

PRAYING FOR SONS



The picture shown here represents a curious Kabyle superstition witnessed by an artist while traveling through the Little Atlas mountains in Asia. Before one of the great cedars of the mountains, a Marabout tree hung with fetichas, were three women, stretching out their hands in supplication and bowing their heads in the dust, that sons might be born to them.

WAR ON PORCUPINES

ANIMALS A MENACE TO PENNSYLVANIA FORESTS.

So Troublesome That Reward is Put on Their Heads—Splendid Wooded Area Little Known Except to Natives.

Laporte, Pa.—The war of Kitchen's creek is on. It is a war of extermination, or attempted extermination, of the porcupine tribe of that locality. In the hope of saving to future generations the virgin hemlock trees that go to make this famous retreat the picturesque place that it is. The caretaker, who is on duty for the owner, Col. Ricketts, is offering one dollar for every porcupine killed on the preserve.

Colonies of porcupines have this winter virtually killed some of the big hemlocks, and as these are the very pride of their owner and the delight of the tourist who explores the Kitchen's creek gorge the loss of the giants of the forest is a very serious one. The mischief of the porcupines consists in gnawing the bark from the limbs in search of ants and other insects, resulting in the tree's rapid decline and often in its death.

The hemlock forest which covers the Kitchen's Creek preserve is the only virgin tree growth yet standing in Sullivan or Luzerne counties, and it affords the student of present day timber conservation a fine lesson in what the hemlock growth was when the woodman's ax began the slaughter. And because it is the only considerable thick timber belt still standing it serves to attract innumerable numbers of the denizens of the forest to its shelter. The Kitchen's Creek preserve runs from near Fairmount Springs in Luzerne county to Long Pond, or Ganoga lake, in this county, a distance of eight miles, and for the most of the way it is through a rock-ribbed gorge, surpassing in picturesque grandeur the famed Watkins' Glen in New York state, containing no less than a half dozen cascades, some of which are 60 feet high, and one declared to be as gorgeously beautiful as the storied Minnehaha. Comparatively few Pennsylvanians know of the existence of this retreat, for the reason that it is accessible only by team or afoot, either down the gorge from the Ricketts end, from the edge of Long Pond or by way of the mouth, five miles below, where the old turnpike from Benton to Towanda crosses over the edge of one of the waterfalls.

It requires a full day to explore the two branches of the creek, to aid in which the caretaker has spent years and years in building log bridges, rock steps and digging passages out of the banks to permit one to crawl around the edge of the noisy cataracts.

So absolutely alone and primitive are the conditions that obtain there that the preserve is a regular paradise for black bears. Deers are frequently seen along the creek, and the nights are often made dismal by the yowl of the catamount and wildcat. It is to preserve this very wilderness against the ravages of time or natural enemy that the war on the porcupines has been begun. Once before, about ten years ago, a like crusade against the tree enemy, "porkie," had to be prosecuted, at which time nearly 200 of the animals were shot or trapped.

It is only on dark, rainy days that a chance to shoot them is to be had, as at other times they keep securely hidden. They are night prowlers and quite susceptible to the tempting morsel of a well-baited trap, so that for the most part they must be taken in

this way. They usually dwell in colonies, and seem not to be either frightened or discouraged because their brother or sister, or father or mother get caught; when a colony is located the whole gang can be taken in a night or two—or in a single night, for that matter, if one has traps enough. One trapper in the former war against the pestiferous "porkie" caught 18 in a single night, but as the prize then was only 50 cents a head he didn't make the haul that the present rate of one dollar apiece offers. A single colony of porcupines is known to have ruined a hemlock tree in a single night, and if they were permitted to flourish unchecked they would ultimately accomplish a forest's ruin as effectively as a forest fire.

Americans Buy Island of Salt.

Mexico City.—H. M. Crankshaw of Guaymas and a number of Americans have purchased Carmen Island, situated in the Gulf of California, from James Viesca of La Paz, Mexico. The island embraces about eight square miles, most of which is solid salt deposits. Mr. Crankshaw says that the deposits will be worked by Yaqui Indian laborers, and that it is planned to ship about 50,000 tons of the product annually.

Oldest Office Boy Quits.

Trenton, N. J.—Samuel K. Brackett, famous as the "oldest office boy in the world," has been pensioned and placed on the retired list by Mrs. Clark Fisher of this city. Brackett began work in the Fisher anvil plant as a mere boy, and, while in the years that followed he attained to positions of trust and responsibility, he was always known as the "office boy."

