Chinese, negroes from some other luxury, and who have themselves obtained a

part of Africa may be imported, each batch for short period of service, and then carried back gain to their homes.

In Queensland, Australia, a somewhat similar difficulty has arisen. The sugar-planters of the hotter parts of that state have kept up the working of their estates by the help of Pacific Islanders, brought from Western Polynesia and sent back after some years. The democratic sentiment of the Australian masses has resolved to stop this practice, and it is not yet clear how the sugar-plantations are in future to be cultivated.

So much as to the present position. Let me pass on to speak of the causes which have made this old problem specially urgent in our time, and of the results which its

eëmergence may produce.
The intrusion of European powers into countries inhabited by backward races, even if in some aspects regrettable, had become practically in-evitable, so strong was the impulse of expansion, capitalistic and industrial, that moved the European nations. Nature—that is to say, physical influences operating during a long course of ages
—had, during earlier ages, molded each race, some as vessels for honor, some as vessels for dishonor, fitting each to a particular elimatic environment.



each to a particular climatic environment. An each race or group of races had for a long time survived in its own dwelling-place, because that dwelling-place suited it. Then a time came when the stronger races of the temperate climates moved out, and seized for themselves the tropical countries in which they found other races so inferior in knowledge and strength as to be easy victims.

The rivalry of the great European

The rivalry of the great European states hastened this process. The vast accumulation of capital in these states, and the eagerness of the capitalists to find more profitable ways of using it than can now be found at home, has insisted on what is called ''developing' 'these countries; that is, on making the most of their natural resources in the quickest way, cutting down forests or bringing fertile tracts under cultivation, and above all, on opening up mines.

### Labor Stays at Home.

But the rush of capital into the new countries is not accommended. countries is not accompanied by a rush of work-people belonging to the advanced ean races, because tropical countries are European races, because tropical not attractive to European settlers. Italians and

an the climate of Italy. Germans also go to South America, although in smaller numbers. Spaniards are going to Cuba, and constitute a valuable element in its population. Portuguese laborers have gone to Hawaii, because Hawaii, hot as it is, is healthy,

But Germans do not go to labor in German East Africa, and such Eng-lishmen as go to South Africa, not a large number, go to take up the less fatiguing kinds of skilled labor or the direction of native laborers. They do not go to work with their hands either in the open air or in mines, and there-fore they will provide but a small part of the labor that is needed.

The capitalists might, no doubt, attract a larger number by the offer of

in their view, out of the question. Nothing remains but to secure the cheap labor of the ferior races.

It is cheap partly because in such countries as India and China population is so dense that the supply is abundant, and therefore low wages are willingly taken, partly because the wants of these races are so few, compared to those of civilized men, and the standard of comfort, especially among the savage races, so extremely low that payment which would be nothing to a European is large to them.

With the employment on a large scale of these

backward people, whether they are indigenous, like the Kaffirs in South Africa, or whether imported, as the East Indian coolies are brought to the British Guiana and the Kanakas brought to Queensland, begin the labor troubles which have been already adverted to. Let us see what the peculiar character of those labor

In all countries, in civilized France, Germany and England, in the civilized United States, the relation of the working men to their em-ployers is fertile in occasions for dispute. There is constant difficulty in adjusting the claim of the worker to his share in the gain derived from manufacturing or commercial industry. Strikes and lockouts are the natural result of the opposing claims of the two parties, and strikes often lead to breaches of the peace.

The sight of the ease and luxury in which

the wealthy class lives excites envy among those who feel that their toil has contributed to this

#### BACKWARD The RACES BY THE RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

N a lecture published some months ago, I indicated and briefly discussed some of the problems which are raised by that contact of the advanced and the backward races of mankind which is so remarkable a phenomenon of our own time. There has indeed always been a contact of men in different stages of civilization, and troubles have always arisen from it; but it has never in any previous age of the world's history existed on so large a scale and raised so many grave issues.

I am now invited to touch upon one of the forms in which the contact g cause for anxiety at the present momentcontact gives

savage races in respect of labor.

Land and labor have been the two sources of strife between Europeans and the backward peoples ever since the colonization and conquest of countries outside Europe hegan.

relations of the civilized to the semicivilized or

It was out of the taking of their lands by the Spaniards and the English that the wars between the settlers and the aborigines first began in America, which have lasted down to our own days.

But these land disputes have now virtually ended, for the whole of both Americas and a large part of Africa, as well as all northern Asia and India, have passed under the domin-ion of nations springing from Europe; and where whites still leave natives in possession of their own land they do this either from motives of policy or because they are not yet numerous enough, or not yet sufficiently acclimatized, to appropriate these lands for themselves.

Accordingly, it is with labor questions more than with land questions that economists and governments are now chiefly concerned.

governments are now enterly concerned.

The beginning of these labor questions—as between civilized men and savages—dates from the fifteenth century, when the Portuguese, imitating the Mussulman corsairs and land-aiders of North Africa, began to seize the blacks of the West African coasts and sell them as slaves in Portugal.

#### Christian vs. Heathen.

HAT exploration of Africa of which the Portuguese are proud-and no doubt in it they showed remarkable courage and enterprise—was no less concerned with the pursuit of slave labor and gold than with the spreading of the gospel or the advancement of discovery. It was half crusading, half commercial.

Then, and for three centuries afterward, men saw nothing inconsistent in ruthlessly



seeking to save their souls.

When the Spaniards occupied the Antilles, the first thing they did was to set the natives to work in the mines, and when these unhappy creatures died out, as they soon did under harsh treat-ment, negroes were brought from Africa to fill the void and provide the labor

destroying other men's bodies while

needed, both for mining and for tillage.
Slavery had by this time disappeared from western Europe, although a mild form of serfdom lingered in some districts. Prisoners of war were no longer,

as had been the case in the ancient nade slaves. But when the white races world, made slaves. But when the white races came into contact with races of another color came into contact with naces or another coon they ignored the principles they applied among themselves, and usually treated the African blacks and American aborigines as little better than cattle, without human rights, and made for the use of those who could capture them. So began the slave-trade, the most horrible form which the oppression of the weaker by the stronger races has ever taken.

#### Where Men Will Not Work.

HERE was an economic need prompting it. Here were fertile treats vated, and no labor on the spot to cultivate them, because the natives, naturally feeble and indolent, had disappeared, and the white settlers were, or thought themselves, unfit for open-air toil under a torrid sun. Thus slavery prevailed not only in the islands, but in the southern part of North America and over most of South

part of North America and over most of South America for more than three hundred years. Regarded, and in those days justified, as an economic necessity, it did provide a solution, although a wasteful as well as an inhuman solution, of an uran innuman solution, of an urgent economic problem. From the time when the English began to colonize Virginia, and the country from Virginia southward to the Gulf of Mexico, there was so little white labor to be had, and that little would have been so costly, that there seemed no expedient possible except to get the labor of an inferior race accustomed to support tropical heat. Such labor was obtainable

only by kidnapping, and kidnapping excited no horror.

In our time the difficulty I have described has reappeared in a different form. White peoples have conquered and established themselves in



The March of Capital.

In that country the whites are already in a minority, so they fear, not unreasonable of the country the whites are already in a minority, so they fear, not unreasonably, the intrusion of a new colored element, which might, if it were to blend with the blacks, render the latter more formidable. So the matter stands, and it is now suggested share of the gain which never gives them more than the comforts, often little more than the bare necessaries of life. There is apt to spring up a jealousy between classes, perhaps even a

permanent bitterness and hostility.

Yet in civilized countries where the laboring class is entirely of European stock, this hostility is relieved and reduced by a measure of human sympathy, by the fact that all classes enjoy equal civil rights, and in free countries by the fact that they also enjoy equal political rights, and that the political means of redressing griev-ances are equally available to all. The sense of a common nationality and a common pride in national greatness diminishes the feeling of antagonism which the contrast between wealth

and poverty provokes.

But where the laboring class belongs to a different race, especially if that race is of a different color, these mitigating influences have less play. Sometimes they disappear altogether, and are replaced by a feeling of complete severance

The white employer has nothing in common with the Kaffir or coolie or Chinese workman. The influence of a common religion, which in civilized countries counts for something, although for less than might have been expected, is here usually absent. In South Africa many employers seem to prefer that the native should remain a heathen, partly because they profess to think the converted native is not so good a worker, partly—it may be feared—because they think that if he is a Christian he is brought nearer to the whites.

nearer to the whites.

The white man, whether he be an employer or not, feels a sense of superiority to the colored man which disposes him to contempt, often to harshness and injustice. It is only the higher and purer characters that can be trusted to deal with inferiors who are practically at their mercy in the sense way that they would deal with their in the same way that they would deal with their

in the same way that they would deal with their equals.

Impunity demoralizes average mankind, and as the public opinion of the whites, taken as a whole, becomes somewhat demoralized when they control a subject race, that opinion does not restrain acts of harshness and injustice. In this state of things those difficulties incident to the relations of capital and labor which have been already referred to may become aggravated.

The colored laboring class may become a dangerous class, because it stands quite apart from the whites.

It is a foreign element, cossibly a hostile element. Till it has become organized Till it has become organized it may not be able to engage in the open struggle of a strike, but when it reaches that stage the strikes are likely to be more formidable.

Meanwhile its presence political diffi

brings serious political diffi-culties. If the country does not possess free self-governing

institutions, as is the case in many British institutions, as is the case in many British colonies, the government is bound to protect it, and often finds this no easy task. If the country has free institutions, the question arises whether the backward race should be admitted to the electoral suffrage and to other political rights.

Much is to be said on both sides of this ques tion, which has been largely debated in South Africa and some other British colonies, and still more debated in the United States.

How are the difficulties which have here been indicated to be met? They are difficulties likely to last for a long time, because it must be a long time before either the colored races in the tropical lands ruled by white men grow civilized enough to secure some sort of equality, or before the white races become sufficiently acclimatized to labor there. There is, moreover, no p sign that the European settlers will try climatize themselves in such lands, for the fact that unskilled labor is now performed by the colored people degrades such labor in the eyes of most white men.

The circumstances of different tropical countries differ widely, and so also must the remedies differ which may be suggested for the evils described. Only one remedy can be said to be of universal application. It is that of treating the inferior races with justice and humanity.

A philosopher might wish to point out to each of the European peties. each of the European nations that they need not have been in so great a hurry to seize these tropical territories and disturb the life new tropical territories and disturb the life which the native peoples were leading. He might demonstrate that the gains to be made by a few of its capitalists will not compensate the nation as a whole for the cost to which it will be put and the troubles it will have to face.

But these reasonings had never much chance of being listened to, and now they come too late, for the territories have been seized, and the process called "developing" is in full swing. All that remains is to impress upon the govern ing authorities at home, and still more upon the European capitalists and settlers abroad, that the worse they use the natives, the worse it will be in the long run, if not for themselves, at any rate for the generations of white men who will hereafter have to deal with these backward race

Economic mistakes and moral delinquencies bring their own punishment, although it may be long delayed. Slavery brought the War of good! I didn't mean anything when I asked

Secession in the United States. slavery may be seen in the industrial misfortunes of the British West Indies. A far worse is to be seen in the condition of Haiti.

So if the backward races are made permanently hostile by harsh and contemptuous treatment

The results of | they will, as they advance in knowledge and in the capacity for organization, become a more dangerous element in every country where they dwell beside the whites, and it may be that at last they will become again practically the masters of the country.



IN NINE CHAPTERS.

S she rubbed her tinware at the sink with great vigor, June Orchard talked to her father on the porch outside:

father on the porch outside:

"You survived my first pie crust, daddy, and
the only effect of my first raised biscuit was to
give you a slight touch of writers' cramp; and
now if you pull through this experience with
my first shortcake, and have nothing worse
than a qualm of conscience, I shall be glad."

The man seemed to be paying little attention to what she said. He sat on the porch, with a guitar across his knees. He was bareheaded, and his iron-gray hair hung in loose waves to his shoulders. He had the eyes of a poet and the face of an artist, yet he was only a day-laborer. Time was, indeed, when he had had wealth

and lived in modest luxury. But that was when he was young and careless, before June's mother died before June herself was old enough to know; so long ago that even the memory of it was dim, and never troubled him

—not even in his dreams.

June was still busy in the kitchen, putting away her dishes. After a minute she dishes. After a r called to him again:

Daddy!'

"Daddy!"

"Well, June, what is it?"

"I need a new dress, daddy, and a new pair of shoes and a new hat. Otherwise I can't go to church any more this summer.

