

NOV.

If you have hard work to do,
Do it now.
To-day the skies are clear and blue,
To-morrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is not for you,
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
For the notes of gladness ring,
Clear as song of bird in spring,
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
To-morrow may not come your way,
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses glow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go,
Show it now.

-Charles R. Skinner, in New York Sun.

The... Flash-Light Hunter

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

EARLY in September Ellis left Toronto for the north Ontario woods partly for a camping and fishing cruise, but chiefly with the hope of obtaining photographs of big game, for he was an enthusiastic camera hunter. In upper Muskoka he picked up a guide, and they went up the Smoke River in two canoes, traveling slowly and making frequent halts, while Ellis fished or still-hunted with his camera.

But in that region the game had been hunted too much to be easily stalked, and they portaged over a height of land to another system of streams that carried them into the Algonquin National Park.

In this great forest preserve, where hunting is strictly prohibited, game of all sorts has multiplied exceedingly, and here Ellis' efforts were more successful. He obtained several good snap shots at deer, but the moose was too wary for him.

Moose were plentiful enough in that district, as the great tracks at every pond-side showed. It was their reason of love and battle, and the distant bellowing of the challenging bulls could be heard almost nightly.

Once Ellis came upon a spot in the forest where the ground was torn and trampled, and sprinkled with blood and wisps of coarse hair. He would almost have given a finger to have photographed that duel.

With his guide's assistance, he tried "jacklighting" on the small lakes, with a lantern in the bow of his canoe, a screen behind it, and the camera prepared with a flash-light in the stern. He thus secured several excellent flash-light photographs of deer, but no moose.

He was one afternoon exploring the windings of a small and unusually tranquil stream when he came out upon a beaver pond. It was not the first he had seen, for beaver are growing plentiful once more in the park, but he paddled over it with much curiosity.

He was at once struck by the fact that some one had been meddling with it. The great rough dam, a rick of mud and brush, had been broken, and was not yet completely repaired. In the deepest water stood the lodges, four of them, like stacks of mud-plastered brushwood half above the surface; and as he paddled alongside one of them, he noticed that a great hole had been torn in it, partly under water, which had not been repaired at all. The other lodges showed traces of injury, but had been made serviceable again. Probably the mischief was the work of an Indian trapper, who had broken the dam to lower the water and cut the lodges to get at the beaver, although the fur was of little value at that season.

The beavers, or what was left of them, had not deserted, however, and pieces of gnawed sticks scattered about the shore showed that they had been working hard to repair the damage. They labor chiefly at night, and it occurred to Ellis that he might ambush himself beside the dam till dark, and obtain a flash-light picture of beavers at work.

It was then nearly sunset, and he pushed his canoe deep among the alders that fringed the water and lay down in the stern. The sun went slowly out of sight, but the "ong northern twilight still lingered. As dusk came on, one or two beavers came out of hiding, showing their black heads besides the lodges; but these glimpses were insufficient. It grew cold, and Ellis shivered in the cramped canoe. There was no moon, and the sky was cloudy. He could no longer make out the beaver-houses or the dam, but significant sounds began to arise—splashes and rippings, and once a swimming animal brushed the stern of the canoe.

Ellis was thinking of setting off a flash-light, and trusting to luck to catch something in focus, when, like a sudden thunderclap, there burst out the deep roar of a bull moose from the other end of the pond, not two hundred yards away. The sound was so terrific that Ellis covered. The very leaves of the forest seemed to vibrate at its tremendous volume.

Almost immediately the challenge was answered by a sonorous bellow in the same direction, but apparently nearly a mile distant, to which the challenger responded with a roar of rage. Ellis heard the great animal thrashing his antlers against the trees and smashing up the underbrush, and he thrilled at the possibility of a duel actually taking place in his presence, even if he could not see it.

For some minutes the distant animal was silent, while the nearer moose continued to tear up the saplings, gnashing his teeth with a loud chomping noise. Then Ellis heard a sudden started "Whoosh!" There was a bellow cut short and a rattling crash of locking antlers. The distant enemy must have crept up silently, made a circuit to approach his antagonist down wind, and then charged.

