And bitter was all we said.

That night I wrote such a letter As one might write to a foe, And told him that never thereafter Would I wish his presence to know; We must pass each other as strangers, Our lives henceforward apart ; And let him know that forever I had torn him out of my heart.

Then I sought my bed, still raging, But I courted slumber in vain; The face of my more than brother Rose before me ever again. He was always so true beside me And sharing all changes of life; Our words had been always of loving

And never till now of strife. And then our quarrel-what was it? How did it ever befall? Perhaps be was right-yes, I know it, It was I in the wrong, after all, Then I rose from my bed, took the letter,

And cast it into the fire : And there saw it smolder in ashes; And thus did my anger expire. A fair morning shone on our meeting: A look we could each understand Had drawn us once more together

In a warm, firm grasp of the hand. Not a word was said or our quarrel, Again it was friend and friend, Thank God that he never saw it-The letter I did not send! -Boston Globe.

## The Watchman 🤝 At Morton's Mills

OW, Parsons," said the master of Morton's mills to his super-~~~~~ intendent, "this matter of a watchman is a very serious one. I am sick and tired of this watchman business. Is it possible to get a really reliable man?"

"Mr. Morton," said Parsons, "I have outside now in the reception room a man who will, I believe, fill the bill, Look at his recommendations.

"Oh, recommendations don't go any more. They all have them."

"Well, look at his, Mr. Morton." "Oho!" said Morton, as he glanced over the letter. "This is from my old



"WHAT GUARANTY DO YOU GIVE ME?"

friend, Johnston, who recently closed his factory and retired from business. It certainly does recommend this man John McGrath most highly. He was in their employment for eight years. Ask him to walk in."

A wiry-looking, red-haired little Irishman, not over five feet six in height, entered the mill owner's office and stood like a soldler at attention. Morton cast a quick but comprehen sive glance at him and asked him to be sented. "You are John McGrath?"

"Yes, sir." "How old?" "Forty-five."

"H'm," said Morton, pensively, "Married or single?"

"Married, sir, about a year, I have n fine little boy, a month old; but the wife is ailing something bad, sir, and-"

owner, impulsively. "Always the way! There's always something! Now, see here. McGrath! I've had eight watchmen-or is it nine, Parsons?-in the last two years. Two were dishonest: two drank; one or two were neglectfui; one always had a sick wife or child: one was besten-poor fellow !- | the doctor and Father Kelly, gathered | and nearly killed by that mysterious around McGrath. gang. I have been the sufferer all along. Last month alone we were robbed of over three thousand dollars' worth of merchandise. Now, you. Me-Grath, how are you going to do the work any better for me? You were with my old friend Mr. Johnston for eight years. That means a great deal, of course; but what guaranty have I of your being any better than the oth-

During this explosive tirade from Morton, McGrath with just the suspicion of a smile upon his humorous face, had listened attentively. "Well, sir." said he. "I'm a little man: I saw you take that in when I entered the room. But that has never stopped me, I'm forty-five years old, but that shouldn't stop me. I've got here me honorable discharge from me regiment, sir." and he handed over for inspection his papers received from a famous reglment with which men of his race have been identified for years.

"All this is very, very good, McGrath. But you watchmen all have some excuse for shirking suddenly. Mind, I don't wish to be personal. Now, you have a' month-old child and a sick wife."

"Sure, yes, I have that, God bless them!" said McGrath.

"What have I to go on? You know I've been robbed, chiseled and cheated through the dishonesty, cowardice and slothfulness of my watchmen. What guaranty, I repeat, can you give that you will do your work well? What will prevent your leaving me in what may prove my hour of need?"

McGrath rose from where he sat, advanced a step or two, and said: "Me wurrd, sir, is all I can give ye."

"McGrath," said Morton, after a moment's reflection, "you may go on duty to-night."

The superintendent escorted forthwhich he was to take up later; that is, from 7 p. m. until 6 a. m.