He made no response, and after a moment June continued:
"The opera-cloak and the pearl necklace can go till fall, but the other things are a burning necessity." Still there was no necessity." Still there was no answer. "Daddy, why don't you speak? Has the shock proved fatal to you?" She went to the kitchen door and looked out.
"June," he said, soberly,

have you finished your

Yes, daddy; this minute." "Then come out here, please.

new dress and things. I haven't any money just now, but I intend to have some in the course of a week or two, and the very first dollar I get shall go toward your clothes.

I get shall go toward your clothes."

"And the second dollar, too, and the third?"

"Yes, and the fourth and fifth, and more, too, if you want them. But what I was thinking about is this, and I've been thinking about it a good deal lately, and your request has brought it straight home to me. You are nearly sixteen now, aren't you?"

'And you're getting too old and big to live from hand to mouth with me, as you've been doing. Here I am, well and strong and able to work, and dawdling half my time away with work, and dawding nait my time away with my pencil and books and violin, while you are making a slave of yourself in that kitchen, deprived of fitting garments and surroundings and companionship. It's all wrong, June, and I ought to be ashamed of it, and I'm going to start out to-norrow morning and find steady work somewhere. I don't care what kind or how hard it is. Help me to pull myself together, June, and put my brain and muscle to some There, that's what I good. good, practical use. wanted to say."

From the time when he had taken her from her aunts, eight years before, he had been accustomed to appeal to her for advice and assistance. It was often done half-humorously, it is true, but she had been a real help to him in many more ways than by her labor in the kitchen. Yet to-night there was a soberness in his face and an earnest ring in his voice that she had never before seen or heard. She jumped down from her perch on the railing and flung her arms about his neck.
"You dear daddy!" she cried. "You are so

for the new things, indeed I didn't. I'd like to have a new gown. Any g I'd like to have a new gown. Any girl would, But I can wait till the money comes, and I'll help earn it; and we'll be just as—Why, Mrs. Leighton, how you frightened me! Bob, why didn't you whistle, or something?"

"That's to pay you back for startling us this afternoon, June," responded Mrs. Leighton,

CHAPTER III.

lightly.
She and Robert had entered the gate of the

conclusions, and push persistently on in the face of difficulties.
"Yes," added Mrs. Leighton, with quite an

air of importance, "and Robert has decided to accept."

darted into the kitchen again and brought out another chair, thus exhausting her store. "Take two chairs," she said to Robert. "One doesn't do justice to the occasion."

There were many inquiries about Robert's good fortune, about the nature of his duties and about his residence at Brierly. They all agreed that it was a splendid opportunity. June was

that it was a spiendid opportunity. June was especially enthusiastic over the situation. "It'll be such a delight," she said, "to count money, heaps of it, piles of it, won't it, Bob? To play with it just as if it was leaves or said; to take it up in double handfuls, like this, and let it drop through your fingers, so! O daddy! We'll put all our money into Bob's bank now.

Poor Rafe! It had been many years since he had had enough money to make it worth while to put it in anybody's bank. Ignoring June's flippancy, he turned again to Robert.

"You'll see a good deal of Mr. Imberlay at the bank, Robert?" "I presume so," replied Robert. "I under-stand he spends most of his time there."

'Yes, he has always been very devoted to his
work. That's why he has made
such a success of it. I know something of his methods. I had some business with him at one time. I used to be well acquainted with him, but I have not seen him in a good many years. He may have forgotten years. He may have longer me." The man looked out over

me." The man looked out over the landscape, purple in the fading twilight, but he saw nothing of its beauty. His mind was in the past. It was a full minute before the stlence was broken. Then Mrs. Leighton spoke. "Robert and I have been wondering," she said, "whether we couldn't make an arrangement with you. make an arrangement with you. Mr. Orchard, to look after the farm for us in his absence; to take it on shares or something of that kind."

'O daddy!'' exclaimed June. Then she suddenly checked her-

Rafe Orchard had already risen from his chair, and stood bowing courteously to Mrs. Leighton. "The very thing I could have wished for," he said. "Not half an hour ago I spoke to June about my to obtain constant employment at which I could earn a steady income. This is exactly what I need. I am grateful to you for the proposition, and I shall be delighted to accept it."

He was sincere in his declara-

tion. And he would have accepted the offer just as readily and with as little question as to

or even suspect, duplicity or deceit in other men until the direct proof of it was forced upon him.

him. But Robert, being more practical, and with the importance of his proposed new business relations weighing heavily upon him, went at once into matters of detail concerning the part-nership agreement between his mother and

Rafe, and made written notes of them as they were discussed and settled. During all this time June was silent. But when the matter of the lease was definitely agreed upon she exclaimed:

agreed upon she exclaimed:

"I think it's perfectly lovely! It's just what daddy's been longing for ever since—oh, ever since seven o'clock this evening. Isn't it, daddy? And we'll get on famously. I'll help. Oh, we'll make a success of it, won't we, daddy?'

"I hope so, June."

"And it's so good of you, Mrs. Leighton, and you, too, Bob, to think of it—and to—to give daddy the chance, and to-to-isn't it,

And the next instant her arms were round her father's neck and her tears were falling on

There, June," he said, soothingly, "there, never mind! Of course we'll make a success of it. And I appreciate Mrs. Leighton's and Robert's confidence in me very much indeed." June dashed the tears from her eyes. "It's

all very delightful, anyway," she said. "How shall we celebrate it?"

The question had hardly left her lips when her attention and that of the others was attracted by confused noises from somewhere down the road. In the next moment they saw two horses come galloping, dragging at their heels a double



come up on the porch if you'll both promise not to repeat the offense! Here's a rocking-chair, Mrs. Leighton. Bob, you've got to sit on the porch and balance yourself, just as I do.''
Rafe Orchard gave his guests a courteous

greeting.

"We came over," began Mrs. Leighton, "to

"To see if daddy was sick from eating my shortcake?" broke in June. "Oh, no! It gave him a slight attack of melancholia, that's all.

'What a rattlehead you are. June!' exclaimed "What a rattlehead you are, June!" exclaimed Mrs. Leighton, good-naturedly. "No. I'll tell you what we came over for. You see, Robert,"—she made the announcement with pride,—"Robert has been offered a position in the Citizens' Bank at Brierly."

June was down from her perch in an instant, shaking hands joyously with Robert. Then she ran into the kitchen and brought out a chair. "You mustn't sit on the railing any longer," she said. "Take a chair. You're chair. "You mustr longer," she said. entitled to it."

More deliberate but not less hearty were the congratulations of June's father. For between this man and boy had grown up through the years a friendliness and a comradeship, the years a friendiness and a commonship, the result of mutual confidence. Although admitting the weaknesses of Kafe's character,—they were apparent to all the world,—Robert could not help admiring the man's simple honesty, his homely virtues, and that rare courtesy and fine intuition which stamped him as of gentle mold.

And Rafe Orchard could not but approve and appreciate in Robert the qualities in which he himself was so sadly lacking—energy, persever-ance, the ability to think a thing out and reach

surrey, which was swaving violently from side suriey, which was swaying violently from side to side. The driver of the frightened team was putting forth every effort to check its speed, while the other occupants of the carriage, a young woman and a girl of fifteen, clung desperately to their seats.

Rafe Orchard, still vigorous in spite of his

almost sixty years, leaped from the porch, ran out into the road, seized the bridle of the nearest horse, clung to the bits, and jerked and dragged on them, until the team, already partially exhausted by its long run up the hill, was stopped just beyond the cottage, and stood, panting and trembling, while the occupants of the carriage were helped out, unharmed save

A tongue-brace had snapped in two while the party was descending the hill near the Leighton place, and the startled horses had broken into a run. At the foot of the hill the driver had skilfully turned them up the cross-road toward the Orchard cottage. Although under the violent plunging of the carriage the other brace had also broken, the long ascent had so moderated the speed of the frightened animals that when Rafe Orchard leaped and grasped the bridle, he found it no great task to check and stop them.

The horses were released and tied to the hitching-post near the gate, while Mrs. Leighton and June helped the occupants of the carriage

and June helped the occupants of the carriage to the porch of the Orchard cottage.

An examination of the wagon showed that the only real damage it had suffered was the breaking of the braces; and the coachman, having removed the broken irons, started with them to the blacksmith's shop at the village to have them duplicated.

By the time Rafe and Robert returned to the

by the time rate and Robert returned to the porch the young ladies had partially recovered from their fright, and were ready to make the best of their adventure. They had already introduced themselves as Margaret Imberlay and her cousin, Elizabeth Brandon, from New York. June had urged them to have a cup of tea, and was in the kitchen preparing it for them. She had arread the rable and placed the She had spread the table and placed the tea and crackers on it. When her guests entered the well-lighted room they looked about them with surprise, for, with all the evidences of poverty, and with the cheap and necessary furnishings and appliances for kitchen, diningroom and living-room, there were also books and pictures and bric-à-brac that might have adorned the library of a cultivated gentleman.

Miss Brandon's glance soon fell upon a little canvas standing on an easel in a corner of the room. It was one of DeHoeven's landscapes. Rafe and his daughter called it "The girl in red under the apple-tree," and they had always dmired it greatly.

Miss Brandon kept her eyes fixed on it a

sipped her tea. Finally she inquired of June sipped her tea. Finally she inquired of June whose work it was, and on being told that it was by DeHoeven, she wondered still more.

"May-I inquire," she said, "where you were able to get so beautiful a specimen of DeHoeven's work?"

"Oh, daddy has had that ever since I can "on, daddy has had that ever since I can "combor" replied June. "I don't know remember," replied June.

It is evidently one of the artist's 'I see. earlier compositions, but a very good example of his art."

Daddy and I both like the picture. took it to Brierly once and tried to sell it,—that was when things were going pretty hard with us,—but somehow or other nobody seemed to want to buy. It looked to me as if they thought want to buy. It booked to lie as it we'd stolen it, or something. Anyway, we didn't sell it, and I'm glad we didn't. I like to see it standing over there in the corner.

"What price did your father ask for it at that

"Forty dollars, I think. He paid that for it. I told him I thought it ought to be worth at least fifty now."
"Is he still willing to sell it?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him, if you like."
"Never mind now. I'd like to see it in the

daytime.

daytime."
While Miss Brandon knew that the picture
at fifty dollars would be a great bargain, she
was no more ready to take it than were the
people whom June had mentioned. She was
no better satisfied than they that the painting
was an original, or that the owner had come by y. It was a strange state of things, Here was this laborer, pinched by it honestly. anyway. Here was this moorer, pinened by poverty, as his surroundings indicated, yet with valuable books and pictures about him. The more Miss Brandon looked about the room the greater became her curiosity. She was still wondering when the coachman arrived and announced his readiness to proceed on the incurse.

on the journey. 'I've had such a delightful evening!" Margaret, as she stood at the carriage steps, holding June's hand. "May I come again to see you? And will you go with me some day for a drive?"

for a drive?"

"You are very welcome to come again,"
replied June, "but I cannot promise for the
drive. I'm daddy's assistant, you know; and
we've just rented a farm on shares, and we
shall be very busy."

"I' shall come, anyway," replied Margaret, tith a laugh. Then she turned to Rafe rehard. "I'm so grateful to you," she said, great deal of money. Finally, however, it was

"for stopping the horses! I almost feel that service to you," replied Rafe, courteously you have saved our lives. I shall tell papa so." knew your father a long time ago." you have saved our lives. "I am very glad indeed to have been of any

## HIS "MEDICINE" ROBE BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

was talking with the Indian trader at Beaumont, a man near ing middle age and of a brisk and businesslike manner alighted from a

buggy and entered the store. He talked with the trader for a time, making inquiries as to certain reservation residents. I noted with interest the man's strong and virile face, which eemed Indian in profile, and his nervous decisive manner

Who was that man?" I asked Kelly, after

his visitor had gone out.

"Corwin," replied Kelly, "Grant Corwin.

He's English on one side and Yankton Sioux on the other. His father was an  $attach\acute{e}$  of our post below, and died while the boy was a little kid. You wouldn't think that Corwin had lived in a teepee till he was seventeen, would

"Well, he did, and the only English he knew was our pidgin trade-talk. What he is to-day is the result of an accidental happening, though there was a foundation all right to build on. As I had something to do in a small way in As I had sometimg to do in a small way in shaping the man's future, I'll tell you about it if you like."

I disposed myself on his counter to listen.

"About twenty-two years ago, when our Dakota boom was on, a man named Hazen started a colony and built a store some thirty miles east of here. His was the nearest settle ment to us, and there was no railroad within two hundred miles. So as our supplies came up the Missouri by steamer, Hazen took advantage of our transportation to stock his store

"It was about the first of March of the follow-ing winter that he ran short of sugar, and came across to see about getting a barrel of me. There was a good hard snow on, and he drove a pair of half-bred ponies to a light bob-sleigh.

of nair-ored points to a fight boo-siegh.

