

MOTHERLESS.
He was so small, so very small.
That since she ceased to care,
'Twas easy just to pass him by,
Forgetting he was there;
But though a slight thing he seemed
Of interest to be—
One heart had loved him with a love
As boundless as the sea.
...
That was so poor, so very poor,
That now, since she had died,
'T seemed a tiny treasure-coat,
With nothing much inside.
But, ah, a treasure he concealed,
And asked of none relief.
His shabby little boots he hid
A mighty, grown-up grief.
—Florence Earle Coates, in Harper's Bazar.

PURSUED BY WOLVES

By WM. A. STIMSON

WHEN father moved to Skagway, in the early seventies, that portion of Wisconsin was a wilderness. We lived at the northern end of Bear Lake, a pretty sheet of water, eight miles long, while Rockland was at the southern extremity. Between the two places the forest stretched unbroken, and there was not a single house on either bank.

The winters were cold, and from December to April of every year the lake was a sheet of smooth ice. We boys became experts in the use of skates, and most of our leisure time was spent on the ice. The greatest rivalry existed between the two lake towns, and skating matches were frequently held. Although the country was sparsely settled, nearly all the wild animals had disappeared before our coming, but there were bears in the forest, and wolves—big, fierce fellows that hunger sometimes made dangerous.

One cold afternoon toward the end of January I buckled on my skates for a trip to Rockland to make final arrangements for a skating match between teams from the two towns that was set for the next day. I was late in starting, and the boys at Rockland kept me so long that it was after sunset before I left for home. But it was full moon, and the big yellow orb was just peeping over the woods at my right as I struck out.

I was in no hurry and skated along easily, saving my strength for the morrow. I had gone about a quarter of the distance when, from somewhere away off in the forest, there came to my ears the howl of a wolf. All was silent again for a few minutes, then the sound was repeated. It was not so far off this time, and there was no answering note from the opposite shore.

That these beasts would attack a man never occurred to me, but being alone on the lake and far away from home, the close proximity of the wolves made me uneasy, and I quickened my stroke a little.

By this time the moon had risen high enough to make everything light as day, only along the eastern shore the shadows were still dense. Suddenly from the woods on my right another series of howls broke out on the night air, and as I glanced around I saw half a dozen long, gaunt, gray creatures leave the underbrush and come racing towards me over the ice.

I realized then that the wolves were chasing me and grew thoroughly frightened. My fears were increased when I saw several more leave the cover of the western bank, and cutting diagonally across, join the first pack. I buttoned my short coat and struck out at my best pace, thinking that when they saw me leaving them they would give up the pursuit.

That was a mistake, as I soon saw. They, too, increased their speed, and came bounding along after me, their bodies almost touching the ice. Every now and then one of them would give voice to a shrill bark. One big fellow led the pack by several yards. The pace was telling on me and my pursuers were gaining every second. A glance backward showed them not a hundred yards in the rear.

Home was still four miles away and there was no help near. I had nothing in the shape of a weapon except my jack-knife, and as I sped along I drew this from my pocket and opened the big blade.

The pack was at my back when it occurred to me that I might yet escape them by putting in practice some tactics familiar to every one who has played the game of "tag." These tactics were nothing more than dodging the wolves when they came close enough, and I knew that on the smooth ice I had them at a disadvantage.

Shaking my speed, I waited for the leader of the pack to approach a little nearer. On he came, until I could see the fire flash from his eyes and the froth drop from his half-open jaws. When he gathered himself to spring I turned sharply to the right and darted off at full speed.

The manoeuvre worked perfectly. The wolf leaped just as I spun about, and instead of alighting upon my shoulders, he went a distance of several yards. The rest of the pack, in their attempt to turn quickly, lost their feet and fell over each other, giving me several precious seconds, which I used to advantage.

By my trick I had gained some distance, but the wolves were closing in on me again. I waited until the leader was almost upon me the second time, then swung about to the left. The beast was anticipating some such movement on my part, for he did not spring, and I found that I had not gained the start that I did the first time. However, it helped, for as I heard the quick breathing of the pack at my heels once more, I saw the lights of the village around a bend in the bank.

