

DIES IN ATTEMPT TO PROVE THEORY

COLORADO MAN STARVES AS RESULT OF STRANGE VISION.

HOPE IS IMMORTAL LIFE.

Convinced That Mortal Being Can Exist Forever on This Earth, He Tries to Find Solution—Succumbs After 60-Day Fast.

Denver, Col.—In a vain attempt to win immortal life on earth by a method revealed to him in a vision and from a morbid study of the philosophy of the life hereafter, Charles La Mountain, of Arvada, died of starvation after a self-imposed fast of 60 days.

The story is a most wonderful one of the striving of a human soul to reach immortality and a knowledge of the after life; groping around, studying, thinking, in a vain effort to arrive at a solution.

He died in an effort to prove that upon the human frame a new body could be built repeatedly, after the old one had been wasted away by starvation. More than two months ago he began the process of starvation, and such was his iron will that for two months he kept alive, never tasting food, but finally nature got the better of him. When he started he weighed 250 pounds, and was a giant in strength and ruggedness. He weighed 115 pounds the day before his end.

According to Mrs. M. L. Martin, the sister, LaMountain was born 57 years ago. At the age of 17 he enlisted and served throughout the civil war. At the end of the civil war he went to Mexico, serving under Diaz and the patriots against the invasion of the French and Maximilian, who were there trying to establish an empire. He never returned east, but came to Colorado and became a railroad engineer. He served as engineer until the boiler of his engine exploded, near Leadville, in the early days of the great camp, and since that time he has been engaged in various enterprises, mining, sheep raising and inventing. He retired several years ago with money enough to keep himself, sister, and a crippled brother, whom he has been supporting all his life.

In his everyday behavior he was always normal, clear to the end, and there seemed no trace of insanity.

His peculiar interest in the unknown problems of life and his striving after immortality began at the death of a niece and her two children many years ago, upon whom his affections were centered. He had been an infidel, not believing in any religion and in the answers they give in regard to the future life.

"He began the study of everything that promised to throw light on the mystery," said his brother. "He read everything, strange books on mesmerism, psychology, science, weird philosophies of the Hindus, Egyptians, and of all the people on earth who can think of it. It became a passion with him."

"Some years ago he came to us in the morning with the remark: 'It is all right. Don't worry about Lizzie. She is better off than we are.' Then he told us a story of remarkable vision. 'I was lying on the bed in my room,' he said, 'when suddenly I became conscious that—the real I—had left the mortal body. I turned and saw my body lying on the bed. I was a spirit, or something I know not what.



"I BECAME CONSCIOUS THAT I—THE REAL I—HAD LEFT THE MORTAL BODY."

Impelled by some unknown and unseen power, I left the house and soon felt myself rising in the air. After awhile we stopped. It was a place something like this world of ours, only much more beautiful. But there was no sun there.

"We moved on and finally reached the most beautiful spot that eyes have ever seen. There were flowers and long vistas of beautiful trees. I heard music and sweet voices. It seemed as if all the grand music I had ever heard was joined into one. Away in the distance I saw a great crowd. And there I saw Lizzie."

"From that time my brother became more morbid than ever on the subject. He was sure that the vision was real and that he had been taken to another life. Finally, from his vision, he became convinced that a person can live forever in this world, provided only he can renew his body, and that it was possible to leave it temporarily and wander to the next world. He developed a theory that starvation was necessary to get rid of the old body and before a new one could take its place.

"He began the great experiment. Of course, we knew he was just starving himself to death. We tried in every way to persuade him to eat. But he was a man of inflexible will. He kept getting weaker, thinner and thinner, until everybody saw that he could not live much longer, but still he would not eat.

"He recognized his mistake a few days before the end. He felt he was going. He said then that he would take nourishment, but he had been a

vegetarian all his life, and we could not get him to take any broth or meat. We called in Dr. E. P. Greene, but it was too late.