He was shown the little office and given a key to it, the office in the mill, in which telephone messages could be sent and received, if necessary, all In the Far North He breaks In, but night. In short, his routine was mapped out and thoroughly explained. the new watchman went on duty at manifests itself are cited in the north the mills, which were situated in a country of the Canadian Northwest, lonely quarter of the town. There was says the World To-Day. a definite and professional air about

his beat. All went well until about 10 o'clock, opposite side of the street. McGrath observed him quietly, but went on looking forward, nevertheless, to the morning hour, when he could again be with his sick wife and his baby.

A sharp ring came on the telephone in the little room in the mill. McGrath unlocked the door, entered, and took down the receiver.

"Is this you, McGrath? This is Faalso the doctor. The wife is sinking. It came on suddenly, John. Don't worry, my poor man; but try to get here at once. Your duty? Of course, I know. Get your boss or the superintendent on the phone, and get them to send some one to the mill in your place. There'll be time. Now, mind, bear up, my boy; bear up and be the same man I've always known you to

McGrath hung up the receiver. Something overwhelming whispered to him. 'Go, go! This is paramount. Go, go now! This outmeasures all else."

He shook himself as one would shake off an oppressive dream, and strode up to the telephone. "Give me 34 Gray." said he, "I want Mr. Morton, Gone out, you say? You don't know where; and you don't know when he'll be back? For the love of God, get him at the wife is dying, and that he wants to be relieved at once."

McGrath then tried to find the super-Intendent of the mills on the telephone, but he had gone out of town for the

night. Turning out the electric lights and locking the door, McGrath went on his bent again. Once more that tempting whisper

came to him. Now it grew until it became a tumult in his breast. It was the call of the home.

"My wurrd, my duty!" he muttered between clenched teeth. "Home, home, home!" It kept shouting to him, until it blended into a fearsome, husky cry behind his back: "Do him, Jimmy! Do up the greeny!" A man grasped him round the waist,

but McGrath, with the energy of a tiger, threw him off and dealt him a fearful blow with his night stick. The man staggered back into the darkness. But two others came up to the watchman with a rush. One held a revolver. "Throw up your hands!" he whispered. "Never!" shouted McGrath

"Then die, you fool!" hissed the othshot that stretched the ruffian dead in his tracks. The third man fled.

By a supreme effort McGrah dragged himself to the door of the little office. How he ever managed to unlock the door is something most unaccountable, How he hung on so long to the telephone shelf would be too pitiable to re-

He rang up police headquarters. Come to Morton's mills at once! It's me," he gasped. "McGrath, the new watchman! Have killed burglar! He's shot me! Get Mr. Morton here! Take me home-home-"

He sank, an inert mass, upon the theor.

There was a blaze of acceptene lamps, the throbbing of giant motor cars before the doors of Morton's mills.

"Well, I'll be hanged, Mr. Morton," said the sergeant, "but your new watch "Yes, that's it!" broke in the mill man has killed the wickedest burglar and cutthroat in this State. He's nailed the man that none of us could get these past five years. Oh, here's the poor fellow!" he added, as they found the watchman on the floor of the little

The mill owner, the sergeant, also

The doctor hastily gave such relief Kelly," he whispered, with just a professional touch. "it is your case."

The venerable priest knelt beside the

dying man and administered to him the last rites of his church. McGrath was perfectly conscious.

The physician's work restored him for a time, and the church othces broyed him up for a final effort. "Tell me," he asked, falteringly, "Fa-

ther, how is Delia?" "It is well with Delia, me son, "It is well- Oh, Father, I know what ye mane, sure. 'Twill be well with me?"

"Yes, my son." "Mr. Morton!" gasped McGrath. Morton drew nearer and knelt beside

"I want ye to be-to-be-a watchman." "Me a watchman?" replied Morton,

much puzzled. "How, McGrath?" "I want ye to be a watchman over me little baby Mike."

