Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., August 16, 1907.

"WHY, HOW, WHERE."

An ancient legend tells that once
Three earnest men before their Lord,
Awaiting stood, to know His will:
A preacher one, a student one,
The third—a timid, loving heart.

Unto the first one day there came
His call: "Go thou, without delay,
And bear My words where snows are deep:
Where day and night the icy hands
Of chilling frosts in bondage hold
The frozen earth."

The preacher paused
To ask the question: "*Why* should I
Go there, when harvests here await?"

The scholar also heard His call:
"Go thou and bear My message true
O'er mountain heights, o'er pathless plains,
Through rivers deep and swift, where I
Thy paths may choose."

The scholar stood
To ask his Lord: "I would, but *how*
Can I go forth to bear Thy words
To regions which the feet of man
Have never trod?"

By loving heart,
So timid, weak, the Master's call
Was heard. "Go thou where cruel hate,
Where wrath of man doth bar thy way.
Fierce foes thy path oppose and wild
Their rage. Thy life may be the price
Of thee I ask."

Then love replied:
"I go, dear Lord. Show Thou me *Where*
I toil may find to prove my love,
And in Thy strength I gladly serve.
All, all I ask is life or death
For Thee, as Thou for me dost will.
Thine own I am and only Thine,
To be, to do, to go, to speak
Wherever Thou my life canst use,
In Thine own Name."

And legend asks:
"Which of the waiting three art thou?"

Providence, R. I. Ernest G. Wellesley Wesley.

ON THE BOTTOM OF THE DORY.

There was constraint between the men, else it would never have happened. Martin, hauling the heavily loaded trawl over the girdy in the bow, could hardly have been expected to avert it, but ready to Harry's hand was the oar in the becket placed there exactly for such a possibility. A quick flirt of a strong wrist and, bow-on or stern-to, she could have safely ridden out the sea. But Harry was not able, or prepared, for it. Even after Martin had called, "Watch out for the next one!" he was slow to move. Something must have been on his mind.

So, exultingly, the oncoming sea picked her up and tossed her, and far out were cast the men. "Keep clear of the trawl!" warned Martin when he knew she was going, and instinctively pulled loose the thwart as she went.

When Martin came to the surface the dory lay bottom-up, perhaps thirty feet away, and between him and the dory was Harry struggling heavily. "Take the thwart," said Martin, and tossed it to him. "And here," picking up the empty trawl tub from beside him in the sea and casting that also to Harry, although with each effort he pushed himself under water and came up gasping; and yet a light matter that to him who was a swimmer beyond the average, and who now, weighted down though he was with heavy winter clothing, jack-boots, oilskins, had but little fear of reaching the dory.

Between tub and thwart the weaker man rested himself until Martin made the dory, when, taking a turn around one elbow of the painter which Martin cast him, he allowed himself to be drawn carefully alongside, and being by then pretty well exhausted he accepted Martin's further help to climb up on the bottom of the dory.

"And now take the plug strap," said Martin; and in his voice was just a note of contempt.

And there they clung on, Harry hanging safely to the plug strap, while Martin balanced himself with widespread arms and legs straddling the narrow bottom of the dory's bow. Two hours they clung so, and still the fog held; and then the snow began to fall. Only once did it break, and then only as if to make a lane through which they might see the sun sinking in the west. And with that sun went down much of their hope, though Martin would never have confessed it aloud.

"One good thing, we're sure of the points of the compass anyway, now. 'Tis a northeaster, and 'twill hang on till morning surely."

"I'll never live till morning," said Harry, "even if I could hang on that long."

The consuming pity that glowed in Martin for all weak creatures dulled for a moment to the old ashes of contempt, though his "No, I don't think you could," was more by way of prodding the creature to at least a show of courage.

Bo-o-o-m!

"There goes the skipper with that old-fashioned fog-gun of his." Martin raised himself on an elbow as if to catch an echo. "She'll still be at anchor, and in the same spot. That's good."

"The vessel!" exclaimed Harry, and began to call wildly: "Hi-i—the Ariadne!"

