

Bellefonte, Pa., January 18, 1907.

I WONDER

I wonder why such homely girls Are often blessed with lovely curls. I wonder why all second wives In luxury live all their lives.

I wonder why a kiss unsought l'astes not so fetching as it ought

I wonder why we never know

As much as we did years ago. I wonder why the cook we love

From us is always on the move

I wonder why the stork makes friends With folks who cannot meet both ends

I wonder why eggs always soar Just when we need them all the more.

I wonder why we are afraid

Of trouble we ourselves have made.

I wonder why some people last

I wonder why if others go From There to There that we should know Of any reason why we fear That we'll not go from Here to Here.

THE FEMALE BOSS OF DUVAL

"Speaking of bosses," said Archie Parr, rancher and politician of Duval county. "Grandma Powell can lay it over auything that ever aspired to political round-ups in She's the cleverest and persuadingest boss that ever run a brand busted the other fellow's machine.

"She's Sheriff Powell's ancestor. You know him? Well, he's had the harness on for three terms and there ain't no sign of wear or tear yet. You see Powell was raised somewhere up in the Cross Timber. When the old man cashed in, the old lady went to live with a married daughter and Jo drifted out here with a few hundred and went into the sheep business. Honorablest sheep man I ever seen. Too much of a gentelman to associate with muttons for long, and if they hadn't quit him, sooner or later, he'd have quit them. They must heve sensed they couldn't live up to their company, for the second year they all took the epizoot or something and defuncted.

"Jo was the cleanest, cheerfulest fellow that ever busted a brone. Wasn's a cowman that didn't like him-they didn't. seem to mind his business. Jo had a way of riding into your affections, and he generally kept his saddle. The fact is he was just too darn natural big-hearted for his own good. Seemed to do him good to do a fellow a favor, and the other fellow usually anteed with ekal reciprocation. Wasn't a cow camp in the county where the latchstring wasn't dangling for him, and he's that darned social, as I was remarking, that he'd leave his sheep with his Mexican herder for days while he helped the boys with their round-ups.

"And with all his soft ways he had plenty nerve. He'd joke as hard as the hardest, and take just as good as he'd send. He never wimpered or kicked or took advantage. Everything was above board, and I don't believe he ever did a mean thing in bis life. He was just out and out Jo Powell, and everybody soon learned what Jo Powell stood for.

lent about the introductions, but in five his anatomy. days he turned up fresh and smiling with al amenities must have been short and put on our imaginations would be knocked warm. But, as I said, Jo was modest on

them muttons demised. in them was the old lady's, and that explained it.

"The bosses just fell over each other ofhimself pretty thin to cover all the ranches in Duval, so he just thanked them with a tear in his voice and settled down to work at old Bud Hoffman's. 'They were a pretty upregenerate set out

there and it wasn't a month till they had him steered straight to the bad. bucking faro and poker, filling up on red-eye, and making love to the senoritas here at San Diego with the best of them. The boys say he was a marvel of a poker player. Wearing the same grateful, thank-you smile; winning or losing. If he lost, he'd congratulate the boys so heartily they'd feel sorry for their luck, and if be'd win, he'd blow it all in making the boys feel cheerful. Naturally, at this stage of the game, the only capital he was accumulating was friends. And it's a capital some people don't always seem to value at par. But Jo's was the kind that could be cashed in at face value on demand, as you'll see presently.

"But I reckon you're wondering where the female takes a hand? Well, I'm coming to that. About this there was an old lady got off the train over at Corpus one day and crawled into the San Diego stage. Bill Hobbs, the driver, said afterwards that she seemed to know what was on her mind from the start. She didn't fuss about, ask foolish questions and wait helpless 'round for assistance like the common run of the antiquated weaker sex. Not that it wouldn't have been welcome from Bill Hobbs, for he's a gentleman. Or from Neil Robertson and myself, who were going out on the same stage, for we both pride ourselves on being agreeable and fascinating to the ladies. Why, Neil-but I'll tell you

about that some other time. "Well, we hadn't more'n pulled out of Corpus, when this old lady turns to me, was sitting alongside her, and asks if I

know Jo Powell out in Duval. 'Jo Powell !' says I. 'Well, I reckon I do. Me and Jo's like brothers and a whiter

man never lived.' 'Well, I don't know,' says the old lady hesitating, like she was feeling her way. 'I'm his mother, and when he left home he was considerable sunburned, and I've heard living on the prairie wasn't good for the complexion, but if you mean that he's reunion. the best son a mother ever had, you speak

