

THE MASTER TEACHER.

Ah, much have we to learn of all
The peerless masters and their schools,
Their science, formulas and rules,
And knowledge polytechnical.

But there's one master schools his men
To higher wisdom, worth and power,
That shall outline the passing hour—
Oh, master with the strength of ten.

Aye, there's one master who doth share
The lesser burdens and the great;
One who is yet to graduate
Out of the schools of Work and Care.

In Master Toll's tuition we
Are but beginners, learning how
To spin the broderery of Now
About the web of Eternity.
—Frank Wolcott Hutt, in Boston Transcript.



Aunt Hulda's Bear

"Aunt Huldy had some amazin' p'int's," said the loquacious and reminiscent man from the Knob country. "So had that b'ar. He was a genuine specimen o' what the Knob country could turn out in the way o' b'ar when it set out to do it, that b'ar was, and he had been raisin' the very old Ned amongst the pigs and farm produce generally for so long, and had kep' so regular and aggravatin'ly shet of all the traps and tricks that was sot and tried to waylay and circumvent him, that at last what did old man Mose, over to the Eddy, do but declare he would give \$20 in cash for that b'ar fetched in dead, or \$30 if anybody'd run him in and hand him over alive.

"Alive!" folks hollered when they heard of it. "Anybody that tries to fetch that b'ar in alive," they says, "will more than likely find their own-selves bein' fetched in dead!" they says; but folks didn't know it all, and they hadn't stopped to consider Aunt Huldy.

"Jeptha," says Aunt Huldy to Uncle Jep one day, jest about that time; "Jeptha," says she, "seems to me that if I was you I'd sort o' take a holiday this afternoon and wander over to'rds Big Injin Swamp. Mebbe you mowt run foul o' that pesky b'ar. Of course," says she, "you can't hardly expect to get him alive, but all things being mortal here below," says she, "you mowt accidentally git him dead. If you do," says she, "it'll be \$20, and \$20 will buy a cow," says she.

"Uncle Jep didn't see but what that'd be a proper idee, and he knocked off stump-grubbin', took his old smoothbore rifle and started out. "Jonas went and borried that other gun o' mine, ding his pictur, and hain't brung it back yit," says Uncle Jep, as he started.

"The b'ar 'll fetch jest ezacly as much if you git it with the smooth-bore as it will if it had come a tumbler down before the gun that Jonas borried," says Aunt Huldy. "So don't waste your time grumblin'," says she. "Go look for the b'ar."

"So Uncle Jep went, sayin' that if he got on to the trail o' the cunnin' old varmint he'd foller it if he had to camp on it all night. He got over jest this side o' Big Injin and hadn't see no sign o' that b'ar or any other b'ar, and was beginnin' to think that if him and Aunt Huldy didn't git a cow till they got it with the price o' that b'ar they'd never quarrel about who'd do the milkin', when he heard somethin' snort. He turned, and there he see the b'ar, standin' right out in plain sight, and actin' as if he was afraid Uncle Jep was goin' on with-out seein' him. Uncle Jep knowed it was him, 'cause that b'ar was the only one in the hull Knob country that had a white spot on his briskeet.

"This is the first time I ever was to a shootin' match for a cow!" says Uncle Jep, and the idee tickled him so that he had to take his gun down from his shoulder till he could git through his laughin'. "A shootin' match for a cow," says he, and he hauled up a'gin



"He Turned, an' Thar He See the B'ar."

and whanged away at the white spot on the b'ar's chist.

"The b'ar give a start, felt of his chist with one o' his paws as if somethin' was ticklin' of him there, and then turned a look on Uncle Jep, as much as to say:

"Look a-here, now! What a' you handlin' that gun so ding keerless around here for?"

"The b'ar looked mad, too, and Uncle Jep was so took back at the unmitigated critter's not tumblin' and givin'

his dyin' kick that the b'ar was comin' for him hot-foot before he had even thought o' loadin' his gun. And the b'ar kep' him dodgin' and skirmishin' amongst the trees for half an hour before he could git a load into his gun. And then see what that b'ar done. Soon as he see that Uncle Jep had his gun loaded, the aggravatin' bruin begun to dodge amongst the trees himself, and he done it so slick and quick that Uncle Jep couldn't git his gun onto him no way, and the first thing he knowed the b'ar had dodged out o' sight.

