



### HARRY BLAKE'S HEROISM.

First Prize Story by Thirteen-Year-Old Detroit Boy.

Thomas Longyear and Harry Blake were enemies, or, rather, Thomas was Harry's enemy, for the latter bore no ill-feeling toward the other. It all started because Harry Blake had won the silver medal which Dr. Manton, the principal of the Kemp high school, had offered for the best original composition. Thomas had set his heart on winning this prize, and consequently felt very bitterly toward Harry, who had snatched the coveted medal from him.

Mr. Longyear, the father of Thomas, was a rich man, and had much influence in Kemp, while Harry's parents were very poor. The money stringency threw Mr. Blake out of work, which proved very bad for his large family of five. This was Thomas' chance; he told his father that Harry's father was not honest and that he



Pulled Himself and His Companion Up.

would steal at the first chance he had. Thomas was Mr. Longyear's idol, being his only child, while Mrs. Longyear had been dead for some years. The boy's foolish story was therefore believed by the fond parent, whose influence then kept Mr. Blake out of work.

The Blake family soon began to find it hard to get food and fuel, although Harry hunted for employment every day and part of the night.

On this particular winter evening he was walking home by the side of the Mohawk river, talking bitterly to himself.

"Why," said he, "do some people have so much, while we have so little?"

But just then all thoughts were banished from his mind as a loud call for help came from the river. He flung off his coat and rushed down to the very edge of the water. Looking anxiously out, he saw a large hole in the ice, while, struggling in its center, was a boy.

Without stopping to think, Harry ran rapidly over the ice and plunged into the cold water. Coming to the surface, he looked around and saw nothing; he waited for a minute and then concluded that the boy had gone down for the third time. Taking a deep breath, he again dove into the water, and far below him saw the figure sinking. A few strokes brought Harry to the boy's side and, taking hold of him, he started to rise. Suddenly Harry felt a bump on his head, and looking up, he saw ice above him. The current had carried them away from the hole. Frantic with terror, the heroic boy strove to reach the place of safety, which he knew was a few feet upstream. His lungs seemed bursting, while the limp form dragged him back. Many times he felt tempted to let go, but each time he set his teeth and swam on.

At last, after great suffering, he looked up and saw no ice above him. Rising to the top, he took deep draughts of the cool night air, which seemed like nectar, as he had been under water a long time.

He caught hold of a tree that leaned out over the ice and pulled himself and his unconscious companion up. Then, for the first time, he looked at the boy's face, and was surprised to find that he had saved Thomas Longyear.

On regaining his senses, Thomas was very grateful and soon after asked his father if he would give Harry work. The magnate consented, and the next day Harry and his father, too, went to work in Mr. Longyear's automobile factory.—Detroit Free Press.

### Game of Hunt the Fox.

Partners are chosen and stand in two lines, partners opposite. The fox at the head starts and runs down the line and back, pursued by his partner, the hunter. He can pass through the line, in and out, but the hunter must follow him. When caught, the couple take their places at the foot of the line.

### The Reason.

"The letter A," said William with a chuckle. "And a twinkle in his eye." "The letter A is like the honeysuckle; now can you tell me why?" "No," answered Mary, "much as I endeavor." "The point I cannot see." "Because," said William, "always bright and clever." "It's followed by a..."

### Little Lucy Locket.

Little Lucy Locket, She hasn't any pocket— No place to carry anything at all! While Lucy's brother Benny He has so very many, In which to put his marbles, top or ball, That when he's in a hurry 'Tis something quite a worry To find the one he wants among them all.



Now, why should Lucy Locket Not have a little pocket— A handy little pocket in her dress? And why should Brother Benny, Who doesn't need so many, Be favored with a dozen, more or less? The reason, if you know it, Be kind enough to show it. For really 'tis a puzzle, I confess. —Philadelphia Record.

### NESTING BOXES FOR BIRDS.

How You Can Make Friends with Little Songsters.