"Indeed, I will-I will be a watchman over him while my life lasts." "Ye remember, sir, this-this-morning, when ye tuk me, ye asked what guaranty I'd give that I'd be a good watchman, and I said me wurrd was all I could give." There was just a suspicion of humorous twinkle in the

give me?" Morton took the white and helpless hands, which had begun to pick at the blood-stained shirt, in both of his, and said: "I give you my word." "Then we're quits," whispered Mc-

Grath.

dying eyes. "What guaranty do you

A moment later the doctor gave them

all a comprehensive look "Oh, heaven," sobbed the owner of Morton's mills, as he rose from where with the new watchman to the beat he knelt, "grant that I may keep my word with blin, as he kept his with me!"-Sunday Magazine.

#### WHERE INDIAN IS HONEST.

Not to Steal.

Many curious Instances of the man-It was a murky, cloudy night when her in which the honesty of the Indian

One of the tales is of a native who, the little man as he carefully patrolled destring food and tobacco and blankets, broke into the store of a remote trading post which had been locked when he noticed a man skulking on the and abandoned for a few weeks while the white men in charge transacted business elsewhere. The Indian supsteadily in his monotonous routine, piled his needs and he left pelts in payment for what he took and months later he came back to ascertain if he had left enough.

One Indian found a post closed when he went to it to dispose of his skins. Being unwilling to wait, he forcibly entered and left his pack, but nothing with it to indicate his identity. Then they Kelly calling you up. I am here; he retired, fastening the door as best he could, and not until a year later did he return.

When he walked into the post and told his story the price of the skins was handed over to him without question. The accounts of the white man had been carefully kept, and he was certain that no claim but a just one would be made.

An unusual degree of confidence is reposed in the half-breeds, who are lieutenants of the white traders. In Edmonton I saw a trader give one of his half-breed employes \$1,250 to be taken to a distant post and there distributed as wages to others. The two shook hands and parted, not to meet for a year, and the white man said he was sure not a cent of the money would fail to reach its rightful destination.

In the town of Edmonton itself honesty seems to vie with hospitality for earliest minute! Tell him McGrath's the credit of being the most prominent trait of the citizens. Scores of thousands of dollars' worth of furs are stored there in warehouses which are seldom or never locked or guarded.

Only the most valuable pelts are put under lock and key, and then the purpose is more to protect from accidental damage than from possible theft.

#### Wealth in Its Senweed.

Japan, which wastes nothing in its domestic economy, realizes \$2,000,000 annually from its seaweed products. According to the report of C. J. Davidson, an attache of the British embassy at Tokio, more than fifty varieties of the seaweed found along the Japanese coast are utilized either for food or as manufactured products.

The traveler sees bundles of dried seaweed, white with the crystalitzed salt of the sea water, hung from the front of every food stall. The coarser varieties are stewed and served with fish. Some of the delicate sprigs of sea grass are boiled with fish soups and remain a vivid green, floating against the red lacquer of the soup bowis.

Other species of seaweed are used in the manufacture of glue of plaster er, and fired point-blank at him; but, and of starch. Whole villages are givas he swayed before falling. McGrath | en over to seaweed fishing and the dryfired through his overcoat pocket the ing and packing of the product for shipment to the manufacturing plants in the large cities. In the country along the seashore the farmers use the coarse and ropy kelp for fertilizing their vegetable fields.

During the last few years the Japanese government has taken up the subject of the seaweed industry for the purpose of giving it encouragement. Experiments have been carried on in many places along the coast with a view of increasing the yield of the deep water algae. The government offers a reward for the best method of producing iodine from sea plants,

### Its Sunny Side.

"After all, life in the country has its recompenses," said the man who observes and cogitates. "Now, in the city, in order to gain fame one must be a multimillionaire, an eminent philanthropist and egotist, a deft, dashing or diabolical criminal, a monumental spendthrift or an absolutely blank fool; but in the average village he can become the object of hatred and envy of most of his fellow-men; be convicted at the sewing circle of being a dark and dangerous debauchee, be in laminent danger of a church trial, and have the old men wag their heads in suspicion and the little boys run out their tongues in derision when he passes by, as was possible, then rose. "Father merely by getting it stated in the weekly newspaper that he is thinking of buying a motor car."-Puck.