"You might save your breath," suggested Martin, and again his scorn betrayed itself; "for she must be a mile to wind'ard of us."

It was not yet too dark for Martin to observe the expression of despair overcasting Harry's face. And dwelling on it all, the man's weakness, more of temperament than of intention, disdain again crumbled before pity. "Cheer up, boy, cheer up. 'Tis a deep sounding yet to bottom."

"Why, have you any notion we c'n save ourselves?"

"Oh, I don't know—a way will turn up, maybe."

"No, no, how can we? What's there for us to do if she can't hear us? She surely won't break out her anchor and begin to cruise 'round looking for us for a long while yet; not till morning anyway, for the very fear that we, too, might be looking for the vessel. And they couldn't have seen us when we capsized, could they?"

Dryly Martin spat out on the sea. "If we couldn't see them in the fog, a big vessel and high rigging, 'tisn't likely they could see us, a little dory flat out on the water."

"I thought not." Despair again spoke in the falling tone.

"Man, man, spare your lips if they won't shape o' themselves to a little word of courage. I didn't say there warn't any hope."

Bo-o-o-m! came over the darkening waters.

"Like a word from home, that old fog-gun, isn't it?" Martin had made his way along the dory's bottom until now he lay beside his mate. Possibly for five minutes he lay so, gazing out thoughtfully along the broken level of the heaving sea. "Ay, there is a chance."

The meditating pauses gave way then to more incisive speech: "Help me get off my oilskins. One hand at a time, and between us we can do it. And don't be so everlastingly afraid you'll fall overboard. There—there's the oil-jacket. Now the boots. Let 'em go. 'Tis no time now for economy—better them than us. Now the oil pants. There—the clothes'll come easier. Damn, but these wet underclothes—they're like another skin, aren't they? There now," and he stood up on the bottom of the dory, swaying easily to the upheave of it. "Br-h-h—but the air's cold. The water's warmer." And, dropping down by the bow, immersed himself to the neck.

"What you going to do, Martin? Not swim to the vessel?"

"I was thinking of it."

"Why, who ever heard of such a thing? You'll never make it."

"No? And what then? Will I be any worse off than you here? There's no chance for us to be picked off to-night, and the skipper won't shift his berth to-night, for the very reason you said yourself—he'll think we're looking for the vessel. And so he'll wait where we can find him, as he'll think. So, even if it clears up to-night, which it won't he can't see us, and so no chance for us before morning. And you can't last till then, you say. And there's one chance for me to make the vessel. Straight up the wind she lies, maybe three-quarters of a mile, maybe a mile."

"K-k-k—and if you don't? Like a speck you'll be on the wide ocean, tossed around in the sea and pushed back on the tides, till you're used up, and then—"

"Save your pity of me, boy. I'll not suffer like you here. I'll wear my body out—that's true. But no long fear to wear my mind out. I've known them that went crazy in straying dories, and we're not only astray but upset. I'll fight till I'm used up, and then, before I know it, I'll sink away like a child to sleep, and 'twill be all over, and I'll be gone where I expected to be gone before this—where I surely expect to go some day."

"Oh, don't talk like that. But, Martin, if you do make it? Just think, you might make it—you don't know your own strength. It's common talk, Martin, your strength. Will you come back to me?"

Martin cast the other's imploring arm from him. "Come back? Heavens, man, for what do you take me? Come back!"

"What do you mean by that, Martin? You will or you won't? Oh, Martin, I know what's in your mind. And I know what that'll mean to me? Before morning I'll be standing before the God that made me, and, Martin, I'm afraid. Martin, did Malachi ever hint to you of anything between me and you and Sarah? Ay, he has. I know he has. Malachi never did like me much, but since we've left on this trip he's hated me. He drew part of it out of me one night on deck, and I remember how afraid I was to pass between him and the rail for fear he'd take it into his head to throw me overboard. And he would, if he made up his mind to it, and no fear he wouldn't sleep sound after it. A terrible man, Malachi Jennings, and hates me. Ever since he saw me at Sarah's house before we left home this trip, while he was on his way to the dock to go aboard the vessel, he's had a grudge in for me. And that's what's between you and me, though neither of us has spoke of it, all this trip. Dory-mates are we, and yet like strangers. Martin, I'll tell you the whole truth. Sarah had promised to have me—in a way. At first she said that she couldn't make up her mind; but next trip in, she said at last, she'd have me if—if—"

"If what?" The naked man in the water rose up beside the other, his shoulders and back uncannily white against the dark sea, and the face white, all white but the staring dark eyes.