" 'That's exactly what I mean, ma'am, says I, shaking her hand and expressing how glad I was to meet her.

got a whole herd of friends.

let go something she was glad to get rid of. ning ways—took them after Jo. And her "They'll be so much help to him in the faith in that boy was ketching. election. Jo's been writing how his friends chance for sheriff?

'Jo Powell running for sheriff? Why-Then Neil gave him a dig in the ribs and struck him, cut off his wind. Bill's a gentleman and

'Look out where you're driving,' says Neil, fumbling with the reins and winking tails, and if she didn't convert them to reat Bill like a lunatic. Bill stared like a stifled steer, then he began to look riled, by this time the crisis had passed, as the preacher they call Bishop Johnston, that doctors say when the patient begins to get makes San Diego occasionally, and prays

well in spite of them. "Stand a chance for sheriff?' says I. 'No chance at all-dead certainty.'

was just getting ready to choke him-'I should say he was. He says to me only this see, Hopkins took it as a big joke—any-morning, says he, "Bill, I'm running like body beating him for sheriff. 'Specially Jo, ures of speech.

that old lady smiled.

" 'How's Jo's sheep?' she asks, springing a fresh hand on us. Well, that liked to have bogged me. Them sheep had been dead over a year, and Bill would have sure lection he knocked under. Jo didn't hold ing cow, Bersing put his horn to his lips and gave one call; the bull stopped in his language against him, and he's been stampeded the game if it hadn't been he deputy ever since.

didn't know anything about them. "The old woman had a wonderful brac-

'Jo been writing lately about sheep?' showing my hand.

" 'Last time be wrote be said the sheep were doing fine, but he was thinking of selling out and going into the cattle busi-

"'Well, he went,' I says breathing easy again; 'and he's prospering-natural born cowman.'

"Bill again warmed up to the game. 'Bud Hoffman was saying just the other day,' says Bill, Jo Powell is the best cowpuncher" '-here Neil's heel ground into Bill's bunioned toe. Bill hesitated, floundered, then finished according to Hoyle-

tus-dotted plain, the big sky, salubrious a moral force. climate-it was ninety in the shade-and never lied cheerfuller or more to the point

ome greasers came through and gulped a time or two, and slashed into the speak to Grandma about the progression of rode off old Bud Hoffman's best cut-out horses unmerciful to keep him from blubpony and forgot to bring him back. Well, bering when she got to telling about when Jo just threw a saddle on a brone, telling Jo was a baby—how good he was and about the boys to keep an eye on his herder and his brown eyes and how his hair curled and not let him vamoose with the sheep and how he'd lie all day on his back and play he'd see if he couldn't make the acquaint- with his toes and goo-goo and never whimance of them greasers. He was always si- per unless a pin or a colicky pain struck

"I seen the cards would have to be stackthe pony. The boys' lowed the internation- ed on the old lady or all the strain we'd into a cooked hat when we reached San bat point.

"Well, things went mighty smooth till Divide, I says, 'Hold up, Bill, that breech-That seemed to ing is getting all flabbergasted,' and Neil coflamix Jo. He didn't say nothing but and me jumped out. Under cover of the we could see it was woking on his vitals. horses we held a consultation. We resolved We learned afterwards that the money put then and there to take that derelict of Jo Poweil's father under our arms and keep any slanderous reports reflecting on her offspring from reaching ber.

