

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



AUTUMN NUMBER ❁ 1904



To-day is the Day

Uneeda Biscuit

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

\$1.75 A YEAR.

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"HEY, Billy! What you goin' for? You surely don't want to peck that old cannon! Why, I wouldn't be seen in the dark, even, totin' it!" Squire Catlett'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 only gave the ramrod 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.

"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. "I'll kick 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 raises, so you had better let off huntin' anything else this time."

"I want the pigs and Long Beard, too," Billy said, saucily, running down the steps with the cannon over 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 greatcoat. Nevertheless, he walked so fast that he came to the woods all in a glow, although it was December and the day nipping cold.

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 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 dreadfully 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; 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 sniffling, 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 loam, light and sweet-smelling, nourished hickory- 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 invisible, had come up to morning call, showing plainly that she was suckling a fine young 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 toiling. 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-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

"LONG BEARD"

BY MARTHA M^c CULLOCH-WILLIAMSDRAWN BY A. M. GLEASON.
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 bristlier 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 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 November to April he was seen nearly every week, either scratching for beechnuts or pecking and picking round about the oat 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 Catlett had sent the gobbler's own weight in lead vainly after him. Other mighty hunters had been as unlucky.

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. Through using and nesting in the woods, everybody'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 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 upon the ears left in gathering.

Nicodemus was tame, in spite of his wild blood. He would eat corn shelled in his right at your feet; or if you were too slow for his appetite, he would flutter upward and peck it from your hand. Billy knew, because Tom and Jack had told him, as they had also told their father said he would give ten dollars for

Long Beard, dead or alive, in order to prove beyond peradventure that Nicodemus was bigger and handsomer.

Tom and Jack hoped to get the money. They had built a turkey-coop beside the most sequestered cat stacks, baited 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-baited 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.

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 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 rills rustling the treetops sounded to his straining ears like the rush of a storm.

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 grained 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, 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 rustling 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 all his eyes. The sun was low; 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 beechnuts. The leaves all about him were rustled 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.

The blurring boom filled all the neck, 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.

He flew low—so low that Billy thought he had overshot the mark. Instinctively, and almost without taking aim, 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 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 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.

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, open-mouthed and a trifle crestfallen, saying in 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 stop to look. Was too 'traid he'd get up and run off before I could wring his neck," Billy said, sticking his hands in his pockets.

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, laughing heartily.

Tom looked troubled. "We can't find Nicodemus," 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 said, stoutly, 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 bird.

He could find no shot mark anywhere. Billy, by this time very nervous, 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 man, 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 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, and you had better get on home."

He spoke with his foot in the stirrup. Billy sprang at him, caught him, and wheeled him about, saying yet more importantly:

"You—you mustn't go, major! Think—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.

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 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 ever.

"I won't lie about it, least of all to my puppy. I'm going to tell him the 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 home."

"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 shout:

"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, 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 rest.

"O Billy, I'm so glad!" Jack said, hugging 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. 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 will take your two. I'm going home with him."

"Wait! I want to look in our coop!" Jack 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?" Tom shouted.

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.

After Nicodemus had been duly loosed, there

was no more talk of any separation. Instead, 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

A SPECIAL COURSE IN THANKSGIVING

BY LULU LINTON

IT did seem hard to feel very thankful, left 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 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.

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

place of honor, and both families sitting round to admire him. The next and the best, to Billy's thinking, was that, whether at school or home, the Dancy boys were his very dearest friends.

came directly to her, saying heartily, "Mother send 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 overshoes, until they came to the last house in the row.

The house was no better than its neighbors, but Christine looked up with pleasure, for a

daughter, even so far away, and they felt 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 Faith said:

"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 thirty-sixth psalm, for surely His mercy endureth 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 sometimes that people are losing sight of the true meaning of Thanksgiving. From the newspapers one would think that it meant only turkey dinners and football." Christine winced over this. "But we know what it means, don't we? How can people be ungrateful who 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."

"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 mother's worn face, "You have helped me more than I could possibly have helped you."

