Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 19, 1907.

AT THE CLOSE OF DAY.

Dear little hands, that I can hold
Within the hollow of my palm;
Dear little frame that I can fold
Within the comfort of my arm;
God grant those hands may ever be
Faithful to him, and true to me.

Dear tired feet, enchained by sleep;
They've traveled miles at home today;
I pray that God those feet will keep
Within the paths of truth alway;
Great Guide, that they may ever be
Faithful to thee, and true to me.

I lay my boy down in the bed,
And kiss the yielding finger tips;
Dream angels throng about his head,
And slumber seal the noisy lips.
God grant those lips may ever be
Faithul to him, and true to me.

Heart of my heart, my child, my son,
Thy mother's flesh is like to thine;
I yield thee to a mightier One
To keep thee in His strength divine—
My Samuel to God I bring,
Behold thy servant, Father—King!

—*Mary L. Loomis, in Good Housekeeping.*

BIJIE.

Bijie sat in the cabin doorway, his chin deep in his hands, his eyes on the sunset pageant. Miss Carmichael turned from the road into the hard little path that ran through the dogfennel and up to the cabin door, but he failed to see her. Chain on chain, towering tier on towering tier, the sunset ranges stood out against the west. It seemed that all the gold and scarlet and purple the world held, or could ever hold, had been powdered fine as dust and rolled into the sky in one magnificent wave of color.

When it ebbed, fading as quickly as it came, something within the little boy went too, hurrying away through the air with the vanished sunset.

"Bijie?"

Bijie started.

It was the lovely lady who had bought his berries all Summer. She was walking with buoyant footsteps, and she was coming straight to the cabin door.

Bijie's little brown face dropped down into his little brown hands. But Miss Carmichael had seen the look she loved on his face. No one had ever looked at her as this little boy did. Bijie looked up at her as we look up at a parting in the rain clouds that shows us the sun once more. Then he had sought shelter. He worshipped, but she dazzled him.

The lady laid her gloved hand on the patched shoulder of Bijie's faded pink calico shirt. "What were you thinking of?" she asked. "Why was your little face so solemn as the sun went down?"

"'Bout nothin'," he said; "'bout nothin' 'tall."

The words spoken, he lived through an awful moment in which the blood hammered in his ears and his throat pulsed thickly. The night before he had sat in "meetin'" and heard the fate of liars. His little body had grown rigid with terror as he listened. When the preacher had cried out in an awful voice, "No liars air in thet kingdom," he had almost falled off the hard, backless bench. And now he had lied. He had lied!

Bijie stood up straight and stanch in the doorway. He met the lady's eyes bravely. There was yet time to save his immortal soul.

"I wuz pretendin' I wuz a bird," he said gravely; "an' I wuz flyin' ter the top o' the mountings an' lookin' over ter see whar nit drapped to. I allus did want ter see hit drap t'other side."

Miss Carmichael's gay laugh rang out. Miss Carmichael was past her first youth, but her laugh was like a girl's. "Bijie," she said, "you are delicious!"

That first morning after Miss Carmichael had come to Summer at Marsville and had set up housekeeping for herself,—Miss Carmichael's friends who owned the little home in the mountains were summering abroad,—Bijie had stood at the open door, a tin pail of berries in one hand, the other holding the fat fingers of the last year's baby. It was then Miss Carmichael had said those very words. "Little boy," she said, "you are delicious. Which year's baby are you?" She had then engaged all the berries Bijie could pick the long Summer through.

Miss Carmichael thought of those first quaint words she had heard Bijie utter as she entered the cabin. Only now she did not laugh. The last year's baby and the babies of four other years flung themselves at their mother. They retreated behind her dingy calico skirt and clung to its dark, ugly folds in five separate small agonies of shyness. In spite of them, the woman got to her feet, her three-months' baby in her arms, and stood in awkward but sincere hospitality, waiting for her guest to be seated.

Standing there, her shoulders and hips sagged weakly. At best she had never been strong, and multiplied motherhood had wasted her. Life was just a thing of dishes that were never quite washed, of floors that were never quite swept, of cares that corroded, of poverty that bit deeper year by year, but she took it all uncomplainingly. She had taken the last baby uncomplainingly, and he was her ninth year's baby.

Unlike most mountain women, when she had resumed her seat she opened the conversation. She showed no self-consciousness in the presence of one from the world beyond the mountains. "I'm glad ye come," she said. "Bijie set a sight o' store by ye."

