

JUST BEING HAPPY.

Just being happy
Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side,
Rather than the blue;

THE BOY TRAINED TO MIND.

At quarter of eleven the night express north, made up entirely of sleeping cars, and known up and down the valley as "Number One" pulled into Sherwood twenty minutes late.

Instantly the inspectors were gliding swiftly from car to car, tapping wheels that gave out a clear "all right" to the frosty air.

The last sleeping-car had hardly ground its way past the station, and the "monkey-lights" in the rear were still twinkling in the mist and shadows of the night, when, as stealthily as a serpent, a great black shape stole out from the side.

The shape was the larger part—twenty cars—of a train-load of pulp-wood that had been waiting for a clear track after the passage of the night express.

So softly and so slowly moved the shape that Mitchell, the night operator, heard nothing till more than half its bulk had passed from the siding to the main track.

But at Lakeville all was not well. Garner, dashing out across the tracks, found McFadden in the cab of his new Mogul, reading the newspaper.

"Where's the Kelsey, your fireman?" cried Gardner. "He's back at the bunk house eating. Why? Do you want him?"

"He's quite experienced in keepin' his mouth shut and doin' what he's told," the old man answered dryly.

"Now, lad!" said McFadden, and threw the throttle. "He knew the course. On the right lay the rock-ribbed hills, from the face of which much of the road-bed had been carved.

"Ye're not spreading it enough, lad," said Andrew. Lay it even, in a thin layer. Give it a sideways swipe as ye have.

Old Andrew's hand went to the throttle. Notch by notch he moved the handle up. The Mogul swayed from side to side, and struck the curves with a slam that seemed likely to shear the bolt-heads or drag the fish-plates from their grip.

"Hold tight, lad! Hold tight!" he shouted, suddenly. The engine reeled. The wheels on the outside of the curve ground and groaned and Donald clutched the front of the tank just in time to save himself.

"We're past! A straight run of ten miles, now, lad! Pile it in, and spread it even. We must get her before she tops Pike's Hill."

The boy, with streams of sweat furrowing the grime on his face, bent again to his task. He had not known that it could be so hard. He had never felt before that tugging of the breath, that awful ache in his side. But he kept the furnace door open and piled the coal in, and in the fierce draft sent the steam-gauge climbing higher and higher.

At every station there was a larger group of spectators. A downy valley had come the warning, and down the valley had also spread the ominous roar of the runaway freight. If it got by the rise at Willis, there was danger of an awful smash beyond, for there the grade took a sudden tumble, and the sharpness of the curves below would be almost inevitable.

Just before they reached Blair, the long, hungry finger of the headlight, stretching forward, touched a black bulk slipping round a point of the mountain. Again old Andrew pushed the throttle over, and again the Mogul leaped. When they struck the curve at the point, even the heart of the engineer for a moment stood still. The engine tottered.

On the right was the granite buttress of Lion's Head. On the left, a hundred feet below, yawned the black chasm of the river. And they were traveling sixty miles an hour. Fire streamed from the wheels, and a scream rose from the rails. But nothing gave, and they were by. Again the finger of the headlight picked up the dim bulk ahead.

"Put the rest of your oil on that waste, and throw it in!" cried the engineer. The boy jumped to the oil-can, and with his bar punched and spread a flaming mass; and on it he piled fresh coal, and stirred and prodded.

"Now, lad now! Before they turn back!" It was the top of the long rise at Willis. More and more slowly the runaway climbed and now by leaps the Mogul overhauled it. The freight was coming to a stop.

Donald dropped his shovel and leaped from his seat. Swinging himself out, he worked his way along the running-board, and climbed down on the pilot. His father's hand on the throttle was curbing the speed of the Mogul. Just as the great bulks came together, Donald roped the coupling-pin into place. Then he climbed back and took up his shovel.

Andrew McFadden reversed his lever, and by a long pull on the whistle-cord, released a triumphant blast. Then he turned to his son, and said, "Well done, my lad! Ye'll make a railroad man. Ye know enough to take orders and obey them."—Youth's Companion.

"Among the many people whose acquaintance I made in Richardson's rooms was old George Cruikshank. I happened incidentally to remark that I wasn't very well, when Cruikshank in his genial manner exclaimed: 'What? Not well? A powerful young fellow like you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk of being unwell! Here, let me see you do this.'"