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

At dusk of Thanksgiving day the wheezy old engine, after many side-trackings and unloadings of freight along the way, pulled into the station where Christine'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 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.

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 bedtime and asked him to read aloud the one hundred and thirty-sixth psalm.

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 wearing you away from us. But I know now that you were just homesick 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."

Then, in the soft frelight 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, saying 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."

HICKORY-NUTS AND HICKORY-TREES.*



WHEN 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 basswood, the spruce and the fir are some of the trees about which Miss Huntington will write.—THE EDITORS.



DRAWN BY ERNEST FORBES.

THE . . . TABLE-CLOTH WAS COARSE AND THE DISHES WERE COMMON.

of muddy road, bordered on each side by old, unpainted houses.

If there had ever been any beauty in the little village it had vanished when the drear 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, 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.

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 Thanksgiving 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 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 a curious glance, and Christine's face flushed at 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 furnish, and the thought of the crackers, cheese and dried beef, saturated with the atmosphere of the store, made her feel faint.

The gray-haired man was coming back up the road, carrying a package, and Christine wondered impatiently if there was no escape from his gaze. When he entered the store he

woman stood in the doorway, with a smiling welcome on her plain face.

"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 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 sentences, "For his mercy endureth 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 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

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

There are in all four hickories in the northeastern 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 the leaves 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 from old trees. No other native tree sheds its bark in such large pieces. A single strip will sometimes measure two or three feet in length and six or more inches in width when it finally falls to the ground.

The leaves have five leaflets, and the Latin name, *ovata* (egg-shaped), refers to the oval form of the leaflets. The most certain means of identifying 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 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, without 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 distinguished from other hickories by its buds, which are smaller than those of the two preceding species; by its twigs, 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 out foliage. It is the most graceful member of the family, displaying an almost feminine charm, in contrast to the rugged, stalwart beauty of the shagbark and the mockernut. Its leaves are light and slender, numbering from seven to eleven leaflets.

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 unflattering 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 *powehicora*, and the derivation of the name *Hicoria* is traced to the termination of that Indian word.

BITTERNUT
HICKORY.

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 of cattle, so that they are even less disposed to work than they were before.

Direct contact with the land district alone are alleged to need more than two hundred thousand 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 lash."

This expedient is, however, no longer possible, 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 use white labor. But white labor, which in some of these tropical countries is unavailable 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, therefore, 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 Demerara and to the French engineers who contracted for the making of the Panama 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 Pacific.

But even this device is not always practicable, for the white population, if it 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 slavery, 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.

The March of Capital.

UN that 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 that, instead of Chinese, negroes from some other

part of Africa may be imported, each batch for a short period of service, and then carried back again 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 reemergence may produce.

The intrusion of European powers into countries inhabited by backward races, even if in some aspects regrettable, had become practically inevitable, so strong was the impulse of expansion, capitalist 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 climatic environment. And 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 southward, and set 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 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 accompanied by a rush of work-people belonging to the advanced European races, because tropical countries are not attractive to European settlers. Italians and Basques do, no doubt, go to Argentina, for the climate of much of that vast country is little hotter than 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 Englishmen 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 therefore 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 very high wages, but high wages would mean the extinction of the profit which is expected from developing the mines, so this expedient is, in their view, out of the question. Nothing remains but to secure the cheap labor of the inferior 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 Kafirs 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 troubles is.

In all countries, in civilized France, Germany and England, in the civilized United States, the relation of the working men to their employers 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 luxury, and who have themselves obtained a



AFRICAN WOMAN CARRYING A STEAMER WEST INDIES.

PIGNUT
HICKORY.

CHINESE COOLIE OF SOUTH AFRICA



NEGRO WOMAN CARRYING BANANAS, JAMAICA.



KAFFIR MINER, TRANSVAAL.

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

UN 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 that contact gives cause for anxiety at the present moment—the relations of the civilized to the semicivilized or savage races in respect of labor. Land and labor have been the two main sources of strife between Europeans and the backward peoples ever since the colonization and conquest of countries outside Europe began.

