

The Upper Room.

In my house of life is an Upper Room,
A small and garnished place;
And there I dreamed in the misty gloom,
And I looked my soul in the face.
(O Upper Room with your dreams where I
Let my friends, unwept, go passing by!)

Once Love tried the door, and a child's voice came—
I heard it through my prayers—
But the door was barred when they called my name,
And the steps went down the stairs.
(And yesterday at the door I found
A toy and a rose trampled on the ground.)

And my prayers were heard, for with toll my house
Has grown, though empty, great;
And from my Upper Room I see
Crowds gather around my gate.
(From my Upper room with its dreams where I
Let the loveless years go passing by.)

I have fought my fight. Hush! they bring the prize—
I have run; I have won the race!
But I sit and I dare not lift my eyes
To look my soul in the face;
(For yesterday at the door I found
A toy and a rose trampled on the ground.)

—Mary Roberts Rinehart, in "Success Magazine."

Down By The Brook

By Susan Perry Peckham

Bob said at the breakfast table,—"Now, you know, daddy, I must be almost five years old, for I've been four and a half such a long time; and Dorothy must be nearly seven, and I want to ask you something, daddy."

"Well, why don't you ask?" said his father, paying attention.

"It's so important, I thought about it in bed till I was quite tired just thinking."

"For pity's sake!" said his father. "You can get tired thinking," said Bob, "can't you?"

"Yes," said his father. "What was it all about?"

"I want to know, daddy, I want to know if you don't think you could let Dorothy and me go down to play by the brook. We're getting big, you see, and it's Saturday morning, and we wouldn't go near that deep place below the little island. We wouldn't go down as far as the island, would we, Dottie?" And Dorothy said, "No, daddy." So Bob asked,—

"Do you think you could let us begin playing by the brook, and see if we would be careful?"

"No," said Mr. Mason. But both children looked at him without making any fuss, because they weren't quite sure—there might be a joke in their father's mind. They waited some time; then Bob said,—

"Couldn't you try us once, even?"

"No," said his father. "But"—Dorothy and Bob sat straight up and opened their eyes wide—"I'll tell you. If your mother would go with us, and if she would give us some luncheon for the picnic, I would come home before lunch time today, and the whole family would go down to that brook."

"Who-oo!" shouted Bob. "Hi! I never thought you'd do that!"

"Can't always tell," said his father.

"It's a grand morning," said Mrs. Mason. "I think that will be lovely." And Dorothy bounced up and down on her toes and grabbed her father tight around his neck. He stood up and lifted her so high from the floor that she didn't dare let herself drop. Then he said that he must be off, and kissed them good-bye, but called back, "I'll be here by twelve, sharp."

So when she came he found Dorothy and Bob waiting on the steps and their mother ready, too, and Peggie, too. Peggie was Mrs. Mason's Boston terrier. She was the only one of the party that had no lunch-basket to carry, too little she was, and too lively. Everybody in the family loved Peggie, and she loved them.

Mr. Mason had two baskets. Bob and Dorothy carried some of their favorite things to dig with and play with.

"Fall into line!" said Mr. Mason. So they started, Peggie didn't fall into line very well. Round the house they went and on past the stable, then down hill through thick grass with big clovers and with hundreds of grasshoppers; then over a fence and through a rough potato patch and a field where there wasn't much besides pumpkins scattered around and two men putting them into a cart. By the lowest part of that field ran the brook, the jolliest brook—lively, making a good deal of noise around stones, and bubbling and chinging—you might have thought it was very glad to see the family.

"I never saw such a good brook as this one!" screamed Bob.

"No more did I, Bob," said his father. There were big stones and little, and bushes with red berries; and there was every kind of pretty fern and things, it seemed, growing along the banks and even in the middle, and so many stepping stones that you could walk on them right across the brook in some places. And the sunshine was so bright!

The mother and father sat down for awhile. Then they all four spread out the luncheon; and Mr. Mason and Bob made a small campfire on a rock and heated things. They took some time over the luncheon; but Bob was planning a bridge in his mind, a bridge from the shore to a large stone in the brook. He told Dorothy about it, and she said she would help. And she did. They had splendid work working hard on the bridge. And what do you think! Just as they were going to call their mother and father to see it, Peggie came tearing back from a chase after a squirrel, and she dashed into the water and right against their bridge so hard that she knocked it almost to pieces.

Bob and Dorothy were so disappointed that they couldn't say a word; they felt as if they should cry. It was pretty bad of Peggie, but of course she didn't know any better.

Anyway, just then Mr. Mason came along and said: "I have a scheme. Let's make a double bridge, one part to go from this shore to the little island down there and the other part from the island across to the other shore, over those very fast rapids."