"He sprang up, took the tongs and poker from the fireplace, crossed them on the floor like two swords and then, whistling his own air, danced a high-land sword dance with great agility and accuracy, keeping it up for at least a quarter of an hour. As he threw himself into a chair, somewhat exhausted by his efforts, he said, 'Now, then, when I'm dead you can say you saw old Cruikshank when he was over eighty years of age dance the sword dance in Dr. Richardson's room.'"

FROM INDIA.
By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Whole Lot of Queer Things and Queer Experiences. Enjoying Entertainments and the Kindnesses These People Seem Glad to Show You. Some Things One Would Rather Not Have Too Much Of.

JHANSI, OCTOBER 20th, 1912.
Dear Home Folk:
The weather has suddenly turned cool and one begins to think that dark dresses and jackets might exist some place in the world, although not truly necessary for one's comfort here.

Again the moon is giving us such beautiful nights and getting into the brains of the wrong doers about Jhansi. I have told you of the attempt to steal, or indeed the actual act of stealing all the food supply of the nurses, and now for several nights the miscreants have been trying to frighten the nurses by throwing stones into their "compound" and so well have they succeeded that those poor girls, who have always been shielded and treated like ten year old children, are simply panic stricken and tonight Dr. MacMillan and her dog have gone down to give what comfort and protection they can to Miss McClean, for she seems to be about as badly frightened as the others.

Monday night—Nothing happened to change the report, and truly not even a call was given to frighten the maidens. Today a superintendent of police was called in and he promises to keep all quiet and charming along the way—exit robbers.

I was invited to a very elegant ladies' house to tea today but either the native mind or else I, got mixed up as to the hour and instead of coming for me at four-fifteen they never came until after five o'clock and by that time both the nurse and myself had taken off our good clothes and gone back to our various jobs, thinking that they had forgotten all about us, when up came their "tonga" I was really disappointed for you see I am still interested in telling you how the natives live.

Tomorrow night I am going to a dinner and afterward a little affair at the club. I scarcely know I am not in America, so much gaiety seems to be going on—something nearly every night, did one accept all the kindness shown; but I am afraid I am growing tired of it all. The various phases of native life are still full of charm, even if the actors are not admirable and no longer form the background for my fairy tales of wonder. You remember how many wild and weird stories have had their settings in India; some day I am going to look them up and see if I can find one of those charmed spots I used to know through books.

These missionaries tell me that they love the native. Mother dear, can one love a thief, a murderer, a liar, a deceiver, a dirty race, and the most unclean morals I have ever met? Or, do you think that they may be so enthusiastic that they are in love with the missionary? You will wonder why I place social doings and native life at two different places. It is this: The British are the conquerors, and therefore the rulers, but never for one instant a mixer with the native, and even rarely sympathizing with them in any way. They are all, even to the Rajahs, looked upon and treated as servants, so that if you are socially inclined, you can find it within the military or the civil lines. But if you are desirous of studying native life and conditions, you must drop your English acquaintances and go to the other side of town, for in no way are the whites interested in the least. These nurses are, of course, exceptions to the above statement, as they have been raised from infants, in schools, and even their relatives don't seem to be in the "land of the living," and so no outside, or rather native, influence, has ever been brought to bear upon their lives. But even they have to be watched and pushed forward and made to do things until you almost feel discouraged with the little work accomplished.

Wednesday morning—I had a great afternoon yesterday. The natives whom I had refused to go to see the day before, sent around for me and after attending to my work I, with one of the nurses, went in the "tonga" sent for us, to the hostess' house. To my eyes it was a large, pretty white building, of the typical eastern style. At the doorway we were received by two women and three men servants; a piece of common burlap hung across the doorway as a curtain. The servants motioned for us to go in and I stepped into a bare room with a stone floor, nothing on the wall, a single native bed without any bedding on it, standing in the corner. I passed through this room and came into a fairly good sized court yard, the floor of hard beaten earth, two native beds, four chairs, a half dozen chickens and a table with a white cloth over it. Here I met my hostesses, three in number, all smiling, show-