But the murderous beasts were too intent on their prey to be frightened off even by the proximity of the settlement. My strength was nearly gone and I was afraid that I could not execute the dodge this time with the success that had followed my other efforts. Nervous myself for a supreme effort I altered my course again, and for the third time the wolves went

sprawling, but in turning I gave my right ankle a twist, and with a shrill cry of pain fell full length upon the ice.

I gave myself up for lost and awaited the attack with my knife ready. When they saw me at bay the wolves hesitated, but only for a moment. One big fellow made a leap for my throat, when there came a shout from the shore, followed by a gunshot that laid the wolf low. His death was the signal for the flight of the others, and away they went, pursued by several rifle balls.

When my father and two brothers reached me I was so weak from fright and pain that they had to carry me home. On the way they told me how one of the neighbors, being out on the ice, had heard wolves howling. This alarmed my father as he knew I was away alone, and when I did not return at sunset he and my brothers started out to meet me. Well for me was it that they did so.

The match came off the next day and the Skagway team won, but without any help from me. My sprained ankle prevented my taking any active part in the race.—Presbyterian Banner.

WINDS AND DRAUGHTS

Scientist Shows That the Former Are Beneficial and the Latter Dangerous.
Professor Max Herz, an Austrian scientist, has just published an essay upon the difference between wind and draught, which is likely to convince the public that the old-fashioned prejudice against draughts is not altogether unjustified.

By a draught is meant the currents of air in an enclosed space. Our forefathers attributed nearly all the evils that beset them to draughts, and they would not have slept in uncurtained windows for anything. Of course, their windows and doors were shaky and houses stood far apart, so draughts were nearly inevitable. But the modern scientific world tries to deny draughts altogether, and all the winds, which are harmless and even healthy to a certain degree.

Dr. Herz says that any one who cares to find out the difference between a wind and a draught can do so in any apartment which has windows on different sides of the house. Let him open a window on a windy day on the side of the house toward which the wind blows. The air which comes in is quite harmless if the person exposed to it is dressed in warm clothes, and little children may take the air in a room thus ventilated. But let him open a window west which the wind blows, and it will be found that the air in the room is moved by a number of currents, all of which strive to reach the opening. It is the passing wind which sucks up the air in the room and draws it out, and this causes the room to have what is called a draught.

The effect upon sensitive persons is immediately felt, like the forerunner of pain to come. A draught will always be felt as colder than the wind. Very dangerous draughts are those that are produced in railway cars by the rapid motion of the train. It is not wind that gets into the carriages, but the air of the car which is sucked out. A lighted match held to the chink of the window will prove this—as the flame will be drawn toward the window, not blown from it.

At Last, the Reason.

"A few years ago," remarked a man who shaves, "the barbering fraternity, as most people remember, was for a tender period between two legislative sessions under the direction and control of a State commission of examining barbers, and before a barber could shave a bowshiskered citizen with full legal effect he had to obtain a license from the commission. The applicant for a license was subjected to a rigid examination, and at the time the troubles of the Barber Commission were being exploited in public I chanced to notice a list of the questions asked in the commission's examinations. One of the questions was: 'Why is the upper lip always shaved last?' I have never been able to find an answer to that question in all of these succeeding years. I have asked every barber that has shaved me in that time, and only one out of the whole number—he is a barber down in Sydney, New South Wales—could give an intelligent answer to the question. When he had finished shaving me I asked: 'Why is the upper lip always shaved last?'"

"My word!" he said, with much astonishment, "my white dullness: That's the last part of the face I reach!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Irving's Stagerast.

It chanced to me one, and only once, in a life of some faring by land and sea, to ride up a Kurdish gorge at early dawn, the sky still starry, as the charcoal-burners had begun their work, and to see over all, as the smoke rose, a gray-blue light as of the depths, some loach of deep-chilled enveloping along the gorge and mountain-side, as though a sulphur and aged, and green gray and wan. Once only I saw this, and never again. When, in Faust, the curtain rose on the Brocken, I saw before me the same miracle of gray-blue. "How did you," I asked once at supper, "how ride abroad so little and are so rarely on the mountain-side, hit on this, the rarest of lights?" "Once," he took up a small plate, "I saw in a gallery," and he named it, but I have forgotten, "a landscape by Durer the size of this plate, a mountain-side in the early morn in this same gray-blue light. It gave me the light I wanted for the Brocken!"—Talcott Williams, in the Atlantic.