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR



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Charles Nagel of St. Louis, secretary of Commerce and Labor in President Taft's cabinet, is better known among lawyers and educators than to the public at large. He is a member of the bar and holds a professorship in a St. Louis law school. Mr. Nagel is a native westerner, having been born in Texas in 1849.

NEW WEALTH SEEKER

GOTHAM BROKER TO HUNT FOR CAPT. KIDD'S TREASURE.

Enters into Contract with Owners of Lease to Dig in Nova Scotia Pit—Modern Machinery to Be Used.

New York.—H. L. Bowdoin has signed contracts to dig to the bottom of a hole in Nova Scotia and determine for all time whether \$10,000,000 in pirate gold lies buried there. He is a bond broker most of the time and described himself as the latest and most cheerful recruit to the ranks of treasure hunters.

There is a hole in Oak Island, Nova Scotia, at least 100 feet deep and 13 feet in diameter. It was dug more than a century ago. Why was it dug? History records that Oak Island was a rendezvous for pirates and tradition says that Capt. Kidd had his headquarters there. Several expeditions have tried to find the "Oak Island treasure" and have failed.

"The reason that failures to solve the mystery of the hole have resulted heretofore is that the investigators did not enjoy the advantage of modern engineering appliances," Bowdoin says. "I do not permit myself to believe that a vast fortune is concealed, but I'm going to throw light on a mystery unsolved for more than a century."

He has diplomas as a hydraulic and mechanical engineer and is the inventor of the appliances used in the spectacular water scenes at the hippodrome. He says he will not organize a company to defray the expenses of his quest, preferring to play the game with a lone hand and take a chance at raking in the whole pot. Osgood's "Maritime Provinces," published in 1884, contains the following account:

"Oak Island is celebrated as one of the places where it is alleged that Capt. Kidd's treasure is hidden. In 1795 three New Englanders found here evidence of a buried mystery, coinciding with a tradition of that effect. Digging down, they passed regular layers of flagstones and cut logs, and their successors penetrated the earth over 100 feet, finding layers of charcoal putty. West Indian grass, sawed planks and other curious substances, together with a quaintly carved stone.

"The pit became flooded with water and was pumped out steadily. Halifax and Truro merchants invested in the enterprise and great stone drains were discovered leading from the sea into the pit. After much money and labor was spent in the excavation it was given up ten years ago, and the object of the great drains and concealed pit remains a profound mystery."

"The quaintly carved stone" is on exhibition at present in Creighton's book store in Halifax, but the inscriptions were erased long ago after the stone had endured the blows from a bookbinder's mallet. But at the time of the discovery of the stone the inscriptions were translated to read: "Ten feet below, 2,000,000 pounds lie buried."

Bowdoin entered into his contract with Henry Sellers and Frederick L. Blair of Amherst, N. H., who have kept alive the lease secured from the British government for treasure hunting rights on Oak Island.

United States Tests to Save Coal. Washington.—The government has taken important steps to stop the waste of the fuel resources of the country. It is making tests of the coals of the Rocky mountain region at the geological survey's plant in Denver, Col. The purpose is to determine what coals of that region are capable of making coke that can be used by the great metallurgical interests of the west.

TAKES PLACE OF HITCHCOCK.

J. F. Hill in Charge of Republican National Committee.

Washington.—John Fremont Hill, the new vice-chairman of the Republican national committee, has been frequently described by his friends as "a gentlemanly gentleman of the new school." His perpetual urbanity of manner, affability and genial good nature seem to justify this appellation. He is extremely likable and has been popular in his home state of Maine. He is considered an exceptionally clever politician.

It is said Mr. Hill took the vice-chairmanship with the expectation



John F. Hill.

that it might aid him materially if either of the Maine senators should pass away, leaving a vacancy for which he has ambitions. He has long had an eye on the senatorship, but is too wise to attempt to wrest it away from either Mr. Hale or Mr. Frye, as Maine takes much pride in the leading position these men occupy in bossing the transaction of public affairs. So far as being in line for the senatorship is concerned, Mr. Hill has for years resided in the house formerly occupied by James G. Blaine at Augusta.

In addition to other personal qualifications tending to popularity, Mr. Hill is a reputed millionaire and has plenty of money for the expenditures essential to make and retain friends.

Mr. Hill is nearly 54 years old. He was born in Eliot, York county, Maine, October 29, 1855. After obtaining an academic education he studied medicine and was graduated from the Bowdoin Medical school in 1877. He later perfected his studies and received a diploma from the Long Island college Hospital in Brooklyn. He took up the practice of medicine at Boothbay Harbor, Me., and since that time has been called "doctor" by those acquainted with that experience. After following his profession for about a year he moved to Augusta in 1879, associated himself with P. O. Vickery in the publishing business and has since followed the avocation of turning out family periodicals.