"He passed away cheerfully, saying: 'I've made the great experiment, and I guess I have failed. But I am not sorry. It is all for the best.'"

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH SAVAGE BRUTES

Hunter Enters Wolves' Den and Slays Six Beasts with Six Bullets.

Embar, Wyo.—C. E. Blondie, of this place, is under doctors' care for wounds which he received in an encounter which is unique in the annals of the daring exploits of the hunters of the Big Horn country.

Blondie is a ranchman who has suffered severely from the ravages of wolves among his cattle, and a few weeks ago he set about systematically to clear his ranges of the wolves. Recently he discovered a den on a rocky hillside in which were six half-grown wolves. Armed only with his six-



HE FIRED HIS REMAINING SHOT. shooter the hunter entered the den and had killed five of the pups when the mother, hearing their cries, entered the den.

It was too small for Blondie to stand upright, so with only one cartridge in his gun he was compelled to meet the attack of the enraged mother on his hands and knees and in darkness that prevented his reloading his six-shooter. The old wolf hesitated as she entered the den, but the smell of the blood of her dead offspring and the yelps of the pup still alive, emboldened her to rush at the hapless rancher and fix her teeth in his arm.

Just as she took hold of him he fired his remaining shot into her skull and fortunately killed her instantly, but her teeth remained fixed in the rancher's arm, while the great body blocked the way out of the little cavern.

After frantic efforts, using the barrel of his six-shooter as a lever, Blondie succeeded in loosening the jaws of the wolf and made his way into the open.

His horse, terrified by the approach of the old wolf or the commotion in the cave, had fled, compelling the wounded man to walk several miles to his home with his wounded arm, causing intense pain and his nerves shaken by the experience he had passed through. Prompt medical treatment was given him and the wounds cauterized, and no infection by blood poison is now feared.

The killing of six wolves with six pistol shots is a feat never before duplicated in this section.

TURBINE A SAVER OF COAL

Economy Effected by the New Marine Engines Has Been Amply Shown.

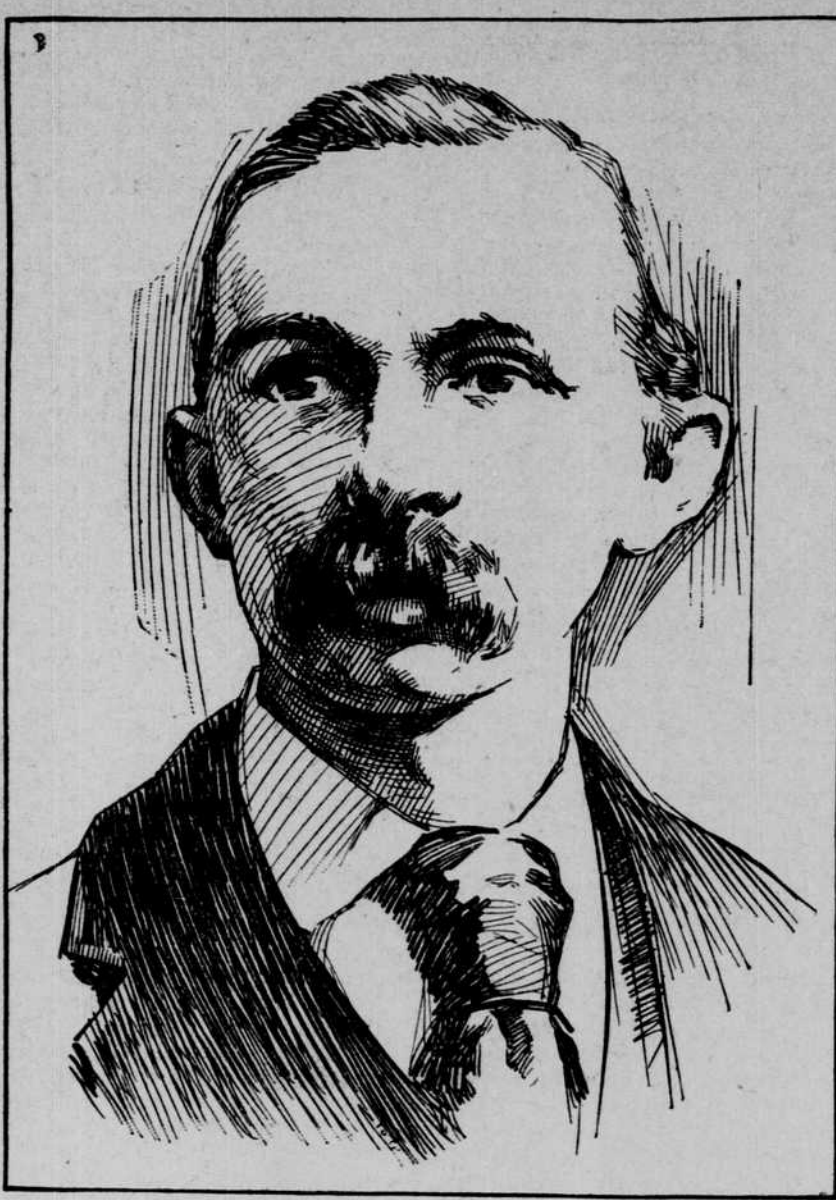
Though the owners and builders of steamships have only recently come to realize that the turbine requires less steam and hence less fuel than the reciprocating engine, it is now evident, says the New York Tribune, that indications of this fact were discoverable five or six years ago. In the experience of the torpedo boat destroyers Cobra and Viper, on which the Parsons engine had its first trial, there was probably no sign of economy. Then came in successive years two river boats for service on the Clyde, the King Edward and the Queen Alexandra, and a ferry boat designed to cross the English channel.

