

THE AM.
O Thou who forest not alone
The swift success, the instant goal,
But hast a leonard eye to mark
The failures of the inconstant soul,
Consider not my little worth—
The mean achievement, scamped in act—
The high resolve and low result,
The dream that darest not face the fact.

In the Glencosset's Cabin.

Reminiscences of an Awful Day on the Prairie.

PANTOSET, is a typical New England village, situated just back of Gasket Bay, on the north bank of the Pantoset River. Pantoset River is a narrow stream, widening into Gasket Bay, and rolling out to sea in long even swells. The two banks of this little ribbon of water, dignified as a river, are coated with sedge and salt furze which grows scraggly in the white glistening sand. The south bank slopes down into a long stretch of marsh land, spreading out like a green carpet to the gray sea beyond. The north bank runs up country and is lost in a horizon of pine-clad hills.

From the deck of a vessel entering the harbor the cluster of little white-washed cottages, which compose the village is but a handful of shells, marked by a small white-coated mast, the spire of the First Church. Running up stream, one by one the white shells take definite form, and finally you have accomplished Pantoset, immaculate in its sparkling whiteness. The cottages are all of one size, all of one pattern; low, two-storied and gable-roofed.

Along the river side can be seen little knots of men hammering away at skeleton hulls, which seem before your eyes to grow into trim underbodies of racy little fishing smacks, and perhaps among the lot a graceful whaler is building. There are no plans or specifications lying about, no sets of instruments of mechanical intricacy; the science of the builders is "rule of thumb," a science gathered by years of intimate acquaintance with the sea and the craft thereof. By intuition they know the necessity of every bolt or peg, the required symmetry of every beam or plank, and when the work is done, science—mechanical—stands abashed.

Passing this line of workers to the outpost of the village, you see the trim little hull of a dismantled clipper propped snugly between two furze-covered sand dunes. A curling ribbon of gray smoke winds up and out of a tiny smokestack, erect on the top of the whitewashed cabin. At the end of the sand dunes and almost by the stern of the hull, can be seen a little brass-bound ladder leading up to the deck. In highly polished brass letters glistening on the stern is the legend "Glencosset."

The master of this uncommissioned craft is of Cap'n Hepburn, the crew, Ed Viter and Joe Scudder. Though this ship's company, or household, is governed in its daily routine by strict nautical rules, there are no cabin or fo'c'sle distinctions. Probably at the very time you are regarding this seemingly ill-disposed structure three grizzled, bearded, and weather-beaten old men—brine coated and browned—are engaged in an exciting game of pinocle in the cozy little cabin below, or rummaging through dog-eared log books reminiscent of ancient cruises. The walls of the cabin are hung with relics gleaned from a hundred foreign ports in the days when American shipping was in the fulness of its glory.

Besides a home for old Cap'n Hepburn and his crew, the Glencosset is a rendezvous for all Pantoset's veteran mariners, and of a Wednesday or Saturday night the capacity of the cabin is taxed to its utmost to contain the little host of time-worn tars who come for a sociable talk of the good old days swallowed up in the mists and shadows of their youth.

One Saturday evening late in the fall the Glencosset's cabin was full. Around the table were six honary men of the sea, whose browned and hardy countenances bore the imprint of half a century's labor on the main.

Of Cap'n Hawkins, whose repertory of sea yarns, often suspected of color, was known far and wide to a decade of seafaring men, was the first to break the silence.

"Mates, brace my boy-stay, if I think I ever tol' you o' an experience o' mine as er landlubber back in their forties."

The assembled mariners exchanged covert glances of deep significance, and settled back in their chairs in attitudes of constrained deference to the words of the speaker.

"Es I said," continued Cap'n Hawkins, "twas back in their forties. I was er strip o' a cabin boy jest beached from my first long cruise—China, I think. Ther gold fever was at its height. Stories o' onearthen treasure ther ud make er buccaness' snack his lips were spinnin' et every thought. Es I hed no berth at that time I thought 'd hoist anchor an' pint ship fer ther gold fields."

"I'd saved my wages an' er didn't pike me long ter fit ship an' get under way."

"I took ther overland course on es trim er bit o' horseflesh as ever wore er martingale."

"Besides what ther scholars call ther 'desiderata,' fer ther v'yage, I hed er six-shootin' revolver o' ther latest make."