"I had the sugar and a few shoes and drygoods that he wanted, and Hazen would have
got off with his little load the next morning, but that night it set in snowing and blowing. and kept it up for twenty-four hours, and then came off cold as Greenland. We'd been having

beautiful weather for several weeks, and Hazen, not being well acquainted with our cli-mate, had come wholly unprepared for fifty below zero.

"I couldn't help him much. I'd sold my robes in the fall, and none had come in vet, and couldn't spare my beaver oat. I had plenty of woolen blankets, but in such weather n will freeze under a stack of them.

"Hazen sat round in the store that day pretty glum. He wanted to get home to his family. He was hovering over my big box stove in the afternoon when a woman came in, wrapped in a robe made from the pelts of buffalo wolves. The woman was Mrs. Good Bear, one-time widow of Tim Corwin. I had known her since she was a girl, but I'd never seen the robe she was wearing. It was a new and

wearing. It was a new and a mighty good one.
"'Marie,' I said, 'here's a man I think will buy your robe.' She could speak a little English, but she shook her head and laughed. But Hazen had fastened covetous eyes on her wolfskins, and while the woman was making some little purchases h
kept asking what she would take for the robe.

Finally Marie threw it from her shoulders and spread it on the counter for our examination.

It was made of eight big gray-white wolfskins, which had been finely stitched with small sinews. A bushy tail was sewed on at each corner, and the inside had been beautifully rubtanned and was painted with all manner of Indian figures. Altogether, the robe was a very fine piece of Indian work. "'Hazen,' I said, 'I'll give forty dollars for

that robe.

"''Very well,' said Hazen, 'I'll give fifty, and here's the money.'
"'Still Mrs. Good Bear shook her head, this

time to my astonishment, until she explained.
"'My boy, White Pony, hees robe,' she said.
'He gone veesit some people. Las' winter many He gone veesit some people. 'He gone veesit some people. Las' winter many pony die and wolves come. My boy go after dem with traps. He's jus' boy, but I thingk somethingk wotawe,'—she shook her hands vaguely,—'ees help heem. He catch lot so have dream an' we make heem medicine robe.'

leave the robe with me until her boy came, and that we should bargain with him as best we could.

could.

'White Pony was expected to return that day from visiting some relatives up the river, but he failed to put in an appearance. The next morning Hazen came into the store, put fifty dollars on the counter, walked to the back end of the room and picked

walked to the back end of the room and picked up the wolf-robe.
"'Pell the boy,' he said, 'that I've taken his robe because I couldn't get home without it, and if he doesn't want to sell it you are to send me the fifty dollars and I'll return the robe with two dollars for its use."

"This wasn't what I would have done myself, but under the circumstances I could hardly refuse to let him borrow the robe. I knew that Mrs. Good Bear would want the boy to sell it. So Hazen rode away well-cased in warm fur.
"Well, about an hour later in comes Wh

Pony, asking for his robe. I had to sit down and go over the matter patiently in the Sioux tongue. All the time I was explaining the boy looked at me crossly, and at the end went away muttering something about his wotawe. "That's as far as I had anything to do with

the robe business, only to pay back Hazen's money when the time came. The rest of the story belongs to his trip home. He didn't find as good sledding as when he came, but he got out to Mallard Creek, about twenty miles from here, a little after noon. A wind had risen and the snow was drifting hard when he entered the rough lands along the creek. The wind cut up so rough on the high lands that he was afraid to attempt the prairie beyond Mallard Creek. So he went into camp in a coulée, where there was some cover of willows and young growth, and plenty of wood for a fire.

growth, and plenty of wood for a fire.

"He tied out one of his ponies and turned
the other loose to browse upon the willows,
and busied himself with gathering wood and
cooking his dinner. After the meal he saw ne grouse walking over the snow away the coulée, and he took his shotgun and

now he was tired and sweating, and a struck him when he stopped running.

"The wind was rising, too. It was one of those sixty-miles-an-hour gales which last from eighteen to thirty-six hours, kicking up a from eignteen to thirty-six hours, kicking up a fearful storm of dust or snow under a clear sky. Hazen found clouds of snow whirling into the ravines, and the wind frequently knocked him off his feet as he turned the points of the bluff. These bluff coulées were so numerous that he soon became lost among them. The stream was very crooked and its valley narrow, and Hazen was so confused by abrupt turns and twists that he could not tell on which side of the creek his camp was situated.

"For a time, knowing that he was lost and freezing, the man was desperately alarmed, and then this feeling passed off and he stumbled on, knocked about in the wind, going here and there, up and down the creek indifferently. "It must have been close on to night when a

person muffled in a big robe suddenly came up to him and shouted, 'How! How! You come.' "The man was an Indian, and Hazen

stumbled after him, noting that he was wrapped stummed after him, noting that he was wrapped in the same wolfskin robe that he himself had worn that day.

"He dragged along after his guide for some

distance up a narrow coulée, until presently the man stopped him and pointed to a hole in a drift. Then the Indian beckoned him to follow, and crawled into his burrow. Hazen followed. was easier to crawl than to walk.
He had to go but a little way through be

he found himself in a roomy space hollowed out in the drift, with a fire going in the center, its smoke passing out of a hole at the top.

"Hazen saw that he was inside a snow teepee newly made. And here his guide unwrapped and spread the wolfskin robe for him to sit on. In the light of the fire and stripped of his robe, Hazen saw that his rescuer was a young Indian, and it dawned upon his hazy brain that the real owner of the wolfskin robe had followed and simply taken his own property at the first opportunity. He felt apologetic, and seated opportunity. He felt apologetic, and seated himself, stretching his stiff limbs to the fire.

"The young Indian took hold of the toes of

his snow-packs, gently working them to and fro to see if there was any bend to his ankles. Then he tried to take off the packs, and failing in this, promptly pulled his knife and split the leggings from top to toe.

"Hazen understood that his feet were badly

frozen, and that the Indian was doing what he could to care for them. The young native worked swiftly, packed the white man's feet

worked swittly, packed the white man's teet
and his legs to the knees in snow, and wrapped
them in his own blanket. Then he went out
of his snow teepee and was
gone some fifteen or twenty
minutes. When he crawled
in upon his return, he dragged
after him the white mean's own. after him the white man's own blanket roll, some bread and

bacon and his light ax.
""Huh!" he said, "''Huh!' he said, seeing that Hazen was coming to life in the warmth of his fire. 'How! I fetch blanket—make warm to-night. You hoss gone—broke rope—wolf come scare, I guess.'

"Hazen's tongue had limbered and his jaws had loosened so that he could talk.

Why did you come and take your robe before I got home?' he asked.

"'My wotawe — medicine robe—nobody can take 'less

somebody sure goin' to die.'
"There was no use arguing against this solemn assurance 'I'm afraid I'll lose my feet—have to have 'em cut

feet—have to have 'em cut
off, 'said Hazen.
"White Pony shrugged his
shoulders. 'Feet all right
bime-by,' he said. 'Mebbe
can't walk for two moons,'
"This was a fine prospect, but the white man
had to grin and bear it, as he did the fever and

nan to grin and bear it, as ne and ne rever and pain of his thawed-out legs that night.

"His feet were terribly swollen, and he could not walk when morning came. But White Pony was equal to the emergency. After breakfast he went out and was gone for an hour or more. When he came back he called the there is a supposed to the country of the called to Hazen. Hazen erawled forth, to find that the weather was still and clear, and that the Indian had brought the back sled of his light pair of bobs. He had made a back prop from

pair of bobs. He had made a back prop from an end gate and a harness, and with another harness had fixed a gear for hauling the sled. "In ten minutes the white man was placed on the sled, tucked into the boy's wolfskin robe, and they were off across the prairie. The wind had packed the snow so hard that the sled and its freight were no burden at all. White Pony made most of the trip at an Indian's swift trot, and in two hours Hazen was at home and his wife was nursing his was at home and his wife was nursing his

Both these people took a fancy to White Pony, and they fed and treated him so well that they finally weaned him off the reservation and got him into a school. He belongs now to the firm of Hazen Brothers and Corwin, who deal in grain, cattle and general merchandise.'



SPLIT THE LEGGINGS FROM TOP TO TOE. vent after them. He tried his wiles on them,

but they got off scot-free. Then, as he was returning to camp, he was astonished to see a man, an Indian, to all appearances, dart away

from his sled with a large pack under his arm.
"Somebody stealing his goods! There were
two or three families of half-breeds on the creek,
and this was some sneak-thief from their cabins, no doubt. Hazen had no mind to be robbed, and so he fired a load of small shot after the fellow, and then started in to run him down. He did not stop to see what the man had taken, but chased hard after him. The fellow dodged into a ravine near the mouth of the coulée, and Hazen, when he could no longer see him, followed his tracks. The hard heels of his moccasins left plain prints on the snow. "Mellard Creak is your croaked and bluffy."

Mallard Creek is very crooked and bluffy with ravines and coulées running in every direction. Going at his best speed, Hazen chased his man up one coulée and down another, across the creek and among the bluffs on the other side, until he lost his track entirely on a wind-swept ridge.

'Then he concluded that he had better hurry back to camp and look after his horses and what goods he had left. In the excitement of his chase Hazen had bucked against the hard wind without especially noting its force.



#### CURRENT TOPICS.

No more interesting exhibits will be shown at the county fairs this year than the prosperous and happy farmers who attend them. People are always more interesting than things, and the superlatively interesting thing is the

Cranberries are flourishing, and the indica-tions point to a large crop. If the young turkeys prosper and the mince-meat makers do not strike, the usual supplies will be all ready for November use. A long look ahead is worth while when the eye falls on pleasant things.

Speaker Cannon said the other day that he Speaker Cannon said the other day that he received a thousand dollars in wages for the first five years that he worked for hire, and saved half of it. If he should write an article on "How to Live on Two Dollars a Week," it would be worth reading, for it would be a record of actual experience.

About two hundred thousand dollars were spent A by the national committees in the presidential campaign of 1864, and for that sum the dential campaign of 1804, and for that sum the country recleted Lincoln. It is estimated that the national committees will spend a total of five million dollars this year in electing a President. Neither Mr. Parker nor Mr. Roosevelt would say that there is so much difference between them and Lincoln, although they will admit that there is some difference.

When the Alden family foregathered last month in Plymouth, a wag took the opportunity to say that the descendants of John and Priscilla must be many if they include all the men who cannot speak for themselves and the men who cannot speak for inemseries and all women who find artful ways of bringing a man to propose. There must also be many sons of Myles Standish, if we number among them all men who fear "a thundering 'no' pointblank from the mouth of a woman."

"How is it possible for a working man, earn "How is it possible for a working man, earn-ing twenty-five shillings a week, to afford two shillings and fourpence a week for milk for one baby alone?" was asked at the recent meet-ing of the British Medical Association. Where-npon a woman replied, pertinently, "As the average working man spends six shillings a week mentioned to provide milk for his child." The figures refer to British men and babies, but the principle involved has no such limitation.

United States Treasury experts figured that on the first of last month both the total and the per capita mometary circulation of the country had reached the highest point ever recorded. The total in circulation was a little more than two billion five hundred and forty-six million dollars, and the per capita thirty-one dollars and six eents. There may be some comfort in knowing just what each man's share is, even if some persons find themselves unable to recall, just at the moment, where their thirty-one dollars are

The first construction-train was run through the Simplon tunnel last month, marking the practical completion of one of the greatest modern engineering works. The tunnel, which is the fourth through the Alps, is twelve miles and a quarter long. Work on it was begun in August, 1898, and it will be open for regular trains in May of next year, or a little less than one hundred years after Napoleon completed his military road over the Simplon pass. War had to go over the mountains, but peaceful commerce goes through them; and thus we behold a modern miracle

Cheer was lately brought in a simple and novel way to a patient long ill. A rearrangement of the furniture, a change of the pictures and other ornaments, had done much pictures and oner ornaments, and done much to make less dreary the wearing days and wakeful nights. At last the patient said, "Get me an American fag." The fag displayed on the wall refreshed the tired eyes, which rested with interest on what was both, a decoration and a diverter of the thoughts into new channels. Dereons who, have seen the Stars and Strines Persons who have seen the Stars and Stripes in a strange land will understand the feelings of the sick man.