Founded on Snow. Every summer several astronomers visit the Janssen Observatory, on the extreme summit of Mont Blanc, to take advantage of its great altitude, which favors the study of solar phenomena. At present another effort is being made there to photograph the sun's corona without an eclipse. The observatory is remarkable for having its foundation laid in hard-packed snow. The builders found it impracticable to reach the underlying rock. At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, Monsieur Janssen announced that the measurements of level executed in 1904 and 1906 showed that during that interval the observatory had not appreciably shifted in position.-Philadelphia Record.

## Pittsburg Mythology.

Pittsburg Millionaire - There's swell copy of "Diana's Hunt." His Friend-So? Who the deuce was Diana, anyhow?

Pittsburg Millionaire-What? And you visiting New York most every menth? Why, Diana's the fairy doing the pose on Madison Square Garden tower .- Puck.

Two Recipes. "I learned today," said the young wife, "that an egg is the best thing to

settle coffee. Did you know that?" "No." her husband replied. "but I've often heard that a ripe egg judiciously placed will settle a bad actor."-Phila-

delphia Ledger.

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* OLD Favorite \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The Little Town of Tailholt. You kin boast about yer cities, and their stiddy growth and size,

brag about yer country-seats, and business enterprise, And railroads, and factories, and all sich

But the little town o' Tailholt is big enough fer mer

You kin harp about yer churches, with their steeples in the clouds, And gas about yer graded streets, and blow about yer crowds; You kin talk about yer "theaters" and all

you've got to see, But the little town o' Tailholt is show enough fer me!

hain't no style in our town-but's little-like and smallhain't no "churches," nuther-jes'

the meetin'-house is all; They's no sidewalks, to speak of-but the highway's allus free, And the little town o' Tailholt is wide enough fer me!

Some finds it discommodin'-like, I'm willin' to admit, To hev but one postoffice, and a womern

keepin' hit. And the drug store, and shoe shop, and grocery, all three-But the little town o' Tailholt is handy 'nough for me?

You kin smile and turn yer nose up, and joke and hev yer fun, laugh and holler "Tail-holts is better holts 'n none!"

Ef the city suits you better, w'y, hit's where you'd ort'o be-But the little town o' Tailholt's good enough fer met -James Whitcomb Ritey.

Nearing the Last Gate.

Oh, don't be sorrowful, darling! And don't be sorrowful, pray! Taking the year together, my near, There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling; Time's waves they heavily run; But taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling. Our heads they are growing gray; But taking the year all round, my dear, You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling, And our roses, long ago: And the time of year is coming, my dear, For the silent night and the snow,

And God is God, my darling, Of night as well as of day; And we feel and know that we can go Wherever He leads the way.

Aye, God of the night, my darling-Of the night of death so grim; The gate that leads out of life, good wife, Is the gate that leads to Him. -Alice Carey.

A Round Trip.

Many a teacher has found himself repeating year after year some favor-Ite story without considering the logic of it until called to halt by a small boy listener. So it was with Mr. Frisbie when he told his pupils this year as usual of a certain Roman athlete who every morning swam the Tiber three times.

As the detail of this achievement burst upon him, little Willie Barnes nudged his next neighbor and snickered audibly. The professor undertook to rebuke him. "Willie," said he, "you seem to see

something very humorous in this. Will you explain to the class what it is? Do you doubt that he could swim the

river three times?" 'No. sir, it ain't that!" gasped little Willie. "But I was wondering why he didn't make it four times, so as to get back to the side where his clo'es were."

### Paper Gas Pipes.

Gas pipes of paper are being made in France. Manila paper is cut into strips equal to the length of the pipes to be made. They are then placed in receiver filled with melted asphalt and wrapped around a core of iron until the desired thickness is reached. After being submitted to a strong pressure, the paper is coated with sand, cooled, the core withdrawn and the outer pipe surface covered with a water-proof preparation. It is claimed that these pipes are good as, and more economical than, metal ones,

### Through the Wicket.

It was a "twosome." The player who drove off first had bandy legs, says a writer in the Scottish Referee. The second, in driving off, did not notice that his opponent had got in front of him, and the ball ran through between the opponent's legs.