From a paper read before a Liverpool engineering society a few days ago it appears that the King Edward demonstrated its ability to travel farther with the same allowance of coal than a boat of the same size which had paddle wheels and reciprocating engines. The sidewheel craft now gets 7.73 miles out of a ton of coal, the King Edward 8.9 and the Queen Alexandra fully 9 miles. What is more, the two turbine steamers travel faster than their rival. The difference in fuel consumption between the first channel boat having turbines and the best paddle-wheel steamer running on the same routes was extraordinary and it looks now as if it was exceptional also. The old vessel traveled more slowly than the new one, yet it required seven per cent. more fuel per mile.

At least two reasons can be suggested for the tardiness with which the economy of the turbine was recognized. In a measure, no doubt, this quality was overwhelmed by the increase in speed which the Parsons engine made feasible. Again, there might have been a doubt about the justice of assigning all of the gain effected to the engine and not crediting the screw propeller, which was substituted for paddle wheels, with any share of it. A much more significant comparison was possible when the British admiralty tried the two styles of engine on cruisers having not only the same model, displacement and boiler capacity but also the same mechanism for utilizing the power generated.

New Mineral.
Molybdenite is now being exported to the United Kingdom from Norway, the deposits near Flekkerjord having, it is understood, been sold to a British company. The production in 1905 is given as about 29 tons.

REVEALED STANDARD OIL METHODS.



Maywood Maxon, of Decatur, Ill., who was in the service of the Standard Oil company or its subsidiary concerns 27 years, has given the interstate commerce commission some startling insights into the methods of the big corporation in dealing with its competitors. For a long time Mr. Maxon was in charge of the Decatur district, but he finally left the Standard in 1903.

BOARDING A BAD BRONCHO

Trick That Is Performed by the Most Fearless Cowboys Only.

By now we had all saddled up and mounted, save "The Swede." He was very short, with a long body and bowed legs; his hair and eyebrows light against the burned red of the face. His belt hung very low on the hips and his blue jeans were turned up nearly to the knee. The ribbon of his high crowned felt hat was bordered by the red ends of many matches, and he wore a new silk handkerchief that hung like a bib over his checkered shirt, relates Scribner's Magazine.