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 dominion 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.

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-raiders of North Africa, began to seize the blacks of the West African coasts and sell them as slaves in Portugal.

Christian vs. Heathen.

THAT exploration of Africa of which the Portuguese are proud—and no doubt in which 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

destroying other men's bodies while 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 treatment, negroes were brought from Africa to fill the void and provide the labor 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

world, made slaves. But when the white races came into contact with races of another color 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.

THERE was an economic need prompting it. Here were fertile tracts to be cultivated, 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 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 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.

Slavery 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 tropical countries where they find mines they wish to work and lands they wish to cultivate.

share of the gain which never gives them more than the comforts, often little more than the bare necessities 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 grievances 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.

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 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, possibly a hostile element. 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 brings serious political difficulties. If the country does not possess free self-governing 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 question, 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 acclimated to labor there. There is, moreover, no present sign that the European settlers will try to acclimatize 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 nations that they need not have been in so great a hurry to seize these 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 reasoning chances are very much 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 governing 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 races.

Economic mistakes and moral delinquencies bring their own punishment, although it may be long delayed. Slavery brought the War of

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

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

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.

JOHN IMBERLAY, TRUSTEE



IN NINE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

AS she rubbed her thumb at the sink with great vigor, June Orchard talked to her 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 called to him again:

"Daddy!"

"Well, June, what is it?"

"I need a new dress, daddy, and a new pair of shoes and 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 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 work?"

"Yes, daddy; this minute."

"Then come to me, please. I want to talk to you."

She perched herself in her favorite corner of the porch railing. "Yes, daddy," she said, "I'm waiting."

"Well, June, I'm glad you spoke about the 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."

"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?"

"Yes."

"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 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-morrow 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 good, practical use. There, that's what I 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 sobriety 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 good! I didn't mean anything when I asked

for the new things, indeed I didn't. Of course 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, 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."

June 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 Briery. They all agreed that it was a splendid 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 sand; 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, won't we?"

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 understand 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 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 silence was broken. Then Mrs. Leighton spoke. "Robert and I have been wondering," she said, "whether we couldn't 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 herself.

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 desire 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 declaration. And he would have accepted the offer just as readily and with as little regard to terms if it had been made to him by a shrewd, self-seeking man instead of a conscientious and generous woman. It was his

way. It had always been his way. He had often suffered from the meanness and trickery of others. But utterly unselfish and high-minded himself, he was unable to discover, or even suspect, duplicity or deceit in other men until the direct proof of it was forced upon 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 partnership 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:

"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, daddy?"

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

"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



DRAWN BY CHASE EMERSON.

WHEN HER GUESTS ENTERED THE WELL-LIGHTED ROOM THEY LOOKED AT THEM WITH SURPRISE.

surey, 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 by fright.

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 skillfully 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 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 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 Imberley 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 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, dining-room 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 DeHoven's landscapes. Rafe and his daughter called it "The girl in red under the apple-tree," and they had always admired it greatly.

Miss Brandon kept her eyes fixed on it as she sipped her tea. Finally she inquired of June whose work it was, and on being told that it was by DeHoven, she wondered still more.

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

"Oh, daddy has had that ever since I can remember," replied June. "I don't know where he got it."

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

"Daddy and I both like the picture. We took it to Brerley 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 it wasn't genuine, or as if 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 time?"

"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."

When 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 it honestly. It was a strange state of things, anyway. Here was this laborer, pinched 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 journey.

"I've had such a delightful evening!" said 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?"

"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, with a laugh. Then she turned to Rafe Orchard. "I'm so grateful to you," she said,

"for stopping the horses! I almost feel that you have saved our lives. I shall tell papa so."

"I am very glad indeed to have been of any

HIS "MEDICINE" ROBE BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

ONE morning, as I was talking with the Indian trader at Beaumont, a man nearing 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 seemed 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 *attache* of our post before, 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 you?"

"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 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 settlement 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 following 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.