Is it lawful for a public official, in case the heat is excessive, to transact business when he is almost wholly under water? French authorities have passed upon the question, and decided in the negative. It seems that a man was sent to one of the hottest departments of France to be a registrar, and he suffered greatly A near is excessive, to transact ousness when and endurance of the whole English ruce, the is almost wholly under water? French cause authorities have passed upon the question, and decided in the negative. It seems that a man was sent to one of the hottest departments of France to be a registrar, and he suffered greatly until he devised a cistem. Up to his armpits |

in water, and in a comfortable frame of mind. he discharged his official duties. The public envied and admired him. His path to fame led through the cistern. One day, however, a stern inspector appeared, was indignant, and reported the case to Paris. Dismissal from the service the case to Paris. Dismissal from the service was about to be pronounced upon him when it was suggested that a worse punishment was possible. "Send him to Algeria," was the suggestion; and so the lover of coolness goes to one of nature's bakeries.

It is dangerous for the household to accept as a matter of course the reluctance of the children to return to school after a holiday. To be sure, Shakespeare speaks of the schoolboy "creeping like snail unwillingly to school"; but he puts the words into the mouth of a professed he puts the words into the mouth of a professed cynic and scoffer. When the house, the school, the holiday, the task are of the best sort, the one ought to be as welcome as the other to the healthy child. If the schoolroom has no attrac-tions for him, it is fair to suspect either that the teacher is not the right woman for her sacred place, or that the mother makes of the home a mere inn for the dissipation of the child's mere inn for the dissipation of the child's powers, not a fountain at which he may con-tinually refresh them. Happy the mother whose flock of boys and girls look forward to the first day of school with joy, while they look back upon a vacation full of healthful pleasure and recreation free from the blight of selfishness or of idleness.

#### THE DANGEROUS ONE

outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to
fight.

#### . THE ISSUES.

n some political campaigns differences be tween the contending parties are so sharply defined that the leaders have to consider, not what shall be their point of attack, but only how they shall make that attack most vigorous and effective.

This year there was much consultation and a determined hunt for "issues"; and even now the man who gives little attention to public matters might not find it easy to say offhand just what his party stands for in the present campaign. To such readers a brief summary may be of service.

of the tariff, the Republicans assert that the rosperity of the country is due to the protective stem, and that although it may be necessary system, and that although it may be necessary in the future to make some changes in rates of duty, these changes should be made by the friends, not by the opponents of protection. The Democrats assert that the present system fosters the trusts, and ought to be modified at once.

As an outgrowth of the tariff, the Republicans favor "an extension of foreign markets by reciprocal agreements whenever they can be made without injury to American industry and labor," that is, reciprocity in non-competitive products; but the Democrats assert that such reciprocity as this is a shadow without sub-stance. They declare themselves in favor of reciprocity in competitive products also.

recipionly in competitive produces also.

In the matter of the Philippines, the Republicans insist that the future of the islands should be determined by the progress of the people.

The Democrats desire a definite declaration that the Filipinos shall at some time receive their independence.

The great corporations are for the most part The great corporations are for the most part regarded by the Democrats as lawbreakers which should be curbed. The Republicans say that they are engaged in curbing such "trusts" as have exceeded their legal powers.

The Democrats accuse the party in power, or The Democrats accuse the party in power, or ather the President, of exceeding his constitutional authority, especially in the recognition of the new republic of Panama. The Republicans answer that they and their President have acted with courage, promptness and constitutionality for the benefit of the whole country.

For the next eight weeks these issues ve discussed with more or less earnestn wherever men gather.

#### RACE DETERIORATION.

onsiderable alarm was felt in England at the time of the Boer War by the discovery that many of the recruits were men of inferior physique. The investigations of the army surgeons disclosed what appeared to be such a general physical deterioration of the race that a commission was appointed to look into the matter

The report of this commission, now at hand, The report of this commission, now at many, is interesting in many ways. The subject was naturally a difficult one to handle because of the lack of previous facts and figures on which to hase comparisons. The opinion of the commission is, however, that although there has been no general decrease in the size and strength and endurance of the whole English race, the

the opinion of the commission, the excessive use

of alcohol and of tobacco, especially cigarettes. The drink habit among working women is increasing to an alarming extent, and their weakened constitutions are bequeathed to their children. The congestion of population in cities is held to be another, although a minor, cause of deterioration.

It is interesting to note that the recommendations of the commission are in the line of reforms already adopted in this country, nota-bly instruction in the schools in general hygiene, and special instruction relative to the effects of tobacco and liquor.

#### THROUGH TOIL.

The victor's joy Fate nevermore reveals
To sluggish souls—nor his transcendent peace.

A. L. Hinds.

#### UNPROFITABLE HOARDING.

Money hoarded means interest lost. The old stocking is as undesirable for the keeping of money as the unsound bank. This is a financial truism.

It is equally true of goods and chattels. The gown of winter before last, stored in a capacious store of which the contraction of the

gown of winter before last, stored in a capacious attic, gathers moths, but loses its rightful inter-est—the comfort and ease which it might bring to some poor woman. The worn overcoat, kept by its owner "in case of need," fails of its proper service in the actual "case of need," of the half clothed laboring man out of work

through illness.
So of the cast-off clothes of the mind—discarded magazines and books. The increasing carded magazines and books. The increasing piles of these waste interest on the top shelves of the well-filled library, while the active minds of men, women and children less well supplied hunger for the food of the printed page, until ungratified desire dies, and they sink to the level of the unreading n

Whatever has service in it should be passed on promptly from hand to hand until that power of service is exhausted. The rubbishheap is more creditable than an unused accumuneap is more creatable than an unused accumulation of useful things. Hoarding is bad economy in every department of life. Losing interest on sawings is foolish improvidence, whether the interest is reckoned in dollars and cents or in gratitude, relief and comfort.

#### TURKEY COMES TO TERMS.

very one who is at all interested in missions, or in the progress of civilization abroad, will be glad to know that a mild display of force by the United States last month has improved the status of the American schools

and missions in Turkey.

The immediate cause of the appearance of a fleet of United States war-vessels off Smyrna was the repeated neglect of the sultan to pay attention to claims for damages to American property and the loss of lives during the Armenian massacres of a few years ago. Pa-tience had been so extended and courtesy so strained that further indulgence would have

meant a loss of dignity and prestige.

Back of these claims for indemnity were the no less important demands that American educational institutions in Turkey should receive the same privileges and have the same rights as have long been enjoyed by France, Germany and Great Britain. Mr. Leishman, the American minister, had tried so often without success to bring these matters to the attention of the Porte that the President at last sent the war-ships to Smyrna, and ordered Mr. Leishman to sever diplomatic relations and go on board unless

reparation was made at once.

As a result of this vigorous course, the s As a resuit of may report ourse, the standard has promised to pay the indemnity for losses by American eitizens, to protect American schools and colleges, of which there are about three hundred, and to permit medical graduates to practise their profession in Turkey.

#### THE LONG BRIDGE.

f a man were to count as his schoolmates those who were about to graduate the day that he began his primer, and also those who were adding two and two when he was completing his course in mathematics, as well as all who came in between these groups, he could make out a long list. In the life of the world acquaintances are counted in about this way. It accordingly comes to pass that a long career

It accordingly comes to pass that a long career serves to connect, as with a bridge, generations which are widely separated.

Senator Hoar, for example, took an active part in the campaign of 1848, when Zachary Taylor was elected President; he saw Theodore Roosevelt nominated this year, a man born some years after Taylor went to his grave. Mr. Hoar thus joined in his life the period of Webster and Clay and Calhoun with that of the Spanish War. He was equally vigorous in the discussion of the issues of each.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Chaplain of the Senate, remembers many stories of the

Senate, remembers many stories of the the Senate, remembers many stores of the Revolution as they came from the lips of par-ticipants in that struggle. Among soldiers, Winfield Scott seems to have joined in his acquaintance widely separated epochs. He had been conspicuous as a young man in the War of 1812, was one of the leading generals of

the Mexican War, and finally in command at

He outbreak of the Civil War.

John H. Reagan of Texas, who attended the recent Democratic National Convention at St. recent Democratic National Convention at St. Louis, and doubtless there became acquainted with young men who will be active in 1904, served in the armies of the Texan republic. He came into the Union with Texas, and with it went into the Confederacy, where he became a member of Jefferson Davis's Cabinet. He was afterward a Senator of the United States. Few men have served under more governments. As Shakespacen with thouse sold the world as

As Shakespeare might have said, the world as a stage offers "a continuous performance." The actor who steps off for the last time to-day clasps hands with the beginner of yesterday.

#### SOME UNANSWERED LETTERS.

"Well-bred persons never allow a letter to remain unanswered for more than two or three days," declares a cur-rent manual of deportment, which, judging by its sale, seems to be accepted as authority by many people. There is truth underlying the statement, and one would not wish to deny it offhand; but it needs to be qualified.

Prof. Ernst Haeckel, the German scientist, recently said that during the last year he had received more than three thousand letters, most of them from strangers. He is seventy years old. It would take another seventy years, he says, to discuss the scientific and philosophical He is seventy problems put forward by his correspondents.
For that matter, his views on most of these questions have already been set forth in his books.
Shall Professor Haeckel be denounced as an

Small Processor Tracked to encounted as an ill-bred person because he tosses such letters aside? It seems more reasonable to criticize the persons who ask a busy man to neglect his work that he may settle the questions, frequently unimportant, that happen to interest

It is natural to wish to express one's obligation to those who help one through books or pictures or music or by the spoken word. It is right that one should do so. But the volunteer correspondents of great men ought to remember that authors, scientists, clergymen, and artists generally, seldom employ secretaries, and the time used in answering unimportant letters is so much taken from the serious business of life.

so much taken from the serious ousiness of life. Write to your favorite author or preacher or composer, by all means. Never fear but he will appreciate your good-will. And if he does not reply to your letter, assume, as you safely may, that your praise has inspired him, and the work he will next undertake—perhaps in the time saved from needless correspondence—is really a message to you as one of the faithful, unseen friends, the thought of whom sweetens many a toilsome day.

#### . . .

Prize-money for the capture of Spanish ships Drize-money for the capture of Spanish ships and property in the battle of Manila Bay has recently been paid to Admiral Dewey and his men. Bounty for the destruction of the Spanish ships had already been paid. The payment of prize-money, which is distinct from bounty, was delayed by complicated litigation; the disagreement about the real value of the capture was genuine, and in no way involved unfriendliness between the claimants and the government. Half the prize-money went by law to the naval pension fund; the other half, amounting to three hundred and seventy thousand dollars, was divided between Admiral Dewey and those who fought under him. The admiral received eighteen thousand five hundred dollars; the commanding officer of each vessel received on-tenth of the amount awarded to it; and the other officers and the men were paid to it; and the other officers and the men were paid in proportion to their salaries, an amount equal in each case to about five months' pay.

A wealthy Brazilian planter has recently been in Crowley, Louislana, arranging for the establishment of a training-school to which he will send a number of his young countrymen to learn American methods of rice-culture. Although the Japanese and Chinese have long been considered the world's experts in this department of agriculture, the scientists of our own government lawdone so much in the way of developing new species of grains, hardy plants, new machinery for preparing and handling the crop, that American growers now stand in a class by themselves. The coast lands below Rio Janeiro are said to resemble closely those of Louislana and Texas, and it is planned to dike, drain, irrigate and cultivate them under the direction of pupils from the new school. under the direction of pupils from the new school.

Farmers' insurance companies have been inve It tigating the cause for the increase of death by lighting among cattle, and attribute it to the extending use of wire fences. The eattle run in a storm until they encounter a fence, and huddle against it in a position of danger from any bolt that may strike the fence anywhere in its length. The companies recommend that a ground wire be dropped into the earth every ten rods to carry off the electric fluid. tigating the cause for the increase of death by

Children have long been unwelcome tenants in apartment-houses. But there is always some one to turn a prevailing idea upside down, especially if it is a bad idea. A New York man has built in his city a six-story block of flats designed primarily for the comfort and happiness of children. He has equipped the back yard with swings and sand heles and reserved a large playarom on and sand beds, and reserved a large play-room on the top floor.