We watched him as he led his mount into "open country," for the horse was known to be "bad." His name was Billy Hell, and he looked every bit of that. He was white, of poor breed, and probably from the north.

"The Swede" walked to the right side of his horse and hung the stirrup for a quick mount. Then he ran his hands over all parts of the saddle, giving the cloth a tug to see if it were well set. He pulled up the latigo one or two more holes for luck and spit into his rough hands. The horse stood perfectly still, his hind legs drawn well under him; his head hung lower and lower, the ears were flattened back on his neck, and his tail was drawn down between his legs. "The Swede" tightened his belt, pulled

SHOPPING FIEND KICKS.

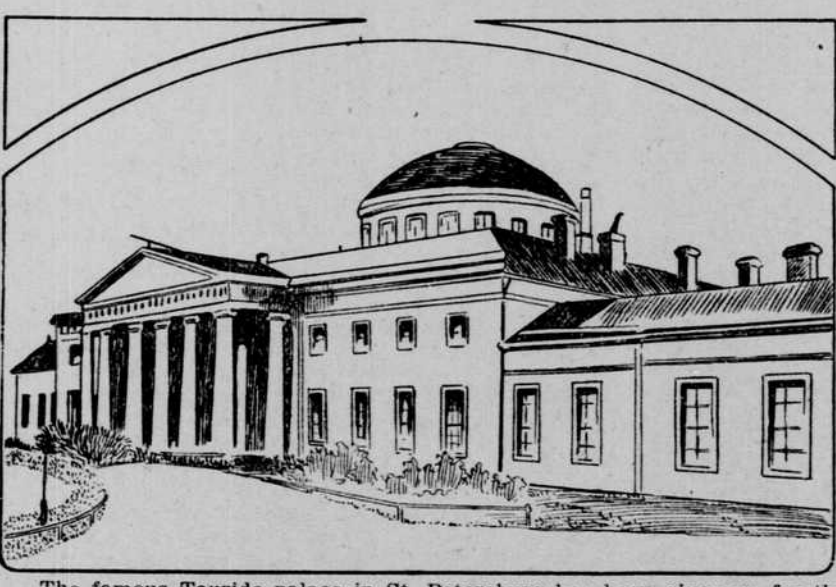
Queer Complaints Made by Small Purchasers in the Department Stores.

I have always considered the delivery department the hardest one to manage," said one of the best known merchants in New York, reports the World. "And I consider the man in charge of it about the most important assistant I have. It is a position that tries the patience, for a day never passes that we do not have scores of complaints from customers who expect us to exceed the very best time schedules we can arrange. A few of the complaints are justifiable, but most of them are ridiculous.

"For example, a woman who had ordered a small bill of goods about noon telephoned angrily from her home at four o'clock because the goods had not been delivered. Another woman threatened to take her trade to some other store because we would not deliver the same evening some goods she had purchased about five o'clock.

"One of the most aggravating complaints we had came to our attention only the other day. A most excitable feminine voice over the telephone demanded to know instantly why her purchase had not been delivered the hour it was promised. She gave her name and address, and on investigation we found that the goods, seven cents worth in all, had been ordered

MEETING PLACE OF THE DOUMA.



The famous Tauride palace in St. Petersburg has been given up for the use of the Douma, the representatives of the Russian people. The building is many centuries old.

his hat well down on his head, seized the check strap of the bridle with one hand, and then carefully fitted his right over the shiny metal horn. For an instant he hesitated, and then, with a glance at the horse's head, he thrust his boot into the iron stirrup and swung himself with a mighty effort into the saddle.

The horse quivered and his eyes became glaring white spots. His huge muscles gathered and knotted themselves in angry response to the insult. Then with his great brutish strength he shot from the ground, bawling and squealing in a frantic struggle to free himself of the human burden. It was like unto death. Eight times he pounded the hard ground, twisting and weaving and bucking in circles. The man was part of his ponderous, creaking saddle; his body responded to every movement of the horse, and as he swayed back and forth he cursed the horse again and again in his own native tongue.