How they did work! Of course, you can build a much finer bridge if you have a big man to work with you. And Dorothy had some little dolls—three—with her. She often carried them in her pocket. When they finished the first part of the bridge, she put two dolls on it, walking over. So, when they had made the second part, on that she put the other doll coming across toward its friends. They looked pretty and funny.

Dorothy sat down on a rock near to the double bridge and the dolls. "I never thought," she said, "that we could possibly build a better bridge than the one Peggie knocked to pieces."

"Can't always tell," said her father. "Can't always tell, can't always tell, can't always tell, Peggie," sang Bob, jumping around with Peggie. When I was thinking in bed, daddy, wishing you'd let us come to the brook, I never thought about such a good time as this—course not. We never do have such a time when only Dorothy and I, or other children, are together. This is a dandy picnic, isn't it, Peggie?" And it was so the whole afternoon, right up to sunset even.—Christian Register.

SCHOOLING THE ELEPHANT.

From Jungle to Show-Ring His Course of Education is Not What Might Be Called Easy.

When the young, green elephant, with the assistance of two domesticated brethren, is brought by the mahout from the jungle into captivity, a powerful rope to control his movements is placed about his neck. When he is sold for training purposes it is necessary to remove this rope and fix iron chains around his legs immediately above the feet, in order that he may be more readily handled.

On his arrival at training quarters, he is delivered to the man who has been ordained to break him, and the two spend a few days in getting acquainted before school term begins. The first lesson consists in teaching the elephant to lie down. To the iron-linked fetters that encircle his legs strong ropes are attached. Each of these ropes is securely tied to a staple so that the beast cannot move an appreciable distance in any direction. When the bonds have been thoroughly tested and it is certain the animal is helpless, the trainer catches his iron hook in the elephant's hide, high up on his back, and begins to pull.

It seems the nature of a brute to want to do the opposite of that which he is requested to do, so the elephant refuses to lie down. Whereupon the trainer puts a little weight on the sharp hook. It begins to cut through the tough hide to the sensitive flesh and the red blood beneath. The elephant trumpets, then he squeals—for even an elephant can squeal—when the hook is long enough and sharp enough and always it is. The trainer pulls a bit harder, and maybe the blood spurts. The beast tries to break away and, falling that, reaches, murderously inclined, with his trunk for his tormentor. Each pugnacious attempt is met by an additional half inch of steel, for the animal must learn on the first page of his primer that he has never a chance to fight. Finally, when the pain becomes unbearable, he drops on his knees and clumsily rolls over on his side.

Similar methods are brought into play to teach the "head stand." The animal's fore legs are fastened so that he cannot move, and then ropes are tied around his hind quarters. These ropes are passed through a pulley overhead and, at a signal from the trainer, the beast is tilted up in the air until he is in danger of falling on his head, and naturally supports himself upon his trunk and fore legs. This is continued until he knows that, at a given cue, he must either do a "head stand" or suffer the unpleasant feeling of being hoisted.—Maurice B. Kirby, in Everybody's.

Col. David Brenner Henderson.

Colonel David Brenner Henderson, delighted to recall an incident which occurred when he was a lieutenant in the Twelfth Iowa at the battle of Corinth. He noticed a soldier whose gun was clogged so that it refused to work.

"You infernal fool," shouted Henderson, forgetting conventionalities for the moment, "here, why don't you pick the tube out with a pin, same as you do when you're shooting prairie chickens?"

The word prairie chicken, in the ear of this native of Iowa, sounded so good that it immediately brought him to himself. He at once cleaned out his gun and went into the fight. At the end of the battle the man who had cleaned out his gun had been shot in the hip.

When the two happened to meet afterward, Colonel Henderson said: "Well, old boy, that prairie chicken saved your life. If it didn't your hip."—New York Telegram.

MAKING A TIGER SIT DOWN.

Maurice B. Kirby Describes the Methods Used to Train the Beast for Show.

Fifteen feet of slack rope were permitted the animal as the trainer directed him once more to the seat and once more he failed to understand. Then the order to hoist was given, and as the men pulled, the tiger felt the collar tighten about his neck. His head gradually was lifted up, until his fore legs left the ground and he pranced on his hind paws. With the fear of strangulation and the instinct of self-preservation his brain became a mental mud-puddle. He beat the air with his fore paws,

whirled, squirmed, and wriggled, in a vain effort to get out of the collar that clutched his throat. Every movement of his body brought him nearer to the seat over which hung the block and tackle. When he reached it an assistant grabbed his tail through the bars of the cage and pulled him toward the little stool, while the trainer punched him against it with the iron bar.

"Swing him clear of the ground," he called. "We'll make him take that seat. All together now!" and as the men laid their combined weight on the rope, the big cat was hoisted until his hind legs dangled two feet above the floor, dancing a madman's jig. The helpless, choking brute fought the useless fight of a fish out of water. Had not the muscles over his throat been like solid rubber tires he would have strangled as he curled his body into a coil, trying to escape the weight that hung from his own neck.