"What did you say was the matter with fering him jobs. It seemed to pain him to have to refuse, but he'd have to spread the harness?' she asked as we crawled back into the stage.
"Oh, that's just a word we use when

things get mixed up,' I says, and she sank back with a soft little 'Oh !'

"As we pulled into town and swung across the plaza, I thought sure the jig was up. Jo sighted us from Penn's Dive and began waiving bis hands and yelling. We could see at a glance he was tanked up, and there was no telling what would have happened if Neil hadn't tumbled out and corral'ed him, while I directed his mother's attention to the court house. I pointed out the windows of the sheriff's office, and losing my head, I says, 'There's where your son will be elevated from his ranch when the returns are all in.

"Why, Jo didn't write me that he owned a ranch,' says the widow, surprised. "Well, no, he ain't bought one just yet' I says, 'but it's only a question of time. which is the same thing with Jo. At present he's holding with Bud Hoffman. He's out there now, and I'm going to fetch him right in. He'll be monster proud to see you.' Then I put her off at 'The Maverick.' When I had seen her safe and comfortable in her room, I told old Dawson who she was and made him swear he'd shoot the first galoot that contradicted a word she

said about her descendant. "When I found Neil he'd already Jo in and had about fixed him. But he was still holding out against the uncertainty of the thing. Said he didn't want to boost up his mother's hopes and play on her superstition for three or four months and then disappoint her. Said he was a glibbering idiot ever to have deceived her. You see, when he wrote her he was running for sheriff, he had no other idea than to stave off a threatened visit. Told her he was up to his eyes in the canvass and she had better wait until winter when he'd have time to make things pleasant for her. But finally he agreed if we'd do our levelest for him, he'd consent to become a innocent, acciden-tal and unintentional candidate—them's

his words-and go in to win. "Then we put him to bed.

"Well, that woman was a wonder. Natural born politicians. I seen she was a winner from the minute she took the bit in her mouth. There wasn't nothing mannish about her, either, nor yet too effemi-"Likely you're the friends he's been mate. She had kind of a soft, gentle way ions; when o writing me about?' she says softly.

"'Don't know,' says I, not knowing bore you or get on your nerves. She knowwhat had been writ and not wishing to take credit for nothing I was not entitled. 'Jo's when she'd said enough. When her firm Reckon he little hand would flutter in yours and she'd could round up as many as the next fel- look into your eyes in that trustful way she had, you'd feel just like you wanted to "'I'm so glad of that,' says Mrs. Pow-ell, with a kind of easeful sigh, as if she'd do just what she said. Yes, she had win-

"Hadn't been here a week before she were standing by him, but Jo was always knew everybody in town and was sitting so confident and hopeful,' the says, inno-cent. 'You think, then, Jo stands a good Mexican kids, and telling them all about Jo. Jo was the note she was keved to.

"For a moment I thought I'd run up against a proper bluff, and didn't know lished a headquarters at the big campwhether to throw up my hand or raise. meeting on the Neuces. It was amusing You see, Jo nor no one had ever said a word the way she could handle her politics and about his running for sheriff. About the religion most in the same breath and never time I tumbled to the correct play, Bill seemed to get them mixed. She'd tackle a Hobbs burst out in his barrel kind of voice, big cow-boy bristling with six shooters and have him roped before he'd know what had

"Are you religious?" she'd ask in her just as free hearted as air, but it takes a winning way, then in a twinkle she'd forty-five Colt to get an idea into his trump with Jo. The fellows followed her around like a herd trailing after a haywagon. She never failed to get salt on their ligion, she sure made 'em believe in Jo.