The bandy-legged one turned in anger. "Here, mun." he shouted, "that's no golf !" "Well," returned the other, with a

sly smile, "if it's no golf, it's croquet."

Just as Profitable to Public. A dog has succeeded in swimming ncross the English channel. Some disappointment may be felt that it was not a man that did it. But the benefits to accrue to the world from the

fact will be just as great in the case

of the dog as the man.

Work for the Idle. Church-1 see in Russia there are no fewer than eighty-six general holi-

days in the year. Gotham-No wonder they have so much time for rioting .- Yonkers Statesman.

Hard Lines. "The more we get"-you've heard before-"The more we want," and yet It always works this way: The more

We want the less we get.

-- Philadelphia Ladger.

-Philadelphia Press. On the Promenade. He thought his style would .urn the head Of every girl that day, And every one, indeed, 'tis said, Was tureed -the other way.

# PAPERS PRIE PEOPL

DEMAND FOR ABLE YOUNG MEN.

By Charles M. Schwab.

The corporations everywhere are on the alert for men to manage their affairs-men of ability and right qualities, whether those men come from Harvard or Yale and are the sons of millionaires or whether they come from the tenements. Never yet have companies and big enterprises been so willing to pay large sums to able men, and never yet have the opportunities been as great for the

individual man. It is an utter mis-C. M. SCHWAB. take to suppose that huge aggregations of capital mean in any way the doom of the individual. Good men are wanted, and wanted badly. I only wish I were a young man starting all over again.

### WOMAN AND THE BALLOT.

By Rev. Madison C. Peters. Shall woman be invested with the ballot? The question is not one of the simple right as the equal of man, but is it wise, is it best? I do not deny the inborn right of woman to smoke cigarettes or to use the rough language of men, but most of us are inclined to believe that women who do these things are, as some one has put it, "no gentlemen," and if the sexes are to be equalized I would rather it were done by refining the men than by the

vulgarizing of women. Shall we invest woman with the ballot? Candidly, I believe that such an enlargement of her sphere would not only violate the sacred laws of her being, but add nothing to the high and boly mission which her own nature unmistakably defines. Would a woman's vote alter things? Yes, if only good women vote. Few good women would avail themselves of the privilege, but all the bad women would.

If you give woman the ballot, she must be ready to turn policeman and serve on the jury. The responsibilities which logicaly follow this advance of woman mean that henceforth she will not be represented by any man, and her exercising the full functions of citizenship would make such a change as would make her more a man

A female man, an affected, driveling, little doodle, a weak sister dressed up in men's clothing, is enough to

fill you with disgust, but of a mannish woman, good Lord, deliver me from expressing my opinion, lest I should say something not in the prayer book.

#### THE DISINTEGRATION OF FAMILY LIFE.

By David Greer, D. D. The greatest of all dangers that threaten

the future of this country is in the disintegration of family life. For this the restaurant, with its save trouble, save labor tendency, is responsible. There is in these days little of the simple, beautiful unison of families, the love of parent or of brother and sister. The ego rules. All things are for self. What the end will be I do not know. But

I do not, like the pessimist, cry "chaos!" For, after all. American men and women have the great heart, large sympathy and strength of purpose that make the greatness of a nation. The pursuit of money, within limitations, has its good side. Our mighty danger is that this commercialism will develop into a fever.

I have hope, and my hope for the future of our people lies not in the cities, but in those thousands of quiet little towns and cities scattered over the country, where people learn to live. For it is in these places that you find the true ideal of pure and unselfish American womanhood and manhood. All the grand simplicity of the true home life-the highest type of Americanism-is to be found there. From these places come every day the men who are to make history, and in them lies our best hope.

#### WE NEED IDEALS, NOT IDEAS.

By President Woodrow Wilson.

It is only the youngster who catches his conviction in a lump. We older fellows split hairs and discriminate closely and wear out our progressive vitality in doing so. Your youngster moves forward with a rash confidence that seems blind to us older men. He forges ahead and overcomes obstacles that seasoned men, knowing their bigness, would falter at.