There are several rules to be observed in the placing of nesting-boxes for birds, but none of them is more important than that no food must be put in or about the box; nor must it be erected in the immediate vicinity of a bird-table. To do the latter is simply to rob the possible occupants of the one thing which they most desire in a nesting site. A bird does not wish to have its home among the continual scufflings, the comings and goings, of other birds; and a nesting box in the immediate neighborhood of a bird table is certain to be continually haunted and raided by sparrows. To put food in or about a box is even worse, for, again, it merely serves to attract other birds and, which are much worse, mice and rats. When once a nesting box is made attractive and accessible to these animals, it becomes impossible as a home for small birds. The latter will know better than to attempt to make a home there, while if they do attempt it they will



Nesting Box for Birds.

have little chance of being able to rear their young. Another common mistake is to put perches or ladders or other aids to ingress to the hole, for the convenience of the birds.

Equally mistaken is the common adaptation of human ideas of fitness to the selection of the site for the box. The inexperienced person is likely to hunt for nice, sheltered spots in the middle of a bush or among the small twigs of trees, neither of which positions is in the least what a bird desires. The chances are that any such location will again be easily accessible to small four-footed enemies, and it must be remembered that it is these, as well as other egg-stealing species of birds, against which the small birds need protection.

The size of the box itself is more or less a matter of indifference, as the birds will either fill up the whole area of the floor with nesting material, or they will build in one corner if the space is too large. Still it will probably save them some trouble, and add to their comfort, if the interior be not too roomy. Six or seven inches square is a good average size for all the smaller birds, though an old confectioner's chocolate box is often occupied with seeming readiness. For the entrance hole 1 1/4 inches in diameter is large enough for the smaller birds, and 1 1/2 inches suffices for the larger birds, robins, nuthatches (though these will block up the hole to suit themselves), flycatchers, etc.

To make the entrances larger is only to invite spoliation. To protect the nest from the assaults of four-footed robbers, the best plan is to affix the box to the bare side of a tree trunk or the face of a wall. To make assurance of safety doubly sure, when the box is near the top of a wall, an over-hanging roof, or porch, may be fixed above it so that no animal can climb down to it from above; while, when fastened to a tree trunk, a strip of tin or of sheet iron nailed round the tree immediately below the box will prevent even a squirrel from climbing up to it.



### A DESPERATE CHANCE.

Story of Amos Chapman, Scout Under Gen. Miles.

Amos Chapman was 15 years in government employ as a scout on the plains. During his life of constant peril and exposure, writes Mr. Randall Parrish in "The Great Plains," one of his most heroic deeds was performed while he was bearing dispatches for Gen. Miles from his camp on McClellan Creek to Camp Supply, Indian Territory. The dispatch party consisted of six men. Early in the morning, after a hard night's ride, they were suddenly attacked near the Washita river by a band of over a hundred Kiowa and Comanche warriors. Capt. Dodge thus describes what followed:

The first intimation of the presence of Indians was a volley which wounded every man in the party. In an instant the Indians appeared on all sides.

Dismounting and abandoning their horses, the brave band of whites moved together for a hundred yards to a buffalo wallow, a shallow natural depression in the prairie.

Chapman and Dixon, being but slightly wounded, worked hard and fast to deepen this depression, and as soon as it was sufficiently deep to afford some cover, it was occupied, and the work continued from within.

Smith had fallen from his horse at the first fire, and was supposed to be



"Now, Boys, Keep Those Infernal Redskins Off."

dead. Chapman said: "Now, boys, keep those infernal redskins off me, and I will run down and pick up Smith, and bring him back before they can get at me."

Laying down his rifle he sprang out of the buffalo wallow, ran with all speed to Smith, seized and attempted to shoulder him.

"I lay down," said Chapman, "and got his chest across my back and his arms round my neck, and then got up with him. It was as much as I could do to stagger under him, for he couldn't help himself a bit. By the time I had got 20 or 30 yards, about 15 Indians came for me at full speed of their ponies."