In spite of straining his eyes, Ellis could see nothing, but the noise was enough. Trees and shrubs crashed apart as the giant animals wrestled and swayed through the woods with tremendous snorts and gasps for breath. The huge prongs crashed together con-

roared frightfully. Ellis could hear the long leg scraping about close to him; then he realized that the bull was no longer trying to retreat. It was merely trying to withdraw its leg, and was not succeeding. The leg was firmly wedged into the hole, almost to the shoulder.

At this surprising discovery Ellis recovered from his panic. He might, in fact, have easily killed the animal by piercing the imprisoned leg with his knife, but he respected the truce of the park. The bull was now plunging about in the wildest terror, and seemed likely to break its leg if he failed to extricate it; but Ellis was not disposed to assist him to escape.

As soon as he was quite convinced that the animal was hard and fast, he stooped again, carefully avoiding the kicking leg, and once more wriggled out of the hole, leaving several strips of clothing on the projecting sticks about the entrance. The air seemed indescribably fresh as he emerged, and after the pitchy darkness of the beaver's den it seemed almost light upon the pond. He could make out the vast black bulk of the bull standing over the lodge, and it bellowed terrifically and enveloped itself in spray at the photographer's appearance. But Ellis did not stop to make observations. He was afraid the bull might break loose, and he did not even look for his escape or camera. He waded ashore, and started, dripping, toward camp, which was three or four miles distant.

The next morning, however, he returned with his guide and a smaller snap-shot camera which he had at camp. The moose was still there, standing with its fore leg buried in the beaver-house. But its spirit was gone. It stood with drooping head, exhausted and utterly cowed. As the men approached, it eyed them apathetically, while Ellis took several photographs of it; and it was so clearly harmless that a guide waded in and chopped it free with an ax. During this operation it only snuffed wearily, and when released it splashed slowly toward shore and disappeared among the alders with a dejected air. Its leg was caked with dark blood, where it had worn off about a foot of the hide in its struggles to escape.

Of the other moose engaged in the night's duel there was no trace beyond a mass of tracks and wisps of bloody hair on the top-up earth. Undoubtedly it had gladly taken advantage of the diversion caused by Ellis to beat a retreat. The canoe, with a great hole in the bottom, had drifted down against the dam, and the camera with it—not very much injured. Ellis' chief regret was for the plate which it had contained, bearing the photograph of that duel in the dark—Youth's Companion.

The Flag Fremont Unfurled.
Locked up in the vault of one of the banks of Redding, Cal., is a flag that is second in historic importance to Californians only to the Bear flag that is so jealously guarded by Pacific Coast pioneers.

The flag referred to is the one that General Fremont unfurled from the summit of the Rocky Mountains in 1841, when he and his small party were on their way to California before the Mexican war.

The banner is the property of P. M. Reardon, managing director of the Bully Bill mine at Dolan. It was given to him a few years ago by Mrs. Fremont herself. It was made by her own hands on the eve of her husband's pathfinding expedition to the West.

The flag differs from the ordinary emblem only in the field, on which is wrought a large American eagle, done in embroidery of great delicacy and beauty. About the eagle are clustered the twenty-six stars that in 1841 represented the States in the Union. On the reverse side of the flag is pinned a silk scarf bearing the inscription in golden letters: "Rocky Mountains, 1841."—Seattle Times.

A Foster Family of Ducks.
A curious experiment in the hatching of ducklings by a turkey was made recently on a model farm at Willerhof, in the outskirts of Schlestadt, in Lower Alsace. It succeeded so successfully, as attempts not dissimilar have succeeded elsewhere.

For this purpose the lock had an opening through its casing, which enables the catch to pass in. At the extremity of one of the sections is a flange which projects inwardly. In applying the lock to the umbrella the sleeve is snapped over the end of the cover, the flange lying between the handle and the ends of the ribs, which will evidently effectually prevent the removal of the lock. When it is not desired to lock the umbrella the device can be applied in an inverted position on the handle. In connection with the lock is a keyhole, which enables the lock to be opened only by means of a key, which will, of course, be carried by the owner of the umbrella.—Philadelphia Record.

