

OLD FAVORITES

The Builders.
All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterday
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseem part:
For the God sees everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Ease our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

Seven Times Four.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes, how they rock
In the grasses.
And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender
And small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's
Own lassies,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall tread them a daisy
chain,
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge
sparrow.
That loved her brown little ones, loved
them full fair.
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide, though the
house be but narrow."
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend
and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean wa-
ters,
And happily one musing dolt stand at
her prow.
O, bonny brown sons, and O, sweet little
daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and
tall!
A sunshiny world, full of laughter and
leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sor-
row and thrill!
Send down on their pleasure smiles pass-
ing
God, that is over us all!
—Jean Ingelow.

NEW ALASKAN RAILWAY.

Progress of Work on Council City and Solomon River Line.

So much progress has been made by the Western Alaska Construction Company in building the Council City & Solomon River railroad that the operation of the road and the rapid up-building of the country through which it runs has become a matter of general interest, says the New York Times. Many enterprising Americans are already taking advantage of the opening up of the Seward peninsula.

Interest in the new Alaskan railroad is far from being confined to financial circles. In fact, there is no stock for sale, and the money which is being used has all been subscribed by the directors and their friends so that the company is rather a close corporation. On June 19 lighters from the steamer carrying the first supplies landed at the mouth of the Solomon river and on that day J. Warren Dickson, vice president and general manager, turned the soil to mark the beginning of the first standard gauge railroad in Alaska. Within two months from that date eight miles of road was in operation; the latest reports indicate that over twelve miles have now been completed.

The line is to extend from the mouth of the Solomon river, where the town of Dickson is located, to Council City, fifty-one miles northeast from the course of the river. Dickson is east of Nome and both ply daily between the two coast towns. None has no harbor and steamers cannot find shelter there. At Dickson there is a harbor or lagoon protected by a long spit of land and a strong dock has been built, so that lighters from the steamers can come to the dock and unload directly into the waiting freight cars.

It is believed that the entire fifty-one miles of road will be completed by the end of this year or in the early part of next year, for the construction work will now progress much more rapidly. The men were handicapped at first by insufficient supplies, due to the fact that the traffic from Seattle to Nome has been too heavy for the steamers to carry. The total cost of the railroad will be met from the proceeds of the stock issue already made. No bonds have been issued. The plans of the company involve the construc-

tion of some hundreds of miles of road, gridironing the entire peninsula, but for the present the Council City & Solomon River railroad is absorbing every attention. Council City is in the center of a rich mining district. Hundreds of tons of supplies ordered by the mining camps have been held for shipment, pending the completion of the railroad.

How important the railroad will prove is shown by the methods previously employed for hauling freight. In summer dogs and sleds have always been used. In winter teams of horses pulled trucks the entire fifty-one miles, and for a roadway used the bed of the Solomon river, pulling through the shallow water. One team could haul 1,500 pounds, and the charge was \$25 a day. A single mine owner in Council City complained that his freight bills for one season reached \$10,000, and added that two-thirds of this would be saved when the new railroad was completed. Many mines, too, will be opened in and around Council City. The gold which has been sifted from the river sands near the coast is only an indication of the gold quartz in the interior. The first stamp mills in Alaska were first established by Thomas Lane ten miles inland on the new railroad.

CHARM OF AUTOMOBILING

Beats All Other Modes as a Pleasant Means of Traveling.

It has been our fortunate privilege during the last few years—and I speak for two—to have used many different modes of traveling, in addition to the common ones familiar to all in this country. We have glided in gondolas through the watery "streets" of Venice, which has been called the poetry of motion. We have ridden camels on the desert of Egypt, on donkeys in Palestine, on elephants in India and Ceylon, in sedan chairs in China and in jirikishas in Japan. But all of these novel and interesting modes of conveyance—some of them rather more novel than enjoyable—seem tame and spiritless in comparison with recent experiences in touring about western Massachusetts in an easy-riding and well-built automobile—one that does not make unpleasant clatter, and is not destructive of comfort by strong vibration in uphill work.