The boys in the buffalo wallow opened on the Indians, and Amos ran for it.

"When I was within about 20 yards of the wallow," he continued, "a little old scoundrel whom I had fed 50 times rode almost onto me and fired. I fell with Smith on top of me, but as I didn't feel pain, I thought I had stepped in a hole."

"The Indians couldn't stay round there a minute. The boys kept it red-hot; so I jumped up, picked up Smith, and got safe into the wallow."

"Amos," said Dixon, "you are badly hurt."

"No, I am not," said I.

"Why, look at your leg!" and sure enough, the leg was shot off just above the ankle-joint, and I had been walking on the bone and dragging the foot behind me, and in the excitement I never knew it, nor have I ever had any pain in my leg to this day."

### Emigrant Money in Italy.

Some students of emigration in Italy profess to believe that the large sums of money annually sent back by the emigrants to their families, or deposited in the postoffices, more than compensate for the evils. Certainly the money sent back is a real benefit to the country, as we have already noted, but would anyone be so shortsighted as to contend that any amount of money can repay a people for the breaking up of family life, lowering of moral standards and consequent physical degeneration? "Man does not live by bread alone," especially when that bread is got at the expense of national morals. The prophet of old is right. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."—Antonio Manganaro, in Charities and the Commons.

### Lost Her Own Case.

Miss Annie Hall of Cincinnati, daughter of the Arctic explorer, recently defended her own case in a lawsuit, and it is necessary to relate the fact that she lost it. The case was before the supreme court, and the man who took the other side made the best case—at least, so the court decided.

### DEFENDS HIS CLAIM.

Dr. Rand insists He Was First to Volunteer in War of '61.

Submitting a copy of an affidavit which states that he volunteered as a soldier in the civil war at Batavia, N. Y., "within ten minutes after the receipt of the telegram announcing President Lincoln's call for volunteers, April 15, 1861," Dr. Charles F. Rand recently made reply to the statement of Mr. J. T. Ford, which appeared in the Sunday Star. Mr. Ford claimed that the honor of being the first volunteer in the civil war belongs to the National Rifles of the District of Columbia, and not to Dr. Rand, as claimed by him. In reply Dr. Rand said:

"Mr. J. T. Ford has given accurately my record except in two facts which I feel it is necessary to explain. Mr. Ford says I was enrolled May 1, 1861, and mustered in May 13 at Elmira, which is true as far as mustering in goes. Batavia is a small village and we did not raise a company in one day. May 1 62 men were mustered, and we were two weeks in raising the company. We could not be recognized as soldiers until we were mustered in, which was on that date. We had at that time no place in the service and had no assignment. We waited to see if there was a vacancy in some regiment that wanted a company to fill out. At last news came that the Twelfth New York volunteers, at Syracuse, needed us, and we were mustered into that regiment May 13, as Company K.

"My claim as the first volunteer in the war of the rebellion has never been disproved and never can be, unless some one can give better evidence than I can show. When that is done I will gladly yield the palm. Men, a number of them, claimed to have volunteered immediately after Sumter was fired upon, which no doubt is true, in which case they were three days ahead of me. They enlisted in the militia. There were no volunteers at that time.

"I did not volunteer until war was declared, and volunteers called for by President Lincoln the 15th of April, 1861. The militia was called into service before I volunteered. The Third battalion of the National Rifles, which was called into service April 9, was six days ahead of me. This claim is good—I acknowledge the fact, but it does not in any way interfere with my claim. They were already in the service before the war opened.

"I hope this explanation will convince Mr. Ford that I was the first volunteer in the war of the rebellion. I think the war department records show no volunteer whose medal was dated previous to April 18, 1861, the date of my medal. I will also yield that point if better evidence is produced than that here presented."

### THE ARMY CAT.

Not Generally Known That Tabby Is Regularly Enlisted.