ing their blackened "pou" stained teeth, and they had on a "chuda" (head covering) of some dirty looking muslin. The elder woman, the mother of one and the mother-in-law of the other two, had on pajamas, of dark blue calico, slippers, no stockings, and a shirt of some coarse, plain material. The others wore a "sari" wound about their bodies. We sat down to eat and through my interpreter (nurse) I started in to chatter and succeeded in interesting these women for a time at least. I was then asked if I cared to see their jewelry, and it was brought out in arm-loads. As things of beauty, these did not appeal to me in the least, but so unique and weird looking I have never seen their equal. I looked over each one, tried on the armbands and neck-chains, but the anklets and toe rings did not appeal to me; they were all heavy and cumbersome. They then brought out their beautiful dresses and as to coloring, truly the intense blue sky, the gorgeous green of the over-hanging trees and the dead white of the buildings were as nothing in comparison; the edgings all in silver and gold galleon, but none pretty like those shown me by the woman whom I went to see some time ago.

Having exhausted all these I was then invited to have tea and the white cloth was removed displaying an enamel plate with some meat cakes, another with rice made in native fashion with green coloring, horribly suggestive of cholera; eggs fried so brown and so full of black pepper that I did not appreciate the luxury; some fruit, a loaf of bread some native cakes called "chapatties" dripping with "ghe" or native oil, "meti" (candy) also dripping grease onto everything, and last but not least, good mess with boiling water, that much used concoction, tea. Well, knowing that these women never wash their hands and also that without a doubt the children had their fingers in the stuff as well, my poor brain went to work on the jump to find some excuse for not eating and I did some "tall bluffing" (that is slang but I haven't yet gotten back to normal after that effort.) I did drink some plain black tea, eat an apple and some other fruit while these women sat around and watched me. They never use anything but their fingers, and a horrid messy sight it is to see them feeding themselves. As soon as I could do so, I decided I had to go home and got up to take my leave but my hostess had me take my food with me, at least she packed up two plates, with her fingers, and tying them up in a black kerchief insisted that we take them with us. Leaving the chickens and children in undisputed possession I was taken to see their store house where, with great pride, I was shown earthen bottles galore, a few little tin trunks and stacks of clothing. After duly exclaiming at such influence I made my escape and was thankful when that burlap curtain dropped between myself and the last "salaam."

I got back to the hospital, making my round at six o'clock, and then came on up home. I was to go out to dinner and so went up to dress. The dinner, so I learned, was to be followed by a dance and when I got there I found ten men with but three women. Dinner, just the same old thing, went through with a rush and at nine o'clock we started to the club. I suppose it was a very nice dance and I must say the men were very kind to me, a stranger, but I don't want any more until I get back to you all. Such perfect bore I simply can't waste my strength on and would much prefer staying at home reading, or going to bed so that unless something very unusual is offered to me I have had the first and last of that kind of thing that I care for in India.

Another experience added to my list total, but such a bad copy of the home affairs I could well imagine it a nightmare, rather than an actual fact. I reached home about 12.30, although the others were much later. I knew I had to be up at six o'clock and the night would be too short if I stayed any later. Today I am a bit tired but otherwise very "fit" as the general saying is here. So you see I am standing India's heat and other things very well. It was very interesting to me—two entertainments the same day, in such a widely different social strata. I was thoroughly interested in both, from a contrasting point of view. I do wish I could see a little entertainment some other time, then I would be able to tell you lots of queer things.

(Continued next week.)
Why the Indian Breathes Through His Nose.
If you were to look carefully at a thousand Indians, you would find that nine hundred and ninety-nine of them breathe through their noses. Then you would marvel at it and say that the Indian has a wonderful physique! Not a bit of it. He had a wonderful mother, who realized that most lung trouble was the result of improper breathing, and therefore she made up her mind that her son would breathe properly. Yes, that Indian lived long years ago, but the Indian mothers forever after remembered, and ever after made the children breathe through their noses. If a baby started in to breathe through its mouth, the mother would put a bandage, a piece of cloth over its mouth.

In a dark night a traveler gropes his way along a familiar path, slowly and doubtfully. Suddenly a blaze of lightning shows him that he is on the brink of a precipice, having wandered in the darkness from the familiar road. What that blaze of lightning is to the eye, Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is to the mind; a revelation of unknown dangers and unappreciated perils. This great work on biology, physiology and hygiene is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN
DAILY THOUGHT.