Old Origin of "Orange."

Oranges came originally from India, having been carried westward by the Arabs. The first crossed from Africa to Spain with Mohammedanism, while, probably, the crusaders were to be thanked for bringing it to Italy and western Europe among their trophies of the East. The name is Arabic—"narang"—and of Eastern origin, though a legend that it comes from two words meaning "elephant" and "be-ill," because elephants ate oranges to make themselves ill, is absurd. Probably in French the initial "n" is dropped off from narang with the final "a" of the indefinite article, just as "an apron" represents "a napron" and the spelling with an "o" points to false association with "or" (gold).—New York World.

GOOD ROADS.

Government and Wagon Roads.

FOR many years the Federal Government has been making large appropriations for river and harbor improvement. The theory upon which this has been permissible is that the improvement of transportation facilities is a matter of vital public concern, and that the people will get enough good therefrom to more than warrant the expenditures. The acceptance of the soundness of this contention must carry with it the endorsement of Government aid in the construction and improvement of wagon roads. These highways afford transportation facilities which, after all, most directly affect and come closest home to the greatest number of people. The produce which forms so large a part of the freight carried by the railroads must first be hauled by wagons from the farms. This is a large item in the aggregate, very much larger than is generally appreciated, because so widely distributed and because each individual haul, taken by itself, is a small affair. The General Government is supposed to have an interest in the welfare of all the people and a willingness to improve and promote it whenever and wherever possible. If this view obtains, the General Government cannot long withhold its aid to road improvement along the line of the Brownlow-Latimer bill now before Congress, for certainly a wagon road conditions affect more people than any and all other internal improvement projects. The main argument in favor of river and harbor improvements is that they promote the general welfare, and that the improvements entail an expense too heavy to be borne by the people of the localities most directly interested, and hence would never be made if the Government refused to foot the bills. The same arguments apply with equal force to the improvement of the public highways. It is equally certain that this great work will remain undone, as it has through a century of our history, if the whole burden of the expense is left to be carried by the farming classes of the States. The farmers are the producers of the wealth of the country, preserving the balance of trade in our favor year by year. Secretary Wilson has just given us some astounding figures as the result of agriculture for the year 1905. The people who create this vast national wealth are certainly entitled to the nation's consideration. The enormous cost of bad roads to the farmers is not only destructive of the profits that should be saved to them, but is sickening to agricultural ambition and disheartening to increased effort. Bad roads form the greatest menace to farm life, and by their harmful influence are driving young men from rural communities to the cities. Nothing can be more harmful to the national welfare, the farm home is the bulwark of the republic. Everything possible should be done to encourage the farmers of the land. Nothing that this great Government can do would be so profitable at this time as to extend its aid to highway improvement, and nothing that the people can do for themselves is more important than to demand of Congress the enactment into law of what is known as the Brownlow-Latimer Good Roads bill. This paper urges the measure as one most essential to the national well-being, and we hope our readers will instantly take the matter up by personal letters and petitions to our Senators and Representatives in Congress. Hon. W. P. Brownlow will be pleased to send a copy of the bill to any one who writes for it.—Brooklyn Uptown Weekly.

Hard Roads Across Jersey.

The final completion of the New Brunswick-Franklin Park macadam road and the Kingston extension road closes two important gaps in what is now an almost continuous strip of macadam from Newark to Camden, via Elizabeth, Rahway, New Brunswick, Franklin Park, Princeton and Trenton.

It gives the automobilist a stone road direct to Princeton through an interesting and pretty country, and shortens materially the distance between New York and Philadelphia. The two strips of macadam lately completed will obviate the necessity of going to Trenton by way of the Cranbury turnpike, a roundabout route, which has been the popular one, however, because of the good road. The Franklin Park road and the Kingston strip were line roads between Somerset and Middlesex counties, and it was difficult to get concentrated action looking to their improvement. Freeholder James DeHart, of North Brunswick Township, Middlesex county, whose constituency included residents along the Franklin Park road, has been working for years to secure an improvement which was consummated when, at a joint meeting of the Freeholders of Middlesex and Somerset counties, the roads were accepted.

Temptations of a Valet.