S ixty-one years ago the Presbyterian Church of Scotland broke in two for the third time. The seceding body, under the leadership of Doctor

Chalmers, became the Free Church. The remaining conservatives continued as the Established Church of Scotland. For half a century the Free Church accumulated property. At the beginning of this century this property was about ten million dollars in capital, besides institutions of learning and administration of incalculable value and impossible to replace by mere money. Four years ago the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church—the union of two previous secessions—decided to join as the United Free Church of Scotland. Twenty-four congregations of the Free Church refused to consent to the mion, and this small body claimed title to all the Free Church property on the ground that it was held in trust for the propagation of Free Church of Scotland. The Church Church before the union, and that a majority of them had a right to carry the property with them into the United Church. This decision has been reversed by the British House of Lords. They decide in favor of the minority claimants that Free Church property belongs to those who are still true the original Free Church propagation for the submity claimants that Free Church property belongs to those who are still true to the original Free Church organization and its Church property belongs to those who are still true to the original Free Church organization and its doctrines. Thus hundreds of congregations are doctrines. This infinite of congregations are dispossessed of their place of worship, and a huge property is suddenly vested in a few ministers and their flocks. Solution of the problem is looked for in an act of Parliament. Meanwhile the disposed majority are busy raising an emergency

#### THE BOUNDARY FENCE.

THE BOUNDARY FENCE.

Before the Birchams removed from the "city proper" to the most fashionable suburb they satisfied themselves that the locality they were entering was a desirable one. Of their immediate neighbors they—or Mr. Bircham, at any rate—took no account. Mrs. Bircham was a triendly soul, could she have had her way; but her husband had an exaggerated idea of his own importance, and openly exulted over the high fence that enclosed their new domain.

The fence at the back of the big lot particularly pleased him. It was made of matched boards, and one could see neither over it nor through it. Every time Mr. Bircham went that way, which was not often, to be sure, he felt like patting it affection. "The persons on that next street are not of our order," he said. "Undoubtedly they would try to push themselves in among us, if they could, and your reprehensible tendency to permit familiarly might lead to dangerous complications if these lots more closely communicated. I glory in this fence, Mrs. Bircham, and I wish it were nineteen feet high:"

To Mrs. Bircham these sentiments seemed fool-

To Mrs. Bircham these sentiments seemed foolish, not to say unchristian; but she was not one to argue, and could only hope that circumstances would rebuke her too-exclusive lord.

argue, and could only hope that circumstances would rebuke her too-exclusive lord.

They did, and promptly. Not more than a fort-night later, Mr. Bircham, lose to his side of the back fence, was pondering the problem of a sickly grape-vine, when his attention was arrested by a woman's voice on the other side. She spock with the freedom of one who has no thought of being overheard, and her utterance was so rapid that before Mr. Bircham realized himself an eavesdropper he had taken in all she had to say.

"The new people over there?" repeated the obnoxious neighbor. "The woman is really a charming person, so far as I can tell by the glimpses I get from our chamber windows, but the man — such a fussy, overhearing, peacocky creature, common-looking, and with insufferable manners! I'm so glad of this fence, Grald, because it's so fatally easy for any two men to scrape nequalinance—and I question whether that acquaintance would be desirable."

Easte as soon as his neighbors went away from his case of the content of t

had been borne in upon him that this is a world of give and take, that his approval was not needful to its continuance, and that persons he was churlishly anxious to avoid might have good reasons for wishing to avoid him.

#### WOMEN'S POCKETS.

WOMEN'S POCKETS.

Many years ago, but still within the memory of a few of us, women's gowns possessed pockets s-sometimes even as many as three in a single costume. Occasionally, when in a reminiscent mood, some dear old lady will tell of the things she used to carry in her pocket, and the girl of the period listens as to a fairy tale. The girl stuffs things into her purse and her chatelaine, into biouse and sleeves and hat. What can she down the control is the period listens as to a fairy tale. The girl stuffs things into her purse and her chatelaine, into biouse and sleeves and hat. What can she down the control is the control of the control

pocket in it. I never heard of such a thing. It is pull it all out of shape, and —'
"That is the place to smile upon her blandly, thank her, and take your departure."
The incident sheds a ray of hope upon the darkness of a pocketless age. Surely what one woman

has done, others can do if they will; it is merely a little matter of thought, firmness and tact—a combination, by the way, which is often happilly efficient in larger problems than that of a woman's pocket. For, after all, as the *Milantic* contributor, with a sigh over her own pocketless condition, wisely concludes, "success and pockets are no accidental matter."

The woman who makes her own gowns can con-

accidental matter."

The woman who makes her own gowns can console herself with the thought that it is not the dressmaker but her own bondage to fashion that is responsible if her garments are pocketless.

#### GREAT FOLK AND LITTLE FOLK.

Mr. Henry James, in his recent biography of William Wetmore Story, gives a delightful glimpse of the amusements of the group of American and English children in Rome of whom just fifty years ago little Edith Story, the soulptor's daughter, made one. She was, too, the most favored one, for she was just recovering from a dangerous lilness, and was therefore the special pet of her father's famous friends.

dangerous illness, and was therefore the special pet of her father's famous friends.

Hans Andersen was one of them, and, says Mr. James, "The small people with whom he played enjoyed, under his spell, the luxury of believing that he kept and treasured—in every case, and the state of the st

#### RULES FOR YOUNG LADIES.

"You are expected to be polite in your manners, neat in your person and room, careful of, your books and clothes, attentive to economy in all your expenses," read one of the rules of the Female Academy, conducted by Miss Sarah Pierce from 1792 to 1833. In "Chronicles of a Pioneer School" other rules are given, as follows:

"You are requested not only to exercise in the morning, but also in the evening sufficiently for the preservation of health. "falebearing and scandal are odious vices and must be avoided; neither must you flatter your companions by any remarks on their beauty, dress or any accomplishment, in order to increase their

that such compliments are an insulf offered to the understanding.
"You must not write a careless note or any the such as the s

#### THE VICTORIOUS FLEA.

One of the justices of the United States Supreme One of the justices of the United States Supreme Court dined recently with a Washington family who are ardent advocates of a vegetarian diet. In the course of dinner, which consisted, says the New York Evening Post, of all the delicates of edible plant life now in season, the hostess undertook the conversion of her beef-reared guest. But dentify her pregramarks which were altered to

undertook the conversion of her beef-reared guest. But despite her arguments, which were eleverly based on the chemical constituents of various kinds of food, the jurist was not convinced. "But surely, Mr. Justice," she said, finally, "you must admit that vegetarialism means strength must demand that vegetarialism means strength which feeds wholly on vegetables, can make such a feed wholly on vegetables, can make such in the place." "True, man," answered the distinguished "True, man," answered the distinguished "True, man," answered the distinguished the minute creature for which naturalists claim the ability to jump more times its own length than any other belongs in the class of pure carnivora."

#### SURGERY BY HAND AND FOOT.

SUKHERY BY HAND AND FOOT.

Surgery in the sixteenth century was not the ordined science of the present day. Anesthetics and antisptics were unknown, and the operating theater was often just where the patient fell.

In one of the many battles in which the fighting Duke of Guise engaged, he was knocked down by one of the enemy's arrows, which plered his head between the nose and one of the eyes.

Beful, and he immediately put his foot on the duke's face and drew the arrow out by sheer brute force. The operation inconvenienced the duke somewhat, but he survived it, and lived to be assassimated.

#### WIFELY CONCESSION.

Advice is often too good to be taken, but a very agreeable variety was once given by James Russell Lowell to a young woman about to be married:

"Always give your husband-your own way."

"Brown's Camphorated Saponac tifrice" is the only true tooth powder fo deposits of injurious matter on the teeth.

SPALDING'S HOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL.

M. Murphy of Yale. Numerous are teams in action, with explanatory comparts. The for sale by all newsdealers and C. SPALDING & BROS., C. SPALDING & BROS., Louis, Kansas City, Louis, Kansas City,

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# THE PLOWMAN



EDITH M. THOMAS

My story's of the olden day Beside the hurrying, blue Rhine water,— My story's of a runaway.— The Glant Niedeck's little daughter!

She wanders at her own sweet will, Her flaxen ringlets wide she tosses: A dozen steps—she climbs the hill, A dozen more—a vineyard crosses!

The young pine-trees aside are brushed As though they were but nodding grasses; She laughs aloud—the birds are hushed, And hide away until she passes!

She heeds them not,—the giant mite, So bent upon her own wild pleasure; And now she sees a wondrous sight, A curious thing for her to treasure!

"Oh, what a lovely toy I've found!" She clapped her hands in childish wonder. (The great trees trembled, miles around, The rocks gave back a sound like thunder.)

A plowman with his horse,—the toy,— A plowman at his daily drudging: She snatched them up with eager joy; And home the giant child went trudging. She reached the castle out of breath,

And from her pocket (says my fable) ne drew the plowman, scared to death, And laid him swooning on the table.

And then away in haste she sped, To bring her nurse and lady mother; "Now, burn my wooden dolls," she said. "Live toys are best—I'll have no other!"

The giant lady, fair and mild, Thus spake unto her little daughter: "Go, take the plowman back, my child, To fields beside the blue Rhine water.

'Though weak and small, his heart is great; And Liebschen, if we kept him here, All day, beside his cottage gate, Would weep for him his children dear.'

Then back the giant child did go, And left the plowman where she found him; And when the sun was sinking low, He started up, and looked around him.

"I must have dreamed," he laughed outright, As when some sudden fancy pleases; "And I will tell my dream to-night, When Gretchen for a story teases!"

#### THE ART OF LIVING TOGETHER.



A young woman is spending her life in a work which requires inti-mate association of many people have high ideals, but who also have wide variety of experience and temperament.

and temperament.

This variety naturally leads to frequent differences of opinion, and causes different standards to be set up. The young woman recently put the matter plainly in a letter to a friend.

"Good, sincere and true as they are," she wrote, "it is hard for our workers to maintain a right spirit toward each other. We do not show for each other the reverence that we feel, and we do not feel enough reverence. It sometimes seems as though we were so constituted as to develop in each other just those qualities which compel the opposite of reverence. We as to develop in each other just those qualities which compel the opposite of reverence. We suffer for it deeply, but it grows in spite of us. Can you not help us to be more careful and thoughtful of the touch of our lives upon the lives of others? It is a terrible thing to have a day ruined and our souls shriveled because in coming in contact with some one we allow that person to put us out of sorts, or we put that other person out of harmony, or both. I do not want to give you the impression that we are wranglers, for this is not true. We believe in each other and love each other, and love our work; but we are differently constituted and have different methods and tastes, and we are have different methods and tastes, and we are often unjust to each other without intending to be so. The fact that we suffer for it, and that we try to find a remedy, proves our desire for a more consistent life. Please send us some message, if you can, that shall be a help to us."

Surely very many people will be touched by this appeal, for the case which it discloses is far from being isolated. If the person addressed int from being isolated. It the person addresses in this letter could answer it wisely and make the answer effective, the answer would be worthy of a place in many a home, school and office, and in every place where people of varied training and attainments must associate for mutual ends.

"No man limith to himself!" Evon the

'No man liveth to himself.'' Even the "No man liveth to himsell." Even the narrow circle of the home life has its sevenfold tie, binding it to other lives—a tie that unites him to father, mother, brother and sister, and later, to wife, son and daughter. No one of these seven is precisely like any other, and this

THE GIANT'S DAUGHTER sevenfold cord is but one strand in the interwoven thread that binds us to our fellow men. It is not enough to learn how one shall keep himself unspotted from the world; the art of living together is equally important.

living together is equally important. Whatever answer may be given to this letter, the letter itself will prove as good an answer as can well be made to manny people who experience the same failure, but who have thought less deeply into the causes, and have prayed less earnestly for help to overcome a sin that so easily besets those whom God has placed that so easily beets those whom do has placed together in the most intimate of earthly relations. When death comes, and those we love and respect are removed too far to be helped by our thoughtfulness or comforted by our penitence, we often begin to learn a lesson which should have been considered long before.

nave been considered long before.

It is the matchless charm of the religion of
Christ that He lived His life not only in purity
and obedience to the will of God, but in sympathy, gentleness and patience displayed while
He lived and labored among men. It was He
Who said of kindness or of cruelty toward the humblest of the children of men among whom we must live and work on earth, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

#### THE "TUBA" MAN.

n the island of Cuyo, one of the Philippine archipelago, the only man who is in a hurry, says Mr. Landor in "The Gems of the East," is the tuba man. He is naked except for a loin-cloth. You may first see him hopping about on the tips of his toes, with his head in the air, examining the summit of every coconut-pain. He is one of the most typical figures in the archipelago, the tuba man, or, rather, the man who gathers tuba, which is a kiad of wine extracted from the ecoconut-pains. Each tuba man has a certain number of trees

rather, the man who gathers tuba, which is a kind of wine extracted from the ecoonul-rapims.

