

But One Doesn't.
 One would think as one grows older
 One would learn a little sense,
 But one doesn't.
 Either from the force of precept
 Or one's own experience.
 But one doesn't.
 One perhaps is feeling "fit!"
 For one evening one is "it!"
 Next day one decides to quit,
 But one doesn't.
 One dallies in a poker game!
 One hopes to have some fun,
 One pulls one's watch as one sits
 down.
 And says: "I quit at one!"
 But one doesn't.
 One plays all night instead!
 One acquires an awful head;
 One would like to go to bed,
 But one doesn't.

One knows a lot of pretty girls
 Who think one "just the cheese!"
 But one doesn't.
 The one that doesn't's just the one
 One tries one's best to please.
 One is lightly let to go
 One would think that one would know,
 But one doesn't.
 —Henry Blossom, Jr., in The Spot
 Light.

BILLY'S WAY.

"Yes, Billy's just like men folks,"
 Aunt Harriet used to say. "He'll
 mind good's any horse you ever see,
 If he's managed right; but you've got
 to understand Billy's way."

At that Billy would give a decided
 nod of his gray old head as if to add,
 "That's true, Aunt Hattie." And true,
 indeed, it was. Billy's reputation for
 wilfulness was so well established that
 he was considered quite as much a
 character as Aunt Harriet herself,
 and she will be remembered in Cen-
 treville as long as anyone who knew
 her lives to be her Boswell.

You should have seen her as she
 walked up the meeting-house aisle on
 a sultry Sunday morning, waving her
 palm leaf fan and settling into her
 pew—it was next to the front one—
 with a long-drawn and very audible
 sigh. She was an old woman then,
 but she still loved brave attire, and
 the sunmer breezes fluttered the ends
 of the blue ribbons that encompassed
 her ample waist, and, lifting the red
 roses on her Sunday bonnet, waved
 them above the coquetish ripples and
 curls of an abundant brown front. By
 her own account Aunt Harriet had
 been a great belle and beauty in her
 day and much given to worldly pleas-
 ures. She used often to tell in the
 Thursday night prayer meetings of the
 "balls" she had attended when she
 was young and how she had often
 danced till the red gleams in the
 East made the flickering tallow dips
 burn dim and warned the merry-
 akers that morning was close at hand.

As she had added a hundred pounds
 avoirdupois to her weight since those
 giddy revels of her girlhood, it took
 no small stretch of fancy to picture
 her thus prouetting, and this doubt-
 ful feeling was deepened by the way
 she sat down. Steadying herself by
 the back of the pew in front, she
 would gradually sink to within six
 inches of her seat and then drop with
 a thud that shook the pulpit itself.
 But, as if she had not already taxed
 her imagination to the limit during
 the pause that was sure to follow, she
 would strike up the last stanza of her
 favorite hymn, beginning with:
 When, from Mount Pisgah's lofty
 height,
 I view my home and take my flight,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And repeating with long-drawn-out
 refrain:
 I'll shout while floating through the
 air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of
 prayer.

With such a very material Aunt
 Harriet sitting there before us, it was
 not easy to picture even her disemb-
 oodied spirit as "floating through the
 air." But it is the unexpected that
 happens, and one July morning,
 thanks to Billy, without "dropping her
 robe of flesh," or, in fact, without
 losing so much as a button from her
 new calico polonaise, she really did
 "take her flight" in so thrilling a
 fashion that it became one of Cen-
 treville's favorite traditions.

It happened during the summer of
 1878, an epoch always referred to as
 "the year the railroad went through,"
 for the building of this railroad was a
 great event to the little community.
 There were six trains a day, three in
 each direction, and when these trains
 had been running only two or three
 weeks Aunt Harriet decided early one
 morning to take her knitting and spend
 the day with friends at Brook's Cor-
 ners, a little hamlet three miles away.