Old Time Wavy.
The soldiers were on the war-path in a flash, and there was a regular mix-up. I saw one of the brankers draw a murderous-looking knife, and before I could get to him he plunged it into the back of one of the cavalry men. I went for him, and as I reached and grabbed him by the collar, two or three of my friends ran toward me and one of them yelled, "Cuss you, take your hands off my pard." I said nothing but kept moving out of the crush still holding my man. The soldier he had killed by quite still with wide open, staring eyes. He was stripped naked to the waist, having gotten ready to fight a fellow soldier with his fists. The blood from the knife-cut nearly covered his whole back and breast. He lay half on his back with his face turned to the sky. I noticed all this, for he presented such a revolting sight.—W. J. Carney and Chauncey Thomas, in "Kit Carson Town in the Early Seventies." From Outing.

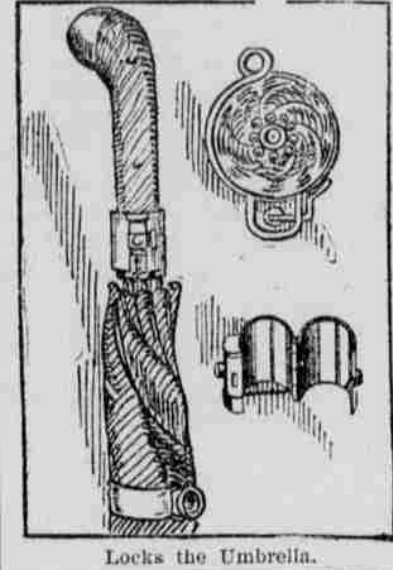
His Wind-Up.
A prominent Southern lawyer who had just repented of his wild ways and joined the church, was called upon in a religious meeting to pray. He started off very well, but did not know how to stop. After asking the Divine blessing on everything he could think of, he finally, with a determined effort, ended with these words: "Yours truly, P. Q. Mason."—Harper's Weekly.

President Roosevelt's Cabinet



UMBRELLA LOCK.

A New York man, realizing the annoyance and inconvenience experienced by the owner following the theft of an umbrella, has designed a simple device



NEW FIRE-ESCAPE.

In the illustration is shown a fire-escape invented by an Idaho man. It is so constructed that it can be quickly raised and lowered, and also elevated and tilted when necessary. A truck drawn by horses serves as a means of propulsion, the platform tilting on the truck. The tilting is accompanied by shafts under the platform, operated by a lever connected with gearing at the end of the truck. Anchors, consisting of telescopic rods, are mounted to swing underneath the body, to prevent the truck from tipping over. The fire-escape consists of a cage mounted on a series of tongs, the sides of the cage being arranged to swing down, so as to form a platform between the cage and the window-sill. In this way people can readily pass from the window to the cage.



Modern Geography Like a Fairy Tale, Full of Romance, Marvel and Deep Interest.

Its Roll Call of Fascinating Personalities; It Has Become a Necessity to Every Reader of the News of the Day.

GEOGRAPHY means more than it did in the school days of any one past thirty. It is accepted now that it deals with all the relations between the earth and its inhabitants—which is wide scope indeed. Aside from autobiographies and newspapers, there is not a more interesting species of first-hand reading than the journals or records of geographers and their subordinate classes of explorers and travelers, what a roll-call of fascinating personalities that provides, from Polo to Peary and to (Miss) Peck, from Columbus, De Gama, Drake, Franklin, Livingstone, Stanley and the rest to Nansen, Abruzzi and Scott, and the Prince of Monaco.