"It's about Bijie that I've come," Miss Carmichael said simply. Suddenly she leaned toward the mountain woman and began to speak in an eager, impulsive, almost girlish way. "I've never seen such a dear little boy," she said; "and I've come to ask you to give him to me. You have so many, don't you think you could spare one?"

The mountain woman was silent, but her hand on the calico slip the baby wore twitched.

"Oh, I know it sounds selfish," Miss Carmichael cried. Her eyes journeyed rapidly about the disordered room. "I know it sounds selfish for me to say it, but I'm thniking of Bijie, too. I can do so much for him that you can't. He will never be hungry or cold or poor if he goes with me. He will be sent to the finest school in the land and grow up to be a useful citizen. Here he has no chance—not one."

And still the mountain woman was silent, her hand twitching on the baby's frock. It was a large, toil-worn, faithful hand. She had tried to speak, but, curiously enough, the only words she could think of were those that had just been spoken by her visitor. They ran a sort of zigzag journey through her consciousness. "Here he has no chance,—not one, *not one*, NOT ONE!"

Miss Carmichael leaned forward and laid the soft white hand from which she had taken her glove on Bijie's mother's rough hand.

"Give him that chance," she pleaded.

"I reckin hit 'ud be the only chance he'd ever git," the mountain woman said. She had found a voice. It wasn't her own, but it would do. "Sometimes they ain't no bread here; sometimes they ain't no meat; sometimes they ain't nothin' here but babies—jest a empty house full o' babies—not thet I ain't willin' ter take what the Good Man sends."

A sudden pity pierced Miss Carmichael's heart. "You poor, poor thing!" she cried. "Give one to me—Bijie. Oh, I'll be good to him!"

"I know ye will," the mountain woman said simply. "An' when he gits ter be a scholar he kin write me a letter naow an' then." At the thought of her little boy's being a scholar a sudden glow ran over her plain, worn face. "Ye'll not fin' him dilly turned," she said, "ef he does pinch the baby when I git him ter hol' him, an' throw the cat at thet leetle fellar thet is afeared o' his shadder, an' hide behin' the pig-pen when I holler fer a bucket o' water."

Bijie's brow crinkled into anxious little puckers. His mother's acid truths were drifting out to him on the door step. She was telling Her. He got up from the door step and went in. His imploring little hand plucked at Miss Carmichael's skirt. "I'm a master ban' ter feed the pig," he said. "An' I tote in a sight o' chips." Miss Carmichael smiled down at him, a sudden mist in her eyes.

The last year's baby and the babies of four other years clung to their mother's skirts as she accompanied her guest to the door. They pulled in five separate ways, creating five separate and distinct physical discomforts.

"I'll hev him ready," the mountain woman said at parting. "I'll send him termorrer evenin." He'll be thar so thet ye won't fail in a early start."

"Son," the mountain woman said to Bijie the next afternoon, and she spoke solemnly, "allus remember that ye air of pore but hones' folks." She held out a limp hand and said good-by. The mountain woman was not a demonstrative woman.

The mother followed with straining eyes the little figure that went its eager way toward the glory of the evening sun. Now it was just a blur on the landscape; now it was swallowed up in the distance. Night that had crouched on the hills in the east rose up and lighted the stars with silent hands. And still the woman stood, straining her aching eyes into the distance. The babies cried. They came to the door and pulled at her skirts. But she drew away from them roughly.

The children had kindled a fire and were gathered about it when the woman turned into the cabin. As she looked at them, she drew a breath that shook her. Bijie could have slipped in among them anywhere. Bijie was only seven and little for his years, but oh! the gap he had left about that crowded fire place!

Half way across the cabin the woman stopped. Bijie's discarded pink calico shirt lay in her way—Bijie's soiled and faded shirt. A dumb, eloquent thing, it cried out to her. She lifted it from the floor. "Lord, Lord," she whispered, "help me. Onceet a woman suffered fer Ye."

