

Mature study, which has been transformed in a majority of cases into nature recreation, has extended to a great variety of subjects, but has treated one important branch with curious neglect. Birds and butterflies, flowers, mushrooms, ferns and shells have their enthusiastic admirers everywhere; but a question as to the summer constellations, or the planets which are the morning and evening stars of the month, reveals the fact that 19 persons out of 20 can barely recognize the Milky Way and the Great Dipper. Yet what a door here stands open to the thoughtful mind! Night after night, over city roofs, the great procession passes; one need go but to the street or the window to watch. What child who has been taken into the whispering darkness of a summer night or the splendid silver beauty of a winter evening for a star talk has ever forgotten it? The names may slip away, perhaps, but something—a sense of beauty, of mystery, of the unspeakable wonder of the universe—remains unforgettable. There have been children with other star memories. One of the prettiest pictures in biography, remarks the Youth's Companion, is that of Lyman Beecher's children watching for the end of the long Puritan Sabbath and the release from constraint "when three stars came out." What friendly aspect the early stars must have worn to their all their lives, with the memory of their playtime signal! Nathaniel Bowditch, the mathematician, had other devices. His son says that the father's reward for good behavior was to draw one of the constellations, in dots of ink, upon the child's hand. Happy children, so to learn the stars in shining hours! Happy stars to be so linked with radiant memories! Doubtless the stars may be learned from books or named from a professor's chair, but the parent who teaches his boy or girl even a little of the beauty and the glory of the heavens—who puts the sky into his childhood—gives him a memory beyond all price.

Land office officials tell us that the young farmers of Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Illinois are doing most of the home-sceking these days. Many of them have gone through hard apprenticeship as "hired men" and they are tired of working for wages. They want to get land of their own, and what is more, they can tell good land when they see it. They know the value of land that will raise three crops of alfalfa and that will turn out enormous crops of all most anything under the magic touch of water. In many cases the man who has lived for years in the far west doesn't realize sharply enough the remarkable capabilities of the land. He is looking for a "snap"—something that can be watered with little expense. But the eastern farmer is quick to see that almost any of such productive land is a "snap," even if the question of water is going to be troublesome for a year or two. So it is the man from the middle west who is settling up the Rocky Mountain states. In a few years, says the Denver Republican, the careless cowpunchers and sheep herders, who missed their opportunities, will be working for the man from the middle west and wondering why opportunity passed them by for some one else.

About 40,000 young men and women just graduated from the universities and colleges of the country are now confronted with the question, "What are we to do in life? Quite apart from the three old-time "learned professions" are new fields constantly being opened by science and industrial developments. It will one day be found that scientific farming has attractions for the educated man and country boys who have received a college education will not all rush to the cities as they do now. Homely advice to the beginner, but advice approved by the best of time, says the New York Herald, is: Choose the occupation for which you have a natural bent, or if you cannot discover this, an occupation that at any rate is not distasteful, and be prepared to win your way by probity and hard work. There is no other sure road to genuine success.

An English periodical, the Bystander, says New York's "Four Hundred" is made up of people who lack refinement and adds that there is no such thing as a culture in America. How our English cousins do love us—when they can use us for their own profit.

King Edward has declined with thanks an invitation to visit Canada. Is Edward to be numbered among those people who are afraid that if they take vacations their jobs will not be there when they get back home?

The man who said the more he saw of men the better he thought of dogs must have been greatly pleased to read the story about the Newfoundland dog that swam out to two boys who were drowning a day or two ago and, collar on one side, swam with them to shore, nearly perishing himself before he accomplished it.

King Alfonso is a good deal of a pe-destrian. That is, he can walk Spanish.



Narrative of John Calepsa.

On the 9th day of September, in the year 1900, I was a passenger on one of the famous Canadian ocean liners. Had I foreseen, however, the strange happenings during the voyage, I should have postponed my trip.