"Geography is not only prehistoric, it is prehuman." As primitive man had to become familiar with his environment, and learn, for his subsistence and existence, where to find food and water, where to find shelter in cave or thicket, what roots and fruits were nutritious or harmful, what animals he had to guard against if he would live—so the birds and beasts had to do likewise and learn, in their way, what we call geography nowadays. To understand what this science is nowadays, glance over the latest periodicals of societies devoted to it. Nothing that deals with the depths of the sea, the heights of the mountains, the run of tides, the danger of the plains, climate, excavations of ancient cities, the races of mankind, vegetable life and organic life, migration—not that deals with these is outside geography, which once seemed the easiest study of young days.

As the late hydrographer of the British Navy said, in an address just printed after his death, "to read the daily newspapers requires either a geographical knowledge or constant reference to maps," and the mistakes made by those responsible for the conduct of public affairs "by want of the most elementary knowledge are innumerable." It is not all in understanding a map, though that in itself is not a common facility. Let us remember that it does not end with the charted outlines of the world, or the relief of lands, or even of sea depths. Its field has been stated to be "the face of the earth," yet that, too, is far wider in what this most human science is parent of. It has to do with tests of atmosphere, and the profile of the ocean's bed and what lives there.

How irregular coast lines make a difference in people on the land; how man, superior to plants, has overcome mountains; how different he becomes in these altitudes from what he is in

the plains; how the Phoenicians in 600 B. C. circumnavigated Africa, and yet how the Japanese, whose legends, not to mention history, do not go back further than that same 600 B. C., believe that their islands originated from the drip of the God Izanagi's sword (which he dipped into the sea); how this last mentioned nation is derived from a mixture of Korean and Malay blood and it got its language and religion and art from China and Korea, and its present civilization from the West; how the Victoria Falls, discovered in 1890, may now be reached in comfort, and how Siberia and Newfoundland may be crossed by "rail in 'steepers,' and 'dimers'—all this concerns modern geography.

It is part of geography how the Black Hills of Colorado jutting suddenly from a plain, produce rainfalls there, which in turn produce forests and wash away the surface soil, exposing ore, and thus attract population. It is part of geography when the 450 miles of ice mass as high as the tallest New York building has receded fourteen miles toward the South Pole since 1847; or when it is found that out of the Red Sea runs at the bottom a current more rapid than that which runs in at the top. So also when Canada erects two new provinces, or Alaska reveals gold, or removes its capital from Sitka to Juneau, or when it is demonstrated that the moon does not foretell the weather. So, likewise, when Norway chooses to be a kingdom instead of a republic (and elects a king) and when 400 miles of telegraph poles are stretched up the Congo, or telegraph poles are, as they will be next winter, set across Sahara Desert.

This scarcely begins to indicate what the new geography comprises, or how, with the growth of communication among the human inhabitants of the earth—with the invention of steam, the printing press, electricity, Marconi-graphs and the indefatigable enterprise of explorers—the old limitations have been extended. In a few years 1000 miles more of coast line have been mapped toward the South Pole; few places in the ocean, which used to have "unfathomable depths," remain unsounded; the sacred and impenetrable city of Lhasa has been penetrated; Korea has been deprived of an immemorial sovereignty; Mexico's "free zone" has been abolished; seven and one-half feet high gorillas have been shot on the French Congo; the origin of the horse has been settled in our own West, and the discovery of the birthplace of civilization is believed to be on the eve of fulfillment by a Carnegie Institute expedition to Turkestan, under sand drift brought on by the receding of rivers and the winds of time.—New York Press.

A DEEP BORING.

Facts of Interest Gleaned Through a Half Mile Well.

In 1857 for some reason it was thought profitable and possible to secure an artesian well in the State House yard. The geology of Ohio as a science was still unwritten. In fact, the first volume of the Ohio Geological Reports contains the written record of this boring.

Down 2775 feet—over half a mile—the auger was sent by the slow and laborious process of the time, and nearly a year was spent in the work. The boring was commenced on November 4, 1857, and stopped October 1, 1858. No artesian water was found.

The boring was made in the eastern part of the grounds. Its site was pointed out to the writer some years ago, and it is now probably covered by the cement walk extending out to Third street from the Judiciary building. Water was struck and plenty of it—fresh, salt, sulphur, magnesium, etc., but none of it came to the top.