No knight ever rose from his accolade with a more shining countenance than Bijie's as he steered into that glowing west. On the morrow the journey into the unknown was to begin. He had always wanted to travel. Once his brother had gone into an adjoining county and had returned to eat up a piece of pie that was for Bijie, and the little boy had sobbed out "Mommie, mommie! when he hed traveled, an' I ain't never ben nowhar!" Now he was going to the city. There would be streets shining with gold. And there would be houses high as mountains and great high gates. Shining angels would be sitting on all the gates. My! but it would shine—the city! And there would be no night there. No night there. It puzzled Bijie. But the thought slipped away. He was going to learn and learn. "Figgerin' and writin' and geogerphy. I'm goin' ter larn a heap afore I die," he said out loud, his steady eyes on a little scarlet cloud that had curled up to show its golden lining. And journeying thus, accompanied by his fancies, he came to Miss Carmichael's door.

Miss Carmichael was there, waiting. She gathered the radiant little figure up, outlandish coat made from his mother's old blue dress, outlandish trousers made from his father's old green velveteen breeches, scarlet woolen stockings, clumsy shoes, lank old carpet-bag and all, and bore him in.

It was after supper that Miss Carmichael asked Bijie if he would like to have her play for him. He nodded shyly. She looked so beautiful as she sat at the piano! Now and then she turned her head and smiled at Bijie. A wave of warm red blood flooded up to the roots of his hair when she turned and smiled at him.

And then she sang! Bijie had never heard a woman from Miss Carmichael's world sing. His little body on the edge of the sofa, rigid and aching with embarrassment, relaxed. He nestled back among the cushion pillows, his eyes on her face, on her soft white throat, on her moving fingers. The yearning grew in big throbs of longing. Once he stood up—he almost dared to do it. But he dropped back among the cushions.

Miss Carmichael carried Bijie upstairs and laid him on the big white bed in the room next her own. She took off all the queer, outlandish things, a beautiful look on her face. A strange new tenderness was in her eyes as she bent over and left a kiss on Bijie's cheek. He was here—all hers! Out of her richer life she had pitied the mountain woman, the mountain woman who had been richer than she.

Bijie waked in the night and sat up in bed. He put out a small hand that trembled, for the darkness pushed and crowded up against him till he gasped for breath, and groped about him. He was in bed. He was in the biggest, lonesomest bed. Suddenly he remembered. He was at Miss Carmichael's. Tomorrow he and she were going to travel away together over the mountains and into the big world.

Bijie burrowed into his pillow and lay there very still. Surely tomorrow was almost at hand. When tomorrow came the darkness that was rolling up about him so thick and black would be forgotten.

When Bijie waked again the mountains stood out against a rapidly widening fringe of light. It was tomorrow. Back at his home the fire was leaping in the chimney's big throat; the children tumbling out of their beds like birds from an overfull nest. Presently, as it grew lighter, the Joyners' cow would come down from the mountain pasture, and go by, lowing and clanking her bells merrily. There was no cow at Bijie's home. They were too poor for such a luxury. But the big old speckled hen would fly down from her roost in the pine-tree, and the little red buntie would come out from under the lean-to, leading her brood of hungry chickens, and followed by the lazy old dog.

Quite without warning something fell with a dull little thud into Bijie's heart. He didn't know the name of the aching thing that had settled there; he only knew its pain. He sat up in bed.

Outside, in the weird half-light the trees were swaying. Why—they were beckoning. They were beckoning to him—Bijie. And the white road was waving up and down. It was calling to him, too.

Bijie gave a little gasp. His heart began to swell. How it swelled! Maybe it was going to burst.

Bijie's bare feet struck the floor with a thud. He knew why his heart hurt, knew why the trees called, why the road called.

He was coming—coming in answer to the call.

A sudden dismay overspread his face. He couldn't answer that call. He was going to the city to learn readin' and writin' and geogerphy. Banjo Branch's rippling waters would laugh out, but never again because he splashed through them. The birds would sing as if they meant to split their throats, but he would not hear them. When the sun lay hot and bright on the shoulders of the great hills, and the shadows made by a flying bird and drifting cloud passed over them, he wouldn't be there to see.

Wouldn't he! With masculine contempt for such feminine idiocy, Bijie flung off the lacy negligee Miss Carmichael had put on him. Miss Carmichael hadn't known what to put on him. She had no previous knowledge of little boys unacquainted with night clothes.

His lean little body fairly flung itself into his clothes. Fully dressed, carpet-bag in hand, he stood in the doorway that led from his room to hers. She had left it open.