Harry drew back in alarm. "Don't look at me so, Martin—don't! She said yes—if she weren't promised to somebody else before the vessel went out."

"If she warn't—to somebody else." Martin repeated it slowly. "And," after a pause—"and she wasn't either."

"Why, no. It couldn't been plainer, of course She was expecting you'd ask her before we went out this trip. And I thought you would. And I knew you would if I hadn't been there, and so I took care you'd see me at the window as you crossed the street to come up to the door; and I laughing so, you didn't come in, but went on by, and she sitting in back couldn't see how it was."

"And she promised you?"

"Well, the same as that. 'If I'm not promised to anybody else when next you're home—if I'm not—I'll marry you,' she'd already said, not knowing that you had come to the door and gone away without ringing."

The white body sank into the water, and like a strange voice the words came back to the man at the plug strap. "You see our chance—the tide is almost slack now. In an hour now 'twill be setting to the southwest, and the westerly tide at its height is here like a mill-race—'twill carry you and the dory out of sight long before morning. But in the next hour or two you won't drift far from here, and I'll try and make the vessel. If I do, I'll be back with a dory, and we'll find you, don't fear. And don't get discouraged if I'm gone longer than you think I ought to be. I may not make the straightest course for the vessel, for, after all, she's a small speck for a man to be scanning the wide ocean for on a dark winter's night—and a man's head so low when swimming that he can't see too far. But they're keeping the fog-gun going—there it is again; but fainter, which means that we're further away than we were. They'll keep it going all night. Malachi would stay awake a week to do that for me if there warn't another soul aboard her. Malachi and me—we like each other pretty well, and I hate to think of leaving him. But I'm going, and in case we never see each other again, good-by to you."

With a great fear Harry saw the white shoulders slip away from his side. From the level of the dory's bottom he gazed along the sea, till he could no longer see the gleam of the white skin. He listened, and faintly he could hear the strokes of arms and legs kicking through the water.

Suddenly it flashed on him—it was all a trick! Why hadn't he thought of it before? Martin, a mighty man in the water, would make the vessel. And Martin would not come back. And why? Because he, and not Martin, had her promise. That was why. She would never go back on her word, not while he held her to it. But if he were lost, how easy it would all be for Martin! And for her, with Martin, there would be small regret for his own self dead and gone.

"Martin! Martin Carr!" he shrieked. "Don't leave me! Don't leave me here alone!"

But no word came back to him; he could not even hear the steady, powerful strokes of Martin Carr struggling with the heavy waves. Now and again the swimmer lifted his head and sought to pierce the darkness, but even from the crest of the rolling seas he doubted if he could have made out the vessel ten feet away. Rather to rest himself than for any other purpose were those little pauses—'twas a long road before him.

Onward he strove. In smooth water or on a clear night he would have had but small doubt of the outcome. Straight for her light he would steer then—it would mean only lasting it out. Even if he were hours on his quest he would have made it in any kind of light; but now there was only instinct for his course, and the chill of the water was numbing his muscles, even as the over-roll of the waves, which he was going ahead at all. Once he looked back to see if he might make out the dory and thereby judge of his course, but in a moment he realized how foolish that was. Certainly his judgment was no longer sound, which meant that his strength, like the tide, must be ebbing. And recalling the man on the dory's bottom: "Blast him, he's no good—he never was—and for myself I could've hung on till morning. Yes, and a lot longer, but now I'm in for it."

