"Now where is the man who will come with

me
To worry the logs and chop the key?"
The boss looks round at his sturdy crew,
And "Singing Bob" steps up with a smile—
"Pm 'most as sure on my feet as you,
An' I guess we can hustle the thing in style!"

With axe and peevy they run across. The little waterspouts leap and toss;

The little sticks twirl and the big sticks grind,
And Bob, as he runs, begins to sing.
With never a glance at his chums behind,
The key is found and the axes swing.

Punk punk—punk punk—despite the roar The chant of the axes beats to shore. The choppers' arms have a rhythmic lift— Fearless, as tho' they did not know That the river is mad, and the logs are drift, And the twisting currents snarl below.

The deed is done! With a plunging leap The torn logs start from their angered sie Aeross the tumult of maddened things Bob and the boss come sprinting back, As if their cowhide boots had wings, Or a running jam were a cinder-track, ecodore Roberts, in Youth's Companion.

Old Fransway's Hate.

Encounter With the Remnant of a Tribe.

spring of the lumber camps. Perhaps the general idea is that a little Indian the general idea is that a little Indian blood in a man means so much true hunter, or maybe the Indian will go for a little less than the whites in the business. However these things are, the would-be hunter should pause to consider the significance of this tale, remembering that Indians never change, and that back somewhere in the sixties lived one lone Indian, a mere remnant, who fought controls mere remnant, who fought controls mere remnant, who fought controls and the vested interests of great "parties" from the outside, because of an idea. The game was his; no white man should have of it or come to spoil it; not even the logging crew, who did not come to kill.

"An Indian 'll never show you the game; not if he can help it.

I had picked my guide, Snow, for his age and experience. He was a friend of the late Jock Darling, that famous character and once sinful dogger of deer, and the things he said about the woods went. Still, as he made this remark, I was considering the natural results of competition. Snow met my doubting look with the firm-jawed, solid contemptuousness of his kind; but on this occasion he condescended to speak out. We sat in the public room of the road "hotel" that surmounted a bared and windy I had picked my guide, Snow, for that surmounted a bared and windy ridge. Fate had shoved us in here on way to our projected camp, between an inexorable round, red, scoreling stove and the depth of an open window. And the weather was cold hunting weather, when the deer would

be out of their safe swamps and feed-ing—at their peril—along the ridges.

Back in the sixties, said Snow,
'I was a withy young fellow, and I've lived round logging camps ever since I could remember anything. I believe I use I a baby axe. After a while I had my spell at swampin' roads—swampin's the only work that's considered fit for youngsters and green-horns, because, then, it's no matter how the trees fall—and I'd become a regular chopper. And when, on top of this, I say I worked three seasons at river drivin', and kept hearty, you'll muscled young chap for my years.

"Now, besides this natural education, as you might say, I'd had a little schoolin' through an uncle of mine at Houlton, so that when the time came that a big new lumber company wanted to put a surveyor in the woods for em, I about filled the bill. That was a good job in those days, when the was a good jo? In those days, when the business was new, though I didn't do what you're thinkin' of. I didn't lay down lines, but I just walked straight into the woods and looked over the standin' timber, and I took it in as straight as I could with my eye, saw what the trees would grount to saw. straight as I could with my eye, saw what the trees would amount to, saw how many pair horses and how many men could get the logs to water, and then I wrote down my ideas and my figgers to the company that was waitin' to begin work on what I said. This was the wractical side and it was waster. was the practical side, and it was easy larnin' the headwork, but I must say by the end of the second winter I'd had enough. A man gets used to being by himself in the woods though I've heard regular old sports, who'd been down here huntin' fall after fall. tell of nigh losin' their wits at the chance, as it seemed, they'd be obliged to sleep out alone away from camp. I had my little grub outfit and a blanket, and, of course, I knew how to make myself snug in all kinds of weather, so that I never had a thought that warn't pleasant till the day I met up with Fransway. It was a funny thing I hadn't seen Fransway before, as I'd been workin' more or less right in the country where he put in his time. Fransway was a character, a big Indian the biggest Layer was a might dian, the biggest I ever saw, a mighty man with a chest like a pork barrel, though he must have been old then, and with a bad, squinting eye. He used to be a chief, the story was, but the rest of his tribe were dead. Well, the day I saw him he never looked in my direction at all, just kept right along on his snowshoes—it was in Jannay—and got out of sight, I along on his snowshoes—it was in January—and got out of sight, I thought, in a hurry. After that hard-ly a week passed but what Fransway showed up somewhere to the east, west, north or south of me and my work, never coming decently near, however. I held on to my blanket in case he was looking for a chance to steal that, but after he'd been followin' me round a spell longer I made out his business was something different.
If it was anything to do with me, why
couldn't he come straight up and spit
it out?