With much pushing and hauling the struggling beast finally was landed on the seat; but the moment he felt support under his feet he leaped for the floor. He was met by the trainer, who walloped the sore, sensitive nose with the hickory handle of his whip, and followed this up firing the burning powder of a blank cartridge straight into the nostril. The tiger turned to run, but the trainer yelled, "Lift him, boys," and as the crew threw their weight on the rope the beast's head and fore legs were yanked down from the ground, and he pranced along for a few steps with only the claws of his hind feet touching the boards. When the momentum of his body had carried him clear of the floor, he swung back, suspended in the air, more like a life-less tiger-skin than a blood-filled beast of flesh and sinew.—From Everybody's.

Wholesale Markets.

New York.—Wheat—Receipts, 258,800 bush.; exports, 211,072 bush. Spot easy; No. 2, 1.06 1/2 @ 1.08 1/2 elevator; No. 2 red, 1.09 1/2 f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Duth., 1.11 1/2 f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, 1.08 1/2 f. o. b. afloat.

Corn—Spot easy; No. 2, 81 1/2 elevator, and 82 f. o. b. afloat to arrive. Option market was weak under pressure by May longs, and closed 1/4 c. net lower. December closed 74 1/2; May, 71 1/2 @ 71 3/4; closed 71 3/4.

Oats—Receipts, 7,500 bush. Spot steady; mixed, 26 @ 32 lbs., 53 @ 54 1/2; natural white, 26 @ 31 lbs., 52 @ 54; clipped white, 32 @ 40 lbs., 54 @ 59.

Poultry—Alive, weak; spring chickens, 13 1/2; fowls, 13 1/2; turkeys, 14. Dressed irregular; Western spring chickens, 13 1/2 @ 18; fowls, 11 @ 15; spring turkeys, 18 @ 20.

Butter—Easier; receipts, 3,776; creamery specials, 28; extras, 27 @ 27 1/2; held specials, 28 1/2 @ 27; State dairy common to finest, 18 @ 26.

Philadelphia.—Wheat—Lower; contract grade, October, 1.02 @ 1.02 1/2 c.

Corn—Dull; 1/2 c. lower. No. 2, for local trade, 85 1/2 @ 86 c.

Oats—Dull; 1/2 c. lower. No. 2, white, natural, 53 1/2 @ 54 c.

Butter—Firm; good demand. Extra Western creamery, 29c.; do., nearby prints, 31.

Eggs—Firm; good demand. Pennsylvania and other nearby firsts, free cases, 26c. at mark; do., current receipts, in returnabe cases, 25, at mark; Western firsts, free cases, 26, at mark; do., current receipts, free cases, 25, at mark.

Cheese—Firm; good demand. New York full cream, choice, 13 1/2 c.; do., fair to good, 12 1/2 @ 13.

Poultry—Alive, dull and weak. Fowls, 12 @ 14c.; old roosters, 9 1/2 @ 10.

Baltimore.—Flour—Dull and unchanged; receipts, 13,612; exports, 4,250.

Wheat—Weak; spot, contract, 1.01 1/2 @ 1.01 1/4; spot, No. 2 red Western, 1.03 1/2 @ 1.03 1/4; October, 1.01 1/2 @ 1.01 1/4; November, 1.02 @ 1.02 1/4; December, 1.03 @ 1.03 1/4; steamer, No. 2 red, 98 1/2 @ 98 1/4; receipts, 42,226; Southern, by sample, 93 @ 1.00; Southern, on grade, 99 1/2 @ 1.02 1/4.

Corn—Easier; year, 66 1/2 @ 66 1/4; January, 66 1/2 @ 66 1/4; receipts, 266; Southern white corn, 85 @ 86; Southern yellow corn, 85 @ 87.

Oats—Quiet; No. 2 white, 53 @ 53 1/2; No. 2 white, 52 @ 53; No. 2 mixed, 51 @ 51 1/2; receipts, 14,034.

Rye—Steady; No. 2 Western export, 83 1/2 @ 84; receipts, 5,415.

Butter—Firm; fancy imitation, 22 @ 23; fancy creamery, 29 @ 30; fancy ladie, 20 @ 21; store packed, 16 @ 17.

Eggs—Firm, 26 @ 27.

Cheese—Steady; new large, 13 1/2; new flats, 13 1/2; new small, 14.

Live Stock.

New York.—Bees—Receipts, 1,461; feeling unchanged; dressed beef in fair demand at 7 1/2 @ 10 1/4 per lb. for native sides; Texas beef, 6 @ 7 1/2.

Calves—Receipts, 116; veals steady; Western calves in poor demand and weak; common to good veals, 5.00 @ 8.75 per 100 lbs.; dressed calves steady; city dressed veals, 8 @ 14 per lb.; country dressed, 7 @ 12 1/2.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 3,488; sheep, firm; lambs, 15 @ 25c. higher; sheep, 3.00 @ 4.25; lambs, 5.00 @ 6.50.