There is a charm and an exhilaration in riding in such an automobile which no other means of traveling can possibly give. To sit in an easy carriage and be propelled by an obedient and untiring force at good speed up hills and slopes, without a sense of weariness and sympathy for perspiring horses, to swing around the curves, through attractive landscapes, across bridges and beside rippling streams, with glimpses here and there of unpaintable pictures, gives a sense of exhilaration and exhilaration which appeals to every man who has any poetry or sentiment in his make-up. To feel the muffled throb and force of the wonderful gasoline engine, safe and potent in operation, as it constantly obeys the simple controlling action of the pedals so easily with such part of the power of seven horses as may be required, or gently moving at crawling pace—more readily controlled than a pair of horses—is to feel a certain inspiration over the triumph of travel of man's genius in thus perfecting a mode of travel which is destined to become almost universal in its use and employment. —Boston Transcript.

Sign Your Photographs.

Often in looking over a collection of photographs at some relative's or friend's home, whom you are visiting, you will see a picture the original of which you think you have known or met, and on making inquiry you are informed by the possessor of the picture that they do not know whose picture it is, as it had been given to another member of the family and they, not being present, you are unable to get the desired information. When giving one of your pictures to a relative or friend you are apt to consider it unnecessary to write your name on the picture, because the recipient knows you so well. But we should remember that we know not how soon the party receiving our picture may leave this world, and the picture passing to other hands, the identity of the original is thus oftentimes lost. This should be avoided by making it a practice to always write your full name and address on the back of your pictures before giving them away. Then to which ever end of the earth they may go, or into whose ever hands they may fall, it will be an easy matter for one to know upon whose picture they are looking.

Brother Williams in Washington.

Someone asked Brother Williams how he enjoyed his recent trip to Washington.

"De trip itsef wuz all right," he said, "but ter save me I couldn't feed at home 'mongst de white folks. Most or dem said 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' ever 'time I axed 'em a question. But de fust white home folks I met on de street gimme a dollar an said: 'What in de world is you a-doin' at—de place whar de gov'nm't stay—y'ou black raskill, you? Take dis ticket an go 'long home, whar you come 'fom.' En dat," added Brother Williams, "made me feel so homesick dat I grabbed my carpetbag an hit de fust train fer Georgy." —Atlanta Constitution.

Silk Made of Wool.

The threads of silk made from wool in Germany have eighteen strands, a single one of which is hardly visible to the naked eye. Real silk is two-thirds stronger.

Probably some men meander around all night for the purpose of satisfying themselves that there is no place like home.

HEADACHE REMEDIES.

Physicians Speak Disapprovingly of the Increasing Use of Them.

"A conservative estimate would place the average number of headache remedies sold by each drug store in Louisville at thirty-five," said a drug clerk, in the Louisville Herald. "At that rate, since there are 136 drug stores in the city, the number of doses sold daily is 5,400. This does not include cocoa cola, which is sometimes drunk merely as an invigorator and stimulant."

According to the testimony of a number of the most prominent physicians in Louisville, the headache-cure habit is assuming such alarming proportions here as to be a serious menace to the health of the community. In speaking of the habit Health Officer M. K. Allen said:

"Unquestionably the indiscriminate use of headache remedies is widely prevalent here, and is exceedingly dangerous. These remedies almost invariably contain drugs which depress the action of the heart, and should be taken only under the advice of a physician. They generally contain acetanilid or some other of the coal-tar products, all of which depress the circulation. Frequently they contain chloroform hydrate, the drug used in knock-out drops."

"It is often very difficult, when one is suffering from a severe headache, to refrain from seeking relief, especially when it can be had so easily. But the habit of taking the powders and other remedies so freely offered at the drug stores is extremely dangerous."