The pushing things in this world are ideals, not ideas, One ideal is worth twenty ideas in propulsive force. No naked idea is fit to become an ideal until we illuminate it, dress it up and give it a halo that properly does not belong to it. We live by poetry, not by prose, and we live only as we see visions and not as we have discriminating minds.

#### GRAVEYARD ROSES. table farther in, so that it covered the

'Graveyard roses, tell me why Your pale leaves are ever wet, When, the mossy mounds beside, Sun and wind of morn bave dried Larkspur, lily, violet, Neath the blue and radiant sky?"

From the heavy earth we grow Cov'ring hearts that died unloved-Hearts that all love's sweetness missed, Pallid lips that closed unkissed; Bitter tears for life unproved Still well upward from below." -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## A Hunting Party

~~~~~ TER father's death mother and I lived alone together. It was pretty hard for mother, with no man in the house, and I was only a girl of 16. We did all the housework ourselves, which wasn't much, and as much of the farm work as we were

able to do. Mother never kept any money it bank. In the first place, there was no bank nearer than ten miles, and, in the second, she wouldn't have known how to keep a bank account.

One day, one of our horses having died, mother went to town to buy another. At the time one farm hand was at work for us, a man we had engaged a few days before. Mother had been gone but about half an hour when he came into the house and told me she had asked him to keep a sharp lookout for me, as I was only a girl, alone, and without protection. He was so kindly spoken that at first I believed him. This embeldened him to say that there were tramps lurking about and I would do well to put any money there might be in the house in a safe place. Then I began to suspect that he said this to find out whether there was any money in the house, so I told him that all the money had been paid out except what mother had taken wih her to pay for the horse she intended to buy. Then he threw off all pretense and ransacked the house. Not finding what he was after, he came into the kitchen, where I was washing dishes, and, taking up a knife, threat-

ened to kill me if I didn't tell where the money was kept. Our sex are always dreading such trials as I was passing through, but when they come we surprise ourselves by standing up under them with unexpected coolness. I couldn't see how it was his interest to kill me, since the secret (for him) would die with me. I kept my mind bent on the problem of how to outwit him, but to outwit a man in a farmhouse, with no telegrap. or telephone or any one within calling

distance, is not an easy matter, and i made no headway. The only thing I could do was to tell him that there wasn't any money in the house, or, if there was, that I didn't know where it was kept. I recommended him to look in different places, the cellar, the cupboard and the upstairs closets. He ransacked every

place I suggested, but found nothing. He was not likely to find the place where the money was hidden. Our house was very ald and had been built with an old fashioned big fireplace in the kitchen. Up the chimney, which was large enough to admit a human body, mother had taken out a brick and broken off half of it. This left room for any money she had behind the brick. When it was put back in its place it looked like the other bricks.

Well, at last the man grew so flerce that I was afraid be might murder me, and I told him where the money was. He at once stood in the chimney and began to hunt. I told him the money was higher, and he polled the kitchen table on to the hearth. In his search he supported himself by brac- three.-New York Sun.

ing his knees and back. I shoved the mouth of the chimney. Then for the first time it occurred to me that I had him in a trap. There was a heavy cupboard in the kitchen, and I moved it against the table. Just then I heard an exclamation of delight and knew he had found the money. His next move was to order me to

take away the table, but I had another matter to attend to. Knowing that when he found he couldn't come down he would go up, I ran to mother's bedroom, where since father's death she had kept his rifle, loaded, standing at the head of her bed, and, seizing it. ran outside and was just in time to take alm at the man's head, which was above the top of the chimney. I shall never forget the expression of

of them could shoot pretty straight and that if I chose I could put a bullet through his head. "See here, little girl, you've caught

and ready to fire. He knew en

his face when he saw me, a mere chit

me fair. Now if you'll let me out of this I'll go about my business." I didn't like the probability of hav-