"I sailed erlong through storm and calm, over mountains, across plains, sometimes in company with others burnin' with ther same fever an' hurry'n' erlong like all possessed fer ther land o' promise, but most times erlone. By ther time I got to ther great plains I could shoot a ball from my little gun through ther eye o' er mosquito an' never turn a hair."

"Every few days I'd hail a wanderin' Injun or two, an' if they ever showed fight ther little gun o' mine ud bark an' 'twas dead Injun. I'd gone erlong ther way fer several weeks an' hed I been er scalp collector my belt ud been full."

"Come one fine evenin', I was crossin' an endless waste o' prairie, broken here an' there by little clumps o' scrub,

TRICKS PLAYED ON TREES
PLANTS DWARFED AND CHANGED
CONTRARY TO THEIR KIND.

The Japanese Own the Secret of Their Production to the Chinese—The Process of Grafting and Its Service to Mankind—Producing "Green Ebony."

Man has been playing them for so many hundreds of years that he has become as much intured to the practice as the trees themselves. The arboriculturist is willing to flatter himself on the result, though what the trees may be entitled to feel about the conjunction is quite another affair. They might, for instance, consider that the tree doctor means well, but pretty often contrives to dissemble his love. Some of his operations are certainly painful and others eccentric, but the patients are, nevertheless, bound to submit to them. "Round," indeed, they frequently are, root and branch; and if their behavior in such a trying situation is not always exactly that anticipated by their taskmasters, it must be admitted that the trees occasionally endeavor to do the best under trying circumstances. But to drop the metaphor. For some little time the famous "dwarfed" forest trees of Japan have been bidding for western popularity, and their exhibition and sale is now of almost annual occurrence. They are more or less perfect resemblances of timber trees, grown in pots, with gnarled trunks, and gnarled leaves to match, and ruly justifying to the eye their claim to growth. The once famous showman, Mr. Vaulin, declared, as the record of his varied experience, that the older a dwarf is, the better worth he is; a green-headed dwarf, well wrinkled, is beyond all suspicion. In the production of their dwarfed trees the wily Orientals seem to acknowledge the same principle. The unfortunate dwarf must not only be old, but must look its age. It must have wrinkles and crows' feet. It must have roots, and palsied members. Then it dwains, indeed, and the better worth owning and exhibiting.

Although the great number of the dwarfed trees come from Japan, the Japanese owe the secret of their production to the Chinese. It is the very bidden of excellence in the art of a Celestial gardener to be an adept in the art of conjoining nature, and the practice of making "Kou Shoo" (tree dwarfs) may possibly date from the time of Confucius. Various members of the "confucius" family are the favorite subjects of distortion, though they are by no means the only tribe submitted to it. Long experience has doubtless suggested more than one method of producing the desired end, but the Chinese system may perhaps be taken as a type of all. The practitioner selects a small branch of a healthy growing tree, which promises well for the operation. Just below an "eye" in the young wood a ring of bark is excised, and the wound immediately surrounded with a ball of compost, held in position by a suitable envelope. This begins to send out little rootlets in search of nourishment. Being in every way encouraged to make the best of its new situation, it presently declares its complete independence of the parent stock, from which it is then severed. Now begins the more personal struggle with outward fate. Still attended by its ball of earth, it is cramped into a small pot, and is kept alive by a sparing allowance of water. It cannot flourish, and it must not die; those are the terms on which the artist deals with his captive, and between which it has to find its own level. But the dung alone is not sufficient; the torturer is called in to assist. As soon as the victim has established a kind of torpid existence, it stems and offshoots are in various places "clamped" with wire fetters, in order to promote the rugged appearance so necessary to its future prospects as a dwarf of venerable age. At this stage, also, the roots are closely scanned, and when necessary are trimmed, or even seared with a hot iron. Many deaths occur just then, but such subjects as survive the treatment gradually begin to show its effects. With lessened leaves and cramped branches, they grow into more or less perfect resemblances of forest veterans. To confer a kind of "worm-eaten" antiquity, the branches are occasionally smeared with honey; to invite the attacks of insects. The plant's natural instinct is sometimes not fully overcome for ten, or even twenty years. But it eventually subsides into the state of dwarfism, a barely living example of what man's perverted ingenuity can effect.