In 1889 Dr. Hill first appeared in politics, being elected to the Maine house of representatives. He was re-elected and then promoted to be state senator for two terms. He was subsequently elected governor of the state two terms. He has been a member of the Republican national committee from Maine since 1899.

WORLD'S BIGGEST BAROMETER.

Monument to Inventor Erected at Faenza, Italy.

London.—The biggest barometer in the world is in the city of Faenza, Italy. It is a monument to Torricelli, inventor of the barometer, who was born in that city just 300 years ago. The scale of this barometer is on a basis of feet where the ordinary barometer is measured in inches.



Barometer Which Contains Column of Olive Oil 37 Feet High.

The liquid column is 37 feet high at normal. It was intended to use a 32-foot column of water, but this was abandoned because water evaporated too quickly. Then glycerine was tried; but with this liquid the normal height was only 27 feet, which was not enough. Olive oil was chosen finally. The tube rests against a monumental pillar of stone. Olive oil is the lightest liquid yet used for a barometer. When a lighter one is made available a taller barometer may be constructed. Pascal made barometers of water and wine mixed. Zophar Mills of New York, a glycerine barometer, and Jaubert set up one of water in the famous Tour St. Jacques, the weather bureau center of Paris.

The man who misses love is likely to miss Heaven. It may be only idealization; but after all that is the soul.—The Sunday Magazine.

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON

Sunday School Lesson for April 11, 1909 Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 12:1-11. Memory Verse 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Psalm 34:7.

TIME.—The Passover feast ("the day of unleavened bread," verse 3). April 13, A. D. 44. Herod had left his capital, Caesarea, and was in Jerusalem for the feast.

PLACE.—Jerusalem—the fortress of Antonia, and the home of Mary, the mother of John Mark.

PERSONS.—Herod Agrippa I, king of all Palestine, the realm of Herod the Great, his grandfather. He was 54 years old. Claudius, Roman emperor, A. D. 41-54.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

During our last lesson and this four to six years have elapsed. During that time have occurred the founding of the great Gentile church at Antioch and the calling thither of Barnabas from Jerusalem and Paul from Tarsus. The famine, and the famine relief sent to Jerusalem from Antioch.

V. 1.—He "vexed" the church. The Greek means to torment, oppress, which is the meaning "vex" bore in old English. As a climax, "he killed James the brother of John with the sword," by beheading, "a mode of death regarded as very disgraceful among the Jews."—Expositor's Greek Testament.

V. 4.—"When he had apprehended him." There had been some delay and difficulty in arresting Peter. "Probably Peter had concealed himself after the execution of James, but ventured forth to the feast relying on the sacredness of the season, and so gave Herod's officers opportunity to arrest him."—Rendall.

The power of prayer, that "was made without ceasing (stretched out, either in time or intensity—either ceaselessly or earnestly, as the R. V. translates it) of the church unto God for him." The central meeting place (v. 12) was the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark—that Mary who wrote the gospel, and went on Paul's first missionary journey with his cousin Barnabas. "He may appear, nameless, in Mark 14:51."—Prof. H. P. Forbes. There the Christians, going in relays during the Passover, kept up a continual supplication for the release of their beloved leader, and, doubtless, that he might be upheld in his sufferings, and the cause of Christ prospered whatever might be the outcome.

Intercessory prayer—"How happy that in all extremities, and when every other expedient is precluded or unavailing, the greatest of all still remains!"—John Foster. We do not use this power half enough, or believe in it half as strongly as we should.

Peter was in prison till near the close of the Passover, "when Herod would have brought him forth." Peter was not released earlier by the angel for the same reason that often causes a delay in the answer to our prayers—to test our faith and strengthen our characters by the endurance of affliction. This waiting, and the bearing of trouble, teach us patience, courage, hopefulness, cheerfulness and faith. What school has a nobler curriculum?

Peter was sleeping quietly, like David (Psa. 3:5) when Absalom and all his foes pursued him. "For so he giveth his beloved sleep," or "in their sleep" (Psa. 127:2.) It was in the last watch of the night, between three and six o'clock, for Peter was not missed at three, when the guards were changed again. In this "darkest hour, which is just before the dawn" an "angel of the Lord came upon him" (stood by him)—a brilliant presence radiating light which filled the cell. Peter was sleeping so soundly that the light did not wake him, and the angel "smote Peter on the side." Keble, in his poem on the subject, suggests that Peter may have been dreaming of his coming execution, and may have thought this stroke was his summons to it. What a blessed change! Probably the same stroke served also to strike off the chains that bound Peter to the soldiers, who were held in a profound slumber.