"Tis the hand you clasp with honest grasp
That gives you a hearty thrill.
'Tis the good you pour in other lives
That comes back your own to fill.
'Tis the dress you drain from another's cup
That make your own seem sweet.
And the hours you give to your brother man
That makes your own seem complete.
'Tis the burden you help another bear
That make your own seem light;
'Tis the danger seen for another's feet
That shows you the path to right;
'Tis the good you do each passing day
With a heart sincere and true
That brings best returns to you.

Again, as Christmas time draws near, we see and hear the oft-reiterated admonition "Shop Early." Many, indeed, do heed the cry and do their shopping in good season. More, however, put off the fulfillment of their errands from day to day, until a sudden realization that Christmas is close upon them drives them almost in a state of panic to the shops, only to find the counters crowded and buying anything a burden.

And late shopping is not only a burden, but it endangers one's health, as doctor Neff and doctor Dixon have pointed out. And then the late-rush shopping is so unnecessary. Everything is being done to promote early shopping. The large department stores have adopted a plan of entering upon their December accounts, payable the first of January, all purchases made subsequent to the middle of November. In this way early shoppers are given the privilege of deferring payment for Christmas presents until approximately the time they are needed.

If unselfish motives do not prompt shoppers to buying their goods at least be influenced by self-interest to make their purchases when they may do so with greater convenience to themselves.

Fur hats are handsome and luxurious, but by the side of a black velvet, they seem to grow heavy and stiff, whereas the small black velvet hat is chic and charming. Either draped on a frame or put on tight, the effect is good so long as the shape is becoming and the hat is well posed. All hats cover the head, but the latter large or small. The woman of short neck makes a mistake in wearing a shape that covers the head even to the nape of the neck. From a distance she appears most unlovely, as though she were all head and shoulders, with no graceful "stem" between. We see views of these in Paris and they render the silhouette out of proportion and clumsy.

Crooked teeth in children are now coming under the watchful eyes of scientists and many evil effects are being traced to this class of deformity. Careful investigation of 50 cases of criminals confined in a State prison showed that 40 of the 50 were afflicted with irregular teeth, resulting in deformed mouths and in many cases hideous faces. This condition of the mouth is declared to result in poor nutrition with the resultant incomplete physical and mental development.

"Crooked teeth are bound to get better attention in the future," says one scientist who has studied the effects of this type of deformity. "It is true that irregular and protruding teeth make a youngster not only backward but morbid as well. People who are trying to help children, realize that they can get sympathy for a club-footed child much quicker than for one with a facial deformity, yet irregular teeth are bound to retard the growth and the development mentally and physically. Notice the little girl with bold tusks protruding and you will always find her at the back of the group. From a spirit of reticence she soon learns to shun the company of others and it is only a question of time when in many cases, believing society to be against her, she develops criminal traits."

With the new season's models the waist line has apparently ceased to exist. It has been lost in one way in the girdles and sashes of considerable width that frame at either side of the winter dresses, or hang down the back, and may be either long or short. Nothing impairs the modishness of the girdle provided it leaves the waist comfortable in size.

Pin Party Affords Much Fun to the Participants.—The hostess pricked out the invitation to the pin party on a card which she attached to her visiting card by a small glass-headed pin. After all the guests had arrived they had a contest to see who could put the most pins in a paper in ten minutes. Neatness was counted. The next contest was to see who could best make their initials in small satin pin cushions, which were given as souvenirs; all sorts of colored headpins as well as black and white ones were provided.

Next a clothesline was stretched across the room and each guest was provided with a clothespin bag, which was tied around her waist, filled with clothespins, and four minutes were allowed to see who could pin on the most. This was very laughable, and a prize was offered of a rollingpin for the most successful pinner. After this every one made clothespin houses with fences, and a paper of pins was awarded as a prize.

When it came to refreshments the napkins were fastened together with small gilded clothespins, croquettes made long and narrow and bits of macaroni in each end to make them resemble miniature clothespins. Hot cheese balls with the salad were perched on the ends of new skewers which the butcher provided, to make them look like hatspins, and the lettuce was pinned with wee safety pins to make a hollow cup to hold the fruit salad.

There were round fat cakes served with the ice cream, each holding an inexpensive but good looking stickpin. In a Jack Horner pie the hostess had concealed cunning boxes of hairpins for the girls, attached to blue ribbons, and pin balls for the boys, attached to pink ribbons. This is a very easy party to prepare and produces a great deal of fun.—Detroit Free Press.