She was asleep. Her hair was tumbled about her face. Her soft white breast was rising and falling under its burden of lace. Her hand, the one that was covered with shiny rings, lay on the coverlid. She looked very beautiful. Bijie's mother was not beautiful when she slept. The yearning of the night before overtook Bijie again. If he only dared!

Bijie dropped the carpet-bag and crept into the room stealthily. His heavy shoes made no sound on the soft rugs. He dropped down beside her. For one delicious moment his cheek lay on the soft, cool fingers. He tried to breathe their perfume down deep into his laboring little breast where so many emotions fought for mastery. He didn't want to leave her. Oh, he didn't want to leave her!

He uttered the softest little cry of pain, but it reached her. Her eyes fluttered open. Bijie hardly breathed.

If he kept very still she would think it was a dream and go back to sleep. But maybe, maybe, when she waked she would know.

Her eyes fluttered shut again.

Bijie slipped back across the floor and picked up the old carpet-bag. He climbed through the open window and dropped to the ground below.

The mountain woman was standing in the cabin's open door. Her hands, the toil-roughened, faithful hands that had served her children with a self-effacement that only mothers know, were clutching the door-jamb. She seemed afraid to let it go. Her eyes were on the long, long road that Bijie had taken the night before.

When the little dark moving speck appeared on the road, so bright in the morning light, the woman shaded her eyes and look at it fixedly. She could distinguish that it was a child. When it resolved itself into a boy, into a boy with a carpet-bag, she trembled.

He came nearer. The mountain woman drank down the vision as one who is thirsty swallows a great draught of sparkling water.

When the child saw the mountain woman he began to run. The mountain woman ran, too. She opened her arms wide—arms from which this year's baby and the last year's baby and the babies of other years had pushed Bijie.

With the little sobbed-out cry: "Mommie, mommie, I'd 'a' ben a scholar ef I could hev. But I couldn't stan' hit," he went straight into the outstretched arms.

The mountain woman tried to speak, but her lips would not move. She had put her face down on Bijie's face, and it was wet.

Far and near, chain on chain, towering tier on towering tier, dazzling in the morning light, the mountains hung against the sky,—the mountains that shut the two in from the strange, big world.—By Sara Lindsay Coleman, in the *Delineator*.

Where the Patch Belongs.

A New Englander had occasion to engage a gardener. One morning two applicants appeared, one a decidedly decent looking man and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation the man of the house chose the latter applicant.

A friend who was present evinced surprise at the selection, asking:

"Has that man ever worked for you before?"

"No," replied the other. "In fact, I never saw either of them until today."

"Then why did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face."

"Face!" exclaimed the proprietor of the place in disgust. "Let me tell you that when you pick out a gardener you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees, you want him. If the patch is on the seat of his trousers, you don't."—*Success Magazine.*

Raising Chickens.

Little Girl—Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen of eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen.

Neighbor—So you've got a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens.

Little Girl—No, ma'am; we don't, but Mrs. Smith's going to lend us a hen that's going to set, an' ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves.

——Alice—I hear your husband is going to have an automobile?

Eva—That's something I wouldn't permit under any circumstances. Mourning colors don't become me.

——"How do you suppose the English are going to bridge over this crisis in their parliamentary affairs?"

"Well, not by means of their peers."

——One of the keenest traits of a consummate rascal is a general mistrust of his fellow-man.

The Story of a Silk Hat.

In the making of the silk hat, that indispensable accessory of fashionable masculine attire, comparatively little use is made of the marvels of modern machinery that play so important a part in most of arts and manufactures. The construction of a silk hat includes five stages: making the foundation or body (called in French *galette*, that is "pie crust"), covering, shaping, sewing the silk plush cover, and, finally, lining and trimming. The body is composed of several thicknesses of very fine muslin which are wrapped around wooden forms (blocks) representing the styles of the season. The muslin, before it is put on the blocks is stretched on frames brushed with a solution of shellac in alcohol containing a little ammonia, and dried in the open air or in well-ventilated rooms, according to the season and the weather. The foundation, or body, thus constructed is varnished. It is as hard as wood, very light and absolutely water-tight. If it is thrown on the floor it will rebound without becoming deformed. In order to make the foundation exactly fit the wooden block, which is smaller in the middle than at the ends, the first strip of muslin is cut bias. The innermost layer of the top of the hat consists of satin or watered silk. To this the prepared muslin is applied in one or more layers. The foundation of the brim is made of two or three layers of stouter muslin coated with shellac, which are pressed together and smoothed by a machine which consists essentially of two cast-iron rollers mounted on a heavy iron frame and heated by gas. This machine is rolled several times over the still flat brim foundation to which it gives the required stiffness. The brim is then clamped between a wooden plank and a zinc plate, in each of which is a hole slightly larger than the inside of the finished hat, and the inner edge of the brim which projects beyond the plank and zinc plate is bent at right angles by the application of a hot iron of peculiar shape and timmed with knives to remove the irregularities produced by this operation. The short tube thus formed inside of the brim foundation is fitted to the foundation of the crown and the two are fastened together by the application of a hot iron, the hatmaker's most important tool. Than the entire body receives another coat of varnish and, after drying, it is ready to be covered with silk plush.