Dr. James S. Chenoweth made the following statement: "To be popular these headache cures must act quickly, and to act quickly they must be proportionately dangerous. A great deal of the nervous trouble and heart disease so common now is undoubtedly due to the use of these drugs. The cause of headache generally is indigestion. Merely to dead the nerves with drugs instead of striking at the cause of the trouble is absurd, even if it were not dangerous."

Naturally the druggist is inclined to regard the matter less seriously, and to assert that the evil is exaggerated. The proprietor of a downtown drug store said: "Although almost all these remedies contain coal-tar products, which depress the action of the heart, an effort is generally made to counteract this by some ingredient which has a stimulating effect, such as the tincture of strophanthes, cocaine, or caffeine citrate. Of course, the indiscriminate use of them is necessarily injurious, but I don't know that the habit is so widely prevalent as you say."

A SAFE RISK.

A Young Woman Who Photographs Children Without Orders.

"I have come," said the young woman, when the mistress of the house came into the sitting-room wondering why a stranger had called. "To show you these photographs of your little boy taken in a donkey cart on the mall, in Central Park. I posed him and your nurse kindly gave me your address. The charge for the six pictures is \$1."

The proud mother was delighted. "Take them?" she said. "Indeed I will, and you may send me six more at the same price. It is the best photograph of my little Arthur I ever saw." Then, as she paid for the pictures, the mother asked:

"And do you make a good living at this?"

"Yes," replied the girl, "and a very good one. I am going to one of the Vanderbilt houses from here with photographs that are a sure sale. I make it a practice only to take interesting children who will make pretty pictures, and children with nurses, so that I know they belong to parents who will pay me for my work. It is very rare indeed that I meet with failure. I ran across one rich man who said that none of his children had ever been photographed, and that he intended they never should be. He gave me \$5, though, to bring him the negative, and he smashed it on his doorstep before my face.

"Sometimes I find difficulty to learn who the children are. Most nurses will tell me when I promise them two or three pictures of themselves. I have three here now for your nurse, and since you are so pleased with the boy's picture I am sure you will forgive her. May I ask you to send them to her? Thank you. I will bring the other photographs to-morrow." —New York Press.

He Had Tried It.

The gentleman who likes to ask questions was visiting Miss Abbott's kindergarten. Finally, says the Christian Register, he turned his attention to Johnny.

"My boy," he said, "do you know how to make a Maltese cross?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny answered, promptly.

"Good!" exclaimed the visitor, delighted to learn that in Johnny's case, at least, the work of hand and brain were going forward together. "How would you go about it?"

"Why, jes' pull her tail," said Johnny; "that's all."

The Universal Lubricant.

Still she held back.

"We have not got money enough to get married," she protested.

"But love will find a way," he cried.

"'Tis love that makes the world go round."

"Yes," she admitted. "Yes, but it's money that oils the bearings and keeps things running smoothly." —New York Sun.

It is easier to be strenuous than it is to reach the presidential chair.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Banish Hallow'en Maliciousness.

In one sense, Hallow'en and the Fourth of July are alike. Both days give license for almost unlimited lawlessness. On the Fourth gunpowder reigns supreme over the law; on Hallow'en all sorts of mischief hold sway, often resulting in heavy property loss and bloodshed. The murder of the chief of police of Morgan Park emphasizes the Hallow'en evil.

Hallow'en, as a feature of American life, deserves to be laid to rest. There is no reason why one day in the year should be set apart for the perpetration of thousands of mischiefs, and often gross persons, turn their attention to damaging other people's property. During the rest of the year these persons are generally law-abiding. They have no thought of destroying fences or sidewalks, daubing paint on houses, or carrying off whatever they can find loose. On Hallow'en they regard these deprecations as strictly legitimate.

In Morgan Park a married woman, colored, dressed herself in the clothes of a man and proceeded to play havoc with a sidewalk. She was discovered by the chief of police and struck with a cane. A rash and quick-tempered negro avenged the blow by cutting the throat of the chief.

This killing illustrates the Hallow'en extreme, but all over the country minor acts of despoliation took place, which in the aggregate amounted to heavy loss. It is to be hoped that the coming generation of boys will be educated out of the Hallow'en idea. —Chicago Journal.