Accordingly, she milked her cow,
 hurriedly ate her frugal breakfast,
 throwing a dish towel over the un-
 washed saucer and teaspoon, and
 started for the barn to "hitch up"
 Billy. But "hitching up Billy" was
 not a single act, as one might think;
 it was the culmination of a series, for
 when Billy went, like the gentleman
 in the plantation song, "he went berry
 sudden." So she began by running
 the clumsy old phaeton out of the
 barn into the side yard, with its back
 turned squarely on Brook's Corners.
 Then she put the whip in its socket,
 the carefully folded laprobe on the
 seat, a pail of buttermilk for the
 friends and her knitting work under
 it, and, at last, having thoughtfully
 surveyed the whole to make sure that
 nothing was forgotten, took down the
 harness and entered Billy's stall.

There he stood, munching hay and
 fighting flies with his futile stump of
 a tail, as obstinate a white morsel of
 horse-flesh as ever took a bit in his
 teeth, and, though so far from his
 colthood, still as full of fire as he had
 been in his best days. He greeted
 his mistress by laying back his ears
 and nipping at her sleeve, but she
 understood him perfectly and only
 said: "None of your tricks, Billy!"
 As she backed him between the hills
 she added, apologetically: "There,
 boy; never mind! It ain't far, an'
 you'll have grass for dinner, an' oats,
 too, like enough."

Aunt Harriet had been quoted as
 saying that Billy only needed to be
 "managed" to be as "good as any
 horse;" but his management was both
 a science and an art. As a science
 its fundamental principle was "Go by
 contraries." When Aunt Harriet
 planned to visit Franklin, which is
 south of Centreville, she headed Billy
 north, toward Brook's Corners; but
 if she really intended to go to
 Brook's Corners she faced him as if
 for Franklin. In the same way, if
 she wanted him to stand still, she
 would give him a smart slap with the
 lines and say, "Git up, Billy!" and
 Billy would brace himself as if to
 say, "Come one, come all; this rock
 shall fly," etc. But when ready to
 go she had only to pull on the reins
 and say, soothingly, "Whoa, Billy;
 whoa, boy," and Billy was off like the
 wind. It seems simple, and so it
 was in theory, but its application to
 special occasions was an art mastered
 only by Aunt Harriet herself.

There was always a row of interest-
 ed little boys on the fence to see
 them start; but this particular morn-
 ing the event was more exciting than
 usual. Billy had not been driven for
 several days, and Aunt Harriet had
 barely time to clamber into the seat
 and seize the line from the dashboard
 when, with a backward leer of one
 dim old eye and a prolonged neigh,
 he gave a lunge forward and, turn-
 ing so short a circle that the two out-
 side wheels were lifted clear of the
 ground, tore off like mad, strictly ac-
 cording to rule, in the direction op-
 posite to the one toward which he had
 headed.

It was a perfect day in midsummer
 and his driver was too content to be
 tried by his vagaries. The daisies
 nodded to her gaily and the bee hum-
 med in the sweet red clover. The
 men in the hay field by the side of
 the road were sharpening the knives
 of their mowing machine and a saucy
 bobolink perched on a fence post and
 "twee-twee-twee" at them before going
 off in a very riot of glee. Billy
 himself gave another little kick with
 one hind foot, and his mistress in-
 advertently said, "Whoa, there," at
 which he put down his head and ran
 till he was forced to stop to take
 breath.

"Dear suz!" chuckled Aunt Harriet.
 "What a fool you be, Billy." Then
 she leaned back and gave herself up
 to the pleasure of the ride.

Half a mile from Centreville the
 road to Brook's Corners crosses the
 railroad, and the morning train for
 Franklin was due at that point ten
 minutes after Aunt Harriet started
 from home. Whether she had en-
 tirely forgotten this, whether she had
 miscalculated, or whether Billy's spurt
 brought them to the crossing sooner
 than she expected no one ever knew;
 but it is certain that as she was
 jogging contentedly along, humming
 her favorite hymn and occasionally
 flicking a fly from Billy's side, she
 was suddenly aroused by a roar, a
 clanging bell and a shrieking whistle.
 She leaned out of the carryall to see
 what was the matter, and there, not
 ten rods away, its pistons pounding,
 its ponderous wheels grinding, its
 employes frantically waving and com-
 ing as if racing with them to see which
 would reach the crossing first, was
 the express.