"I had the sugar and a few shoes and dry-goods 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 climate, 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 yet, and I couldn't spare my beaver coat. I had plenty of woolen blankets, but in such weather a man 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 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 he 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 vesit some people. Las' winter many pony die and wolves come. My boy go after dem with traps. He's jus' boy, but I think some-thing *wotawee*,'—she shook her hands vaguely,— 'ees help me. He catch lot so have dream an' we make heem medicine robe.'

"This was a long speech for Marie, but she understood that she was putting aside a great deal of money. Finally, however, it was

service to you," replied Rafe, courteously. "I knew your father a long time ago."

TO BE CONTINUED.



arranged that she should leave the robe with me until her boy came, and that we should bargain with him as best we 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 up the wolf-robe.

"Tell 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 White 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 *wotawee*.

"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 coulee, where there was some cover of willows and young 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 some grouse walking over the snow away up the coulee, and he took his shotgun and



SPLIT THE LEGGINGS FROM TOP TO TOE.

went 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, at 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 coulee, and Hazen, when he could no longer see him, followed his tracks. The hard heels of his moccasins left plain prints on the snow.

"Mallard Creek is very crooked and bluff, with ravines and coulees running in every direction. Going at his best speed, Hazen chased his man up one coulee 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. But

now he was tired and sweating, and a chill 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 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 bluffs. These bluff coulees 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 in the same wolfskin robe that he himself had worn that day.

"He dragged along after his guide for some distance up a narrow coulee, 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. It was easier to crawl than to walk.

"He had to go but a little way through before 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 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, peeled the white man's feet 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 man's own blanket roll, some bread and bacon and his light ax.

"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 *wotawee*—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 off," said Hazen.

"White Pony shrugged his shoulders. 'Feet all right him-ly,' 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 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 to Hazen. Hazen crawled 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 pack 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 frozen feet.

"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."



THE ITALIAN ENTRANCE TO THE SIMPLON TUNNEL.

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 "right person."

Cranberries are flourishing, and the indications 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 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 by the national committees in the presidential campaign of 1894, and for that sum the country reelected 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 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, earning twenty-five shillings a week, to afford two shillings and fourpence a week for milk for one baby alone?" was asked at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association. Whereupon a woman replied, pertinently, "As the average working man spends six shillings a week on alcohol, he ought to be able to spare the sum 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* monetary 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 million and six cents. 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 to make less dreary the wearing days and wakeful nights. At last the patient said, "Get me an American flag." The flag displayed on the wall refreshed the tired eyes, which rested with interest on what was both a decoration and a director of the thoughts into new channels. 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 until he devised a cistern. Up to his arm pits

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 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 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 attractions 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 powers, not a fountain at which he may continually 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.

A lie which is a lie may be met and fought with outright. But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight. *Tennyson.*

THE ISSUES.

In some political campaigns differences between 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 prosperity of the country is due to the protective 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 substance. They declare themselves in favor of reciprocity in competitive products 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 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 rather 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 will be discussed with more or less earnestness wherever men gather.

RACE DETERIORATION.

Considerable 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, 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 base 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 condition of the poorer people is such as to cause uneasiness, if not alarm. Both men and women are undersized, of low mentality, and of slight resisting power when attacked by disease.

The causes are of as much interest to Americans as to Englishmen. They are principally, in

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, notably 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 tank. This is a financial truism.

It is equally true of goods and chattels. The gown of winter before last, stored in a capacious attic, gathers moths, but loses its rightful interest—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 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 mass.

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

TURKEY COMES TO TERMS.

Every 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. Patience 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 repatriation was made at once.

As a result of this vigorous course, the sultan has promised to pay the indemnity for losses by American citizens, 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.

If 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 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 Revolution as they came from the lips of participants 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 the outbreak of the Civil War.

John H. Reagan of Texas, who attended the 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 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 current 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 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 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 them.

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.