"It's valets has our temptations, sir," he said. "Only yesterday, when I was to pay Mr. Henry's tailor bill, you'd ought to have heard what the manager said to me."

"He says, he's handing me a five-dollar note."

"Why," he says, "this here bill ain't half big enough for a man of Mr. Henry's position," he says. "Look a here, my man," he says, "the truth is that you don't brush your master's clothes hard enough."

"No?" says I.

"No," says he. "And now," he says, "I'll put you up in a vehicle that'll put \$50 a year in your pocket if you use it right."

"Then he brought from his office a stick all roughened on the end."

"Scrub this here rough stick," he says, "over the elbows of your master's coats," he says, "and now and then touch up his trousers about the knees a bit. It'll do wonders, need right. It ought to double his annual bill, but if it does there's \$50 a year in it for you."

"I took the stick," said the valet, "but I ain't never used it, sir."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

AN AERIAL ROWBOAT.

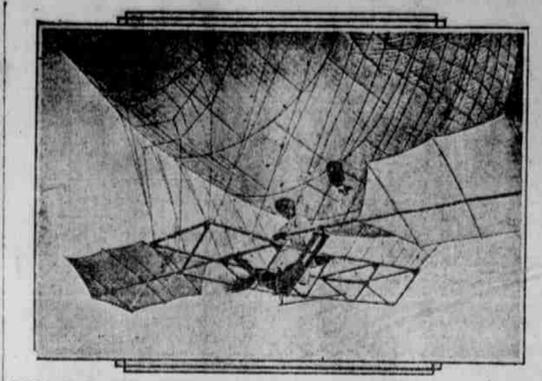
BY H. O. SAWYER.

A late feature of the attempts to navigate the air is an aerial rowboat which has been constructed by Alva L. Reynolds, of Los Angeles, Cal. It is composed of a gas bag whose center is much nearer the front of the bag than usual, and a light framework which

BORES A SQUARE HOLE.

Everybody has heard of the auger which bores a square hole; there is one of these in nearly every railroad wood-working shop in the country. The usual way in which these augers make square holes, says Railway and Locomotive Engineering, is that the bit bores the circular hole and a square

AN AERIAL ROWBOAT.



THE CAR AND THE WING-LIKE OARS WITH WHICH THE AERIAL ROWBOAT IS PROPELLED.

supports the occupant. It is raised and lowered, propelled forward and backward by the use of a pair of wing-like oars.

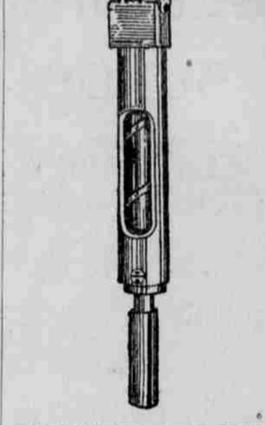
By the use of weights the bag can be made to raise just a half pound less than the weight of the occupant. Then gravity is overcome by the use of the oars. Any one who understands how to row can operate the aerial rowboat. So far no experienced aeronaut has ridden in the machine, although several hundred people have tried their hand at rowing up and down the park where the machine is being tested.

The bag is thirty-seven feet long and fifteen feet in diameter at the equator. To raise the car and an occupant weighing 150 pounds, 2500 cubic feet of gas is sufficient.

One of the features of the new aircraft is that the cost of building a car and bag sufficient to carry one person is but a trifle over one hundred dollars. A speed of from four to six miles an hour has been attained by good oarsmen. There is always the drawback, characteristic also of the ordinary rowboat, that it is difficult to row against the current, or rather against the wind in this case.—Scientific American.

chisel surrounding the auger cuts out the corners. In one sense it does not "bore" a square hole at all.

There is a new tool now on the market which actually bores a square hole,



AND THE PROOF OF THIS IS THAT THE SQUARE HOLE CAN BE DRIVEN THROUGH IRON AS WELL AS WOOD. IT CAN MAKE A CRENELAR HOLE, A SQUARE HOLE AND A COMBINATION OF THE TWO, WHICH IS A HOLE LIKE THE OPENING OF A TUNNEL, FLAT ON THE BOTTOM, WITH TWO SQUARE CORNERS AND AN ARCHED TOP.

MODERN WHALING.