He battled on and found his brain was not altogether dulled. All the tales he had ever heard of men lost in fog and snow came back to him; all the men that ever went astray in dories and were found later, dead from hunger or exhaustion, or it might be frozen stiff, recurred vividly to him. And that man back there, what if he were—? Yet he was with no better—and a good woman to have him, and Sarah above all women! Faugh! What was right? that he should return and get him? Would he—if it was the other way about—come back for him, Martin Carr? Would he? Martin laughed aloud to think of it, even as he struggled.

Bo-o-o-m! At the report fresh courage came back to him. It seemed nearer. A long battling and it sounded again—Bo-o-o-m! Again—but what a long wait between! Martin could barely lift his arms through the sea, he was that tired, and began to realize that the end might be at hand, and with the thought all the stories he had ever heard of men drowning alongside the vessel flashed into his brain again.

Bo-o-o-m!

"What an everlastingly mournful sound—like minute-guns for the dead."

Bo-o-o-m!

"Fainter, that's sure. I'm falling off. You've got to bid higher up, Martin Carr."

Bo-o-o-m!

"Nearer, but no time yet to waste breath in hailing."

Still faint it was, and yet from out of the snow loomed phantom lights and high, vague shadows of phantom sails.

Boom! The flash of it was almost blinding, and the shock enough to deafen. No phantom gun, anyway. "God! I must be some tired," he observed; "so near and not to suspect it"—and lifting a hand he felt the side of the vessel. But there was nothing to hold to, and the sea threatened to throw him against her planking. Patiently he shoved off and made for the bow. And not till then, with a hand to her straining cable, did he hail.

To Malachi Jennings, on watch and somewhat worn with anxiety, came the first faint call. "God! spooks!" he muttered. "Spooks from out the black sea—if a man believed in spooks."

"Hi-i—the Ariadne!" a stronger hail, for to Martin by then the breath was returning.

"No spook that," exclaimed Malachi, and looked about uncertainly. "Where away the dory?" he shouted.

"No dory, Malachi, but a tired man wants a hand!"

"Martin, by God!" and he leaped for the knightheads, and there found him, by now clinging to the bobstay. Over the bow dropped Malachi. "A ghost, Martin, I thought it was first;" but no further babbling before he took a turn of the line about the white, naked body, and directly had him on board.

"Where's Harry? Glory be—God forgive me for saying it—but is he gone?"

"No, but waiting, Malachi."

"Waiting? For who? for what?"

"For a dory to be put over and pick him off. He's lying—so"—Martin's arm pointed—"a good mile—ten miles, I thought it one time. But call it a mile straight down the wind."

"And would you go back for him? For that chalk and water image of a human being? God, man, it's all in your hands now—leave him there."

"No, no, no, Malachi—we must do what's right."

"And what's right in this case? A creature like him to be placed ahead of you? He never was any good nor never will be, while you—man, leave this to me. Sometimes disillusioned men like me win hope of heaven by watching out for overtrustful men like you, Martin Carr."

Footsteps hurried toward them. The skipper's face broke into the yellow circle of the riding light. "What's it, Malachi? And what's that—a man?"

"It's Martin, skipper. His dory's capsized, and he's swam aboard."

"Man alive, how did you? And where's Harry?

"Gone, Martin thinks, skipper;" and to the tired man whispering: "Hist now, leave it to me," and turning to the arguementing group on deck: "Quit asking him questions and give him a mug of coffee."

"Sure, a mug of coffee—this way, Martin," and helped him below.

Into the fo'c's'le Martin staggered, and, his nakedness covered, dropped on the locker nearest the galley stove, and drank the mug of coffee they brought him. Before he had quite finished they poured him out another, and sat around and discussed the fate of Martin's dory mate.

"So Harry is gone? Well, that's hard, too."

"Yes, though I never could warm up to him; but when a man's lost it's different."

"Poor Harry! Well, there was a bit of good in him, too. And lost at last!"

Martin had been coming out of his stupor. He gazed from one to the other. "Who's lost? Harry? Who said he was lost—me? No, no—God, man, no!"

"What, he's not! Not lost, you say, Martin?" It was the skipper himself who grasped his arm.

"No, no, no! Over with a dory and put her straight for where I said and you'll get him. And keep the gun going all the time, never a let-up—play tunes with it. By that he'll know I'm aboard, and 'twill cheer him up while he's waiting. Over with a dory—quick!"