I always like a berth to myself, but as the steamer had more than the usual complement of passengers, I had to share one with another person. The exigencies of the situation gave me the companionship of Mr. Gorman Grating.

I was just getting into my berth—and for various reasons I chose the top one—when, to my surprise, I saw my companion take a coil of rope from his pocket, which he placed on a seat.

"I want you, Mr. Calepsa, to do me a favor—to take this rope and firmly secure me to the berth with it, so that by no possibility whatever I can escape."

"Don't be surprised at my request," he continued. "The truth is, I am a somnambulist, and I don't want to walk into the sea."

His words having reassured me, I fastened him as securely as possible. I continued this every evening, always releasing him in the morning. One morning he complained of indisposition, and asked me to send the doctor to him.

The particular one which concerns this narrative.

He had met with an accident, and his injuries necessitated careful nursing. He was not a restless, complaining sufferer. He gave little trouble, and his sturdy constitution soon conquered his injuries.

As he grew convalescent, however, to my amazement the reticence of a suffering patient suddenly turned into the speech of a passionate lover.

At last I realized that I had been nursing a sensual, homicidal maniac, and a sickening fear chilled me. At once gave up the case. His discharge from the hospital eased my mind.

Still, I constantly was haunted by the thought that some day I was destined again to meet this man who would wreak vengeance on me and murder me.

On the morning of the first day of the passage, to my amazing horror, I saw and recognized the hateful object of my fears. Then I happened to hear that he was your companion, and I warned you.

By what subtle intelligence the wretch knew that I was on deck on that fateful night is a mystery, but when he abruptly surprised me with insulting and degrading attentions, my sense of injury overcame my common sense.

I am the victim of heredity.

One day I was in a motor car which overturned. I was nearly killed. I was taken to a hospital where I was kindly treated and tended, and it was here that I met the one whose love might have driven the devil out of me.

I had never known before what the spell of a woman's beauty and sweetness meant. It is impossible for me to dilate upon my passionate love for her.

The thought arouses a surge of emotion to madden me. I tried—oh, how I tried!—to awaken her pity, to inspire her devotion. She would not listen to me or give me the slightest encouragement; in fact, I could win neither her confidence nor her favor, and I only aroused her repulsion.

Then my madness came again. Her repulsion stirred my hate and I felt it would be a joy to strangle her. But when my saner moments came, I abhorred myself for my thought, and common sense urged me to forget her, so I tried to banish her memory.

Soon I lost sight of her. After I had taken my berth on this steamer, to my surprise I recognized the stewardess. It seemed a caprice of fate. Her face again stirred the old feelings, but my common sense was in the ascendant. I did not want to talk to one who spurned and hated me, and I sought relief in study and books to ward off that dread of being with her.

However, I noticed that every night when not engaged in her duties she used to sit on the deck, and though I could control myself when awake, I had always a dread that my passion might incite me when asleep to seek her. I was afraid of myself, and thus I asked you to bind me to the berth with ropes. You kindly did so, and Millicent Harworth was safe. One day I noticed that she spoke to you, and it was only by a



"He strove to fasten his locksome lips against my own."

my screams awakened assistance and the brute was quickly overpowered and secured.

I have now completed my narrative with all necessary detail. MILICENT HARWORTH.

When I had read it and returned it on the following morning a sudden stir and hubbub on deck proclaimed that something unusual had occurred on board, and on inquiry I ascertained that the would be murderer had cut the ropes that bound him and had plunged into the sea.

AN OLD PAINTER'S IDEAS.

The autumn season is coming here and more to be recognized as a most suitable time for housepainting. There is no frost deep in the wood to make trouble for even the best job of painting, and the general season of the summer has put the wood into good condition in every way. The weather, moreover, is more likely to be settled for the necessary length of time to allow all the coats to thoroughly dry, a very important precaution. An old and successful painter said to the writer the other day: "House owners would get more for their money if they would allow their painters to take more time, especially between coats. Instead of allowing barely time for the surface to get dry enough not to be 'tacky' several days (weeks would not be too much) should be allowed so that the coats might set through and through. It is inconceivable of course, but if one would suffer this slight inconvenience, it would add two or three years to the life of the paint."