"If that ain't a dirty, mean trick I wouldn't say so!" says Uncle Jep.



"Pulled it Tight and Jumped Behind the Big Pine Tree."

"Sneakin' away like that, you pig-stealin' thief o' the night, you!" says he. "If I'd had the gun that Jonas borried and hain't brung back yit, I bet you wouldn't a-done it, consarn his pictur! But sence I'm on your trail I'll foller it, by cats, and show you some tricks that maybe you hain't heerd on yit!" says Uncle Jep, and he follered the b'ar till night, and then bunked in at Ell's, t'other side o' the swamp, so's he could be on hand early next mornin' to show the b'ar them tricks.

"Aunt Huldy woke up in the night some time and heerd the pig squealin'. She jumped out o' bed and run to the winder. The moon was shinin' bright as day. Aunt Huldy jest give one look, and then says:

"'Bar arter the pig!" says she. "A sockin' big b'ar, and he'll have that piggen smashed down in less than a jiffy," says she. "And there ain't a gun in the house! If there was," says she, "I'd sneak out and blow the top o' that b'ar's head off," says she. "The idee o' Jeptha lendin' his one gun to Jonas, who hain't brung it back yit, and then goin' off with t'other one and campin' all night on a b'ar's trail! Consarn that Jonas! If I had him here I'd—no, I wouldn't, neither!" hollers Aunt Huldy, who'd been lookin' out o' winder all the time she was talkin'. "No, I wouldn't, neither!" she hollers, clappin' her hands. "It was a smilin' Providence that made Jeptha lend that gun to Jonas and kep' Jonas from fetchin' of it back!" she hollers, and then she scooted down to the kitchen, grabbed her clothes line, tied a slippin' noose in one end of it, and started out on a run to'rds the pigpen.

"The b'ar stood on his hind feet bangin' away at the pigpen, and the splinters was flyin' tremendous. Then the door went smashin' in, and the b'ar reached in an' yanked the pig out. He hadn't much more than done it, though, when from round the barn Aunt Huldy come a rushin'. She give a yell. The b'ar dropped the pig like a hot p'tater, and fore he could turn and see what it was that had skeert him Aunt Huldy dropped the noose end of the clothes line down over his head, pulled it tight, and jumped behind the big pine tree that stood jest a comfortable jump away.

"It was a smilin' Providence," says she, "that made Jeptha lend his other gun to Jonas and kep' Jonas from fetchin' of it back," says she, "for o' otherwise me and Jeptha would be out jest ten dollars!" says she.

"The b'ar come to himself and sprung after Aunt Huldy. He slung his big fore legs around the tree to ketch her where she stood, holdin' on to the rope, and in less time than it took him to fetch a good breath Aunt Huldy had circled round that tree enough times to bind him to the trunk as snug and lastin' as if he'd been a knot growin' there, and she kep' right on windin' the rope around him and

the tree till the rope was all used up and the b'ar was a prisoner at the stake.

"Then Aunt Huldy went back to bed and was snorin' away as if nothin' more had happened than only jest gittin' up to give the baby peppermint. Long in the forenoon o' next day Uncle Jep come a-straglin' home.

"Huldy," says he, "if it hadn't been fer Jonas borryin' that other gun o' mine and not fetchin' of it back, I'd a killed that pesky b'ar dead, yisterdy, an' won them \$20," he says, "ding his ugly pictur's!" he says, meanin' Jonas.

"Well, Jeptha," says Aunt Huldy, "it's an all-pervadin' good thing that you didn't do it," she says.

"'What fur?' says Uncle Jep, hardly believin' his ears.

"'Why, 'cause if you'd a' killed that b'ar dead yisterdy,'" says Aunt Huldy, "I couldn't a' ketched him alive last night," says she.

"Arter Aunt Huldy got through laughin' at Uncle Jep standin' there starin' at her with his mouth wide open and his eyes almost bulgin', she took him out to t'other side o' the pigpen, and there, sure enough, was the rampagin' old b'ar that was worth \$30 alive tied so fast to the big pine tree that he couldn't hardly holler. Uncle Jep didn't say nothin'. He couldn't. He jest chopped down the tree, trimmed the limbs offen it to make it a log, hooked the steers to it, and drug it and the b'ar over to the Eddy. Old Mose forked over the \$30 only too quick, and \$10 besid' for the pine log, so that Aunt Huldy and Uncle Jep didn't only git their cow, but they had quite a snug figger to stuff in the old coffee pot fer future reference, besides. And what did Aunt Huldy do? She made Jonas a present of the borried gun and thanked him fer borryin' it and not fetchin' it back.