New Bedford Has Season Which Recalls Old Times.

New Bedford, Mass., has experienced something very like a revival in the whaling industry this year. The ships this season have been more fortunate than usual, although the whisecreases say that the best catches of to-day would have been considered slim in days gone by.

Be this as it may, there is an activity



MODERN WHALING IMPLEMENTS.

about New Bedford which is unusual. Actually only forty-three American vessels, with a tonnage of 9378, are now engaged in whaling, as against 655 vessels, with a tonnage of 294,269 in 1857; and of these New Bedford's fleet numbers only twenty-five, with a tonnage of 5295. Every one of the Atlantic vessels, furthermore, with the exception of the schooner John R. Manto, of Provincetown, now four months at sea on her maiden voyage, is at least twenty-two years old.

It is thought that the importations of oil and whalebone will be considerably larger in 1905 than in 1904, when the tonnage of bone brought in amounted to 129,900 barrels of sperm oil, 17,065, and barrels of whale oil, 2750.—Philadelphia Record.

Industrial Engineers Now.

The latest acquisition of professional men is the industrial engineer. His principal function is to instruct help in factories how to behave in orderly manner in case of emergency, to the end that exit from a burning building, for example, may be made without injury.

A Manhattan mechanical engineer has organized a staff composed of a number of retired members of the Metropolitan Fire Department. When arrangements are made with firms to instruct workpeople in expert representation this man puts the force through the required "tactics" for the preservation of life and limb. The services of this mechanical industrial engineer are said to be in big demand with wholesale houses. Among the other specialties of this novel school are teaching system formation in business and promoting of plan arrangements looking toward economy in employing labor.—New York Press.

Breakup Here.

Pearl—"They say that marriage between Miss Oide and Reggy Sapp was love at first sight."

Ruby—"Yes, she didn't give him time to resort to 'second sight' before she made him marry her. He was going to a medium to find out her age."—Chicago News.

Why He Stayed Home.

He was one of the happiest "kidds" in town. He stood in front of his home and grinned enthusiastically as he saw the others twirlingly wending their way toward school.

"Come on, Harold," shouted several of the boys.

"Not on your life," answered the rejoicing Harold. "No school for me to-day. I'm going to stay home."

"What's the matter, sick?"

"No."

"Your ma sick?"

"No."

"Well, why?"

"Oh, cause, you see my gran'ma's come to spend the day with mamma and gran'ma she's awful hard of heart."

"Mamma's got a cold on her head, and in her neck, and she can't talk long enough for gran'ma to hear what she says, so I've got to stay home to tell gran'ma what mamma says. See?"—Indianapolis News.

Overshot the Mark.

Mrs. Housekeeper—"I don't believe you ever went to work."

Nearly Willie—"Oh, honest, Indy, many's the time. But I'm such a strenuous fellow that every time I start for work I get so clean past it."—Philadelphia Press.

Sir Alfred Harmsworth on Future Newspapers

He Predicts Specialized Journals, One Devoted to Sport, One to Religion, One to Politics and Illustrated More or Less.

"It is very probable that the daily press of the future will be highly specialized, so much so that we may anticipate one daily devoted entirely to politics, another entirely devoted to religious matters, another entirely devoted to literature, and so on," said Sir Alfred Harmsworth, in the course of an interview granted to the World's staff correspondent in London. "Then the man who reads will be able to take any one or all of them, as he pleases. Of course, we already have daily papers entirely devoted to sport, and it will be found that there is equally good public for papers devoted exclusively to some one other subject. In London, for instance, there are several daily papers trying to cover the whole ground, very much like one another in their supply of news, and not a few of them losing a great deal of money. In time to come this will give place to specialization in the directions which I have mentioned."

"I do not see any objection to daily newspapers, like the Times here, running large lending libraries. Perhaps in the distant future the newspaper will supply the public not only with news, but with everything else that it wants."

Twelve months ago Sir Alfred Harmsworth, the multi-millionaire of English Journalism, contributed an article in the World on "How to Achieve Business Success." He then owned thirty-three publications. Since then they have nearly doubled in number. During this twelve months also the English public has been rather startled to find that in addition to starting many fresh publications of the popular kind with which his name is associated, he has turned his attention to old-established papers, some of them possessing more prestige than circulation.