When Maj. Gen. Merritt sailed from San Francisco he asked the government authorities for three cats to take to Manila. Probably the trio of American felines are now teaching Yankee habits to their misguided fellows of the islands, for it was Maj. Gen. Merritt's intention to send them ashore when he landed. The cats came from the commissary depot on Jessie street, San Francisco.

It is not generally known that the government spends several thousand dollars annually for the maintenance of cats, but the accounts of the United States depot commissaries prove it. In every storehouse there are from one to five animals, and their rations are provided as carefully and regularly as those of any of the soldiers.

They are not fed on scraps nor are their individual tastes disregarded, as are those of the enlisted men, but they are allotted so many pounds of choice beef or any other delicacy their palates may desire. Of course, they may have as much game as they wish, and the storehouses seldom fail to furnish an unlimited supply of rats and mice. That the cats save many times their cost of support is well known, as such supplies as crackers, cheese, bacon, flour and meal are much sought after by the rodents.

All men-of-war carry cats. Their usefulness is never more apparent than on shipboard. The writer was crossing from Antwerp to New York on the steamship Southwark when he was awakened by the sudden stopping of the ship, an occurrence which happening in mid-ocean generally means something serious. The passengers rushed on deck, half clad, and were disgusted to learn that a rat having crawled into the cylinder had caused the halt. Such an accident on a man-of-war, in time of action might be fearfully paid for, and an active cat is its only preventive.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Japanese the Style.

It is the fancy of the moment to have everything Japanese, and in one respect this may be commended, and that is in the arrangement of flowers. These arranged in the simple style of the orient, a spray to a vase, might have something to do with decreasing the extravagance that has been characteristic of floral displays for the last few years. It is quite the fad to serve rice cakes and tea, preserved ginger and the other things to which the Japanese are partial.

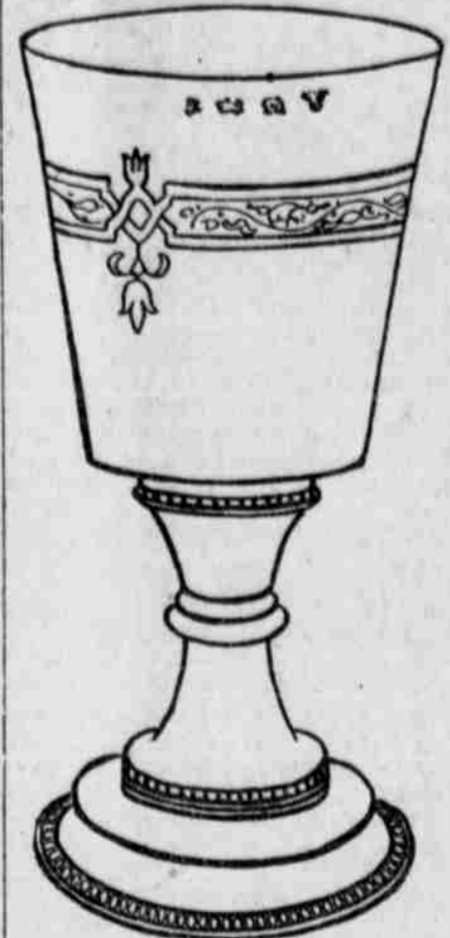
### The Retort Apropos.

Old Moralist—Remember and make hay while the sun shines. Thoughtless Youth—Oh, go to graze. —Baltimore American.

### RELIC COVETED BY MORGAN.

Little English Parish Troubled by Proposed Sale of Precious Chalice.

New York.—J. Pierpont Morgan has set the good people of the little parish of Churchill, near Worcester, Eng., by the ears, through coveting their 300-year-old chalice, for which he has made a handsome offer. The vicar and churchwardens want to refoor their church, and if they can get the money



300-Year-Old Chalice of Churchill Parish.