Each tuba man has a certain number of trees under his care, and to those alone he devotes his fatherly inspection. He carefully examines each tree. Here he makes ready for an ascent. He matter where the makes ready for an ascent. He matter where the tube the will be sensibility of his soles and toes. Owing to the prevalent steady, strong winds, trees are generally at a slant and seldom quite vertical. This somewhat simplifies schoring winds, trees are generally at a slant and seldom quite vertical. This somewhat simplifies sharp bolo, he has cut for himself upon each tree notches about an inch deep all the way up to the cluster of leaves at the summit. Up he goes, with adder; and while we down below watch him with some concern he gets astride the stem of a large leaf that quivers under his weight. His with the control of the control of the control of the liquid should be lackings to a some a public than the control of the liquid should be lackings so as to adjust the bamboo tubes quite lainty. As many songas are generally applied as there are hower clusters. I have often seen as there are hower clusters. I have often seen as the case of the liquid should be lackings to a summary of the liquid should be lacking and the state of the liquid should be lacking to the summary of the liquid should be lacking to the summary of the liquid should be lacking to the summary of the liquid should be lacking to the liquid should be

tied for the purpose. Some new powder is then put in.

Each flower-stem is cut every time afresh with a sharp-curved kuife, and will exade tuba freely for some eight weeks. Ferment within an hour of the time of its collection, and in taste resembles eider. It is quite pulatable when fresh, but changes into vinegar in a few hours. The tuba man is a time- and though of coming lown from his lofty aerie and climbing each individual coconut-tree, he prefers to add neckbreaking chances to his career by constructing emother, a kind of primitive elevated thorougher, which makes less aerial pedestrians tremble to look at it.

#### SHE WANTED SOMETHING "TASTY"

Its. Porter went into philanthropy with the enthusiasm which characterized everything she did. "When I make my visits to poor people I take them just what I should like for a gift myself," she said to a sympathetic friend, "except that of course you can't do quite as much for them as —"

Mrs. Porter stopped and appeared slightly embarrassed at her own process of reasoning, but the sympathetic friend stepped into the "Of course I understand just what you mean," she cooed, "and I've heard how perfectly sweet you have been in going to see that poor Sullivan girl, the one who has the trouble with her lungs." don't really know as I shall go there much more, for I truly call them rather ungrateful. I took her over two big bunches of white grapes the other day, and when I asked her mother if she didn't think Jennie would be delighted, she just you, ma'am, and I guess she can eat 'em all right, but what she likes is something taxty, same as I do. Canned tomatoes or them boned herrings, or Saratoga chips' do be better than these, but probably you aren't used to sick folks."

#### . . A POOR SEINEFUL.

"Whatever do you we selected.
"Where on the card was the same present a sum of the card have you been to, and what have you been to, and what have you been to, and what have you been to, and then be began to collect a dry wardrobe. His wife, meanwhile, pursued her inquiries.

er inquiries.
"Whatever do you mean?" she asked.
"Just what I say, Captain Hank was fool nough to fall off of Billy's wharf and like to rown himself. Me and Billy's been seining for

im."
"Seining?"
"Yes'm, seining. And what's more, he was the
"Yes'm, seining. And what's more, he was the
oorest seineful I ever pursed up."
Mrs. Perkins made no further comment. The

the water. Then he sat down peroce-ciothes. Then he sat down peroce-"Hank and Billy and me was a-setting in a row on the edge of Billy s wharf," he said, at last, "and Hank, as usual, set out to count up his money, to make sure he hann't bot any of it sence he counted it last. He had as much as a dollar and a haff in one hand, and his empty purse in the other, haff in one hand, and his empty purse in the other, where the counter of the counter of the counter of the counter of the water here.

n." 't you and Billy go in, too?" queried Mrs. Pe "Well s. Perkins.
Well, me'n Billy didn't happen to be engaged counting anything, so we grabbed the edge of wharf and saved ourselves. Hank, he went on plumb to the bottom, and come up blowing a porroise.

the whart and code down plumb to the bottom, and come up blowing down plumb to the bottom, and come up blowing down plumb to the wasn't swimming any, and when he yelfs for help I mistrusts something was up, so I jumped in an 'grabbed him. I got a good end of the wharf, up to the splings on the end of the wharf, "Catch a-bolt," says I, 'and me and Billy'll git you out in a minute. "I can't catch a-bolt," he says, spluttering out a lot of water.

you out in a himmur, "'1 can't eatch a-holt,' he says, spluttering out a lot of water.
"'Why not?' says I.
"'I got my hands full of money,' he says.
"Well, that made me some disgusted, but Billy, he set on the wharf an' laughed till he like to

"Well, that made me some better the set on the wharf an 'haughed till he like to bust, and the wharf an 'haughed till he like to bust, and the set thing I know there come a bight of his big seine over the edge of the wharf. I see the fide, and ehucked the thing down under Hank. When we had him pursed up I climbed up on the wharf, and we put the line through the fall of Billy's "Well, yes, fer Hank, I reckon he was grateful." Well, yes, fer Hank, I reckon he was grateful. He opened his fist and see he had the dollar and the halffed had the Hank gritten the see that the halffed had the Hank gritten the two quarters. That was the smallest change Hiran had. Hank give one of them to Billy and one to me.

ne.
"Yes'm, I took it. It ain't often Hank has them
noments of generosity, and, as Billy says, to refuse
of eventy to animals."



Heart of the heather
And heart of mankind Godward together Their sweetness unbind.

Earliest, latest To delve in the bowers, nows he not greatest Who knows but the flowers?

That hand is surest
Their bloom that bears,
That life is purest
Lived close to theirs.

Clear writes the Master, Then read as you look. Leaf of an aster Is leaf of a book.

#### (i) (ii) WELLINGTON'S VIEWS ON ART.

WELLINGTON'S VIEWS ON ART.

I'r George Bayter, the court painter to the late
Queen Victoria, was at one time invited to
Strathfield Saye, the home of the Duke of
Wellington. The duke had promised him sittings
for his portrait. The following extracts from the
painter's diary, printed in the London Chronicle,
give an amusing glimpse of the duke's ideas on
art. He told Sir George that there was one subject for a painting which he would like to see done
well, because he considered that it would be a
great moral lesson. He said:
"We are informed that all the animals of the

great noral lesson. He sold:

"We agree the sold of the sold of the sold of the sold lesson, the sold great noral lesson. He sold great noral lesson, the sold great noral lesson that via Amburgh has effected this. What I want the lone the royal tiger, the lyens, and others; but Vian Amburgh has effected this. What I want a fine, athlete man,—surrounded by the animals he has so well known not only how to render the sold great noral lesson and the lamb at his feet, for he places the lamb between the lion and the tiger, and they must be sold great noral lesson. The sold great noral lesson. This is education; this is the great moral lesson. This is education; this is the great moral lesson. This is education; this is the great moral lesson. The sold great noral lesson. The sold great noral lesson and the sold great noral lesson. The sold great noral lesson is the sold great noral lesson. The sold great noral lesson is the sold great noral lesson is the sold great noral lesson. The sold great noral lesson is the sold great noral lesson is the sold great noral lesson. The sold great noral lesson is the sold great noral lesson is the sold great noral lesson. The sold great noral lesson is the great noral lesson is the great noral lesson. The sold great noral lesson is the great noral lesso

#### BY A THREAD.

BY A THREAD.

In e of the greatest dangers of mountaineering is from falling stones, yet the number of fatal aceidents from this cause is as few as the narrow escapes are many. As exciting an experience as can well be imagined is described in the Alpine Journal, and quoted by the author of "Adventures on the Roof of the World." The party consisted of Mr. Horace Walker, Mr. G. E. Foster and two guides. The climbers wished to ascend Alguille du Midi from the Montanvert, and be the first to go down the steep face of the mountain on the Chamouni side.

All at first went well, and soon they began to

All at first went well, and soon they began to cross the face of the cliff to gain a rocky buttress that offered a likely route some hundred feet below the top of the wall. "Jacob was leading," writes Mr. Foster, "Walker next, I followed, and Baumann brought up the rear. Only one was moving at a time, and every one had the rope as

taut as possible between himself and his neighbor. Jacob was crossing a narrow gully, when suddenly, without any warning, as though he had trod on the keystone of the wall, the whole face for some forty feet above him pecled off, and with a crash like thunder, hundreds of tons of rocks precipitated themselves on him. In an instant he was torn from his hold, and hurled down the precipice without the precipice with programs the wastern from the process of the control of the precipice with precipitation of the precipice with precipitation of the precipical wastern from the precipical water than the precipical water than the precipical water than the precipitation of the preci

like thunder, hundreds of tous of rocks precipitated themselves on him. In an instant he was torn from his hold, and hurled down the precipies with them.

It was to be to be

#### A DELIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE.

A DELIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE.

After the terrible steamship and railway accidents which made the past season memorable, it is pleasant to read of an affair so delightful for its victims as the recent sinking of the Mississippl River steamer Chalmette proved to be. The Chalmette was the last of the old-time cotton packets on the Mississippl. There are many big stern-wheel cotton-carriers, and several side-wheel passenger boats, but the Chalmette was a relie of the old St. Louis-New Orleans trade She was the City of Vicksburg of the Anchor line, but was rebuilt some years ago to carry cotton to the port of Chalmette, below New Orleans. She could stow five thousand five hundred bales on her spacious deck, and with her guards awash and the cotton stacked high above her cabin deck, was a spectacle once common, henceforth to be unknown, on the river. When the Louisbana Purchase Exposition opened she was put on as a furough boat from New Orleans to the fair, and thus opened a trade which had been dead for some years. years

On a Saturday in July she started north with about forty passengers and a lot of freight. Late-miles of Natchez when, in backing out from a landing, she struck a snag and knocked a hole in the stern. She swung round with both ends rest-ing on the bank in a little eddy, but with sever-ing on the bank in a little eddy, but with sever-ly of water under her amidships, and began to

the stern. She swung round with both ends resting on the bank in a little eddy, but with seventy for our water under her amidships, and began to the control of the control

#### CY'S CHOICE.

yrus Pettingill made brooms for a living, and Ezra Hoskins kept a store in the New Hampshire town where both of them lived. One day, says the Columbia Record, Cy came in with a load of brooms, and then dickering began.

with a load of brooms, and then dickering began.
"Ezra, I want to sell you these brooms."
"All right, Cy. Fil take them."
"I don't want any store pay," continued Cy. "I want cash for them."
"I don't want any store pay," continued Cy. "I want cash for them."
After at houghtful pause Ezra sald, "I tell you what I'll do, Cy. I'll give you half cash and half tradie."
"I gives that a straw out of one of the brooms and looked at it, as if for inspiration.
"I guess that'll be all right," he said, at last.
After Ezra had put the brooms in their place in the store, he said:
"Here's your money, Cy. Now what do you want trade?"
"Well, Ezra," said he, "if it's all the same to you, I'll take brooms."

#### NEED FOR HASTE.

In a Massachusetts seaport town many stories are still told of an eccentric old man who was a conspicuous figure in its streets thirty years

ago.

Not many years before he died he married a young wife, who was a constant surprise to him. One day an old friend met him hurrying along the main street of the town, one arm held out stilly in "Don't touch me and don't detain me!" he eried, as his friend approached.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked the other. "Anybody sick up at your house?" and other. "Anybody sick up at your house?" his shoulder, "but I'm fetching home a new bunnit for my wife, and I want to get there before the styles change!"

### do do NEEDED ANOTHER BARREL.

hen Van Blumer came up from the cellar, says Hurper's Bazar, he told his wife he wanted her to do him a favor. "I want you to give the cook a message for me," he added.

"What?" inquired Mrs. Van Blumer, a trifle anxiously.
"Tell her,—ask her, I mean,"—said Van Blumer, "not to put the broken china into the ash-barrel." I really must have some place to put the ashes."

#### TWINS.

By Persis Gardiner.

wo dear little brothers I happen to know.

They are rosy and dimpled and wee, But one tiny twin is a little bit slow, While the other is brisk as a bee.

Your copy-book, from the first page to the back, He travels with diligent care,

And behind him he leaves such a beautiful track

Of penmanship upright and fair.

Then grasping a pencil, he ventures to climb

A long row of figures, and so Like Jack up the bean-stalk, one step at a time, Straight on to the top he will go.

Then down the next column, in safety

He comes without blunder or trip, While his kind little twin holds the slate firm and fast.

For fear that perhaps it might slip.

For he likes to be useful, although he is slow,

And these good little brothers, they sav. Have never once quarreled, and always

they go Together to work or to play.

Though sometimes one brother (of course by mistake)

Cuts his twin with your little jackknife, pounds him instead of a nail, yet

they make Such mishaps no occasion for strife.

nd now can you guess who these merry mates are? Just think a bit ere you begin;

First, who is the brother that travels so far?