"'Though I dunno as I ought to thank you, neither,'" she says to Jonas. "It was a smilin' Providence that done it," she says.—Ed. Mott in New York Times.

MR. POOLE AND THE PRINCE.

Tailor Who Made King Edward's Clothes to Be Knighted.

Poole, the London tailor, is about to receive the accolade. Why not? Has he not done more to make Edward VII presentable than all other artists in the United Kingdom put together? Clothes make the king as well as the man. Poole makes the clothes; ergo, Poole makes the king. When Edward was simply prince of Wales he owed Poole at times as much as \$100,000, and even suffered the tailor to address him in public places without fear of the tower. There are several distinguished Pooles in England, but none so famous as Tailor Poole.

Speaking of Poole, one of his customers says: "His accounts are rendered once a year, just around Christmas. If not paid, he waits twelve months and sends a second bill. Such as do not pay on receipt of the second statement are dropped from his books, and never again are they allowed to give an order in his establishment."—New York Press.

Your Dietary.

Eat when you are hungry—If you have the price. Drink beer with your ice cream if you like to. Eat grated cheese on your raw onions if you think it good. Drink milk with your cucumbers and sleep the sleep of the just man made perfect. Take a cracker with every drink of liquor and live to be 1,000 years old. Drink whisky with your bananas and forget the cramps. Take vinegar with your salad; it retards digestion. Eat cherries with milk and sugar. Drink Chinati with macaroni. Drink tea while eating meat. Avoid salt; it dries up the skin. In plain English—do as you please—so long as your "stomack" is able to stand it. Violate late all the established rules of health and you may live to a good old age.—New York Press.

Superstitions.

If two persons raise their glasses to their lips simultaneously they are indicating the return of a friend or relative from foreign parts. The same intimation is conveyed by bubbles in coffee or by the accidental fall of a piece of soap on the floor.

A flickering flame in the fire or an upright exrescence in a burning candle is interpreted as predicting the arrival of a guest, whose stature is judged by the length of the flame or exrescence.

If one drains a glass of the contents of which some one else has partaken he will learn the secrets of the latter.

A Floral Clock.

In the public gardens of Edinburgh, Scotland, is a great floral dial made of golden feather pyrethrum with the twelve hours marked on it. A zinc receptacle in the shape of a clock hand, planted with dwarf vegetation, is moved by clockwork and marks the time with great correctness.

Origin of Ox-Tail Soup.

Ox-tail soup, now regarded as a national English dish, was first made by the very poor of Huguenot refugees from France, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, because ox tails then had no market value.

The Irony of Fate.

A lady purchased a nice new door-mat the other morning with the word "Welcome" stamped thereon in glowing letters, and the first to come along and put his number elevens on it was a tax collector.

The Mexican Pantheon.

President Diaz of Mexico has inaugurated the work upon the Pantheon which is intended to be a monument to the illustrious men of his country.

ORNAMENTS RECENTLY DUG UP IN IRELAND MANY CENTURIES OLD

The Chancellor's Court in London has reserved decision in the case of the Attorney General vs. Trustees of the British Museum, brought to decide the claim of the crown to the gold ornaments as treasure trove which were found in a field near the shores of Lough Foyle, Ireland, by two men plowing, and which afterward came into the possession by purchase of the British Museum.