V. 8.—He was bidden: "Gird thyself," that is, bind his tunic (long undergarment) with the girdle; for orientals do not change their dress when they go to rest, but merely loosen it. Over this tunic he was to throw his "garment," the outer cloak or mantle. He was to bind on his "sandals," or wooden soles, "the shoes of the poor." Then he followed the angel, but "wist" (thought, from the same root as wise) it was all a dream. "Peter's incredulity as to the occurrence witnesses to its reality."—Hurrell.

Note that Peter was bidden to do what he could; it was not all done for him. Thus it was human muscles that rolled the stone from the grave of Lazarus. "In the heart of every miracle we find these human powers employed. That is the spiritual side of the old proverb, that God helps those who help themselves."—Rev. G. H. Morrison.

The guards (wards) were asleep, or were kept by supernatural means from preventing them. The first guard may have been placed outside the cell door and the second at the gate leading into the street. "The iron gate," perhaps of wood heavily plated with iron, though it was locked and barred, of course, opened seemingly of its own accord, probably moved by unseen angels. The angel led Peter "through one street," to give a feeling of security, and then, because angels always help men only to the point where they can help themselves, he departed from him.

THE CRACKING OF PAINT.

Property Owners Can Save Money by Learning the Cause.

Do you know what is wrong when paint peels, or cracks, or otherwise necessitates re-painting? Well, sometimes it hasn't been properly applied—the surface being damp or there being too much turpentine or too much drier.

But, nine times out of ten, the trouble is caused by adulterated white lead.

To avoid all such trouble, every houseowner should know in a general way, when a surface is in proper condition to receive paint, what kind of primer and finishing coats different surfaces require, and how to avoid adulteration in materials.

A complete painting guide, including a book of color schemes, specifications for all kinds of painting work, and an instrument for detecting adulterations in painting materials, with directions for using it, can be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Bldg., New York, and asking for Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49.

This company, the largest makers of pure white lead, invite tests, by means of the blowpipe (included in outfit), or in any other way, of the purity of the white lead sold under their famous "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark. That trademark on a keg of white lead is in itself an absolute guarantee of purity and quality.

DUTIFUL SON.



"You young scamp! I've caught you smoking my cigars!"

"Yes, pa—er—er—you see I heard ma say that you were smokin' yourself to death and er—I'm tryin' to save your life!"

The Strenuous Blanche.

One of Blanche Bates' most intimate friends is telling a rather funny story about this clever actress.

"She came into my house one evening very much excited, and I said to her: 'Blanche, for heaven's sake, what is the matter? You seem to be all gone to pieces.'"

"'Matter enough,' she answered, as her voice shook with anger. 'I have been accosted by a man in the streets.'"

"'What did you do?' I asked. "'I hauled off and hit him in the face,' she answered, 'and I said to him: "You dirty dog, would you speak to a defenseless woman?"'

"'And where was he when you said this?' I again inquired.

"'Rolling in the gutter where he fell when I hit him,' she said, in a surprised tone at my question."—Tolledo.

HAD A RIGHT MERRY TIME.

Presents and Souvenirs Distributed on Casey's Birthday.

"'Yis," began Mrs. O'Toole, "ye see, it was Casey's birthday yesterday, an' Casey brought home two bottles of rare stuff—one inside an' one outside—to silybrate the occasion, an' they jist had the toime of their lives last avenin'. Iv'rybody happy an' iv'rybody handin' out presents an' souvenirs of the evint to iv'rybody else!"

"Casey gave his wife an' his mother-in-law a black eye apiece; his wife give Casey a punch in the bread basket; his mother-in-law give him a side swipe with a skillet; an' Casey give the old lady another black eye to keep company with the first one; an' the police come an' give Casey a ride to the station house; an' this mornin' the judge took a hand in the game, an' give Casey ten days!"

"'Oh, 'twas a gran' silybration they had all 'round, wid remembrances an' souvenirs handed out regardless of expense or who they happened to hit!"

SISTER'S TRICK

But It All Came Out Right.

How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale:

"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength. I mocked at Postum and would have none of it.

"One day my sister substituted a cup of Postum piping hot for my morning cup of coffee but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it and remarked that the coffee tasted fine but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more.

"She kept the secret and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes, then she told me of the health-giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee. From that time I became a disciple of Postum and no words can do justice in telling the good this cereal drink did me. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits."

Ten days' trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what coffee has destroyed. "There's a Reason." Look in pgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.