Hope of the Bald.
"I can always tell a man this time of year who is losing his hair," said a street car conductor. "They always ride with their hats off where the sun will beat down on them and the wind blow their scanty locks about. Every man that is getting baldheaded imagines if he could go bareheaded long enough in the open air the head of hair of his youth would come back."

To Improve the Arms.
Immediately after washing in warm water massage the arms with the skin food and if the conditions be favorable you will see an improvement in a month.

FACTS ABOUT SAFETY PIN.

Obliging Clerk Imparts Interesting Information Concerning the Article.

"One dozen safety pins. Twelve cents. Thank you, madam," said the clerk. "Your change will be here in one moment."

She was very pretty. He was young. A conversation sprang up. "There is a strange story connected with the safety pin," the clerk said. "An Englishman invented this pin some 30 or 40 years ago. For this admirable invention he was highly honored. Fetes and applause were showered upon him. If I am not mistaken, the man was even knighted.

"And about three years ago, in excavating in Pompeii, they came upon what do you think? A perfect safety pin. Hundreds of perfect bronze safety pins. The Englishman's invention wasn't new at all. It was 2,000 years old.

"The man had been feted and honored all his life, he had even been knighted, for an invention that he didn't invent."

In the Spring.
Why not take some old-fashioned treacle, made of sulphur and molasses? Or you can take port wine and sulphur

Uncle Bertram's Curate

By SHIRLIANA

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Uncle Bertram would have a curate! The parish, which all told, only musters 500 souls, did not really want one, and we—mother, Constance, George and I—certainly did not want one. But it was no use. Uncle had made up his mind to it and nothing would have stopped him. It was one of his new fads.

I must tell you that mother is a widow, and, with us, keeps house for her bachelor uncle. As long as I can remember, the rectory had been our home.

We all—except Constance, who is just 17 and sentimental—tried the usual amount of arguments, and we all, of course, failed, as we usually did when Uncle Bertram was bent upon some new scheme. But the shadow of this latest fad hung over our heads with unusual heaviness; and when the following advertisement appeared in the leading church paper we felt that the new trouble was indeed upon us:

"Wanted, by a country rector, a young curate. No objection to one fresh from the university to whom a title might be given. Broad-minded preferred. Offered: board and residence in charming old rectory, with small salary. Dry, bracing climate. Plenty of spare time could be guaranteed. Tennis, golf, boating, bathing, hockey, bicycling, riding, driving, motor-ing, and the use of stables."

"Uncle had no less than 30 replies to his advertisement. Oh! those replies! Some of them were worth keeping. After much consideration uncle weeded them down to five. And then the fun began.

The five selected candidates were each requested to come, in turn, to have a personal interview; and as we are ten miles from the nearest railway station, we had to put each of them up for the night.

The first, Mr. Lovelace, a delicate, poetical-looking man, arrived on a bitterly cold day. After the ten miles in our pony cart, with Nebuchadnezzar in a stubborn mood, Mr. Lovelace presented a forlorn appearance indeed. I was sure that Uncle Bertram had tried his best to be cheery and equally sure that he failed signally all along the way.

"Ah!" he said, as he brought his drenched victim into the hall, "now that we're home at last, Mr. Lovelace, all the trials of the journey will be forgotten."

We were all in the hall and Constance looked compassionately at the half-drowned man, who rolled his eyes towards hers as though he described in them the only kindred spirit. Mother said she hoped he had not taken cold, that she had ordered a fire in his bedroom, and that tea would be ready soon.

After he had become a few degrees less cold and a few shades less blue, at a given signal—a cough from Uncle Bertram—we all left the drawing-room, that the rector and his selected candidate might be alone.

I never heard exactly what passed between them, but after about an hour and a half uncle came out of the drawing-room, excited and rather cross, and said to mother in the dining room: "Mr. Lovelace has taken a chill and will retire to his room at once. He would like a small quantity of quaker oats, some sweet spirits of nitre, and a hot water bottle."