could have trusted him I would have let him go. As it was, I told him to get below the top of the chimney or I would shoot him. He offered to throw down the money if I would let him off, but I refused to do so. I made him believe that I would carry out my threat, and he disappeared down the chimney. He called to me that he would burn the money, but even this

didn't move me. Well, all this happened in the early morning, and till 10 o'clock I felt obliged to keep on a strain lest he outwit me and get the upper hand again, Then when all was quiet I heard the sound of horses' hoofs and a gentleman in a red coat came riding up to the house.

"Did you see a hunting party go by here?" he asked. "Haven't had time to notice.

got a hunting party of my own."

He looked surprised and then for the first time noticed my gun. I told him my story, and when he learned that I had a man cornered in the chimney he burst into a laugh. I, relieved from the terrible strain I had been enduring, burst into tears.

Then the gentleman took my rifle and stood guard, while I took his borse and rode away for assistance. The game I had bagged alive was kept after that in the penitentiary.-Field and Farm.

In the Choir.

"The soprano gave the choirmaster canary for a birthday gift," remarked the contralto, "and he's named it after her." "Quite appropriate, eh?" replied the

"Yes; I understand the bird can't sing a little bit."-The Catholic Standard and Times. Exact Number of Pa's Hairs.

tenor.

Teacher-Yes, Johnny, the hairs of our heads are numbered. Johnny-Well, pa's must be twenty-



ciete des Acieries de Donetz is substituting a number of large gas engines for steam engines. At a mild red heat, good steel can be drawn out under the hammer to a fine point; at a bright red heat it will

Blast furnace gas is to be utilized in

Russia for power purposes, La So-

crumble under the hammer, and at a white heat it will fall to pieces. An ingenious beacon is located at Arnish Rock, Stornoway bay, in the Hebrides, Scotland. It is a cone of cast iron plates, surmounted by an arrangement of prisms and a mirror. which reflect the light from the lightof a girl, pointing a rifle at him, cocked house on Lewis Island, 500 feet distant

country girls to understand that most At a recent conference held at the ministry of commerce, St. l'etersburg, it was decided that agricultural machinery required by peasant emigrants to Siberia and other portions of the Russian empire would have to be ordered abroad this year, as the Russian factories would be unable to deliver in time. Next year an attempt will be made to introduce Russian machinery

among the settlers.

An instance illustrating the exact methods now followed in all branches of science is furnished by the recent upsetting of all the results of the Goedetic Survey of Algeria based upon the station of Voirol which had been choen as the point of origin of co-ordiates. It has been found that, owing to some subterranean peculiarity affeeting the direction of the plumb-line, there is a strong deviation from the vertical at Volrol, and as a result, a new starting-point for the triangulation must be chosen and new calculations made. The discovery was made by comparing the astronomical latitude of the new observatory about three miles from Voirol with its geodetic latitude

as calculated from the Voirol data, "Welwitschia Mirabilis," a plant which is described as one of the wonders of the vegetable kingdom, illustrates the adaptations which sometimes render life possible amid conditions that seed to forbid its existence. The plant gets its name from its discoverer, Welwitsch, who found it in the sandy deserts of Southwestern Africa, Its short conical trunk is buried in sand, and its only leaves are the two cotyledons, or seed-leaves, which persist during the life of the plant, and in old specimens attain a length of from six to nine feet. The trunk measures three or feur feet in diameter at the crown. The plant derives water for its growth partly from the dense night fogs, but principally through a very long root which taps subterranean water-sources.

The terrible earthquake in Chile, following so soon after that in California, enormously increased popular interest in the science of seismelogy. Among the interesting facts brought into prominence by the many discussions to which these disasters have led in the scientific journals, is the clear distinction that seems to exist between earthquakes like those that destroyed San Francisco and Valparaiso and the shocks that damaged Charleston in 1886. The Charleston disaster is thought, at least by some geologists, to have been due to overloading of the earth's crust by accumulation of deposits on the ocean floor near the coast. The New Madrid earthquakes of 1811-12 were ascribed to a similar cause, resulting from depositions made by the Mississippi River. But the Californian and South American earthquakes are believed to have been due to the mountain-building forces which are still in operation along the western edge of North and South America.

Love may intoxicate a man, but mar-

riage is apt to sober bim.