The covering is in two pieces, a circle and a rhomboid. The illustration shows a girl tracing the outlines with chalk on the back of the plush and another girl cutting out the pieces. A skillful needlewoman then sews the pieces together, for the seams must not show in the finished hat. The plush is stretched tightly and the nap is brushed over the seams.

In the operation of covering the hat, cashmere is glued on the lower side of the brim and silk plush on the upper side. Then the wooden block already used, which is composed of five sections, is wrapped with cotton wadding and forced into the hat body and smoothed and made to adhere by the application of a wire brush, a damp sponge, and a hot iron. Then comes the most difficult and delicate task of all, the joining of the side to the brim by an invisible seam. The entire surface is again dampened and ironed and the hat is placed on a lathe and polished with a strip of velvet, which cleans the plush perfectly and gives it a brilliant gloss.

The inequalities in the crown caused by the five parted form on which it was forced are removed by placing it and turning it on a gallows-shaped heated iron tool, an operation which requires great strength as well as skill and taste. The crown is now covered with paper to protect the surface and the flat brim is molded to the desired form and slightly curled. The edge of the brim is then sharpened with knife and plane, covered with silk braid and finally shaped to suit the particular style desired or the taste of the wearer, if it has been made to order. The final operation, performed by girls, is the insertion of the leather sweat band and the silk lining.

The silk hat of the twentieth century can defy the elements. It is less ornate than its ancient prototype of soft felt garnished with plumes, but it is far lighter and more durable.

Cost of Laying Dust.

The Road Protection League, which has been formed in Europe for the purpose of promoting different questions relating to the suppression of dust and the tarring of roads, recently held a meeting at Paris. M. Guglielmenetti, the secretary of the league and a leading authority on such matters, made some interesting statements on the question of applying liquid matter on the roads. According to the official reports of the government engineers of the city of Paris, the Department of the Seine and other districts, the four years test of the new tarring system has given excellent results from every standpoint and quite justifies the expense. The latter is estimated at $0.03 to $0.04 per square yard. On a main avenue of the town of Melun among others, the annual economy resulting from the tarring process has been estimated at $0.02 per square yard on the decrease of wear and at $0.01 on the watering and cleaning of the road, so that in fact the cost of the new treatment is not over what the untreated road would cost, and we have the advantage of no dust or mud. Besides the usual processes of preventing dust, a new method has been brought out by a French chemist, P. Delair, and it can also be used for laying the dust inside of houses, where coal tar cannot be employed. The experimenter had occasion to make long researches on the use of cholride of magnesium for laying dust. It can be procured at a very low price. As it is very deliquescent when in solution it is very slow in evaporating. Thus certain bodies which are impregnated with it are able to keep moist and thus will attract the dust and small debris of all kinds, keeping them down but without sticking. It seems well adapted for floors and also for roads on this account. Although it does not suppress the powdered matter, it gives it a certain density which prevents it from rising and dispersing different kinds of germs. A strong solution applied twice in two days is enough for treating a floor. After two hours the solution sinks into the wood. Then the sweeping can be done under the best conditions. The dust when raised falls again instead of flying into the air, and can be removed easily. In Europe the price of this treatment is only $0.0006 per square yard.

——A 16-year-old Hungarian girl, living in Denver, is said to be the only female maker of violins in the world. She has just completed her fourth, and all of them are said to be of fine workmanship and excellent tone.

——The board of trade of San Mateo, Cal., has named it "Floral City" and a committee has been appointed to see that it lives up to its name.

Next Primary Will be June 1st.