Then he returned to the drawing room, left the door open and said to Mr. Lovelace: "There is a very good express train early in the morning, and no doubt, with this chill, you will be glad to get back to your aunt in London as soon as possible."

Uncle, nothing daunted, speedily arranged for the next man, a Mr. Robin from Nottingham, to come on approval. The fates were kinder to him, inasmuch as he arrived on a fine warm day; and Nebuchadnezzar, driven by George—the only person who can make him go—came home in his best style.

Uncle, who hates monotony, had this time arranged quite a different plan of campaign.

Tea was sent in for them in the study and Constance (though for that matter all of us, but Constance especially), for obvious reasons was kept out of the way as much as possible.

However, we gleaned a good deal about Mr. Robin from George, who had not wasted the opportunities afforded by a ten miles' drive.

"He's a bouncer," said George, "and can't possibly do. His chief reason for replying to the advertisement was that he might live in a rectory."

Mother—a poor mother—said she hoped he had been vaccinated and wished she had not given him the best spare room.

The atmosphere seemed charged with possibilities, and we wondered how long Uncle Bertram would keep him bottled up in the study. After a time our patience and curiosity were relieved, for when uncle came to us I saw by his face that the man's fate was decreed; and although we were sorry for him at first, all pity left us when, at the evening meal, he said: "I wonder if I might have a drop of 'Irish'?" Visions of temperance meetings came to our minds, and we kicked each other under the table. There is nothing more to chronicle about Mr. Robin. He, too, left by the early morning train, after squeezing Constance's hand.

I wonder Nebuchadnezzar didn't strike at the number of journeys he made to and from the station during the time uncle was interviewing these curates.

The next specimen was a sporting parson, but he was a nice man and we all liked him. I believe he would have been a success; but for some unknown reason he didn't take to us!

Whether his taste for horseflesh was shocked by the sight of Nebuchadnezzar, or whether he couldn't stand our coffee (it is bad, I know) we never knew. I think, myself, that he misinterpreted the advertisement, or took it too literally.

He wrote to Uncle Bertram after his visit and said that if he heard of anyone who wanted training for the colonies he would remember him.

GIVE THE BOY A ROOM.

Let the Boy Have a Retreat of His Own Which He May Arrange to Suit His Own Tastes.

You say it is too expensive to give each boy a room for his hobbies and belongings, but after all it will not cost as much as the Turkish rugs and costly furniture you are thinking of buying for the parlor this spring. Do you owe most to your neighbors, or to your own bright, noisy boys?

We wish that every boy might have a room of his own, and be responsible for its care. The floor should be of hardwood and uncarpeted, the furniture solid and substantial. Let the boy have it decorated according to his own fancy. It will be interesting to watch the growth of his artistic ideas.

There should be a bookcase, or desk, a big solid table in the middle of the room, with plenty of space for Sam's printing press or Robert's box of tools or checkers and chessboards and other harmless games. The boys should be allowed to invite their friends to come to this room, and now and then a treat may be provided for them.

No doubt some one will ask what is the use of spoiling boys in this way, or of furnishing them with company and games. Simply because they will have the amusement, the games and the company somewhere; and there is a more suitable place than under the parental roof? No money can be wasted which is spent in developing a boy's character or which makes his home and family more dear to him.

Can you expect your boy to be charitable when you do not hesitate to talk before him of your neighbor?

Can you expect your boy to be free from envy when, in a fault finding way you compare your circumstances with those of your richer neighbor?

Can you expect your boy to tell the truth, when to save a little trouble you tell a falsehood?

Can you expect your boy to be respectful to you when he hears you laugh at another's peculiarities?

Can you expect your boy's religion to be one to live by when he can see that it has no part in your daily life?

Boys brought up in a loving home, where they feel that they are important members of the family, seldom have bad habits.—Prairie Farmer.

CULTIVATING THE CHILD.