Later he has been rumored—and some definite statements have been made to that effect in New York and in London—that Sir Alfred Harmsworth has been completing arrangements for duplicating his London enterprises in New York. On being asked by the World correspondent if these statements were true, Sir Alfred Harmsworth replied:

"They are absolutely untrue. I have not the slightest intention of building up any establishment in the States. I have arranged for the publication of the 'Self-Educator' there because a spontaneous demand arose for it. That is all. If I were foolish enough to think of catering to the American public I should have just as much chance as an American would have in catering to the English public if he came over to London. I shall be glad if you will give the statement that I intend to try my hand in the American periodical market the most absolute contradiction."

"Nor have I any intention of developing a Sunday newspaper on the lines of the Sunday editions of the big New York dailies. There never will be any demand for such a paper in London. There is a great difference in the requirements of the British and American public, and the journalistic supply runs on different lines altogether. The British public is accustomed to getting all it wants in the way of stories and illustrations in our weekly periodicals, for which there is practically no equivalent in the States. Consequently the Sunday editions of the big American dailies supply this want by delivering a composite publication, including humorous pictures, made up in sections."

"With regard to illustrations, my experience of the daily newspaper is that it should either be fully illustrated or not illustrated at all. Consequently the Daily Mail is reducing its illustrations to the vanishing point, while we are increasing their number in the Daily Mirror. The public demand is that the newspaper shall be one thing or the other. The same thing applies in the case of the Sunday paper. The British public is so much more honest in making this charge to them; he greatly desired to receive definite word concerning the new King. 'And worship Him also.' What hypocrisy! He only wished to find the child in order to worship Him (vs. 13, 16)."

IV. Guided by the star (vs. 10, 9). "The star went before them." The same star which they had seen in their own country now again appears. "Sword over." The star pointed out the very course. "They rejoiced." The Greeks very emphatic. They rejoiced exceedingly.

V. The child Jesus found (vs. 11, 12, 11). "Fell down." They prostrated themselves before Him according to the Eastern custom. "Gifts." The people of the East did not appreciate the presence of kings without bringing them presents. "Gold," etc. Gold would always be useful, while frankincense and myrra were prized for their fragrance. "Warned of God in a dream." God communicated His purpose to them in a manner that they understood. "Another way." They could easily go East from Bethlehem and thus leave Jerusalem on the north.

The Maid and the Hunter.

A story connected with Duncker, Mass., when the town was a rude settlement, shows how necessary it was then for the inhabitants to possess the quality of courage. An Indian, on a war path of his own, tried to enter a house. There was no one in the building but a maid and two children. The servant's first act was to hide the little ones.

"Now lie still!" she commanded, and then she ran for the family musket.

The Indian shot through the window, but missed his mark. The girl shot better. She hit the savage in the shoulder, which increased his fury and his determination to enter the house. He forced the door, but the girl was ready. With a quick movement she flashed a shovelful of burning coals full in his face. Giving a terrible yell, the Indian fled, and was afterward found dead in the woods.

The government of Massachusetts presented the heroine with a silver "wristband" engraved with her name and the words, "She slew the Narragansett hunter."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JANUARY 14.

Subject: The Wise Men Find Jesus.—Matt. II, 1-13.—Golden Text, Prov. xxiii, 26.—Memory Verse, II-Topic: Man Seeking the Savior.—Commentary.

1. The coming of the wise men (vs. 1, 2). 1. "When Jesus was born." While the exact date of Christ's birth is uncertain there is no reason why it may not have been on December 25, B. C. 5. But why do we say that Jesus was born "before Christ"? Simply because our calendar is incorrect. For some centuries after Christ's time there was no calendar in general use, but each nation dated from some event in its history. Finally, in the sixth century, a learned monk, Dionysius Exiguus, was appointed to ascertain the time of Christ's birth, and it was ordered that history should be dated from that time. But Dionysius, who first published his calculations in A. D. 525, put the birth of Jesus about four years too late. "In Bethlehem." "House of bread." A name properly applied to a place where the true bread was manifested for the life of the world, "Of Judea." To distinguish it from Bethlehem in Galilee mentioned in Joshua 19:15. "Herod." Herod the Great. He was an Edomite, and although a proselyte to the Jewish religion, was notorious for his wickedness and cruelty. "Wise men." Augustus and Herodotus say that there were twelve magi, but the common belief is that there were but three. "From the East." Perhaps from Media, or Persia, or possibly, from Arabia. "To Jerusalem." They seemed to suppose that when they reached the capital of the Jewish nation they would have no trouble in finding the object of their search.