Money vs. Faith in the Pulpit.

ONE of the questions that caused the most anxious interest at a recent annual church convention in Michigan was the cause of the closing of churches in half a dozen cities and towns in the State. The explanation was that young men are not attracted by the idea of spending \$1,000 or \$2,000 for an education to fit themselves whose financial rewards run from \$700 to \$1,000 a year, where other callings offer much brighter prospects at a less outlay of time and money for technical training.

It is rather discouraging if the financial consideration is sufficient to deter young men who feel that they had a vocation for the ministry. A faith which begets no devotion superior to material gain, that inspires no spirit of sacrifice and personal consecration, lacks something that is necessary to the growth of a religion.

When Helms was asked why the world built no more such cathedrals as that of Cologne, he replied that cathedral builders had convictions, while moderns had only opinions. In order to forego worldly success and comfort and devote himself joyfully to a life of struggle and hardship, it is necessary that a man have a very fixed conviction as to the vital importance of the work he is undertaking. That he must be filled with fire and zeal, and that he must accept literally and unquestioningly the theory that the salvation of his own soul and of other souls is a matter which wholly overshadows the trivialities of earthly existence.

Religion diluted with rationalism does not tend to create enthusiasts or to foster the missionary spirit, and those sects which adopt it must either adjust their salaries to their own particular circumstances or continue to find a paucity of candidates for commercially undesirable pulpits. —Chicago Journal.

Martyrdom of the Housewife.

THE difficulty of securing domestic help is not new, and it is not peculiar in New York. . . . Some of the reasons for the present plight are obvious. There have been and must continue to be certain inherent difficulties in the problem. These have often been pointed out, long and irregular hours, confined and often lonely routine, varying quantities of work, vagaries and caprices of mistresses, and the so-called "social stigma." All these combine to draw women into factory employment, with its fixed hours, opportunities to be on the street in going and coming, congenial companionship while busy, definite tasks, formal rules for conduct, consistent supervision, and general independence outside of hours of labor. . . .

There are, however, some new factors in the reckoning. The demand for the work of women is keener than ever.

A FRONTIER MISSIONARY.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in California recently held memorial services for William Taylor, the first missionary of that church in the State.

"He is," wrote Charles Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, "the Paul of the age, and his experiences in establishing Methodism on the frontier of America, Australia and South America have no parallel in church history."

The story of William Taylor's career in the wicked mining camps and in San Francisco during the early fifties is more thrilling than fiction. Lawlessness was unbridled in the town. Murderers went without trial.

"In all my travels over the world," Mr. Taylor used to say, "I never have seen such human degradation, such woful immorality and recklessness of human life as in San Francisco in 1849."

It took courage to speak to the swearing, drunken crowds who spent their time in gambling and intoxication. Many a time he was threatened with personal violence. One of his first efforts was made in Pat Donovan's dance hall. A murder had just been committed. The body was hauled into an adjoining room, and the drinking, cursing, gambling and dancing were resumed as noisily as ever. Suddenly Mr. Taylor's stalwart frame appeared in the door of the place.

Catcalls and yells of derision greeted the missionary; and one man drew his pistol and told Mr. Taylor to get out or be shot. He stood quietly for a few moments, and then said:

"I have no come for trouble. If you will let me sing a few songs and say a few words, I'm sure you won't regret it."

"Go ahead!" some one yelled. The first settlers at Norfolk and the region round about knew of it as a wild, impassable bit of country full of game

before. With the last decade a number of occupations have opened up to them for the first time. . . .

Not only is the demand greater than before, but the supply is smaller. The very prosperity that has enlarged the servant-keeping class has enabled poorer people either to maintain their daughters at home or send them to school; and many girls who in 1883 would have been seeking places are now living in ease on the abundant earnings of their fathers and brothers. Statistics on this point are not available, but the facts are patent. It is plain, also, that employment at good wages has allowed many young mechanics to marry, and has thus transformed possible housemaids into actual wives. The "steady company" has been much in evidence, and his attentions have still further disturbed our domestic economy. —New York Evening Post.