According to the provisions of the new primaries act which will be generally observed in the state, the spring election in this and other counties will be held Saturday, June 2, at which time candidates for all officers to be filled at the general election next November, with the exception of those nominated by national and state conventions, will be voted for as well as the officers of the various political parties.

The election will be conducted in the various districts by the regular election officers, who shall receive one-half of the compensation allowed them at regular elections. The polls will be open from 2 to 8 p. m. while all licensed places must be closed from 1 to 9 p. m.

The county commissioners are required under the act to provide the ballots and other necessary supplies. All the expenses incurred through the election are to be paid by the county, which in turn will be reimbursed by the state out of funds not otherwise appropriated and expended.

All candidates for county officers, including sheriff, register of wills, poor director and district attorney must file petitions with the county commissioners at least three weeks before the primary election. Each petition must have at least fifty signatures of qualified voters. The county commissioners shall have on file in their office, at least one week preceding the primary, open to public inspection, forms of the ballots which shall be used in each election district within the county.

The qualification of electors entitled to vote at a primary shall be the same as the qualifications of electors within the election district where the primary is held. Each elector shall prove his qualifications and his identity in the same manner in which electors in the same election in which he offers to vote are, or hereafter may be, required by law to prove their qualifications or identity, or election day.

Each elector shall have the right to receive the ballot of the party for which he asks. In the event he is challenged he shall be required to make oath or affirmation that, at the next preceding general election at which he voted, he voted for a majority of the candidates of the party for whose ballot he asked.

One of the changes which goes into effect at the June primary is "that no elector shall be permitted to receive any assistance in making his ballot unless he shall first make an affidavit that he cannot read the names on the ballot, or that by reason of physical disability he is unable to mark his ballot." Next year on account of its being a presidential year this primary will be held the second Saturday of April.

The Special Delivery Stamps.

Congress at its last session passed a bill abolishing the use of special delivery stamps after July 1, 1907, and providing that 10 cents in ordinary postage will carry a special delivery letter to its destination if the word special is written on the envelope. Many people have misunderstood the new law and as a result are mailing special delivery letters under the conditions of the new law with the result that the postal authorities can only let the letters take the usual course. Many such letters have been dropped at the local office. Notices will be sent to the subpostal stations that until July 1 letters for special delivery must bear the regular special delivery stamp.

Czar to Abdicate Says an Authority.

LONDON.—The *Daily Mirror* claims to be in a position to announce on the "highest authority," that the Emperor of Russia purposes to abdicate and that Grand Duke Mitchell will be appointed regent during the infancy of the Czarevitch.

For the past three or four weeks, the paper says, the events in this direction have been proceeding with lightning rapidity in St. Petersburg, but the secret has been well kept. The *Daily Mirror* says:

"Lately the Emperor's mind has given way even more completely, and he has shown himself incapable of preforming the smallest duties of his rank."

To Count $175,000,000.

Fearing that some of the $175,000,000 unsigned bank notes in the vaults of the treasury may have been stolen, Secretary Cortleyou, at the request of the comptroller of the currency, assigned experts to count the notes. This action is the idrect result of the robbery of the Chicago subtreasury of $193,000. The task will require six clerks and 18 expert counters two weeks to perform. There has not been a count for more than five years.

There have been only two losses in the history of this bureau. The last was in 1869, since which time there has been issued to the banks 3,000,000,000 without the loss of a dollar.

The Outdoor Boy.

Let the boy learn to hit the bright spot with a rifle, and if war comes he can hit the button on the coat of an enemy the first shot and does not have to be taught to shoot over again after he enlists. If he is familiar with guns, boats, water and the wild woods, he will be handy anywhere, and you can't lose him. Any boy who has got a father who won't do the right thing by him and give him a chance to love the woods and the water and the free, clean air that God serves free, when you get far enough away from man's city can come along with me some time, and I will show him how to have the time of his life.—Outer's Book.

He'll Get the Girl.

Tommy Rattles was turned down when he asked Elsie's father for his consent. The old man said that Tommy was a good boy, but lacked persistency.

What is Tommy going to do about it?

He goes to the old man and asks him for his daughter three evenings every week.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Reformation.

"Yes," said the reformed cannibal chief, "I used to eat every missionary that came out here."

"That was before you got religion, eh?" queried the new missionary.

"No; before I got indigestion."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Learning.

Soker—I won $50 from Bings last night playing poker.