Write to your favorite author or preacher or composer, by all means. Never fear 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 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 one-tenth of the amount awarded to him, 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, Louisiana, 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 have done so much in the way of developing new species of grains, having planned 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 Louisiana and Texas, and it is planned to dike, drain, irrigate and cultivate them under the direction of pupils from the new school.

Farmers' insurance companies have been investigating the cause for the increase of death by lightning among cattle, and attribute it to the extending use of wire fences. The cattle 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.

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 beds, and reserved a large play-room on the top floor.

Sixty-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 union, 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 doctrine. Two Scotch courts decided that the property belonged to all the members of the Free 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 to the original Free Church organization and its doctrines. Thus hundreds of congregations are dispossessed of their place of worship, and a huge property is suddenly left in the hands of a few of their flock. Solution of the problem is looked for in an act of Parliament. Meanwhile the dispossessed majority are busy raising an emergency fund.

THE BOUNDARY FENCE.

Before the Birchams removed from the "city sabbath" to the most fashionable suburb they satiated 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 friendly soul, could she have had her way; but her husband had an exaggerated idea of his own importance, and opinion was 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, he was sure, he felt like patting it affectionately.

"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 familiarity might lead to dangerous complications if these lots more closely communicated. I glory in Mrs. Bircham, and I wish it were nineteen feet high!"

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

They did, and promptly. Not more than a fortnight later, Mr. Bircham, close to his side of the back fence, was pondering the problem of a sickly grape-vine, when his attention was arrested by a new neighbor on the other side. She spoke 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.

"You 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, overbearing, peacocky creature, common-looking, and with insufferable manners! I'm so glad of this fence, because it's so fatally easy for any two men to scrape acquaintance—and I question whether that acquaintance would be desirable."

Mr. Bircham tiptoed away from his side of the fence as soon as his neighbors went away from their side, but he took with him a new idea. It 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 churchily anxious to avoid might have good reasons for wishing to avoid him.

WOMEN'S POCKETS.

Many years ago, but still within the memory of a few of us, women's gowns possessed pockets—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 chateleine, into blouse and sleeves and hat. What can she do? She lives in a pocketless age.

That is, however, only woman who possesses pockets in her gowns, and a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* tells how the miracle is accomplished.

"How do I get it?" the happy possessor of pockets responded to the query of an envious friend. "Why, I say to the person who takes the measurement, 'and we'll have a pocket here.'"

"She, of course, returns an incredulous and sometimes a contemptuous stare."

"'About so far down,' I go on, firmly, 'and please give instructions to have it good and deep.'"

"Then I pass on to other points so as to avoid explanations or argument. At the first fitting it is much the same. At the second I remark to the fitter, 'it is generally a different one, you know.' 'The place for the pocket was marked here. It isn't in yet, I see. Perhaps it had better be a shade higher up.'"

"'Pocket!' she gasps."

"'A good deep one,' I add again, with assurance, ignoring her evident consternation. Generally I see dismay creep into her face at this point, and I know the case is won."

"'O Mrs. Blank,' she laments, 'it will spoil the set! There can't be any style to a skirt with a pocket in it. I never heard of such a thing. I'll 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 happily effected in larger problems than that of a woman's pocket. For, after all, as the *Atlantic* 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 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. Just fifty years ago little Edith Story, the sculptor's daughter, made one. She was, too, the most favored one, for she was just recovering from a 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 as a rule—the old tin soldiers and broken toys received by him, in acknowledgment of favors, from impulsive infant hands."

"Beautiful the queer image of the great benefactor moving about Europe with his accumulations of these precious relics. Wonderful, too, a certain occasion, that of a children's party, when, after he had read through 'The Ugly Duckling,' Browning struck up with the 'Pied Piper,' which led to the formation of a grand march through the spacious Barberini apartment, with Story doing his best as a flute in default of bagpipes."

"But the tenderest recollection is of Thackeray reading 'The Rose and the Ring,' as yet unpublished, to the little convalescent girl who was always so happily to remember that in the old Roman days, between daylight and dark, the great author had sat on the edge of his bed and read the immortal work to her, chapter by chapter."