2. "King of the Jews." This was a title unknown to the earlier history of Israel and applied to no one except the Messiah. It reappears in the inscription over the cross, "It is at this star which attracted the attention of the magi was provided for the occasion. 'To worship Him.' To do Him homage. They were held to confess the object of their coming.

II. Light from the Scriptures (vs. 3-6). 3. "Had heard." The magi had created no small stir by their inquiries, which immediately attracted the attention of the king. "Troubled." Herod, now sunk into the jealous deprecateness of his savage old age, was residing in his new palace on Zion, when, half-maddened as he was already by the crimes of his past career, he was thrown into a fresh paroxysm of alarm and anxiety by the visit of these magi, bearing the strange intelligence that they had come to worship a new-born king. Herod feared a rival. "All Jerusalem with him." Realizing that he would make this an occasion of renewing his acts of bloodshed. 4. "Had gathered." He assembled the Sanhedrin, "Chief priests." This expression probably comprehends the acting high priest and his deputy, those who had been high priests. "Scribes." The learned interpreters of the Mosaic law, and the collectors of the traditions of the elders. Many of them were Pharisees. "Deputies of the rulers." These would be most likely to know "Where the Christ should be born" (R. V.) The wise men had said nothing about the Christ, or the Messiah, but only about the King of the Jews. But Herod saw that this king must be the expected Messiah.

5. "By the prophet." Micah 5:2. 6. "Art in no wise least" (R. V.) Although Bethlehem was little, yet it was exalted above all the other cities of Israel. "The princes." "The thousands" (Micah 5:2). The tribe had been subdivided into thousands, and over each subdivision there was a chieftain or prince. "A Governor." To control and rule. "Which shall be shepherd" (R. V.) To feed and care for, as a shepherd his flock. This governor who controlled in so tender a shepherd, Christ is both Shepherd and King. "My people Israel." Israel was God's people in a peculiar sense.

III. The Intrigue of Herod (vs. 7, 8). 7. "Privily called." Herod desired to keep the time of Christ's birth as secret as possible lest the Jews who hated him should take occasion to rebel. "Inquired of them diligently." "Learned of them carefully." R. V. He inquired of them the exact time as to the time the star appeared, assuming that the star appeared when the child was born he would thus have some idea of the age of the child. 8. "He sent them." He assumed control, and so followed the directions of the law. "Search diligently." This was a large public gathering up which prefers solid reading matter to a combination of letter-press and illustrations is shown by the growing number of all-reading magazines now being produced on both sides of the Atlantic.

"It is suggested that the extent and variety of your business, its all-embracing character, is bringing your operations more or less into line with the American trusts."

"There seems to me to be no reason for that suggestion. The distinctive features of trusts which is so much feared by the sneezing out by any sort of means of all other competitors, and so obtaining a monopoly. Nothing on the kind takes place with my business. In fact, our own success in various directions has enabled others to obtain success on similar lines. There cannot be anything to deplore in the growth and expansion of a business which succeeds on the basis of fair competition."

"I confess, however, that it is one of my ambitions, which I commend to my energetic friends in the States, to make my business self-sufficing and to manufacture for myself everything that I require. Hence my purchase of land in Newfoundland, in order that I may be able to make my own paper. Soon we hope to make everything for ourselves."

"I think the big newspapers of the near future will find it convenient to make simultaneous issues in various parts of the country, just as, apart from the over-seas edition, I have established the simultaneous publication of the Daily Mail in London, Manchester and Paris."—New York World.

An Auto-Lighted Tree.

The family were afraid to have candles on the Christmas tree because of all the little children, so they used colored electric lights. The tiny little batteries that can be bought in a store did not make a sufficiently powerful light, so they hired a 40-horse-power gasoline automobile to come and stand outside the door, and she cut the electric bulbs to the batteries and got all the light they wanted.—Country Life in America.