Give Him All Desirable Traits by Patiently, Persistently Guiding in Early Formative Period.

There is not a single desirable attribute which, lacking in a plant, may not be bred into it. Choose what improvement you wish in a flower, a fruit, or a tree, and by crossing, selection, cultivation and persistence you can fix this desirable trait irrevocably. Pick out any trait you want in your child, granted that he is a normal child—I shall speak of the abnormal later—be it honesty, fairness, purity, lovable-ness, industry, thrift, what not. By surrounding this child with sunshine from the sky and your own heart, by giving the closest communion with nature, by feeding them well-balanced, nutritious food, by giving them all that is implied in healthful environmental influences, and by doing all in love, you can thus cultivate in this child and fix there for all their life all of these traits. Naturally not always to the full in all cases at the beginning of the work, for heredity will make itself felt first, and, as in the plant world, improvement, there will be certain strong tendencies to reversion to former ancestral traits; but, in the main, with the normal child, you can give him all these traits by patiently, persistently guiding him in these early formative years.

And, on the other side, give him foul air to breathe, keep him in a dusty factory or an unwholesome school room or a crowded tenement up near the hot roof; keep him away from the sunshine, take away from him music and laughter and happy faces; cram his little brains with so-called knowledge, all the more deceptive and dangerous because made so apparently adaptable to his young mind; let him have associates in his hours out of school, and at the age of ten you have fixed in him the opposite traits. He is on his way to the gallows. You have perhaps seen a prairie fire sweep through the tall grass across a plain. Nothing can stand before it. It must burn itself out. That is what happens when you let the weeds grow up in a child's life, and then set fire to them by wrong environment.—The Century.

Well, somehow, Mr. Merton didn't do either, though he wanted to become our curate and said he should have enjoyed the "quaint" life. "Quaint" was his own word, and I know he meant it naively, and not rudely.

But uncle was getting impatient, and impatience only made him more critical and not less easy to please. As soon as Mr. Merton had been dismissed, uncle informed us that he was advertising again. It was a very different advertisement this time, however: "Wanted, a curate for a quiet country parish. Age immaterial, but must be earnest and a gentleman. Interview in London."

There were not so many replies, but uncle said they were "more to the point." We were not allowed to see them, and, of course, there was none of the fun of the curates coming down for the night. Instead, Uncle Bertram interviewed them at the waiting room in the railway station, allowing half an hour for six interviews.

But he always came home afterwards downcast and alone.

Uncle Bertram is still without a curate.

CHINESE AS SLOW AS EVER

Agricultural Machinery Is a Rarity in the Fields of Their Country.

In the agricultural sections of the entire Yangtze valley there is practically no use whatever for foreign agricultural implements. The Chinese laborers in the rice and cotton fields, in the mulberry groves and in the gardens find the Chinese implements of greater utility than any of the foreign and adhere to them. The Chinese hoe, which contains a much greater weight of metal than the foreign one, being practically a mattock, is, according to their ideas, more serviceable in this heavy soil than the foreign implement.

All the ordinary hand implements of agriculture are shaped and constructed according to Chinese taste. Agricultural machinery is not used in this section, even the plow being a great rarity. The Chinese turn over the ground usually with their matlocks. It is harrowed in a primitive way and when the crop is gathered hand labor does all the work.

Under these conditions it is not strange that the importing firms of Shanghai do not consider it worth while to carry a line of agricultural implements. It is difficult even to obtain a foreign implement for use in the garden of a foreigner in Shanghai. This is the present condition and to all appearances it bids fair to continue for an indefinite period. In the north, and especially in Manchuria, one agricultural implements are being used, but these are rather the result of Russian introduction than of Chinese desire. The statement was made recently in one of the northern papers that the introduction of modern agricultural implements seemed practically as far off as ever.

To Keep Silver Bright.

An easy way to keep the silver bright is to immerse in sour milk for a time. Wash and polish.

APPROPRIATE.

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