Professor Theodore G. Wormley, the professor of chemistry in Starling Medical College, embraced the opportunity to secure the temperature of this deep boring. With a thermometer placed in a specially prepared iron case, and left at the bottom of the boring twenty-four hours, he found the temperature at the bottom to be 88 degrees Fahrenheit. Making deductions for the distance below the surface at which the heat of the sun ceases to be felt, he computed that the temperature increased one degree for every seventy-one feet of descent. At that time European scientists who were carefully studying this branch of physical geography had estimated that the temperature increased in such conditions one degree for every sixty-six feet.

There is no record of the cost of the boring, but it must have been considerable, as the facilities and apparatus were primitive compared with those in use now. Though failing of its principal purpose, the State seems to have turned it to account through its geologists, so that it was not wholly money wasted.—Columbus Evening Dispatch.

Trout's Narrow Escape.
A correspondent of the Field relates that he shot a flying trout that had been fishing in the River Colne at Exbridge, and as the bird fell there dropped out of its mouth a trout nearly one-half pound in weight. The fish was alive, though scored on the back. A keeper procured a live bait can, filled it with water, and put the trout into it. After a minute or so the fish gained strength. In a few hours it seemed quite resuscitated, and apparently none the worse for its narrow escape from death. It was accordingly returned to the river to recover itself fully.—London Standard.

Importance of Dress.
Dress is no longer the pre-occupation of the shallow-minded. It is recognized of infinite importance by even the brainy and intellectual of woman-kind, who now frankly acknowledge the obligation imposed on them to look their best.—The Gentlewoman.

Donate Wedding Cake.
Among the gifts recently received by the Church Army, a London organization, was an ancient wedding cake, sent on the golden wedding anniversary of the donors, with the remark: "It is rather old, but we thought perhaps you would like it."

Japanese Jugglers.
The marvelous performances of the jugglers of Japan have been widely known ever since the isolation of the Island Empire was broken. More than thirty years ago Bayard Taylor, the American traveler and litterateur, told this story:

"I was witness to some astonishing specimens of illusion. After a variety of tricks with tops, cups of water and paper butterflies, the juggler exhibited to the spectators a large open fan, which he held in his right hand, then threw it into the air, caught it by the handle in his left hand, squatted down, fanned himself, and then turning his head in profile, gave a loud sigh, during which the image of a galloping horse issued from his mouth. Still fanning himself, he shook from his right sleeve an army of little men, who presently, bowing and dancing, vanished out of sight. Then he bowed, closed the fan and held it in his two hands, during which time his own head disappeared, then became visible, but of colossal size, and finally reappeared in its natural dimensions, but multiplied four or five times. They set a jar before him, and in a short time he issued from the neck, rose slowly in the air, and vanished in clouds along the ceiling."

The Senate Unbends.
The Senate unbent from its accustomed decorum the other day long enough to enjoy a hearty laugh. Senator Hemenway, who very recently came to the upper body from the House, was advocating an amendment to the Pure Food bill against opposition on the part of Senator Heyburn, of Idaho.

Repeatedly in the course of his remarks he addressed Senator Heyburn, in the language of the House as "the gentleman from Idaho." Senate etiquette calling for "the Senator."

After having made this slip of the tongue many times Senator Hemenway became conscious of his error. Turning to his colleague he smilingly said: "I hope the Senator from Idaho will excuse my calling him a gentleman."

And there was laughter in the Senate for a space of half a minute.

The Two Worlds.
Golden memories are undying. True love is immortal. The bud of friendship that begins to bloom on earth, bears precious fruit in heaven. Holy remembrances call the assembled hither. Death, the silent key that unlocks life's portal to let earth-bound spirits up one step higher, severs no sweet attraction. Sympathies between the two worlds are as natural as between the two continents. The translated mother looks down lovingly upon her weeping child. Happy each glorified soul who cherishes the whisper accents breathed from those angel dwellers upon the shadowless shores of immortality.

Don't Wed a Jew.
The Church of England has an income of \$75,000,000 a year.