Happy little convalescent, indeed! And think how proud when, later, in the first volume of the first edition published, she found a drawing of an obsequious little hunkiey presenting a little rose and a little ring on a silver, with his "most respectful compliments to Miss Edith Story."

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 Pierpont from 1792 to 1823. 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. "Talebearing 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 vanity, and let every one thus flattered remember that such compliments are an insult offered to the understanding."

"You must not write a careless note, or any careless writing. You must write a composition, once in a fortnight, of two hundred words. You must write at least thirty good lines in a week."

"You must come in or go out of the school in a quiet, genteel manner, you must not talk or laugh loud in the street."

"You must not wear your party dresses, or any handsome lace, neither your best hats or shawls to school."

"You must not walk for pleasure after nine o'clock in the evening. A reward will be given to those who do not waste any money, books, clothes, paper or quills, during the term; to those who have their duties performed at the proper time; to those who have not been peevish, homesick or impolite; to those who always attend meeting or church; to those who never write carelessly."

Miss Pierce is described as possessing a rare faculty for impressing her scholars, and it is said by her historian that the young ladies who were graduated from her school were considered models of behavior and education.

THE VICTORIOUS FLEA.

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 delicacies of edible plant life now in season, the hostess undertook the conversion of her beef-reared guest.

But despite her arguments, which were cleverly 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 vegetarianism means strength and ability when you remember that the rabbit, which feeds wholly on vegetables, can make such great leaps over the ground from hiding-place to hiding-place."

"True, madam," answered the distinguished man, gravely, "but we must also remember that 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.

Surgery in the sixteenth century was not the refined science of the present day. Anesthetics and antiseptics 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 pierced his head between the nose and one of the eyes.

Paré, the famous French surgeon, was on the field, 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 assassinated.

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 Saponaceous Dentifrice" is the only tooth powder for preventing deposits of injurious matter on the teeth. [Lids]

SPALDING'S HOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL.

(Spalding's Athletic Library, No. 210.) Edited by Walter Camp. Newly Revised for 1904. Contents: Introductory chapter for beginners; how to play; tackleback formations; by W. Camp. Quarterback, by J. L. Desautels of the 220 Yale team. Defense, by W. H. Lewis of Harvard. Play of the locks, by Wm. T. Reid of the Harvard '90 team. Signals by Rockwell and Hogan of the Yale '90 team; this is undoubtedly the most complete treatise on this subject that has ever been printed.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

TWINS.

By Persis Gardiner.

Two 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 at last,
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 say,
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 jack-knife,
Or pounds him instead of a nail, yet they make
Such mishaps no occasion for strife.

And 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?

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?



THE SECOND COACHING PARTY.

DRAWN BY H. HAREFORD.

A COACHING TOUR.

By Mary Alden Hopkins.

A coaching party came down the road which goes by the little white farmhouse called Home, with trotting horses, jingling harness, and a great coach-dog loping after. Ned and Arthur and Babes, the Twines 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 fence.

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-from-over-the-way.

"Yes, yes!" cried the others.
Soon a second coaching party went down the road which passes the little white farmhouse called Home, with rattling cart and home-made reins, Fourth-of-July horn and dinner-bell, and a gay little terrier barking 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 horses were 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.

Grandmother is a little woman with bright eyes and white, white hair—a fairy god-mother of a grandmother. The first coaching party had seen her sitting on the piazza, and waved their hands to her. The second coaching party saw her sitting on the piazza and called, "Cookies!" to her. There are always cookies at Grandmother's—white ones with sugar on top, or ginger with cream 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."

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

"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 rope-reins to the tongue of the cart so that each horse could get a good grip, and away they trundled Grandmother.

All the way back to 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 Home.

JIMMY FISH-HOOK.

By E. S. L. Thompson.

Jimmy Fish-Hook is a pure Maltese cat. All day long he suns himself on the stone steps of the entrance to the City Hospital. Jimmy lives there with eight doctors and forty nurses.

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 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 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.

Jimmy Fish-Hook knows his manners, and he uses them.