The skipper jumped for the companionway. "Slide a dory over the side."

"Ay, go straight down the—" but the reaction setting in, he leaned back with closed eyes.

"That's enough, Martin." Malachi was beside him on the locker. "You're tired, man—turn in. You told me how the dory bore. I'm going in her with the skipper and we'll get him."

Martin gazed blankly after the retreating bootlegs of Malachi, and rubbing his forehead and turning to the cook: "What was it he said?"

The cook jumped to his side. "Martin, man, you're all gone. There, you're staggering again. Another mug of coffee now. And here, tumble into this bunk."

The creak of the rope and block came down to them from the deck. Martin, about to roll into the seductive, handy bunk, hesitated, turned out onto the locker, and, gazing up the companionway, asked: "Isn't that the dory?

"Sure."

A splash on the water dented the tense silence below. "There, she's over the side, Martin. Don't worry—they'll get him, the skipper and Malachi."

"Malachi? Let me by. Stand aside—aside, man!"

"Steady, Martin. You're weak—lie down."

"Weak?" He tossed the cook to the fore-bulkhead and rushed on deck. Malachi was pushing the dory from the side of the vessel. "To wind'ard, skipper," he was saying. "Straight up the wind, Martin said."

"No, but to le'ward, skipper, straight down the wind—and to make sure, I'll go myself," and Martin leaped from rail to dory.

"Heavens!" snapped Malachi, "he's ruined the whole thing!"

"What's that?" The skipper half turned on his thwart. "What's ruined?"

"My pipe. I bit the stem of it off between my teeth."

"H-m—no wonder, and the way you snap those jaws of yours at times. But give way now, give way. Straight down the wind you said, Martin? Lord, but it's good to think I'll not sail into Gloucester with a half-masted flag this time."

Suddenly, he and the skipper rowing and Martin huddled in the stern, Malachi almost let an oar slip from between the thole-pins in an unconscious effort to slap his thighs as the thought came to him, and: "I'll fix him yet," he gritted.

"What's the matter with you?" The skipper, half turning again, spat it out impatiently.

As if in warning the drowsy voice of Martin came from the stern: "Fair play for him, Malachi, fair play."

Straight down the wind they found the dory, with Harry still hailing feebly from the bottom of it. They bore down with great caution, and when they were all but within reach, Malachi, who had the bow athwart, in with his oars. "I suppose, Skipper, with Martin so weak he can hardly help himself, I'd better lift Harry in. So, if you'll lean up to wind'ard, for in this sea a man being lifted over the gunnel is no small matter, I'll make ready to get him in.

"That's right, Malachi, go ahead," and the skipper hung up on the windward side as directed.

"And now"—Malachi leaned over the gunnel nearest the overturned dory—"now you'll have to jump into the sea, Harry—we daren't come nearer. Jump for me and I'll get you—it's only one plunge."

"Malachi"—again the drowsy voice of Martin from the stern, warning mechanically—"careful, Malachi."

"Oh, leave him to me, Martin. And now, Harry," his voice lifting, "come on."

"I'm afraid. Can't you get me, skipper?"

"Come on, man—jump for Malachi. We got to be getting back to the vessel."

"You hear what the skipper says? Malachi's eyes fixed themselves on the shrinking man in the gloom. "You hear him? Well, come on."

Over plunged the shivering man. One scoop and Malachi, reaching far out, with one long arm drew him under the flare of the dory's bow.

"Safe!" gurgled Harry.

"D'ye think so!" gritted Malachi. "Do you feel it—my thumb to your windpipe? I'll fix you yet—say it, say it, quick now when I slack up."

"Y-yes, yes."

"You'll tell the story of this night to Sarah? Say it.

"I will—lift me in—G-g—I'm going! I promise—so help me—G-g—"

"That's it, and to see you do it right—that's if you have the face to go back and see her again, after what Martin did for you this night—I'll be there when you tell her; for, blast your shivering soul, I wouldn't trust you even now. And after you've told it I know what you'll get—"

"What's wrong there, Malachi? Can't you lift him in alone?"