Now, according to her own under-
 standing of Billy, there was but one
 logical thing to do. She should have
 slapped him with the lines, give him
 a sharp clip with the whip and shout-
 ed "Git up!" What would have hap-
 pened had she done so is a problem
 in pure speculation. As a matter of
 fact, she did nothing of the sort. In
 her terror Billy's idiosyncrasy was
 quite forgotten, and she reverted to
 the usual course of procedure under
 such circumstances—that is, she pun-
 icked him with all her strength and
 called, "Whoa! Whoa, there, Billy! Whoa,
 there! Whoa!" while Billy, consist-
 ent to the death, threw up his head,
 kicked up his heels, gave a triumphant
 flourish of his stump of a tail, as if
 to say, "All right, Aunt Hattie; we'll
 try it," and made straight for the ap-
 proaching train.

It was an exciting race. The Cen-
 treville was told afterward that one
 of the brakemen remarked, "I'll bet on
 the gray." But that is only tradition.

The engineer had whistled down
 brakes, and the speed was somewhat
 slackened, but it was impossible to
 stop the train before it reached the
 crossing. It was just as impossible
 to stop the valiant little nag; it was
 entirely a question of which was the
 better steed—the iron horse or Billy.
 It seemed to the lookers on as if they
 reached the junction at exactly the
 same instant, but, with a frantic leap
 Billy cleared the track so as to save
 himself. He was not, however, quick
 enough to take the chaise with him.
 The engine struck the clumsy old top
 exactly in the middle, lifted it clear
 off the springs, tossed it like a boy's
 ball and landed it, occupant and all,
 right side up with care on the soft
 marshy grass by the side of the road.

Only Aunt Harriet herself knew
 what she shouted "while floating
 through the air," but the brakeman,
 who was the first person to reach her,

told the Centreville historian what
 happened after she landed:

"I jumped," he said, "just as soon
 as the train slowed down enough, and
 ran back, all the while dreading what
 I'd got to see, for I supposed, of
 course, she'd be killed. When I first
 stooped down and looked under the
 carriage top all I could make out was
 a trembling heap of clothes; but
 pretty soon I discovered that the old
 lady was on her knees looking under
 the seat.

"Are your injuries serious, ma-
 dam?" I asked as gently as I could.
 With that she jerked herself up and
 looked at me as if I had been to blame
 for the whole affair.

"Yes, they be," she snapped.
 "Where are you hurt?" I asked.
 "Hurt? Who said I was hurt at
 all? I ain't got a scratch as I know
 on. I had three balls of gray wollen
 yarn, though, when I started, and
 there ain't but one here now, and that
 ain't the worst, either—it cuts me all
 up to think that after knowin' and
 drivin' im' more'n twenty years, I
 should be so completely upset by your
 puffin' old locomotive as to clean for-
 get all about Billy's way."—Orange
 Judd Farmer.

FEATS OF THE BEAVER.

**Ability to Cut Timber and Handle It
 —Busiest on Moonlight Nights.**
 It is wonderful what large pieces
 of wood a beaver will move, says a
 writer in Outdoor Life. I have fre-
 quently seen cuttings of cottonwood
 large enough for fence posts that had
 been moved over level ground and
 through underbrush to water several
 hundred feet away.

If timber is cut on a bank where a
 down grade can be had all the way
 to the streams much larger pieces
 will be moved. Beavers are very
 skillful wood choppers and seldom fail
 to fell a tree in the right direction;
 that is, with the butts all pointing to
 and never felling the top of one tree into
 the top of another.

Smooth trails are always made
 from the scene of the operations on
 land to the water and all of the material
 is carried over them. If the
 cutting happens to be on a side hill
 above the stream a slide not unlike
 that sometimes used by lumbermen
 will be made.

The cutting of the large growth stuff
 is mainly done in the fall and winter;
 willows, small poplars and cotton-
 woods being used in the spring and
 summer. After getting down the larger
 trees the branches are all cut off
 and made into lengths suitable for
 transporting and taken to the water,
 after which the trunk is cut up and
 as much of it removed as possible.

The bark of these pieces, which with
 the twigs forms the principal items
 of food, is all gnawed off in the water
 or at the houses. The barked sticks
 are then used in repairing or strength-
 ening the dams or stacked on top of
 the house.

Beavers generally work on moon-
 light nights only, and scarcely ever
 in the day-time, though they may
 sometimes be seen making repairs on
 a dam when it needs immediate at-
 tention.