NEAR DEATH THROUGH SNAKE

Sleeper Awakened to Find Monster Coiled Around His Neck.

F. E. Fere, an employe of the Northern Electric, had a thrilling experience with a snake Tuesday morning. Fere with two companions occupies a tent made out of gunny sacks in the western portion of Oroville.

He was awakened by a feeling of strangulation. He attempted to cry out, but so tightly was his throat bound that he could make no sound. As he became fully awake he realized that something must be done or he would choke.

His two companions, awakened by the noise, came to Fere's rescue. The two pulled the snake away and threw it to the floor, where it glided away while the men attended to Mr. Fere's wound. The reptile was a copper snake—Redding Correspondence San Francisco Call.

Convenient English. "We become accustomed to a phrase," observed an educator at a teachers' convention, "but when we introduce a new one along exactly the same lines, it startles the hearer."

Preach from Automobiles. A novel method of preaching the gospel was recently tried in France with striking success. Pastor Delatre from Roanne (Reformed church), in company with Pastor Sainton, of the Baptist church, in Paris, visited with an automobile the departments of Loire, Rhone, Alier, Saone et Loire, within a radius of about 50 miles.

A woman who has used Postum Food Coffee since it came upon the market 2 years ago knows from experience the necessity of using Postum in place of coffee if one values health and a steady brain.

The Passing of Zion City BOOM TOWN HAS SEEN ITS BEST DAYS

City Built by John Alexander Dowie Near Chicago Being Rapidly Depopulated—Factories Are Closed, Bank Depleted and Many People Are on Verge of Starvation.



CHICAGO.—Zion City, built almost in a day by John Alexander Dowie, is doomed. Zion City, itself, says so. The lace works, the candy factories, the soap factories, and in fact all the many industries are closed, and in also the bank, the land office, the printing office, the post office.

THE SHADOW OF DECAY PREVAILS.

Pitiable conditions are found among the people and the shadow of decay has fallen upon all its industries. In the general administration offices of Zion City last year there was employment at good wages for 65 clerks. Now there are less than a dozen on the first floor of the building and those are not certain that their labor will be repaid.

In the bank a year ago there were eight clerks. While they are away building roads a single small boy sits in the bank office to warn stragglers who may try to get in that the bank is closed. In the land-investment department, where there were 25 clerks, there are left only three and the telephone-exchange force has been reduced from four to one.

The uniformed guard which Dowie established, and in the use of which heaped royalty, has passed. The few faithful now meet with jeers on the streets where once their presence inspired respect and enforced obedience to the laws laid down by "the prophet."

NO GUESTS FOR THE HOTEL. Conditions at the hospice furnish added proof of the decline. The visitor to Zion City used to find the dining-room filled with from 150 to 200 people every day and every room tenanted. To one who drops in now there is presented no spectacle of booming business; less than 100 persons, aged men and women find seats about the dining-room at luncheon. Some of these were invalids, who, as one of the half-alive waiters expressed it, could not leave the hospice. Others were officers in the once prosperous town.

All ARE WEARY OF LITIGATION. There is little comfort for the suffering Zionites in the news that thanks to "heavenly revelations" is planning a new legal coup by which he hopes to regain control of the affairs of the city. The idea of further protracted litigation has ceased to interest the hungry there. There has been a life of vanishing hopes since the decline of the Dowie dynasty, and the hard truth was brought home to the citizens.

MONEY YET NO MONEY. While these 40 women, rain-drenched, hungry and worn, were discussing their troubles, Voliva's office boy was busily engaged copying the cablegrams to Australia, England and other parts of the world, saying: "Zion a trust estate. Victory." And his cablegrams were averaging \$40 each.

What the end of the financial troubles will be none can foretell, but after few months and Zion City will be but little more than a memory.

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