"Never was but one other fellow that for he prided himself on his driving. But came as near making me feel religious. A out of a book about not doing we ought and doing what we ought not. He always makes me believe he's straight "'Jo Powell running for sheriff?' he and feel like I wish I was. Hs's a Jo Fowell broke out again in the same barrel voice. kind of a preacher, and, if he knowed it, He didn't have any other. 'Why-' Neil | could rope me as easy as a locoed steer. "But I've jumped the trail. Well, you

Bill was a good liar in a good | who wasn't more'n of age and just a raw cause, but he wasn't always pat in his fig- cow-puncher. The antics of the old woman' struck him as awful funny. But she hadn't You just ought to have seen that old been on the range long before he discovered lady's face. It fairly flashed and crinkled. she wasn't riding no slouch of a brone. I guess there's not a spot on this half of the globe where the sun gets in its licks to better advantage than on that stretch of the globe where the sun gets in its licks to better advantage than on that stretch of the got frightened and wanted to compromise. Offered to make Jo his first deposition of the got frightened and wanted to compromise. prairie between Corpus and San Diego, but smiled the kind of a smile his mother wore, I'm a liar if it didn't seem brighter when and said he'd make Hopkins the same proposition. Well, Hopkins kicked and swore. Referred to Powell in a very sacri-

ing effect on Jo. About the second week I asks, playing for another move before after her arrival he rounded up one day and says, 'Boys, I don't want to interfere with none of your habits, but after this you can cut me out. Can't herd with you any more. Mother ain't never knowing told a lie in her life, and I ain't going, to stand for her spreading defamatory reports concerning my character over the county.' And from that day to this he ain't bucked faro, tapped his blasphemy or bottled up on pizen. And the boys ain't held it in my face, I knew it required careful against him.

"I heard that Bishop Johnston I was telling you about say something about a moral force in one of his Sunday oratories. tant. I raised my rifle and fired, taking moral force in one of his Sunday oratories. "that ever quit the sheep business."

"The old lady locked happy. She then tackled the scenery. Gushed about the cac-I didn't exactly savvy at the time, but cracked, I saw the blood gush out of his

fell to telling about Jo. How religious and filled with things for Jo's baby. You see, reliable he was. How he had never drank or gambled or told a lie. All of which we heartily corroborated, and I reckoned we ried one of them high-steppers that took her culture at a swell college in the cast.

the baby's new tooth."-By Gny A. Jamison, in Watson's Magazine.

The First Candlestick

Perhaps not many little people know that the first candlestick known to our ancestors was a boy-a real, live boy, too. He used generally to sit in the corner of kitchen or dining hall, holding in his hands a piece of fir candle, and from time to time cutting and trimming it to make it. burn more brightly.

The fir candle, as you have probably guessed, was a length of wood cut off a branch of a fir tree, this kind of wood heing the best for burning, because of the resin it contains. All boys and girls know about that, especially those who have had the fun of making bonfires out of fir Christmas trees when they have served their purpose. How the branches do crackle and sputter, to be sure!

These fir candles are still used in some parts of Scotland, and though a regular candlestick is generally used nowadays it is still called a "puir mon"-meaning a 'poor man." It gets this name from the fact that in the old days, when a beggar asked for a night's lodging, he was ex-pected to hold the candle. At other times the "herd laddie," or shepherd boy, usualthe hills was done.

Bacteria in Milk Bottles.

The host of bacteria that may lurk in a supposedly clean milk bottle has been the subject of investigation by the Wisconsin Experiment Station. Bottles which had been steamed for thirty seconds were found to contain relatively few bacteria, possibly 15,000 to a bottle. However, when the steam was allowed to condense and the water so produced to remain in the bottle at room temperatures for possibly 24 hours, the number of bacteria multiplied enormously and varied from 2,000,000 to say ers who know no more of the habits of the moose now, than I did three years ago, and

the air for 24 hours, but containing no con- the moose by making the statement that densed water, the number of bacteria aver. there is little or no sport in it! aged 300,000 per bottle, while in a similar series which had undergone the same treat- with not the same degree of "ferociousment, in all respects except they were cov- ness" as is to be found in a little redibull ered with a clean linen cloth averaged on a Connecticut pasture. Hunting westabout the same as freshly-steamed bottles, ern plains cattle on horseback would be all of which shows the very great importance of keeping milk bottles, either empty or full, very carefully covered.