Contrary to the general opinion the
 beaver does not always build a
 house for himself, being content very
 often with a burrow in the bank of
 the stream. As is the case with the
 houses the entrance to a burrow is
 under water, though sometimes there
 is an opening from the surface
 through which brush and sticks are
 carried for their food supply.

These burrows are sometimes very
 commodious and offer comfortable
 quarters for a large colony. They
 seem to be generally dug from the
 banks of a stream which is too swift
 to make the building of dams easy
 and which has a deep channel. A lone
 beaver who has been driven out by
 his fellows for some cause or other is
 very likely to make such a home in
 the bank of a stream.

When a colony of beaver is har-
 assed by its enemies or when inter-
 nal dissensions arise a part or the
 whole of the colony will establish a
 new home some distance away. They
 lose no time in choosing a weak por-
 tion of the river, where the banks are
 well wooded, and fall at once to work.

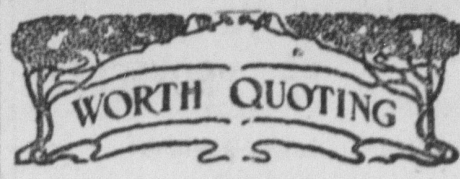
Where the river is rapid one of the
 slow reaches between the rapids is
 chosen for a dam. The wood is cut
 above the dam site, sometimes at
 quite a distance and transported to
 the water, where it can be easily moved
 down stream.

The sticks are placed more or less
 parallel to each other, so as to make
 a compact structure, and the contin-
 uous pile thus resulting extends di-
 rectly across the stream.

Mud is continually used to fill the
 interstices as the dam grows in
 height. At some distance up stream
 the house is now built, also of sticks
 and mud, in as secluded and inaccess-
 ible a place as possible.

In the days of our great grand-
 fathers the beaver was a resident of
 many streams and small lakes all the
 way from Maine to Oregon. He is
 now numbered among our rare ani-
 mals, and a few years ago seemed
 doomed to total extinction.

Recently some of the Northwest
 States have given him a certain
 amount of protection, and in favor-
 able localities of this region he is now
 increasing quite rapidly in numbers.



According to the London Saturday
 Review the French are now the most
 pacific nation on the face of the earth.

It is solemnly reported in the New
 York Press that "the King is some-
 times obliged to make a dozen changes
 a day, and he never puts on fewer
 than three suits a day." Talk about
 the strenuous life!

London Punch makes this joke:
 Good servants are becoming so diffi-
 cult to obtain that we really cannot
 blame the American lady who disin-
 herited her son because he married
 her maid.

Secretary Taft says: "Greed blinds
 the trusts to the law." "Blinds" is
 hardly the word, thinks the New
 York American. The trusts see the
 law clearly enough to dodge it.

Observes the Troy Times: "There
 seems to be but two lines of political
 endeavor in Santo Domingo—the outs
 trying to get in and the ins fighting
 against being put out."

Says the Louisville Courier Journal:
 Farmers throughout the West, North
 and South are pleading for more la-
 borers. They cannot get them. And
 while the farmers' crops demand
 armies of additional workmen for their
 handling, New York and the other
 cities of the land are housing men,
 women and children in repugnant
 squalor. Instead of enduring the tor-
 tures, the disease and oppression of
 tenement-house life, these people
 could be drawing good wages and
 living wholesome lives in the coun-
 try. They would help the farmers,
 they would help themselves, they
 would improve the whole social and
 economic situation of the world.

Voltaire once observed that he was
 in favor of abolishing capital penalties,
 if the murders would only commence
 by setting the example. It is anomalous
 that in our highly-civilized com-
 munity the more heinous the crime
 the better appear the chances of es-
 cape for a criminal. A strict enforce-
 ment of the penalties plainly provided
 under the existing criminal statutes
 should be the sole reply to the never-
 ending agitations or petitions for the
 reprieve of those whose hands are
 dyed in blood.