And who is his kind, helpful twin?

But if you can't guess them, why, then I must tell;

Look down in your lap: don't you see Two nice, handy brothers, as sturdy and well.

And like as two brothers can be? way see

#### THE MOTHERS' STRIKE.

By Elizabeth H. Thomas.

Such a dream I had! So dreadful That I never heard the like; For I dreamt that on a sudden The mamas agreed to strike.

"We are tired," I heard them murmur, 'Tired of working night and day, And not always hearing 'Thank you!' Such long hours and such poor pay!

So they would not mend the jackets Nor the holes in stockings small; No one ran to kiss the bruises When poor Tommy caught a fall.

No one bound up wounded fingers, No one glued the broken toys, No one answered all the questions Of the eager little boys.

No one tied the little bonnets, No one brushed the little curls, No one basted dolly dresses For the busy little girls.

No one heard their little troubles. No one held them on her lap, No one sewed on truant buttons, No one hunted Johnny's cap.

And there were no bedtime stories, And no loving hands to tuck Blankets soft round little sleepers For their mothers all had struck.

Oh, so lonesome and so dreadful And so queer it all did seem! Aren't you glad, dear little children It was nothing but a dream?



#### TOUR. COACHING

By Mary Alden Hopkins.

coaching party came down the road which Ned and Arthur and Babes, the Twinies and Teddy-from-over-the-way climbed on the fence to wave to the merry travellers on the high coach-top. The travellers waved back, and the great coach-dog barked at Buster behind the

The coach whirled on, and the laughter and sound of the horn came fainter and fainter from farther and farther away.

"Let us go coaching, too!" cried Teddy-

"Let us go coaching, too!" cried Teagy-from-over-the-way.
"Yes, yes!" cried the others.
Soon a second coaching party went down the road which passes the little white farm-house called Home, with nutling cart and home-made reins, Fourth-of-July horn and dinner-bell, and a gay little terrier barking round. round.

Now the road which leads by the little white farmhouse called Home goes also by the house behind the elms, called Grandmother's. All the way to Grandmother's is level except two small up-hills, and as sometimes the horseswere passengers and sometimes the passengers were horses, and all walked the up-hills together, no one thought of being tired when they at last reached the house behind the elms. called Home.

Grandmother is a little woman with bright goes by the little white farmhouse called Home, with trotting horses, jingling so, and a great coach-dog loping after. and Arthur and Babes, the Twinies and Arthur and babes, the Twinies and waved their hands to her. The second coachwaved their hands to her. The second coaching party saw her sitting on the plazza and called, "Cookies!" to her. There are always cookies at Grandmother's—white ones with sugar on top, or ginger with creases on top, or seed with caraways on top. This time the cookies were new, sugared doughnuts. There was one apiece and one for Buster.

"I wanted to see your mother this afternoon," said grandmother, "but I am too tired to walk, and grandfather has gone to town in the team."

the team."
"We'll haul you over in the cart!" cried the

Twinies.
"And father will bring you back in the new buggy," added Mary.

They begged and teased until the dear little

lady got into the cart. They tied the ropereins to the tongue of the cart so that each horse could get a good grip, and away they

inorse count get a good grip, and away day trundled grandmother.

All the way back from Grandmother's is level except two down-hills, and with only one pause to rest, the six horses dashed along the road from the house behind the elms called Grandmother's to the little white farmhouse called Howe

## 200 JIMMY FISH-HOOK.

By E. S. L. Thompson.

timmy Fish-Hook is a pure Maltese cat. Jimmy Fish-Hook knows his manners, and he All day long he suns himself on the stone uses them. steps of the entrance to the City Hospital.

Jimmy lives there with eight doctors and forty

He has made friends with "Aunt Katy." the old colored woman who cooks for the doctors.
When the bell rings for "meals" he walks down when the bell rings for means new axas owners the steps as if he were a major-general, and purrs loudly at the kitchen door. Aunt Katy will say, "Go way, you hoodoo!" Soon she will laugh a queer laugh as she fills a deep tin pan with good things for Jimmy Fish-Hook, who has been patiently waiting, knowing well that he will be rewarded. Besides scraps of cost and eligion, be cess word to declare the second. that he will be rewarded. Bestless scraps or meat and chicken, he gets sweet potatoes and pudding, and for his dessert a bowl of milk. Then Aunt Katy will repeat, "Go way, you hoodoo!" and Jimmy Fish-Hook walks slowly back to the red settee on the front steps. He rests on that after eating, unless a doctor comes out with a newspaper or a book, and

then he moves at once. No one has to tell him. hungry first.

uses them.

The City Hospital is near a river, where many men and boys fish. One day a half-grown Maltese kitten, miauling sadly and with a fish-hook fastened in its jaw, came up the hospital steps. Where kitty came from no one

"What a strange patient!" said Doctor Clary who had a little girl who loved cats and had

who had a little girl who loved cats and had been begging for one.

Then Doctor Clary gave kitty some medicine to smell that put him to sleep as "quick as a cat can wink its eye," and cut the fish-hook out. Next he put on some salve and a bandage, gave kitty a drink of warm milk, and very soon the sore jaw was as well as ever.

One of the young doctors named kitty "Jimmy Fish-Hook."

Fish-Hook.

A very funny but a true thing is that Jimmy Fish-Hook will not eat fish or eat out of the pan if it has scraps of fish in it. He will go

#### NUTS TO CRACK.

1. RIDDLES.

7. Neath tropic skies I grow, Fruit I bear, But Im, amid the snow, Found nowhere. You baby has, I know, One soft pair. The crew that best can row, Me can wear.

II.
I'm in a stable—but it's true
I am in a cathedral, too.
I'm at a fair, where people view
Things beautiful and strange and new.

My little one, I must confess,
Is just a charming flirt.
Two three last night with happiness,
To-day her codiness hut.
To-day her codiness hut.
Drives me to thoughts of whole each day!"

II.

The gormand value as with the acad tay. If the gormand as second tay the will many a second tay the will many a second the acad tay. If then 'tis beyond compare. Then 'tis beyond compare. The gormand tastes, with cautious lip, Then takes another sip, another sip, another sip, and while his eyes with pleasure roll, Exclaims, with fervor, "Tis my whole!"

DROP SECOND LETTER. Hid in the — Tim found a —
Of yellow nuggets fine.
With motion —, his nimble —
Went down the steep incline.

An — there was who — was caught,
Two hundred pounds his weight,
With dull — spots along his
His breast was white and slate.

'Twas — to serve the — a trick, And yet it was repeated, A — of the — knew At once they had been cheated.

Cold was the —. They hoped the —
Would soon begin to flow,
If trees should —, with joy they'd —
The juice whose sweets they know.

The spring comes —, the farmers —
And harrow in the grain,
To win their — their brows they —
With sweat that drips like rain.
Jack scorned to —, the heard the —
It seemed to give him heart.
He set the — and made the —,
And tried to do his part.

Fine —, so our — say, Don't always make fine birds; A proverb —, and so no — We pay for truthful words.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Songster, huckster, lobster, oyster, bolster, ulster, holster, minster, volungster, rimester.

2. Bridge, ridge; bred, red; bright, right; bill, lil; brisk, risk; bread, read; block, lock; brain, brave, rave; broe, ore; butter, ulter; brick, lick; bit, it; blow, low; bland, land; beat, eat; bring, ring; breach, reach.

3. Cruse, d-anger, d-ream, i-deal.

4. Step, lustep; come, income; got, ingot; master; spire, inspire; tact, intact; vest, invest; cole, invoice; ward, invard; cur, leave; spire, inspire; tact, intact; vest, invest; brick, invest;

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#### CURRENT EVENTS

At Liau-yang.—After a lull of four weeks, A occasioned in part by unfavorable weather, and in part by a concentration of forces about Port Arthur, the Japanese operations against Port Arthur, the Japanese operations against the main Russian army at Liau-yang were resumed August 24th. There was a general advance against the Russian positions from the south, east and west, while another Japanese force was operating at the north, with a view to cutting off the Russian retreat. The Russians contested the Japanese advance stubbornly, yielding ground only as they were forced back by superior numbers or were menaced by flank-ing movements. ing movements.

The Greatest Battle of the war began August 30th, outside of Liau-yang. The Russian forces had been driven back from Anping and An-shan-chan upon the main defenses of the city, which had been heavily fortified. The Russian army is estimated at 170,000 men. The combined armies of Generals 170,000 men. The combined armies of Generals Kuroki, Nodzu and Oku, estimated to number 240,000 men, made a general attack, beginning at dawn with a terrific artillery fire, followed by repeated assaults and hand-to-hand fighting.
The battle lasted until dark, and was renewed at daylight. At the close of the second day of almost continuous fighting neither side had gained a decisive advantage.

The City Taken.—On the third day General Kuroki threw a division of the Japanese army across the Tai-tse River, which flows north of Liau-yang, thus flanking the Russian left; and General Oku's army pierced the Russian right by a series of furious assaults. To save himself from being surrounded, General Kuropatkin was forced to withdraw his whole army from Liau-yang to a new position on the right bank of the Tai-tse River.

At Port Arthur.—August 16th the com-A mander of the Japanese forces operating against Port Arthur sent a courier to General against Fort Arthur sent a courier to General Stössel, offering to arrange for the safe escort of non-combatants, and demanding the surrender of the gurrison. Both proposals were refused, and a day or two later the besieging forces began attacking the outer defenses. The assaults are still in progress when this record closes. Few official reports of results have come from either side, but unofficial reports represent the fighting as desperate and the losses extremely heavy. Between August 24th and 27th the Japanese Between August 24th and 27th the Japanese stormed the Russian positions at Etseshan on the westward and Chaochangkuo to the east-ward, and penetrated the main lines on both sides.

Neutral Commerce.—After the Malacca N incident the Russian government gave assurances to Great Britain that the Russian cruisers of the volunteer fleet, which passed through the Dardanelles under commercial flags, through the Dardanelles under commercial flags, should make no more searches or seizures of neutral ships. When one of these vessels, the Smotlensk, late last month held up the British steamer Comedition off the South African coast, there was indignation in England at what seemed a breach of faith. The Russian government, on being appealed to, expressed doubt as to whether the instructions to cease seizures had reached the cruisers, and with the consent of Russia, the British government sent war, but high properties of Good Hope squadron to find the Russian ships and deliver the instructions. tions.

The Battle-ship "Louisiana," which was Successfully launched at Newport News August 27th, is the first of a new class of battle-ships, which are to be larger and of heavier armament than any that have heretofore been built for the United States. They will have a displacement of 16,000 tons and a speed of 18 knots.

Insurrections.—Uruguay and Paraguay are both disturbed by revolutionary movements. The Paraguayan insurgents, August 17th, bombarded the capital, Asuncion, and did some damage to the public buildings. They have several vessels and a considerable number of troops. The insurrection in Uruguay is increasing in activity. ing in activity.

Recent Deaths.—Rear-Admiral Edwin M. Shepard, United States Navy, retired, who served with distinction through the Civil War and subsequently, died August 17th.—Prof. Charles Woodruff Shields of Princeton University, an eminent educator and theologian, died August 26th, aged 79.—Ex-Sultan Murad V of Turkey, who was deposed in August, 1876, and has since been kept in close confinement, died August 30th. When he was dethroned it was given out that he was insane, but it is generally believed that he was removed because he had announced his intention to establish a constitutional government.—Dr. Tomas Herconstitutional government. he had announced his intention to establish a constitutional government.—Dr. Tomas Her-ran, who for some time represented Colombia at Washington, and negotiated the Hay-Herran canal treaty, which was rejected by the Colombian Congress, died August 30th, in a New York sanitarium.