If a man wants to raise his house, can put jacks under and slowly lift it in He can raise it much quicker by exploding a charge of dynamite under the house, but it will ruin the house. There are two methods of treatment for the remove obstructions. That's the method of Dr Pierce' Plesant Pellets. There are morning we groomed him up till he looked as fresh as a pink and took him down to see the old lady. We didn't stay for the Pierce's Pleasant Pellets represent the best pill habit.

> When you have them they are opinions; when other people have them they

"It Don't Hurt Much."

What, ho! little fellow upon my knee, Telling your story of trouble to me A finger swollen, a cut and a bruise, You wonder what mother will say to your shoe A brave, bright purpose to hold the tears 'Mid all the pain and the doubt and fears; Though lips may quiver and sobs may rise, No telltale drops in those brave, bright ever As, tender with valor of childhood's touch, He whimpers: "It don't hurt very much.

There, little lad, with the wounds of fray, Scarred and stained in the light-heart play, A kiss will heal-with a kind word blent-Far better than all of the liniment. I used to come for a bandage, too, When I built castles of life like you I used to fall and I used to know The stinging pain of the brui-e and blow.

Butchery of the Moose

I file a protest against the extermination of the noblest animal of North Americathe moose. I know of no greater medium to earry the protest to those to whom it should interest than the Forest and Stream. It is with indignation and sorrow that I read only recently in one of your issues a detailed description of a moose and deer hunt, entitled "Big Game Hunting in New Brunswick," in which the writer says, *

* † * "The bull (moose) stood in the water feeding on lily pads, when Row shot him through the heart, etc. * * We skinned out the head and neck and took it

Of one of the two deer killed the same day by these hunters he says, putting the onus on Row again :

to camp."

"Row killed this (the second) one by knocking out one of his eyes." I extract from the same article the following description of the killing of the second bull moor by this same party on the same trip, for the reason, that while well written, it is very much like the usual experiences that I have read in the sporting papers and magazines of moose hunting since I was a

"To call a bull moose away from a cow in the rutting season, requires the highest

skill of the moose hunter. "When we discovered the bull at the head of the lake, heading toward the calltracks, turned round and looked in our direction; another call, accompanied by the snapping of a dead twig, turned the bull round and headed him toward us ; but about every thirty seconds we could hear him roar as he came toward us ; at a distance of about 150 yards he appeared in sight, stopped and looked in our direction. Standing as he did on the shore of the lake, in the early morning sunlight, with his head and antlers high in the air, he presented a magnificent sight. As the distance was a long one, and the sun shining shooting lest the moose should escape in the woods, which were but a few feet disnostrils, and the only move he made was tunity. I shot him four times in the neck "Yonder she comes now. That basket is and breast, when he fell in his tracks. We photographed him where he lay, and found that he had a spread of antlers 48 inches and 18 points, the finest head that I have

"Our hunting was over; we had killed "The faith and love she had for that boy was touching, and Bill Hobbs, who has a solt spot in his heart same as in his head,

"Excuse me." he broke off: "I want to her managing the classics just as easy as whistling 'Yankee Dooding January and we were satisfied."

In another article in one of the November of the Nove

moose hunting experience says "The guide informed us that the season was rather late for 'calling' the moose and that we must watch the lakes and moose bogans at night. * * We were not favorably impressed with this form of hunting, but decided our guides knew best.' "These animals are exceedingly wary, the sense of smell very acute, and they are approached with the greatest difficulty." * * "The following night Mr. --- and Henry were rewarded by three moose coming to the lake about 2 a. m." * * "Did it pay to be a hunter, and was this really sport? Silently awaiting the approach of a poor dumb beast that I might deprive it of a life, as sweet to it perhaps, as mine to myself."