Mr. Morgan offers for the chalice, the work can be done without any call on the parishioners. The proposal has been submitted for the sanction of the chancellor of the diocese, whose decision is awaited.

The chalice is not of distinguished design. On the contrary it is of precisely the same date and pattern as are the chalices of several neighboring churches and many others about the country. It is 5 1/4 inches high, and is made of hammered silver. It has a conventional floral design round the bowl, but its cover, which was originally made so as to be used as a paten, has disappeared. Its hall-mark of 1571 coincides with the year in which Plus V, issued his final Bull excommunicating Queen Elizabeth, and it may be, as there are many chalices elsewhere of uniform design, that Queen Elizabeth, to show her disdain of that Bull ordered generally that these sacred vessels should be of this prescribed pattern. However, this point never has been settled, and locally there are some who think that it was Bishop Sandys of Worcester and afterward of London, an arbitrary Calvinist, who loved to reduce these things to dull uniformity, who had older chalices broken and worked up to this simple design.

COWLES NOW A REAR ADMIRAL. Chief of Bureau of Equipment Receives Promotion.

Washington.—Capt. William Sheffield Cowles, who has been appointed rear admiral, has been chief of the bureau of equipment, with headquarters in this city, since February, 1906. He was born at Farmington, Conn.

August 1, 1846, and was graduated from the United States Naval academy at Annapolis in 1867. He served in the Mediterranean, Pacific, north Atlantic and Asiatic stations and at the isthmus of Panama, attaining his first command as captain in 1902. From 1893 to 1897 he was naval attaché at the United States embassy in London, from 1899 to 1903 he was naval aid to the president, and from 1903 to 1905 he commanded the Missouri.



Capt. William S. Cowles.

Was He Engaged? Madame X—wishes to secure a new butler. "You know how to serve the table?" and especially, can you carve well?" she asked of an applicant. "Madam may rest assured of it," he replied. "When one has been ten years a surgeon's servant in a dissecting room, one ought to understand his business."

### Her Reason.

Mrs. Gotrex—Mabel, dear, are you sure Mr. Woody loves you for yourself alone? Mabel—Yes, I'm sure he does, mamma. He always is so restless when you are in the room.

### And the Moon Man Laughed.

They were jogging along the old road and cupid was so busy that the young man dropped the lines either side of the runaway. It was then that the wise old nag turned lazily around.

"What are you looking at?" queried the owl by the roadside.

"I am reading between the lines," laughed the old nag as she gave a horse laugh and showed her long yellow teeth.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

### Only Long Sleeves Now.

Mistress—Here is a nice dress for you, Martha.

Maid—Thank ye, ma'am; but I can't take it, really.

Mistress—You foolish girl, of course you can take it, I insist.

Maid—No, really, I can't, ma'am. It's got them old-fashioned short sleeves.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDO L. KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Forgiveness.

"The state!" sneered the convicted anarchist. "What do I care for the state?"

"The state," replied the court, "is not inclined to repay your harshness in kind. It will care for you for a year."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Do You Eat Pie?

If not you are missing half the pleasure of life. Just order from your grocer a few packages of "OUR-PIE" and learn how easy it is to make Lemon, Chocolate and Custard pies that will please you. If your grocer won't supply you, go to one who will. Put up by D-Zetta Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Burns a Good Judge of Books. John Burns is said to have the best working library of any member of the English house of parliament.

### The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

### SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliary Colic, Neuralgia, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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160 Acres Grain-Growing Land FREE. 20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre. 40 to 80 Bushels Oats to the Acre. 25 to 50 Bushels Barley to the Acre. Timber for Fencing and Buildings FREE. Good Laws with Low Taxation. Splendid Railroad Facilities and Low Rates. Schools and Churches Convenient. Satisfactory Markets for all Productions. Good Climate and Perfect Health. Clearances for Profitable Investments. Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be acquired in these most healthful and prosperous sections under the

### Revised Homestead Regulations

by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader. Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," (particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.