Half-breed Indian guides are popular in the Maine woods. They must be as useful as the white kind one would say who saw the daily embarkation of well-equipped "sports"—every city man in the woods is called a "sport"—who take to the road with one of these dark and unknowable offspuring of the lumber canns. Perhaps and the processing of the lumber canns. some tree opposite, starin' at me, and mad clean through at the sight of my fire. I never noticed owls before, but

I began to get lonesome, and, well, that Indian got on my nerves. "Well, one day, toward sundown I "Well, one day, toward sundown I happened to see a big doe up with her flag not a dozen yards off, and I heard a shot, and there was Fransway followin' her into the brush. He'd been right on to me, and he didn't mind letting me know, or else he wanted that meat pretty bad. I swore some than I meda it a practice not to then. I made it a practice not to bring a gun into the woods with me. There was enough stuff to tote without that. But I wished then I could try a little bird shot, fired off at ran-

dom, you know, just to show I wasn't wantin' company.
"Well, about two hours after that, "Well, about two hours after tun, when I hadn't half got over bein' mad but was foolin' with my grub apparatus in a slam-bang sort of way over a smoking fire of half green stuff, Fransway came out of the dark and called straight up to me upinting his Fransway came out of the dark and walked straight up to me pointing his

gun. "'Now, Charley Snow,' he said,

'me shoot you.'
"He'd picked up my name in some loggin' camp, I suppose, and I thought he meant business. The fire was behe meant business. The fire was tetween us, and I stood up and looked
at him and his dirty gan, which was
no kind of a weapon God ever made,
I suppose, though I knew it could do
for me. I looked him straight in the
eye, and I talked fast. What was he
going to kill me for, I said.
"You come here and spoil my
game. Me shoot you."
"I told him I didn't want his game,
and I askod him what he'd been fol-

and I asked him what he'd been fol-lowin' me 'round for if he couldn't see

that.

No, but you bring men here and spoil my

eut down all my trees and spoil my game. Now, me shoot you.'
"That Indian had it in for me; his "That Indian had it in for me; nis face was just loaded down with spite; he'd been savin' it up all these weeks. I kept talking, and Fransway said: 'My game, my game,' and meanwhile I tried edging round the fire a little. I mistrusted his eyesight wasn't good. Then the smoke from my fire whirled round the way it will in the woods found the way it will in the woods where there's never any steady place for the wind to blow, but just a sort of corkscrew current, and the smoke took him right in the face, and I jumped for him. We both went down, and Fransway's snowshoes held him so that I not away and graphed up his so that I got away and grabbed up his

gun. I was tickled, you bet, and said:
'Now, Fransway, me shoot you.'
Fransway worked himself to his
feet sulkily, and then stood still, with-

out saying anything.
"'S'pose we let you go, Fransway,'
I said, 'will you promise not to bother me again; keep away from me—under stand?

"Fransway thought a long time. Then be said:

"'Me not shoot you now. an everlasting heap of trouble, I ga him his gun and let him go, and fol-lowed him, quartering down the ridge to see him steering for a cedar bog he'd have to cross to get out of my neighborhood.