Apple Cobbler—Peel and core eight medium sized apples, arrange in a baking dish and fill the space from which the cores have been removed with sugar. Make a batter with three cupfuls of milk, one cupful of flour and three eggs well-beaten. Pour this over the apples and bake until the apples are done. Serve with a nice sauce.

Winged Creatures of Borneo.

In Borneo winged creatures are encountered where one would least expect them. Flying fish the size of herons are found in all the waters, and there is the flying fox, the well known fruit eating bat, which the Malays call "kruang." They may be seen almost any evening winging their steady flight often at a great elevation well out of range of a shotgun. The flying squirrels as evening twilight comes are also seen. They glide down from one lofty tree to the base of another, up which they scramble to the level they started from. Wide expansions of silk between the fore and hind limbs act in parachute fashion and sustain them in their glide. They are of some size, but are quite harmless. The flying lizard is seen in the heat of the day in the jungle gliding down with a dash in much the same manner as the squirrel. But he is much smaller and it requires a quick eye to detect him. The natives kill him with a clay ball shot from their blowpipes.—North Borneo Herald.

Spiders That Hunt Fish.
There are certain large sea spiders two feet from toe to toe, called Colossendeis gigas, that live in the water and feed entirely upon mollusks and worms. The carnivorous wolf spider, an ambitious inhabitant of the tropical regions of South America, is said to prefer a fish diet, though it is not averse to eating mice, young birds and even snakes, resembling in this respect the theropodidae, or bird catching spiders, of India and Queensland, some of which equal a rat in size.

The Colossendeis is the most formidable specimen of the spider family, measuring six inches around the body and possessing twelve long, hairy legs, with which it grips its funny prey. It attacks fish several times larger than itself and after biting them through the back and stinging them to death gnaws itself by sucking the juices from the bodies of its victims.

Enterprise.
A well known business establishment recently sent out a circular to the trade with which it has dealings announcing the death of the head of the firm. To the astonishment of the firm, there was received from a printing house the following reply to the circular: "Gentlemen—it is with deep regret that we learn by your circular of recent date of the great loss sustained by your firm, and we respectfully beg to express our heartfelt sympathy. In this connection we observe that your circular is printed by Messrs. Blank & Co. We feel confident that had you placed this order with us we could have quoted you cheaper and better terms than any other firm; consequently in the deplorable event of a future bereavement we trust that you will afford us an opportunity to make you an offer in this regard."—Exchange.

How Caterpillars Build.
Many clever caterpillars which dwell habitually in company build a common nest for the common benefit. Of these is the famous American tent caterpillar. The tents are really nests of silk spun among leaves and twigs. In them the caterpillars dwell when young, and to them they resort for shelter in rainy weather even when larger grown. Allied species which pass through the winter in the caterpillar state construct winter sleeping quarters which the bookish folk call hibernacula. These are often conspicuous among the branches during the cold months of the year. If torn open they reveal a surprising thickness of spun silk, forming a dense nonconductive wall. At the center of the mass lie from thirty to fifty tightly packed caterpillars waiting for the return of the warm weather, when they will resume their feeding.

Why They Quarreled.
"I hear that you quarreled with Harry," said one young woman to another. "Is it so?" "Yes, I did," replied the other girl. "He is a horrid thing. He asked me how old I was, and I told him twenty-one, and he wouldn't believe me!" "Indeed!" said the first. "Well, you should have referred him to Bob Yates. He could swear you told him the very same thing four years ago."—Detroit Free Press.

Where He Got It.
Teacher—Now, Willie, where did you get that chewing gum? I want the truth. Willie—You don't want the truth, teacher, and I'd rather not tell a lie. Teacher—How dare you say I don't want the truth! Tell me at once where you got that chewing gum. Willie—Under your desk.—Exchange.

Illustrative Dances.
"Dances used to originate from tribal customs." "Well, doesn't it seem possible that some of these popular dances tend to illustrate the movements of persons dodging a flock of motorcars?"—Washington Star.

How to Treat a Wire Cut.
Never let a wire cut on your stock go unattended. Clean out the wound with soap and water, wash with peroxide of hydrogen and apply a good healing ointment.—Rural Farmer.

Just a Suggestion.
He—What? Another new dress? That's enough to make me jump out of my skin! She—Why don't you try? Then I can have a belt and hand bag made of it.—UK.

A man's future is his own. He makes it himself every day as he goes along through life.