Joker—Why, does Bings know how to play poker?

Soker—Not yet.—Lippincott's Magazine.

FALSE ALARM OF FIRE.

A Peril Always to Be Met Promptly on Board Ship.

It was on board the Northern Light, says Captain Osbon in "A Sailor of Fortune," that a false alarm of fire was sounded and disaster prevented only by prompt action. A passenger, looking down through the boiler hatch, saw the red painted boiler fronts and, seeing the flamelike color amid a cloud of steam, shouted, "Fire!" Immediately the whole vessel was in an uproar, and a dangerous panic was imminent. I was one of the underofficers.

The climax came when the quartermaster saw a minister of the gospel on the rail trying to lower the bow of one of the ship's boats. I ran to him and ordered him to come down on deck. The minister paid no attention, and I seized his coat tail to drag him down by force.

Perhaps it was an old coat, for the seams parted, and a second later I had the ministerial coat tail in my hands. He came down then. He was angry and was likewise a spectacle to look upon.

He started to call an indignation meeting, but most of the passengers had recovered from their fright by this time and were inclined to be merry at the reverend gentleman's expense.

He went raging to the captain, who summoned me to appear. I came, still carrying the coat tail in my hand.

"Mr. Osbon," he said, "what are your orders in case of a false alarm of fire?"

"My orders," I said, "are to stop it by any means necessary. I may knock a man down, throttle him or split him wide open."

The captain turned to the irate minister.

"Those are Mr. Osbon's orders," he said. "You are fortunate that it was only your coat that was split open."

The danger from the false alarm of fire on shipboard is second only to the real thing and is always a peril to be met promptly.

SPEED OF FISHES.

Tarpon, Shark and Mackerel Are the Swiftest of Swimmers.

When scientists desire to find out how fast a certain bird flies, it is necessary only to set up poles and note by stop watches the time the bird requires to cross the interval. The speed of fishes is more difficult to ascertain. Nevertheless, as the Saturday Evening Post explains, estimates have been made showing that the mackerel, considering its handicap in size, comes close to being the champion racer.

Unquestionably the mackerel travels sometimes as fast as an express train at high speed—say, at the rate of sixty or possibly seventy miles an hour. Other things being equal, the larger the fish the faster it swims, just as the huge steamboat is able to travel at a speed much greater than the little harbor tug.

Undoubtedly the energy employed by a fish of great size, such as a thirty foot shark, when traveling at its best gait is something tremendous. An ordinary tug, which represents a maximum of energy in a minimum of bulk, utilizes about 200 horsepower. Of course it is only a guess, but it would not seem to be over the mark to suppose that a seventy foot whale makes use of 500 horsepower when it propels its huge bulk through the water at a rate of thirty miles an hour.

A whale, which is a mammal and not a fish, might be compared to a freight train if the shark is a cannon ball express, but it can beat the fastest "ocean greyhound" in a speed contest.

The tarpon is probably faster than the shark. It is believed that a tarpon in a hurry can travel at the rate of eighty miles an hour.

An Interrogation.

While dining with friends in Cambridge, Bishop Phillips Brooks described with much enthusiasm a college service he had recently attended. "It was an inspiration to see all those young men singing so heartily. Especially they seemed to throw their whole souls into the hymn:

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?

Even Dr. X., the president of the college, sang as if he felt the contagion of inspiration." "Dr. X. sang that?" broke in an incredulous listener. "Does Dr. X. believe that?" "Oh, no," replied Bishop Brooks quickly. "He was merely asking for information."

An Act of Heroism.

On one occasion General Lee, while making an observation, stepped to a somewhat exposed position to secure a better view and thus stood for a moment at personal risk when General Gracie, who was in the party, quietly stepped before General Lee without obscuring his view and remained thus covering the body of his superior until the fieldglass was lowered and the danger over—a simple, quiet act, but showing cool bravery and a self sacrificing spirit.

The Limit.

It was just a plain lying contest, but the prize was to go to the man who told his lie most briefly and casually.

"I came in on a suburban train this morning," said the prize winner, "and as I hastily flung up a car window"—

—Smart Set.

In a Street Car.

Blodgett—You see that homely woman hanging to that strap? Foster—How do you know she is homely? You can't see her face. Blodgett—I can see she is hanging to a strap.—Boston Transcript.

This world belongs to the energetic.—Emerson.