As one of the many tricks played upon trees, grafting stands perhaps only next to dwarfing. It must, however, at once be admitted that the former process has been of the most beneficial service to mankind. The Romans, who had a wonderful love of gardening—perhaps it was the natural antithesis of the warlike element—knew everything that was then to be known in relation to grafting and "budding." But we are confronted by Virgil's rather startling assertion that any scion may be grafted on any stock. He speaks of apples growing on a pear, and even a plane tree; of cherries on a plum, and of pears on a wild ash. Now, it is the common experience of the modern that no graft will succeed unless it be upon a stock which bears fruit of the same kind. We must not, however, be too ready to charge the poet with having exceeded the bounds of his "license," for Pliny tells us of a famous tree in the garden of Lucullus which bore a half dozen different kinds of fruit. Instances of this kind, indeed, might be expanded almost indefinitely. Our own sober and discreet Evelyn speaks confidently of having seen a rose grafted on an orange tree, and Descandolle describes a flourishing young cherry which sprang boldly from the trunk of an ancient oak.

We know that nature occasionally exhibits her working in the form of so-called "franks," a word which is simply an admission of our own inability to trace the origin of an "effect defective" which "comes by cause." But the majority of such wonders are often much less freaks than franks. Bacon lets us into some of the secrets of their manufacture. The stems of certain trees—among which the myrtle seems to be a favorite—have been bored completely through their length

without destroying the vitality. Through the channels thus formed the stems of suitable young plants are carried up, the whole in due time having the appearance of a composite bond growing from a single stock. It is an old, old trick, which can only excite the indignation of intelligent minds. Of course, the Chinese are adepts in the production of all kinds of false, whimsical growths upon trees. Their famous "finger" fruit is well known to travelers, but it is never produced on the same tree when it has once passed into a purchaser's hands. It is, in fact, a spurious graft, which, though imposed upon, is not nourished through the parent stock.

The topiary gardener has in his time played many curious tricks upon the heads of his subjects, but the fashion is dead, and we may the more readily forgive him, seeing that he never sought to interfere with their vital economy. The painful experience of converting the ivy into a standard tree was once freely indulged in, but the persistent odor seems at last to have worn out the patience of his persecutors. In the last century there was a considerable demand by cabinetmakers for a curious kind of varnished oak known in the trade as "green oak." This peculiar marking was produced by the severe "travelling" to which the young growing trees were subjected. Such methods would seem to demand "an act for the prevention of cruelty to vegetables." Happily, no such enactment is now called for. To obstruct or paralyze healthy natural growth for the creation of a mere "curiosity" is an inherently vicious system, little likely to gain any real footing among us.

Good Roads Notes

Defective City Streets.

THE movement for better highways was undertaken mainly to effect the improvement of those roads which lie outside the limits of towns and cities, and in large part, traverse purely rural districts. The mileage of such roads is very great; their condition is often deplorable; many of those who use them most appear indifferent to their improvement and violently opposed to spending any money on them, or even to changing time-worn methods of maintenance. These conditions have proved serious obstacles to the general inauguration of road improvement, but by untied and prolonged effort and years of work they are gradually being surmounted.

The condition, however, of the streets, in most of the towns and cities which do not come within the scope of the good roads movement is, relatively, about as bad as that of the country roads. In some of the towns and cities few streets are paved at all, and in most of them much of the pavement is rough, badly laid, and poorly kept. This seems the more strange, as the wealth, progressiveness, commercial activity and intelligence of the country are concentrated, in large measure, in and around the centres of population.

It would appear that the needs of modern life should have long ago led all places of any size or pretense to facilitate local development by affording commerce the best possible means to prosecute its undertakings by providing smooth, paved ways within their borders for quick and easy transportation. It would seem that disease should have been warded off, death rates reduced, and reputations for healthfulness sought after, by laying pavements easily and cheaply cleaned, and equal to the requirements of modern sanitary methods. It would be supposed that the recreation of the populace would have been everywhere provided for by the construction of boulevards, parkways and parks that would provide place for pleasant change and healthful exercise in leisure moments. In short, there are many reasons why, the more dense the population and the greater the volume of business transacted, the better the pavements should be.

It is seldom that such is the case, and it is the more curious because Americans usually demand in large measure all those things that make for their comfort and pleasure, and it is the more disgraceful because the necessity for something better is constantly and painfully apparent, and the facilities and means are at hand to provide all that can be required.