For nearly thirty years I have spent a part of each year in the woods, but up to three years ago I never saw a moose either tame or wild. I was edified by graphic stories that I had read from time to time. These stories sounded to me like tales of prowess of mighty hunters. I longed for a loose hunt. My deer, antelope, elk and buffalo experiences seemed dwarfed in comparison. Wild goat and big horn sheep seemed mild. I strove for that I had not. The last three years I have spent in the "moose country," and like the writer above am "satisfied." Satisfied of one matter ly performed this duty, when his work on particularly, that all I had ever read of the sport of hunting the moose was simply in the writer's imagination. The " country" is far away! bard to reach! Expensive, and the journey takes more time than the average buisness man can allow. Those who go, are anxious to bring back an evidence of their veracity. A big moose bead with enormous antlers is the evidence. To those who know little of the habits of this animal, the enormity of size of the head and antlers fits well with a story of prowess, including as it does something like the above interesting descrip-

I know I will surprise some of my read-In a series of steamed bottles exposed to I will not surprise those who have hunted

> The moose are great magnificent animals sport in comparison. After my three years' experience in the "moose country" I assert:

> I can kill as many bull moose with an ax or revolver as "Row" can with his rifle! It is about as much of a trick to "call" a moose in the rutting season as to call home the cows in the evening! They are so far from being "ferocious" and "wary" and "approached with the greatest difficulty" that I have ridden on the back of a far enough in the "moose country" to presume he was not tame or domesticated.

moose "feeding on lily pads," when she guides, who admitted it was a shame to remarkable because of their size and clum-

Moose feed in the rivers, ponds and lakes water while feeding on the submerged lily roots and water grasses. A moose in feeding often dives to the bottom, sometimes W n ten feet of water. In any event his head is submerged for from 30 to 60 sec-This is not only in "fly time," but during the month of October.

the stranded carcasses of some enormous of the body, which we call the "honey bull moose putrefying the clean water and bag." When this bag is quite full the bee air whose "head and neck" had been flies off to its hive, and by the time that it arrives there the contents of the bag have air whose beside the carcass of a bigger animal, that been turned into boney! presumably had a bigger head. I know the name of an alleged moose hunter, a cannot tell you; for nobody has ever been banker of Cleveland, who abandoned sevable to find out. If we examine the honey eral heads, one after another, because the subsequent ones were larger than their nothing to account for the change. It predecessors. He and his party kept their guides on the water ways of the region I nothing more. Yet, in two or three minvisited, moving steadily for two weeks, utes after the nectar has been swallowed making a new camp every night, picking out the moose he wanted.

them while feeding in the water. But his greediness came near costing him his life as When the bee gets back to the hive with well as that of his party and guides. The ice suddenly formed one night, and the pokes its head into one of the cells and party being over one hundred miles from a base of supplies, had to abandon heads, canoes and equipage and only reached civili-

zation in a starving condition. This region I visited, shipped out last fall 135 heads of bull moose. If my guides were telling the truth, and I had no reason to doubt them, over 500 bull moose must at a time, and always bringing back a fresh have been killed and all but 25 per cent. abandoned. They asked me not to publish the evidences of what I had heard and seen, as the Canadian government might stop the killing of moose everywhere as these cells do not stand upright, but lie on they had done in the Algonquin Park district. And in further argument one of my guides said : "It would mean a bardsbip to us. Every American coming into this district on a moose hunt leaves with us from one to two hundred dollars."

If the present rate of killing is allowed to continue the moose will be nearly annihilated or the remnant driven northward

beyond the confines of Hudson Bay. The Canadian government owes it to the rest of the world to preserve this animal from extinction. The meat is to be eaten only in extremities. It is coarse, dry aud unnutritions. Even the Indians will not eat it if they can get anything else. Nearly all the moose that inhabited our northern States have been killed off. A part of Canada will always be a practically unbroken wilderness, and a home for ages for this animal if any protection is thrown around it There is more sport and more pleasure photographing one of these magnificent creatures, who standing on the shore of some beautiful nameless Canadian stream, throws his massive antlered head high in the air. and gazes at you in big-eyed curiosity, and when that seems satisfied either resumes his feeding or ambles slowly out of the water into the recesses of the forest.

The killing of deer, in the water, is prohibited in nearly every State in which they are found. Canada must stop the moose butchery.

JAMES DALY.