Refuse to Scare.

THE statisticians are beginning to frighten us about the consumption of iron. They say that 20,000,000 tons of ore was taken out of the ground in this country alone last year, and as the world grows older, and its inhabitants more numerous, the demand for iron must increase until the end of the supply is reached, and then what will they do, poor things, who are on earth in that remote day.

We do not scare very readily over the prospect of the failure of the world's resources in any direction. When it gets so that human beings cannot exist on earth they will probably cease to move on the planet, but it seems as if the generation living had much more occasion to be concerned about its own comfort, and wisdom, and virtue, than about the prospects of health and happiness of those who may dwell in some distant period.

This fear of what is going to happen to some one after our end has been common with humanity for many centuries. Predictions of the coming to the end of the world itself are numberless, and the prophets are still working overtime on that problem, but until the earth itself has been entirely looked over and its treasures estimated at their true bulk there is no need of any one being alarmed for fear of a fatal scarcity of anything necessary to human happiness or human existence. —Buffalo News.

Reform in China.

THE man who cries for reform in China takes his life in his hand. A century ago the Japanese who had a public grievance to complain of could present his petition with the assurance that it would be duly considered, but he lost his life. The Chinese reformer loses his life without effect. And for some time past there has been a deadly conflict between the Dowager Empress and the exponents of reform. Only the other day a member of the reform party was beaten to death with bamboos, while the fate of others at Shanghai is hanging on the firmness of the British representative. Now we learn that five others have been arrested at Peking, and their terrible fate is, we fear, assured. Shen Chien, before his death, wrote a moving appeal to his own people and the foreign powers. "I have won but little, and my day is done." It is a pathetic cry from this young man of one-and-thirty, standing—and falling—with a few against scores of millions of fellow-country men bound by immemorial tradition and led by the Dowager Empress. The life-blood of many must run in the market place before the reformer is welcomed in China. —London Chronicle.

Lynching Must Be Stopped.

WE do not believe that the civilization of the United States is going to be wrecked in this way, but we do believe that it can be saved only by a combination of the sane elements of society to assert and, if need be, to maintain by lawful means the supremacy of law. Every sheriff has the power to summon a posse. The peaceable and rational majority of citizens within his jurisdiction, if they should place themselves under his orders, would constitute a legal force, and a force competent to restore order wherever it was invaded. There are some unhappy indications that a state of things is approaching for which such a remedy as that must be somewhat widely employed. —New York Tribune.

and of valuable timber; cypress, so good for making shingles; juniper, black gum and beech. In 1728 Colonel Byrd, while trying to establish the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, ran a survey across it, working with the greatest difficulty and making only a mile a day through the thick growth. He it was who named it "The Dismal Swamp."

Later surveys and government maps show that the wilderness contains about 800 square miles of wood and water, lying in a tract twenty miles wide and forty-five long, and extending twenty miles into Virginia and twenty-five into North Carolina. The soil is a sort of rich, black vegetable mold, dry and caky at some seasons, and saturated with water at others. The whole region is like a huge sponge, alternately dry and wet; and as the swamp level, curiously enough, is twenty feet above tide-water, it is the source of many rivers and streams.

There are deer in the woods, but it is the wild cattle that give the best sport. The ancestors of these "road-fed" cattle, as they are called, strayed in from the fields and took up their abode in the swamp. The result is a race of small, active, wild cattle, the flesh of which is a delicious combination of the qualities of wild game and tame animals.

There is a chance that before many years the greater part of the swamp will be redeemed from its present wilderness into civilized farm land; but it will be many years before the bear and wild cattle and noxious snakes disappear from their refuges, and before the rare plants and birds that still draw botanists and ornithologists from all parts of the country will be found only in museum show cases.

For each big man at the top there are a million little ones at the bottom.

Many men want to be great and a few try to be good.