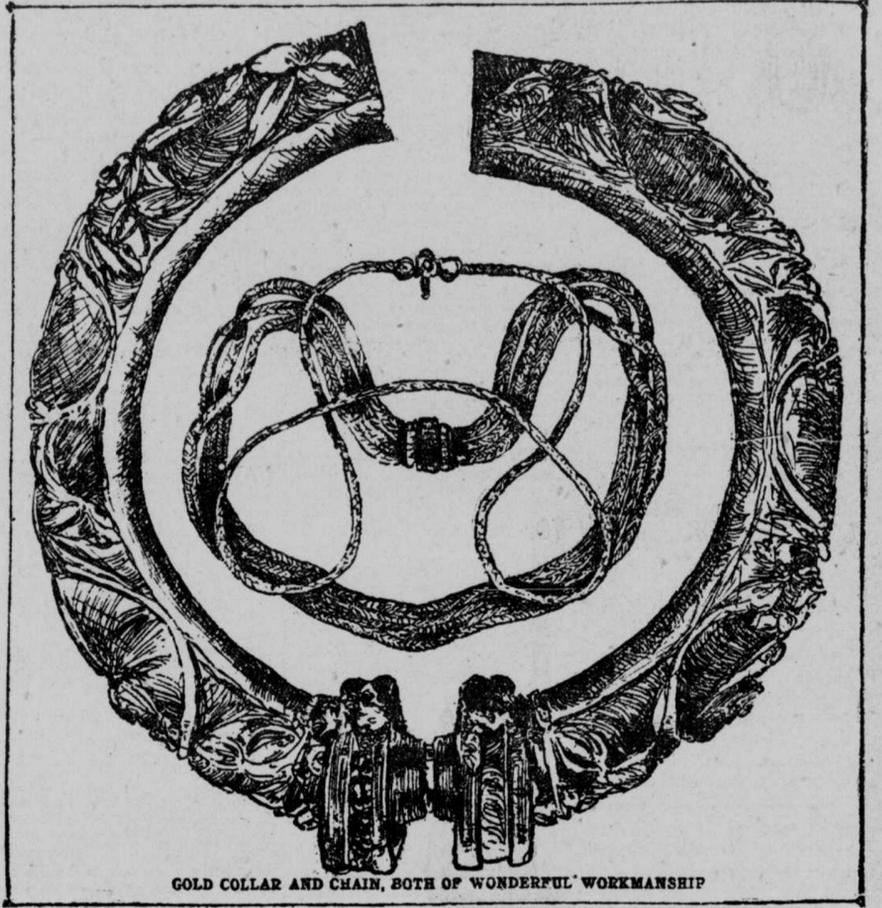
Some of the articles are amazingly and delightfully fine specimens of the goldsmith's art and might well serve

four gold wire rings inserted near its rim and has a twisted golden handle like that of those iron cooking pots which hang from cranes.

The chains are among the best specimens of Celtic art. They are wrought so fine that they look like twisted floss of yellow silk. The large chain is 14½ inches long, of dull gold, of a different alloy from that of the boat or bowls. It weighs 2 oz. 7 dwts. The other is 16½ inches in length and is of a most delicate pattern of plating.

deposited probably in the first century (A. D.), when the custom of making votive offerings was very widespread. All the circumstances, he thought, as well as the nature of the articles pointed to the conclusion that these articles were a thank-offering made by some ancient Irish sea king to a marine divinity for having been saved from the perils of the sea.

Mr. Munro, Edinburgh University, and member R. I. Academy, saw the gold ornaments. He knew of no instance in Ireland or Scotland of votive offerings having been made in the



GOLD COLLAR AND CHAIN, BOTH OF WONDERFUL WORKMANSHIP

as models for the best craftsmen of today.

They were found in 1896 by Thomas Nicoll, a farm laborer, while he was plowing for a Mr. Gibson near Limavady, County Londonderry, on the shore of Lough Foyle.

All the articles are of alloyed gold. The model boat is 7½ inches long and 3 inches wide, and is fitted with nine rowing benches, oars, grappling iron and other equipment. It weighs 3 ounces 3 pennyweight. The oars are lance shaped, and there are fifteen of them, each about 2½ inches in length. The model is made of a single plate of gold, alloyed with silver, which is slit and rejoined at the oars and stern. It is, without doubt, a true representation of the ancient seagoing craft of the Irish, in which, as legend says, they even crossed the Atlantic to America before any other white man saw it. The "carraghs" to be found yet in use at the Arran islands and at Tory, vessels made of rawhide stretched over a ribbed frame, are but decadent forms of these early designs. The bowls are of plain pale gold, each beaten out of a single sheet, and about the size of a teacup. The largest weight 1 ounce 5 pennyweight and 12 grains. It has

There were originally two golden, or twisted, necklets, but of one only about half is preserved. The perfect specimen is about five inches in diameter and weighs 3 oz. 7 dwts. and 9 grs.