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

"What a strange patient!" said Doctor Clary, 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 out 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."

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 hungry first.

NUTS TO CRACK.

1. RIDDLES.

'Neath tropic skies I grow,
Fruit I bear—
But I'm, amid the snow,
Found nowhere.
Your baby has, I know,
One soft hair.
The crew that best can row,
Me can wear.

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.

2. CHARADES.

My little one, I must confess,
Is just a charming flirt.
Two three last night with happiness,
To-day her coldness hurt.
"O one," two three, "your coquette way
Drives me to thoughts of whole each day!"

The gormand's wife, my first to make,
Will many a second take,
And season it with dainty care;
Then 'tis beyond compare.
The gormand tastes, with cautious lip,
Then takes another sip,
And while his eyes with pleasure roll,
Exclaims, with fervor, "Tis my whole!"

3. DROP SECOND LETTER.

Hid in the — Tim found a —
Of yellow suggests 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 —
To win their — their brows they —
With sweat that drips like rain.
Jack scorned to — He 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.

1. Songster, huckster, lobster, oyster, bolster, ulster, holster, minister, youngster, rimester.
2. Bridge, ridge; bred, red; bright, right; bill; brisk, risk; bread, read; block, lock; brain, rain; brushed, rushed; bleat, lent; blight, light; brave, rave; bore, ore; butter, utter; brick, flick; bit, it; blow, low; bland, land; beat, eat; bring, ring; breach, reach.
3. Cruise, d-anger, d-ream, d-ideal.
4. Step, instep; come, income; got, ingot; mate, imitate; road, inroad; quire, inquire; sect, insect; spire, inspire; tact, intact; vest, invest; voice, invoice; ward, inward; cur, incur; fern, infern.
5. Jan., Feb., Mar., Apr., May, Jun., Jul., Aug., Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.
6. P. R. A. T. E. S. E. R. O. W. E. N. A. W. A. R. D. T. E. S. E. E. N. D. E. D.

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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 small quantity of radium, supported on a quartz rod in an exhausted glass vessel. To the lower end of the tube is attached an electrocope, consisting 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 timekeeper may be said to be two minutes long.

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, be cultivated with success.