"Lift him? That periwinkle! Man alive—"Malachi heaved mightily. One long wrench, and from the clinging sea he tossed him into the bottom of the dory. "Like a fresh-caught halibut, ain't he, skipper. Only to carry out the likeness I suppose I ought to've hit him on the nose with a gobstick before I hauled him in."

"Quit your foolin', Malachi—you did a good job, though."

"Ho! ho! that's it—a good job, skipper. Yes, sir, if I do say it myself, a good job. A better job than you or even Martin there thinks," and loudly he laughed.

"Stop your foolishness and give way."

"Sure, skipper, way it is. But did ever you hear, skipper?" and loudly he sang:

"Oh, the gods looked down and the gods decreed
That if ever a good man stood in need,
They'd send a bolt from out the sky,
And the bolt they sent, O Lord, was I."

Ho! ho! ain't that a good one, Harry boy? Hah, what?"

But the rescued man only shivered in the bottom of the dory.—By J. B. Connolly, in *Collier's*.

How to Help the School Teacher.

See to it that in so far as possible the home conditions and life of the child be such as will tend to make him most efficient in his school life and interested in his work.

As to particulars, encourage him to always speak respectfully of his teacher; inquire into his daily life and the tasks which are assigned at school; insist on punctuality and regularity of attendance, as one session away from his class may seriously impede his progress for many days thereafter, and can never be fully made up; discourage all outside interests and entertainments which tend to impair his vitality or the interest in his school duties.

If he has home lessons assigned, provide such assistance and encouragement as will insure their proper preparation; require him to go to bed early and to arise in season, eat his breakfast properly and start for school clean and with all the equipment required for the day's work.

Give him good, nourishing food, instead of fancy pastry, candy and pickles, which ruin his digestion and retard his mental activity; insist on his having a good amount of vigorous exercise in the open air each day and a proper amount of sleep in well-ventilated, airy rooms; make it a point to know who his companions are and how he spends his time while out of your sight.

GRANDMOTHER'S MEMORIES.

Grandmother sits in her easy chair,
In the ruddy sunlight's glow;
Her thoughts are wondering far away
In the land of Long Ago.
Again she dwells in her father's home,
And before her loving eyes
In the light of a glorious summer day
The gray old farmhouse lies.

She hears the hum of the spinning wheel
And the spinner's happy song;
She sees the bundles of flax that hang
From the rafters dark and long;
She sees the sunbeams glide and dance
Across the sanded floor;
And feels on her cheek the wandering breeze
That steals through the open door.

Beyond, the flowers nod sleepily
At the well-sweep, gaunt and tall;
And up from the glen comes the musical roar
Of the distant waterfall.
The cows roam lazily to and fro
Along the shady lane;
The shouts of the reapers sound faint and far
From the fields of golden grain.

And grandma herself, a happy girl,
Stands watching the setting sun.
While the spinner rests, and the reapers cease,
And the long day's work is done;
Then something wakes her—the room is dark,
And vanished the sunset glow;
And grandmother wakes, with a sad surprise,
From the dreams of long ago.

—Helen A. Byron in *St. Nicholas*.

Lighted from Afar.

The harnessing of the Kern River, 128 miles from Los Angeles, Cal., and the converting of the enormous water power of the canyon into electricity is nearly completed, says *Electric News Service*, and soon over the miles of cables, supported on steel towers, will flash the world's highest long distance voltage, 75,000 volts. This enormous power will be used in and about the city of Los Angeles.

It was in 1900 that a hydraulic engineer inspected the Kern canyon and noted the marvelous water power wasting itself in noisy tumbles down the steep grades. The Edison Company, of Los Angeles, became interested, and the following spring a surveying party invaded the canyon with instruments and note-books. Soon followed an army of workmen, heavy wagons and tons of freight, machinery and building materials. The canyon was practically inaccessible until a road 10 feet wide and two miles long had been blasted from the solid granite shoulder of the cliff.