A gentleman just returned from abroad has stated that our city streets compare even more unfavorably with those of foreign cities than do our country roads with their country roads. It is not difficult to believe this. Though the round cobble is perhaps no longer laid, there are streets where their abominable surfaces must be traversed. The forms of block pavement more generally used can be made to give good results, but they rarely do so, owing to being improperly laid on soft foundations, which speedily allow them to sink in spots, and depressions soon appear in which the water stands after every storm.

But it is not necessary to enumerate the defects of city streets—they are obvious to the millions who tread them daily. Their improvement on modern, scientific lines is a constantly growing necessity.

Curious Facts

Two of the greatest literary productions of the Chinese are a dictionary in 5020 volumes and an encyclopaedia in 22,957 volumes.

There was once killed in England a rat which holds the record for size. He was gray as a badger, weighed two and three-quarters pounds and measured twenty inches from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail.

Almost as soon as they are out of the shell quail seem to have the power of making themselves invisible at the wave of a wand. The ground may be as bare as a floor, but somehow they manage to vanish utterly from the eye.

The Eskimaux of Alaska make shirts and boots of tanned salmon hide and jackets from eadfish skins. Frog skins are now used in the book-binders' art, and the skins of many other fishes and reptiles are put to practical uses.

The telegraph poles along the Savannah and Spatsboro Railway, in Georgia, are growing. They are made of yucca, and must have been planted with the roots. They are sprouting at the top, and in the course of time will serve as shade trees in addition to supporting the wires.

The tail feathers of the ferivahl, a rare member of the family of Paridae, or birds of paradise, are the most expensive known. Indeed, their price may be called prohibitive, for the only tuft existing in England—probably in any civilized land—was procured with such difficulty that it is considered to be worth \$50,000. It now adorns the apex of the coronet worn on state occasions by the Prince of Wales.

A writer from Mafeking, South Africa, tells of a curious mound of white sand near that place. This hill is about 700 feet high, and its shape is constantly changing, as the sand shifts and rolls. The perpetual movement of the sand mound has been going on since time immemorial and the movement of the rolling or sliding particles makes a sound monotonous and almost musical. The white hill and its surrounding smaller hillocks glitter and flash like mirrors as the silvery grains slide down the sandy slopes, making their tuncful humming as they move.

The Automobile's Mission

The automobile, of course, will finish the work the bicycle in this country began for the improvement of the roads. With the automobile here in quantity the traffic of the streets will become far more congested than at present. The horse will be eliminated, but to be sure, his place will be more than taken by the increase in the number of machines if once the price is brought down to a reasonable figure and the department stores begin offering bargains in them. From this will arise the necessity of more stringent street regulations, for the horse has an amount of intelligence in threading his way through crowded streets, in avoiding obstacles and in slowing down to avoid disaster that we shall only appreciate when he is gone. The present hetero-skoller way of traversing the streets will have to change to one more orderly. And one advantage of the change will be the possibility of preserving a regularity in speed, impossible now when all heavy trucking has to go at the slow walk of a horse, while passengers are not content to go at less than nearly twice as fast. With automobiles in use for everything, it will be possible to move steadily along at four or five miles an hour. The street cars in the congested portions, instead of changing their way through the crowd, will move along about as fast as the trucks, and a tremendous amount of complication will be saved.

Jersey Favors Wide Tires

The State law passed several years ago by the Legislature authorizing cities and towns to require wider tires on wagons will be taken advantage of by Atlantic City for the protection of the newly paved avenues upon which the city has expended in two years over \$200,000.

Councilman David R. Barrett, a member of the Street Committee, has taken the initiative in this very proper step forward, and will endeavor to secure the enactment of an ordinance that will require at least four-inch tires on all vehicles. It is Mr. Barrett's opinion that the ten-cent busses in the course of a year, with their narrow tires, do far more damage to the new macadam drives than the total amount of tax paid by all of them combined will repair.

The new State law has been taken up in nearly all of the towns in the upper section of the State, famous for their well kept roads and streets, and it has been found that the results have been beneficial. Atlantic City will either have to do something of the kind proposed by Mr. Barrett or expend thousands of dollars every year in repairs.—City Government.