Hogs—Receipts, 3,044; feeling barely steady; a few mixed State hogs sold at 5.60.

Chicago.—Cattle—Receipts, estimated about 6,500; market steady to strong; steers, 4.40 @ 7.75; cows, 3.25 @ 5.25; heifers, 3.00 @ 4.25; bulls, 2.50 @ 4.50; calves, 3.50 @ 3.50; stockers and feeders, 2.60 @ 4.65.

Hogs—Receipts, estimated about 13,000; market 5 @ 10c. higher; choice heavy shippers, 6.00 @ 6.15; butchers, 6.00 @ 6.15; light mixed, 5.40 @ 5.55; choice light, 5.60 @ 5.80; packing, 5.35 @ 5.55; pigs, 3.50 @ 5.15; bulk of sales, 5.60 @ 6.00.

COMMERCIAL COLUMN

Weekly Review of Trade and Latest Market Reports.

Bradstreet's says:
Continued warm, unseasonable weather and the approach of the national election tend to hamper distribution of seasonable merchandise, the purchase of any but immediate necessities and the projection of new enterprises. On balance, industry is slightly more active, some branches of the iron trade having increased forces, while building is more brisk; but, at the same time, drought or low water in various navigable streams tend to affect such lines as coke, waterway navigation and paper mills. Railway tonnage is heavier and current gross earnings show smaller decreases than for any time in the past 10 months.

Summed up, caution still prevails, but confidence is very strong, and, therefore, natural conditions, together with light stocks, should produce a marked degree of expansion after the turn of the new year.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:
Moderate improvement is indicated in reports of current trade from most sections of the country, with pronounced confidence regarding the future.

Although many large undertakings are held back in the iron and steel industry pending the result of the election numerous small contracts are being placed and specifications on old orders involve a considerable tonnage. Progress is slow, but, on the whole there is a distinct improvement each week, export business continuing liberal.

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THE PART WATER PLAYS ON THE DESERT.

It is difficult to comprehend the part that water, or rather the lack of water, plays in shaping the life of the desert. Mice and other small rodents, native to arid regions, have been known to live on hard seeds without green food for periods of several months or even as long as two or three years, and nothing in their behavior indicated that they ever took liquid in any form. I have hunted deer and peccary in Sonora in regions in which the only source of water was to be found in the cacti; even bands of domestic sheep reared in the arid regions, acquire a capacity for going without water for many weeks.

Man, however, is poorly armed against the rigors of the desert. A horseman may go from morning of one day until some hour of the next, in midsummer, and neither he nor his horse may incur serious danger, and experiences of this kind are numerous. If the traveler is afoot, abstinence from water from sunrise to sunset is a serious inconvenience to him, and if he continues his journey, the following morning his sufferings may so disturb his mental balance that he may be unable to follow a trail, and by evening of that day, if he has not come to something drinkable, he may not recognize the friendly stream in his way, and instances are not unknown in which sufferers from thirst, have forded streams waist deep to wander out on the dry plain to a grisly death.

Some estimate may be made of the actual amount necessary from the fact that the writer during the course of an ordinary day in May at Tucson, consumed sixteen pints of water. A walk of three or four miles was taken, but no especial muscular effort beyond this was involved. A march across the desert in midsummer would double this quantity. Under such circumstances, a canteen of less capacity than a gallon is a toy, and one of real usefulness, should contain at least twice that amount. The most notable example of endurance of thirst is that of a Mexican prospector, hunting for a "lost mine" near the old Camino del Diablo, or trail from Altar to Yuma, who made camp safely after being out for eight days with a supply sufficient for one. This experience is not likely to be duplicated soon, although it is reported that Indians often go as long as four days without water.—From "A Voyage Below Sea Level," by Dr. D. T. MacDougal, in The Outing Magazine.

No Chinese Alliance.

No one has been able clearly to explain how the United States could possibly hope to profit by joining hands with China. If Japan is bellicose, the big, flabby neighbor will be one of the first to suffer, not the modern, well armed, inexhaustibly resourceful power across the Pacific. If Japan entertains warlike ideas, an outbreak with the country which it is least likely to defeat in a conflict is not as probable as a breach with the nation which offers the richest rewards in case of a conquest and the greatest chance of victory.—Washington Star.

Power generated at Niagara Falls is to be distributed all over Canada. Bids have been asked on 10,000 tons of structural steel for the Canadian Government. The steel is to be used for towers which will support the cables used in transporting the current. Already power generated at Niagara is being sent a distance of more than 125 miles, and it is the intention of the Canadian Government to increase this distance, says the Scientific American. Towns in every direction about Niagara will be supplied.

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