"Well, before winter they'd run a 'tole road all through that country—
a 'tole road's used for haulin' supplies to loggin' camps, and it has to be a little better than the ordinary kind in those woods—and my parties had be-gun to log all over the place where Fransway said the game was his, I thought he must have taken a fit and kicked the bucket, but it wasn't long before I saw him right after me, ap-parently not a bit discouraged. There was a pond between us, and I made for the new road house, where I struck up with a crowd, and we waited to see what he'd do. Pretty soon he came right in and squinted round the room, trying to pick me out. He was a bigger man than any of us, but all drawn down with old age, and his heart was broken. Quick as a wink the art was broken. Quick as a wink the boss had him a good hot supper ready. I don't think there was a magin the place—and they were a hard lot, too—but was sorry for Fransway. I slapped him on the back and led him up to his treat. Fransway never made a sign, he saw that the grandways are the same that the grandways are the gra a sign; he saw that the crowd was too much for him. The next month a party of sports found him dead in a

cedar swamp. "Now, I never forget that business "To began to think some then. I'd the world so jealous as an Indian no sconer get fixed for the night in some nice hollow with some boughs Every old trapper will tell you so."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Cats are known sometimes to have tuberculosis, and that they have in many cases been carriers of diphthe-ria and other of the ordinary infec-tions directly and indirectly, is more than suspected.

The advantages of cordite, the new The advantages of cordite, the new explosive, were recently shown in England, where the factory manufacturing it was burned to the ground. The fire, which was supposed to be of incendiary origin, totally destroyed the works, and but one man was injured, no serious explosion resulting, as would have been the case in the manufacture of the supposed o ufacture of gunpowder.

"Heat accumulators" are claimed "Heat accumulators" are claimed to save 15 to 20 per cent. in the fuel consumption of locomotives on a Russian railway, while the weight of trains has been increased by a similar percentage. A water-filled steel reservoir of about 330 gallons is placed over the boiler, and is heated by the steam not used to drive the engine. All feed-water passes through it.

The terrible explosion that occurred as the terrible explosion that occurred some months ago in a chlorate of potash factory at St. Helens, England, has been a subject of careful investigation. No previous explosion of chlorate of potash could be found on record, but experiment proves that the salt is liable to explode when the temperature is raised very rapidly, and sudden heat is the only probable cause suggested for the St. Helens disaster.

For many years efforts have been made from time to time to measure the heat radiated from some of the brightest stars. The most successful attempt appears to be that of Professor Nichols at the Yerkes observatory. With the aid of an apparatus recalling the principle of the Crookes radiometer, he has ascertained that the star Vega, which shines very brilliantly near the zenith in midsummer evenings, sends to the earth an amount evenings, sends to the earth an amount of heat equal to that of an ordinary candle 6 miles distant. Arcturus, the star celebrated by Job, and which has a somewhat fiery color, radiates about twice as much heat as Vega.

Perhaps the most remarkable features in the Kivu region in Central Africa are the volcanoes, which lie around it at some little distance to the north. Rising from the lofty plateau here there seems to be three main volcanic mountains, on one of which are two craters, both in a state of greater or less activity. One of these craters is distinctly active, and according to native report there was a violent eruption some three years ago. However this may be, the whole country is cov-ered with lava, and has been described as a most horrible and impassable country—a combination of broken-up laya of impracticable hills, and of impenetrable bush, the latter swarming with elephants which it is impossible to get at.

OUR GREAT FARMING INDUSTRY \$16,000,000,000 Capital Invested and

8,466,365 Workers Engaged.
Professor John F. Crowell of New Professor John F. Crowell of New York testified resently before the industrial commission, Washington, on the general subject of agriculture and the distribution of agricultural products. In a review of agricultural conditions in the United States he cited the Dutch farmer of southern Pennsylvania as a striking example of the successful small operator. He held sylvania as a striking example of the successful small operator. He held that the Scandinavian immigrant was more successful than his American confrere because of instinctive fringalcontrere because of instructive frugality and farm economy bred in his bones, and said that training schools intended to develop untrained and unskilled youth into farmers on a small scale were of an unappreciated value to the state. Of wages and living conditions among various industries, Professor Crowell said:

"We want to know why it is that the returns of the various industries are so unequal. I have taken a few figures from the census of 1890. The amount of capital invested 1890. The amount of capital invested in agriculture was \$16,000,000,000, and 8,466,365 workers were engaged. The value of the combined properties was \$2,460,000,000, and the product per capita was \$290. In manufactures the product per capita was \$393. In mining it was \$740. These figures in the eyes of the farmer's boy are decisive argument in favor of sheadon. the eyes of the farmer's boy are decisive argument in favor of abandoning the farm for the factory. The farmer has to adjust kimself to prevailing prices. A proper distributing system is his urgent need today. This can be effective only through the European markets. The productiveness of the farm is limited. But the manufacturer can govern his supply as mar-ket quotations may indicate. These difficulties are increased by too large a burden of taxation."

The Behemoth Was Not Fresh The Belemoth Was Not Fresh.

The waiter in a San Francisco grillroom will admit to nothing that he
does not keep in stock. If it be a request for a slice off the moon he will
say "Yes, sir," and go to fetch it, returning with the information that unfortunately he is "just out." Robert
Louis Stevenson one day was explaining this trait to a friend at dispression. Louis Stevenson one day was explaining this trait to a friend at dinner, and to illustrate it called the waiter. "A double order of broiled behemoth," he said. "Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "will you have it rare or well done?" "Well doue," said Stevenson. Pretty soon the waiter returned. "I am very sorry, but we are just out," he reported. "What! no more the waiter waiter waite waiter wai "I am very sorry, out," he reported. "What! no more behemoth?" asked the novelist, in behemoth?" asked the novelist, in a stonishment. The waiterfeigned astonishment. The waiter-lowered his voice. "We have some more, sir," he whispered confidenmore, sir," he whispered confidentially, "but the truth is, I would not bring it to you, as it is not quite fresh."—Kansas Citv Independent

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SURGAYS DISCOURSE.

UNDAYS DISCOURSE IT THE NOTES

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THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

When He is Gone-Alcohol is Not Nutritious—Northfield Committee Combats the Statements of Professor Atwater on This Subject—Denied by Scientists.

"When I am gone," he sighed, "the sun Will shine on in the sky;
The tinkling rivulets will run,
And flowers will bud and die!
When I am gone the breeze will blow
Across the meadow still,
And trees will bloom and grain will grow
Upon the distant hill!
When I am gone the Waves will break
Upon the stoping strand,
And happy children still will make
Their casties in the sand!
When I am gone the birds will sing
As bilthely as to-day,
And men and maidens, in the Spring
Will live to love away!"
"When you are gone," she said, "the rose
Will blow itself in June;
The windling brooklet, as it flows, When I am gone," he sighed, "the sun Will shine on in the sky:

"When you are gone," she said, "the ros Will blow itself in June;
The winding brooklet, as it flows,
Will sing the same old tune!
When you are gone the ducks will quack
Just as they quack to-day,
And every planet, in its track,
Will swing through space away!
When you are gone the bumble bee
Will bumble as before,
And sais will gleam upon the sea,
And waves will shake the shore!
When you are gone, the gentle breeze
Will blow as now it blows,
But, ob, my friend, some breweries
May be compelled to close!"
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Alcohol is Not a Food.

Alcohol is Not a Food.

The committee appointed at the Northfield (Mass.) Summer Conference of Chrisfield (Mass.) Summer Conference of Christian Workers, August 11, 1899, to investigate the statements of Professor Atwater,
of Wesieyan University, on the nutritive
value of alcohol, has made an exhaustive
report in a sixteen page pampilet entitled
"An Appeal to Truth."