Imitation Precious Stone Cousul Albert Halstead, of Birmingham, methods of imitating certain precious

stones : Birmingham is the centre of jewelry manufacture in the United Kingdom. Here are trained jewelers of the most skillful kind. Jewelry workmen have emigrated from Birmingham to the United States in such large numbers that a few years ago in one of the largest silverware manufactories in America there were employed 600 men who had learned their trade in the Birmingham district. Not a little jewelry was formerly exported from this district to the United States, but the development of the art in all classes of jewelry in America has materially reduced Birmingham's exports. Still the trade here is reported to be better than for some time, although manufacturers complain that things are not as they were. The keen competition of German cheap and imitation jewelry has so seriously interfered with Birmingham manufacturers that they now make comparatively little imitation jewelry. Much 9-carat gold jewelry is still made here, but the finer type of jewelry is Birmingham's sta-

The Birmingham Daily Mail shows how adept fakirs have become in recent years, now that the prices of genuine precious stones of the highest quality have greatly increased. The diamond seems to be the only stone that resists successful imitation. The ruby, sapphire, emerald, and pearl are Guard and crushed the rebellion of Jamilskillfully imitated. Even experts find it hard to detect the fraudulent gems. Defective white pearls can be converted into brown or even black ones. A converted black pearl has been so well colored that it to put in practice his ideas of public edusold at a fabulous price.

Imitation pearls are plentiful and look so like the real thing that they deceive experts. They are made by means of a transparent glass shell, a little glue, and some essence of the Orient, a silvery, pearly substance, composed of fine scales rubbed from a small fish called the "bleak" or the the Cinco de Mayo against the trained tablete," 17,000 of which require rubbing European soldiers of Lorencez. After an to get a pound. Even turquoises are not above suspicion.

Value of Street Trees.

It is quite a difficult matter to determine the value of shade trees. There have been, however, many court decisions rendered on this subject. The amount of damages of ourse would depend largely upon the size of the tree, their kind and place, and also greatly upon the appreciation of the jury of such matters. It is customary in Massachusetts, where

electric lines have to take trees along their right-of-way, for them to pay \$10 to \$15 each for large trees that they remove. But bowels, the slow, sure method, by which a small pill and a carefully graduated dose least 500 miles north of the line! That is would be fair to count the value of the tree would be fair to count the value of the tree and the labor of planting, to which should I have passed within fifty feet of a cow noose "feeding on lily pads," when she A recent award of damages for this kind actually did not notice me! I have seen of injury was had at Kansas City, Missonof modern skill and science applied to the production of a perfect pill. They help the system, and they do not beget the Telephone Co., whose employes had ont the

kill the harmless creatures! They never top out of one of her shade trees. In this knew of a "bull moose charging on his case the tree was a fine poplar about six prey." They do not "roar" when being inches in diameter. It had interfered with called, but come toward the call with an undetected quietude which is all the more was cut without permession.

How Bees Make Honey.

A great many people think that bees get from early spring until the ice gets so honey from flowers, says the Rev. Theo-strong it cannot be broken by their powerful hoofs. The Canadian open season for moose is before the ice closes the waters.

My guides told me that the hunters in the region I visited killed their moose in the into honey they have to be swallowed by a

When a bee goes out on a honey-making expedition it depends a great deal upon its tongue, which is very long and slender, need is submerged for from 30 to 60 sec. onds. Any canoist can approach them so that they can be touched with a paddle. With a bars, so that it looks just like a tiny brush. With this the bee sweeps out the nectar Why a rifle? The from the blossoms into its mouth, and goes little red bull on the Connecticut pasture on swallowing it, mouthful after mouthful. would have a better chance of getting until it can swallow no more. But the nectar does not pass into its digestive or-I saw many evidences of "skinning out gans and serve as food. It only passes into the head and neck." The evidences were a little pouch, just inside the hinder part