Camps sprang up in a day with cook sheds, hospitals, workshops, etc. A small temporary powerhouse, with 400 horsepower, was installed to run the air compressors, and hundreds of yards of piping carried the compressed air to the drills and other machinery. Fighting every inch of the way with dynamite, 20 tunnels, totaling nearly nine miles in length, were cut through the rocky walls. It is the longest tunnel system of its kind in the world. The shafts are uniformly lined with eight inches of concrete.

It was with the greatest difficulty that some of the heavy machinery reached its destination at the camp. One of the steepest trails was sheer and very abrupt for nearly half a mile and a huge 1000-pound sled was made, its runners shod with iron an inch thick and six inches wide. Onto it seven and eight tons of machinery were placed and men with thick snub ropes steadied its perilous descent.

The dam is 45 feet wide at its base, fastened to the bed rock about 18 feet below the level of the stream, and backs the water up for more than a mile. From this lake the waters pour into the intake and glide along the canal about 12 miles to the tunnels, where they are hurled down the steel mains many hundred feet to the gigantic impulse wheels in the powerhouse below.

Our Navy and Japan's.

In our Atlantic fleet we have now a battleship armada that could undoubtedly destroy all of Japan's navy were war declared tomorrow, and this fleet in striking distance, with its basis of supplies and its coaling stations handy.

But does any one doubt that Japan would instantly seize these stations (Hawaii and the Philippines) were this fleet to be ordered to the east? Then the advantage would rest with her, and in a ratio that cannot be approximated.

All of Japan's naval forces are concentrated in or around the waters of Japan. America's naval strength in those far off seas is not strength at all—weakness more than strength. We have out there a division of armored cruisers—four of the best of their type afloat and commanded by one of the most capable officers of the navy, Rear Admiral Willard H. Brownson. But what could four armored cruisers avail against the 13 battleships and 13 armored cruisers of Japan?

We have also in these waters a division of protected cruisers, four in all—but against these Japan could send 21 of an equal or superior type. Our five destroyers would be pitted against 53.

We have no torpedo boats in the east. Japan has 79. Nor have we any submarines out there. Japan has 7.

No one knows what Japan is doing to increase her naval and military strength. Great Britain as an ally of Japan naturally was the first to profit by the lessons of war, and although the building of her Dreadnaught was concealed as sedulously as possible, news of the construction of that great vessel was in almost every admiralty office soon after the keel was laid.

And while all of these were doing their utmost to find out what the new vessel would be, what would be her speed, displacement, guns and armor, a Japanese Dreadnaught, all unheralded, went overboard from a Japanese shipyard. And no one knows how many more Japan is building or projecting.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Japs Refused Work.

It has been rumored that Japanese spies have been at work in Pittsburg. It has been reported that secret service agents are watching the movements of several Japs whose actions have attracted suspicion.

The first reports came from Tipton, Pa., while the National Guard was in camp there. Colonel Frank I. Rutledge, of the Eighteenth regiment, declared that he issued orders that no Japs were to be employed in camp, and several other regimental officers issued similar orders.

It was reported that a Jap applied for work at the Homestead steel mill, asking to be placed in the armor plate department. He was refused employment. The same day another Jap sought employment in the Westinghouse works at East Pittsburg, expressing a desire to work on the turbine engines, such as are supplied from these works to the American navy. He also was refused.—Tyrone *Times*.

— No ill befalls us but what may be for our good.

The Faultfinder.

The woodchuck lived in a hole, and he asked the rabbit to make him a visit. Now, the rabbit was very glad to go, and the woodchuck did his best to make him have a good time.

The first day the rabbit said: "Mr. Woodchuck, when you eat, you always pick things up in your paws and put them in your mouth. Now, that is not very nice, because your paws might be dirty. I put my mouth down, and just eat it up." And the woodchuck, who was very polite, said: "Thank you, sir."

A little later the rabbit said: "Mr. Woodchuck, when you eat, you sit up on your hind legs. That is not the right way to do. When I eat, I put my front paws down." And the woodchuck said quite politely: "Thank you."