Probably Dr. Alexander Graham
 Bell's special census report on the
 blind and deaf of the country will
 stand as the first thorough official ex-
 amination of the subject. With him
 the investigation of blindness and
 deafness is a labor of love. He is an
 expert upon the subject, and he has
 been willing to devote to its exam-
 ination an amount of time and trou-
 ble that no ordinary official inquirer
 could afford. One point which Dr.
 Bell has brought out will attract
 much attention. He establishes the
 connection between cousin-marriage
 and blindness. In 5 per cent. of the
 cases of blindness in the whole coun-
 try the parents of the afflicted were
 cousins. Of the blind whose parents
 were cousins, 25 per cent. were con-
 genitally blind, whereas among the
 blind whose parents were not coun-
 sins the proportion of congenitally
 blind was only 6.8 per cent.

The great world famine, which
 gloomy scientists used to predict, ap-
 pears farther off than ever, despite
 the steady increase in the human
 species. With nitrogen made in un-
 limited quantities, both naturally with
 the aid of clover and artificially by
 electric process and water power, the
 supply of that important crop ele-
 ment seems assured, in view of the
 asserted fact that there is more nitro-
 gen above every quarter section of land
 than is required for the entire annual
 crop of the world. Potash, too,
 exists in enormous quantities in com-
 mon rocks, and recent experiments
 suggest that it may be gotten out by
 grinding and profitably used for crops.
 As for the third element needed, phos-
 phoric acid, the great deposits of rock
 phosphates seem likely to provide for
 all requirements for a long time to
 come. The world will not starve
 yet awhile, nor will farmers go out
 of business.

The real virtue of riches is that
 they add to the picturesqueness of
 life, philosophizes Harper's Weekly.
 Millionaires and even semi-million-
 aires do a great deal toward brighten-
 ing the landscape, and we ought not
 only to suffer them to live, but to be
 grateful to them. Who would will-
 ingly miss the gay pageant down Fifth
 avenue on a spring afternoon, and re-
 duce the beautiful city with its glad
 decoration of well-dressed people to
 the gray level of the willing poor?
 No; the world is best constituted
 just as it is, with all the varieties,
 of people and all the varying scales
 of being and of dressing. Only let
 the man not yet doomed to being a
 millionaire realize that, like the pur-
 ple cow, it is better to see than be
 one. And joy, after all, is really and
 truly not to be bought with money,
 nor to be found in any distant corner
 of the earth, but is, in very deed, as
 the sages have known in all ages, the
 kingdom of heaven within.

No married man would care to go
 fishing if his wife insisted on going
 along.

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Tried in the Fire.
 The words of wisdom which Mrs.
 Hall from time to time let fall for
 the enlightenment of her children
 were always treasured and often re-
 peated. "You don't want to get the
 wrong notion about what makes a
 room homelike to a man," she said to
 her oldest daughter, who was soon to
 be married.

"Somebody once gave me a story
 to read, when your father and I
 were just engaged, that told how a
 young woman that married an old
 bachelor kept leaving a glove or a
 little piece of sewing or a handker-
 chief on his desk, so that when he
 came home at night and saw it there
 he had a sudden glow at his heart,
 thinking that his lonely days were
 forever gone.

"I thought it was a lovely idea, and
 I tried it. I'd leave my crocheting
 on your father's writing-table, or
 drop my gloves carelessly on his par-
 ticular book-shelf, and all such
 things. He always brought them to
 me, and he never said anything; but
 he wasn't a great talker, and I felt
 sure his heart was glowing just like
 the man's in the story.

"I thought so for as much as three
 months. Then one day he came
 bringing home that great brass-bound
 box that stands on top of my old bu-
 reau—you know the one I mean?
 Well, he came bringing that, and he
 collected a glove from his shelf, and
 a handkerchief from in among his
 pipes, and my crochet pattern from
 the writing-table, and he brought
 them all to me.

"Now here's a box," he said, "that
 ought to be big enough to keep all
 your little extras in,"—he said it
 pleasantly, but real firm,—and you
 see if having one place for all of
 them won't help you to remember
 where they are."

"All the time I thought his heart
 was glowing he was just bearing with
 me—that was all.

"If you want to give a 'feminine,
 homelike touch' to Edmund's be-
 longings you lay out his clean clothes
 and put in his cuff links, if you're
 sure you've got the right ones, and
 warm his slippers, if he wears slip-
 pers; but if I were in your place I
 shouldn't leave so much as a spool
 of thread around with the idea of
 putting his heart in a glow."

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