The collar which was found is of as beautiful a design as any, though not of such artistic execution as some of the ancient goldsmith work in the Irish museum. But it is an excellent witness of the ability and skill of Irish craftsmen, and to the high civilization of Ireland in very ancient times.

The collar is 7½ inches in diameter, and is hollow. A section of the tube measures 1½ inches across. It is formed of repousse plates of thin gold, folded over a tubular frame, and soldered together. The relief work is executed in a dashing and brilliant style. It is believed to date from the first century of the Christian era.

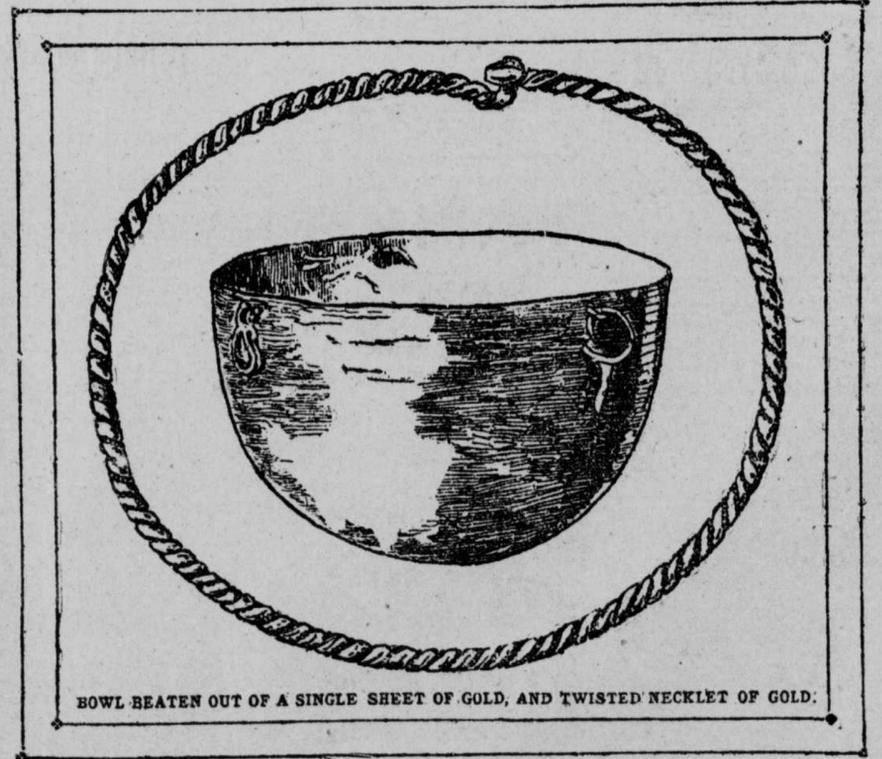
Arthur James Evans, archaeologist, after discussing the possible Viking origin of the ornaments, dismissed as far-fetched the suggestion that they were plundered from a shrine. The collar, he said, was undoubtedly an ancient Irish fabric, and was the finest example existing of that class of gold work. The conclusion which Mr. Evans formed was that the articles were

manner suggested by the defendants. The theory put forward that these articles were votive offerings was, in his opinion, a very improbable one. There was no evidence at all to support the assertion that they were votive offerings. They seemed to him to belong to a time between the late Celtic period and the introduction of Christianity into Ireland.

Mr. George Coffey, Council Member of the R. I. Academy, and keeper of antiquities in the National Museum, Dublin, deposed that, in his opinion, all the circumstances pointed to the conclusion that these articles were concealed treasure. There was no evidence that the ancient Irish made votive offerings to sea gods. The very fact of the finding of these ornaments excluded such a theory.

Mr. Fraser, C. E., said he had made a special study of the geology of the north coast of Ireland. His opinion was that the elevation of the beach was completed in prehistoric times.

Mr. Grenville Cole, professor of geology in the Royal College of Science, Dublin, agreed that the upheaval of the land at Lough Foyle occurred before the close of the stone age in Ireland, and that age was distinctly prehistoric.



BOWL BEATEN OUT OF A SINGLE SHEET OF GOLD, AND TWISTED NECKLET OF GOLD.