Pretty soon the rabbit said: "Mr. Woodchuck, when you are thirsty, you go to the pond to drink. Now, my mother taught me to get up early in the morning and eat the clover with the dew on it, and you won't need to drink. That is a nicer way."

And the woodchuck said, still politely: "Thanks."

Next day the rabbit said: "Mr. Woodchuck, when you go to sleep, you put your nose down between your paws and curl yourself up in a little ball, so you can't see anybody. Now, I lay my chin down on the ground on my paws, and always sleep that way, which is much safer." And the woodchuck said, pretty politely: "I'll think about it."

Next day the rabbit said: "Mr. Woodchuck, when you eat carrots you strip off all the outside with your teeth, and then eat the carrot. This is very wasteful. But I eat the whole thing right through." And Mr. Woodchuck said: "See here, if my way of living doesn't suit you, you can just get out." Then he felt that he had been a little bit rude, so he said: "Good-by, Mr. Rabbit, good-by." And the poor rabbit had to get out.—[Bolton Hall, in *St. Nicholas*.

The Fleck O' Gold.

There is found in the chasm of the Bite, in Wyoming, a curious little animal which is generally known as the fleck o' gold, though it is sometimes called the golden gopher. It belongs to the gopher family, and its burrow, which it digs very deep, is regarded as an unfailing indication of gold in the soil.

The fleck o' gold is of a general golden hue, which is very striking, but while its body is of a rather dull tint its tail has the brilliancy of gold just fresh from the mint. Naturally, the little creature is very proud of this tail of his, and he never misses an opportunity to display it. It is about three times as long as himself, and when he writhes and curls and twists it with a view to "showing off" it looks like an animated sunbeam. When he is tired he wraps himself up in it and goes to sleep, and then he looks like a solid lump of golden bullion.

Car-Window Botany.

One of the keenest pleasures of the railway botanist comes from his enjoyment of the massed color of great quantities of flowers of the same kind. One morning our train was running along through the level Jersey country; it was at that wretched hour of the morning when you have just taken your place in some one else's seat while the porter is getting your own ready, and you have that allowed miserable feeling that comes from a night's ride in a stuffy sleeper. In an instant all discomfort was forgotten in the sight of a wide salt meadow that seemed one mass of the pink swamp mallows. The gray morning mist was turned silvery white by the rising sun, and giving color to it all were the wide stretches of the pink swamp mallows. It was all one shimmering mass of misty silvery gray, sunlight radiance, and rose color as delicate as that of the lining of some seashells.

Crying Spells.

There are some women who have "crying spells," which seem to be entirely unaccountable, and are generally attributed in a vague way to "nerves." A man hates to see a woman cry under any circumstances, and these bursts of tears awaken very little sympathy in him. They would if he understood all the weakness and misery that lie behind the tears. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has brightened many a home, given smiles for tears to many a woman just because it removes the cause of these nervous outbreaks. Disease of the delicate womanly organs will surely affect the entire nervous system. "Favorite Prescription" cures these diseases, and builds up a condition of sound health. For nervous, hysterical women there is no medicine to compare with "Favorite Prescription."

A Thing of Many Names.

The Thames has been the cause of much controversy. Its name has been variously stated as Tameses, Tamese, Tamises (at the juncture of the Isis and Tame, near Dorchester), Tamisa, Tamesa, Thamisia, Thamesis, and finally Isis (where it flows between the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire shores). Thus, at Oxford it is still often called the Isis until it receives the shallow river Tame just below Dorchester, from which point it is called Thames. Historians trace this error to an early attempted division of the Latin word Tamesis into two words, Tame esis or Tame isis, suggested perhaps by the existence of the Tame in Buckinghamshire. The Saxons called it the Thames, ancient maps and documents designating it Thamesis Fluvius.

Where Salt is a Luxury.

Salt is the greatest luxury known in Central Africa. In some sections among the poorer inhabitants salt is never used. Even among the better classes, a man who eats salt with his food is considered a rich individual.

In some tribes where salt is not so scarce, children are so fond of it that they may be seen eating it like American children would eat pieces of lump sugar.

——He who relies on another's table is apt to dine late.