A Fat Man's Queer Mishap

A fat citizen of the seacoast town of Lubec, Me., went down a ladder at the side of a schooner to get a hammer he had dropped overboard. He inserted his body between the rungs of the ladder, that he might reach down and get the hammer from the shoal water, and became stuck there. The three hours afterward, just in time to save him from drowning, the water having reached within two inches of his mouth.

OUR BUDGET OF LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES

The Tune is Changed—A Power
Themselves—What He Said
Bonds—Hard Up For Cash
—Was All Right, Boy
They used to sing some
A rather plaintive song
—Man wants that little love
But nowadays the song is
With music to the top
—Man wants as much as he
And wants it all the time

"Pa?"
"Yes?"
"Who loses all the fault
body finds?"—Pack.

Plenty of Them
"What's that crowd of
there?" asked the traveler
"That's the first man to
smith," was the reply of the
—Harper's Bazar.

What He Said
Landlord—"When you
hard sausage for his breakfast
did he say?"
Waiter—"He said it was
alm."—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Knew the Brand
Mrs. Starver—"Will you
milk and some sugar in your
Grimshaw—"If you please,
just a little drop of water and
grain of sand."—Toma Toppe.

Hard Up For Cash
Sutor (in desperation)
man engaged to me for a
beg of you, so that I may
your credit a little."—Wick.

The Reason
"Is he as attentive as
ever?"
"No."
"What's the trouble?"
"He married her."—Cassidy
quiner.

It Was All Right
He—"I asked your father
by telephone."
She—"What was his answer?"
He—"He said I don't know
are, but it's all right."
Lampoon.

She Had to Get Well
Mrs. Nix—"Do you think
to die?"
Dr. Young—"Dear me, I
I haven't had a patient yet
save my life I don't believe
make out a certificate."—Joe.

More Than a Twice Told
Ethel—"That detestable
said that I looked thirty."
Maude—"How perfectly
Ethel (elated)—"Frankly, I
old do you really think I look
Maude—"About forty."—The
Lampoon.

A Cynic's Aggravation
"Language," quoted Wil-
ton, "was given for the con-
thought."
"Indeed," rejoined Miss
languidly. "Permit me to
late you on being so perfect
of English."—Washington Post.

Ought to Have Known It
Jones—"Great Scott! has
been in an explosion or a
wreck?"
Brown—"Neither. He's a
commentator who showed up a
population in his town that
ten years ago."—Detroit Free
Press.

Couldn't Believe It
"You can't believe all that
in print," said the skeptical
"I should say not," answered
Meekton. "Some things are
posteriorly absurd. Wher
other day I saw a piece about
who made fun of his wife's
eyes."

The Value of Experience
"It's strange," remarked the
mental young Benedict, "I
throws different people together
the way, how did you come
your wife?"
"I don't," replied the old
man, "and I never expect to
delphia Press.

Ordering by the Card
Diner (to restaurant waiter)
Have you got for dinner?"
Waiter—"Roast beef of
chicken stewed lamb hash
fried potatoes Collops pudd-
ing and coffee."
Diner—"Give me the third
fifth, sixth, eighth and
syllables."—The Biss.

Women and Hens
"She set still," began B
when Van Braun interrupted
"You mean set. Women o
Hens set."
"I am not prepared to
that hens set, but I want
women do set. They set
for the fellows and then the
wedding day."—Pittsburg
Telegraph.

The Tactful Salesman
Salesman—"These rollers
ago. They are worn by every
Customer—"In that case,
think I care to buy any of
Salesman—"When I see
of course, I mean everybody
rect taste. And persons of
taste are so few, you know."
Customer—"I didn't think
dozen."—Boston Transcript.

How He Got Out of It
Jigger—"I was polite enough
pliment Calender upon his
but he couldn't know enough
to read it. He had to ask me
to read it. Not much tact in
Bagley—"And what did J
when he asked you that?"
Jigger—"Oh, I turned it off
ing no." I hadn't read the
I was thinking of the binding
spoke of it."—Boston Transcript.

In the Tilt
"When I rejected you the
she began, with affected
fusion. "I did not."
"You did not know I was
He interrupted, coldly.
"Not at all. I knew you
off, but—"
"I didn't know when I was
shouldn't have proposed to you."
Her confusion then was
He, neither was it sweet.—Pitt-
Press.