This committee acted in co-operation
with the Advisory Board of the National
Femperance Societies, the Presbyterian
Woman's Temperance Association, the Pervanent Committee on Temperance of the
General Conference of the Methodist Epistopal Church, the Permanent Committee
ou Temperance Control
the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Massachusetts Total Abstience Society, the National Department of
Scientific Instruction and the Non-Partisan National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.
Under these ausnices the data furnished

Scientific Instruction and the Non-Partisan National Woman's Carlstian Temperance Union.
Under these auspices the data furnished
ty Professor Atwater as the result of his
experiments at Middletown were subjected
to a searching analysis by leading experts
in physiological chemistry, and the following deductions are made:
First—Professor Atwater says his experiments proved that alcohol is oxidized in
the body. This is not denied, but it is
denied that Professor Atwater's claim
proved alcohol to be a food. Many poisons
besides alcohol are oxidized in the body.
The Middletown experiments are said to
prove that alcohol in being oxidized in the
body furnishes heat and energy. This,
again, is not denied. But the assertion is
made that the claim proves nothing in
favor of alcohol, because its injurious action at the same time far outweighs the
value of the beat and energy it liberates,
as is the case with other poisons oxidized
at the body.
Second—Professor Atwater in his experi-

ition at the same time far outweighs the value of the heat and energy it liberates, is is the ease with other poisons oxidized in the body.

Second—Professor Atwater in his experiments proved that alcohol protects the materials of the body from consumption just as effectively as corresponding amounts of sugar, starch and fat. But eminent selentific authorities testify that these statements are not supported by his own figures in the tables of his first official data, bulletins, published by the Department of Agriculture in 1899. This is the estimony of professors occupying the shairs of pathological chemistry in the University and Believue Hospital Medical Society, New York; of physiology in the Medical School of Northwestern University, Chicago; of hygiene in the Medico-Chirarchical College, of Philadelphia, and of a former professor in the Philadelphia Polyclinic and College for Graduates.

Third—Those scientists, after careful study of Professor Atwater's report, came to the same conclusion, viz., that his tables lo not show that alcohol protected the body material, but show, on the contrary, a distinct loss of nitrogenous material when alcohol was administered. The entire testimony in an "Appeal to Truth" does show that, according to his own tables, Professor Atwater's costly experiments have produced no evidence to sustain his charge of error against the present temperance teaching that alcohol is not a food, but a poison.

Fourth—The report says of Professor Atwater's unpublished experiments: "If they show the same loss of nitrogen in the man who took alcohol as do bulletin No. 69, such unanimity would by so much refute the statement that alcohol protects the materials of the body for the consumption. If they should vary, that variation would prove such data inadequate, for to be worth anything for generalization there should be uniformity in the results of such a limited number of tests made under the onsilitions so unusual to everyday experience."

An English soldier's Testimony.

An English Soldier's Testimony.

An English soldier's Testimony.

An English soldier recently returned from India, and at a temperance meeting he attended said that he had only been home a few hours but was proud to bear testimony in favor of total abstinence. He had been in engagements on the frontier, marched under the burning rays of an Indian sun, camped and lived on the Himalians where the snow was ever present. layas where the snow was ever present, represented his country is swimming, cricket and football matches, and amidst it all enjoyed good health and had not tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor. Drink was the greatest enemy a young soldier had to contend with in India. It unfitted had to contend with in India. It unfitted him for action, rendered him more liable to fall into victous habits, and was most dangerous to health. As Secretary of the Army Temperance Association in his regiment, he had carefully compiled the returns of crime, sickness, etc., and but for the drink, orime would almost be unknown and the hospital cases reduced more than one-half. The teetotal soldier was more to be depended upon when dangerous work had to select men from the members of the A. T. A. on suce occasions, and these men were not ashamed to be known as "Havelock's Saints."

New Method of Temperance Work New Method of Temperance Work. This has been started by the Illinois Christian Citizenship League. It consists of a series of meetings, at least four, and a children's meeting. At these meetings the people are asked to come forward and sign a pledge to the effect that they will do all in their power to prevent the sale of intoxicating and mait liquors in their own town, except it be for medicinal and chemical purposes. On each signer a bit of red ribbon is pinned; also on the children at their meetings, when they promise to help

If you wish to keep out of debt, keep out of the saloon.

The way to prevent drunkenness is to destroy the cause.

Drink revenue is wet with tears and stained with blood.

A good example is set by the Boston Fire Department, in that any member of the force is subject to dismissal who enters saloon while in uniform.

A woman was the first person to cause the arrest and conviction of a saloon keeper at Buffton, Ind., for keeping bis drunkard factory open on Sunday.