Primitive Paper-Making.—In Madagascar 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 bahova. The bark fiber is boiled and macerated until a thin paste is obtained. Then a leaf of the plant called ravina, or traveller's tea, is coated with pulp, formed from a particular kind of rice, and over this is spread the bahova 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 ink 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 appreciated 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 described. 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 automatic 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 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 diving-school 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 men in training are first taken to slight depths, 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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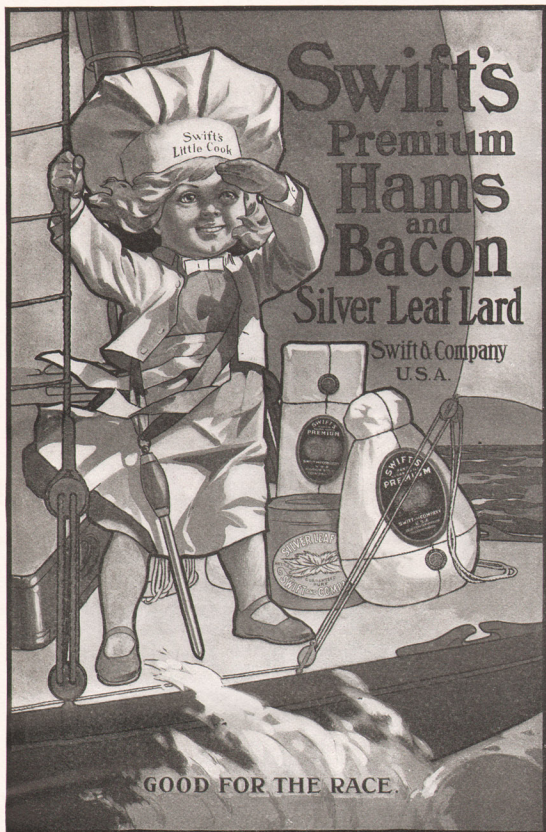
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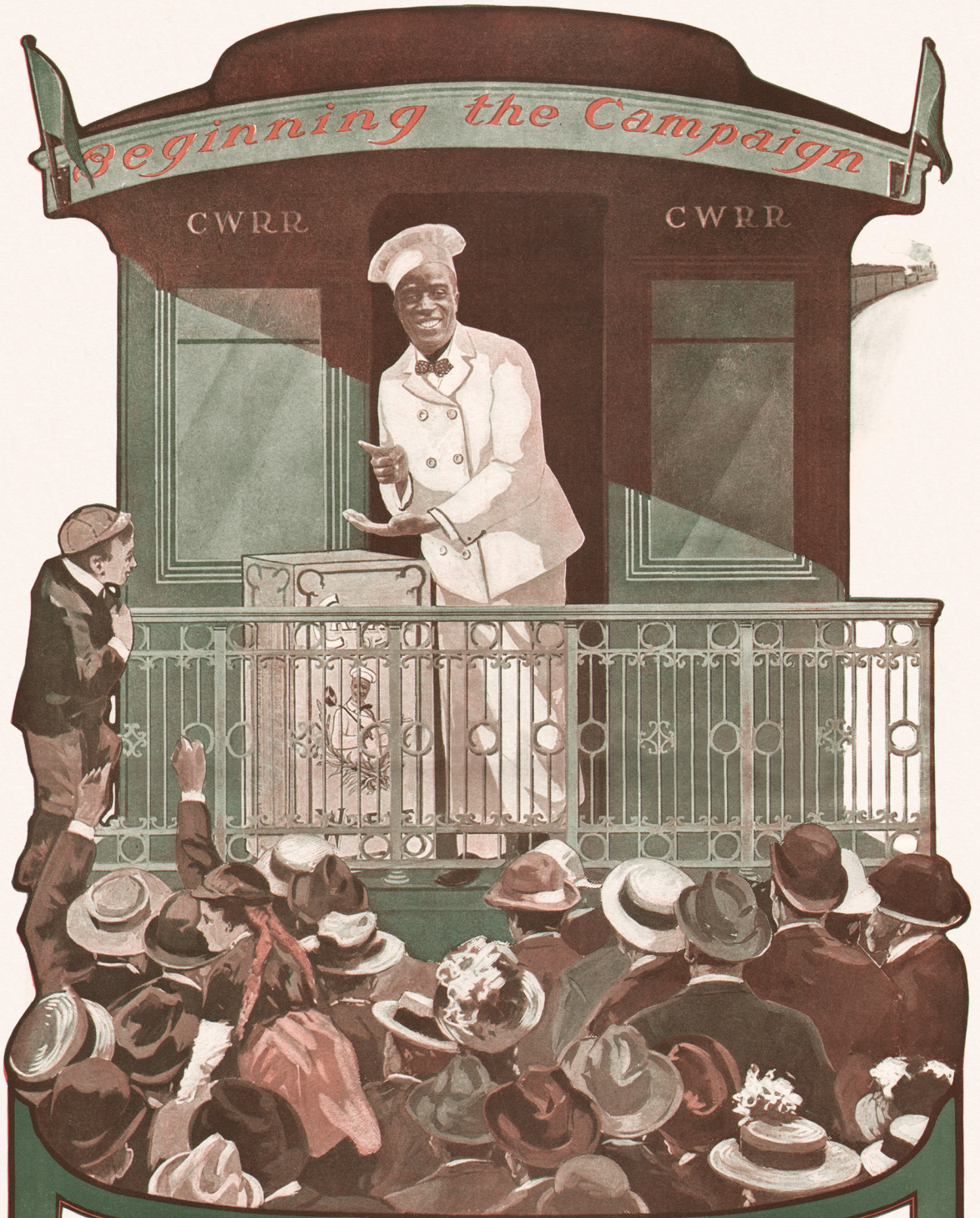
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