How this is done. I am sorry to say, I seems to be just a bag of tough skin, and that wonderful change takes place. And if a bee is fed with sugar and water instead He killed them all by sneaking upon of nectar, it will turn the sugar and water

its load it goes straight off to a honeycomb, pours out the honey through its mouth until its honey bag is empty. Then it flies off again to obtain more nectar and make a further supply. And so it labors busily on from the first thing in the morning till the last thing at night, never being away from the hive for more than a few minutes

supply of honey in its wonderful little bag. Now, perhaps you wonder how it is that the honey does not run out of the cells as soon as the bees have filled them. For these cells do not stand upright, but lie on barrel of treacle on its side that barrel would very soon be nearly empty. As soon as the honey is poured into the cell by the bees, however, a kind of thick cream rises to the surface and covers it. And this cream holds the honey so firmly in position that not even the tiniest drop ever

oozes out. But when bees want to keep honey for me little time-when they are storing it up for use during the winter, for instance -they are not satisfied with this creamy crust, and are evidently afraid that the cor tents of the cell may dry up. So they carefully cover it with a little waxen lid, which makes the shell perfectly airtight. Next time that you have honey-comb for breakfast, if you examine it carefully you will find that nearly all the cells are closed in this curious way.

Now, why do you think that the bees take the trouble to make so many small cells in which to store away their honey? Why do they not make two or three really big cells and keep it all in those?

Well, the reason is that they know perfeetly well that if honey is kept in a large vessel it very soon becomes thick, because the sugar in it forms into crystals; and in that case they cannot feed upon it. But as long as it is kept in the small cells of the honeycomb it remains quite fresh and liquid, so that all through the winter they

President Dinz

Among the rulers of the world today reports as follows in regard to successful methods of imitating certain precious picturesque figure than Ponfirio Diaz, President of the Mexican Republic, says

the Metropolitan Magazine. Hero of more than fifty battles, fought at the head of his men, leader of desperate charges and defender of forlorn hopes, six times held a prisoner and each time escaping by the narrowest hazard, his career

reads like a tale of an ancient crusader. He was born in the city of Oaxaca in the south of Mexico on September 15th, 1830, and inherited from his mother a strain of aboriginal blood, her graudmother having

been a Mixteca Indian His parents wished to educate him for the church. After finishing with a primary school at 7, he served as errand boy in a store until he was 8 years old, and from that time until he was 14 he studied in the seminary. From 14 to 17 he was obliged to support himself by tutoring, and at that age he volunteered for the war with the United States, but was not sent to the front. The young churchman then decided to be a lawyer, and after a four years' course he entered the law office of Juarez.

Soon after he served in the revolution against Santa Anna, at the close of which he became Mayor of Ixtlan and established a military force there with which he overthrew Garcia, who had issued a pronunciamento in Oaxaca.

Later he became captain in the National tepec. In the war of the reform Juarez gave the young officer control of the District of Tehuantepec, where he not only held his own in the field, but commenced cation and good government. Then followed a number of campaigns preceding the invasion by France, England and Spain in 1862, when Juarez sent him to the front to hold back the invaders while he should gather forces in the interior, and on May 5th, 1862, he won the splendid battle of heroic defense at Puebla, he was obliged to capitulate to the superior forces of the French, but refused to take parole with the other officers and soon escaped from prison.

At this juncture President Juarez offered to make him Secretary of war, but Diaz declined the honor on the ground that he was too young a man for such a promotion. but later he was forced to yield to Juarez's

solicitations and became commander-in-chief of the army and general of division. Again the combined forces of England, France and Spain were concentrated upon him, and Bazaine took the field against him in person. Once more Diaz was obliged to surrender to greatly superior forces. Again he escaped his jailers by scaling the prison wall, and got away with a reward

of \$10,000 on his head. For two years more he carried on a guerrilla warfare with the invaders in the northern part of Mexico, during which he had many hairbreadth escapes. Then he appeared in the south again and recaptured his native city of Oaxaca. Gathering forces as best be could, he advanced on Pueble and on April 2nd, 1867, made a desperate assault against the city and scored his

-Don't hope to please others if you

greatest battle in capturing it.

cau't please yourself.