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## NATURE @ SCIENCE

Making Radium run a Clock.—An ingenious Englishman, Mr. Harrison Martindale, has invented a radium clock, which, it is computed, could run 30,000 years if uninterfered with. It consists of a tube containing a red with. It consists of a tube containing a small quantity of radium, supported on a quartz rod in an exhausted glass vessel. To the lower end of the tube is attached an electroscope, conend of the time is attached an executoscope, con-sisting of two long strips of silver. The natural action of the radium sends an electric charge into the strips, causing them to separate until they touch the sides of the vessel, whereupon they are instantly discharged and fall together again. This operation is repeated automatically every two minutes, so that each beat of this singular time keeper may be said to be two minutes long.  $_{\oplus}$ 

To raise Dates in California.—An expert of the Bureau of Plant Industry reports that the Salton Basin in California is actually better adapted for the



profitable culture of the date-palm than are those parts of the Sahara Desert, where the best exported dates are produced. It is believed that this part of California could yield dates enough to supply the entire United States. There are also places in Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas where this characteristically Oriental fruit, dear to the memories of all readers

of the "Arabian Nights," could, it is said, cultivated with su

Primitive Paper - Making. - In Mada gascar a kind of writing-paper used by some of the native notables and the fetish priests is made from the bark of a shrub named hahova. is made from the bark of a shrub named hahova. The bark fiber is bolled and macerated until a thin paste is obtained. Then a leaf of the plant called ravinla, or traveller's tea, is coated with pulp, formed from a particular kind of rice, and over this is spread the hahova paste, on both sides of the leaf. After the coating has thoroughly dried and adhered, it is polished with a smooth shell, and the paper is ready for use in writing. The manufacture of the like employed, like that of the paper itself, is a monopoly of the notables and priests who use it. This paper may be bought by European travellers at about a cent and a half per sheet, but only a few hundred sheets are produced in a month.

Another Great Coal - Field.—Although disquieting calculations are sometimes made concerning the accelerated approach of the end of the world's coal supply, owing to the enormous demands of growing industries, news continues to come of the discovery and development of hitherto unknown or neglected deposits of coal, which must postpone for a long period the time of final exhaustion. Among the great coal-fields whose importance is just beginning to be apprewhose importance is just beginning to be applyediated is the Cumberland Gap region, lying in Kentucky and Tennessee, and at present destitute of adequate transportation facilities. In bulletin No. 225 of the United States Geological Survey this field and its possibilities are desired. scribed. At one or two points mining centers with a large annual output have already been developed. Bennett Fork has become a mining town five miles long.

Self-Lighting Burners.—A recent invention, involving an interesting property of the metal platinum, is applied to the autoof the metal platinum, is applied to the auto-matic lighting of Bunsen burners. Finely divided platinum will ignite when a stream of hydrogen is directed upon it. Accordingly, a bundle of fine platinum wires is so placed that hydrogen from a by-pass tube impinges upon them, producing, at the turning of a cock, a "pilot flame," which is directed by a hood into the Bunsen burner, where it ignites the regular supply of eas. supply of gas.

Schools for Divers.—The British navy has three schools for the instruction of divers. The diving service in the navy is composed entirely of volunteers. No man is passed as a candidate who has a short neck, is full-blooded or shows a florid complexion. Those suffering from complaints affecting the head or heart or having a sluggish circulation are also excluded. Six weeks of training at a divingschool fit a man for open-sea work. It is essential to descend and ascend very slowly, owing to the effects of the great change of pressure. A man of strong constitution is not advised to ascend faster than two feet a second, when the depth does not exceed 80 feet. The when the depth does not exceed 80 feet. men in training are first taken to slight depth which are gradually increased to a maximum of 120 feet. The normal limit is 150 feet, to which practised divers often go.

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#### HYGIENIC EXERCISE.

HYGIENIC EXERCISE.

USCULAR action is indispensable to robust health; but the amount of it that is required varies with age, sex, habits and constitution. Most persons who are free from organic disease are benefited by properly directed grunastic training. Even those employed at manual labor are often improved by it, for only certain groups of muscles are exercised in the routine of daily work, and others remain comparatively life. Light exercise for a few minutes in the evening often acts as a restorative both to the wearied muscles and to the exhausted nervous system of one fatigued in his employment during the day, particularly if it be followed by a cold sponge-bath; but as a rule the morning is a better time for both exercise under the supervision of a physician, and remarkable curves are sometimes attributable in great measure to it.

for both exercise and cold bathing. Invalids may profit by exercise under the supervision of a physician, and remarkable cures are sometimes attributable in great measure to it.

No other method is quite so effectual as systemate training under an intelligent instructor, when this is available, but a great deal can be accomplished by home gymnasties if persistently practised. In these days of deficient breathing and excessive lung disease especial attention should be directed to the strengthening of the muscles of the chest and abdomen. The exercise should be taken daily and in the open air when the weather will permit; it should never be undertaken in a closed room. Whether dumb-bells and wall-pulleys or some other method be employed, the movements should be carried to the point of inducing deep respiration. Moderate running and bleycling increase the breathing power, and rowing is regarded as the best of all exercises.

A few precautions should be observed. Nothing more cumbersome than the regulation costume of the gymnasiums should be worn unless reduction of weight is desired. The time limit at the beginning should be ten or fifteen minutes; it may be increased gradually to an hour, the rapidity of the increased gradually to an hour, the rapidity of the increased gradually to an hour, the rapidity of the mercase corresponding to the physical condition of the individual. The weight of each dumb-bell for a sound young man should rarely exceed two pounds, and that of each wall-pulley should be limited to three pounds. Nothing is gained by attempting too much, and the improvement of months may be checked by the overwork of an hour. The slight soreness of the nuscless during the first few days must not, however, be looked upon as an indication of overwork.

#### . . THE ADVANCE OF SAHARA.

Celestists have long disagreed over the question of the antiquity of the Sahara desert, and over the manner in which it was formed. They agree, however, that the dryness has much increased in the centuries since Rome was a mighty empire. Leutenant-Colonel Peroz, of the French army, who has recently made an arduous journey from the Niger River to Lake Tehad, has brought back much interesting information regarding the progress of the arid region southward.

The country which extends from the Niger to Lake Tehad, he says, between thirteen and sixteen degrees, north latitude, is completely barred to permanent water bodies. For more than eight hundred miles it is a tropical region without a watercourse. Only systerday—as geologic received time—all the vanaeness affluents, veritable floods, rising even in the lofty mountains about the plateau of Hogar, the highest region of central shara. Then giraffes and elephants, the colonel believes, wandered even to the borders of Medliterranean Numidia, seeking the abundant vegetation.

vegetation.

Then came the Mohammedan conquest, with its tribes of nomadic Arabs, and the invasion of the Tuaregs from the East, accelerating the Saharan devastation

devastation.

These invaders burned over great tracts of land, destroying vegetation and leaving nothing to hold the fallen water in check. The hygrometric state of the atmosphere was impoverished. The vapor no longer was condensed. The rain failed, vegetation disappeared, and the soil and rocks were left exposed to the direct action of heat and cold, and of the winds. The decomposition of the grante filled the dry river-beds with sand for

France in the last settlement of Anglo-French boundaries in Africa. It is established on all the northern parts of Lake Tehad. Although it appears slow, its march is extremely rapid, compared with other geologic phenomena. Barth, the German explorer, found water in abundance, fifty years ago, where Colonel Peroz's expedition suffered from thirst. The old men of North Adar showed the Frenchman rivers which in their youth flowed full many months of the year, but are now dry. Lakes yesterday permanent, which Peroz expected to find full, were dry, and did not replenish except during the two months of winter.

winter.

As proof that part, at least, of the damage has been wrought by man, Colonel Peroz says that in Hsen, in a corner of a valley indicated by a Tuareg, he was able to uncover the stumps of a forest which the Tuareg said they had destroyed twenty-five years ago in order to devote the fertile soil covered by it to raising

millet.

"Even now our line of communication from the Niger to Lake Tchad," he says, "is actually semi-desert. It is cut by spaces of many hundreds of kilometers where the desert is absolute. If we do not take care the places still free will be dried up successively, just as those have been dried up which mark the route that Barth followed from Air to Damerghu fifty years ago."

AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS. Pettingill looked up from her work as er niece entered the room with a letter in and. "Is that postmarked Eastwood?" she

her hand. "Is that postmarked Eastwood?" she inquired.

"With, yes, it is." said her niece. "Are you a seer, Aunt Polly?"

"It doesn't require much of a seer to know that when you owe everybody a letter but one, that one's he most likely to have written you," said out freind. Bulmar Thompson, of Eastwood; and I was expecting a letter from her, too; she got mine Friday." only Monday," laughed her niece. "With, you are as bad as two schoolgirls?"

"We don't commonly write oftener than once a month," said Mrs. Petingill, "but this time 'twas something special. Elmira has got into a bad her in my letters, and if there is one thing that aggravates me more than another, it's that. I know how 'iss; she means to answer, but first she her in the said of the sai

#### . . TOO COSTLY TO GIVE AWAY.

Among the first-class passengers on a homehound transatlantic steamer was a young
woman whose extreme economy had not per
mitted any lavish expenditures during the foreign
tour. It was, consequently, with commendable
pride that she referred repeatedly to the material
for two silk dresses, purchased at a bargain,
which she was bringing home to her mother and
sister. Even the suggestion of one sympathetic
listener that she would probably have to pay duty
produced merely a temporary restraint in the
complacency with which six eviewed her proposed
generosity.

At last, when the steamer approached New

generosity.

At last, when the steamer approached New York and the custom-house official received the somewhat plain young woman at the cabin table, her fellow passengers were curious. Being asked the usual questions about duttable Being asked the usual questions about duttable should be a supported by the state of the state of

#### 0 0 A HELPFUL SPIRIT.

There had at first been six names on the list of candidates to be sent by popular vote from the little seaport town to the great fair, but gradually the list had dwindled, for two of the candidates went so far ahead of all the others that it became a faree to retain the other names.

It was when affairs had been at this point for three weeks and within twenty-four hours of the time set for counting the last votes that Miss Mattie Hawley met one of the candidates on the street

stret.

"I didn't know what to do," said Miss Mattle,
with a distressed look in her eyes. "I want you to
go and I want her to go; so at last I bethought
me how I could help you both. So I went into
Jones's and bought ten dozen cakes of soap and
put half the coupons in for you and half for her."

#### BY ELIMINATION.

Jokes about twins are more numerous than twins themselves. For all that, there need be no hesitation in repeating a joke which passes current in at least one section of the country.

and of the winds. The decomposition of the great distances.

The advance of this phenomenon has not stopped at the edge of the tropics. The Sahara, he believes, has gained toward the south the regions, recently verdant, of Air and of Azawad. It touches now Adar, Gober, Tessawa, and even the suitanate of Zinder, an inland city which was given to

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Postum by a friend who had suffered just as I had suffered from terrible indigestion, palpitation of the heart and sinking spells.

"After I had used Postum a week I was so much better that I was afraid it would not last. But now two years have passed and I am a well woman. I owe it all to leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place.

"I had drank coffee all my life. I suspected that it was the cause of my trouble, but it was not until I acquilly ouit coffee and started to try.

that it was the cause of my trouble, but it was not until I actually quit coffee and started to try Postum that I became certain; then all my troubles ceased and I am now well and strong again." Name furnished by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.

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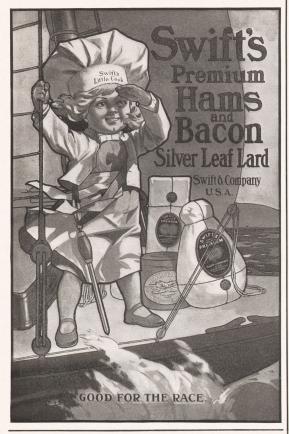
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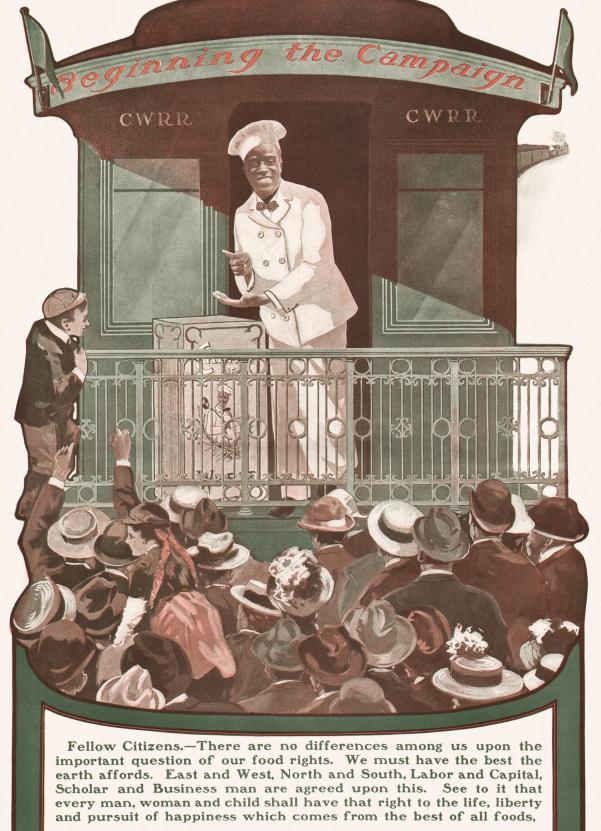
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